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GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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Price One Penny

If Men Ate the Way they Drink

The following skit, with the accompanying pictures, is taken from the Chicago "Tribune," and is by the famous cartoonist, John T. McCutcheon. The whole constitutes the best "take-off" on the absurd custom of treating that we have ever seen. We keep the slang, for men that act this way talk this way.—Ed.]

Scene, Restaurant. Time, 9 p.m. Characters, two friends, George and Charley, who have eaten heartily, and, with hunger entirely appeased, are finishing their coffee.

George: "Well, that was a good dinner. I feel fine."

Charley: "Here, too. Couldn't feel better if I tried. Now let's just have one more chicken apiece before we go home."

George: "Great Scott, old man, I couldn't eat another if I tried. On the dead, I'm full clear up to the guards."

Charley: "Oh, just one more for old time's sake. Come on. Don't be a quitter."

George: "All right—only one, though. I've got to be home early."

Charley: "Hey waiter, rush on a couple more of those chickens. Hurry 'em on, please."

(The waiter brings the chickens.)

George: "Happy days."

Charley: "How to you." (They eat the chickens.)

George: "Now, let's have just one more. This is on me."

Charley: "Remember, I've got to work to-morrow."

George: "O, be a sport. One more won't hurt you."

Charley: "O, very well, if you insist."

George: "Hey waiter, same all around,



and hurry, too. We're dying of hunger."

(Waiter soon appears with two more chickens. Friends toast one another and fall to.)

George: "Well, I've got to be ambling homeward."

Charley: "Hold on. Wait a minute. One nightcap before you go. Hey, waiter! two more chickens."

George: "Great Scott, I'll have delirium chickens if I keep on at this pace."

Charley: "Now look here, George. You know me. The last was on you. This is on me; see? Now sit down. It's the mere snank of the evening."

The two friends, somewhat gorgy, drop large quantities on the table-cloth, but proceed with glazed eyes to eat their chickens. (Waiter brings two more chickens.)

George: "Hey, waiter,—Alphonse, Gaston, or whatever your name is,—just start a procession of those chickens on. Keep 'em coming till I say when."

Charley: "O, say, I guess not. This is on me. Your money's no good this round."

George: "Now guess I know what I'm doing all right, all right. Haven't I always been on the square? Haven't I always treated you all right?"

Charley: "Say, how does that old song go?"

George: "Which song?"

Charley: "Aw, you know, that one—Hey, waiter, how long must we wait for that last order?"

(Waiter politely points to the chickens he has just placed before the guests.)

Charley: "Well, why didn't you say so? Here's happy days, Georgie." (Drops chicken on floor and blames the waiter.

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WILLIAM WHITE — Redfern and Newtown

Orders another chicken, which the waiter brings.)

George: "Well, look who's here. Hello, Bill, old angel face! Come and have a chicken."

Bill: "Just had dinner, boys. Couldn't stand another if I tried." (Waiter hastily gets chair, and Bill reluctantly sits down.)

Charley (to George): "Bill's mad, ain't he? Too proud to eat with his old friends. O, very well."

(Bill laughs, and says he'll take a small chicken just to show there's no hard feeling. They eat these, and then Bill insists on doing the honours. After eating the second round Bill starts to go, but is drawn violently back into his chair.)

George: "Say, Bill, old sport, you don't think for a minute that I'm going to let you go without buying you a small chicken, do you? Not in a thousand years. Hey, waiter; three more out o' the same coop." (The waiter brings them.)

Charley (rising solemnly): "Say, fellers, I want to 'prose a toast. To my wife. She's on a vacation now." (Begins to cry.)

(They stand up and solemnly eat her health.)

Bill orders three more chickens to do honour to a lady friend of his, and George also things of some one he ought to eat to. By that time it is 1.30 a.m., and they depart, singing, "We're here because we're here."

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or hock. Clearly the public consume, and are in danger of acquiring a taste for, these strong drinks under the wholly wrong impression that they have exceptional medicinal virtues.

In these days of diminishing faith in alcohol as such, there is a grave social danger in the fact that strong alcoholic drinks are being foisted upon an unsuspecting public under the specious guise of medicinal and dietetic beverages.

It is obvious that a serious responsibility rests upon those medical practitioners who recommend their indiscriminate use.

—From "British Journal of Inebriety," January, 1910.

Quits.—Husband: "Look here, when will you learn that a razor isn't for cutting twine and sharpening pencils?" Wife: "When you learn that a hairpin isn't the thing for cleaning a pipe with!"

Under the Inquisition.—"Dad, why are the Africans black?" "Because they are always in the sun. "Dad, why does mother put the linen on the line in the sun?" "Because the sun makes it white." "Dad, how is it the Africans become black in the sun, and the linen white?" "Because— Here that's enough; go and tell your mother that I'm waiting for dinner!"

Medicated Wines and Alcohol Addiction

By J. S. BOOTHROYD, M.D., J.P.

During the last few years there has been a very decided boom in certain sophisticated wines—"Dietetic," "Tonic," or "Restorative" beverages. In advertisements concerning them the subsidiary ingredients are not infrequently set forth, and consist of well-known medicinal or nutrient preparations. Medical approval is often quoted in support of their use, and it is claimed that the therapeutic effects far transcend those of wines pure and simple. Undoubtedly the public imagination has been captured by the ingenious methods pursued in pushing these productions. The medical practitioner is constantly being asked for his opinion regarding them, and he finds that, in many households from which alcoholic drinks have been hitherto excluded, these wines are now innocently, but freely used. It behoves medical men, therefore, to take the matter into their very serious consideration.

Some months ago the "British Medical Journal" performed a great public service by undertaking a series of analyses of the wines in question, with remarkably interesting results. The most widely known and urgently puffed is undoubtedly "Wincarnis," frankly advertised as consisting of port wine, Liebig's Extract, and extract of malt.

It is difficult for the public to withstand the allurements of such a combination of "powerful restoratives, recommended by thousands of medical men."

The "British Medical Journal" gives the result of its analysis of "Wincarnis" as follows:—

Alcohol, 19.6 per cent. by measure.
Total solids, 20.9 parts in 100 fluid parts.
Meat extract (calculated from nitrogen), 1.2 parts in 100 fluid parts.
Fixed acidity, 0.26 part in 100 fluid parts.
Volatile acidity, 0.09 part in 100 fluid parts.
Reducing sugar (calculated as glucose), 18.2 parts in 100 fluid parts.
Ash, 0.4 part in 100 fluid parts.

A wineglassful would therefore contain 3 drachms of pure alcohol, 10.5 grains of meat extract, 159 grains of glucose. Now, roughly speaking, 10 grains of meat extract would be equivalent to about six small teaspoonfuls of ordinary bouillon. It is this minute and negligible factor which differentiates "Wincarnis" from ordinary port, and gives it its marvellous restorative powers! He would be a highly imaginative man who would attach therapeutic importance to the malt extract it contains.

In other less known meaty wines the percentage of meat extract varies from 0.5 to 3.4.

With regard to the "Tonic" wines, the principal ingredients are coca and cinchona, the amount ranging from a minute quantity to the equivalent of 21 minims of liquid extract of coca and 12 minims of the liquid extract of cinchona respectively. The most aggressively and ingeniously advertised of these "Tonic" wines is "Hall's Tonic Wine," formerly known as "Hall's Coca Wine." In this the alcohol amounts to 17.85 per cent., and the alkaloid to 0.003. The total quantity extracted from over half a pint of wine is barely sufficient to cause an appreciable numbing when applied to the tongue.

No medical man can study the result of the investigations of the "British Medical Journal" without forming a very decided opinion as to the claims made by the vendors of these much-vaunted preparations. Of the great majority, and especially of those most puffed in the newspapers and advertised in the press and on public hoardings, it may be safely affirmed that they have no appreciable therapeutic influence other than that possessed by any of the ordinary wines in the market.

The seriousness of the situation lies in this, that they contain from 16 to 20 per cent. of alcohol—an amount equal to that of port and sherry, and double that of claret

DRUNK WATCHES and Disorderly

which are an annoyance to the wearers, can be put in THOROUGH REPAIR by sending them to the temperance Watchmaker, or leave them at N.S.W. Alliance Office.

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His Last Flask

By ERNEST COBB.

"Have a nip?"

"No, thanks."

"What's the matter with you, Arthur? You didn't lose any turns last year?"

"Well, I've made up my mind to let it alone all the time, and I guess I can get along first-rate without it."

Walter Iseman looked at the quiet guide beside him a moment before he said:

"Then that was true about your brother?"

"Why, I don't say it's true, but I feel right down here"—he pointed to his breast—"that if he had gone over that trail without that bottle, he would have been guiding with us this summer."

"Well, friend, I'm sorry for you. No one thought more of Jim than I did; but you know the trouble with you Maineboys—you can't stop when it's time. I would give it up in a minute if I thought it would get the best of me." With that the broad-shouldered sportsman, or "sport," as they call them in the hunting region, drained the hollow cap of his flask and put the bottle away.

"I didn't realise that you had such heavy storms up here in the woods," he continued.

"The snow comes down into these trails pretty thick, sometimes," said Arthur, "but a man ought to come out all right if he keeps his head, and doesn't try to go too far. You can make a fire and camp in lots of sheltered places hereabouts, with a few fir boughs over you. But if you get too tired you forget sometimes, as Jim did, and go to sleep."

"Perhaps we'll have one in December, when I come up for the snow hunting; I want to see your woods in the winter, and I'm planning to do it this year. Order up a good one now, and show me what you can do in the storm line."

Arthur smiled as he took the pack again, to top the mountain that lay between them and Spider Lake.

"We don't have much snow in December sometimes," he said and then again we do have rippers."

It was on the nineteenth of December that Iseman clambered down from the Dead River stage at Eustis, and shook hands with the guide who was waiting for him at the hotel.

"Cold, all froze up," he chattered, as he hastened in. "I wish I had stopped off at Greene's for the night, but I wanted to get through to-morrow, as George said it looked like a real snow pretty soon."

"Oh, we'll thaw you out," replied Arthur, taking his grip, and leading him to the blazing fire. It does look like a storm, perhaps one of those you have wanted to see."

"I've brought an extra canvas pack for myself," said the sportsman next morning, as they prepared for the trail, "and we will go as light as we can, for it will be hard going if any more snow falls."

So they packed up. The cartridges, the tobacco, and four large round bottles of whisky were tucked, together with extra knives and a few simple tools, in between the folds of shirts, underclothing, stockings, and sweaters, till the packs, weighing about forty pounds each, as the sportsman insisted on making them equal, stood ready. "Good luck" from the group of men at the door, and they were off for Big Island Pond, sixteen miles away. Alder Stream was reached by noon, and they ate a small lunch in the leanto there, starting on again as soon as possible, for the sky was gray, and the

first flakes of snow were sifting down on the thin layer that already covered the ground.

"Let's see, you don't use this any more?" said the visitor, taking a generous drink from the liquid provisions he had so carefully stowed away.

"Not to-day, anyway," returned Arthur, as he looked around at the falling snow with a shudder.

"Don't blame you; but it's great to start the blood going."

"A little every now and then

Makes us remember we are men," he hummed, as he took up his pack, and makes us forget how these old packs chafe our shoulders."

The snow came down in earnest, and the two men soon ceased talking, plodding along with high steps and bent heads. After a mile or two Arthur noticed that Iseman was breathing heavily.

"There is a cache not far from here, Mr. Iseman," he said, "and I wish you would put up your pack there. I can come back to-morrow on snowshoes easily enough and get it for you. We have five miles to go yet, and hard ones."

"Oh, no," said the sportsman cheerfully. "I am making out all right. I'll just shift these straps a little and let them out a peg. They bind my shoulders."

Naturally in doing that the bottle had to be exercised once more.

"That'll put the go into me," said Iseman, as he smacked his lips.

Arthur said nothing, but looked up above Snow Mountain, where the sky was leaden behind the swirling white flakes. So two miles were covered, and three o'clock found them winding in between the smaller mountains, at the foot of the snow-capped giant ahead of them, where they were to hunt their stags. Again Arthur tried to get his charge to leave his pack; but was repulsed rather sharply by the city man, who was, to be sure, a much larger and stronger man than he but quite unused to such situations.

"You're a fool not to take a drink of this; it's food and drink. I'm awfully hungry after that half-a-bite we had for grub." And he took a large dose, after offering the bottle to his companion, who shook his head vigorously, frowning.

He wanted to give some good advice regarding that bottle; but he was only the hired man, and Iseman made that more and more apparent. After awhile, his cheerfulness gave way to fussing, and swearing at his straps and he also found fault with his guide for not drinking the liquor which became more and more necessary to his own courage and fortitude. Two miles from camp he begged for a short rest, in order to adjust his straps once more, with the necessary liquid accompaniment.

"He's got to keep it up now," said Arthur to himself, "or he will lose his courage"

Then he thought of a new plan.

"I'm tired," he said. "I am going to cache my pack in here."

With that he swung off his pack and hung it up in the thick branches of a spruce that stood beside the trail. But this failed. "I said I'd carry mine through, and I'm going to," growled Iseman. "Come on, boy, and I'll show you how to tote."

An angry flush mounted the cheeks of the guide, but he left his pack where it was and started on, breaking the snow for the

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other. He would need all his strength to get them both safely into camp that night.

They had not gone far when a faint call sounded behind the leader.

"Arthur, Arthur!"

He turned. The sportsman was twenty yards back on the trail in a heap.

"I stepped into a hole," he explained. "I wish you'd just give me a lift."

But when he was helped to his feet he could hardly stand.

"I sprained my ankle," he said. The sweat was standing on his face in spite of the cold, and the lines were deep in his forehead. Arthur understood. It was nearly a mile more to camp.

"Come in here," he said quickly, and helped him into the shelter of a great fallen tree. Quickly he bundled his own coat around him, pulled up the sweater that was in the pack over his feet and legs, and protected him from above with a couple of fir boughs, torn from a nearby tree.

"Wait here; I'll come back with the sled."

A few moments after he had gone Iseman revived a little. His hand went into the pack beside him. There was about half a tumbler of liquor left in the quart bottle. He drew the cork and put it to his lips. Then he threw the empty bottle away into the snowbank. Instantly the fire ran through his veins. He roused and shook himself.

Then he blundered off on the trail back to Eustis. Twenty minutes later Arthur appeared with the light sled, puffing from his race in the deep snow.

No sportsman. Only the pack and extra coat.

Instantly his eye sought the trail.

"Thank God!" he said, for the back track was still plain.

A quarter of a mile down the trail he found him where he had fallen in the snow. Arthur was a strong man, but the task of getting that lump of stupefaction to camp and back to life was the hardest he had ever undertaken. It was late the next afternoon when Iseman's throbbing head allowed him to rise and dress. Arthur had brought up the rest of the luggage, and made the log cabin cosy with a great fire of birch on the hearth. A partridge was roasting before it, and, as the smell rose to Iseman's nostrils, he realised that he had eaten nothing for more than a day. Above the fire, on the shelf, stood three quart bottles. Iseman looked at them; then he looked at Arthur.

(Continued on page 10.)

New South Wales Alliance ECHOES

By REVEILLE

"The Temperance Cause lies at the Foundation of all Social and Political Reform."—Richard Cobden.

"Our Watchword: Unity! Faithfulness! Energy! Victory!"—Rev. Canon Boyce, President.

The Bellingen No-License League has engaged the services of Mr. Priest, of Ashburton, New Zealand, for two months prior to the election.

Moss Vale No-License Committee was re-organised on Monday, 24th January, and hopes to be of considerable service to the Wollondilly electorate. The Committee will hold a Conference of delegates from each polling centre in the electorate on Wednesday, April 6.

"The Outlook," a bright little paper published at Gunnedah, has the following:—"During the past three months something has been attempted by way of arousing the forces of temperance in the district. Public meetings have been held in Gunnedah and Curlewis, and useful organising work has been done. There still remains, however, very much to do, and we must expect to be called on to work hard during the next six months. We must be all at it, and hard at it. What our hands find to do should be done with all our might. The enemy is awake to its danger, is amazingly crafty, has large resources, and we may look forward to a stout and bitter fight." But, if our friends will rally round us, we will be more than a match for the "trade."

"There are certain things that every friend of our cause should give earnest attention to:—

- "1. Advocate, personally, the claims of No-License.
- "2. Move others to do likewise.
- "3. Buy and distribute No-License literature.
- "4. Join one of the branches of the N.S.W. Alliance.
- "5. See that your name is on the electoral roll.
- "6. See that your friends' names are also on the roll.
- "7. Pray God to defend and extend the right."
- "8. Take 'Grit,' the only weekly No-License paper in Australia."

A correspondent writes from Waiake, N.Z., as follows:—"The festive season under 'dry' conditions, was a new experience to Masterton (says 'The Dominion's' local correspondent). The town was much quieter than in former years, and the police were not called on to deal with a single case of drunkenness during the holidays, in fact, only two cases have so far been recorded for the month of December. The previous records were 25 cases for the month of December in 1908, and 32 for the corresponding month in 1907."

Mr. N. Crawford, Secretary of the Alliance at Alstonville, will be visiting Sydney for a few days towards the end of February.

An interesting event took place at the Alliance Headquarters on Monday, 14th instant, when Mr. Lawson Dash said farewell to his friends of the State Council, previous to his departure for the Old Country. A

scroll, very beautifully illuminated by Mr. J. A. Grahame, was handed to Mr. Dash by the President, and it contained the following words:—"Resolution of the State Council of the N.S.W. Alliance, Sydney, passed unanimously 7th February, 1910:—The State Council of the New South Wales Alliance, having learned that Mr. William Lawson Dash, J.P., one of the most valued members of its body, is about to visit the Mother Country, desires to place on record its high appreciation of his many services to the Alliance and to the cause of Temperance generally in this State, extending over a long series of years in which he has displayed signal faithfulness, ability, and energy, and it most heartily wishes him a pleasant voyage, with God's blessing, and in due time a safe return in restored and full health."

Mr. George Weir is secretary of the No-License forces at Flemington, "the municipality without a liquor bar."

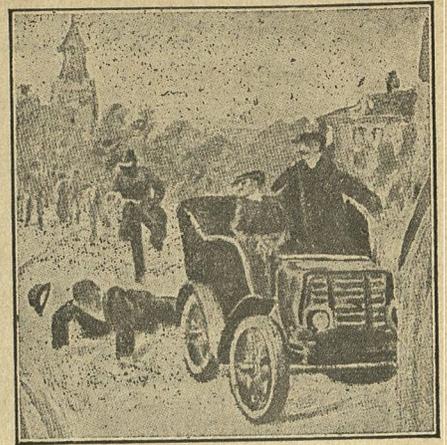
The Flemington forces are organising a united public meeting the first Monday in each month, from now to the election.

Mr. J. Tandy, organising secretary for the City Auxiliary, is forming a mission band for Temperance open-air work in the city electorates, holding meetings on Tuesday and Friday evenings, and would be glad to hear from any who could see their way to devote either or both nights to this crusade. Address, Alliance Office.

The Pyrmont Temperance Association held a most successful inaugural meeting last Tuesday night in the Baptist Schoolroom. The president, Rev. P. Buchan, presided, and, in his opening remarks, emphasized the necessity at this time for all Temperance people to be up and doing. The musical items were of a very superior nature, but the item of the evening was undoubtedly the address by Rev. Canon Boyce, who gave many interesting incidents of past fights, and lucidly explained the needs of the present, finishing a first-class address by wishing God-speed to the new society. After a few words from Mr. J. Tandy, Mr. Bennett, and Rev. Walker, refreshments were handed round during which many new members were enrolled. The success of the society is now assured, and a brilliant and useful future before it.

A useful conference of Alliance workers was held in the Methodist Church, Lewisham, on February 15. Mr. Levy, the president, presided, and the State Secretary addressed the workers on "Organisation and Work." The Alliance Secretary gave addresses on Sunday, 13th, at Helping Hand Mission, Rozelle, and at the Methodist Mission Hall, Balmain.

South Sydney Branch held an open-air meeting at Waterloo on Friday, the 11th. The president, Mr. Tarn, presided, the Salvation Army Brass Band conducted the singing, and addresses were delivered by Organiser Tandy, Adjutant Wood Hon. Lec-



"One fine day, then, we start at early dawn by motor car, motor cycle, skiff, or steamboat—it is immaterial to the event that is preparing—but to make the picture more definite, let us take by preference, a motor car. Suddenly for no reason, at the turn of the road, at the top of a descent, on the right or on the left, seizing the brake, the wheel, the steering handle, unexpectedly barring all space, assuming the deceptive appearance of a tree, a wall, a rock, an obstacle of one sort or another, stands death, face to face, towering, huge, immediate, inevitable, irrevocable, and with a click shuts off the horizon of life." So says Maeterlinck, but a certain consolation is available at 12 Bridge Street, Sydney, in an accident policy with the South British Insurance Co., Ltd.

South British Insurance Co., Ltd.,
Head Office for N.S.W.—
12 BRIDGE STREET, SYDNEY
GEORGE H. MOORE, Manager

turers Dr. Caro and Mr. Hardwicke, and by the Secretary of the Alliance. The meeting, in spite of some senseless interruption, blazed up into a white heat of enthusiasm. Mr. Tarn, in particular, broke away. His voice could be heard ringing out like the tones of a bell, as he rammed home truth after truth upon the conscience of the crowd. The Doxology was sung three separate times, and even then the conclusion was not reached till Mr. Gallagher had reprimanded an interruptor.

The Newtown Ministers' Association held the first of a series of monthly after-church No-License meetings on Sunday, February 13, at 8.30 p.m., in the Newtown Methodist Church. The following local ministers were present, and delivered stirring addresses:—Rev. Collier, Rev. A. Deans, and Mr. A. G. Payne. Other speakers were Rev. Davies, of Rozelle, and Mr. Shaw, of Petersham. It is intended to hold a similar meeting once a month until the taking of the poll.

GOULBURN NEWS.

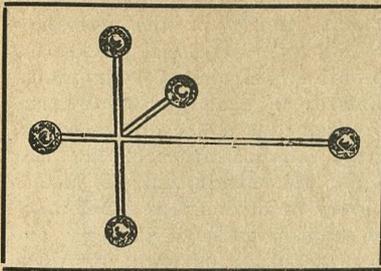
Mr. H. Babbage, who has been engaged by the local branch of the N.S.W. Alliance, has arrived in Goulburn. The district to be worked will extend from Moss Vale to Albury. Promises of help have been received from all parts of the district.

Mr. R. W. Jones, who was killed on Sunday morning last, was a prominent worker in temperance circles in Goulburn. He has been a member of the Goulburn No. 20 Alliance Committee for some years, and has also worked in the Band of Hope movement here. Rev. M. Lewin (Goldsmith-street Methodist Church), made feeling reference to the deceased on Sunday evening.

Visitor: "What have you in Arctic literature?"
Librarian: "Cook books and Peary-odicals."

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Talk about People

Repairs Needed.

Thomas A. Edison said recently of aeronautics:—

"Within five years the North Pole will be reached in a 40-hour trip, and the globe will be encircled in a week.

"But the type of aeroplane must be changed," continued Mr. Edison, "before such flights are undertaken, or otherwise aeronauts will be talking like the automobilist who, after buying a cheap car, visited the salesrooms, and said:

"You said when you sold me my four-horse-power runabout that you'd supply all parts broken?"

"Yes, sir," said the salesman.

"Then," said the other, "let me have at once, please, a first and third rib, two front teeth, one left ankle bone, and a nose bridge."

Sir Andrew Clark and His Champagne.

Among the stories told in the newly-published biography of Sir Wilfrid Lawson is one that refers to Sir Andrew Clark, Mr. Gladstone's physician. It is said that, when he recommended a patient to drink wine, the latter expressed some surprise, saying he thought Sir Andrew was a temperance doctor, to which Sir Andrew replied:—

"Oh, wine does sometimes help you to get through work. For instance, I have often 20 letters to answer after dinner, and a pint of champagne is a great help."

"Indeed," said the patient, "does a pint of champagne help you to answer the 20 letters?"

"No, no," said Sir Andrew, "but when I've had a pint of champagne I don't care a rap whether I answer them or not!"

Lincoln and the Saloon.

Some years ago at a Lincoln meeting, among the old soldiers of a Michigan city, one of the battle-worn veterans gave the following testimony:—

"We have heard what Lincoln has done for all of us; I want to tell you what he did for me. I was a private in one of the Western regiments that arrived first in Washington after the call for 75,000. We were marching through the city, amid great crowds of cheering people, and then after going into camp were given leave to see the town.

"Like many others of our boys, the saloon or tavern was the first thing we hit. With my comrade, I was just about to go into the door of one of these places when a hand was laid upon my arm, and, looking up, there was president Lincoln.

"I almost dropped with surprise and bashfulness, but he held out his hand, and as I took it he shook hands in strong Western fashion, and said: 'I don't like to see our uniform going into these places.' That was all he said. He turned immediately, and walked away; and we passed on. We

would not have gone into that tavern for all the wealth of Washington City.

"And this is what Abraham Lincoln did then, and there for me: He fixed me so that whenever I go near a saloon, and in any way think of entering, his words and face come back to me. That experience has been a means of salvation to my life. To-day I hate the saloon, and have hated it ever since I heard those words from that great man."

A Story of Mr. Lloyd-George.

Sir Henry Norman, who worked so hard on behalf of the British Budget League, was a brilliant journalist before he interested himself in politics. When Mr. Stead was editing the "Pall Mall Gazette," he gave Mr. Norman, as he then was, £500, and told him to go where he liked and do what he liked, refilling his purse if necessary at banks all over the world. Sir Henry tells an interesting story, by the way, connected with a recent motor tour which he made with Mr. Lloyd George in France. One morning they were to make an early start, and Sir Henry awakened the Chancellor at half-past six. The latter opened his eyes, and murmured, 'I move, sir, that you report progress, and ask leave to sleep again. You see," said the Chancellor laughingly, "I feel the effects of Westminster even here."

Why He Never Wore a Collar.

People wondered why George Briggs, Governor of Massachusetts, wore a cravat, but no collar.

"Oh," they said, it is an absurd eccentricity." And they said: "He does that just to show himself off."

Ah, no, that was not the character of George Briggs, Governor of Massachusetts!

Here is the history of the cravat without any collar. For many years before he had been talking with an inebriate, trying to persuade him to give up the habit of drinking, and he said to the inebriate:

"Your habit is entirely unnecessary."

"Ah," replied the inebriate, "we do a great many things that are not necessary! It isn't necessary that you should have that collar."

"Well," said Briggs, "I will never wear a collar again if you will stop drinking."

"Agreed," said the other.

They joined hands in a pledge that they kept for twenty years; kept till death.

Wouldn't Waste His Head.

Miss Frances Willard once asked Thomas A. Edison if he were a total abstainer, and when he told her that he was, she said: "May I inquire whether it was home influence that made you so," and he replied: "No; I think it was because I always felt I had a better use for my head."

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Cod, Blue (New Zealand), Smoked, 1/1 per lb.

Mullet, Smoked, 6½d per lb.

Bloaters (English), 4d each.

Kippers (English), 6d and 8d per pr.

Findon Haddocks (Scotch), 1/- per lb.

Fillet of Haddocks (Scotch), 1/4 per lb.

Haddocks, Findon, 1lb., 9d per tin; 8/9 per dozen.

Haddocks, Findon, ½lb., 5½d per tin; 5/3 per dozen.

Herrings, Fresh, Morton's, 5½d per tin; 5/3 per dozen.

Herrings, Red, loose, 1/4 dozen.

Herrings, Red, 1 doz. in tin, 1/6 pr tin.

Herrings, Red, 2 doz. in tin, 2/6 per tin.

Herrings, Salt, 2d each; 1/9 dozen.

Herrings, Salt, 1 doz. in keg (extra large), 2/6 keg.

Herrings, Salt, 2 doz. in keg (extra large), 3/6 keg.

Ling Fish, by fish, 6½d per lb.

Salt Salmon, Big Fish, 6d per lb.

Cod Fish, 1lb. blocks, 6½d per lb.

New Zealand Whitebait, 1/5 per tin; 16/6 per dozen.

Kip. Herrings, Morton's ½lb., 4½d tin; 4/3 per dozen.

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1910.

TELEPHONE GROWLERS.

The wail of the telephone subscribers is long and insistent, and, whatever the department may say, they are a long-suffering section of the community. Our postal system, especially since the Commonwealth took the service over, is a disgrace to civilisation, and would be laughed to scorn even in Russia. The telephone service, while admittedly more complex, reflects little if any more credit on the department. All its excuses are confessions of inaptitude and inability to grip a service which is beyond their powers of administration. The telephone service, like the postal service, is manned chiefly by small men, who have let the system get out of hand, and are now quite incapable of recovering possession. What is wanted is not more switch-boards or trunk lines simply, but men of larger vision and administrative and business capacity. There are larger cities in the world than Sydney and Melbourne, such as London, where the telephone system has not been allowed to become the byword for inconvenience that it has in this country. The department is always ready to make elaborate explanations. What they do not care to admit is the gross injustice inflicted on the average telephone subscriber, who is denied even reasonable use of the service he pays well for. The writer pays £5 a year for a private telephone to his home in the suburbs, and can truthfully assert that four times out of six he is unable to "raise" his number from the city, while his people at home suffer an even worse fate when trying to "raise" the city. That experience, within our knowledge, could be multiplied many times over. The ordinary business man would be ruined by such neglect. The department would be showing some concern for the public if, while trying to solve the present condition of muddle it also gave consideration to the law of compensation in such cases.

THE VALUE OF CANVASSING.

Just at present elaborate plans are being made and much money is being promised and spent to awaken an interest in No-License. We hope the voice of experience will be listened to, and that the efforts of the No-License Party will be wisely directed towards reaching the vast number of non-meeting going people. More practical results will follow from a few days' canvassing than from attendance at a dozen meetings. It is the vote that counts at the ballot-box, and not the enthusiasm of the enthusiast. Take an average place as an example, say, 100 miles from Sydney. A second-class fare will cost about 12/-, hall hire 25/-, handbills and newspaper advertisements 20/-; allowing the speaker to be an honorary lecturer, the cost is £3. An audience of 150 come to hear the lecture. Of this number 100 are confirmed No-License voters, 25 are under the voting age or non-resident, and so it costs £3 at least to seek the conversion of 25 people. A paid canvasser would direct the visiting of a dozen honorary workers, and between them would visit at least 500 homes in a week, at the same cost as the meeting, viz., the canvasser's salary. There can be no doubt the meeting has its value; it rouses enthusiasm, and gives publicity, but the canvasser wins more votes. Another way is also to be considered. For the sum of £3, 1200 copies of a special number of "Grit" could be posted, thus reaching 1200 families, or approximately 3000 people, and this is considered a most profitable investment by many good judges. The hope of No-License is in the moderates, who are largely non-meeting-going people; therefore canvas. Let every house be visited at least three times before the election, and then, and only then, can we hope to reach the unfair and undemocratic handicap of the three-fifths majority.

MORALITY AMONG LAWYERS.

Every Sydney Lawyer, it has been said by a smart member of the profession, graduates with high ideals; but he drops them at the rate of about one a month. The reason given is that the atmosphere of the law office and the courtroom poisons high ideals. Of course, there are good and bad lawyers, and Australia has a goodly share of the former and too many of the latter. Theoretically, the legal profession stands for the highest possible code of ethics, but there are not wanting blackmailers who trample the best traditions in the mire, and make a dishonest living thereby. A movement has been started in America which suggests a general moral awakening among lawyers, and perhaps there is no country in the world where such an awakening is more needed. At any rate, certain reputable lawyers have been deputed to interpret into plain language an excellent code of ethics endorsed by the American Bar Association early last year. One of the dele-

gation has suggested seven precepts as the basis of moral reform in the profession. They are as follows:—"1. Social service, not personal profit, is the aim of your profession. Therefore: 2. Exalt and loyally magnify the prestige and power of the court; that thus the administration of law may be efficient for the attainment of justice. 3. Regard every practitioner as a fellow-soldier in the common cause of justice; and his honour as sacred as your own. 4. Value your services justly; yourself as above all price. Service is the right of the client. Self is sold to none. 5. In choosing between morally permissible paths, follow the highest of which you are capable; as between two courses not so sanctioned, select neither. 6. Cultivate character, not smartness, as your aid to success; instinct for truth is a sure guide; self-interest cannot but mislead. 7. Every professional act has the meaning you have led others to give it." These are admirable, and if universally practised would make the profession and the legal safeguards of any nation as nearly perfect as could be hoped for. But it is practice, and not merely precept that makes perfect, hence legal perfection, like many other brands, tarries.

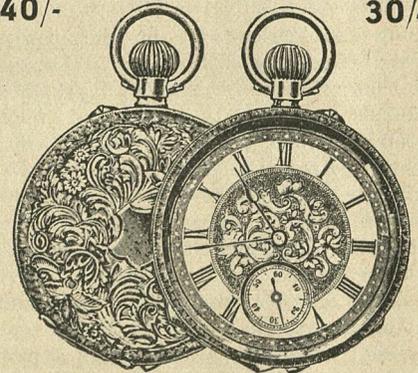
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Prohibition and Politics

By WILLIAM DURBAN, B.A.

I know of no more impressive volume in the whole range of modern theological literature than that entitled "The Saloon-Keeper's Ledger." The title does not, I admit, sound theological; but the volume, published in New York a few years ago, consists of "A Series of Temperance Revival Discourses," and these were delivered to American audiences by one of the most popular of living preachers, the Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D. I do not think that anything in existence so powerfully demonstrates the indissoluble connection between the modern Prohibition movement and true religion.

A BLACK INVASION.

One of the "discourses" of Dr. Banks is entitled "The Saloon Debtor to Political Corruption." Though I do not intend to quote at great length, I invite my readers to consider a sentence or two from that section. Says Dr. Banks: "The saloon has invaded politics on its own account. It stuffs the ballot-box, elects its tools to office by bribery, buys legislatures, and in every way tarnishes the fair name of American political life. . . . This whole question is rightly a political question. Now, I am not telling you anything new when I say that the saloon thrusts its filthy hand into politics on every possible occasion. The saloon never touches politics except to defile and corrupt. I agree with a Western editor who says that there cannot be any permanent municipal reform in America so long as it tolerates the saloon. Men who know how political campaigns are managed will not accept a nomination many times, because they know that by common custom it makes them the helpless prey of every beer-slinger in the city."

Dr. Banks goes on to say: "It has often befallen candidates for high judicial honours—men without a stain on their names or a vice of which they could be accused, and men, even, who were running on so-called reform tickets—that they have been led about from bar to bar like a fat ox, that they might win the vote of the slums by free beer. Nothing so speaks to us of the degradation of politics as this. In most of our cities, the Sabbaths before a municipal election are simply pandemonium let loose. The bartender poses as the dictator of American destiny. There is no candidate of a political party too lordly to do him obeisance. Between the great rival parties he consciously holds the balance of power. His royal sceptre is a beer tap. A barkeeper in Richmond, Virginia, hearing some talk of a reform movement in municipal politics, laughed it to scorn, saying, 'Any bar-room in Richmond is a bigger man in politics than all the churches in Richmond put together.' Shut up the saloons, and muni-

cipal politics would reform themselves."

The book from which I have quoted these few sentences ends with the following paragraph: "Prohibition is young. The dew of manhood is on its brow. The sunshine of a new chivalry streams on its path. The strength of righteousness flows in its veins. The courage of immortal hope is in its heart. There is but one issue to such a struggle. The saloon shall die."

INVETERATE APATHY.

It seems to me that the last-quoted paragraph implies the tremendous differentiation between American and British opinion. For that is now the average accent of the American pulpit. Well nigh every American church rings with the proleptic declaration that the saloon must die. And proleptic, or prophetic, proclamations of this species have not yet really begun to enter into the language of the British pulpit. No. It is a humiliating fact that in our own dear Old Country we lag at an almost immeasurable distance behind the churches across the Atlantic. The true note of ecclesiastical polity in the direction of "applied Christianity" has not yet been struck in England. I write these lines near a large and beautiful Nonconformist suburban church. The minister of that sanctuary tells me that some of the most influential of the members consider that sermons against the drink traffic are politically objectionable. And in a great London parish only two miles off, the vicar a few Sundays ago deeply pained the Temperance enthusiasts in his congregation by declaring in his sermon that total-abstainers were fanatics.

Now, Emerson says in his famous "Essays" that we should cultivate the "science of omission." But this is a science which many influential personages disastrously fail to cultivate. The same vicar of a great parish will probably yet learn that it would be politic to omit vituperation of a very large section of his parishioners. They are unspeakably indignant with him. The science of omission is unknown to the majority of the Peers. Wise men among the Lords warned the rasher nobles of the peril they were incurring by perpetrating an act of usurpation of democratic prerogatives. Commission was preferred to omission, because the brewers and distillers and tapsters dictated the politics of the dictators.

FALLACY AND SOPHISTRY.

I allude to these matters because I wish to point out that there are only two possible alternatives in relation to the drink traffic as an element in our national life. That traffic cannot ever be dissociated from politics. I note in some of the lucubrations of certain writers on social matters repeat-

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Manager Industrial Department: C. A. Elliott, F.I.A.

ed protests against taxation or any sort of interference with the traffic.

The day is approaching when immense numbers of the community will demand that politicians shall categorically declare themselves either the friends or the foes of the terrible traffic. I have just remarked that there are only two alternatives. We must apply our politics to the extirpation of the whole of the system known as the drink traffic, or else that traffic will dominate our politics with indisputable power. It is absurd for any man, under the pretext of proposing common-sense and business methods of government, to pretend that it is possible for the system to be let alone. It is cheap and easy to imply that abstainers are canting simpletons, and to sprinkle on them derisive epithets. Any frivolous writer can indulge in that sort of literary sport. It used to be done in America, but those who light-heartedly thus amused themselves are now very heavy at heart indeed. The saloonist literature of Kentucky and Illinois is now melancholy with its lugubrious whining. The notion of "reforming" our British politics while simply mocking the Temperance advocates as an entirely negligible and contemptible factor in the political sphere may still be cherished for a considerable period, because we are a slowly moving race. But nothing can hinder the rising of the waves that will as civilisation progresses, roll over this land also. The future triumph will not be scored on the black banners of drinkdom, but on the pure white standard of the hosts that will be yet arrayed against the enemies of the whole social order, of the family, of the home, of the Church, and of humanity. Those enemies are the friends, whoever they be, of the tavern, the distillery, the brewery, the tap-room, and the drinking-bar.—"Alliance News."

Anxious Mother: "How do you know, Mr. Jackson is in love with you? Has he told you so?"

'Pretty Daughter: "N-no; but you should see the way he looks at me when I am not looking at him!"

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Write for information as to joining a Branch, or the opening of New Branches, to I. GREENSTREET, D.S., 121 Bathurst-street, Sydney.

The Doom of Drink

LICENSE REDUCTIONS IN LEEDS.

The Leeds Compensation Committee's report for 1909 shows that since the Licensing Compensation Act came into operation in 1904, 42 licensed houses in the city have been closed upon payment of compensation amounting to £66,179, an average of £1575. Since 1904 the maximum charges have been imposed, and the yield has been as follows:—1905, £15,074; 1906, £14,508; 1907, £14,316; 1908, £14,152; 1909, £13,359 (balance yet to come). On December 31 the Compensation Fund had £14,109 to its credit, of which, after payment of loan and interest, £5,019 is available to be increased by a small balance. The total number of on-licenses in the city is 652, or one for every 742 inhabitants.

There are 87,000 liquor bars in the United Kingdom.

SATAN'S IMPORTS.

Mr. Constable, K.C., Unionist candidate for Blackfriars Glasgow, was addressing a meeting in Renton, and endeavoured to illustrate how the foreigner is taking work from the British working-man. He used an illustration which he thought would appeal to his audience. "Take a bottle of whisky," he said, "the bottle is made in Bohemia, the label is printed in Germany, the cork comes from Spain, the tin foil top from the United States, and"—here a stentorian voice intervened—"and the whisky from Hell!" The rest of the argument was lost in a storm of applause. Even the most rabid Free Trader would scarcely object to a prohibitive tariff upon imports from the dominions of his Satanic Majesty.

THE FINISHED ARTICLE.

In the course of an address delivered in the Cheetham Town Hall last month, in support of his candidature for North-West Manchester, Sir George Kemp pointed to the impossibility of defining raw material and the manufactured article, and in this respect told a story which illustrated the difficulty and incidentally filled the hall with laughter. A farmer wanted a tax on barley, his finished article, but a brewer said, "No, that is my raw material. I want a tax on foreign beer." To this a publican objected. "You are wrong. Beer is my raw material." A man came to the publican's house and drank too much, and afterwards lay in a ditch. Someone said that he must be taxed for being in that condition. But a policeman came along and said, "No, this is my raw material," and the final result was that the man got taxed 10s and costs. There was no doubt that was the finished article.

MR. BALFOUR ON MONOPOLY VALUE.

"It would be very wrong," Mr. Balfour said in 1904, "so to arrange any licensing

laws that the monopoly value should not go to the public. If they restricted the liquor trade they were almost certain to create a monopoly value, do what they would. No one desired to have free trade in drink; it had been tried, and it had failed, and no one wanted to try the experiment again. If they were going to restrict 'the trade,' the mere fact that it was restricted had a strong tendency to give it a monopoly value. All the Government desired was to give the monopoly value to the public, and not to the private individual."

MR. BALFOUR ON THE EVILS OF DRINK.

"The evils of drink come home too bitterly to the hearts and consciences of all classes of the community. There is probably not a man or a woman here—there is certainly not a man or woman here—who has not had painful opportunities of seeing all the tragedies, the domestic tragedies, the ruin of home life, the destruction of a great and honourable career, the misery brought upon individuals and families by the reckless use and misuse of alcoholic beverages. . . . This great and ever-present tragedy."—Mr. Balfour, at the Albert Hall, London, June 25, 1908.

LORD ROSEBERY ON "THE TRADE" IN PUBLIC LIFE.

The following are observations Lord Rosebery made in the House of Lords on the occasion of the debate at the termination of which the Peers rejected the Licensing Bill on November 26, 1908:—"My noble friend did me the honour to quote words of mine uttered many years ago, and to which I adhere in their fullest extent. If the

State did not control 'the trade,' 'the trade' will control the State. What is that power? Eighty per cent. of the houses in England are tied houses under the influence and at the disposal of a certain number of great members of this trade. When you realise that every public-house is a centre of social life and action in its neighbourhood, as well as of great political influence, you can conceive what its power is which in the interests of the State requires to be limited and controlled. One portion of its interest is entirely opposed to the interests of the State. I do not believe 'the trade' wants drunkenness. Drunkenness injures trade. But 'the trade' naturally wants drinking—drinking short of excess; and in that respect, and as far as it goes, the interest of 'the trade' is opposed to the interest of the State. This is the smallest part. It interferes at every point and in every fibre with your political and your municipal life. I do not care with which party it is identified. It seems to me to be a matter of comparative indifference; but 'the trade' is generally supposed, and I believe rightly supposed, to support the Conservative party. I say that this trade, from my own observation, and not with a desire to reflect on my excellent friends engaged in it, poisons the sources of your political and municipal life. It poisons your political life, because the persons engaged in it, when it comes to a general election or any particular election, ask themselves, not what is the best for the Empire, not what is the best for the public, but what is the best for 'the trade.'"

YOUR NOT TOO OLD CLOTHES.

We again urge our readers to send us old—not too old—clothing, and to make children's garments, for which there is a constant demand. When sending parcels, please send a name by which they may be acknowledged, or you will not know if they ever reach us.

We express hearty thanks for a parcel from St. Anne's Dorcas Society, Ryde, Mrs. Cranswick, Castle Hills, Chatswood, Dural, Mrs. Hardy, and five without any names. One donor requested the return of a hamper, but we can find no address to send it to. Please send to "Chester," Clarendon-road, Stanmore.

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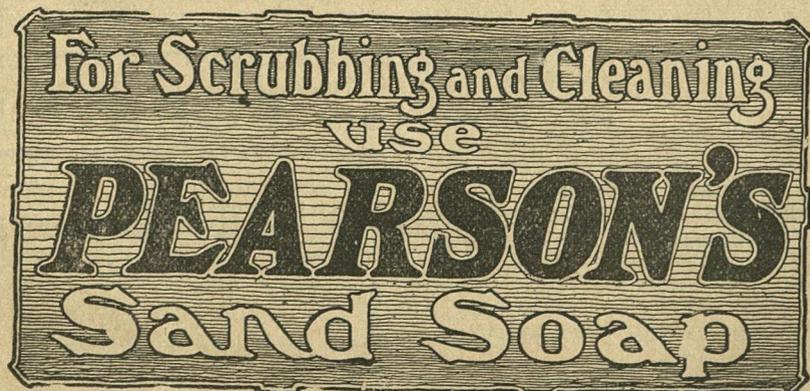
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From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(By UNCLE BARNABAS.)

(This fairy story was written by a 7 to 17 friend of Uncle B. when she was 13 years old.)

UP IN THE OAK TREE.

Nellie had gone out in the garden with the intention of sketching, but she could not set her mind to anything that morning she wanted to be out in the green fields gathering the pretty wild flowers. But mother had told her not to go out, as this was sale day, and bullocks would be driven through that field, and harm might come to her. But Nellie thought that nothing would happen to her if she only went a very little way, so she opened the little garden gate and went out.

Nellie wandered about, stopping every now and then to pick a flower or look at some tiny insect. In this way she soon got a good distance from home.

Near by, there were some oak trees, and as Nellie felt a little tired she lay down under one of these. The air was very fresh, so Nellie soon became sleepy. She had scarcely closed her eyes when she heard, close by, the sound of hoofs; she knew at once it was the bullocks and tried to rise, but somehow she could not move, her limbs seemed powerless, she struggled very hard, but could not get away.

Nearer and nearer came the sounds mingled with the shouts of the men, the cracking of whips, and the bellowing of one of the bullocks. Next minute Nellie was thrown high in the air, but she did not fall to the ground again; she caught on one of the branches of an oak tree. When she got over her fright she looked round and saw that she was up in that oak tree that she had often looked at, and wondered at its size.

While she was thinking, a beautiful grasshopper came up to her, and asked her if she would like to look through his kingdom.

Nellie wondered what it meant, for she could see nothing except the branches of the tree. But nevertheless she followed, and soon found herself in a beautiful city.

This was the King Grasshopper that led Nellie to the town. He was a very handsome fellow, with blue eyes, a beautiful green face, and rows of white teeth. He was dressed in green with golden ruffles at his neck, a golden cap on his head, and golden sleeves to the elbow.

First he led Nellie to that part of the town where all the butterflies lived. Here were hundreds of little butterflies. They spent their time flying about exhibiting their magnificent wings. It looked just like a beautiful garden.

There were blue winged butterflies, pale green, white, red, yellow, purple, and other beautiful colours. Nellie thought the green butterflies the prettiest of all, they were so delicate, and besides, she had never seen any like them before. After looking for a while, the grasshopper asked Nellie if she would like to come and see the flies. Nellie said she would, so the grasshopper walked on; but Nellie was not following him. He looked back to see what was keeping her, and saw her trying to catch a little green butterfly. He told her she must not touch anything, she must only look.

With disappointment Nellie followed a few steps.

Now Nellie's greatest fault was disobedience.

When the grasshopper turned his back a dear little green butterfly flew just near Nellie, and she caught it, and put it in her pocket; very gently, for she did not want to hurt the pretty little creature. The grasshopper did not see her, so she thought she was all right.

In a short time they came to the flies. Nellie did not think these would interest her, for she saw flies every day of her life, but not flies as pretty as these. Their wings were just like opals. They were almost as pretty as the butterflies. Nellie asked the grasshopper where was the lovely music. The grasshopper said it was always like that in that part, the flies make it with their wings.

They went next to the beetles, but these did not interest Nellie much, so the grasshopper took her to the spiders. He told her this was the gaol, and the place where all disobedient inhabitants go.

There were such a number of webs here, and in these webs were butterflies, flies, grasshoppers, and beetles. Nellie felt very frightened, for she remembered now that she had disobeyed. She asked the grasshopper to take her away, and was just turning to go when the little butterfly flew out from her pocket. Nellie tried to run away, for she saw the grasshopper was very angry but she could not get away, she felt as though she were being entangled in all the webs. She cried and struggled and called for her mother. When she called a few times and was feeling very exhausted, she thought she heard her mother's voice calling "Nellie." She felt someone shaking her, and telling her to wake up.

Nellie sat up and rubbed her eyes, and said, "Oh, mother! I have had a horrid dream, and all because I disobeyed you."

H. POLLOCK.

FOR SUNDAY.

PSALMS 101 to 120.

Nouns beginning with A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, Y, Z.

PSALMS 101 to 110.

1. Which verse compares God to a father?
2. What is said about Joseph bound and Joseph binding?
3. Tell something that is said about a ship at sea.
4. What mistake did Moses make?
5. Which Psalm describes a good home?
6. Which Psalm is full of cursing.

(Concluded on page 10.)

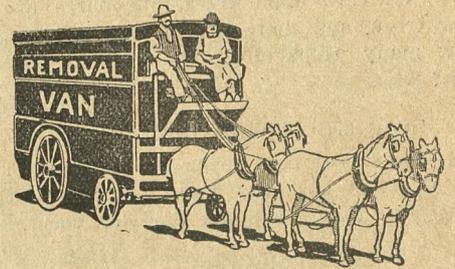
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FOR MONDAY.

PEAR, APPLE, AND CHERRY TREES
(1080).

In an orchard there are only pear trees, apple trees, and cherry trees. One-third of the whole are apple trees, one-fourth are pear trees, and there are 30 cherry trees. How many trees does the orchard contain?

HOW MUCH WAS THE VEST?

A man's coat cost seven times as much as his vest, but the two together cost £4/17/4. How much did the vest cost?

ANSWERS.

To Puzzle, January 13: Goulburn, Kelso, Manly, Parkes, Molong, Parramatta, Young, Lithgow.

To Puzzle with Pennies: To change the three heads to the places occupied by the three tails:

1. H from 3 to 0.
2. T from 4 to 3.
3. T from 5 to 4.
4. H from 0 to 5.
5. H from 2 to 0.
6. H from 1 to 2.
7. T from 3 to 1.
8. T from 4 to 3.
9. T from 6 to 4.
10. H from 5 to 6.
11. H from 0 to 5.
12. H from 2 to 0.
13. T from 3 to 2.
14. T from 4 to 3.
15. H from 0 to 4.

THE HOUSE THAT RUM BUILT.

THE ALMS-HOUSE: This is the house that rum built.

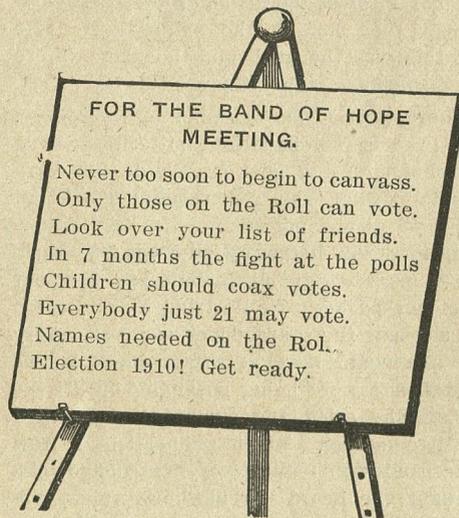
THE DRUNKARD: This is the man that lives in the house that rum built.

INTOXICATING DRINK: This is the servant in flowery guise with the artful tongue and dazzling eyes that wields the chain that binds the man that lives in the house that rum built.

THE RUMSELLER: This is the monster that holds the reins over the serpent in flowery guise, with the artful tongue and dazzling eyes, that wields the chain that binds the man that lives in the house that rum built.—Selected.

CHILDREN'S SPECIAL ISSUE.

Early in June "Grit" desires to come out for one issue as a Children's Special, with special appeal from the Children to the Electors of the State. It is desired to send out many thousands of free copies. In order to make this successful, Uncle B. is issuing Collecting Cards to Seven to Seventeens with the object of raising funds to enable



the management to place the appeal in the homes of tens of thousands of Electors. A nice present will be given to all collectors of 10s, and a nicer one still (a large bound volume of "Grit") to collectors of 20s. Will you send for a Collecting Card and begin to-day All collectors who will send us a photograph will get their pictures in the Special Issue.

Send everything for Page 9 to Uncle Barnabas, Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

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HIS LAST FLASK.

(Continued from Page 4.)

"What did I say I'd do if I ever found drink getting the best of me?" he said.

"You said you'd give it up altogether."

The sportsman reached for the bottles and went to the door.

Outside the storm had ceased, and the new moon was faintly outlined in the infinite depths of the translucent twilight. The great rock by the shore raised its black shoulders above the white of the lake and, as Arthur listened, the crash of breaking glass echoed in the silence of the night.

We were sitting by the shores of the beautiful lake one summer afternoon when Mr. Iseman, quaint and gentle, with the grey hairs gathering about his massive temples, told me the story.

"Up to that day," he said, "I had never felt that liquor had the slightest hold on me; but on that trip it seemed the only thing to pull me through the task my foolish pride had put upon me. It made me feel like a giant till I went to pieces like that"—snapping his fingers—"and my mind went with my body. Had the slightest thing hindered Arthur from returning I should have soon been a dead man."

And when the sportsmen gathered for their yarn, I noticed that he smiled sadly and shook his head when the usual compliments were passed.—"Home Herald."

The dear little girl, who had learned her "piece" by "ear," then arose, bowed, and recited it in this manner.

"Lettuce Denby up N. Dewing,

Widow Hartford N. E. Fate;

Still H. E. Ving, still per Sue Wing,

Learn to label Auntie Waite."

Then, with the tumultuous applause of the Audience ringing in her ears, she sat down in happy confusion.

Tommy: "Pa, what is an equinox?"

Pa: "Why, er—it is—ahem! Tommy, don't you know anything about mythology at all? An equinox was a fabled animal, half horse, half cow. Its name is derived from the words 'equine' and 'ox.' It does seem as if those public schools didn't teach children anything nowadays!"

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Economic Losses from Moderate Drinking

FROM PERSONAL AND PATRIOTIC POINTS OF VIEW.

(Speech at 12th International Congress on Alcoholism, by Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Ph.D., Chairman of the Official Delegates of the United States.)

Hitherto we have reckoned as the chief economic losses to a nation from the use of intoxicating beverages, their direct cost to the people and the cost of their social products in crime and dependency. These together average annually not less than 150 dollars (£30) per family in the United States—more than one-fourth of the average family income; and as the people of every European country drink more per capita on a smaller income, their case is certainly as bad.

But recent scientific experiments show an average loss in daily productivity, of typesetters, for examples, in quantity and quality, of not less than 10 per cent., from a daily "bottle of ordinary wine" or its equivalent in beer (Henry Smith Williams' "Alcohol," p. 19). These experiments suggest that a nation's largest loss by drink is the diminished efficiency in body and mind, of the great host of moderate drinkers.

The consumption of all forms of intoxicating beverages in the United States in 1907 was 23 gallons per capita, and, as our women and children seldom drink, the average consumption of the one-third of our people who are bread-winners must have been nearly three times as much—that is, about a gallon and a half a week. Two pints a day, Dr. Aschaffenburg proved conclusively in his recent German experiments, decreased the work of typesetters 6 to 14 per cent. Of our more than 83 millions are wage earners, and not less than two millions are "captains of industry" and their salaried lieutenants. The average wage is about one dollar and fifty cents (6/-) per day, but the product is worth at least two dollars to the employer, who must have a profit, and at least as much to the nation. One-tenth of that for 300 days means 60 dollars per year for each workman, and a total for all wage-earners of 1,150,000,000 dollars (£230,000,000). In the United States we have passed the period of millions in describing the damage from drink, for alcohol as well as oil has become a "billionaire;" and Europe, too, must talk of alcohol's economic damage in billions when more data enables its nations to see clearly the losses from moderate drinking.

We are not dependent on laboratory experiments for proof that even a moderate use of alcohol impairs efficiency. Benjamin Franklin, in the 18th century, observed, as a printer, what Dr. Aschaffenburg has just proved by tests, that sober printers do more and better work than drinkers. That is why 51 per cent. of a representative list of American employers, questioned by the U.S. Bureau of Labour some years since, reported that they discriminated in all or a part of their work in favour of abstainers as employees. The athletic records and the tests of soldiers in marksmanship and marching all tell the same story, that even moderate use of intoxicants decreases efficiency. When we turn to the "captains of industry" and their lieutenants, from whose ranks life insurance has obtained most of the test cases that have shown that total abstainers, other conditions being equal, live fully 15 per cent. longer than even those very moderate drinkers who are allowed to insure, we see that the losses in valuable

lives must rise to millions more. The loosening of the tongue and drugging of judgment and conscience, and the shortening of a life worth 10,000 dollars a year, becomes a very costly matter when the man is the manager of a great business or the leader of an army, or the arbiter of a nation's politics. In this age of keen competition, national as well as individual, it is the "fit" that "survive" and succeed. Many Japanese gave up sake during the war with Russia that they might contribute the money thus saved as a patriotic offering to the nation's war fund. In Britain, Germany, and other lands, patriots might well abstain for a patriotic re-enforcement to the nation's efficiency, by which the supreme industrial "battle of the nations" shall ultimately be decided.

—*—
"Who is the smallest man mentioned in history?" asked a wag. Everyone gave it up. "Why, the Roman soldier who slept on his watch!"

Musical Mem.—There is living a man who dislikes piano duets because he thinks it is cowardly for two persons to attack one piece of music.

—*—
"What will be your chief aim when you are in Parliament?" inquired an interviewer of an adopted candidate. "To stay there!" was the laconic reply.

—*—
"You are as full of airs as a hand-organ," said a young man to a girl who refused to let him see her home. "That may be," was the reply, "but I don't go with a crank."

—*—
What's in a Name.—One of the anecdotes which Andrew Carnegie is fond of telling concerns a crabbed bachelor and an aged spinster, who one day found themselves at a concert. The selections were entirely unfamiliar to the gentleman, but when Mendelsohn's "Wedding March" was begun, he pricked up his ears. "That sounds familiar," he exclaimed. "I'm not very strong on these classical pieces, but that's very good. What is it?" The spinster cast down her eyes. "That," she told him, demurely, "is the 'Maiden's Prayer.'"

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