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# GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Purest **FRY'S COCOA** and Best

VOL. III.—No. 51

THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1910.

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by Post as a Newspaper.

## The Prohibition Book

The Christians who oppose prohibition of the liquor traffic have surely been neglecting the grand old Book, the Prohibition Book, for the Bible stands for prohibition quite irrespective of results. The Book begins with "Thou shalt not eat," and when that failed, then the command was enforced with a "flaming sword of fire." The Old Testament is one long thunder of prohibitions that seemed to fail, and the New Testament is equally emphatic in prohibiting not only what is harmful but what may become harmful. The question is not really whether Prohibition prohibits, but is it right? Is it right to prohibit anyone from making a living out of the degradation of another? Is it right to prohibit what has proved an overwhelming temptation to many who are praying, "lead us not into temptation?" Is it right to prohibit what shortens a man's life, and the lives of them who work for him? Is it right to prohibit the use of that which has been the largest single factor in filling our gaols, asylums, and poor-houses?

Human weakness, wickedness, and ingenuity may defeat in part the Prohibition, yet it is still right, and it becomes a standard, a mark to aim at, it becomes a teacher, and strips off the false glamour that custom or law may have thrown round a harmful thing. It is not always a question of proof texts but of proof trend, and while we can find no proof text against slavery or gambling, yet the proof trend of the Bible is so overwhelming that no reasonable persons doubt that the religion of the Bible is against these two evils; and just as surely is it against the liquor traffic.



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**WILLIAM WHITE** ————— **Redfern and Newtown**

## The Pauper Inebriate

By E. CLAUDE TAYLOR, M.D., M.S., in the "British Journal of Inebriety."

(Concluded.)

The fourth question, "Can you notice in children reared from early infancy in the workhouse any difference between those of alcoholic parents and others?" showed that, no statistics being kept, it is almost impossible to answer it accurately. Some said "Yes," others said "No," others that they were unable to say. One replied that he had noticed a very marked difference—as shown in the form of temper, low type, etc., and another that the children of the former suffered much from neglect. Evidence, such as was quoted before the Physical Deterioration Committee, shows that, where records are kept, there is a marked difference to be observed. Perhaps the reason for this escaping notice in our workhouses is that, after all, most of the children are of the one class—the drinking class. It is refreshing at times to see the vigour and rate of growth of children born of healthy, sober mothers who have come under our care through no fault of their own.

To the fifth question, "Can you say whether the alcoholics are less able or less inclined to work, or both?" most of my correspondents replied: "Both, undoubtedly," or "On the whole less able, certainly less inclined." Two made fuller remarks, which I will quote: "Many of our best workers in the institution are those who have failed through excessive drinking, but this, of course, proves nothing, except that capable workmen are brought to the workhouse through drink who otherwise would never be there." "There can be, in my opinion, not the slightest doubt that the consumption of alcohol, both directly and indirectly, is a most important factor in causing physical deterioration to the consumers themselves, and to the children by rendering it impossible for them to procure sufficient wholesome food and good clothing." My own experience is that the loss of power, skill, and desire to work resulting from the continued taking of alcohol is the source of constant trouble and want of discipline in the workhouse.

Many of those who replied made valuable remarks, which are not altogether covered by the answers quoted above. I will therefore give a selection of these:—

"Fifty per cent. of our lunacy cases are due to alcoholism, direct and indirect."

"The importance of the influence of alcoholism in connection with our work cannot be exaggerated, more especially, perhaps, in connection with work under the Lunacy Acts."

"I could write volumes on the subject of

alcohol as the chief factor in the history and conditions of these pauper inmates."

"One sees a number of young men, one time able-bodied, who are afflicted with phthisis, and thus incapacitated, and in my opinion, mostly through the effects of alcoholism. I think there would be found at these places ample material for investigation."

"The history given by inmates can very seldom be relied upon when it is a question of alcoholic habits."

"I have noticed that injuries are in a large proportion induced by alcoholism."

"I entertain very strong opinions as to alcohol being the chief agent in causing much of the pauperism."

"I have taken the greatest interest in the subject of alcohol being the cause, directly or indirectly, of admissions both to the workhouses and infirmaries. I have had twelve years' experience, and had probably 100,000 cases under observation. I have at present 600 children under my care. I am not an abstainer myself. I regard alcohol as the almost sole cause of probably 98 per cent. of the total admissions. It is certainly the principal one in causing 70 to 80 per cent. of the deaths from consumption—this is the result of a most careful inquiry into the history of each case—and I have little hesitation in regarding it also as being at the root of any physical deterioration in our race."

What surprises me more than the fact that so many of our fellow-countrymen become the victims of alcoholism is the thought that anyone who has knowledge of evidence such as the above still maintains that for him alcohol is good.

### SINGING A HYMN.

The story of the minister who held a religious meeting in a penitentiary and aroused the ire of the inmates by announcing as a hymn that one beginning, "The dying thief rejoiced to see," is equalled by the tale of a local preacher whose church got into debt not long ago. A congregational meeting was held for the purpose of extricating it, and the chairman of the board of deacons, or whatever the financial body was, got up and stated the situation, and ended by calling for a special collection to make up the deficit.

"I suggest that we sing a hymn," said one of the members of the church.

This idea was carried out, and the number of the song was announced. A smile overspread many faces, however, when they reached the line, "When we asunder part

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**Paid-up Capital and Reserves...** **735,000**

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it gives us inward pain." Nevertheless, the "sundering" process was most successful, and wasn't particularly painful either.

### THE TRAVELLER AND THE MUSH-ROOMS.

An Englishman travelling in Switzerland one day arrived at a lonely village with only one inn, at which he was obliged to put up for the night. When the landlord, who only spoke German, came to inquire what he would take for supper, the traveller tried in vain to make him understand that he wanted some mushrooms, and was on the point of giving up all hope of enjoying his favourite dish, when the idea struck him that he might make a drawing of the outline of a mushroom. With paper and pencil he accordingly did so, and the landlord went out. The traveller now thought his plan was successful, and in a few moments the landlord's steps were heard coming up the stairs. He was wondering to himself how the mushrooms could have been prepared in so short a time, when the door opened, and in walked the landlord—with an umbrella!

"'Tis one of the saddest things about married life."

"What is?"

"The fact that the wife can't think of anything new for dinner, and the husband, while dissatisfied, can't suggest anything."

**DRUNK**  
and Disorderly **WATCHES**

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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# The Man Who Went Back

A PRISON STORY.

By WOOLSEY R. HOPKINS, "American Magazine."

(Continued.)

Langdon knew the man ahead; a negro, doing twenty years for a nameless crime. "Well," he said, "I've got you pat; but who talked?" The voice sounded three or four back; it might be farther. Beginning with the second man to his rear, he ran over the next four in his mind; a new, forgery, ten years—two to serve; a Hungarian, burglary, twenty years—ten to serve; an Englishman, murder, second degree—life; an American, arson, second offence, twenty years—three to serve; a Swede, assault with intent to kill, third term, fifteen years—ten to serve. This was far enough. It was one of these who had spoken to the negro. Men with short time to serve avoid trouble. He eliminated the Jew and the American from his problem.

That night Langdon lay upon his cot, wakeful and alert. The silence was unbroken, save by the heavy breathing of those who slept or muttered in disordered dreams. He knew where all the men were locked; the Jew and American to his right; the Hungarian and Swede across the gallery; the Englishman—known as the "Gorilla"—far to his left.

Through the thick walls came faintly the sound of a town bell striking the hours. He counted them—twelve, one, two, three—"Not to-night, then," he said, half aloud; and, as if in response, there sounded four sharp taps, followed, after a short interval, by three—"forty-three;" and then this: "When they wrestle—when they wrestle." That was all.

The keeper heard it clearly, and started from his seat. "Forty-three," he said, and shook his head and sat again. The lowest numbered cell in the corridor was 600.

Langdon sat upon his cot, thinking. "Forty-three," he said. "That's the nigger. It came from the left. It's the Gorilla; yes, it's the Gorilla and the nigger." He thought intently for a time, and then struck his clenched fist into his palm, smiling. "Yes," he said; "when they wrestle—when they wrestle." Well, it ain't my business. I ain't here to save keepers." Then he slept.

## CHAPTER II.

The foundry was a long, low shop upon the ground floor, in which worked one hundred and twenty men. Half-way along its south wall was the keeper's desk, upon a platform raised a little from the ground, so that he might easily overlook the men at their work. His only visible weapon was a loaded cane, but the men knew that in the pocket of his loose uniform coat a revolver lay ready for instant use.

Langdon worked near the keeper, the third man to the east; fourth to the west, worked the negro. At the extreme west end of the shop, the Hungarian held with his tongs a white-hot bar of iron upon an anvil. Opposite him, the Gorilla swung easily a heavy sledge, smiting the iron with mighty blows. His body, naked to the waist, was covered with thick black hair, from which he took his name. As he swung the ponderous hammer, the great muscles of his chest and arms could be seen swelling and shifting under their hairy covering. After each blow the Hungarian turned the iron upon the anvil. Langdon

watched them as they worked. He noticed, too, that the negro observed them closely.

The Hungarian placed a fresh bar upon the anvil, and held it ready for the blow. The Gorilla swung aloft his sledge, and as it descended the Hungarian quickly moved the bar aside. The hammer crashed upon the unyielding anvil, and its handle broke and shivered with the shock.

The Gorilla dashed the fragments upon the ground, and with a loud curse sprang upon the Hungarian and seized him by the throat, while the latter, in turn, grasped the hairy neck of his assailant. The other convicts, each in his place, watched the struggle in silence. The negro, his head only half turned, paused in his labour, the bar of iron upon which he had been working still grasped in his hand. The keeper started from his seat and glanced about the shop.

"Every man in his place!" he shouted. "I'll cross-mark the first who moves." Then he called loudly to the fighting men: "Johnson, White, quit that! Come here, both." In his right hand he grasped his loaded cane, and his left, in the pocket of his coat, closed over the butt of his revolver.

The combatants paid no heed to his command. Each held his grasp upon the throat of the other, and they writhed and twisted over the anvil, the glowing iron still upon it. Langdon noticed that the powerful Gorilla seemed to have no advantage. "Forty-three," he said, half aloud, and looked at the negro. The keeper called once more, glanced over the shop, and started toward the fray. "Yes," said Langdon, smiling; "when they wrestle—when they wrestle. Good-bye, Mr. Keeper."

The keeper was a brave man, as courage goes; he was not afraid. But the shop was known as the "hardest" in the prison. He knew the men. He had "cross-chalked" many of them for discipline, and a fracas offered opportunities to clear scores. He hesitated, turned back to his desk, pushed the call-button to the keepers' hall, and started running toward the struggling men. He knew the risk, and as he ran kept as nearly as he could the centre of the aisle, so that a man would have to step out a little to strike him.

The negro, as he approached, stood motionless, but his hand tightened upon his bar, and as the keeper came opposite he swung it with all his might.

"Chalk-mark me, will ye? Get me paddled, will ye?" he screamed.

Something, a motion half perceived by sight or hearing, gave the keeper an instant's warning. He ducked his head, and struggling to draw his revolver, threw his shoulder upward, and so escaped instant death. The descending bar struck the shoulder first, breaking the bone, and then with diminished force, crashed through the skull.

As the keeper fell, the Gorilla and the Hungarian loosened their grip, and each sprang for a weapon. At the same instant Langdon leaped upon the negro, tossing him aside as if he had been a baby, and stood astride the senseless body of the keeper. He was smiling still. "Things are working all right, so far," he said.

The Gorilla raged through the aisle.

INSURE WITH THE

## NORTHERN ASSURANCE CO. LIMITED.

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"Now, mates," he roared "the west wall—quick!"

A few men, timid or with short time to serve, leaped from the windows and made their escape, running toward the keepers' hall, shouting the alarm. A few stood, hesitating, in their places. The greater number joined in the mutiny, and rushed toward the Gorilla as their natural leader.

Langdon stood fast, grasping the keeper's cane, which he had picked up from the floor. As the mutineers were leaving the shop, the negro looked back and saw Langdon.

"Come on!" he shouted.

Langdon shook his head, and the negro grasped the leader's arm, and pointed.

"Wait," ordered the Gorilla. "Come back with me, some of you," and a number followed him as he ran, back east through the aisle.

As they came close, Langdon called loudly, and for a moment they halted.

"You know me," he said. "The first man in reach is a dead man."

The Gorilla stepped forward. "See 're, Blaster," he cried, "I ain't afeard o' you, an' I ain't got no time to talk. Ye got to come, or promise ye won't give us away. Will ye—"

Langdon interrupted, laughing. "The man's got to be born yet that can scare a promise out of me," he said.

The hairy giant swung aloft his hammer and sprang forward. Langdon stepped nimbly aside and struck. The leaden head of the cane crashed through the Gorilla's skull as if it had been an egg-shell.

The others hesitated, and, as they stood irresolute, the eastern door burst open, and a body of the keepers rushed, with a shout, upon the mutineers, who turned and fled. Upon the floor, their blood mingling in one dark stream, lay keeper and convict. Over them stood Langdon, the bloody cane still grasped in his hand, the sneering smile still upon his face. "See 'em run," he laughed, "Forty-three and all. The Gorilla won't run no more, though. There ought to be something coming to me out of this."

There was, and it came quickly. The foremost keeper, rushing, revolver in hand, down the aisle, saw the armed convict over the prostrate keeper. He recognised Langdon and recalled his desperate record. Without a word he fired. The cane flew from Langdon's hand and he fell across the bodies of the man he had killed and the man he had averted.

(To be continued.)



## 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!"—Ven. Archdeacon Boyce,  
President.

Mrs. Bruntnell and family have returned from the mountains, and are again residing at Leichhardt. Mrs. Bruntnell has greatly benefited in health by her stay on the mountains.

The General Superintendent has had a rough time in the Gloucester electorate with drunken navvies, 3 a.m. coaches, and colossal mosquitoes; but the meetings have been enthusiastic.

The following humorous extract from the General Superintendent's correspondence is characteristic:—"Coming here to-day we passed a place called Purgatory, and just as we turned the corner a huge black bull confronted us—the embodiment of Satan, and so near Purgatory." He then continues: "I am having vote-catching meetings, but it is pioneering work. Stroud last night—hall packed. I am returning via Stroud and Dungog, doing meetings en route. Arrive Sydney, Friday, 18th."

Mr. Babbage is taking up work in the Sherbrooke electorate, under the superintendence of the President, Rev. H. F. L. Palmer.

A successful annual conference of the Sherbrooke Alliance Branch was held in Parramatta on March 1, when Rev. Mr. Palmer, Rector of St. Mary's, was again elected President.

Mr. Lloyd, the official lecturer for the Liquor Trades, is visiting the Sherbrooke electorate, and the Alliance President is endeavouring to arrange to debate the question with Mr. Lloyd.

The Alliance Secretary addressed an enthusiastic No-License meeting at Wallsend on Monday, February 28. Rev. Mr. Yates, Rector of the Parish, presided. Mr. J. W. Shaw brought his superb gramophone and gave some choice selections, and Mr. Rumble, secretary of the Newcastle Alliance Branch, operated the lantern. A number of questions were asked at the close of the lecture, and answered. It is hoped that every person present became a missionary for No-License after seeing and hearing the lecture. Rev. Fisher Webster also assisted.

On Tuesday, March 1, Mr. John Complin gave his lecture, "Bottle and Vote," in the Social Hall, Central Methodist Mission. There was a large audience and much enthusiasm. Mr. Jas. Charlton in moving the vote of thanks, said that if the Alliance Secretary continued to present such facts before the public, there could not but be a tremendous vote for No-License.

Hon. Lecturer, Dr. Caro, and the Secretary of the Alliance, addressed a great street audience in Newcastle on Saturday, February 26. The doctor gave ocular demonstration of the effect of alcohol on brains, kidneys, and plant life, and convinced the most unwilling of the folly of partaking alcoholic beverages.

The Auburn Branch of the Granville Electorate No-License League held a public meeting in the Auburn Town Hall on Wednesday, March 2. Chairman was Rev. F. Shiner, and addresses were delivered by Rev. J. J. Franklyn, and Dr. Caro.

Mrs. Harrison Lee-Cowie opened her State campaign at Cootamundra on the 4th.

Honorary Lecturer Mr. Hardwicke is devoting two half-days weekly to assist the Secretary with the rapidly-multiplying office work at the State centre. Mr. Charles Willis has also promised each Monday. The free and practical co-operation of these gentlemen is a boon to the office staff.

Honorary Lecturer Pastor J. J. Franklyn takes up the cudgels in response to the recent statement of the L.V.A. on the evils of No-License thus:—

"The Southland Times" (Invercargill), of January 9, 1908, had an article on No-License. It was headed 'No-License—How it works out; a remarkable comparison.' The writer says: 'Exactly what No-License has brought about since it was established here on July 1, 1906, is shown by the following statistics supplied by the police. The number of cases of drunkenness which came before the Court during the 18 months ending June 30, 1900, compares strikingly with the number in the following 18 months, during which No-License was in force. Before No-License, 209; during No-License, 149. Taking these convictions for drunkenness during the 18 months ended December 31 last, the police found that with four exceptions the liquor was obtained outside the No-License area of Invercargill (that is to say—the liquor was bought in the licensed districts surrounding Invercargill). The article concludes with the following opinion by Police Inspector Mitchell, of Invercargill:—"The public generally have taken kindly to the No-License movement, with the result that there is little or no evidence of drunkenness. Invercargill is a splendid testimonial for No-License. Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve showed what the influence of No-License has been, and I think No-License in Invercargill is a crowning success.' Your readers will have an opportunity of comparing this statement with the oft-repeated statement of 'the trade' and its apologists, that No-License is a dismal failure always, and everywhere. Then, sir, 'the trade' has often given proof of their interests in the morals of the people, by the almost tearful lament that No-License means that sly grog-shops would spring up everywhere. It is surely within the knowledge of all that the sly grog-seller has always been more or less common under the reign of license, by selling out of hours, and on Sundays. Drink-sellers, in times of contrition, have frankly acknowledged that they did not keep the law, but that they would now strive to do so. Now, No-License is blamed. According to the liquor prophets, this evil was to be rampant. Well, has this really taken place? For the first year of



"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

No-License in Invercargill there were five (5) cases of sly grog-selling. Three were fined £50 each, one £40, and one, for a second offence, received three months' imprisonment. Given a vigilant police, and a magistrate who will firmly administer the law, the sly-grog-seller will rank with the dodo."

### SIXPENNYWORTH OF ENJOYMENT.

The last tramp found the pantry supplies exhausted, but the mistress made it a rule never to turn any away empty-handed.

"Here's a penny for you, my man," she said, to the ragged-looking individual who stood inside the porch with extended hand. "I'm not giving it to you for charity's sake, but merely because it pleases me."

"Thankee, but couldn't you make it sixpence and enjoy yourself thoroughly, mum?"

### THE HAT WASN'T SENT.

A man once said, "Ladies can never write a letter without adding a postscript to it." One day he said to a lady friend: "I will give you a new hat if you will send me a letter without a postscript."

So she wrote to him: "Dear Mr. B—, I hope you will get a nice hat with an ostrich feather in it.—I am, yours ever,  
"Miss E—."

"P.S.—You see I have written this letter without a postscript."

### A SATISFYING WIND.

One that blows foul, afterwards chops, and then comes with little puffs.

### I.O.G.T.

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HOLDS

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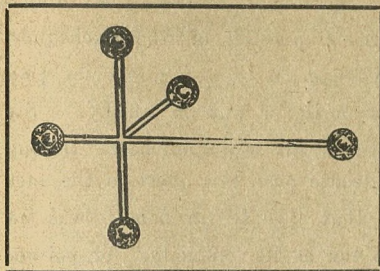
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It is most difficult to find a suitable present oftentimes that is inexpensive—this difficulty we recognised and overcame in this Southern Cross Brooch.

A present may not be judged by its value—but why pay more than is necessary. This Brooch then, is just what you want; it is made

of 9-ct. gold, well set with green, red or blue stones, which ever you prefer. It can also be had with "Map of Australia" in centre for 8/6. Write us to-day—now—we will gladly forward it to you with this request, that, if you are not pleased when you receive it, to send it back and your money will be refunded.

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Opposite Barometer, Q. V. Markets, SYDNEY

## Talk about People

### The Labourer and his Hire.

The Duke of Norfolk was once travelling from London to Rome. At each station he would get out to stretch his legs, and on several of these occasions passengers happened to stop him and ask questions, which the duke courteously answered.

When Rome was reached, a tired old lady who had noticed this, but who didn't know his Grace of Norfolk, caught him by his sleeve, and said: "Now, my good man, I've noticed you at all the stations loafing about. Just make yourself useful for once in your life. Pick up those bags and rugs and get me a cab."

The duke mildly shouldered the bags and rugs, and after the old lady had got safely in her cab with them she gave him sixpence.

He bowed and said:

"Thank you, madam; I shall never part with this coin. It is the first money I ever earned in my life."

### Waiting for the Dawn.

There is a pathetic little incident in the life of Robert Louis Stevenson, published two or three years ago, which illustrates the law of sympathy, the sort of comfort that comes to one from the sense of unseen comradeship.

In his early days Stevenson was a frail, fragile little child, suffering from a hacking cough, which often kept him awake night after night. He had a devoted Scotch nurse, to whom he owed everything—Alison Cunningham.

Often, when the boy could not sleep, this faithful soul would lift him in her arms and croon to him some of the old Scotch songs to pass away the hours of darkness until morning.

But sometimes, when the little fellow was more than ordinarily restless, she would carry him to the window in the silent night, and across the square in the front of the house she would point out here and there other lighted windows, "where," says Stevenson, referring to it, "we would tell each other that perhaps there were other little children who were sick, and who, like us, were waiting for the dawn."

### Famous Smith Family.

A unique monument unveiled recently at Patchogue, Long Island, U.S.A., is attracting great attention from visitors. The monument is of white bronze, and 22 feet high, the base being 9 feet square. It was erected by Mrs. Ruth Newey Smith, a wealthy woman, now seventy-four years old.

It is a genealogical monument, the novel idea of which was conceived by Mrs. Smith,

and turned into a reality, after fifteen years of research among family Bibles, archives, and records containing data of the births, marriages, and deaths of the John Smith, or "Rock John" branch of the famous Smith family.

Eighteen thousand raised letters are used in giving the names and records of the various Smiths.

Mrs. Ruth Newey Smith, whose name and date of birth, etc., appear on the monument, with the addition that she "has read the Bible through eighty-nine times," erected the costly shaft in special memory of her late father and mother, Micah and Betsey Newey Smith, and of her three deceased sisters, Charlotte G., Betsey Ann, and Augusta J.

### A Story of Lloyd-George.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell tells a story concerning the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Budget. "I happened," he said, "to be one of a small party lunching with the Chancellor of the Exchequer a little while before he brought in his Budget. The conversation, I hardly know how, turned on the subject of what we would do if we knew we had only a couple of months to live. Mr. Lloyd-George, on being asked what he would do, replied: 'I would bring in my Budget, and proceed with it till the appointed time of departure, and so leave the world with a good conscience.' You may not agree with Mr. Lloyd-George's Budget," continued Mr. Campbell, "but you will agree with the spirituality of feeling that underlay that reply, and was making the earnest performance of earthly duty a preparation for the eternal."

### The Man Who Never Takes a Holiday.

Thus is described in the Navy Sir Arthur Wilson, who has just succeeded Sir John Fisher as First Admiral in the British Navy. He is wrapped up in his work to such an extent that he rarely goes ashore, even when his fleet or flagship visits any port. It is not that he is unsociable; but he simply regards every moment spent away from the service as wasted. His idea of a satisfactory day's work is to take the fleet out at four or five o'clock on a chilly morning, and keep them hard at it until nine or ten at night. He it was who won the V.C. at the Battle of El Teb with his fists. The Arabs broke the square, and Captain Wilson, as he then was, went to the assistance of a gunner. He broke his sword, and then, with his fists, bowled the enemy over like ninepins. Before the Arabs could recover from their surprise at this novel attack, they had been repulsed.

### KANGAROO COUPONS GIVEN.

#### FISH IN GREAT VARIETY AT ASHWOOD'S CUT PRICES.

Here is another list of small prices that will help you to economise on your Lenten meals.

Every line perfectly fresh—only recently arrived from the packers  
**Smoked Fish Arriving Daily during Lent.**

Barracouta (New Zealand), smoked, 8d per lb.

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

Mullet, Smoked, 6½d per lb.

Bloaters (English), 4d each.

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

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 per 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.

Kip. Herrings, Morton's 1lb., 7½ per tin; 7/3 per dozen.

Morton's Herrings in Tomato Sauce, 1lb., 7d tin; 6/9 dozen.

Morton's Herrings in Tomato Sauce, ½lb., 4½d tin; 4/3 doz.

Oysters, Kensett, 6d per tin; 5/9 per dozen.

Lobster, Triton, 1/- per tin; 11/6 per dozen.

Cod Roes, 9d per tin; 8/6 per dozen.

Herrings a la Sardines, 9½d per tin; 9/- per dozen.

**FULL FISH SUPPLY STOCKED AT OUR NEW STORE,**

**210 GEORGE-STREET NORTH**  
(“BULLETIN” BUILDING).

**J. F. ASHWOOD, LTD.,**

“Sydney's Cut-Rate Grocers,”  
827-831 George-st., Sydney, near Central Station;

23 Branches, and More to Follow.

## ROGERS' BROS.

Clean or Dye Ladies' Dresses from 3/- to 7/6, equal or new.

**181 OXFORD STREET AND 775 GEORGE STREET**



**L. NEWMARK,**

The Manchester Tailor,  
(Late of San Francisco).

635 George-st., Haymarket, Sydney.

All Suits made by me to be kept clean and pressed free of charge for 12 months.

TOWN HALL BOOK ARCADE,  
(Opp. Cathedral).

GET ALL YOU WANT IN

BOOKS,

LATEST, BY BEST AUTHORS, at

WILLIAM TYAS',

Tel., 565 City. 566 GEORGE-ST., SYDNEY.

# GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

"Grit, clear Grit."—A pure Americanism, standing for pluck, or Energy, or Industry, or all three. References Probably had to the sandstones used for grindstones—the more grit they contain the better they wear.

THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1910.

## THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

The report of the State Children's Relief Board contains much sad reading. It appears that the total number of children now under supervision is 8227, being an increase of 392 children since last year. Of these, 4247 (2453 boys and 1794 girls), are placed out apart from, and 3980 with their mothers. Of those placed out apart from their mother, 2763 were entirely supported by the Government; 1270 were apprenticed (761 boys and 509 girls) 198 (75 boys and 123 girls) were adopted without payment. The proportion of children boarded-out to the population of the State is 5.9 per 1000. Last year it was 4.95 per 1000. The proportion of children boarded out with their own mothers shows a slight increase on last year's rate, being 2.46 per 1000, as against 2.30 per 1000. Deducting the contributions by parents (£3587 4s 3d) the actual cost to the State for each child was £15 3s 4d. A boarded-out child, no matter how good the people, or how comfortable the place, misses all the influence of home. The two words in the English language that most deeply move a crowd, or most strongly touch the man are "Mother" and "Home," and the State must never be content with the impossible task of providing daily substitutes for these two—it must go right back and attack the forces that degrade the sacred name of mother, and demoralise the home. There is no doubt that drink is the greatest enemy to the child, and yet it were not so great a power if our human nature was not so weak and susceptible to evil. While we urge No-License for the sake of mother, child and home, yet we equally and emphatically urge the furtherance of the Gospel of Christ as the greatest power to change the weakness of human nature by supplying the expelling power of a new affection. Every effort like that of the Mission Zone to reach and Christianise the man is a valuable contribution to the betterment of the child. It is sad to find the number of suffering child-

ren is increasing, and it surely proves that we have not yet strongly attacked the causes, viz., irreligion and intemperance.

## THE WALKING CANTEN.

The "Evening News" thus describes the walking canteen:—"About 11.30 a.m. on Sunday, a cripple named George Legarde, a foreigner, stood at the corner of Goulburn and Wemyss streets, and holding a flask of whisky in one hand, and a glass in another, he handed a nobbler to a man, who tendered a coin resembling a shilling. Sergeant Mankey told the Court that accused had twice been convicted of this offence, and on the last occasion had been fined £100, in default three month's imprisonment. He served the sentence, and, though not very long out of gaol, had been carrying out this game ever since. There were the same circumstances in the last and the present case. Accused walked about the streets with bottles of grog in his pockets, and had been dubbed "the perambulating canteen." The man was fined £100, or nine months' imprisonment. If this had only happened in a No-License area we can well imagine the song that the liquor people and some papers would have made of it. It is by no means an isolated case, since there were nine convictions for sly-grog selling in the same neighbourhood in the previous three weeks. No area that has banished the open bar has ever put up such a record for sly-grog selling. One of the strongest points about No-License is the placing of public and legal disapproval on the liquor traffic. The sly-grog place is never gilded, and has no comfortable club-like features, nor attractions, or fascinations for any person save for that person alone who is a confirmed drinker with an alcoholic craving. In sly-grog places the beginner is never found, they are too unattractive and dangerous for the novice; they leave such places to the old toper who naturally gravitates to them. Three thousand sly-grog places could not do the same volume of business as 500 open bars, and if they did, the constant stream of even one-sixth of those who now enter the bar would lead to discovery and its penalties. Let us know once for all that sly-grog is not a product of No-License, but that No-License brings the sly-grogger into evidence, and that will mean his being rooted out, neck and crop.

## WHISKY IN BOND.

Some very astonishing conditions prevail in the British House of Lords. Among them is the fact that very many of the members of this hereditary legislative chamber of a Christian nation derive their revenue and live either directly or indirectly from the manufacture and sale of beer and whisky. The biggest whisky maker in Great Britain is Sir John Dewar, who is a member of the House of Commons. The House of Commons has not as many liquor dealers as the House of Lords, but it has a number who were conspicuous during debates over the temperance legislation incor-

porated in the Budget framed by Mr. Lloyd George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. G. Younger, a brewer, wants the proposed tax on liquor put on whisky. Sir John Dewar wants it put on beer. During a recent debate over this question the fact came out that "whisky in bond" was no better, so far as its "tonicity," or poisoning quality is concerned, than new whisky. In other words, new whisky is just as safe to drink as old whisky. Mr. Lupton, another member of the House, said, during this debate: "I think all whisky should be put in bond, but I maintain that it is very little use to keep it in bond for two years. Put all the whisky in bond for 200 years—there would be some good in that." What would be thought in Australia of the members of our Legislature seriously debating over the most approved methods of giving people whisky manufactured by the members themselves, and then fighting legislation framed to make them pay any tax for immense financial advantages?

## MEMORY MEDICINE.

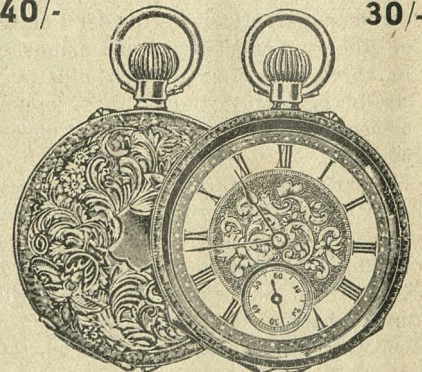
You can do no better thing to help us and the work we represent than:—

1. Pay in advance.
2. Get at least one new subscriber.
3. Deal with those who advertise with us, and MENTION "GRIT."

Send stamps or postal note to Box 390 G.P.O., Sydney.

40/-

30/-



Superior 9ct. Solid Gold Ladies' Watches

Written guarantee for 10 years.

OPEN FACE, 30/- DOUBLE CASED, 40/-

Exchanged if not approved.

## Kitchen & Bingham

Merchant Jewellers  
and Manufacturers

19 PARK STREET, SYDNEY

## OPPORTUNITIES FOR GIRLS—

Both the State and Commonwealth Public Services are open to well-educated Girls. Examinations in Shorthand, Typing, and English are held periodically. Salary, £72 per annum to £150 per annum.

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE,

"Holt House," 56 York-street.



## Patent Medicine Advertising "Fakes"

SUPPORTED AND ENCOURAGED BY WOMEN.

By MRS. MARTHA M. ALLEN, Marcellus, New York.

On the "Woman's Page" of many newspapers a very adroit method of advertising has recently appeared. It is in the form of answers to correspondents who are supposedly inquiring as to how to improve in health and beauty. The "department" is represented as presided over by a woman; "Mrs. Mae Martyn," or some other name appearing as that of the one who answers the queries. The first and last answers in the list usually make reference only to simple home remedies or well-known preparations.

All the others advise the use of a proprietary preparation with a fancy name. For example, here is an answer:—

Ethel J.: (1) It made me happy to read your letter. I am glad you think so well of my recipes that you cut them out and pass them along to your friends. None should have difficulty in getting from her druggist any ingredient I name, for I never advise the use of anything that is not sold in first-class drug stores everywhere. (2) The only objection I know to the use of liquid complexion beautifiers is their high cost when purchased in a ready manufactured state. You can make at home a fine "liquid powder" that softens and whitens the skin by putting 2 teaspoonfuls of glycerin and four ounces of spurmax in  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of boiling water, let it stand until cold. Apply with the palm of the hand and rub until dry. I prefer the spurmax wash to any face powder I can buy.

"Spurmax" is the proprietary article in this prescription. In the next, "Crystos" is advised for tired or inflamed eyes. Then "Canthrox" for a shampoo; "Quinola" to remove dandruff, and promote the growth of hair; "Parnotis" comes next as a flesh reducer, "that should remove ten pounds in a few weeks"; "Kardene" for pimples, sallow complexion, etc., "a splendid blood-tonic"; "Luxor" for eczema; and "Almozoin" for blackheads, etc.

Every week or so this "beauty department" will appear with new names of questioners, and with the questions and answers varying, but the spurmax, crystos, etc., etc., always are recommended.

Any one going to the drug store to ask for the "four ounces of spurmax" advised will be given a tin box bearing a label with the name of the preparation, clear proof of its being a proprietary article.

Several of these adroitly advertised nostrums have recently been analysed by well-known Chicago chemists. Spurmax is a pink, crystallite powder, highly perfumed. It consists essentially, according to the analysis published, of Epsom salts, perfumed and coloured. The retail price is fifty cents.; estimated cost of ingredients, one cent. Almozoin is said to be made of gum traga-

canth, borax, and magnesium carbonate; price fifty cents.; estimated cost of ingredients, three cents. Crystos is given as made of borax, common salt, and boric acid. Retail price, fifty cents.; estimated cost, one cent. Everyone knows that borax dissolved in water is soothing to inflamed or tired eyes. It is a common trick of patent medicine men to sell well-known drugs under unknown names at high prices. This crystos is a good example of that practice. Parnotis is 75 per cent. bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) and 25 per cent. sodium sulphate (Glauber's salts). Retail price, fifty cents.; estimated cost of ingredients, less than two cents.

This method of advertising shows to what depths of deceit otherwise reputable newspapers are willing to stoop for the sake of the money returns. A few papers have been honest enough to mark this "fake" beauty department with the letters "Adv." after the last answer, or have placed it on a page wholly given to advertising. Most papers, however, in which it appears, have it on the "Woman's Page" as reading matter.

### DANGEROUS TOILET PREPARATIONS.

The New Hampshire Board of Health has examined some preparations advertised for the complexion, etc. As some of these contain dangerous drugs, yet are labelled "harmless," it is well to be informed in regard to them. Mrs. McCarrison's Famous Diamond Lotion for the removal of tan, freckles, etc., is marked "Perfectly Harmless," yet the active ingredient was found to be corrosive sublimate, a most violent poison. Soule's Eradicator, marked, "Warranted not to injure the Skin," was found to be a mixture of corrosive sublimate and calomel. Champin's Liquid Pearl, bearing on the label, "Contains nothing injurious to the most delicate skin," was found to be largely lead carbonate. "It should never be applied where the cuticle is broken, as it is one of the most poisonous of the salts of lead." Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream and Magical Beautifier is said to be "so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made." This "magical beautifier" was found to consist of approximately one-half ounce of calomel in a half pint of water. It sells for one dollar fifty cents., and costs not more than five cents. Calomel is not poisonous as corrosive sublimate is, yet as a salt of mercury it is not free from danger of injury to the skin. Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream was made up of beeswax, emulsified and flavoured with bitter almond oil, some alcohol, borax and glycerine. Contained no "honey."

Some women have had terrible experi-

### AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL — PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

Founded 1849.

The Best Mutual Life Office in Australasia

Head Office: 87 PITT ST., SYDNEY.

Accumulated Funds . £24,600,000

Annual Income . . . . . £3,160,000

Policies effected in this office prove an excellent investment. Most Economical Management. Unequalled Bonuses

CASH BONUS DIVIDED FOR ONE YEAR 1908, £740,385.

Every participating Policyholder shares in the distribution of the profits each year Assurances can be Effected for Sums ranging from £5 to £10,000

General Manager and Actuary: Richard Teece, F.I.A., F.F.A., F.S.S.

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

ences with these poison beautifiers. A woman, well-known to the writer, has for years carried a blotched face as a result of using a corrosive sublimate preparation, marked "harmless." A girl who had become much freckled at a lake resort used a "freckle remover" somewhat freely. Her face puffed up so that she was perfectly hideous for days. Fortunately her blood was in good condition, so that she recovered after her face peeled. It is persons out of condition, or who have a skin abrasion, who are most likely to suffer permanent injury. Terrible spreading ulcers have sometimes resulted from "beauty" treatments.

Mrs. Potter's Walnut Juice Hair Stain has caused severe eczema in some patients, the eczema involving face, scalp, neck, trunk and arms.

### MISCELLANEOUS PREPARATIONS.

Pond's Extract was found not to differ in any essential particular from ordinary extracts of witch-hazel. Matis, a "cure" for rheumatism, labelled "purely vegetable," showed potassium iodide, which no one regards as belonging to the vegetable kingdom. Caffodyne tablets consist of acetanilid, caffeine, and bicarbonate of soda. Foley's Honey and Tar, and Kennedy's Laxative Containing Honey and Tar, were found to be without any honey.

Mitchella Compound was examined by a professor in the University of Illinois. He says: "The sample consists apparently of a mixture of leaves, roots, and bark, among which I have been able to identify Squaw-vine, Starwort, or False Unicorn Root, Flowering Dogwood, and Ladies' Slipper." All of these, except Ladies' Slipper, are agents once used by physicians, but discarded as of no service. Ladies' Slipper is so lightly esteemed that few medical works mention it. Mitchella Compound is one of the many "cure-alls" in which discarded, useless drugs are made up under names giving no idea of the ingredients, and advertised as great and wonderful discoveries.

"Health Grains," a remedy for "Dyspepsia Indigestion, Nervousness, etc.," were found by Chicago chemists to be 87.50 per cent. of coarse quartz sand, and 12.50 per

Buy Your **FURNITURE** from

**J. HEATH, 549, 551 George Street, Sydney**

who has one of the largest and most UP-TO-DATE stocks in the Commonwealth. A great variety to select from in 15 SHOW-ROOMS. A visit would be well worth your while.

CLOSE WEDNESDAYS 1 O'CLOCK.

OPEN SATURDAYS TILL 10 P.M.

Telephone Central 3812



## INDEPENDENT ORDER OF RECHABITES

TEMPERANCE BENEFIT SOCIETY.

THE ABSTAINERS' INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD.

Total Membership ..... 485,000.

Total Funds ..... £1,850,000.

The Benefits are:—Medical Attendance and Medicines for Member, Wife, and Family from date of joining.

Sick Benefit (after 12 months' membership), £1 1s per week for 52 weeks, and 10s per week thereafter.

Funeral Benefit (after 12 months' membership), £20; after 7 years, £25, or insurance to £100 if preferred.

Contributions are according to age at joining, and cease at age 65.

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

cent. of rock candy and syrup. The directions say, "Do not chew or grind Health Grains between the teeth, but roll them around slowly until they have become saturated with saliva, then swallow them. A teaspoonful constitutes a dose."

Health Grains might be useful for hens and other creatures provided with a gizzard, but human beings with a delicate organ like a stomach could scarcely utilise them.

The preparations referred to are simply samples of multitudes of nostrums on the market for which the ignorant and credulous pay large prices in the hope of receiving some benefit. Newspapers which go into partnership with patent medicine sharpers in a game of "fleecing" the sick poor, should be hindered by law from carrying such advertising.

### COCA COLA ADVERTISING.

The Coca Cola Company has an adroit piece of advertising in regard to the examination of its product by the Bureau of Chemistry. This advertisement says: "The Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry has analysed this temperance drink, and reports that it does not contain narcotics." This statement has led editors of religious papers and many other people to assume that the drink has been passed as harmless by United States Government chemists. It is a clever piece of advertising. Worthy of the palmy days of old Peruna, when its advertisements stated that "it was endorsed by temperance people everywhere because it contained no whisky." It did not contain whisky, but, as all the world now knows, it was well supplied with alcohol. So, while it is true that the Bureau of Chemistry found no narcotics in Coca Cola, they did find caffeine, a harmful stimulant, and the chief chemist, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, has said repeatedly that the sale of drinks containing the drug caffeine should be prohibited. He says that this drug is almost as bad for the young as cocaine. Dr. George M. Kober, chairman of the President's Homes Commission, wrote me that he considers Coca Cola more harmful than beer, which all temperance people know is injurious.—From "Union Signal."

### OLD CLOTHES.

We wish to thank very heartily for useful parcels of clothing: Miss Twine, Mr. Seale, Miss Dear, Mrs. Meynick, Mrs. Carter, Miss Edwards, Rev. R. S. Willis, Mr. Brownrigg, Miss Harris, and three anonymous. Clothing is daily needed in our work, and every parcel sent to us is made a blessing to some one. Address to Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, "Chester," Clarendon-road, Stanmore. Please ring up 173 Petersham, or send a card saying when parcels are sent.

### TELL 'EM NO.

When they ask if you're wearied out with living,

Tell 'em No.

When they ask you if there's folly in forgiving,

Tell 'em No.

Tell 'em No, with all your might;

Optimism's never trite;

Put the pessimists to flight—

Tell 'em No.

When they hint the world's a hotbed of injustice,

Tell 'em No.

When they hold that folks are foolish when they trust us,

Tell 'em No.

Say it so they all can hear;

Yelp it out without a fear;

Spread your gospel far and near—

Tell 'em No.

When they ask you if the world is bound for Ruin,

Tell 'em No.

When they ask if there's always trouble brewin',

Tell 'em No.

Tell 'em No, and say it loud;

Say it open-like and proud,

Howl it out before the crowd—

Tell 'em No.

When they claim the world's unselfishness has perished,

Tell 'em No.

When they say the things are dead our fathers cherished,

Tell 'em No.

Laugh whenever you hear 'em croak;

Give their sore old ribs a poke;

Treat their growling as a joke—

Tell 'em No.

"Ten years ago the press of Missouri devoted only 30 columns a day to the W.C.T.U., Now it devotes 288 columns daily," declared Mrs. Laura F. La Monte, Press Superintendent for Missouri, at Kansas City, on November 2.

**Saves Time  
Saves Trouble  
Saves Health  
Saves Money**

As a Breakfast Food it has no equal because it requires no cooking and is ready for immediate use.

—MANUFACTURERS:—

**THE SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD CO.,**

Head Office—45 HUNTER ST., SYDNEY.

## SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

In response to an inquiry from the New York "World," asking "what the State of Kansas has to be thankful for, this year," Governor Stubbs made this reply, which is the more significant because of the recent determination of that State to enforce the prohibition laws everywhere within its borders: "Kansas will have a 24-hour, State-wide day of thanksgiving for extraordinary progress in civic advancement; an unprecedented diminution in crime; a complete triumph of the law over the saloon in every country, town, and village in the State; an unexpected increase in attendance at every educational institution within her borders; advancement to first place among the States in the Union in material wealth per capita; a marvellous increase in the volume of business; for development in industrial activities beyond the capacity of our present population to handle; for the practically complete evacuation of 50 per cent. of our gaols and more than 60 per cent. of our poor-houses; for an increase of more than 20,000,000 dollars in our State banks alone, and for an increase of more than 15,000,000 dollars in the value of three farm products—wheat, corn, and oats."

### NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

G. Cuff, A. K. Knowles, G. Balmer, H. Withycombe, C. Ryan, Rev. A. M. Gould, A. Flood, Mrs. Yates, H. G. Rickard, E. Wright, G. Kennerdale, E. L. Slade-Mallen, Miss Graham, Mrs. Karnaghan, Mrs. Hirst, Mrs. Lyne, Mrs. Davidson, Miss Winterbottom, Mrs. Rudd, Mrs. Walker, Miss Windridge, Mrs. Baylis, Miss Forrest, Mrs. Headley, Mrs. Smith.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS.

G. Cuff, 3s 4d, 24/10/10; A. K. Knowles, 3s 4d, 24/10/10; G. Balmer, 3s 4d, 24/10/10; H. Withycombe, 3s 4d, 24/10/10; C. Ryan, 3s 4d, 24/10/10; Rev. A. M. Gould, 3s 4d, 24/10/10; Mrs. Quinan, 2s 6d; Miss Byrne, 1s 3d, 29/4/10; Mrs. Armstrong, 2s 6d, 3/8/10; Mr. Nye, 1s, 3/4/10; Mrs. Hastings, 2s 6d, 9/1/10; Mrs. Gardner, 5s, 9/7/11; Mrs. J. Wilmot, 5s, 31/1/10; Rev. D. Thomas, 6s, 8/10/09; J. R. Reeves, 2s 6d, 20/7/10; O. B. McMichael, 5s, 17/6/10; A. Munnery, 3s, 3/9/10; H. O. Foster, 2s 6d, 3/9/10; Mrs. Booker, 2s 6d, 3/9/10; Mrs. Locke, 2s 6d, 3/9/10; D. Dwyer, 1s 3d, 28/8/10; Miss Deighton, 5s, 3/3/11; Miss Schardt, 2s 6d, 2/9/10; Rev. Locke, 5s, 1/8/10; Mrs. Johnson, 10s 6d, 2/7/10; E. Price, 10s, 15/1/11; T. Stevens, 5s, 3/3/11; Mr. Ismay, 2s 6d, 29/3/10; T. C. Wollaston, 5s, 3/3/11.

### COUNTERPANE FUND.

Anonymous, 5s; Miss Milcie Southwell, 14s.

### THE IDEAL BREAKFAST FOOD—

## —GRANOLA—

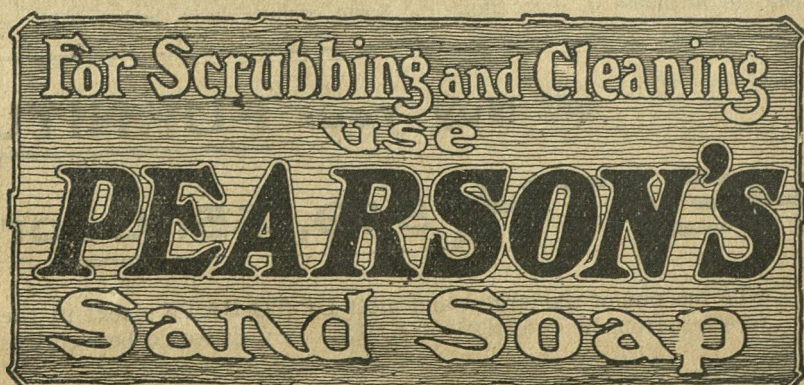
As a Breakfast Food it has no equal because it requires no cooking and is ready for immediate use.

—MANUFACTURERS:—

**THE SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD CO.,**

Head Office—45 HUNTER ST., SYDNEY.

Write for Price Lists of above and other manufacturer





# From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(By UNCLE BARNABAS.)

## THE BOY AND THE BRIGANDS.

### SERMON ILLUSTRATION.

Emma Rankin. Speaker: Rev. T. M. Taylor.  
Away in the backblocks of Asia-Minor, Jack lived with his widowed mother. She was a poor, hard-working woman, and he was her only son. One day, shortly after his fourteenth birthday, Jack's mother called him to her, saying: "Jack, it is time for you to go out and seek for yourself. I have saved these up for you. Take them and try your luck." Here she produced 40 pieces of gold, which, for safety, she sewed up in the lining of his coat. Just as he was going she said to him: "Jack, I want you to remember two things; never tell a lie, and always remember God." Then the lad started off. He intended to go to a far-off city. The roads were very perilous, and as Jack neared the city he saw a cloud of dust ahead of him. Presently a robber rode up to him and called out in an insolent tone: "What have you got?" Jack, looking fearlessly up to him, replied: "I have 40 gold pieces sewn up in my coat." With a disbelieving laugh the robber went back and told his chief, who immediately asked Jack the same question, "What have you got?" Once again came the reply: "Forty gold pieces sewn up in my coat." Their chief dismounted, and catching Jack by the shoulder, said: "Now, lad, why do you tell me this?" The reply, cool and clear, struck to the chief's heart: "Because of God—and my mother." Then the chief—who was really a merchant in disguise—said: "Lad, it is one like you whom I have been wanting in my business in the city. Come with me and let me help you!" Six months later Jack's mother came to live in the city with her son, who now had a very good position in the merchant's warehouse, all through "Never telling a lie, and always remembering God."

### BIRTHDAYS.

Edna Willard, Gordon, March 21.  
Arthur Day (New Zealand), March 23.  
Queenie S., March 30.

John 1: 41.

May you have a very happy birthday, and may you this year "find" someone, as Andrew did!

### FOR SUNDAY.

#### GRANDMOTHER PUZZLE.

What Grandmother taught her grandchild the Bible?

What Grandmother in the Bible killed her grandchildren.

Who was a good Grandmother to a grandchild that was not quite hers?

Whose grandson dreamt about angels? (Early Days).

#### LITTLE VERSES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

There is a big black ogre  
Who freely runs about;  
I wish that we could catch him,  
And turn the rascal out.

If we could only find him,  
My! what a time there'd be!  
We'd take him by the collar  
And dump him in the sea.

He works the saddest mischief  
In every time and place;  
And yet the cunning rascal  
Will never show his face.

His name? You use it freely,  
'Tis easy as to wink;  
In three short words you have it—  
Just this—"I DIDN'T THINK!"

### FOR MONDAY.

#### WHY IS A BEEHIVE?

Why is a beehive like a bad potato?  
Because a beehive is a bee-holder, and a bee-holder is a spectator, and a specked tater is a bad potato!

### ADDING LETTERS.

How many words can you make by adding one letter to the word ONE putting it in front—thus: NONE, DONE? How many words by adding a first letter to ANGLE? By adding a first letter to ASH.

### LETTER-BOX.

#### THE FOURTH MAN FROM THE LEFT.

Kathleen Rankin, Dalburrabin, writes:—Dear Uncle Barnabas,—Although you asked me to write often, this is the first opportunity I have had since I wrote to you first. The Temperance people of Casino have commenced monthly open-air meetings. I was at the first one. The three speakers were: Revs. G. M. Bull and T. M. Taylor, and Mr. W. Ewart. They drew a great crowd while they were speaking; all down that end of the town was swarming with people. I would very much like a postcard of you. Fred robbed the bees a few weeks ago, and got 330lbs. of honey from six hives. My opinion is that you are the fourth man from the left in the photo on the front. The grass is very long out here; in some parts of our paddock the paspalum is over 8 feet high. We have been having a great lot of rain up here lately, and that brings lots of mosquitoes about. With fond love to all my cousins, aunts, and the baby, and yourself. From your fond niece, Kathleen Rankin."

Dear Kathleen,—Your letter is very interesting. That meeting in the open-air was splendid. The publicans don't like No-License truths in the open air. Will send you postcard. Love from all and Uncle B.)

### "IT WAS VERY LIKE YOU!"

Bernice Bruntnell, "Brecon," Austenham-road, Leichhardt, writes:—Dear Uncle B.,—



## SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

CHAS. C. MIHELL,

Bible House, 242 Pitt-street, Sydney.

We are all glad to get home again. Mother is much better for the change. I was pleased with your photo in "Grit"; it was very like you. I would like you to send me a collecting card for the No-License campaign, if it is not too late. Father is still away from home. With much love to all my cousins and yourself, I remain, your affectionate niece.

P.S.—I will send you a longer letter next time.

(Dear Bernice,—I am delighted to hear from you. Your initials and your request for

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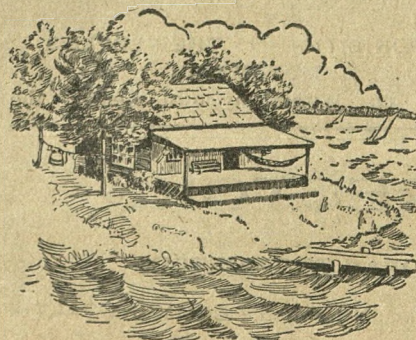
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BANKSTOWN.—Fine Farmlets, about a mile from the station; from one to eight acres, at from £9 an acre; terms as low as £1 deposit and 10s monthly.

QUAKER'S HILL ESTATE, right by Quaker's Hill Station, near Blacktown Junction, 25 miles from Sydney. —Richest soil, splendid for market gardens. Improved farm of 20 acres, at £17 per acre; 5-acre blocks, unimproved from £13 an acre. Terms, from £2 down, £1 monthly.

TENNYSON.—Block of 10 acres, overlooking the Parramatta River. Handy to wharf, to the new Ryde tram, and to Meadowbank station. Price, £32 an acre. Five years terms.

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# **GRIFFITHS'** **TEAS OF QUALITY.**

—SIGNAL BRAND—

534 GEORGE ST, Opp. Town Hall

a collecting card set me off singing:

"How doth the little Busy Bee  
Improve each shining hour!"

Much love to you from us all.—Uncle B.)

## **ANOTHER NIECE FROM COWTIME- LAND.**

Emma Rankin, Dalburrabin, Casino, writes—Dear Uncle Barnabas,—Thank you very much for making me a "niece" and a collector. I think your opinion of me as being "a nice niece" must be altered considerably by this. The Monday night after school "broke up" the I.O.G.T. held a Fruit and Flower Night for all Sunday school children. Everyone was asked to bring a bunch of flowers, which were afterwards donated to the hospitals to make their inmates' Christmas brighter. In the photo on the front page, I think you are the man sitting down, fourth from the left. I translate your telegram thus: "Dear 'ne's' and 'ni's', would you like a postcard of Uncle B? If so, write." I would like one very much; that is, if you mean you will send us one. Even up here we have not been without our share of rain, and there is water everywhere. Do you only allow us one try at the Sermon Illustration, or as many as we like? I think that "Cromwell" is the answer to your young friend's puzzle. I would like an "Esperanto Booklet" very much; but would you please tell me where we are to send for it? The mosquitoes are very bad to-night, and, as it is getting late, I will say good-night. As the "funny boy" says, it is bedtime now, and soon will be milking-time again—for me, too. I think I have told you enough, as I must leave something for Kathleen to tell. Closing, I send my best wishes to all my "relatives," from your fond "New Niece."

P.S.—I am enclosing a sermon illustration which I hope you will find all right. We are going to the theatre-scope to-morrow night, and will post our letters on the way.

(Dear E.,—A thousand welcomes! Thank you for Sermon Illustration. You may send as many as you like, but when we have 30 the prize will be awarded. Your guess about the photo. is very ingenious. Do you know what that long word means? Will send you a photo. Write again soon.—Uncle B.)

## **License System Doomed by Public Sentiment**

GREAT SPEECH BY JOHN J. WOOLLEY.

This address was delivered by Mr. Woolley in Indianapolis on November 10 last, entitled "The Larger Mission of the Church."

Taking for his text "the greatest legal maxim of the English-speaking people," "Salvus populi suprema est lex," i.e., "The Safety of the People is the Highest Law," he declared in one impressive period:—

"The safety of the people (not the safety of the banks, important as that is; not the safety of the factories and the profits of the manufacturers, important as that is; not an honest tariff, as important as that is), the safety of the people is the highest law," and this, by even the briefest reference to the United States census shows eighty million reasons why liquor license is bad law, bad morals, bad politics, and bad business. A licensed saloon is the sovereign's invitation to the citizen to buy and to drink. To many, it is worse than that. It is a poisoned sacrifice in which the Legislature, the law, and prophet of the State, offers a cup of mockery, lies and death, and says to the citizen: 'Do this in remembrance of me.'"

### **THE LICENSE SYSTEM—LIQUOR'S STRONGEST BULWARK.**

"If the danger of the traffic to the people stopped at the drinker, we might perhaps charge off the loss to the personal liberty account, and trust to growing health and abstinence to run away from the disease, but the peril of the drink does not stop at the weak and the vicious. The burden of it falls on the temperate and the strong. We stand or fall together. My drunken neighbour bruises his wife's heart or breaks it, leaves a trail of defective children, defaults his obligations as a neighbour and a citizen, or becomes an active agent of vice or crime, but the sober and industrious foot the bills in money and in misery, and the clean homes suffer with the vile."

### **"PROHIBITION" IS THE PEOPLE'S MOVEMENT.**

"No; no. Within my own memory the

license fee has been multiplied ten-fold at least, on an average, and in the same time the political power and the social havoc created by the liquor traffic have increased in greater proportion."

"The liquor traffic is a public enemy—always and everywhere a public enemy, and the license system has always and everywhere been its friend. This fact is rising like an apocalyptic vision before the eyes of the common people of this country, and they are setting about their own deliverance by letting the cause of Prohibition get at the root of the organised disgrace and degradation. It is the people's movement, I say. They are setting about, no longer temporising with the saloon, but definitely and distinctly attacking it at its very life."

"The active enemies of the saloon have abandoned the license system as a remedy, and strive for different methods of suppression. In the rapid increase of Prohibition areas in these days, even the beer Belshazzar reads the writing on the wall. It has been a long, hard fight. Some of us bear deep scars of it in our lives and our fortunes, but I should like to say that the Party Prohibitionists made no mistake in carrying the case up to the Supreme Court of national popular agitation. Politicians may plant and political parties may water, but the people of this country are the real rulers of it."

### **THE SALOON, LOCAL AND NATIONAL.**

"It is quite true that the saloon is not a local thing; it crawls and climbs and flies and burrows; it debauches at long range, but on the other hand neither is a local option victory entirely local. The dry counties of this State are educating and agitating the wet counties of this State, and the dry cities are agitating the wet cities, and the dry States are agitating the wet States; the counties are the State, and the States the nation. We are all members one of another. A real reform may start anywhere, but a real reform like this will never stop short of the national capital."

### **PROHIBITION DOES NOT PROHIBIT— A LIE.**

"The charge that Prohibition does not pro-

### **TO THOSE WHO GO SHOPPING.**

CUT THIS OUT AND GIVE IT WITH  
YOUR ORDER:

We read "Grit," and that explains our order.

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hibit is a sloppy mixture, about one-third threat of the criminal liquor traffic, about one-third the feebleness of flabby good people, and one-third shuffling of quack politicians. Perfect enforcement of a law that revolutionises the habits and policy of ages is manifestly impossible all at once and immediately, but the No-License policy in the localities where it has been adopted is already more perfectly enforced and far more respected than the restrictive features of the license law have ever been enforced or respected anywhere. So long as license was the policy, the attitude of the liquor trade to the restrictive features was that of sheer contempt, and that was to be expected; that was only natural for the policy of licensing a thing which does evil and only evil to the people, and does that evil continuously, is intrinsically and incorrigibly contemptible, and now with Prohibition sweeping through the counties and States, and haunting the corridors of the national capital, a mighty change has come over the liquor dealers' dream, and the most truculent and mean-spirited trade on earth is in a hysteria of desire and effort to mend its ways and prolong its life. Even the beer lord, for the first time in his history, is on his knees to-day at the mourner's bench of restriction, praying, 'Oh, Lord, be cruel to me if you will, bear down on me more; rob me yet again, but let me live.' The people are looking on amazed and disgusted, saying, 'Behold, he prays!'

#### DISAPPOINTMENT IN PROHIBITION HISTORY.

"But there are, and for a long time yet will be, disappointments in the Prohibitory regime. These disappointments arise from two causes; first, gross negligence in the selection of our officers, and second, the evaporation of emotional majorities as against the actual voting strength of the public sentiment. Human nature is shiftless, and the better the human nature the more shiftless in the matter of service. The popular enthusiasm for moral issues that involve trouble and that threaten invested money is exceedingly volatile. The temperance question or movement until recently has been almost purely sentimental, or perhaps I would better say purely religious, and the dogma of the separation of the Church and State has got itself into a terrible state of confusion in the popular mind as to the relation of material interests and moral interests. These two things have been treated as entirely and distinctly separate and even antagonistic. The reformer has been tempted to expect victory in the form of a religious revival, suddenly and completely rebuking or ignoring or coercing the business. Of course, it could not come, and cannot come that way. Revivals are only flashlights on conduct, but the conduct of business is the conduct of the world. The new and steady light now rising on Prohibition in America has the dawn of enlightened common-sense in the business world coming to re-enforce and realise the night-vision of religion, and this is the doom of the license system."

#### RELIGION AND BUSINESS WILL CONQUER.

"The slow-growing late-bearing signs of religion engrafted by our fathers and ourselves in the hardy trees of trade are bending now with the fruit which the religious enthusiast vainly hoped to produce miraculously from the inserted stems and the grafting wax, without the tedious intervention of woody growth and age-long labour. The

movement is religious, of course, and it will be religious to the end of the chapter, but the accented element in the hopeful situation in which we find ourselves to-day is business, don't you forget it. The accented element that we have in the hopeful situation in this country to-night is business, and being business, it naturally chooses the way that is feasible and certainly practicable, and that shows steady results in a day's work. For what business sets out to do, it does relentlessly and certainly."

Mark Twain's story of Horace Greely's handwriting has a parallel in this, from a railroad conductor in Missouri to the president of the road. The conductor wrote:—

"A farmer has been riding on this pass for about a year; do you want him to continue to use it?"

The president put on his glasses, looked the paper carefully over, and said:

"Why, this is not a pass. It is a receipt I gave the fellow for a load of wood about a year ago!"

A little Scotch boy on being rescued by a bystander from the dock off which he had fallen, expressed heartfelt gratitude, saying: "I am so glad you got me out. What a lickin' I wad have frae my mither if I had been drooned!"

"Is there any truth in the reports that since your State has adopted prohibition it is possible to get any drink one wants at any drug store?" asked the visitor.

"Are you thirsty, or are you working for a magazine?" asked the native.

Si Snodgrass: "How would ye like tew live in one of them high buildin's they hev down tew the city?"

Sim Simmons: "Wouldn't do it. Think of a fellah's wife makin' him go down tew the cellar from the top floor tew put the cat out."

The ticket collector on a railway got leave to go and get married, and was given a pass over the line. On the way back he showed to the new collector his marriage certificate by mistake for his pass. The official studied it carefully, and then said: "Eh, mon, you've got a ticket for a lang, wearisome journey, but no' on the Caledonian Railway."

This happened at the time of a South American earthquake several years ago. A resident of the shaken city, while he felt that his duties required him to remain there to do what he might for the sufferers, sent his six-year-old son out of the danger and confusion to the youngster's grandfather in New York. Three days after the boy's arrival, the man received this telegram from his father: "Send us your earthquake and take back your boy."

What She Cared About.—"Hallo! hallo!" shouted the fireman, answering the frantic telephone summons. "Are you there?" came back in sweet feminine tones. "Yes." "Who is it?" "The fire station." "I wish to say that my front garden—" "This is the fire station you've got." "Yes, I know. My front garden runs along the side of Howitt Burns' house. Now only to-day I sprinkled some fine new grass seed on my lawn—" "This ain't a gardener's," roared the fireman. "I know, I know; but I want to tell you that my garden is my particular pride—" "What's it got to do with us?" "Oh, well, Mr. Howitt Burns asked me to tell you that his house was on fire, so don't let your nasty fireman trample—" But he was gone.

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