

# GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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Price One Penny

## Daddy! Daddy!

"Daddy! Daddy! And you said you wouldn't!" There was a world of disappointment in the tiny tot's voice that sounded strangely out of harmony with the surroundings in the kitchen of the old-fashioned country inn where Jack Mitchell and two companions sat drinking their half-pints. "Us'll cry again," she continued, and then, putting her finger in her mouth, stood strangely silent.

Dot, the apple of Jack's eye, from her home on the opposite side of the road, had caught sight of her father entering the saloon. Before her mother could stop her, away she toddled as fast as her legs could carry her, gleefully calling out, "Daddy! Daddy! Dot's coming," for she loved Daddy and she knew Daddy loved her.

But when she entered and saw him with a mug of liquor raised to his mouth, her voice lost its sweetness, she looked, stopped, and then uttered her childish reproach.

It didn't mean much to the others, but to Jack it meant a lot. As if stricken nerveless, the mug fell from his grasp, and ashamed of himself he hid his face.

Jack was a good man, hardworking, full of affection and devotion to his wife and child. Yet the enemy had been gaining the mastery over him. Only the other day, he had gone home under the influence of liquor, his nature for the time being quite changed.

Snappy and churlish, he had reproached his wife, and when little Dot sought to clamber on his knee, he had pushed her away.

"Daddy won't love me!" cried the child, and tears trickled down her cheeks, to keep company with those that welled from her mother's eyes.

A sensible woman, she said nothing then, but when he was sober she had pleaded with him. "Jack, do give it up!" and he had promised he would, and his little daughter coming in just at the moment, he had picked her up in his arms and said, "Daddy won't have any more of the horrid stuff!"

And now his promise was broken. But it was the last time.

What preaching could not have done, that childish reproach had done. "The young teetotaller," as Dick Brown called her, fixed his resolve. Pulling himself together, he

paid his money, gathered his heart's treasure into his arms, then turning to his mates said: "Chaps, no more for me! I've taken my last. The little un's made a man of me. She shan't reproach me again!" He went out of the house, and the saloonkeeper never welcomed him as a customer again.

"A little child shall lead them."

A little child led him, just when he needed to be led.



## Are They Men?

Wife: "Won't you come home, dear?"

Man: "Don't think you can bully me into doing anything against my will... I'm no slave."

Publican: "Hear, hear! That's right. Put your foot down and be a man."

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## A Talk on Bright Hours and Dark Hours

THE HUMAN ELEMENT IN RELIGION.

By ARTHUR HOYLE.

In "Aunt Jane of Kentucky" is plenty of good religious mirth, and the way the humour dances about the Church, and the men, and the women thereof, is a good thing to see and to feel. Good play is made with the choir, and there is the inevitable person who will sing, and cannot sing a single note. How he humbled the pride of the Church that rivalled its fellow must be read in the book. But there is one use of him that I think it would be good to recognise. It is the story of a woman who hated the voice of this mar-melody, and when she was lying at the point of death she said to her husband, "Don't let Uncle Jim sing at my funeral, Sam; I'll rise up out of my coffin if he does." Her husband broke out laughing and crying at the same time, and declared if that was to be the result Uncle Sam should sing at the funeral; the good woman herself fell to laughing, weak as she was, and the laugh was so tiring and refreshing that she fell on sleep, and when she awoke the fever was gone, and she recovered herself from the grave. This good woman did not have Uncle Jim to sing at her funeral, but she sang at Uncle Jim's, and broke down and cried for all the mean things she had said of the poor creature's voice.

### MIRTH IN RELIGION.

I remember when I was young there was something of the same mirth in the Churches that marks the merry people who sing and testify in these pages. We are losing something of the mirth of our fathers. If you go into our churches now you will find the mirth before the services begin. There is about it something of irreverence. I once had some people come to my church because they were tired of the lack of solemnity in a great and successful mission. They said they could not understand nor tolerate the chatter that went on before the service began. I do not know what truth there was in it; I had never been at one of these services. But I have marked something of the lightness that is before the service. Now, there was no lightness before the service in my youth; they were as solemn as ghosts, and there would have been a very short shrift indeed for one who began to chatter or to giggle in the church. But when the service had got under way—then the mirth began; then the waters flooded up, and every stranded boat took the sea. There was a freedom that is seldom found in the services now, however much there may be of it before the service begins. They found the joy in

the worship, and not in the ordinary ways of men, and in the mirth of the world. It was the freedom of the spiritual man, and they would have no freedom until the Lord had made them free. Now, we may be of the utmost solemnity in the services for the most part, but there is little break in forth of the sunshine of a spirit that has found liberty, and cannot think that its simplicity of expression is a thing to be counted common or unclean. A good many have judged there was something entirely irreverent in the simplicity and the richness of the utterance of our fathers; there was nothing of the kind. It was entirely the exuberance of their vitality, the deep fountain and the fulness thereof. If there was something of a freedom to which we are strangers, there was also an awe of the hand of God, and a sure confidence of the power of the Lord, to which we are also strangers. It is a great mistake to suppose that the top layer is everything.

### THE SIGH AT THE HEART OF THINGS.

Some old mystic has said that God is a sigh at the heart of all things; the mystics said many strange things, and many things that are hard to understand. But there are times when it is not difficult at all for me to understand what the old saint meant. It is an odd thing that so many of the poets have sung to the sweetness of Melancholy. There is no real joy that has not its shadow, and the shadow is part of the joy. Is it not written—Rejoice with trembling? We shall not get back the joy until we get back the sense of sin. I do not mean the sense of our abandoned character and of failures before men. That is not the point at all. It is a deeper fountain that brings out at the same time bitter waters and sweet. It is a difficult thing to utter, and I do not at all know that I can utter it—this secret of the consciousness of sin, of most desperate sin. Who can tell whence it cometh? Ah! happy is he who knows whither it goeth. It is borne in upon the soul out of the vision, and comes of the yearning; the years do not change it, and the more one gets the victory the more there is need of a greater victory still. The last fight is always the biggest fight; and yonder they are trooping over the hill to attack again. It is the heart that is in us that is the plague, and if a man cannot say that the heart that is in him is as my heart in this matter, it puts a gulf between; that is all. But when the heart is full of known evil and the life has been tainted, and in spite of all there is the dear, forgiving love,

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then there is a singing and a trumpet joy in that heart. Otherwise I find that people are satisfied if they "discharge the duties of Religion." What a phrase!

### MANY-SIDED RELIGION.

Religious joy is not always there, even in those who have entered into the fulness and the victory of joy. To creatures such as we are, in a world such as this is, there is no continuing in one stay. It is not an exclusive mark of the lesser minds that they are unable to continue at their highest. Now and again a biography will allow you to see a hero in a timorous mood—all the heroic extinct, and out of date. It would be well if they would more of them allow us this privilege and companionship of the mighty. The strong are supposed to be able to unify their life, and to tone their experiences to one tint; but I do not find that they succeed. If they do not always succeed, is it to be wondered if some of the humble religious people, who have joy, have also seasons when the joy has all departed, and are we to say that they are paying the penalty of their hardihood in daring to rejoice? I do not think so. It will be found that the same rule holds outside the religious life, and that it is the

(Continued on Page 8.)

**DRUNK** **WATCHES**  
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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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## Midnight Callers

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

By ISABELLA MACDONALD ALDEN  
("Pansy").

### PART I.

Miss Rachel Holland capped her fountain pen, set it with a determined thud in its standard on the office table, and pushed back her chair with a weary sigh that had in it an element of relief. It had been a busy, wearing day.

All her days were busy, but the wearing quality of this one seemed to stand out more prominently than usual.

That haunting spectre of the unduly weary, whose name is "What-is-the-use?" was goading her. "After all," it was saying to this tired girl, "what have you accomplished? You have seen and talked with threescore people who are mental, or physical, or moral failures—in an alarming number of instances they were all three. You have sympathised with some, given your caustic opinion of them to others, and had your stenographer take down a volume of statistics for future reference. Because of your day's experience you are conscious that the day has made a distinct contribution to the sum of human misery. You have met and considered a number of new cases of that disease which, however hidden by various names, has, after all, one short, sharp, ugly word to cover its history, and that word is—sin. But of what good is it that you should be conscious of this? Is the world one whit better, permanently better, for your day of toil? You have alleviated some suffering, but only alleviated, not removed its cause; and to-morrow, or the next to-morrow, they will be just as bad, and the next day after the to-morrow they will be worse; and so the weary round will go on. Of what use is it all?"

She was very tired. She must get home and rest and sleep. She could not think another thought to-night. Wasn't it almost twelve? Yes, the clock was striking, and doubtless her carriage was waiting for her; she would not keep it waiting much longer. Some of the faithful night workers were already moving about in the next rooms; she would not need to wait for the night secretary. Ah, there he was, probably. The door opened and closed, and her office door was pushed open, but not by the night secretary. This was a tall man, with dishevelled hair and bleared eyes, and the too well-known signs of dissipation written all over him. His clothing was muddy and torn, and in general disorder, yet there were indications that it had once been correct in style and of good material. He spoke with the peculiar drawing whine of the semi-intoxicated man, who has decided to make an irresistible appeal.

"Oh, madam, for the love of heaven let me have a quarter, just a single quarter, to relieve this awful hunger, which is driving me wild! I haven't tasted food madam, since night before last; and neither have my wife and three children. We are starving, but a single quarter will save us; give it to me quick, for the love of heaven!"

Miss Holland looked upon him coldly, and spoke with utmost calmness. She had seen too many of his kind to be moved either by fear or compassion. "For the love of whisky, you mean. You have had too many quarters already. Why didn't you say you were thirsty?"

"God knows I am that, madam; but not for liquor. I haven't touched a drop in four months."

Miss Holland made an impatient movement; she had borne a great deal that day.

"What do you fancy you will gain by such barefaced lying?" she asked. "Are you too far gone to have a shred of common sense? You are drunk this minute!"

The man's mood changed. His face broke into a half-drunken smile, and he spoke in a confidential tone.

"Say, how did you find that out?" Long experience had hardened Rachel Holland's nerves to some scenes; the comic side of this one struck her, and she laughed. "It is marvellous that I should have done so," she said; "but it is true, nevertheless, and you will get no quarter here. Still, I have no doubt but that you are very thirsty. How would a cup of coffee, strong and hot, affect you, do you think?"

As she spoke she touched the electric button at her side, and a young man, one of the early night force from the mission, made instant response.

"A cup of coffee, David," said Miss Holland. "Be sure that it is strong."

In an incredibly brief time the steaming cup was in the man's shaking hand. He seized it as a drowning man catches at whatever comes, and gulped it down without stopping for breath. Miss Holland was watching him closely.

"Another, David," she found herself murmuring, as the hot liquid disappeared. The man had dropped into a chair, but his whole frame seemed to reel for a moment under the effect of the strong, hot potion.

He grasped at the second cup with the same feverish abandon he had shown before, but under the power of the third one his confused brain righted itself and he looked up at Miss Holland with sane though hopeless eyes.

"Thank you," he said, in the tone of a gentleman. "I must have needed it. I have no idea what I said when I came in here, but if it was something wrong I want to beg your pardon. I will not intrude upon you longer."

He arose with a pitiful effort at dignity, and began to move toward the door. Miss Holland was studying his face.

"Wait," she said imperatively. "Where are you going?"

"God only knows!" he said. Then, after a second, his face hardened, and he added quickly:

"To ruin, as fast as possible. There is nothing else for me."

"That is almost as foolish and quite as false as what you told me when you came in. There is everything left for you to win, if you choose. A lost manhood, a good name, a home—I don't think you have any wife or children, but perhaps you have a mother?"

She knew by the instant flash in his eyes that she had touched a true chord, and went on rapidly:

"And there is no reason in the world why you should make her wish that she had never borne you, instead of thanking God

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for you every day of her life, as she will, if you will give her a chance."

The man straightened himself to his full height—and he was tall—and took a step toward her. He was under strong excitement, but he kept his voice well modulated.

"Madam, you don't know to whom you are speaking. You might just as well talk to a dead man about reforming. There would be as much hope of him as there is of me. I am a hopeless ruin, and nothing else. You think I haven't tried it? I have done everything, exhausted every possible method, and failed."

"No, you haven't," she said calmly. "There is no use in talking in that way to me, because I know better. You haven't exhausted God, and you don't know him, although you have twice professed to appeal to Him since you came in. You have never honestly tried Him, or you would have won."

Nothing more quietly assuring than Miss Holland's voice could be imagined. There was no excitement, apparently there was not even feeling; it was as if she was stating merely a bedrock fact.

"God!" he said, like one amazed, almost overwhelmed.

"Yes—it is a great word; and it represents a great, an irresistible force, always ready to be exercised on the side of the man who will have it. That is why I know you haven't tried it—it never fails."

He stood and stared at her. She spoke on, still with utmost quiet. "You are too dazed to-night to take hold of the thought. You need—are you hungry? I thought not"—as with a gesture of almost loathing he waved aside the thought of food—"you need a hot bath, a decent bed, and a night's sleep. By morning you ought to be able to act like a reasoning being, instead of like a mere animal. I will put you in the way of getting what you need now, provided you will follow my directions."

He was staring at her, not with a vacant, but with an amazed stare.

"Madam," he said, "who are you?"

"I am a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the God of whom I told you. He has directed me to look after you to-night. Will you follow His lead?"

"I don't know," he said, his eyes dropping, and a look of despair flowing over his face. "I cannot trust myself. My promises are worthless. I have tried them."

"I am going to trust you." Her hand was  
(Concluded on Page 10.)

# New South Wales Alliance ECHOES

By REVEILLE

Prepare for war! There is no time to lose! The date of the local option poll draws near. The liquor bar must be outlawed.

No ONE organisation can hope to fight this battle successfully, there must be AN ALLIANCE OF ALL THE FORCES OF RELIGION AND REFORM. Organise an ALLIANCE BRANCH in your electorate. Write the Secretary now for full particulars.

The determination and faith of the Temperance stalwarts of the Mother State is seen in the dimensions of the campaign they have planned for the next No-License poll.

Lecturers, organisers, canvassers, and other workers have been engaged, and the State is to be sown plentifully with pungent facts regarding alcohol. The Alliance aims to be of service to all the friends of religion and reform throughout the State, and will do its utmost for all who are working to overcome the common foe.

"The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" is the weapon we will use. We have no room for hatred of those who are arrayed against us, and we have no time for abuse of them. The greatest kindness we can render them is to help them to a nobler view of the subject and to nobler action. And in this, as in all other matters, it is truth which makes free.

Were we able to put into the fight the same amount of money which our friends of "the trade" will put in, we could blaze a way for the people to a blessed freedom from the drink incubus much more speedily than we shall be able to do, but we have to be content with £3500, which looks a big sum, but is really not much in view of the tremendous work to be done. The plan has, however, been made in faith in God and God's people, and there can be no better time than the present for those who love God, home, and Australia, to send a donation or a promise of help to the Secretary of the Alliance. Make the amount worthy of yourself and this great cause.

The President of the Alliance, Rev. Canon Boyce, in his New Year's sermon, preached at St. Paul's, Sydney, from the text, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward," said, "probably the greatest event of the year would be the local option poll. The people will, for a second time, have the opportunity of declaring for or against the liquor bars, so numerous in their land. There would be again extremists in their over-licensed city who would vote to keep all open, but he hoped everyone there who loved Sydney would vote against them. The battlecry of the true reformer that should ring throughout the country would be No-License. What greater menace was there to the homes of the people than the liquor bar? What more terrible foe had humanity than drink? They should prepare for the battle, for on that day all the forces that were antagonistic to the truest welfare of the people would unite to make the drink triumphant. He altered a famous sentence to suit the case against such powers: You shall not press down upon the brow of the innocent the crown of

thorns. You shall not crucify mothers and children upon a cross of brewers' gold.

Mr. C. J. Morris, hon. secretary of the Petersham No-License League, is enthusiastic about the approaching bazaar. The League intends to run two work stalls, a plant stall, and a sweets stall. There will, of course, be music and song. Rally up!

The President of the New South Wales Alliance will pay a visit to Perth, West Australia, early in the new year. While in Perth he will meet the leaders of the West Australian Alliance, with a view to concerted action on the part of all the States with respect to the question of No-License in the Federal Capital area.

Miss Schardt reports the formation of a branch of the Alliance at Camden. Rev. Mr. Green, Methodist minister, was elected president, and Mr. Mitchell secretary. Twenty-six persons gave in their names for membership.

Miss Schardt has held successful meetings at Liverpool. There was a particularly good united meeting, when Rev. Mr. Noble presided, and addresses were given by the Rev. Mr. Campbell, of the Methodist Church, and Rev. Mr. Kelly, of the Baptist Church. Mr. Bamford, of Campbelltown exhibited some interesting lantern slides.

Miss Schardt will be engaged in Granville and Sherbrooke electorates during January and February, and an application has also been received for a three weeks' mission at the Dorrigo.

The Rev. Fisher-Webster, secretary of the Northern Division, reports the formation of Alliance branches at Wallsend, West Wallsend, Minmi, Maitland, Cessnock, and Tamworth, and the probability of early formations at Kurri Kurri, Singleton, and Armidale.

## WANTED, A VOTE SONG.

The Literature Committee offers a gold medal for the best No-License Vote Song, and invites competitors to send in words and music without delay. Music need not be original—words must.

Several original songs set to popular airs have been sent to the Secretary of the Alliance. Till the end of January the competition is open to all comers. The song which wins highest approval secures the gold medal. There is time for YOU to try. Do not let the opportunity slip—you may win the gold medal, and if not, the effort will do you good.

His brow was knitted, and his face had an expression indicating high purpose and stern resolution. He hurriedly sat down at his desk, seized a pen, jabbed it into the ink, and wrote — — — the result is now lying in the gold medal No-License song competition drawer at Headquarters. Have you sent your song in?

The No-License card for the use of canvassers, which was found to be so valuable an ally of the workers in the previous No-License fight, has been revised, and enlarged. Some additional reasons have also been



"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.

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Head Office for N.S.W.—  
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GEORGE H. MOORE, Manager

incorporated, so that the card is now an ideal thing for workers. As the demand for the card was very great during the last fight, a large quantity has been stocked at the Alliance Headquarters Office, and No-License workers can be supplied at 6d per 100 or 3/10 per 1000. Further reduction for larger quantities.

The Rev. H. F. L. Palmer, President of the Alliance in Sherbrooke, writes:—"The prospects before us are very bright. In this electorate (Sherbrooke) we are very hopeful of success next year. But as long as we are handicapped by the three-fifths majority iniquity, which was devised by the friends of the liquor trade in New Zealand, for the entrenching and stability of their interests, which robs every No-License voter of a third of the value of his vote, and which, after a bare majority is reached, actually forces three-fifths of all new No-License voters to vote against No-License, since their votes are added to the sum total, of which we must gain three-fifths—so long as this enormity is forced upon the most patriotic section of this democratic country, we must earnestly protest, and strenuously strive to have the injustice removed."

The General Superintendent left for Broken Hill on Wednesday, January 5. In addition to Broken Hill campaign, he will address meetings at Adelaide, Melbourne, Wagga, Junee, Gundagai, and Cootamundra.

The Gloucester electorate is bestirring itself in the interests of the coming poll. It will be remembered that the percentage of votes for No-License at the first poll was 59. The majority must be made up to the required three-fifths. The secretary of the Gloucester Electorate Branch, Rev. Mr. Tassie, is arranging to start the fight with a great public campaign, at which the chief speaker will be our popular General Superintendent, Mr. Albert Bruntnell, J.P. Bulladelah, Gloucester, Failford, and Taree are the bases from which the attack will radiate. Mr. Bruntnell will probably enter the Hastings electorate, and address the voters at Camden Haven, Coopernock, and Wauchope. This will occupy the General Superintendent till the middle of March.

# The Question of Hand Bag and Purses

Peggy Bag, with two outside flaps and handles, stitched through on strong Nickel Frame, 4 3/4 in. 4/6



THE shapes and styles that will be in vogue are already occupying the attention of the woman who prides herself on being up-to-date where coming fashions are concerned. This question meets with a ready answer in our Showrooms, for, in spite of many novelties, the Peggy Bag still remains first favourite; and, in the one which we illustrate to-day, is seen a Bag that can be worn with perfect safety as regards its utility and smartness.

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# Talk about People

### When Kitchener was Young.

Having passed through the "Shop" at Woolwich in 1870, young Kitchener found that he had to wait some time before he could be gazetted to the Corps of Royal Engineers, for which he had qualified. The next that was heard of him was that he was in France with the army in the field. He was recalled peremptorily, and the Duke of Cambridge used to tell of his first interview with him, when he had to administer a "severe reprimand."

"I had doubts," his Royal Highness said, "as to whether I should give the young fellow his commission. I put the question to him, 'Why did you do this?' 'Please, sir,' was the prompt reply, 'I understood that I should not be wanted for some time, and I could not be idle. I thought I might learn something.' I told him such a thing was absolutely unpardonable," says the Duke, "and I decided that he should have his commission."

### Told by General Nicholson.

General Sir William Nicholson tells some amusing stories of the Royal Engineers and those who have served in it. One of the best of these may or may not be true. It is a story of a raw recruit whose rough appearance greatly amused his comrades, who proceeded to "rag" him in the approved fashion.

Pointing to a baulk of timber, they told him to carry it on board a barge lying off Chatham Dockyard. Without a word, the recruit took it up and put it where he was told, as though it had been a match. When he returned, wiping his brow, he was given an even heavier piece to carry aboard, and this he did with equal ease.

Determined to test his strength, they pointed out a heavy iron anvil, and told him to take that aboard. With some little difficulty the man held it upon his shoulder and set off. Unfortunately, he had only got to the middle of the plank leading to the barge when it snapped in two, and he fell into the river. Presently he rose to the surface and yelled for a rope to be thrown to him. The men on the bank laughed unfeelingly. A second time he sank, rose again, and asked for a rope, and again he met with no response. Presently

he came for the third time to the surface, and shouted:

"I'll drop the beastly anvil if you don't throw me a rope this minute!"

### Colonel Unsworth's Tea-Party.

Twenty years and more ago the present Colonel Unsworth, of the Salvation Army Anti-Suicide Bureau, London, and who is well-known in Australia, was appointed Captain at Salisbury. Here the Skeleton Army riots were in full swing, and the new Captain found himself kicked and buffeted about the town like a football. At the close of his stay, however, he invited all who had had a share in the riots to a farewell tea party. Over 200 of the toughest characters in Salisbury turned up. Several were there and then captured, and on visiting the town the other week Colonel Unsworth was greeted by one of the best-known Salvationists in the town, who told him how that wonderful tea-party had been the turning-point in his career. He had been a ringleader of the roughs, and had made a special mark of the Captain in the riots.

### Martin Luther's Death.

Not long ago Sir Wilfrid Laurier, speaking on education, told an amusing anecdote of an occasion when he visited a school in a small village. After inspecting the gymnasium, playground, and one or two classrooms, he entered the history class-room. An oral examination was in progress. "Thomas," said the teacher, "did Martin Luther die a natural death?" "No," was the prompt reply, "he was excommunicated by a bull." The fact that Sir Wilfrid is a Roman Catholic adds to the point of the story.

### CONFESSES HIS MISTAKE.

The proprietor of the Terminal Hotel, located at Birmingham, Alabama, has changed his mind in regard to the necessity of the saloon from the business standpoint. Before Birmingham went "dry" under the local option law, this man, along with most other hotel proprietors, opposed the abolition of the saloon, urging that to eliminate such an institution would be to paralyse business.

The following statement, however, from

Mr. Robertson shows how completely he has changed his mind on this question:—

"I was opposed to prohibition when the election was held. I didn't believe the law would be enforced. We have a large city with a great many foreigners. Besides the panic, we had a coal strike that lasted several months. Statistics show that under prohibition 1908, there have been more goods bought and paid for, collections better, arrest and police court cases diminished nearly half. I had an idea that it would hurt our city in a general way, but it is not so. I believe if we were to hold an election here now, prohibition would get a big majority."

### OFFER YOUR FRIENDS A CUP OF ASHWOOD'S TEA.

Then you can be sure of its quality! Ashwood's 1/3 Tea draws a beautiful amber colour, and has refreshing flavour.

There is none of the harsh, woody taste about it that is characteristic of low-grade teas—but a choice, mellow flavour that ANYONE will enjoy.

At 1/3 we offer you the finest Pekoe Tea that ever left Ceylon. A little of it goes far.

ONE LB. FOR .....	1/3
6LB. TIN FOR .....	7/
12LB. TIN FOR .....	14/
20LB. AT 1/1 1/2 .....	22/6

Ashwood's 1/- Tea is a superior Ceylon Pekoe Souchong Tea, splendid for family every-day use. Has a fine "Hill-grown" flavour.

ONE LB. FOR .....	1/
6LB. TIN FOR .....	5/6
12LB. TIN FOR .....	11/
20LB. AT 10 1/2 d .....	17/6

The choicest Ceylon real ORANGE PEKOE, full of Golden Tips.

The finest tea we could procure—equal in every respect to the Tea Merchant's and Canvasser's 2/- brand.

ONE LB. FOR .....	1/6
6LB. TIN FOR .....	8/6
12LB. TIN FOR .....	17/
20LB. AT 1/4 1/2 .....	27/6

Freight paid in every case on 6lb. upwards.

Pay less for your Groceries. Write for our Complete Up-to-date Cut-rate Grocery Price List. It tells you how to save money.

### J. F. ASHWOOD, LTD.,

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22 STORES, AND MORE TO FOLLOW.

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Do you owe anything? When in doubt, send 5s.

Lend your copy to your acquaintances, get your friends to subscribe, and let them know you will disown them if they do not pay in advance.

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## ROGERS' BROS.

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

181 OXFORD STREET AND 775 GEORGE STREET

# GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1910.

## PARROT TALK.

A short and snappy sentence that can get itself loudly pronounced, and often repeated for fifty years ought to expect to find itself among accepted truths like: "Rome was not built in a day," or "If you forget your umbrella, it is sure to rain." Ever since 1851 the short and snappy sentence, "Prohibition does not prohibit," has been loudly pronounced and often repeated all over the United States, and yet it never was so far as it is to-day from being an accepted truth. The wise ones compressed their lips and nodded their assenting heads whenever it came across, and answered: "Yes, sir, now that's just so. Look at Maine." Look at Maine! There was the proof, if anybody asked for it, that it didn't do the least living bit of good to try to make men sober by legislative act. "If a man wants whisky, he'll get it, law or no law," they said, thus making an end of the whole matter. Why, it was plain enough. Shut up the legal saloon, and the illegal one appears—the "blind tiger," the "speak-easy." People go behind the prescription-counter of the drug-store. Failing all else, there are patent medicines, compounded expressly for just such emergencies out of prune-juice and whisky, dear at the price, but able to make you drunk if you persevere. No, sir! Prohibition does not prohibit. Look at Maine! And every time you looked at Maine you saw the obstinate, contrary commonwealth clinging fatuously to an exploded fallacy, just as if it worked to perfection. Foolish Maine! Yet, after fifty years or so of being a horrible example, it seems to have occurred to the remainder of the country that maybe Maine wasn't so foolish as she looked. There might be more in Prohibition than met the eye. So now, instead of being the one lone, lorn exponent of a complete fizzle, she has the company in State-wide Prohibition of six others—Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Tennessee. Look at Ashburton! has been said in New Zealand, and people have looked to such good purpose that a dozen other electorates have gone "dry." Next time you hear the Liquor parrot cry, "Prohibition does not prohibit," just remember it is only a parrot cry, and, like the boy who whistled in the dark to show he was not afraid, the Liquor man goes on saying "Prohibition does not prohibit." Whatever it does not do it, it is abundantly evident that it does enough to make every Liquor man sit up and snort at his decreased out-

put, and every drinker complain of the difficulty in getting liquor. The Liquor man fights what he is afraid of, and he is only afraid of what hurts his business, and no one doubts he is afraid of Prohibition, therefore we proclaim it a good thing to prohibit the open bar.

£50.

YOU MUST CUT THIS OUT.

THE BEST THING IN THIS ISSUE.

If even a small proportion of our readers would take a little trouble, without costing them a single penny, they could put hundreds of pounds into the cause of No-License. If our readers spent on an average £1 each on Christmas presents, then £10,000 was spent, and if this had gone to those who advertise in "Grit," it would have brought us several £50 advertisements. Please mention "Grit" every time; it is worth pounds to us, and costs you nothing. If anything you need is not advertised in "Grit," send us your order. We will execute it, and will charge you nothing. It will bring us advertisements. Please take this small amount of trouble, and we will let you know the result. You spend £10 with a firm advertising in "Grit." You will be well served, that we guarantee, and your £10 transaction will be as good as £115 subscription to us. Suppose you only spent £1 a month, it would at least convince our advertisers that you were keen to help the cause you approved of. This is giving made easy; try it, please. Try it to-day.

## A LIVELY LETTER.

The Bott and Cannon Co., of Columbus, Ohio, is one of the liquor firms which make a specialty of endeavouring to build up business in places in which Local Option has been carried in the United States, shipping liquor direct to private parties in such territory. One of their circulars fell into the hands of Mr. Thos. B. Roberts, of Newcomerstown, who answered it by a vigorous communication, a part of which is published as follows in the "American Issue":—

"Your exposition of the new liquor law in my case is unnecessary, as I receive weekly the 'Issue,' which clearly sets forth from time to time the workings of all such laws. Neither would your wholesale price list be of any value to me. I began the use of bottled refreshments when quite young, but gave up the habit for the most part when about a year old. So far I have never tasted the whiskies, brandies, gins and cocktails you offer, and feel now that I can pull through without them. The names of your brands sound attractive, but my observation leads me to think them misleading.

"Your whisky, No. 59, is named Darling. A marble house sent me in the same mail a cut of their stones marked 'Our Darling.' It reminds me that not long ago a drunken father drove a rig in front of a train, and his helpless condition contributed to the death of his 11-year-old-girl. Would you care for a photograph of the girl from which to make a lithograph for your No. 59?

"You have a cocktail, No. 132, which you name 'Wonderworker.' I had a brilliant uncle, who practised law in Missouri, who created a great taste for cocktails. It was a wonderworker for him, for it drove him to suicide at 35. I can secure for you his last letter to Mary which they found on his body. The little woman in black will allow you to make a lithograph of it. It would be

a hummer to send out with every bottle of your 'Wonderworker,' No. 132.

"It appears to us, in this dry town and county, Brother Cannon, that the wad you fired at us to celebrate the glorious Fourth, doesn't have in it much patriotism or love of country. You print in capitals, 'No one has a right to solicit orders for liquor in dry territory,' and then you proceed to spread out your order blank, price list, return envelope, and Fourth of July oration. My dictionary says that 'solicit' means to excite, desire in, or influence to action. You may be smooth enough in your weavings and windings to keep out of gaol—not being a lawyer, I cannot say.

"Your self-addressed envelope I am returning unused, as I am not too ashamed of my correspondent to need to use a lock-box number instead of the man's name. Neither have I dealt in commodities that had to come 'in plain packages to conceal their contents.' Do not waste any more good postage on me. Assuring you of my hearty wishes for the constant reduction of your business,—I remain, your well-wisher in all good things,

"THOS. B. ROBERTS."

"Newcomerstown, Ohio."

## AFTER FORTY YEARS.

1869-1909.

Written for the Celebration of the Fortieth Anniversary of the birth of the National Prohibition Party, by Wilbur D. Nesbit.

The faith that keeps on fighting is the one That keeps on living; yes, and growing great!

The hope that sees the work yet to be done, The patience that can bid the soul to wait—

Those three—faith, hope, and patience— they have made

The record of the years that swiftly sped, Have kept the leaders leading, unafraid Of what the doubters murmured lurked ahead.

The faith that goes on fighting. Through the night

It notes the gleam of each far distant star, It sounds the glimmer of the dawning light Deep in the dark that shrouds the things that are;

It has done much, this faith serene and strong,

Unmindful of the ashes of defeat, But trusting in the right against the wrong Has been as trumpet call or drum's loud beat.

Men have their principles—but when they lose

Yet they turn to others, and with scarce a pause;

Yet all these years there has been none to choose

Another guerdon than this mighty cause. On history's pages many things appear—

The great, the splendid actions, and the mean—

But this has been recorded year on year Upon a page imperishably clean.

To place contentment in a nation's homes, To drive out fear for cheer in children's hearts,

Is more than to uprear a thousand domes Or dominate the world and all its marts.

So who may know how well the race is run Until we crown the victor soon or late?

The faith that keeps on fighting is the one That keeps on living; yes, and growing great!

ALL CLASSES RE-OPENED

JANUARY 3rd, 1910.

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE.

"Holt House," York-street (Near King-st.) Prospectus for 1910 on application.

# A Judge with Commonsense AND COURAGE

By BRUCE BARTON.

"Go up to the third floor and walk down the hall until you meet a bunch of kids," said the clerk in the Chicago hotel. And so I went up and found Judge Lindsey.

"This is Morris Erbstein," he said, introducing me to a fourteen-year-old boy, "and Peter Edwards, and Noel Jones. They're Denver boys who came to hunt me up when they heard I was in the city. Denver gave them a pretty rough start in life, but they wouldn't be downed. Not by a long shot. They're doing fine, every one of them. Aren't you, boys?"

And the boys looked up at him as puppies at the hand which feeds them, and answered fervently, "Yes, sir."

It was something over ten years ago that Ben. B. Lindsey was appointed to fill out the unexpired term of a Denver Judge, an appointment which came to him as a reward for political service faithfully done. He was a young man then, and the customs of court procedure which he found were very old, and he did not seek to vary from them. Cases were brought before him in their regular rotating stamp order, were heard and disposed of. The machinery of the law ground steadily. And it never occurred to anyone to question the method or suggest that it might be different. Then one day the Judge met a murderer—how, it does not matter—a mere boy of twenty, who was about to be hanged. It came over him with a shudder that one so young should have been allowed to go so far in crime. Had not the State a system of courts and prisons to prevent such catastrophes? Was not he, himself, a part of that system? Wherein had it failed?

## A THREE-MINUTE ROUND WITH A JUDGE.

The boy told him, "I been in pretty near ever since de fust time dey brought me up," he said. "It was fur stealing a razor. It was dis way. De guy on the high bench with de whiskers says, 'What's the boy done, officer?' And the officer says, 'Oh, your honor, he's a bad boy and he broke into a shop and stole a razor.'

"Ten dollars or ten days," says de Judge—like that, and it was all over. Time, three minutes. One round of a prize-fight."

Three minutes before the bar of justice; ten days among the disreputable characters in the city goal, and the machinery of the law had produced a criminal who needed only to be hardened and polished into form to complete the process. The last sentence of the boy murderer's confession stuck in the judge's mind, and brought forth in that fertile ground the idea of a juvenile court. Not all at once, to be sure. Slow

adaptation to needs, as they arose, worked it into its present perfected form.

## A SUNDAY SCHOOL ON SATURDAY.

One does not have to make the trip to Denver to see a juvenile court in action; most large cities have installed them, and have them in good working order. But only there can you see the probation court, as it is called in the official records, or "Lindsey's Sunday School," as it is popularly known. It comes every other Saturday morning, for all except the boys who work or have extras to sell; for these another day is provided. Two hundred boys pile into the room a few minutes before the hour—good-looking, well-combed boys, boys with faces which defy water, well-dressed boys, and boys whose trousers are mended with many patches. When the time arrives, the Judge comes in, and scorning the high bench, takes his place in the front of the bar and delivers the day's lesson. The subject varies, but it is always one which interests the boys, and it is told in their own language with a pointed moral on the end.

Up they come in bunches, each bunch representing a city school, and stand in a restless but respectful row while he goes from one to another looking over the week's reports. There is no formality about it; he calls them by the given names and nicknames which speak of friendship to their ears, usually recalling the incidents of the last meeting or some little happening known only to themselves. It's "Hello, Charlie! Well, you've had a bully report for the past few weeks. Hope you've kept it up. By George! you have. Bully! that's the way. Boys, Charlie is certainly making good. He's going to win out, isn't he? He won't throw the court down, will he?" And the chorus of "Yes sirs" and "No sirs" which follows each question bespeaks an earnestness and loyalty which most Sunday schools would envy.

## BEFORE THE POLICE GOT HIM.

Ten years is not a long time when measured in history, but it is sufficient to cover the active life of the whole boy population of Denver. Hence there is not a boy in the city who does not know Judge Lindsey as "the kids' Judge," and the courtroom as their place of refuge from trouble and false accusation. There are juvenile courts and juvenile courts, just as there are swimming pools and bath tubs. Into one the boys jump themselves; into the other they have to be put. During one year in Denver over three hundred boys came into the juvenile court of their own accord, confessed to mid-

## 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 Robert B. Cameron. Manager Industrial Department; C. A. Elliott, F.I.A. Sydney, 14th May, 1909.

demeanors and asked to be put on probation.

"Are you Judge Lindsey?" asked one smut-faced little codger who poked his head inside the courtroom door.

"Yes, I'm Judge Lindsey; what do you want?"

"Well, please, Judge, I been pinchin' things, and I want to cut it out, and Jack said I had better come and see you before the police got me. And you'll help me cut it out, won't yer?"

And the Judge did help him "cut it out," and he stopped "pinchin' things" from that time on.

## THE OLD-TIME METHOD.

Ten years ago there were two brothers in one of the poorer sections of Denver. One was a little older than the other, and had just got into the courts for the first time when Judge Lindsey came to the bench. It was in a court of the old style that the boy was arraigned, and the machinery creaked and groaned, but did not slip, and he was started on his way through the workhouse to the penitentiary. The other boy grew up amid the same surroundings and drifted into the same sort of life, but he was younger; he sinned later and came into Judge Lindsey's court under the new dispensation. Tear-stained and defiant, kicking at the policeman who held him, he took his place before the bar. No one knows just exactly what happened, for the Judge dismissed the officer, and took the boy into his chambers, where the most confidential of his talks are held. It required more than one session there to overcome the ingrained prejudice and fear in that little heart, but the Judge knew how to do it. Out of it came a young man who is numbered among the most promising in his section of the town. It was the old order weighed against the new—weighed and found wanting. Each had the same sort of raw material; each had full liberty to do with it what it would. And one succeeded gloriously and the other failed.

(To be concluded.)

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

## Sly Grog

A great cry is made by those interested in the traffic about No-License leading to sly-grog selling. The annual police returns for New Zealand for 1908 do not warrant such contention. The prosecutions for sly-grog selling in 1908 were 158, as against 182 in 1907.

The Anglican rector of Ashburton, a No-License area in New Zealand, who, on the first occasion, voted against No-License, was convinced by the results in his own parish that he had made a mistake, and publicly explained why he had become a strong advocate of No-License. Among other forcible things he said, the following is of great weight:—

"I was told of the man who was in the habit of getting one glass of beer, and going straight home; he was to get it into the house itself, and the wife and children, who knew nothing about it, would learn all about it and get the habit. That was the picture. What was the reality? I am speaking what I know. Well, the sly-grog shop did open its door; it didn't invite me to enter—I had not the necessary character or qualifications. (Laughter.) The society of the sly-grog shop must be the most select in the Dominion—indeed, it is so exclusive that only a small percentage of the population can gain admission. As to its demoralising effects, I am not here to minimise them; but you have to compare that demoralisation with that of the sly-grog shops that existed before these came in. If there had been no sly-grog selling before

No-License, there would have been no agitation for No-License. (Applause.) I went to condole with one of the hotel-keepers who had lost his license. He did not want any consolation. He was a sensible man. He said: 'The publicans have brought it on themselves.' And how did they bring it on except by sly-grog selling? If they had kept within the four corners of the law, they would never have been ousted. You must compare the limited demoralisation with the unlimited demoralisation. There is an old lady I know very well, the wife of a small farmer living some distance from Ashburton. In the days of license the wife was compelled to leave her work and go into Ashburton to take care of her husband; and it was a great relief to her when she got him home without accident. The next market day after the hotels were closed, she told her husband that she was not going to town with him, remarking that he could not go to an hotel, and if he went to a sly-grog shop he would not be kicked out or crack his head after his money was spent, and they would not allow him to go out if he was sober. (Laughter.) As to liquor going into the houses. Now, I am speaking of what has come under my own personal knowledge, and what I have taken the trouble to verify. I defy anyone to show me a home in Ashburton where liquor enters to-day where it did not enter in licensing days. (Applause.) I can point to many homes into which it does not go, but where it went previous to No-License."

Saves Time, Saves Trouble, Saves Health  
saves Money

THE IDEAL BREAKFAST FOOD—

— GRANO LA.

As a Breakfast Food it has no equal, because:—

1st. Being pre-digested it requires no cooking, but is ready for immediate use.

2nd. It goes twice as far as any other porridge Food.

It also makes Delicious Puddings, Entrees, and Gruels. Recipes supplied with each bag.

Manufacturer:

The SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD CAFE,  
45 HUNTER-STREET, SYDNEY.

## A TALK ON BRIGHT HOURS AND DARK HOURS.

(Continued from page 2.)

natural condition of creatures such as we are in a world such as this is.

There is, in all of us, more than one man and more than one ideal. We cannot at all times find our rest in the same attitude, nor can we at all times have the same mood. It is not in the religious world alone that there are these changes, and it is not among the weak and the ignorant alone that the personality refuses to weld into a unity. A great saint is like a great poet, and has something of the way and the passion of a great poet. The top layer is not everything; and there are times when the very best of men must look on the strange face that looks out from the window of the soul and say, "What have I to do with thee?"—"Recorder."

## SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Rev. Hunter, 5s. 27/6/09; Miss Price, 1s. 16/2/10; Mr. McLeod, 2s 6d, 11/1/09; Mrs. Sowden, 5s, 25/12/09; Miss Rutledge, 5s, 3/1/11; J. J. Gray, 5s, 5/9/10; M. D. Arthur, 5s, 21/12/10; R. B. Butter, 5s, 31/12/10; G. Laurence, 6s 6d; A. W. King, 2s 6d, 15/4/10; Rev. Calvert, 5s, 25/5/10; Miss Beach, 2s 6d; J. Marion, 5s, 21/12/10; T. Morton, 5s, 24/4/10; A. Rose, 5s, 28/11/10; Miss Willard, 2s 6d, 5/1/10; Miss Hale, 6s 6d, 5/11/10; A. McDowell, 1s 3d, 6/4/10; Rev. Graham, 5s, 29/6/10; Miss Hilder, 2s, 29/1/10.

## The Latest Victories

In the county option election, held in South Carolina on August 17, sixteen counties voted "dry" and six counties voted for the dispensary. This makes 36 of the 42 counties in the State "dry."

Since July 1, the attorneys for the Ohio Anti-Saloon League have personally conducted 278 cases against liquor law violators. Every case has resulted in a conviction, and in all but a few cases the limit of fines has been imposed.

For the four months ending September 1, the number of arrests in Springfield, Ohio, (dry) was 246, as against 534 for the same months of last year when the city was "wet."

A Toledo, Ohio, brewery reports a product of only 175,000 barrels this year, as compared with a previous output of 236,000.

Santa Rosa county, Florida, voted "dry" on July 31, by a majority of over 300.

Through Anti-Saloon efforts since August 1, 60 convictions against Anti-Liquor law violators have been secured in Missouri.

During August, 1909, Lake Charles county, Louisiana, "dry" had 15 arrests for drunkenness as against 47 for the same month last year, when the town was "wet."

After careful investigation the League has found it almost impossible for a stranger to buy drink in Pennsylvania "dry" towns. A leading detective agency recently worked six days in one town without success, while another after ten days' trial was able to secure only one drink.

Sixteen of the 19 precincts of Mendocino county, California, voted "dry" on July 27. Plumas county went "dry" on August 7.

The new Texas law restricting the number of saloons in each county to one for every 500 population went into effect on July 10, closing thereby about 1000 saloons.

## INDEPENDENT ORDER OF RECHABITES

TEMPERANCE BENEFIT SOCIETY.

THE ABSTAINERS' INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD.

Total Membership ..... 485,000.

Total Funds ..... £1,850,000.

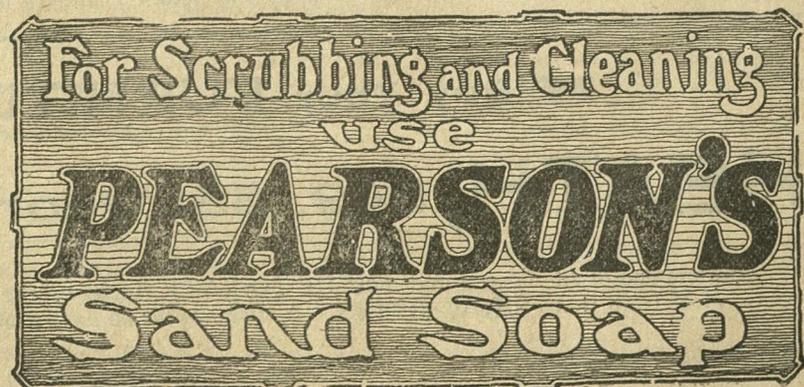
The Benefits are:—Medical Attendance and Medicines for Member, Wife, and Family from date of joining.

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.



# From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(By UNCLE BARNABAS.)

## THE WAKING CAMP.

(Tune: "The Sleeping Camp.")

The following solo and chorus, composed by the Rev. H. Wheen for the N.S.W. Alliance campaign, has been sent to "Grit" for publication. We print it here, because we want the Seven to Seventeeners, who can get a copy of the music of "The Sleeping Camp," to ask their elder brothers to try it over, everybody joining in the chorus:—

"Swiftly the day of battle draws nigh,  
When 'The Trade' shall humbled be;  
Holy our cause! Rousing our cry:  
'Let us vote our people free!'  
While foes around their hosts are tallying,  
My prayer I'm making!  
The land is waking.

Lovers of God and home are rallying,  
And God Himself our God will be!  
How many false hearts fear the polling!  
Hark! hark! they hear Drink's death-knell  
tolling!"

Chorus—

Rouse ye, my comrades, rouse ye!  
Proudly our flag waves o'er ye!  
Strong in your might,  
Vote for the Right!  
Vote for No-License and Liberty!

"Weary and long has been the fight  
For the Homeland that we love;  
But cheery and strong, with hope burning  
bright,

Are our hearts—for God's above!  
Ah! never more our sons shall perish,  
When victory splendid  
The war has ended;

Ah! never more the bar shall flourish  
And captives lead in Drink's base chain.  
It is no dream! The land is waking!  
The slumber of the years is breaking!"

## 11s 4½d IN HALFPENNIES.

How many ha'pence would make 11/4½?  
Well, just that number came from "Margarita" to Uncle B. Margarita is too old to buy ha'penny blocks of Turkish delight, so, when she gets a half-grown "browne," she puts it away for some good work. In this way she has gathered this wonderful pile, and she has donated them to "Grit." They will help to swell our Children's Special Issue fund beautifully. Uncle B. would like Mr. Bung to hear them chink, chink, chinking. They seem to say:

"Chink! chink! chink!  
Can't you hear us chinking?  
We're only little, but, we think,  
We'll help to stop this drinking!"

## FOR SUNDAY.

### PAUL AND GEOGRAPHY.

Places visited by Paul (one of each), beginning with A, B, C, D, E, G, I, J, L, M, N, P, R, S, T.

## FOR MONDAY.

Perfect with a head.  
Perfect without a head.  
Perfect with a tail.  
Perfect without a tail.  
Perfect with either, neither or both.  
What is it? (Answer: A wig.)

## WHERE UNCLE B. MET SOME "NE'S" AND "N'S."

Urgubo, Skole, Lynam, Saperk, Golmon, Matarparat, Gunyo, Wolthig. (Unfortunately, the letters of these names are mixed up but if you will sort them out they may help you to find out whether Uncle B. met you in these places.)

## SPECIAL ISSUE OF "GRIT."

AS AN APPEAL FROM, AND FOR, THE CHILDREN.

It is hoped that one of the June issues will be a splendid appeal to the electors to vote for the children. We want to send it far and wide through the country, but who will pay for this? Dear Seven to Seventeeners, will you send for a collecting card, and do your share to make this issue a very loud and clear bugle call? If you collect 20/- or 10/-, "Grit will give you a nice prize. Send to Uncle B. for a card to-day.

## XXII.—ILLUSTRATION COMPETITION.

### THE SNAKE AND THE SPARROW.

(By Florence Y. Yates, 1 Hope-street, Bathurst.)

"Dear Uncle B.—I wish to enter the following illustration for the competition. I have often heard father tell this story:—'One evening, as my chum and I were walking down the main street of Poona, in India, we were attracted by a crowd of natives, looking intently under a verandah roof; and being curious to know what was the cause of the crowd, we crossed over, and saw a large snake twisted round a beam, with a sparrow in its mouth. We asked the natives if they had attempted to liberate the sparrow. Their answer was, "Nay, nay, if we try, he bite me, and I die!" Twenty-thousand people die every year in India from snake bites. I have seen them dying in the streets from snake bites, but, on account of their caste, was not allowed to do anything for the victims. I struck the snake several times with my stick, but he would not loose the sparrow. I borrowed a box and an old pair of tongs, and seized him by the neck, and swung all my weight on him, but without avail. I then struck him on the head a hard blow, and dazed him, when he loosed the sparrow, which flew away, not to live for long, I am afraid, for it was a poisonous snake which had bitten it.' That is what the Lord Jesus has done for us poor sinners. Satan had man fast in his grip, and gave up His own life that we might go free. He bruised Satan's head so severely that he had to loose humanity, and now by believing in His name, we have salvation. The poor drunkard is as fast as that poor sparrow, and we can liberate him by voting No-License. I will be very glad if you will kindly enrol me as one of your 'nieces.' I am 12½ years of age, and I would like to be useful while I am young. I trust Aunt T., yourself, and all my 'cousins' will have a bright and prosperous New Year.—Yours affectionately."

(Dear Florence,—Welcome! You are a "niece" from to-day. Thank you for the story. "Grit" wishes the No-License League in Bathurst much success. At the last election the Bathurst children fought grandly.—Uncle B.)

### THE PICTURE OF UNCLE B.

There is to be no nonsense about the next picture of Uncle B.

"Grit" would have nothing more to do with those tricky photographers. Fancy taking a picture of a bald head! of a nose end! of a foot! Then there was that absurd window picture. But Uncle B. was sent this time to the Crown Studios. The

"Esperanto Booklet," dealing with the international language, free to all 'Seven to Seventeeners.' METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, "Holt House."



proprietor himself was at the door of the operating room, and gave Uncle B. a reassuring handshake. Quite a number of people assisted in the room, to say nothing of the ladies outside, who gave the ticket, and said, "This way, please!" And the result is just what we expected—a life-like picture of Uncle. There he is—full face, eyes, nose, mouth, chin, expansive smile, hair neatly brushed, collar, and all! No nonsense! No humbug! AT LAST WE HAVE GOT HIM! It has taken over two years, but now the task is accomplished we don't mind the trouble nor the expense. We know "the Seven to Seventeeners" will be pleased with the picture, and that is all we want. The blockmaker is at work upon it, and there will be no trickery with him. Look out for it in an early issue.

## LETTER-BOX.

### CONTAINS A CRYPTIC REFERENCE TO ICE-CREAM.

Gladys Noble, The Rectory, Liverpool, writes:—"Dear Uncle Barnabas,—To-day is a day for 'I scream.' (If you do not understand the reference, ask Mr. Hammond (ahem!). I like the special issue of 'Grit,' and am now looking forward to the Children's issue. Will you please send me a collecting card? We are practising carols and Christmas anthems now. Please wish all my 'cousins,' 'aunts,' and Uncle A. a very holy, happy Christmas, and a happy New Year. 'Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!' Now accept fondest love from your loving and affectionate 'niece.' P.S.—What a good thing the Lithgow miners are beginning work again. We all hope the strike will soon be over."

(Dear G.—I have discovered this week that ice-cream and ginger-beer go well together. What do you say to that mixture? "Four ice-creams in ginger-beer, please,—an extra size for the Head Gardener." Thank you for promise to collect.—Uncle B.)

## BEAUTIFUL POSTCARD.

Violet Spratt, Orange, sent me a charming p.c., with a horse that comes out of its stable and draws a floral carriage. Thank you, Violet, for the violets. A very happy New Year to you.

(Lots of letters held over till next week. Send everything for Page 9 to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.)

George: "Mother, I've taken the drawing-room clock to pieces, and put it together again." Mother: "Oh, you bad boy! You can't have put it together properly!" George: "Yes, I have; and I've got several pieces left over, too."

THE TEA THAT SUITS

# SIGNAL BRAND

## GRIFFITHS BROS.

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#### MIDNIGHT CALLERS.

(Continued from Page 3.)

on the bell as she spoke, and she turned as the door promptly opened.

"David, is John Edson here to-night?"

"Just came in, Miss Holland."

"Ask him to step here, please."

Almost immediately another tall, clean-faced, well-built young man entered, and the two exchanged a few low-toned words, then both of them turned to the stranger, who still stood with dropped eyes and despairing face.

"If you will go with this young man," Miss Holland said, in a matter-of-course, business tone, "he will see that you have what you most need to-night and to-morrow morning. After that, you shall decide what next.

The man turned great, hungry eyes on her face, and shook his head. "It's of no use," he said. "I oughtn't to impose on you. I am not to be trusted as far as the door."

"I am," said Miss Holland; "and so is God, and John Edson is His servant. Trust him, and go right along; it is very late."

Left to herself, Rachel Holland bowed her head on the desk before her, and was still. She was very tired, but the Spectre named "What-is-the-use" had moved on. He had been exorcised under the power of that potent name, "The Lord Jesus Christ." She was His servant, and there was use. He and they working together would win. Presently she raised her head and, drawing a writing-pad toward her, reached for the pen she had put away so determinedly for the night, and wrote rapidly. The door of the outer office opened, and the night secretary came in quietly. Miss Holland glanced up, nodded, and wrote on.

When the racing pen paused, he said: "I have been here for some time, but they said you were engaged. Cannot you rest now?"

"Very soon. Charlie, when you go out in the morning, does Mr. Harkness relieve you early to-morrow?"

"At five o'clock."

"Then, can you leave this note for me at Dr. McKenzie's door, and see that it is sent promptly to his room? It is important that he should have it early. Will it hinder you much?"

"Not at all; I have to go that way to look after Williams, and I will see that it reaches the Doctor promptly."

"Ah, yes, Williams—is there something I can do for him?"

It was noticeable that Miss Holland's variation of the stock phrase, "Is there anything I can do," was always that word "something," which took from it its general vagueness.

"Not yet," said the night secretary. "He wants to see you as soon as the doctor will

allow him to talk, but that is in the future."

"Poor Williams! I hope he has learned his lesson. It is wonderful that he is pulling through. Tell him that I will come the minute the doctor allows. Now I think I will go home. Is it much after twelve? I meant to be early to-night."

The Rev. Dr. McKenzie opened his eyes to a new day, turned on his pillow, yawned, and considered the feasibility of taking another hour of rest. The day before had been heavy with care, and the one just beginning would probably be quite as full. He was not sure that he felt rested and ready for it.

There was a light tap at his door, and he raised himself on one elbow and considered.

"What is it?" he asked, at length; "and who is it?"

"It is only Denning," said the night secretary. Can I speak to you for just a moment?"

"Come in, Charlie," said the minister, heartily. And, as the door opened, he laughed and held out a cordial hand. "You've caught me—not exactly napping"—he said, "but considering the luxury of it. What have you there?"

"A line from Miss Holland that she wished you to have early. This accounts for my intrusion. I couldn't persuade Jimmy that you ought to be disturbed at so early an hour."

"Jimmy's a jewel, on general principles, without an eye for exceptions," said Dr. McKenzie, reaching for the note. "Have a seat, Charlie. Perhaps these commands need you, too."

He read rapidly, and was smiling in retrospective fashion when he returned the note to its envelope.

"No," he said, "it is only I this time; but I think I'll defer my nap, and proceed to business. Miss Holland has another of her 'unusual cases.'"

Both men laughed. "Did you ever see such a woman?" said the night secretary.

"I never did before," said the minister, promptly, "and I'm afraid I never shall again. They are very rare; God bless them!"

"Amen!" said the night secretary.

"Did you see the new specimen?" asked Dr. McKenzie from his dressing-room, where the water had been spluttering in lively fashion.

"No, she was busy with him when I got there, and I did not interrupt. David says he drank enough strong coffee to intoxicate a sober man. Doctor, I have taken the liberty of writing a card to mother, to go down with your mail. I have something to do for Williams this evening, and shall not get out home; mother expects me, and I should like her to know as early as possible."

"All right," said the Doctor. "I shall hand it to the right postman as I pass this morning. How is Williams?"

"Gaining, but very slowly. 'Can't talk yet, except in monosyllables.'"

"Well, when I'm needed you know where I am."

This was Dr. McKenzie's version of "Is there something I can do?"

"Yes, sir," said the young man heartily, as though it was a thing that it was good to know.

(To be continued.)

Teacher: "Define a nation." Pupil: "A nation is a body of people entirely surrounded by politicians."

Husband: "You never kiss me except when you want some money." Wife: "Well, isn't that often enough?"

Read: "Have you ever timed your automobile?" Greene: "Oh, yes, it stood perfectly still for forty-eight minutes on the road to-day."

"I look upon you, sir, as a rascal!" exclaimed an angry man. "You are privileged to look upon me in any character you desire to assume!" was the response.

"Tommy," said a schoolmistress to a girl in her class, "is there any connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdom?" "Yes, mum," replied the pupil. "Well, what is it?" "Please, mum, it's hash!"

"It won't work," remarked Jones, as he took his favourite seat in the club smoking-room. "What won't?" inquired Smith. "The idea of thought transference. Tried it on my tailor. I looked at him steadily until I had his undivided attention, and then I said, very slowly and with emphasis: 'That—bill—is—paid.'" "And what did he do?" "He said, 'You're—a—liar!'"

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## Tricky Figures

There recently appeared in the leading newspapers a set of figures purporting to be a New Zealand Parliamentary return. They were compiled in such a manner that they seemed to us to be a part of the liquor propaganda, as there was an absence of such details as would prevent any comparison from being made. Mr. G. B. Nicholls, of Dunedin, was written to, and sent the following explanation:—

### CRIME IN NEW ZEALAND NO-LICENSE AREAS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have had forwarded to me a copy of your paper, with a request that I answer a statement that appears in relation to statistics of crime in Invercargill.

This is a copy of a Parliamentary return and gives the offences within and without the no-license area of the Invercargill police district. It is essential to the understanding of that table that the public should know that very few people live outside the no-license area in the Invercargill police district, and therefore the figures given are in no sense a comparison.

It is singular that the only crime figures extensively quoted in relation to no-license are the Invercargill ones, and that these are the only ones that do not show such a good result as we would like. It is hardly a tribute to the fairness of those who use these figures that they select them so unjustly.

I will attach a table published very largely all over New Zealand, the accuracy of which is not denied by the liquor agents, which gives a very different idea of the crime results.

This table does not choose or discriminate, but gives the figures for every area that has tried no-license for all the time, so far as I can tell, that it has been under no-license, compared with a similar period before the dry era. This is the only fair test. The reason why Invercargill does not appear to such advantage as the other no-license areas is simply that it has not got so large an instalment of prohibition. The opportunity to get beer in Invercargill is almost, if not quite, as great as ever it was, by reason of the establishment of breweries which sell two-gallon kegs to all and sundry just on the borders of the town. Our argument is that consumption is dependent on opportunity, and this is amply borne out here, for the consumption of beer keeps up remarkably because the opportunity is still there.

The most we claim for local no-license is that it enables those who desire to reform to do so. They are not confronted with the temptation to drink, and the compulsion of the shouting system. Those who want drink must go and hunt for it. We do not claim that people are prevented from getting drink.

It is the hope of our party that in the near future a vote may be taken that will enable the New Zealand people, if they so desire, to absolutely prevent the legal importation or manufacture of alcoholic drinks for use as beverages. If the people are enlightened enough to adopt this law, this little island will then become the beacon light of the world in the temperance legislation. Local option is good, but only destroys, say, half the evil. Herewith is the table I referred to.

### NEW ZEALAND NO-LICENSE AREAS TABLE OF CRIME.

Place and period before and since no-license	All offences		Drunkness only	
	Before	Since	Before	Since
Balclutha, 10 years	292	122	133	27
Clinton, 7 years	157	41	—	—
Gore, 5 years	507	244	279	114
Ashburton, 2 years	323	155	175	43
Invercargill, 1 year	315	290	145	86
Invercargill, 1 year	—	—	232	69
Chalmers, 2 years	545	189	323	128
Oamaru, 1½ years	440	142	285	34
Milton, 11 months	50	15	22	4
Kaitangata, 11 months	83	12	7	4

Totals 9 areas 2712 1210 1601 500

This shows a reduction of 55 per cent. of all crime and a reduction of drunkenness equal to 69 per cent. The figures are not all complete, but they are the most complete I have been able to get, and the whole is by far the most complete statement that has yet been published. By-law cases and rabbit and noxious weed prosecutions and such like are excluded in all cases.

In addition, it may be safely said that nine out of ten of the arrests for drunkenness in no-license areas are made of persons returning drunk from license areas, or who get in drink and at once get drunk. These are all the results of license, and cannot be charged to no-license.

From a wide experience of local no-license I should say that it at once destroys from one-half to three-quarters of the evil and that this record improves as the years go on.

Masterton, one of the new no-license areas, is putting up a splendid record. Drunkenness arrests there decreased for the first three months of the dry policy compared with the same period under license from 85 to 15, and in the fourth month from 29 to 2. The local daily paper says, "Masterton has changed from a drunken town to a sober town." This is conclusive.

I am, etc.,

G. B. NICHOLLS.

The Angler: "Is this public water, my man?" The Inhabitant: "Aye." The Angler: "Then it won't be a crime if I land a fish?" The Inhabitant: "No, it'll be a miracle."

A little street urchin was standing in one of the streets of London, when a stranger came up to him and said: "Boy, will you direct me to the Bank of England?" Urchin: "I will for a shilling." Stranger: "Isn't that too much?" Urchin: "Bank directors always get big pay."

The British language has pitfalls for many men and many nations. The following anecdote has recently been imported from India. It is to the effect that when a battalion of the Middlesex Regiment of England was ordered to Delhi, the commanding officer determined to refit it with new boots for the ceremonial parade. He accordingly telegraphed to a Calcutta firm: "Send one thousand pairs of boots for Middlesex by next train." Days passed, and no boots arrived; the colonel's anxiety increased hourly. Just when he had become almost frantic, the native manager in Calcutta sent him this telegram: "Order received but not comprehended. Male sex I know; ditto female sex; middle sex, however, not known. Please send specimen."

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Mr. W. A. Lloyd, lecturer for the Liquor Defence League, says this picture is faked!

The picture is perfectly genuine, but, even if it had been taken from a model, Mr. Lloyd knows the fact represented is no fake.




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