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# GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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LIQUOR TRADE: "You ought to be satisfied with this big slice out of my cake."  
NO-LICENSE: "Never; what have you done with my cubs? I won't have a slice of your cake—I will have you."

## Where the Revenue Comes From

It cannot be too emphatically or too often stated that the liquor trade is not the source of the revenue, but simply the channel through which such revenue flows. One may be quite certain, whatever tax is imposed on liquor, or whatever revenue is derived from liquor, the public will have to pay it, though, for convenience the tax is collected from the public through the brewers and publicans.

Mr. (now Sir) George Murray, chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, put this quite clearly at the dinner of the Country Brewers' Society (England), in November, 1897, when he said:—"Through your agency I am enabled to extract from the pockets of the

people a sum of money which will largely exceed £11,000,000 and to do this without them knowing anything about it at all. What the people pay to me I think they generally charge to you, and that seems to me an extremely satisfactory result to both of us. . . . If the unfortunate taxpayer knows nothing about it, so much the better for him, so much the better for you, and so much the better for me. Where ignorance produces such bliss, do you think it wise to enlighten?"

Mr. Edward North Buxton, the eminent London Brewer, when before Lord Peel's Commission in 1897, was asked by Lord Peel:—

Q. 35,054. "What was the result of Mr. Goschen's putting an additional tax on a barrel of beer?"

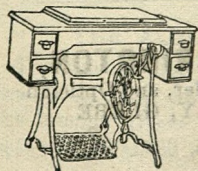
A. "Oh, it ultimately comes out of the public. I do not think it affected the brewers' prospects, if you ask my opinion."

Q. 35,165. "Could you tell us how it came out of the pockets of the public, because I think the price was not raised?"

A. "The pump, or possibly lower-priced materials."

To Temperance reformers the alternative courses of action are only of interest, in so far as the one tends to reduce the consumption and the other the strength of beer. If the brewers raise the price, possibly the most needy and degraded of their customers will not be able to pay for quite so many gallons per week as they usually consume, because their money will be gone. If, however, the brewers adopt the advice of the influential, but not we are informed, official organ, the "Brewers' Gazette," they will "inevitably take it out of the goods they provide," and the lower alcoholic strength will not be quite so harmful.

If the Liquor Trade pays one million pounds yearly to the State of New South Wales in revenue, where does it come from? It is, of course, a fifth part of that paid by the consumers of alcohol. If Prohibition was in force the consumer would retain the amount now spent on liquor, which would include the revenue, in his own pocket. Surely, if the consumers retained in their possession the five millions now spent in liquor, they need not fear taxation of a more direct character. They need not fear it for two reasons: First, because experience teaches us that the banishment of liquor does not increase taxation; and, secondly, because they can afford, in their now happier and healthier position, to pay taxation, if it should, contrary to experience, be levied on them. God forbid that we should ever be satisfied with a slice out of the liquor cake.



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

## RED UMBRELLAS AS MOURNING.

It is a peculiar thing that in China and Japan almost everything is done in a way that is different from the methods of the Western world. Screws are left-handed, the cut of saws is done in the back draw instead of the forward push, and there are hundreds of other differences if one had time to think of them. Perhaps the greatest difference of all is illustrated in the funeral rites of the different races. Reports from Peking of the functions in honour of the dead Emperor and Empress tell us of glorious sunshine, displays of red umbrellas, screens, and other vari-coloured objects of decoration, and multitudes of white-robed people. White screens surrounded the catafalque of both the dead royalties. The spectacle is said to have been unusually impressive. To the Western man the sombre rites of our own land, if not so picturesque, speak to him of respect for the departed, combined with a wholesale dread of the majesty of the Great Reaper. It is somewhat difficult to realise that to the Chinaman exactly the same feelings are engendered by the splashes of brilliant colour.

## INSURANCE AGENT'S WIFE.

A certain busy merchant, almost worried to death by the persistent attentions of a local insurance agent, suddenly wheeled round in his chair and demanded:—

"Is your life insured?"

"Of course, sir."

"In the case of your death, who benefits?"

"My wife, sir."

"H'm! Send your wife to me."

Rather puzzled, the agent withdrew; but, being a man who did not stick at trifles, he prevailed upon his wife to call on the merchant, who was sure, he said, to "do something big in the end."

"Mrs. Z—," remarked the merchant when the lady called, "I understand your husband's life is insured?"

"That is so."

"And that you would be entitled to claim in the event of his death?"

"Certainly."

"Then, madam, if you can prevail upon your husband to visit me once more—only once, mind—I'll see you don't have long to wait for your money! That's all. Good morning."

Z— didn't call again.

## BREAD THAT MAKES MEN DRUNK.

Since you don't live in Siberia, you need not be afraid, says M. Narrion, a Russian, to get drunk through eating ordinary bread. A hardened toper would, on the other hand, think that Providence had played him a nasty trick in not allowing him first to see the light of day in Siberia.

In far Eastern Siberia, in that region which lies between the sea and the river called Mssuri, the humidity of the climate, as well as the soil, is remarkable. Vegetation is here distinguished for its wonderful exuberance, to such an extent that the soil never dries up. The result is that the inhabitants, in order to prevent putrefaction of the roots, sow their corn upon a series of layers of the soil. Nevertheless, in certain districts the humidity is so intense that there grows upon the ears of corn a kind of fungus matter much made up of microfungi.

As a result of this sporadic excrescence, the bread made from the corn in question gives all the results of an overdose of alcohol. In very humid climates the phenomenon is likewise known, though to nothing like the extent of Eastern Siberia, where whole districts are affected by this strange kind of "alcoholised bread."

## WHY HE SHOUTED.

Sir Harry Johnston, the African explorer, praised in Washington the innumerable and superb American golf courses.

"I never saw anything like it," said he. "And I have but one fault to find. You permit too many persons to promenade your links as though they were public parks. That is very annoying and also very dangerous."

"These promenaders are often extremely ignorant of golf. It was here in Washington, I believe, that a player overheard two of them conversing."

"What," said a young lady promenader, "is that man with the club shouting 'fore' for?"

"Her companion, another lady, answered:—

"I suppose that is the number of times he has missed the ball. And doesn't he seem annoyed about it, too?"

## ARTFUL HANNIBAL!

The old saw says that "politics makes strange bedfellows," and it is likewise a fact that the professional politician is frequently moved by the exigencies of the case" to acts that will not stand close scrutiny. Not alone is this so in the present day, but it was so "in the days of the fathers" of American political history.

When Hannibal Hamlin first began his political career he was once at a caucus in Hampden, the only attendant besides himself being a citizen of very tall stature and ponderous build. Mr. Hamlin had some resolutions to pass which began by representing that they were presented to a "large and respectable" gathering of voters, and he proceeded to read and "vote" them on to the records of the caucus.

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"Hold on!" cried the other man. "We can't pass that, for it ain't true."

"What isn't true?" demanded the wily Hamlin.

"It ain't a large and respectable caucus!" objected the other member of the assembly. There's only two of us."

"That's all right, brother; that's all right," assured Hamlin. "It goes as read. Just you keep still. This is a large and respectable caucus all right. You're large and I'm respectable."

And the resolution "passed" without further demur.

Housemaid: "There'll be grand doin's over at Mrs. Cashley's nixt week. Her eldest daughter is comin' out." Cook: "Faith, that reminds me. Casey's son ought to be comin' out soon. He's been in over a year."

## DRUNK WATCHES And Disorderly

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## Over Against His House

By A. FRASER ROBERTSON.

The speaker paused. Then, while yet his burning words throbbed and thrilled upon the air, he ran the startling spiritual parallel.

"And now, my brethren, the point on which I wish to lay special stress is Nehemiah's instructions to the builders. Mark them, for they are passing strange! The people were to build—every one over against his house!"

"Is there not something here for each one of us?" he demanded. "We busy ourselves with great undertakings—mighty enterprises—and not seldom the breadth of our outlook, falsely so-called, steals our attention from our appointed work—that over against our house!"

"I know that the trend of the day is towards combines, organisations, a subtle swamping of the individual; against these I have no word to say, but I do say there is a deep lurking danger to our eyes straining into distance, on the outlook for what seems more weighty work perhaps, to overlook that at our door."

"Looking at it in this light, how many of us can claim to have given full care to our particular portion of the city wall? I do not say we are necessarily to limit ourselves to that. But there is always a certain glamour about the big enterprise that wins men's applause, and what I want to impress upon you is, that that bit of wall for which God holds you responsible is just that over against your house."

The service drew to a close. The people streamed out. The Vileses took their way home briskly in the crisp air. Horace was unwontedly silent.

"Far-fetched and fantastic!" commented Mrs. Viles. "Really, how preachers can reconcile it to their consciences, to seize upon passages from the Old Testament, to strain and turn and twist them as they do to suit their purpose, passes my comprehension! Still, I suppose that sensational sort of thing appeals to some people."

"It didn't seem to me either far-fetched or fantastic," dissented her husband. "On the contrary, it struck me as both plain and practical. In short, I may tell you, the

preacher gave me a bad quarter of an hour."

Mrs. Viles turned wide, incredulous eyes slowly upon him.

"You are not surely serious, Horace?" she asked.

"Perfectly so. Never was more so in my life, in fact," he returned with some warmth. "If ever a cap fitted, it fits me, and I mean to put it on. I tell you, that man has let in a new light upon my life! Do you care to know how it strikes me now? As a thing maimed and crippled. Here have I been running to and fro to build any bit of the city wall except just that over against my house. I belong to schemes and committees and societies, and all the time I do not lift a little finger for the man at my door. But I mean to change all that," he added, in a low tone of resolve.

Mrs. Viles lifted her brows.

"What has come to you, Horace?" she demanded in cold, quenching accents. "You are certainly morbid, as I remarked yesterday. Something has upset you—surely not the drowning of that drunken porter, or whatever he was?"

"You have hit the nail on the head, Milly. He was a bit of my city wall. From his very nearness, I overlooked him."

"You are too absurd for anything," retorted the lady impatiently. "I should have thought you were the very last man on earth to be caught by such clap-trap."

But Horace Viles was fairly caught, and not ashamed to own it. As the days passed, he did not curb his generosity or tighten his purse-strings, where large schemes were concerned, but humbly, with God's help, he cultivated a keen eye for the human wreckage at his door.

The new searchlight let in upon his life had hurt upon him too late to reanimate the drowned man, but he did what he could. He laid upon himself the dead man's family as a sort of sacred trust. Later, when the first glow of stirred feeling had faded, when an insidious love of ease whispered now and then to shirk personal responsibility, the memory of his past failure, and the thought of "the city wall," never failed to spur him to earnest effort.—"British weekly."

### COSTLY ENGLISH MEMORIALS.

After eight years' work, the Queen Victoria Memorial in front of Buckingham Palace is nearing completion, and it will not be long ere Londoners and visitors to the Metropolis are able to view one of the finest monuments in the world. Altogether it will cost a quarter of a million sterling, and 350 tons of marble will have been used in the construction of figures and statuettes which go to make up this memorial to "The Great White Queen."

The figure of her late Majesty will be no less than 18½ ft. in height, and will depict her in robes of state, sitting enthroned with orb and sceptre. All the world was ransacked for a 70-ton block of flawless marble from which the statue might be carved. But such a block could not be obtained, and consequently Mr. Thomas Brock, the famous sculptor, has been compelled to use several smaller blocks, the largest of which weighs 25 tons.

### THE ALBERT MEMORIAL.

The Queen Victoria Memorial is probably the most costly in the Kingdom, although the famous Albert Memorial must have cost between £400,000 and £500,000. The cost—

provided by public subscription—was given as £120,000, but it is asserted that Queen Victoria's private contribution exceeded that amount. The Albert Hall is really part of the Albert Memorial, for it was after the Exhibition of 1851 that Prince Albert proposed the erection of a great hall for music, and when he had passed away, a national subscription was raised to carry out his wish, £200,000 being obtained.

A grateful nation, too, subscribed £45,000 for the erection of the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square, while the fact should not be overlooked that every penny of the £10,000 spent on the statue of Achilles in Hyde Park was raised by the women of England.

### TO A GREAT SOLDIER'S MEMORY.

And this was not the only honour done to the memory of Wellington. The statue in front of the Royal Exchange cost £11,500, whilst amongst other memorials to the great soldier might be mentioned the arch on the north side of the nave in St. Paul's Cathedral, which cost £20,000, and the college near Sandhurst for the education of sons of officers, on which £100,000 was spent.

Thirteen thousand seven hundred pounds was expended by our forefathers on the monument in Fish-street Hill, which was

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erected to commemorate the Great Fire of London. Strangely enough, one of the most interesting monuments in London cost the nation not a penny piece. In 1819 Mehemet Ali told the British Government they might have Cleopatra's Needle, which had been erected about 1500 years before the time of Christ, by Thothmes the Third. But the offer as unheeded, and it lay on the sands of Egypt until, by the generosity of Dr. Erasmus Wilson, it was transported to England, and erected on the Thames Embankment in 1878. It cost him £10,000, and even then the monolith was nearly lost in the Bay of Biscay.

The Marble Arch, by the way, which originally stood on the site chosen for the Victoria Memorial outside Buckingham Palace, cost in the first place £80,000 to build, and a further sum of £11,000 to take down, remove, and erect at its present position nearly opposite Edgeware-road. The other great entrance to the Park, Hyde Park Corner, though not so impressive, cost nearly twice as much as Marble Arch, namely, £171,000.

### AMERICAN MONUMENTS.

On the other side of the Atlantic, in Washington Park, Washington, there is a large obelisk, 555 ft. high, in memory of the first President of the Republic. It is built of great blocks of crystal marble, and was not completed until 1885. Within the monument is an elevator, and also an iron stairway of 900 steps. This, the highest stone structure in the world, cost £240,000.

The American statue, however, which never fails to impress the visitor to the States is that in New York Harbour representing Liberty Enlightening the World. The figure stands upon a pedestal that is 154 ft. 10 in. high, and is itself 151 ft. 1 in. in height. In the upraised right hand is a torch lighted by electricity. The pedestal and statue cost over £200,000.

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## Come Over to the Sunny Side

A BIT OF CHEERY ADVICE THAT IS GOOD FOR US.

By the Rev. Bishop JOSEPH F. BERRY, D.D., LL.D.

"Live a natural life; eat what you want; and walk on the sunny side of the street." That was Robert Collyer's recipe for longevity, given on his eightieth birthday.

There is a measure of philosophy in the advice all through, but the best part is the last part. There are two sides of every street through which we pass in life, a sunny side and a shady side. The one is as accessible as the other. But the sunny side is less frequented, and there is less danger of being crowded there.

"But," says some one sadly, "this is a world of misery. Suffering people are all around us. We are ever looking into faces pinched by poverty and whitened by sickness, and shadowed by sorrow. Life is crowded to the rim with tragedies. Tragedies in business. Tragedies in social life. Tragedies in domestic life. Tragedies in personal life. How the columns of the papers bulge out with stories of human disaster! How the wreckage is piled up all along the shore!"

That is true. But will it help matters to dwell upon these melancholy facts? Because there are shadows, must we walk in them continually? Shall we prepare ourselves for the tasks which press upon us by yielding to chronic pessimism?

"But," says another, "think of the moral derangement of the world. Contemplate the degradation of mankind. Consider for a moment the downward trend of society. Recall the failures of moral reforms, and behold the increasing impotency of the church."

Well, well, what a doleful wail! It is the best possible evidence that you have been walking on the shady side of the street, walking there until you have become chilly and numb. To be candid, moral matters are not as we would have them; far from it. There are Sabbath desecration and civil corruption, and social impurity, and whisky domination, and much unbelief, and Christian inconsistency and moral deadness among the people of God. Nevertheless, the world is getting better. It is being lifted upward, steadily, gloriously.

And, while you are remembering the gloomy things, remember also those that are all aglow with hope. Remember the war that is being made upon each of the evils just named. Then remember the era of beneficence that has dawned, and the organised charities that are springing into life,

and the marvellous revival of Bible study, and the meagre amount of scepticism among men of influence compared with fifty years ago, and the changed attitude of our people toward social drinking, and the mighty local option victories, and the extraordinary missionary wave which is sweeping over the Christian world, and the almost miraculous triumphs of the cross in every heathen land.

"But my personal mission seems to be a failure. I am fettered with doubt. My sky is overcast with clouds." No wonder; you are walking on the shady side of the street. Come over where it is light and warm. Your mission cannot be a failure if you trust and work, and work and trust. This is not the writer's word. It is God's word. He is pledged to give you success. Doubt it? Then listen to this: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." "And let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

"Don't worry" is a good motto. It has solid, practical philosophy back of it. Believe in God. Believe in people. Believe in yourself. Then go ahead! If you doubt, you will worry. If you worry, you will fail.

The shady side of the street. How full it is of shivering, gloomy, hopeless, nerveless pedestrians! No sparkle in the eye. No glow on the cheek. No elasticity in the step. No geniality in the speech. No vice-like warmth in the hand-clasp.

Hear ye, hear ye, O tribe of the pessimistic croakers. Come out of the shadows. Come over on to the sunny side, where men forget to shiver. It is the side of faith. It is the side of hope. It is the side of certain conquest. Walking amid the light and warmth that will flood your way, you will rejoice that yesterday might have been worse, that to-day is every way better, and that to-morrow is to be utterly memorable with the conquests of the King. —"The Christian Endeavour World."

An old Scotch woman wished to sell her hen to a neighbour. "But tell me," the neighbour said, "is she a'thegither a guid hen? Has she got nae fauts, nae fauts at a?" "Aweel, Margot," the other old woman admitted, "she has got one fault. She will lay on the Sabbath."

## IN GREAT REQUEST.

The curate had just arrived. He was young, handsome, and single, and consequently very popular with the ladies of the parish, whose appreciation took the usual form of worked slippers. Recently the following episode occurred:—

Fair Caller: "You see, I wanted to make Mr. Chasable a pair of slippers, and I thought you might lend me one of his old shoes to get the size."

Curate's Landlady: "Law, miss, the shoes is all a-given out four days ago! And it was only yesterday morning a lady as had heard his shoes was all bespoke came here a-imploing of me to let her measure the wet footmarks in the reverend gentleman's bathroom immediately he had gone out!"

## A MAGICIAN MYSTIFIES.

Two men sat in the hotel lobby glowering at the smoke which they blew toward the ceiling. At intervals they broke into argument, which involved personality.

"What's the matter with them?" asked a salesman.

"One is the proprietor of this hotel," answered the accommodating clerk; "the other owns the only newspaper in town."

"Last night both went to the theatre, where a magician asked for a handkerchief. A man jokingly handed him a big square of muslin."

"The magician studied the cloth for a few minutes, and then said, dramatically:

"Thank heaven, there's at least one clean sheet in this town."

"And now the publisher says the hotel bedclothes were alluded to, and the other insists that it was the town's newspaper."

## CLOTHING.

### HAVE A GOOD HUNT.

It is wonderful what we can find if we have a good hunt, and just now the need of many of our poor for clothing is very great, and so we ask our friends to hunt up a few things, it does not matter about their being old, and send them to Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, "Chester," Clarendon-road, Stanmore.

Parcels have been received from the following:—Mrs. E. Jones, Miss Johnston, Miss Blacket, Mr. B. McCullough, Mrs. Thyer, Mr. T. Griffith, Mrs. Dorman, Mrs. Wiseman, and 6 anonymous.

## WHEN BUYING GLASSES



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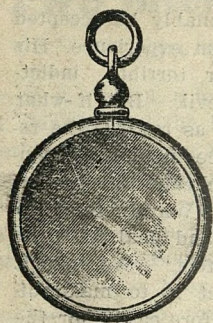
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2.



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4. The popular "Australia" Pendant in 9-ct. solid gold. It has the Map of Tasmania attached, which is rather unusual in such designs. This is a rare Map at the price of 6s 6d. In silver, 2s 6d.

## Talk about People

### An English Princess.

The marriage of His Majesty's niece, Princess Margaret of Connaught, to the Crown Prince of Sweden, has (according to English papers) proved itself extremely successful, and bears out the truth of the saying, "Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing." The young Crown Princess has an essentially happy and adaptable temperament, and from the first moment she set foot in her adopted country she gained the affections of the people of Sweden.

The Court circle has grown brighter since her arrival, and her youth has meant many more social functions for the young people of the kingdom. The Crown Princess has an onerous post, the Queen of Sweden's health necessitating her departure for warmer climes when winter approaches. Many duties devolve upon the Crown Princess, who carries them out with much girlish dignity and charm. Like her sister, Princess Patricia of Connaught, the Crown Princess dresses well, though simply, and she is never happier than when she can get away with husband and children to the sea for a less conventional holiday. Since her marriage she has paid several visits to England, the home of her birth.

### Anatomy for Beginners.

Some time ago a junior reporter got "fired" out of one of the London newspaper offices, and as he could not get another crib he made up his mind to become a doctor. Here is an extract from one of the anatomical essays of the budding sawbones.

"Proceeding in a southerly direction from the torso, we have the hips, useful for padding, and the legs. The legs hold up the body and are sometimes used in walking, but when riding in motor cars they take up able space which otherwise might be employed to better advantage.

"Attached to the legs are the feet. Some varieties of feet are cold. Some people are born with cold feet, others acquire cold feet, and still others have cold feet thrust upon them.

"The surface of the body is covered with cuticle, which either hangs in graceful loops or is stretched tightly from bone to bone.

"On the face it is known as the complexion, and is used extensively for commercial purposes by dermatologists, painters, and decorators.

"Between the cuticle and the bones are the muscles, which hold the bones together and prevent them from falling out and littering up the pavements as we walk along.

"Packed neatly and yet compactly inside the body are the heart, the liver, and the

lungs; also the gall, which in Fleet-street is abnormally large.

"These organs are used occasionally by the people who own them, but their real purpose is to furnish surgeons a living."

### A Lot of Influence.

The following anecdote well illustrates the exalted position Sir Wilfrid Laurier occupies in the minds of the less educated French-Canadians. Some years ago an illiterate old Canadian came into Quebec from the country, where he met a friend whom he had not seen for years. In the course of conversation the old fellow happened to mention the name of Queen Victoria, and was much astonished to learn that she was dead. "Dead!" he echoed; "and who has taken her place?" When he was told that the Prince of Wales was now ruler of the British Empire, he exclaimed, "Gee! The Prince must have a lot of influence with Sir Wilfrid to get a big job like that."

### Why They Wanted Him Back.

Two years ago Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, jun., resigned the leadership of the Bible class at Dr. Aked's church in New York. During his leadership the class became known all over America, as the young millionaire's frank talks with young men were always reported in Monday's newspapers. He is being pressed just now to resume his old position, and the other day several journalists interviewed him on the subject. "We should like to see you lead the class again," said one reporter. "Thank you," said Mr. Rockefeller. "I can assure you I warmly appreciate your friendly interest. May I ask why you wish me to resume the work?" "Because," replied the candid reporter, "you are the son of the world's richest man, and you made so much good copy for us when you were leader before."

### A Heroes' Fund.

In a letter to M. Clemenceau, explaining the reasons for his extension of his Heroes' Fund to France, Mr. Carnegie points out that France was in the past in close friendly relationship with his native country, and that France was the ally of America when she defended her rights against Great Britain. He regards war between these nations nowadays as inconceivable. They are marching together towards the suppression of the worst disaster in the world—man murdering man in battle. M. Clemenceau has accepted the gift. Speaking at Bideford, on the occasion of receiving the honorary freedom of the borough, Mr. Carnegie said he hoped the last great war had been seen. It would be diabolical if Eng-

lish-speaking men were ever again to stand opposed to each other. He was so great a believer in peace that he would even fight for arbitration.

### The Big Brewer's Bet.

The late Mr. Reader Harris, K.C., was offered a brief marked fifty guineas on behalf of a railway company who wished to obtain a refreshment license for a particular railway station. He returned the brief on conscientious grounds, but later on it was sent back to him with a fee of a hundred guineas marked on it. This time he returned it with a note in which he explained that his refusal was due to a matter of principle. Subsequently he met one of the directors of the company, and expressed a hope that he and his colleagues were not annoyed at his conduct. "Not at all," said the director. "I'll tell you all about it. So-and-so, the big brewer, was sitting on the board for the first time at the meeting at which the solicitor reported that your brief marked fifty guineas had been returned. 'Who's this Psalm-singing humbug?' he asked. 'Mark the brief a hundred guineas, and I'll bet you anything you like he'll take it.' 'Oh, you will, will you?' asked the chairman. You see, we all knew you, Harris. We took the brewer on at five to one in five-pound notes; he booked the bets with everyone of us, and he has paid up."

First Lawyer: "How do you find things, old chap?"

Second Lawyer: "Rather bad. I've only had one client this year so far."

First Lawyer: "Has he got plenty of money?"

Second Lawyer: "Well, he did have."

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# 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, JULY 15, 1909.

## DOUBLE-ENDED TACKS FROM "FAIRPLAY."

Our readers, in all probability, do not enjoy the privilege of reading "Fairplay," the organ of the Liquor people. If ever they do peruse its columns we warn them that they will need the strongest possible magnifying glass to enable them to find fairplay in its pages. On sport, humour, and liquor advertisements, it holds its own with any paper, but on the liquor question it is only funny when it is not unfair. The last issue contains some statements which are meant to prick the No-License folk, but these are double-ended tacks, and we will help to scatter them round, for Mr. W. A. Lloyd or others to trip on. "The good man who takes his liquor in moderation, and who, therefore, does no harm to himself, nor anybody else, who, in fact, helps to swell the revenue by indulgence in a perfectly legitimate appetite." If this is so, why should not this "good man" keep it in his home, and why should he not inculcate "true temperance" in the place where his moderation would be so forcible an example? "It may be stated as an axiom that total abstainers die young, and that moderate drinkers live to a ripe old age." If this is so, why do all insurance societies give preference to total abstainers?

"Fairplay" proceeds to say:—"Much has been said about the strict teetotalism of the heroes of the South Pole, and, under strenuous circumstances such as these, few would advocate the use of alcohol in any quantity." This remarkable admission is made in a leader which sets out to prove that Paul Cinquevalli, amid all the strenuousness of a life given to performing "prodigious feats of strength," is the better for taking alcohol. Let us note how, for its own purpose, this paper can forget its repeated assertion that "more liquor is obtained in No-License New Zealand than was formerly obtained," and now asserts:—"In New Zealand he (Cinquevalli) felt the inconvenience of the prohibition policy. He was unable to obtain his regular allowance of alcohol." A paper that boasts of a monopoly of fairplay has surely lost all claim on our respect when it so contradicts itself, and, in addition, blames prohibition in New Zealand, as it does on page 10 of the last issue, for the unemployment in Wellington, where

they have never had prohibition. What will "Fairplay" blame for the unemployed problem of England, or Sydney, or Broken Hill? We would like to be courteous, and to that end we refuse to copy "Fairplay" in the use of such terms as "wowsers," or "wasser-mucker," but we confess it is impossible to keep all feeling out of those articles that have to deal with their unfair inferences, contradictory assertions, and refusal to meet us in open column or debate.

## FEWER ARRESTS, NOT FEWER CRIMES.

The criminal is always an object of interest to a community, and yet there are few who realise the cost, the danger, and the evil inspiration he is. Apart from the great expense the country is put to in providing gaols, and our buildings for criminals must have cost nearly £1,000,000, and our police upkeep is over £700,000 yearly, there is the loss to our good name when it can be said and widely published that the Australian criminal is at the head of his profession. The criminal is not only responsible for the loss of property, but women are in danger at his hand, and every year lives are lost for which there is no compensation. We may have fewer people in our gaols: this is partly accounted for by the fact that 265 criminals were freed under the First Offenders Act, and that the offender is in so many cases allowed to escape gaol by getting his friends to pay a fine, but there is no evidence that we have fewer criminals, or that crime is less serious than formerly. Last year there were 4 more murders, 13 more cases of assault and robbery, and 11 more assaults on women and girls, and in 42 cases of burglary there were only 13 arrests. These sad things are not to be met by laws, however wise; or police, however vigilant. They are beyond question evidence of moral failure, and the Christian religion is the remedy, for all will acknowledge that the great historian Lecky was right when he said:—"The character of Christ is one which, through all the changes of eighteen centuries, has shown itself capable of acting on all ages, nations, temperaments, and conditions, and has proved itself not only the highest pattern of virtue, but the strongest incentive to its practice." We plead for a greater expenditure of energy and means on those efforts such as the Mission Zone Movement, which, by their actual touch with the criminal class, and their wholehearted religion, can do more than any other means to lessen the number of criminals, and decrease the crime record.

## DRINK AND CHEAP DIVORCE.

The cables report an animated debate in the House of Lords, on a motion by Lord Gorell, in favour of cheaper Divorce Courts, in the interests of the poorer classes. Lord Gorell incidentally remarked that if the practice of drink could be abolished, the Divorce Court might close its doors. This is a sweeping statement, and one which might, at first sight, be set down as an exaggeration. But, remembering that Lord Gorell was formerly Judge in Divorce, it may reasonably be accepted that he was speaking from experience. His allegation forms another terrible indictment against the drink evil. But if what Lord Gorell says is true as regards the relation of drink to divorce, is it not inconsistent to be advocating cheaper divorce as a reformatory measure? Why not go to the root of the matter, and deal with the cause rather than the effect. We take it that Lord Gorell's object is to make divorce cheaper, and therefore easier for the poor victims of unhappy marriages, of which he says "drink is the main cause." Is not his motion calculated to open the door rather than close it? Is he not aiming a blow at an institution which is one of the greatest safeguards of society, because in its turn it has become the victim of another evil, when, to be practical, his axe should be laid at the root of the primary evil? It is not the fault of the marriage institution, or the marriage laws, that the Divorce Courts are kept so busy, if what Lord Gorell says is true. The fault lies with the drink, and Lord Gorell, to be logical, should seek to promote temperance reform, by damming the main stream of intemperance, rather than make divorce easier, for divorce, on his own showing, is but one of many tributaries which flow from the larger river.

We have no sympathy with the call for cheaper or easier divorce. It is only playing to the spirit of the age, which seeks to minimise the marriage obligations. "There is nothing more dangerous in modern times than the lightness with which people regard their marriage obligations," says Mr. Begbie, through one of the characters in his latest story, "The Cage," which deals with the marriage question in a masterly way. "It is the sapping of society. It makes for carelessness, flippancy, immorality. The Church has no plainer duty in our time than to insist on the solemnity of the marriage sacrament. On the manner in which society regards the seriousness of the religious character of marriage depends the future of humanity. It is the base of civilisation." That is emphatically true, and we would only add to it by saying that it is equally the duty of the State, with the Church, to insist on the obligations of marriage. Lord Gorell's duty plainly is to lend his influence in the direction of temperance legislation, so as to protect the marriage institution from its most dangerous enemy, instead of seeking to weaken one of the bulwarks of society, by making divorce cheaper. In the name of all that is sacred, is divorce not too cheap already? In this country it certainly is, as the Divorce Courts and the daily papers demonstrate every day.

## BUSINESS MEN'S MEETING.

EVERY FRIDAY, 1.25 to 1.50.

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## Two Interesting Visitors from America

HOW THOSE WHO LIVE WITH PROHIBITION LIKE IT.

Mr. F. S. Holden, a business man of Montreal, Canada, and the Rev. O. W. Folsom, of Bath, 38 miles from Portland, Maine, are visitors in Sydney for a few days, making a holiday trip together, and were both glad to chat over the liquor question as far as it concerned the places they lived in. It is very reassuring to hear such gentlemen express their opinion that the Prohibition movement is not so much a tide as it is a a mighty and effective engine, propelled by the irresistible power of a people's moral purpose.

### THE MAINE LAW.

The usual biennial effort for resubmission of the Prohibitory amendment was made in Maine this year, with the result that the Legislature voted against resubmission 116 to 59. Some who voted for resubmission explain that they believe in Prohibition, but think it should be again referred to the people; but the majority believe that it is no use to let the tiger out of the cage for the sake of again catching him. The enforcement law known as the Sturgis law has also been retained. This is the law which Mr. Holman Day, in his magazine articles, predicted would be repealed by this Legislature.

Instead of being repealed, however, this law has been retained and strengthened by an amendment providing that the counties to which the Enforcement Commission is sent must bear the expense involved, instead of having it borne by the State, as heretofore.

### LIQUOR FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES.

The penalties for maintaining a liquor nuisance and for soliciting liquor orders have been made much heavier, and the agency law providing for the sale of liquor for medicinal purposes has been radically amended.

The great majority of the Temperance people of Maine have considered it advisable, inasmuch as physicians prescribe alcohol as a medicine, to have places where it could be procured without violation of the law. This led to a law for the establishment of so-called agencies. At the present time there are twelve such agencies in Maine. Maine has about 500 towns, and it is to the Temperance credit of the State that there are but twelve such agencies, since they could have been established in many more towns had the towns or cities so desired. There has been violation of the provisions of the agency law; so contaminating is the liquor trade that a man cannot even be trusted to sell it for medicinal purposes. The Maine Legislature, just adjourned, has adopted an amendment to the agency law which will make it much harder for the agent or for the purchaser to violate the law. Any violations of the provisions

of this Act shall be punished by imprisonment.

### LIQUOR ADVERTISING.

The State of Maine has a law prohibiting newspapers from advertising intoxicating liquors. This is an expression of a public opinion that is not confined to Maine, although in most other places it is disregarded for the sake of the money that the traffic finds it profitable to spend in this way.

There are some newspaper men who look with scorn upon the barkeeper who sells liquor, and yet do not seem to realise their own degraded position when they hire themselves and their papers out, at comparatively low wages, as agents to invite drinkers to get their supplies from special sources.

The State of Maine not only prohibits the degrading business of liquor selling, but also the degrading business of acting as bar-room advertising touts. This law has been tested in the State Supreme Court, which has handed down a decision affirming the constitutionality of the prohibition.

### AS A RESIDENT OF 25 YEARS.

Mr. Folsom having spent 25 years as a Congregational minister in Maine, says that he has never seen an intoxicated woman in that State. Bath, the town in which he is a minister, contains ironworks and docks, employing a large number of men, and the great battleship Georgia was constructed there. The one outstanding feature of liquor law enforcement is that it is in the hands of a Sheriff, who is elected every two years. The appointment is inseparable from the political issue, and the Sheriff is nominated on the State and county ticket. Men only may vote on this question, and the Sheriff appoints his own deputies. This has given rise to so much laxity that what is known as the Sturge's law, passed two years ago, gives the Governor power to enforce the law independently of the Sheriff. This method of control accounts for many of the fluctuations in enforcement, and the consequent arguments that are used in distant places, where it is not known that a politically appointed Sheriff is the whole explanation. It is practically impossible to compare the figures for drunkenness in Maine with those in a licensed place—as in Maine they arrest a man who has been drinking even moderately, while in other States, as in Sydney, he has to be incapable or noisy before there is a chance of his being "jugged."

### IN CANADA.

Mr. Holden lately took his trap and horses across to England, and drove all over the British Isles, and having travelled widely, employing some 600 hands in his business, and having lived all his life in

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

speaks with great weight. He declares Prohibition to be good for business as well as morals. The population of Montreal is about 90 per cent. French Canadians, who are Roman Catholics.

Archbishop Bruchesi is personally a total abstainer, and is enthusiastic in temperance matters.

Toronto, with a population of 400,000, has 110 licenses only, or an average of one to every 3636 of the people.

Over the whole of Canada a poll was taken, giving a decided majority in favour of No-License for the Dominion; but as the Constitution makes no provision for such a Dominion poll, the Government did not act upon the vote. Quebec is the only province in which there was not a majority for No-License. Still many of the States in that province have become "dry" by local option vote.

### CLOCK MADE OF BICYCLES.

A clever Frenchman named Alphonse Duhamel, has constructed a timepiece 12 feet high, composed entirely of bicycles or their component parts.

The framework is a huge bicycle wheel, round which are arranged twelve ordinary-sized wheels, all fitted with pneumatic tyres. A rim within the large wheel bears the figures for the hours, the figures themselves being constructed of crank rods. The hands are made of steel tubing, which is used for the framework of bicycles. The minute strokes on the dial are small nickel-plated pieces. The top of the clock is an arrangement of twelve handle-bars.

The clock strikes the hours and the quarters, bicycle bells, of course, making the chimes. The pendulum is made of various parts of a bicycle frame. It is said that the clock, besides being a curiosity, is an excellent timepiece.

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# One Year of Prohibition

IN A GREAT INDUSTRIAL CENTRE.

(Written for the Associated Prohibition press by Robert G. Hiden, of "The Birmingham News.")

## THE LESSON OF BIRMINGHAM.

Mr. Hiden's careful survey of the net results of local prohibition in his home city is both frank and conservative, and its significance lies in this very fact that there is no attempt to colour the facts as they really exist.

But this study graphically reveals the handicaps under which local prohibition must labour wherever tried, and affords strong proof of the need of persistent, never-ceasing agitation for state and national extension of prohibition law.

## UNDER SIEGE OF CONGRESS-PROTECTED BREWERS.

First of all, the helplessness of Birmingham, and for the same reason that of any city or state now under prohibition law before the invasion of outside brewers and liquor makers, is humiliating in the extreme. This great municipality, which so far as its own local liquor problem is concerned could thoroughly stamp out the curse, is still at the mercy of the brewers and distillers of license cities in all parts of the country, who can conduct a continuous bombardment of the city under the cover and protection of the present Interstate Commerce regulations.

The failure of Congress to heed the widespread appeal for relief from this outrageous state of affairs is an indictment of the parties in power, which grows more serious with every hour of delay.

In the second place, the intimate relation which the liquor traffic in Birmingham bore to the business throughout the state of which it was the metropolis, shatters at one blow all the fine-spun theorising about the liquor traffic's right of "Home Rule" and "Local Self Government," as regards the liquor question.

No sooner had Birmingham voted for prohibition, that it was seen that the overwhelming obstacle to state-wide prohibition had been overcome and action to that end was taken at the ensuing legislative session.

In the third place, the claim that the dominant party deserved credit for the passage of prohibition in Birmingham or the State of Alabama, is completely exploded by the facts, which show that the movement was outside of all party lines and was successful despite the opposition of a large proportion of the politicians and dominant party officials. The fact that these officials whatever their personal views must have been, were allied with a national party organisation opposed to prohibition and including in its ranks a host of liquor-controlled bosses in the big license cities north and south, is a sufficient reason for their attitude.

The fact that local prohibition has succeeded as well as it has in Birmingham during the past year, although administered by an executive not in sympathy with its principles, despite the siege of the outside liquor traffic, backed by Uncle Sam, and lacking the steady support of a dominant political organisation heartily in favour of it and pledged from the first to its friendly administration, is a splendid tribute to the possibilities of the policy and the righteousness of its fundamental purpose.

Birmingham's experience is a trumpet call to the prohibition hosts of America to unite

with the Prohibition party for national abolition of the liquor traffic, and proves that the hour is ripe for the adoption of this policy on every inch of territory beneath the Stars and Stripes.

## WORSE THAN EVER.

A certain gentleman was admiring his pigeons the other day when he heard a thud, and saw one of his birds drop from a window-sill to the ground. Turning round he was just in time to see small boy in the lane drop a catapult and run. After a short chase the culprit was caught.

"You young scoundrel," said the angry owner. "What do you mean by coming and shooting my birds?"

"Please sir, I didn't shoot at the pigeon."

"Come, come, don't make matters worse. I saw the bird fall."

"Please, sir," blubbered the boy, "the pigeon got in the way. I—I was aiming at the winder."

## THE DULL BOY SCORED.

A schoolmaster had been severely correcting a boy, and finished by saying:

"Now sit down and write a letter to your parents, telling them how much you are taught here, and how little you profit therefrom."

The boy cried at first; then wrote:

"Dear Father,—I am very stupid, though there is more to be learned here than anywhere. Twice two's four, four boys go to one bed, six beds make one attic, and four attics make one well-ventilated and well-appointed sleeping dormitory. One round of bread and butter makes one breakfast, and every tea makes its own supper."

"This time," said the master, when he had examined the letter, "we will—er—overlook your conduct, and you needn't send the note."

Saves Time, Saves Trouble, Saves Health,  
Saves Money

THE IDEAL BREAKFAST FOOD—

—GRANOLA.

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

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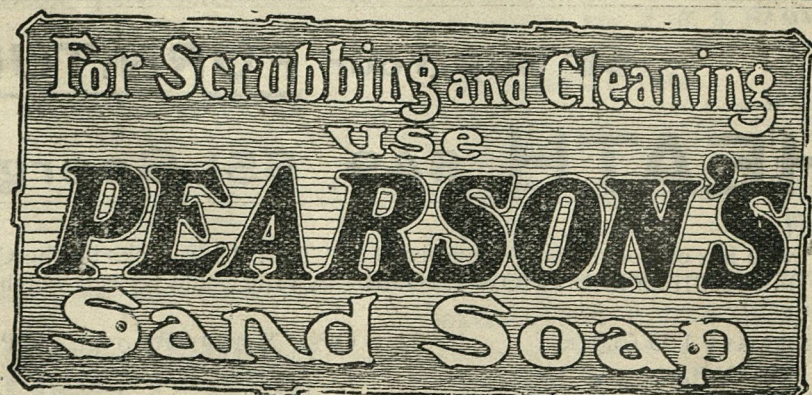
The Benefits are:—Medical Attendance and Medicines for Member, Wife, and Family from date of joining.

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

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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.)

## ONE THOUSAND SHILLINGS FROM "THE BABY."

And who is "The Baby?" Why, don't you know our Baby? He's looking at you now, bless him! He's trying to fall down just now before your eyes, bless him! His name is Page Nine, and he's just 20 months and 17 days old to-day, the darling! He was born on December 5, 1907, so that's his right age, isn't it? Uncle Barnabas, being very fond of babies, adopted him on that very day, and what with Aunt Tabby's care, and Aunt Prissy's coats, and collars, and things, and Uncle Aquila's Christmas boxes, and the love-gifts of scores and scores of dear "cousins"—Uncle B's. "nephews" and "nieces" all over New South Wales, and in parts of Queensland, South Australia, New Zealand, England, and the World, don't you know?—this blessed Baby has had the rollickingest time that ever a baby had since that little chap, Cain, tried to put his fat, pink, big toe into his rosey, wide-open mouth. So that's the Baby—THE Baby, if you didn't know it before? Now, he's going to have a birthday, which will be—when do you think? Why, December 5, 1909, of course!

Right you are! You're waking up, there's no doubt about it. And, then, on June 5, 1910, he will have half a birthday, that is to say, he will only keep it up till dinner-time! And he wants everybody to put a shiny shilling into his little fist before December 5, 1909, so that he will have 500 shiny shillings for the 20,000 Shilling Fund. You know all about that, of course, you silly, don't you? If you don't, put your specs. on now, and read page 12 of "Grit," beginning June 17. Then, wipe your glasses, and look at page 12, June 24. Then rub them again, and read the deeply-interesting words on page 12, July 1, and the following July issues. Then get everybody in the house to listen while you recite the words in big capitals. Then say them all together! Then settle down quietly again to read this page, and you will know what the Baby wants. Five hundred shillings before, or on, December 5, 1909, as a birthday present to the Alliance from dear "Babs." Then another 500 on June 5, 1910, just before the election, don't you see? That will make 1000! Fancy, £50 from little P.N.! Now, all the babies who live in houses where "Grit" is read, are asked to send in their names and shillings. All "ne's." and "ni's." are asked to begin to collect, and send in the shillings. Everybody who gives one shilling to the Baby shall have his name embroidered on the Baby's counterpane. Already three babies and one "nephew" have made a start. Who will hurry up and get on the counterpane?

Quick, quick, quick, quick!

If you are willing!

Jim, Poll, Ned, Fan, Dick,  
Send along your shilling!

### BABY'S COUNTERPANE.

Edwin, 1/-; Agnes, 1/-; Monie, 1/-;  
"Pudding," 1/.

### FOR SUNDAY. MARY.

1. When was Mary at the feast? (St. John.)
2. When was Mary travelling by night? (St. Matthew.)
3. When was Mary praying? (Acts.)
4. When was Mary standing in a crowd? (St. Mark.)

5. When was Mary in the Temple? (St. Luke.)

6. When was Mary standing just outside Jerusalem? (St. John.)

### FOR MONDAY. CHANGED HEADS.

(Sent by Aunt Prissy, our own Beheader and Reheader.)

Capture a wild animal. Change its head, and get a fruit. Change again, and get close. Change again, and get beloved. Change again, and get a period of time. Change again, and it is to rend. Change again, and get to perceive sound. Change again, it is dread. Change again, and it is always behind.

### S. to S.S.S.

Managers are asked to hurry up and send along names of Sunbeamers, and then send singlets, shoes, socks, stockings, stays, sardines, sugar, shawls, syrup, slippers, shirts, salmon, snowproof, stuff, sheets, samples, sandwiches, Sunday stories, school sundries, shanks, shillings, sirloins, sickroom specialties, sillabub, sausages, skirts, soft-goods, spuds, spinach, steak, stores for our shelf. (N.B.—Schnapps and stingo are not admitted.) Mabel Muller, Gunning, is hereby made a manager.

### BIRTHDAY GAZETTE.

Arthur Day, Papanui, New Zealand,  
March 23 (8 last).

### THE ZIG-ZAG DEVIATION.

(By LUCY MILES, Eskbank.)

The motive of making the deviation is to do away with the Zig-Zag. Quite a number of tunnels are being constructed, some of which will penetrate through the mountains near Oakey Park Coal Mine. It has made quite an unrecognisable change, between Lithgow and Clarence. Hundreds of men are employed in the works, and Clarence has become quite a "tent" township. I do not know exactly how many tunnels are being made, but it will take a long time to finish them.

### COMPETITION ILLUSTRATION.

#### VII.—THE GREAT REWARD.

(Sent by D. Howell. Used by Dr. Chapman.)

An old Crimean soldier, and possessor of a Crimean medal, gave this account of one of his comrades. One of my comrades out there had his leg shot off. By an effort that seemed superhuman, he raised himself, threw his arm around a tree, and drew his sabre. Almost as soon as he had stood up, a shot took his other leg off. Afterwards when we went to receive our medals, this poor maimed comrade was brought in on a stretcher. The Queen, when she saw the thin, wan figure of the soldier, rose almost involuntarily, and came over to where he was. He was so weak that his eyes were closed. As the Queen bent over him her tears fell on his face, and he looked up, and beheld his Queen bending over him. She said, "My brave soldier!" and gave him the medal herself. Afterwards, when we used to get together, and talk about old times, this comrade would say nothing but "I saw the Queen."

Like this soldier, our reward will not be crowns only, but it will be to see Jesus Himself. That is the "full reward."



### LETTER BOX.

#### ARTHUR AND MOTHER.

Arthur Day, Bligh's-road, Papanui, Christchurch, N.Z., writes:—Dear Uncle B.,—I want to be a New Zealand nephew. I went to see your pictures, and to hear one of your lectures when you were at Christchurch last year. I hope you will come and show us some more before next election. I have just begun to go to Sunday school, and am going to join the Band of Hope next year, then I will be able to sign the pledge. My birthday is on March 23, and I will be nine next year. I look for "Grit" every week.—Your loving nephew (Dear Arthur,—I am quite charmed with your big, beautiful writing. Many "cousins" on this side will waft you a kiss. I hope the breezes will blow from the West this week.—Uncle B.)

#### MOTHER'S MEMO.

Mrs. Day says: P.S.—This is Arthur's first letter to you. He is very proud of it but it is a bit untidy. I am sure the old "Seventeeners" were very disappointed with the photo., and hoped for some more of Uncle B. than just the bare spot on the top of his head. I trust you are well. We are just over our annual Alliance Convention—had such a good time in Christchurch. Our dear Mr. Frank Scott was obliged to resign the secretaryship. We are all more than sorry for him.

#### A 20 MINUTES MISSION AT GLEN INNES.

Avice Loveday, writes:—Dear Uncle B.—Thank you for the nice birthday greeting you sent me. Do you know that Dr. Chapman's birthday is the same day as mine? The day I was 11 he was 50. Well, we had  
(Continued on Page 11)

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### INTERESTING FIGURES.

#### THE VALUE OF THE REDUCTION VOTE.

Statistics of an interesting character were lately given by the Rev. J. Dawson, secretary of the New Zealand Alliance. At the last poll, he said, the majority in the Dominion over the Continuance vote was 33,331. Twelve electorates out of 76—a little over one-seventh of the whole Dominion—had carried No-License. There was a bare majority of No-License in 60 of the 76 electorates. This meant that 53 per cent. of the total people who exercised the franchise voted for No-License. Auckland, Wellington, and Dunedin had majorities of over 2000 each. Christchurch had a majority of over 400. In 1893, when the Act came into force, there were 686,128 persons in New Zealand exclusive of Maoris, and there were 1719 licenses which meant one to every 341 people. The present population, excluding 47,000 Maoris, was 960,642, and the licenses after June 30 numbered 1257—one to every 764 people. In 16 years, therefore, 462 licenses have been abolished—over 25 per cent. Compared with population, the figures worked out at about 50 per cent. The Reduction vote has been responsible for the abolition of 308 licenses. No-License by the three-fifths vote had taken away 154 licenses, making the total 462. In 12 years, from 1893 to 1908 79 licenses were voted out by No-License and 280 by Reduction. From 1905 to 1908 79 licenses were annulled by No-License, and 28 by Reduction. During 1893-1905 licenses were reduced at the rate of 29 per year, while the rate had been 36 per year from 1905 to 1908.

#### WHEN THE SALOON IS RESPECTABLE.

During a lively discussion on the subject of temperance in an Alleghany mountain stage, one of the company who had hitherto remained silent, said: "Gentlemen, I want you to understand that I am a liquor-dealer. I keep a public-house at —, but I would have you know that I have a license, and keep a decent house. I don't keep loafers and loungers about my place, and when a man has enough, he can't get any more at my bar. I sell to decent people, and do a respectable business." "Friend," replied a Quaker, "that is the most damnable part of thy business. If thee would sell to drunkards and loafers, thee would help to kill off the race, and society would be rid of them. But thee takes the young, the poor, the innocent, and the unsuspecting, making drunkards and loafers of them. When their character and money are all gone, thee kicks them out, and turns them over to other shops to finish off, and thee ensnares others and sends them on the same road to ruin."—"The Christian Endeavour World."

### STATE MONOPOLY.

While England and other countries yearly grow more sober, Russia certainly does not. The consumption of "vodka" increases at an alarming rate. The Department of Indirect Taxation has just published the results of the State monopoly of the sale of alcohol during 1907. The gross receipts amounted to £74,905,911, or an increase of £1,237,908, as compared with 1906, while the quantity of alcohol sold was 282,361,820 gallons, or an increase of 4½ millions.

#### TOOMBS ON THE WAR-PATH.

##### A LIQUOR ADV.

Telegraphed "Courier": "What space (if any) available for reply to Lesina's liquor reform report." Reply received: "Lesina's report was an advertisement space up to page four, approved matter, four pounds per column.—Manager 'Courier.'" This course of reply not being open, afterwards telegraphed Mr. Lesina: "Challenge you to debate subject of No-License in New Zealand, details to be mutually arranged.—Arthur Toombs, Temperance Lecturer." Now awaiting our friend's instructions from his liquor defence association.

#### THE GENTLE ART.

"I often wonder," said a gentleman to a young mechanic, "how you ever plucked up courage enough to propose to your wife—you were always such a bashful young fellow."

"Well," explained the husband, "she made it easy for me. You know I walked out with her frequently, and she must have known I meant business. But I was always afraid to speak right out, till one night I said to her casually, 'Do you think you'll ever marry?' She said she thought she might; so I said, 'When?' 'Whenever you do,' was her answer; and I said, 'All right.' So we settled the day there and

#### ARE YOU A GENTLEMAN?

The question always comes up: What is a gentleman? Some say he is a man with a silk hat, and others a man with a smooth tongue. But men connected with the newspaper trade have a canon of their own. "Mr. Editor," said a patron one day, "how is it you never call on me to pay for your paper?" "Oh," said the man of type, "we never ask a gentleman for money." "Indeed!" the patron replied. "How do you manage to get along when they don't pay?" "Why," said Mr. Editor, "after a certain time we conclude he is not a gentleman, and we ask him."—"London Mail."

### 20,000 SHILLING FUND.

Mr. G. J. Howard, 1/-; Mr. Goodman, 1/-; Miss Goodman, 1/-; Hilary Allez, 21/-; Mrs. Carney, 1/-; Mr. Koesters, 1/-; Mr. H. Rickaby, 1/-; Mr. Robson, 1/-; Mr. Suters, 1/-; J. L. Brown, 2/6; Sister Mabel Thompson, 1/-; Mrs. Goodman, 1/-; G. A. Killick, 10/-; Rev. Ross, 2/-; Mrs. H. Boulwood, 2/-; Miss Badham, 1/-; Mr. Millikin, 1/-; "Friend," 5/-; G. Jakeman, 6/6; Mr. Donnelly, 1/-.

#### SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Miss M. Jones, 3s 9d (28/5/10); Miss E. Badgery, 5s (1/2/10); A. G. Davis, 5s (29/2/09); Miss Belshaw, 2s 6d (25/12/09); Mrs. Davidson, 2s 6d (17/12/09); Mrs. Glading, 5s (11/9/09); Mrs. Moberley, 5s (15/4/10); W. S. Lamblin, 2s 6d (15/1/10); Mrs. L. Bong, 2s 6d (15/1/10); Mrs. Hopkins, 2s 6d (15/1/10); Miss McNeill, 2s 6d (15/1/10); Mrs. King, 2s 6d (15/1/10); Mrs. Astridge, 3s (15/2/10); W. H. Mumford, 3s (15/2/10); Miss Eager, 1s; W. Hardwick, 5s; J. Stone, 10s (26/11/09); Mr. Searle, 2s 6d (16/7/09); J. T. Horne, 2s 6d (20/8/09); W. Gow, 5s (11/5/09); A. E. Newth, 2s 1d; Miss Miller, 1s 6d (15/10/09); Mrs. Wales, 5s (1/7/10); Mrs. Palmer, 5s (17/10); Miss Brown, 2/6 (12/11/09).

#### NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

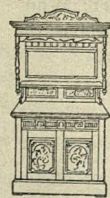
W. S. Lamblin, R. Ealterby, Miss Johnston, Mrs. Greenlees, W. H. Mumford, Mrs. Pearce, Mrs. Wearne, Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Pearce, Mrs. Casson, Mrs. List, Mr. Butcher, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Hines, Mrs. Bong, Mrs. Hopkins, Miss Newton, Mrs. Astridge, Miss Garnsey, Mrs. Benham, Miss McNeill, Mrs. King, Mrs. Paynter, Mr. Hill.

Some people tell the truth merely for the sake of stirring up trouble.

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## SEVEN TO SEVENTEEN.

(Continued from Page.)

a little bit of the great Mission here. As the Mission party went through to Brisbane, they stayed 20 minutes. How I wish I could describe all that happened in that time. The crowd of people waiting, the voice of Dr. Chapman saying, "You people must have been up early." It was not much after 8 a.m. Then Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander, standing on a box in the station-yard, and hearing the singing in reality that we have read so much about. The Captain of the Salvation Army had brought a small organ, so we had Mr. Harkness playing the music, too. They sang, "Do not pass me by" and the "Glory Song." Dr. Chapman told us that God did not want only gold or silver vessels, but He must have clean vessels, then He would use us for His service. Dr. Chapman spoke till the last minute he could, and then got into the train. Their breakfast was given them into the train, to eat as they went along. We will never forget that little bit of the Mission. What it must have been to have heard it all! We all like the accounts in "Grit," of the Mission. That is a nice winter game in the last "Grit." I will close now, with love.—From your loving niece.

(Thank you, Avie, for this well-told story of your little Mission.—Uncle B.)

## "QUITE A HAPPY MAN!"

Milcie E. Southwell, Liverpool, writes.—Dear Uncle B.—You will forgive me, I'm sure, for making that mistake last time. I found 30 proper names instead of that other enormous number. It seems I had the same letters in the word twice. This time there are only 16 names that I can find; but that's enough for one time, isn't it? I think it is lovely to see the interest all the nieces and nephews take in "Grit." You ought to be quite a happy man with so many relations. Wishing every success to yourself and "Grit."

(Dear Milcie,—Well, well, so you are Milcie Southwell! Well, I never! You didn't send me those 16 names, did you? Please let me have them for the competition. I am one of the happiest men in New South Wales.—Uncle B.)

## A FERN FOR MRS. TABBY'S BOOK.

Dora Howell writes:—Dear Uncle B.—I went to the Mission Zone meeting, and enjoyed it very much. Were you there? Not the person you're supposed to be, but yourself. Wasn't Mr. H's. address splendid? It always is, I think! I went to the Convention at Chatswood with some mates, went to every meeting, and in the intervals roamed about and explored, and got a lovely lot of maiden-hair fern. Were you there? I have not been able to go to one of the Chapman-Alexander meetings. My mother and sister had bronchitis, and I had no one to take me; I couldn't go in the day-time, because of school, or at night, because I had no chaperon. I think that S.S.-S.S. is a splendid idea, and am willing to do things for it.—I remain, your affectionate niece.

P.S.—I am sending you a little of the maiden-hair fern that I picked at Chatswood, in case you like pressed ferns and flowers in books. I do.—D.H.

(Thank you, Dora. I have put the fern in Mrs. Tabby's autograph book. She doesn't know yet, though! Mr. H's. address may have been splendid, but—excuse me if I don't express my opinion! I'm really, truly sorry you missed that lovely Mission.—Uncle B.)

## HOW THE WORLD MOVES.

About 40 children are born each year in prisons in England and Wales. In registering the place of birth care is taken that the description of the place of birth is so entered as to avoid the word "prison" in the certificate.

At the recent carnival at Grasengruen, Austria, no admission tickets were used, but everyone who entered the theatre was weighed and had to pay one cent a pound. Several fat men and women refused to mount the scales.

"Sunny Jim" is not the only sufferer from the whims of proud parents who go in for fantastic names. Pricking the Bible is an old custom which has sometimes strange results, one unlucky infant being saddled for life with Methuselah Nebuchadnezzar.

The hiss does not always mean disgust and reprobation. In Japan it means delight. A Japanese in greeting one hisses. In West Africa the hiss denotes astonishment. In the New Hebrides they hiss before anything beautiful. The Basutos hiss in sign of cordial agreement. Among the Kabyles of Northern Africa the hiss denotes satisfaction.

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