

Try

BOURNVILLE THE NEW COCOA

GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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Vol. III.—No. 12.

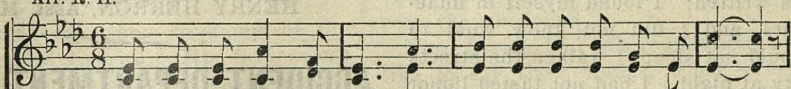
SYDNEY, THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1909

Price One Penny

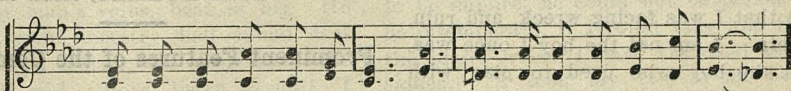
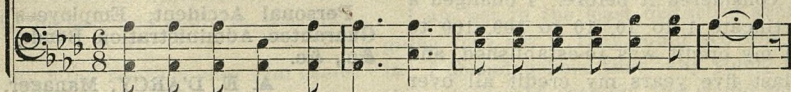
Carry Your Bible.

FRED P. MORRIS.
Arr. R. H.

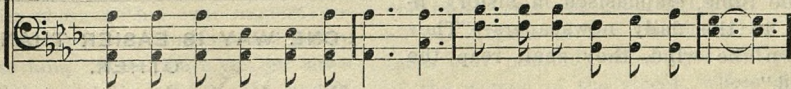
ROBERT HARKNESS.



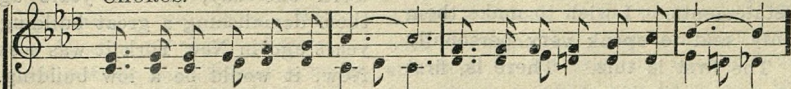
1. Car - ry your Bi - ble with you Let all its blessing out - flow,
2. Car - ry the word of par - don Sweeter each day it will grow,
3. Car - ry the wondrous sto - ry Tell it to hearts plung'd in woe,
4. Car - ry the word of prom - ise, Sinners un-par-don'd may know



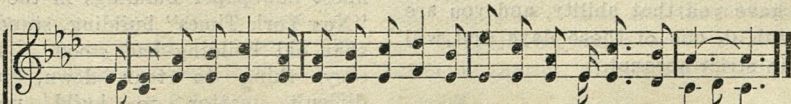
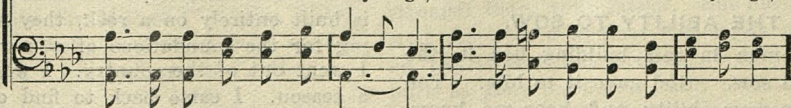
It will sup - ply you each moment, Take it wher - ev - er you go.
Somewhere some heart will be wait - ing, Take it wher - ev - er you go.
This word of gracious re - demp - tion, Take it wher - ev - er you go.
God's path from sin un - to safe - ty, Take it wher - ev - er you go.



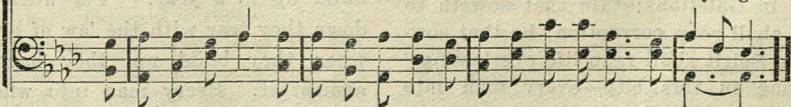
CHORUS.



Take it wher - ev - er you go,..... Take it wher - ev - er you go,.....
you go, you go,



God's message of love, Sent down from above, O take it wherever you go,.....
you go.



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AN EVENING OF SONG.

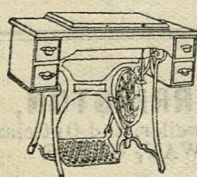
The following is part of a description in the "Southern Cross" of the part singing is playing in the great Mission meetings:—

The air is full of social joy. A hymn-book seller is calling out, "Buy a book. We are here for a three hours' sing." The people laugh, but it is a sure word of prophecy.

GETTING THE HOMELIKE FEELING.

Mr. Alexander's first words confirm the hymn-book seller's prophecy. "We are to have a three hours' sing." And he smiles gleefully at thought of such a programme. His second words convey a request. It is done with infinite tact. Its result is that almost every lady has her hands up tugging at dagger-like pins and removing her hat, and patting down her front hair, or giving it sundry little pokes and pulls to put it into a state of becomingness. Some look far from satisfied. But the men look a thousand votes of thanks. Mr. Alexander is watching, amused and delighted. He is measuring the audience with the eye of a general. He is determining his methods. "Get ready," he cries, "for a long, hard, delightful evening. We are all going to join the choir." His hands are uplifted—those wonder-working hands. "Let us pray first." And he prays briefly and simply.

"One hundred and forty—'Abide with Me.' Everybody stand!" The three hours of singing have begun. The conductor is leaning forward, scanning every part of this great company. "The last phrase just in a whisper." The direction is obeyed. Ten thousand voices are blending in one great whispered prayer, "Abide with me," which the choir follows with a full-volumed, well-balanced "Amen," and the effect is beautiful. The audience listens to a new hymn. Heads are gently swaying and nodding as the melody becomes more familiar. "I believe, I believe on the Son of God." The conductor is insisting on clear enunciation. "Not I-lieve. Let the words come clear-cut. I be-lieve."



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Terrific Whirlwind

DR. CHAPMAN'S ADDRESS TO MEN.

IN THE SYDNEY TOWN HALL.

I want to ask your attention to a text that is specially for men. It is recorded in the 8th chapter of the Prophecy of Hosea, 7th verse. "They have sown the wind—they shall reap the whirlwind." And the difference between the wind which fans your cheek to-day, and to-morrow is changed into a hurricane, uprooting giant trees as it sweeps across the country, carrying death and destruction in its way, is the difference between sowing and reaping; and the difference between the wind which fills the sails of your little boat this afternoon, and sends it skimming over the water, and on to the harbour, and the wind to-morrow which lashes the sea into fury and spreads death and destruction everywhere, is the difference between the beginning of sin and the end. "They have sown the wind—they shall reap the whirlwind." It is written in God's Book, and the principle has never yet been known to fail. Whenever nations sow the wind they always reap the whirlwind, and whenever cities sow to the wind, they always gather the harvest, and whenever individuals sow to the wind there is always

A DAY OF RECKONING OR REAPING.

God has said, and God knows, "They have sown the wind—they shall reap the whirlwind."

I take up the Bible this afternoon, and turn over its pages, and I find thrilling illustrations of it. I find that Jacob reaped the whirlwind. I read back in the Old Testament, where a man who thought himself very clever steals into his father's presence when he can scarcely see him, and causes him to think that his brother is in his presence instead of himself, takes from his father his brother's birthright, and seems to do clever things. But I turn over a few pages, and read that the man who deceived his father was deceived by his son, and I hear him groaning out in agony as his heart is almost broken. It is not only written in the Old Testament, it is written in the New. I see Ananias and Sapphira standing in the presence of the man of God, saying the property sold for so much. They knew that they were telling a falsehood, and they have sacrilegiously used the expression when suddenly the face of Ananias whitens, his eye grows glassy, his lips are blue, he staggers and falls, and they carry him out dead. Sow the wind, and you will, but for the grace of God, reap the whirlwind. It is written in the Old Testament, and it is manifest in the New Testament, that when you sow the wind you may always expect to reap the whirlwind.

But if I should have taken away from me to-day the Bible, I could still prove the statement. You have only to

READ THE HISTORIES OF NATIONS, you have only to read the records of cities, you have only to read the stories of men's lives, and you will find that God was speaking the truth when He said, "Sow the wind, and the whirlwind will be due." But if you take away from me the Bible and history, I would simply be obliged to read the daily newspaper, to prove the statement of the text of to-day. No man can sin and continue to sin, breaking the laws of God, and trampling under his feet the laws of society, without one day facing his reward.

In the City of Philadelphia in my own country, a man who was known as a Napoleon of finance took his own life. He left a diary for his brother, and in this diary was written: "I found myself in financial straits, and I did not know what to do. I could not sleep. I walked the streets of the city at night. I had not tasted liquor since my old days in the University, but I tasted it and my brain was in a whirl. I came back to my room, and sat down laughing and laughing. To think that no man had ever considered it before. I changed a stock certificate 1 to 10, 10 to 100, 100 to 1000, and my credit was re-established, and for the last five years my credit all over the world has been great, but I knew in my heart that I was facing wreck, and ruin, and despair. I am not the boy I once was. I am not the boy who used to play with you on the old farm, and rush back with you to my mother's knee. I am—God knows what I am." Then he put a revolver to his temple, and sent his soul into the presence of God. Hear, me, gentlemen! Written in the Bible, emphasised in history, illustrated in the daily newspapers—"They have sown the wind, they shall reap the whirlwind."

Now this afternoon I wish to make two or three statements. I wish to make them very plainly, and to speak very personally to you. The first is this. There is, first of all,

THE ABILITY TO SOW.

Every man in this building has it, the ability to sow. God gave it to him. You are using your ability, and, hear me, knowing God gave you that ability, and you are trifling with it, one of these days God will call you to strict account.

THERE ARE ONLY TWO WAYS TO SOW.

I read in Galatians: "He that soweth to the flesh shall reap corruption; he that soweth to the Spirit shall reap life everlasting." Every man in this city, every man into whose eyes I am now looking, is sowing one way or the other. There are only two ways. There is no middle ground.

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ONE WAY IS EASIER THAN THE OTHER.

When I came down the streets of New York one day, several years ago, I saw them demolishing a great building. Twenty years ago in New York it was a sky-scraper. Now, it would be a low building. A few days' later the building was completely down. A week later, inasmuch as New York is built entirely on a rock, they were blasting for the foundations of a new building, I went out of the country. I was gone for a season. I came back to find one of the finest newspaper buildings in the world, the "New York Times" building, standing where that old building had stood. It was an easy thing to tear down, it was a difficult matter to build up. They can tear down in a week, they must build up in a year. For when they pull down they tear with the law of gravitation; when they build up, they have to work against it. Every man into whose face I am now gazing has found it to be true, that it is vastly easier to sow to the flesh than to sow to the Spirit.

DRUNK and Disorderly **WATCHES**

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A SINGLE ACT CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE.

Read a questionable book, spend a night in questionable society. You know what it did for you. Spend a day in your public-houses, raise the wine-cup to your lips, become impure, disgrace a woman who is the same sex as your mother, dishonour your manhood—and you know that I am speaking the truth,—when you strive to rise you must pull against that which very naturally pulls a man down. Ability to sow. Two ways to sow. One way is easier than the other.

The results are vastly different. Not a very great while ago, at one of our New York city police stations, a man came in at night. The officer brought him to the desk. When he gave his name, one of the lawyers, who always wait about police stations to secure bail, stepped up to his side and said, "I can get you bail if you wish. Wait half an hour, and I will be back with it." And the man, whose eyes were bleared and blood-shot, whose face bore the marks of his dissipation, who had on rags for clothing, whose bare feet had worn their way through his shoes, said, "Oh, sir, you need not mind. Just to sleep in a cell would be better than to sleep on the streets, just to have prison fare would be better than to starve. You need not mind." And the officer led him away, and

THE IRON DOOR WENT SHUT WITH A CLANG.

He was a man who came from one of the best families in America. His father was one of the most distinguished men America ever produced. His two uncles were as great newspaper men as America could produce. He had prostituted his genius, he had sinned against his ancestry, he had trampled under his feet his opportunity. Sin strikes at the highest and pulls to the lowest.

I have in my mind another man who came from New England. As blue blood as could throb in any man's veins, beat in his. He also, with a great ancestry, had sinned. But one night in a saloon, he rapped on the counter, and said, "Boys, listen to me! I am going to die, but I will die in the street before I ever take another drink of whisky." When he came out on the street the first place he could find was the station-house. They took and put him in a cell, and kept him there at his own request until the next evening. A kind-hearted police officer said to him, "Why don't you go down to Jerry McAuley's Mission?" He hadn't a penny to ride on the car, and, being a cripple, he limped all the way down. When he reached the Mission he found it crowded. There stood outside the Mission a man whose name we have never been able to learn. This gentleman said, "Would you like to go into the Mission?" "Yes," said my friend. "Well, just catch hold of my coat-tails, and I will pull you in." He

CAUGHT HOLD OF HIS COAT TAILS,

and the gentleman drew him through the crowd into the room, until he came to the penitent form. Then my poor friend, who could only bend one knee, got down on that knee; and Jerry McAuley came over, and put his arms around him, and offered this prayer for him. He said, "Blessed Jesus, this poor fellow has got himself into an awful hole, and he can't get out. Long years ago You helped me out, now help him out." Mr. Hadley said, "I lifted up my face, and said, 'Now, here is a man who knows Jesus, and I am going to know Him,' and from that moment he turned. The man was S. H. Hadley. He became the most distinguished rescue-worker in America, if not in the world. He was said to be more like Jesus Christ than any man that lived in the city of New York, and when he died I had

the honour of preaching his funeral sermon. He was seated one day at my home in the country, reading a newspaper, when I suddenly saw him drop the paper, and he said, "Can I send a telegram to New York?" I told him he could telephone to the telegraph office, and this was the telegram he sent: "John H. Wyburn (that was his secretary), 316 Water-street (that was the Mission). I read in the 'Tribune' of to-day that there is a poor girl lying in the morgue dead, as the result of her sin. Nobody has claimed her. Go around and get her. Take her to the Mission. Buy the best casket you can get, and dress her as beautifully as you can. Have Mother Sherwood bend over and kiss her as if she were her own child. Take her out to the cemetery, and put her in my lot. Send me the bill for same." That was the man. When he died, and they took him out of the old Mission, where he lived, and carried him over to the church, the Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York, walked after his coffin with bared head. Men, influential politicians in our State, walked by his side. Men of high degree, and men of position counted it an honour to follow him to his church. Then 500 redeemed men, who had been saved from the power of strong drink by S. H. Hadley, came sobbing and sorrowing to his grave.

God gave you the ability. There are only two ways to sow. One way is easier than the other, and the results are vastly different. "They have sown the wind, they shall reap the whirlwind."

Now, having laid this foundation, I should like to say these things, which every man here knows in his heart are true. First, we always begin in a small way.

WE ALWAYS BEGIN TO SIN IN A SMALL WAY.

I am not in the least disturbed about men going into sin if they could see the end of it. I do not believe that any young man in this city would ever sin, he would not dare to be impure, he could not be persuaded to be intemperate, if I could take him through the places where I have travelled as a missionary. I took my 17-year-old boy two Christmases ago through the slums of New York. One of my friends said I had made a serious mistake, but I do not think so. I took the boy through such awful places! I showed him a man who had come to the end of all that was good and true. I pointed out women to him on the street, whose faces were painted, whose eyes had the look of the women of the street, whose clothes—you could not describe them as clothes. About 1 o'clock in the morning, I took him back to his mother, who was then living. As she stood by his side, she said to him, "My son, the men whom you have seen to-night, lost and undone, were once as strong as, and stronger than, your father. Sin hurt them. And the women against whom you brushed on the streets this evening, were once as pure as your mother." And then I heard her say to him, "In God's name, boy, don't you ever sin." It is not the end that you see, it is the beginning, when sin fascinates, when sin charms, when sin gives you boasted freedom.

(To be concluded.)

"How's times?" inquired a tourist. "Oh, pretty tolerable," responded the old native who was sitting on a stump. "I had some trees to cut down, but a cyclone come along and saved me the trouble."

"Fine."

"Yes, and then the lightning set fire to the brush pile and saved me the trouble of burnin' it."

"Remarkable. But what are you doing now?"

"Oh, nothin' much. Jest waitin' for an earthquake to come along and shake the potatoes out of the ground."

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POVERTY AND DRINK.

By WILL CROOKS, M.P.

"Lead us not into temptation."—There are millions who say this every day when repeating the Lord's Prayer, and yet fail to realise that while they are praying "Lead us not into temptation," courage is given them to resist temptation. They forget that at the corner of every slum, and of every working class district, every place where human suffering is rife, there is left wide, glaringly open, the temptations to people to enter and "drown their sorrows."

A thousand times greater is the temptation to drink where stomachs are empty, where the atmosphere of the houses is vitiated; and yet we go on praying—"Lead us not into temptation." Surely to God, every responsible man and woman must feel that it is rank blasphemy to go on praying, without attempting to remove the temptation from our poverty-stricken brothers and sisters. All temperance people and temperance workers, concurrently with our desire to get a sober nation, must work night and day to get a clean, well-housed people.

Boldly, bravely, we must face the poverty problem. The day we are to get a sober nation will come all the quicker when, instead of desiring to cheer our weaker brother up with the invitation, "Come and have a drink," we shall realise that it is better to say, "Come, brother, let us reason together. Are you hungry? Let us have a meal together—You and I together may do something—You and I apart can do little. My scorn for your condition will only bring out the hatred for the man who scorns the drunkard."

I can only say that when the drink is under control, then, and not till then, shall we be within measurable distance of the better organisation of labour and the abolition of poverty.

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After One Hundred Years

(Written specially for 7 to 17 Readers by a
New Zealand Friend.)

Dear Young Folks,—About 100 years ago there lived a sweet, good maiden, who was married when very young to a fine, handsome youth. They were both very young, and their home was bright, and bonnie, and sunny, as a brand-new doll's house. One by one fair little maidens, and noisy little boys, came, to fill the little home with their laughter, and welcome little footsteps, and the young maiden has gradually grown into a grave, careful, matron, a mother whom her boys and girls loved and honoured. But what about the father—was he any less loved? It was in those days when Temperance was almost unknown, and every one drank, and at parties and weddings, I believe, were expected to get drunk, or else they would be slighting their host.

Gradually, year by year, our little mother felt down in her heart that this great evil was taking hold of her children's father, and it was not long before she found her fears realised, and she became a drunkard's wife. I will not paint you the years that followed—the hardness, coldness, cruelty. One by one she lost her treasures from her once pretty little home, then poverty and drudgery, when all the support of the eight children came on the poor, broken-hearted little mother.

But God at last avenged the wrong. The worn-out body and soul of the once happy and proud father was suddenly called away. He lay cold in his coffin—so still—and as this little wife, now grey and thin, and with marks of sorrow and disappointment on her face, gazed at him, her mind filled with the thoughts of past happy years, and, quietly leaving the room, she brought in her eight young children, and as they stood round the poor illused body, she told them the tale of her love. She reminded the elder ones of the happy home they once had, their pretty gardens, dear father coming home at night with sweets and toys for his loved ones. She then pointed to the poor hovel in which they lived, their ragged clothes, and the bare table, and asked them could they tell her what had been the cause of the change? Then she stood up quietly, and calmly spoke to them long and earnestly, showing them how "drink" had changed their dear father and home. She then bade them all kneel down, and promise her and God, that they would never taste one drop, and that the rest of their lives would be spent in fighting in the Temper-

ance cause. There were sobs heard round the quiet figure, as it lay so unconscious of the great changes that its death was making in that home, and all those children promised faithfully then to sign and keep their pledge. And, after, the little mother offered an earnest prayer to God, they all quietly left the room with its silent dead. Nearly 100 years have gone by since that marriage took place, and to-day there are hundreds of grand, and great-grand, and great-great-grandchildren of that good mother, who are earnest prohibitionists. I do not know one single case where any descendant is not a teetotaler. So the influence of the good young girl is now being felt after nearly 90 years, and some of the most earnest workers in the No-License cause in New Zealand are her grandchildren, and some of the hard work done and large sums of money spent in the very early career of No-License in our island home has been done by one of those very sons.

Dear little folks, none of us know where our influence will end, and I think if we could only realise that in 100 years' time a nation will either benefit or suffer from our well or ill doing of the present, I think we should feel that daily we need more of God's grace to help us to "Fight the good fight of faith," and do all to His glory, and for the sake of the nation yet unborn.

Try and feel that your efforts and your conduct now in the Temperance cause might affect a whole nation in the next 100 years.

"ONE OF THE LITTLE MAID'S GRAND-CHILDREN."

WORRIED BY WOOL.

An American Senator who represented a Western State was bombarded daily with letters, telegrams, and statistical information relating to wool, all coming from a constituent who wished him to vote for higher protection for fleeces. The Senator got tired of receiving so much correspondence, and wrote to his constituent that he need send no further information. He felt that he was already well posted on the wool problem. A week of silence followed, then came a telegram which said:—

"Do not worry any more about wool. I have sold my sheep."

A NO-LICENSE DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

Perhaps few No-License committees have occupied the interval since last election to better advantage than that of Lindfield, which has for months past been engaged in organising a scheme to secure the erection of a combined horse and dog trough, and public drinking fountain. This committee considered that, as Lindfield as a section had voted out the public-houses (the ballot revealed a majority of 66 per cent. for No-License), it was up to them to supply a need which the public-house would supply were it to secure a footing in the locality. Designs and estimates were discussed, and finally a certain scheme was adopted, and the committee set out to raise £30 necessary to cover expenses.

At a meeting of the committee held recently, it was reported that there remained but a small balance to cover the estimated expenditure, that the work of construction was well forward in the hands of Messrs. Gummow, Forrest and Co., of Sydney, and that a free supply of water had been granted by the Water and Sewerage Board. It was also reported that the Premier, the Hon. C. G. Wade, had consented to be present at the official dedication of the fountain on July 10, and a committee was subsequently appointed to arrange all details for the ceremony. It is expected that the President of the Shire Council, and other leading citizens will take part. The fountain, which is of concrete and steel, will occupy a prominent position on the main road, and will be inscribed on a marble shield with the words: "Erected by public subscription, under the auspices of the Lindfield No-License Committee," etc.

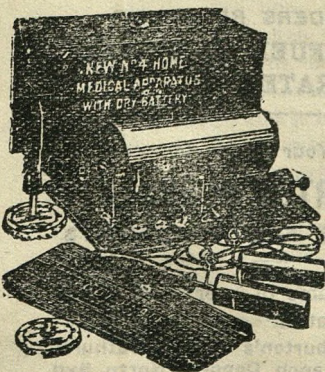
Altogether, it should prove a valuable advertisement for No-License, and at the same time supply a need which was becoming acutely apparent, and remain an ornament of no mean importance to the district.

A DIFFICULT TASK.

An old Irishman was sitting in front of his house puffing away heroically at his pipe. He would light a match, and pull at his pipe, then throw the match away, and light another. He continued the performance until the ground around him was strewn with matches.

"Come in to dinner, Pat," said his wife, at the door.

"Faith, an' Oi will in a minute," said he. "Moike has been a-tellin' me that if I shmoked a bit av glass I could see the spots on the sun. I dun know whether Moike's been foolin' me, or whether I've got hold av the wrong glass."



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If you are subject to Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Sciatica, etc., you will obtain almost immediate relief from our "Home" Battery. It is a genuine method of applying electricity to the body and displacing the uric acid from the blood. It is simply worked, easily adapted, and costs nothing to maintain.

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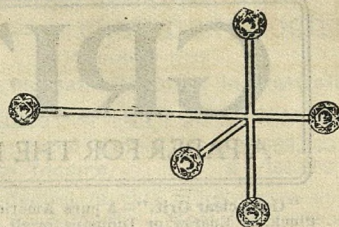


A solid gold bird brooch like this for 4/3 is indeed worth the money, and you would be sure to please if you gave this for a birthday.

Every girl likes brooches for presents. They are so useful, and can be used for lace, collars, and many other purposes.

The two illustrated here are excellent value and will give satisfaction.

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Angus & Coote, "The Store where Quality Counts," George Street, Sydney

Corner Royal Arcade—Opposite the Barometer, Q. V. Markets.

Talk about People

What Becomes of Tramway Coppers.

It must often have occurred to readers to wonder how the vast number of copper coins which pass through the hands of the various tramway companies every day in the year are disposed of. A few details as to the way this is effected in the case of the London County Council trams may be of interest.

The total number of pennies and half-pennies taken in fares in the L.C.C. tramway system is, roughly, 200,000,000 per annum. This gives an average of considerably over 500,000 a day. Of this number it is estimated that between one quarter and one-half are returned to passengers in the form of "change," but this still leaves an enormous number, sometimes weighing as much as four tons, to be got rid of in some way or other each day. It is obvious that the banks cannot be expected to take any considerable proportion of this copper. The Council, therefore, employ an official styled the "Bronze Coin Distributer" for this purpose.

When a conductor goes off duty he hands in the money he has taken at his local depot. Thence it is conveyed at night in vans to the head offices at Finsbury and Camberwell. The coppers are then handed over to the distributor, by whose staff they are counted and packed in parcels, each parcel containing five shillings' worth of coins.

Having thus ascertained the amount he has to dispose of, the distributor gets into communication with his customers. Orders for various amounts are given, and the coppers are dispatched in vans all over London. Most of them are taken by large firms of manufacturers, to be used in payment of wages at the end of the week.

A Crimean Veteran.

Sir Evelyn Wood, who has just celebrated his seventy-first birthday, is one of the few still active officers who saw service in the Crimea. It is not generally known that Sir Evelyn entered the Navy, being 14 at the time. He was present at the siege of Sebastopol, when his daring brought him under the notice of the Government. He left the Navy at the end of the Crimean War, and joined the 13th Dragoons. His Army career has been of peculiar brilliance, and his gallantry has been exceptional. The story is told how one day the gallant Field-Marshal, when he was commanding at Aldershot, was in mufti at the railway station, and went unrecognised by a private. Sir Evelyn went up to the man and told him who he was. "Tommy," after a brief pause, put his hand on the General's shoulder. "Look here," he said, "go easy. Just let Sir Evelyn hear you say that, and he'll jolly well punch your head."

A Milk Vendor.

The other day, when a number of unemployed were present, Dr. Wilbur Chapman said he knew what it was to be poor. Somebody sang out, "You don't look it." Dr. Chapman answered: "You would not expect me to come on this platform in a shabby coat and in patched trousers, would you? My father was the third richest man in the city in which I live. He lost all his wealth. He spent his last days in the direst poverty, and his children were obliged to help him. I count it a great privilege to have done so. I count it as the greatest honour of my life, that, though my father was the third richest man in the city, I became a newsboy. (Cheers.) I count it one of the very greatest things I could say that when it became necessary I drove a milk cart and served with milk my mother's old-time social equals —(cheers)—and that when it became necessary I drove a coal waggon in one of the streets in which my father had once the best house. (Cheers.) I think I have a perfect right to speak for the poor man, and I also think I have a perfect right to speak for the rich."

Mr. Chamberlain and His Clay Pipe.

The Foreign Office Staff of the King's Home Service messengers has just lost one of its members, to whose nickname, "Sir Joseph," a story belongs. It occurred

when Mr. Chamberlain was at the Colonial Office. One night, or, rather, very early in the morning, the messenger was sent to Prince's Gardens with an important "Cabinet circulation." Mr. Chamberlain was working late, and had sent all his servants to bed, and the messenger had to wait a long time before getting an answer to his knock. At last he gave a thundering rattat, and presently had the satisfaction of seeing someone, whom he supposed to be the butler, appear in answer to his call, wearing a plain smoking-jacket and smoking a clay pipe. "Oh," said the messenger, "you have come at last, have you? There is no hurry. It's only a message from the Prime Minister!" The "butler" smiled serenely, and the messenger then recognising his man, stammered out, "I beg your pardon, Sir Joseph, I have a despatch-box for you."

According to Mr. Nevil Maskelyne, the wireless telegraph office on trains is quite a possibility. In his opinion it would be less difficult to apply the wireless system to a train than to a ship, there being continuity from the rails over which the train is travelling. He thinks an installation would cost from £400 to £500 per train.

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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, JUNE 10, 1909.

SNARLING DOGS.

"Fairplay takes exception to a simile used by a speaker at the Alliance annual meeting, and distorts the story, and makes a most unfair comment on the speaker. We have good reason for excluding from our pages, and from our speech, any exaggerated language, any personal reflections, or any unfair generalities, and take this opportunity to assure "Fairplay" that the simile was justified, and carried no nastiness of the kind they imply. The simile was used in connection with the late challenge, and referred to other challenges in England and New Zealand. The speaker claimed that the No-License party were ever challenging to debate, on platform or in press, and that it was impossible to come to close quarters with their opponents. The challenge from the Liquor party did not ring true; it proposed an issue which had to go to Parliament, and was so indefinite and so distant as to make finality impossible. Then said the speaker: "A challenge like that reminds me of a dog racing, barking, and snapping behind a fence looking all eagerness for fight until he met the other dog at the open gate, when he immediately toned down and shied off." The simile referred to the nature of the challenge, and did not do more than suggest that the liquor challenge was an energetic bluff. The columns of "Grit" have been offered to "Fairplay," and any platform at any time may be named by the Liquor party for a serious debate on any of the great questions associated with Liquor, when they become really eager to meet the No-License party there will be a meeting, until then we will still think the speaker's simile apt.

THE PREJUDICES OF THE PRESS.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the value and the power of the press. It is the only literature large numbers of people read, and on it they form their opinions and frame their creeds, therefore any omissions on its part is of the gravest import. Just at present we are impressed with the fact that a thing without precedent in the religious history of Sydney is daily being enacted, and the press is treating it in a most casual way. Thousands of people are filling the largest hall in the Commonwealth, and addresses of the sanest and most lucid kind are simply enthralling the

audiences, and yet a quarter of a column seems the best the press of Sydney can do. The vast meeting in connection with the Central Methodist Mission, at which 2700 were served with tea in less than one hour, and many hundreds were unable to gain admission to the great after meeting, receives but a paltry space, considering the interest it arouses and the good ends it serves. There is no doubt that the newspaper-reading public are to blame. When a great paper in England banishes drink advertisements, instead of the public appreciating the sacrifice and supporting the paper, it is allowed to fail in its laudable intention. One single comic paper, serving no high purpose, a paper that is neither artistic nor literary, a paper that is not original or elevating, numbers more readers than all the temperance and religious papers put together, and this is not that people do not recognise the worth of high toned papers, but they grudge the money and the time for such a paper, and then wonder why a paper that banishes doubtful advertisements, and has a small circulation, does not come out more liberally with pictures and strong original matter. It seems true that the papers but reflect the public taste, and since those who enthuse over these meetings to which we refer do not "go the second mile," and swing the weight of their influence on to the paper that serves them best, they are left without any adequate report of the great and good things. Mr. Dooley says: "The public do not want a religious daily, because sin is news, and news is sin." However that may be, a sane public might well demand that great things be greatly chronicled.

CLERICAL BACKBONE.

The following letter appeared in the "Newcastle Herald," and we insert it because we approve heartily of the Rev. A. Killworth's firmness, as we disapprove of the Synod's attitude on the question of liquor.

Sir,—As my name appears in your report of the proceedings of yesterday's synod of the Diocese of Newcastle, in regard to the withdrawal of the motion which stood in my name, and had for its object the exclusion of alcoholic drinks from the synod luncheon tables, may I be allowed to say that I was no party to the withdrawal of that motion, nor was I consulted in regard thereto. I am deeply sorry that an attack of influenza prevented my being present, as I should most certainly not have consented to its withdrawal. I should have felt it my duty to have brought the matter to a head. A good breeze on this subject of alcoholic drinks at our synods would have done much good, and I am surprised that the members of the temperance committee, who had asked me to move the motion, should have so readily consented to its withdrawal. I notice that the Very Rev. the Dean is reported to have said, "There were no synod luncheon tables." This seems to me a mere quibble, and unworthy. However, other members of synod can do what they like. My course is perfectly clear. I never intend to be present at a synod luncheon again until the tables are swept clean of this deadly stuff, which is the cause of so much misery and distress among our people and is such a fearful hindrance to the work

of the Church of God in our parishes.—I am, etc.,

ARTHUR KILLWORTH.
St. Mary's Rectory, West Maitland,
May 27.

JUDGE MURRAY ON DRINK.

A middle-aged man named Frank Delaney was charged at Darlinghurst Sessions with shooting at Albert Ernest Jackson, a tram-guard, at Circular Quay, on May 21.

After hearing the evidence the jury returned a verdict of guilty, with the strongest recommendation to mercy.

His Honor Judge Murray sentenced Delaney to twelve months' hard labour in Goulburn Gaol, the sentence to be suspended under the First Offenders provisions of the Crimes Act, on accused entering into recognisances to be of good behaviour for 12 months. His Honor advised Delaney to give up drink. "Drink," his Honor said, "is the curse of this city; in fact, it is the curse of the whole world. Drink has caused Ireland more trouble than the land question, politics, or anything else."

MR. BRUNTNELL'S TOUR.

Everywhere in the country the interest in No-License meetings is most encouraging, the speakers on both sides get full houses, and their points are quickly grasped by the audience.

The "Grafton Argus," of February 11, printed the following statement, which they affirm Mr. W. A. Lloyd (Liquor Defence League lecturer) uttered in his meeting there:—

"In America and other places where No-License was in force, there was more unmentionable, unthinkable immorality and vice carried on than in any other places in the world."

Mr. Bruntnell is now visiting where Mr. Lloyd has been, and is most effectively meeting his specious arguments, and, on the point which we quote, challenging Mr. Lloyd to prove his assertion, or withdraw it.

General Education

There are thousands of Girls in Sydney who have left School, but whose English Education is unsatisfactory. They do not write well, and, even in ordinary conversation, they are doubtful of the correctness of their English. Their knowledge of words is very limited, and their spelling faulty; while, in arithmetic, even simple calculations cause them some difficulty. The ordinary class methods are responsible for their condition. Their teachers had not the time to attend to their difficulties, with the result that the Girls to-day are continually being humiliated by disclosures of their ignorance. Such Girls are not beyond help. We have a "General Education Course," which specialises in English, Arithmetic, and Handwriting, and in which the instruction is strictly individual, and modelled to meet each student's particular needs. Many Girls are now taking up this course as a preliminary to a business training in Shorthand, Typewriting, and Bookkeeping.

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The Eternal Heroism of the Slums

G. K. CHESTERTON.

I know quite well, of course, that Mr. Blatchford tried to make this monstrous anarchy more tolerable to the intellect. He did it by saying that although people ought not to be blamed for their actions, yet they ought to be trained to do better. They ought, he said, to be given better conditions of heredity and environment, and then they would be good, and the problem would be solved. The primary answer is obvious. How can one say that a man ought not to be held responsible, but ought to be well trained? For if he "ought" to be well trained, there must be somebody who "ought" to train him. And that man must be held responsible for training him. The proposition has killed itself in three sentences. Mr. Blatchford has not removed the necessity for responsibility merely by saying that humanity, instead of being dealt with by the hangmen, ought to be dealt with by the doctors. For, upon the whole, and supposing that I required the services of either, I think I would sooner be dealt with by an irresponsible hangman than by an irresponsible doctor.

The second thing to say, of course, is that Mr. Blatchford offers nothing even remotely resembling an argument to show that he knows what conditions would produce good men, or that anybody knows. He cannot surely mean that mere conditions of physical comfort, and mental culture, produce good men, because manifestly they do not. Mr. Blatchford may have some secret recipe for virtue, making people live in trees, or shave their heads, or dine on some particular kind of lozenge, but he has not told anybody what it is.

The fact is very simple. It may be true that perfect conditions would produce perfect men. But it is much more obviously true that only perfect men could invent perfect conditions. If we make such a mess of our own lives, how can we be certain that we know the best soil for living things? If heredity and environment make it so necessary for us to commit theft and adultery, why should they not make it necessary for us to create conditions that will lead to theft and adultery? In the British Isles at this moment there exist, I imagine, people in every conceivable degree of riches and poverty from insane opulence to insane hunger. Is any one of those classes morally exquisite or glaringly any better than the rest? And where so many modes of education fail, by what right does Mr. Blatchford assume his, whatever it is, to be infallible?

As for the great part of the talk of Mr. Blatchford about sin arising from vile and filthy environments, I do not wish to introduce into this discussion anything of personal emotion, but I am bound to say that I have great difficulty in enduring that talk with patience. Who in the world is it who thus speaks as if wickedness and folly raged only among the unfortunate? Is it Mr. Blatchford who falls back upon the old contemptible impertinence which represents virtue to be something upper-class,

like a visiting card, or a silk hat? Is it Nunquam who denies the eternal heroism of the slums? The thing is almost incredible, but so it is. Nunquam has put as a coping stone upon his Temple, this association of vice with poverty, the vilest and the oldest and the dirtiest of all the stones that insolence has ever flung at the poor.

Man that is born of a woman has short days and full of trouble; but he is a nobler and a happier being than this would make him out. I will not deign to answer even Mr. Blatchford when he asks "how" a man born in filth and sin can live a noble life? I know so many who are doing it, within a stone's throw of my own house, in Battersea, that I care little how it is done. Man has something in him always which is not conquered by conditions. Yes, there is a liberty that has never been chained. There is a liberty that has made men happy in dungeons, as it may make them happy in slums. It is the liberty of the mind, that is to say, it is the one liberty on which Mr. Blatchford makes war. That which all the tyrants have left, he would extinguish. That which no gaoler could ever deny to a prisoner, Nunquam would deny. More numerous than can be counted, in all the wars and persecutions of the world, men have looked out of their little grated windows and said "at least my thoughts are free." "No, No," says the face of Mr. Blatchford, suddenly appearing at the window, "your thoughts are the inevitable result of heredity and environment. Your thoughts are as material as your dungeons. Your thoughts are as mechanical as the guillotine." So pants this strange comforter, from cell to cell.

I suppose Mr. Blatchford would say that in his Utopia nobody would be in prison. What do I care whether I am in prison or no, if I have to drag chains everywhere? A man in his Utopia may have, for all I know, free food, free meadows, his own estate, his own palace. What does it matter? He may not have his own soul. Every thought that comes into his head he must regard as the click of a machine. He sees a lost child, and with a spasm of pity decides to adopt it. Click! he has to remember that he has not really done it at all. He has attempted to do some huge, irresistible sin; he reminds himself that he is a man, that he can, if he likes, be a hero; he resists it. Click! he remembers that he is not a man and not a hero, but a machine, so made as to produce that result. He walks in wide fields under a splendid sunrise; he resolves on some vast magnanimity—Click! what is the good of sunrises and palaces? Was ever slavery like unto this slavery? Was ever man before so much a slave?

I know that this will never be. That is, I know that Mr. Blatchford's philosophy will never be endured among sane men. But if ever it is I will very easily predict what will happen. Man, the machine, will stand up in these flowery meadows and cry aloud, "Was there not once a thing, a church, that taught us we were free in our souls? Did it not surround itself with tortures and dungeons in order to force men to believe that their souls were free? If there was, let it return, tortures, dungeons, and all. Put me in those dungeons, rack me with those tortures, if by that means I may possibly believe it again."

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Rev. Scot Neil, Mr. M. McIntyre.

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Mr. A. Toombs has decided to remain in Queensland, and is doing very useful work that is bound to tell just now, when new legislation is being framed to deal with the liquor trade. The Rockhampton "Daily Record" says: "Though barely having lived the quarter of a century out, he to-day stands in the front rank of temperance reformers."

One Year of Prohibition

IN A GREAT INDUSTRIAL CENTRE.

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

Birmingham, Alabama, is the industrial miracle of the New South. Scarcely more than three decades ago a mere dot in an undeveloped wilderness, it is to-day the busiest of industrial centres, with almost numberless blast furnaces, rolling mills, machine shops, and other great industries, including in its immediate suburbs a population of nearly 200,000 souls.

"Trade" and "traffic" are its shibboleths, and every inch of its rapidly-expanding business sections pulsates with the energy and enthusiasm of irrepressible industrial ambition. Thousands of its workmen and mill-hands are of foreign birth, and the civic and social problems, which in the greatest cities of the north have well-nigh overwhelmed them, though but gradually developed there, have been suddenly thrust upon Birmingham without adequate warning or opportunity for previous study and preparation by the reform forces of the community.

In this situation, the launching of a Prohibition campaign in Birmingham, in the summer of 1907, seemed doomed from the first to humiliating failure.

When, therefore, the election, on October 28, 1907, resulted in a splendid majority for Prohibition, the remarkable event attracted the attention of the whole nation.

What would happen to a great industrial centre with a cosmopolitan population under the regime of even local Prohibition?

What has happened during the first twelve-month of the policy is detailed below by one who is in a position to summarise these results from an accurate and wholly disinterested point of view. It is a revelation of the practical benefits of Prohibition, even when restricted to a single county, with officials unfriendly, and handicapped by the lack of protection from outside liquor invasion under the Interstate Commerce Laws.

If Prohibition has succeeded so well in spite of these drawbacks, it is unnecessary to point out what a signal social and political revolution the policy would achieve in state and nation-wide areas, enforced by officials of a party heartily pledged to do it, and with legislation by Congress preventing its nullification by outside liquor makers.

The stand taken by Birmingham to abolish the open saloon was the result, largely, of abuse on the part of the liquor people. They were, time and again, warned that if they did not stay out of politics and cease undertaking to command consideration as a special interest, it would re-act upon them, and they would be wiped out of existence. They paid no attention to these warnings, and the result is history. The people of Birmingham tried hard to get what is known as a "high license and restricted area system," by which the police could keep saloons under close supervision, by which dives and joints of the worst kind could be wiped out, and by which crime and other evils growing out of the liquor traffic, could be carefully safeguarded.

The City Council of Birmingham dickered with the people until the public began to feel they were being "flim-flammed." The people lost confidence in getting the "high license restricted area system" as a fact. Then it was that the Prohibition sentiment developed here with great strength, and in the election held in October, 1907, it was decided by a large majority to wipe out the open saloon altogether. The city was drawing about 110,000 dollars a year from liquor license. This was used as an argument by

the anti-prohibitionists, and all kinds of dire predictions were made as to the decrease in value of properties, the increase in city expenses, the keeping out of desirable labour, and the horrors of the so-called blind tiger.

The basis on which the fight was made for Prohibition was two-fold, business and moral. The business feature was strongly emphasised, and many of those who worked for the cause made their contention on the ground that prohibition would be of distinct industrial and commercial advantage to the city and county. The moral side of the contention, involved the plea in favour of a reduction of the ugly criminal record the city and county were making, and even the business element entered into the argument on the ground that the criminal records were doing the district much harm in the outside world by keeping out capital and desirable homeseekers.

As a rule the city officials were opposed to Prohibition, but they made no compact fight against it as a political influence. A few members of the city council were in favour of it, and the council as such had no active part in the fight.

The mayor was opposed in his views to Prohibition, but did not actively participate in the opposition, and has since been sincere in his efforts to have the Prohibition law enforced.

Citizens who are actively identified with politics were largely opposed to Prohibition, but quite a number of public men favoured it, and there has been no organised political movement against it.

There was no political battle, strictly speaking, in the Prohibition movement here when it was carried in October, 1907, nor has there been one since. The movement did not partake of a political character, and, indeed, was not fought out on political lines.

Birmingham and its action in Prohibition was regarded as a signal for Montgomery, and other cities in the State, where the open saloon was in operation, to act. It was generally considered that whatever Birmingham and Jefferson County did, Alabama would do. These predictions materialised. It was not long after Birmingham went Prohibition that the Legislature adopted statutory Prohibition for the State, giving the liquor interests about a year to close up their business and get out. This law went into effect January 1. For some time prior to that date there were reports all about the State that Mobile and Mobile County (where anti-Prohibition sentiment was very strong) would not observe the law. Governor Comer, however, made it known that he would see that the law was enforced, by military authority if necessary, and the liquor interests were put on warning. The

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threats did not materialise. When statutory Prohibition went into effect, the liquor interests in Montgomery and Mobile, as they did in Birmingham, closed up, sold out their stock as far as they could, and left the State. Some went to Pensacola, others to New Orleans, Chattanooga, Memphis, Nashville, and other cities, and reopened, preparing to do a big shipping business in this territory.

(To be continued.)

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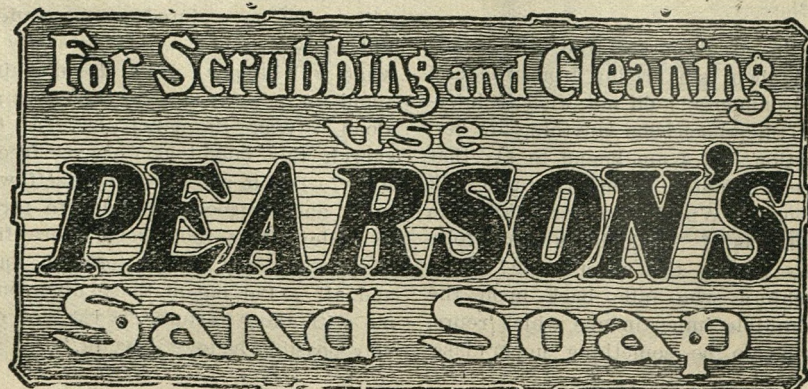
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From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(BY UNCLE BARNABAS).

Dear Ni's. and Ne's.—A lady in New Zealand—good old New Zealand—has told us that she has a Christmas Sunbeam Club. She writes to "Grit" to-day on behalf of Santa Claus. Read the letter carefully. Some months before Christmas they begin—sometimes as many as 100 taking part,—and they get to work. Second-hand clothes are got together; every birthday of a Sunbeamer means a gift to the Club; big friends are asked to give a bottle of sauce and a pot of jam to the Club—that is, when jam and sauce-making time is on; mothers make nice cakes for the Club at Christmas time; and then there comes the grand time of giving away. Some things are sold, and the money is used to buy other things; then sick children, old people, and the poor get a Christmas present.

Now, why should not we have a Seven to Seventeeners' Sunbeam Society? We have a big family of Ne's and Ni's, all wanting to do good. We have a place at "Grit" Office, corner of Castlereagh and Park streets, where our treasures could be stored, and there are hundreds of little children, crippled and sick; old people, weary and worn; and poor people, anxious and lonely, who would be delighted to get a warm "Sunbeam" sometimes. Suppose we try it! What do you say?

We should need a lot of managers all over the country to work, and to get others to work. I wish everyone who likes the idea, and who would join and help the Society, would send me a post-card. Then, if a good number could take up the matter, there is no reason why we should not start right away, and, without waiting for Christmas, scatter sunbeams during the cold months of this winter. We should try to send sunbeams into all sorts of homes, hospitals, asylums, and missions, without caring about creed or colour. Anybody in need, but especially any little child, would be eligible for a "Sunbeam" gift, if we had one to spare. And, of course, we should not want all the sunbeams for Sydney. If our managers would say, "There are some people here in Croagingergoalong who want a sunbeam," we should get that manager to see that a sunbeam went to Croagingergoalong. Anywhere, everywhere, in city or bush, we would try to scatter sunbeams. I don't know whether we can make a success of this idea, but hurry up, please, and tell me what you think. It would be lovely if our Baby Page 9 could be made into a ministering angel. Write a post-card, or cut out the following and sent it at once to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

SEVEN TO SEVENTEEN SUN-BEAM SOCIETY.

Dear Uncle B.,—I have read your little letter to us, and Santa Claus' letter, and I think the Society could be made a success, and, if it is formed, I shall be glad to join and to help it along.

Signed.....

Address.....

OUR LETTER FROM "SANTA CLAUS" ABOUT THE S.S.S.S.

Let me to-day do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast
store,
And may I be so favoured as to make
Of Joy's too scanty store, a little more?

Let me to-night, look back across the space
'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say,

Because of some good act to beast or man:
"The world is better that I lived to-day."
—E. W. Wilcox.

"Dear Seven to Seventeeners,—God speed you all. Some of your hearts are overflowing with tenderness and sympathy that is only waiting for an outlet. But the Bible tells us that to whom much is given, of him much shall be required, so God evidently expects many good actions from those to whom He has given a great wealth of sympathy. If we only feel sorry for the poor, and never try to help them, we shall be very much like a nicely-clothed little girl, who is sitting in a comfortable carriage eating a large piece of cake, while a cold, wretched, hungry, little boy, across the way, tries to sweep the crossing for a sixpence, and the rich little girl might say, 'Poor, cold, hungry, little boy, just wait till I have eaten this cake, and then I will come and tell you how very sorry I am that you are so hungry.' I think the little boy would sooner have the cake than the sympathy!

"Now, I am starting a Christmas Sunbeam Band, and will you Page 9 people join our band? There are a great many poor, hungry, and cold people in Sydney, and also many that even were you to give them clothes, they would not be able to adapt them to their wants, so I will each week give two suggestions, one for a boy, and one for a girl, to show you in what way you will be able to help the needy with very little or no cost.

First Suggestion (Boys).—I wish the boys to visit their friends and collect all the old, unused toy picture books, magazines, and pictorial papers; paste up and mend the toy-books, and have all ready to distribute to children and older people. The nicely-mended toy-books might bring sunshine into many a home and brighten many a poor little sufferer. The magazine and papers might prevent many a man from spending his evenings in the hotels, and so the world, that day, would be better because you lived.

For the Girls.—I will send four samples, care of "Grit," or "Uncle Barnabas." They are to show some of the hundreds of things that may be made from the legs of old stockings. The small sample is a pair of knickers for a young baby. You will see that this takes two stocking legs, which are cut right down to the top hem, which we use to form the bottom of the knickers; they are joined together, and the top turned down and hemmed. These need no elastic, as the spring of the stockings will keep them up. The second pair of knickers is also made from stocking-legs, and has a gusset—it being for a larger child—the buttonholes are for little stays.

The pants may be sewn by the machine, and half a dozen pairs could be easily run up in one afternoon. A mother needs quite half a dozen pairs each of these.

The two singlets are made from old singlets—the best parts being selected—little sleeves cut and sewn in, and the whole finished with a little crotchet-work in wool. These will make snug singlets for wee babies.

You will have blessings from many a poor mother by making her little ones warm and comfortable.

Any member of Page 9 may have the samples to copy, and afterwards may forward



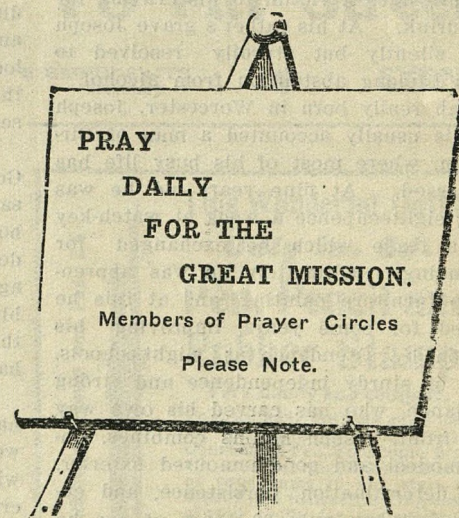
them to Uncle B. And further information may be obtained by writing to "Santa Claus," c/o "Uncle Barnabas," or "Grit."

As soon as "Santy" has some little Sunbeams in his band, he will write again, and give more suggestions, and send more samples—a pretty and interesting one for boys and girls next time—but no more suggestions until "Santy" receives names of some members having joined his band.

Choose for your motto, "Inasmuch" (Matt. 25: 40).—Yours lovingly,

SANTA CLAUS.

"P.S.—Perhaps "Uncle Barnabas" will do the distributing, if you make the garments.



GOOD THINGS TO COME.

(Contributions from A. W., G. N., "Linotypist," V. M., etc., etc., crowded out by S.S.S.S. Sermon illustration and other good things held over.)

(Continued on Page 11)

SUN

FIRE OFFICE

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THE STORY OF GOOD TEMPLARY.

GRAND CHIEF TEMPLAR MALINS AND HIS FORTY YEARS' WORK.

Mr. Joseph Malins, who has just been elected Grand Chief Templar for the fortieth year in succession, is, more than any other man, responsible for the spread of Good Templary throughout England. This great Temperance organisation is now entering upon its fifth decade in England, and is at last sighting its jubilee of prosperous existence.

Early surroundings and sad privations implanted in the mind of Joseph Malins a resolute antagonism to the drink traffic. His father, a cabinet-maker, who lost his work and had to break up his home, died at a premature age—a victim to his craving for strong drink. At his father's grave Joseph Malins silently but sturdily resolved to make a lifelong abstinence from alcohol.

Though really born in Worcester, Joseph Malins is usually accounted a man of Birmingham, where most of his busy life has been passed. At nine years old he was earning eighteenpence a week at watch-key filing, a trade which he exchanged for book-binding. Ultimately he was apprenticed to furniture painting, and at this he remained for some years, improving his education by attendance at night-schools. A man of sturdy independence and strong self-reliance, who has carved his own way to the front, Joseph Malins combines, under a modest and good-humoured exterior, dogged determination, persistence, and enterprise. When only 22 years of age he emigrated to the United States, and obtained employment in the workshops of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at Philadelphia. It was while over there that he gained an insight into American methods, and made acquaintance with practical Temperance work in a new form.

Some years earlier—in 1851, to be precise—a number of young men, employed in a printing works in a little town in New York State, had established among themselves a new Temperance organisation modelled on lines distantly akin to those of Freemasonry, in that there were ranks of precedence and rites of symbolic significance observed among them. This organisation became known as the Order of Good Templars, and presently spread into other States of the Union. What was at first known as the Grand Lodge of New York grew in the course of a few short years into the Grand Lodge of North America, and in the course of a further period into an International Lodge—the Mother Lodge of the Good Templars of all nations.

A shrewd, quick-witted, and resourceful man, Joseph Malins promptly appreciated the value of Good Templary as a novel and attractive method of propagating those principles to which he had himself sworn

adherence, and when his wife's ill-health made a return to his native country imperative, Mr. Malins decided to take this Western Temperance notion with him. Accordingly he asked for and obtained permission to extend the Order to England. Three months of his spare time in England were spent in persuading eighteen of his personal acquaintances to join with him in forming a Lodge of Good Templars. It was formed at last, however, and was solemnly christened Columbia Lodge Number One of England. The Lodge, which met in a diminutive chapel in a side-street in Birmingham, has lived to become the parent of over 1400 English Lodges of the Order, to say nothing of 800 junior branches, while the Good Templars in England number a little army of well over 100,000. Within a couple of years, and mainly by dint of Mr. Malin's own stupendous energy and perseverance ten or twelve more lodges had been established, and in 1870 the Grand Lodge of England was formally set up.

The largest Grand Lodge in Europe, where Good Templary has reached every nation save Russia, is that of Sweden, which can boast of 200,000 members, and has 300 halls devoted to its service. When some years ago the International Lodge, or head assembly of the Order, was held at Stockholm, the sessions were held in the Swedish Diet-haus of Parliament House.

In the interests of the Order to which he has devoted all his leisure, and much of his working time, Mr. Malins has travelled the wide world, visiting every country, and crossing the Atlantic forty times.

The International Lodge will meet this summer at Hamburg, when a striking report is expected as to the recent rapid growth of the movement in Germany, where the authorities have accorded ungrudging recognition to the Good Templars, even to the measure of allowing the propagation of the Order aboard the warships of the navy.

UNEMPLOYMENT AND INEFFICIENCY CAUSED THROUGH DRINKING.

By **GEORGE B. WILSON, B.A.**
(London).

"This great question of excessive drinking . . . is connected even with the question of unemployment, which so largely occupies our thoughts at the present time."—Lord Lansdowne, in House of Lords, 25th November, 1908.

Opinions differ widely as to the cause of unemployment, but most persons agree that over-production, beyond the needs of existing markets, is generally followed by more or less acute stagnation in the labour market. Is not, therefore, the under-consumption of the necessities of life, a matter demanding the serious attention of the nation? While we are rightly seeking fresh markets

in foreign countries, are we not neglecting the vast home market, which would open for us by the transference of our extravagant expenditure on drink to the purchase of food, clothing, houses, furniture, and the like?

Two evils arise from our present expenditure on drink.

(1) We spend an abnormally large sum on an article which requires an abnormally small amount of labour for its production.

"In discussing the question of brewery labour, there is one feature that is particularly striking, and this is the fact that from a directly financial point of view, it is usually quite insignificant compared with many other manufactures."—"Country Brewers' Gazette," 1895.

The rising of £1,000,000 of coal employs 8,611 men, earning over £650,000; but the making of £1,000,000 of beer only employs 1795 men, earning £161,000. The cost of a 36-gallon cask of ale, is stated in Wright's standard text-book of Brewing, to be £1 0s 11d (including duty); and of this he assigns 2s to "wages and salaries."

Every penny diverted from the purchase of the necessities of life to the purchase of drink lessens employment.

(2) The manufactured article—Drink—does not increase the total national assets, quite the contrary.

Expenditure on houses, furniture, clothing, food, education, and recreations, results in the increase of general health, comfort, and efficiency of the people, and consequently adds to the national wealth. The nation is richer for every child adequately housed, fed, clothed, and educated; it is the richer for every shop full of books. It is the poorer for every cellar full of beer. Poorer, because:—

(a) The consumer is not rendered more—but less—efficient by the consumption of drink. The skilled artisan finds his delicacy of touch, his keenness of sight, impaired; the compositor and the clerk find that their work is not so quickly or so accurately performed; and the business man loses that "sense of awareness of surroundings," of perception, and rapidity of decision so essential to success.

(b) The amount of efficient work turned out by men who drink is not, man for man, so great as among men who are sober, nor is its quality so good, and consequently our hold on foreign markets is imperilled.

(c) The risk of accident, for which employers are now responsible, is greatly in-

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TRAMS PASS THE DOOR.

creased. Sir Benjamin Baker attributed to drink three-fourths of the accidents during the building of the Forth Bridge.

(d) The loss of wages caused by loss of time through neglect of work and sickness due to drinking, both to the drinker himself and to his fellow employees whose work depends on his co-operation, is very great.

(e) Last and not least, workers who are under the sway of the drink habit are at the mercy of the sweater. Sobriety means independence for the working classes.

SEVEN TO SEVENTEEN.

(Continued from Page 9.)

FOR SUNDAY. SHEEP.

Where in the Bible do we read about sheep—

S traying from the fold. (Isaiah.)

Heedful of the Shepherd. (John.)

Exposed to danger. (Luke.)

Enfolded in the Shepherd's arms. (Isaiah.)

Provided for and protected. (Psalms.)

FOR MONDAY.

HOW LONG WAS THE STRING?

A boy had two pieces of string, one of which was just twice as long as the other. He cut six inches off each piece, and then found that one was just three times as long as the other. How long were they at first?

COMPETITION.

No. 1 SERMON ILLUSTRATION.

(Seven to Seventeeners are invited to send the best illustration from a sermon or speech. A prize will be awarded for the best. Competition will remain open for some time. Send your name and the name of the speaker.)

NIAGARA AND ME.

(Sent by G. R. L. Noble. Used by the Rev. H. J. Noble.)

For centuries the power of Niagara was not realised. It was regarded as grand and glorious, but its use had yet to be found. A tourist, visiting it one day, recognised that in it lay a force almost unsurpassed the whole world over. He confided his plan to scientific men, and the embryo of the "harnessing of Niagara" was created. The form of the machinery was conceived, and soon preparations began. When all was ready the President of the United States was called upon to press a button, and the whole mechanism was set working, so that now the Falls supply towns miles away with electric power.

God has endowed each one of us with a power which is in its way greater than that of Niagara. If we will only let Him cultivate our divine soul for us, by His help we may learn to conquer ourselves, and so "overcome evil with good."

Address all letters, etc., for this page to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.)

Guide: "This is the famous place of the 24 echoes, and last year a gentleman who heard them suddenly went mad."

Lady Tourist: "How did that happen?"

Guide: "His mother-in law called out to him, and when he heard 24 mothers-in-law at the same time it was too much for him."

The French Dreadnought Danton, 18,300 tons, which, while being launched at Brest on Sunday week, stuck on the ways, still remains fast.

Sir Robert Perks, M.P., addressing the Empire Club at Toronto, said Canada was not prepared for freetrade throughout the Empire, nor was Britain ready to be taxed upon grain and raw material.

HOW THE WORLD MOVES.

In York Minster 600 anthems are sung in the course of the year.

It is estimated that the laundries of London use 750 tons of soap in a week.

A Men's League has been formed at Darmstadt with the object of abolishing the custom of raising the hat.

The menu of the special "canine express" which the Great Central Railway Company ran from London in connection with the Manchester Dog Show, included dog biscuits, bones, bread and milk, chopped meat, and water.

Mr. Joseph Robinson, of Redcar (North Yorkshire) has just completed 50 years as parish clerk at Redcar Church, and also 55 years as town crier. He has attended some 20,000 services, and officiated at 3200 baptisms, 900 marriages, and 760 burials.

Some English undertakers, whose customers are poor people, are using coffins made of paper. The coffins are made in all styles of pressed paper pulp, just the same as the common paper buckets. When they are varnished and stained they resemble polished wood, and in point of durability it is claimed they are much better than wooden ones.

A watch 2 7/8 inch in diameter, which shows what constellations are visible at any moment, the relative positions of the sun and moon, the season, the times of sunset, sunrise, and high tide, and the times of day, in addition to striking the hours and quarters, has been made by Messrs. J. Player and Son, of Coventry (England). It took four years to make, and is valued at £1000.

"Irreclaimable bachelors" are now having a bad time in the State of Maine. A Bill has been introduced, framed on a basis that men who make no reasonable attempt to marry by the time they are 30 years old should help to support the spinsters who have never received a proposal on reaching the age of 40 years. It is proposed to mulct every unmarried man of 30 or over at the rate of £2 a year. The law has some relief measures for bachelors or widowers who can show that they have made a reasonable effort to get a wife by proposing three times, either to three different women or to one woman.

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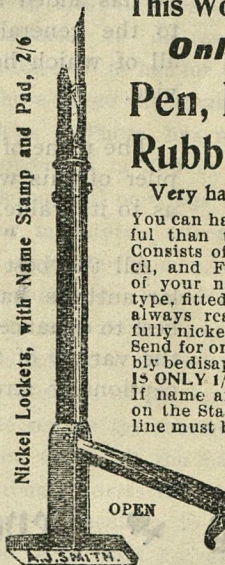
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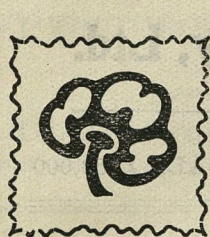
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