

GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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Price One Penny

Champions in the Fight of the Public Versus the Publican

Broken Hill has lately been the storm centre in which the liquor question has been fully thrashed out. Mr. W. A. Lloyd, representing the liquor side, had a fine reception, and obtained a magnificent publicity, eight columns of the local paper, by arrangement with him, being utilised to advertise his remarks. Such an arrangement was far beyond the purse of the No-License party, but "Grit" was widely and effectively used, and the public turned out in great numbers to hear Mr. Bruntnell in defence of No-License, and were moved to great enthusiasm. The most interesting part of such meetings are the questions. Mr. M. J. Noonan, a well-known publican, met with courteous treatment at Mr. Brunt-

nell's hands, when he interjected, and afterwards questioned the speaker. The "Barrier Miner" reports an interruption as follows:—

"Mr. Bruntnell stated that Mr. Lloyd had said that the drink consumption for New Zealand was increasing. But why did he take the whole of the Dominion, instead of supplying data for the No-License areas? The consumption for the whole Dominion was 10½ gallons per head, whilst in Invercargill it was only 4½ gallons.

"Mr. M. J. Noonan: No.

"Mr. Bruntnell: Yes.

"Mr. Noonan: No.

"Mr. Bruntnell: I challenge you to disprove it.

"Mr. Noonan then came on to the platform and asked: 'Was it not a fact that the 4½ gallons spoken of was only the quantity that entered under one section of the Act? And was it not a fact that Mr. Carson had stated that liquor could go in under another section?'

"Mr. Bruntnell replied that he was dealing with the actual knowable consumption, with figures accepted by the liquor trade and published right throughout the Dominion.

"Mr. Noonan said that he admitted that 4½ gallons was the only record of the Invercargill consumption shown, but liquor could, and did, enter the city in quantities up to one quart. The official record did not show the actual consumption."

If the official record does not show the quantities referred to, then it may be safely assumed that the amount is too insignificant to be tabulated.

Later on in the same meeting, the paper reports:—

"The chairman invited questions, and Mr. M. J. Noonan asked if it was Mr. Bruntnell's opinion that No-License had proved a factor in reducing crime?

"Mr. Bruntnell: Yes, and for proof I refer you to the criminal statistics of New Zealand.

"Mr. Noonan. Why has it not done so in Invercargill?

"It has done so in Invercargill, so far as any offence that could reasonably be attributed to drink is concerned. If you eliminate breaches of the by-laws—cows straying on the footpath, etc—the number of cases is smaller."

"How is it that criminal offences increased during the last reported two-year period from 338 to 368, and the cases of theft from 35 to 65?"

"There was an increase in the number of thefts, but that was occasioned by a number of boys who broke out of a reformatory."

At the last Quarterly Sessions at Invercargill the Judge was presented with a pair of white gloves, this being the custom when there was no case for trial. The testimony of the Mayor of Invercargill and the Police Superintendent is conclusive in favour of No-License, on the point of morals and crime, and the reaffirmation of No-License at the ballot-box at the last poll by over a three-fifths majority is absolutely convincing evidence that the people of Invercargill know that No-License is worth keeping.



Rev. JOHN PATERSON, Mr. A. BRUNTNELL, Rev. C. E. SCHAFER.

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WILLIAM WHITE — **Redfern and Newtown**

The Grape is not all Stones

Ah! we have no cause to quarrel with the world. One has only to go to the seaside in summer to see how full it is of joyous gaiety. Troubles we all have, and it is wonderful how tenacious some of them are. They say that you may suffocate a nest of wasps, and then put them into a pail of water, but half an hour afterwards you will find your wasps climbing up the sides of the pail! And so with some of our troubles—they are marvellously tenacious of life. But if we have the heart of an optimist it will not matter so much; and it really is beautiful to see how lightly sorrow lies upon some hearts, and how gloriously adversity is borne. It was said of Goethe that when he had a sorrow he made it into a poem, and so got rid of it. And most of the world's greatest poetry has come out of great tribulation.

An old sea-captain confessed that he had been twenty-seven times round the world on this verse—

I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended;
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended.

And we can well believe that the bluff, hearty fellow could go a very long way on a bit of good philosophy like that; for it does not take much to make a man an optimist. A man who lived to be a hundred attributed his long life to having made it a rule never to think of anything unpleasant after ten o'clock at night. A good rule, too. To sleep at peace with God and all the world! Yes, and someone else has advised us to "be pleasant until ten o'clock in the morning, and the rest of the day will take care of itself." That was how Lord Holland began one day. It is recorded of him that "he always came down to breakfast with the air of a man who had just met with some signal good fortune." That is the only way to start a really successful day; come down to breakfast in love with your lot, and you will light up the table with radiance on the gloomiest day. "If you have slept," says Emerson, "or if you have not slept; if you have had headache, or leprosy, or thunderstroke, I beseech you by all angels to hold your peace about it, and not pollute the morning, to which all the house-mates bring serene and pleasant thoughts, by corruption and groans." Don't leave the sky out of your landscape—always put it in, with its spreading arch of blue and its precious, life-giving radiance.

POETRY WITHIN US.

Every man was born with a poet in his soul, and one of his supreme duties is to keep that poet alive, to cherish the dreams of youth. For there is no better thing for a man than to have an adequate supply of holy and tender sentiment. "Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream," said the poet.

It would not be worth while to hunt up some of our foolish dreams; but no man can be an optimist, no man can be of any real use to the world unless he has sublime hopes and splendid visions. That was how it was with all God's magnificent optimists. So Isaiah, amid awful surroundings of injustice and vice and godlessness, could see the coming of the great day of the Lord. So the Seer of Patmos, in a barren, desolate island, set in a stormy sea, could tell us of new heavens and a new earth, rivers of life and streets of gold. But they say that nowadays we carry a dead poet in our breast. Alas, if it be so! If we have allowed the holy and inexpressible poetry to be overlaid with the weight of life's stern realities, and weary doubts, and miserable negations. There is some fear that such is happening around us, and that for many men the earth is eloquent, but the skies are silent.

Oh, that we might have a soul that can rise above the things recorded in "black and white," and discover the greater truths.

The Now is an atom of sand,
And the Near is a perishing clod,
But afar is fairyland,
And beyond is the bosom of God.

Let us learn to live more and more in that wonderful fairyland, to rest on that quiet bosom, till all our fears are dispelled, our doubts dispersed, and the everlasting sunshine of Infinite love bathes our lives in its marvellous light.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

At a certain railway station a gentleman came running down the platform to catch a train, which had just started. Just as he was about to jump on the footboard, the guard pulled him off, saying: "Never attempt to get on a train while in motion." The train was gliding by, and as the guard was about to spring into his van, the gentleman pulled him off, too, with the remark: "You saved my life, I've saved yours; now we are quits."

NOAH—TICKET COLLECTOR.

Teachers of infant classes have generally great difficulty in refraining to laugh at some of the answers they receive from their scholars.

The following was heard in a class of children on a recent Sunday afternoon.

The teacher was telling them about the animals' entry into the Ark. Noticing one little fellow evidently taking no interest in the lesson, she asked him the following question, not expecting to get an answer, but just to attract his attention:

"Now, Harry, can you tell me where Noah was when the animals were going into the Ark?"

The teacher had hardly finished the sentence, when the lad yelled out:

"Collecting tickets, ma'am."

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THE RETORT WITHERING.

A lady, whilst going downstairs to dinner, had the misfortune to step slightly on the dress of a lady in front of her.

The man on whose arm the former was leaning said aloud, rudely, so that the couple in front might hear: "Always getting in the way, like Balaam's ass!"

Upon which the lady whose gown had been trodden on, turning round, replied, with a sweet smile: "Pardon me, it was the angel who stood in the way, and the ass which spoke."

A visitor to a Sunday school was asked to address a few remarks to the children. He took the familiar theme of the children who mocked Elisha on his journey to Bethel—how the young ones taunted the prophet, and how they were punished when two she-bears came out of the wood and ate forty and two of them. "And now, children," said he, "what does this story show?" "Please, sir," came from a little girl in the front row, "it shows how many children two she-bears can hold!"

Teacher: "Why did David say that he would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord?" Small Boy: "Because he could walk about outside whilst the sermon was going on."

DRUNK and Disorderly **WATCHES**

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

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Midnight Callers

By ISABELLA MACDONALD ALDEN
("Pansy").

PART II.

"But suppose I didn't believe that there was a way out?"

"Man alive! you'd try it, wouldn't you, if you really wanted to get out?"

Then there was silence, a silence lasting so long that the Christian worker might have grown nervous, but he didn't; he was praying. At last, from the man on the bed:

"What do you want me to do?"

"Go to Jesus Christ."

"Go to Him? You mean pray? Suppose I do not believe in what is called prayer?"

"Tell Him so; no use in talking to me."

"Tell Him that I don't believe in Him, or at least in what men say about Him?"

"Why not talk it over with him?" said Dr. McKenzie, earnestly. "If what interests you most, just now, is exactly which of the contradictory things that men say about him are the true ones, who ask him. But if you want, more than that, to get out of the burning house, my advice would be to try his way first, and philosophise with him about it afterwards."

It was more than an hour afterwards that Dr. McKenzie said cordially, "Finish your toilet, brother, and let us go out and get some breakfast; I know a good place not far from here; and afterwards we can talk business."

The man's pallid face flushed, and the embarrassment belonging to one trained as a gentleman took hold of him.

"Oh—" he began deprecatingly, "I am—I mean—that isn't necessary. I don't think I am hungry. I—the truth is, sir, I haven't a cent in this world, and—"

"That's all right, brother. You need a good breakfast, and so do I. We'll go together and get it. I have money enough for two breakfasts. Didn't I tell you I was a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ? This is His plan; not mine; you can trust Him. While you are getting ready, I'll step down to the telephone and send a message to a friend."

Then, if the telephone closet had not been closed, might have been heard one of those peculiar one-sided conversations that, after all, tell a good deal.

"Is this Blue two double O? Is it Miss Rachel Holland? Yes, I see it is. Good-morning, blessed fellow-schemer."

"Yes, I'm at the Mission now."

"Yes; one of your 'peculiar cases.'"

"Yes, indeed; genuine to the core, and peculiarly interesting."

"No, we are just going to breakfast; we shall take it together at The Samaritan."

"No, I have a plan, but it is not fully worked out; details later."

"Oh, no; don't worry about that. What is a servant's time for, but to serve his Master?"

"Yes. Is John Edson on duty at any time to day?"

"Good! couldn't be better. I have a wedding at twelve, and I shall need John then."

"No. John will do better, I think, than anyone else. Have him come to me at a quarter to twelve sharp."

"No, at my rooms. I want to start things from there."

"All right. Good-by."

The next day her pastor called at Miss Holland's office door, his little pocket notebook in hand.

"Give me Joel Brookford's address,

please," he said. And while she turned to it, added:

"It is all right with the man, Miss Rachel. The Lord Jesus Christ has him in charge, and he has gone on his way rejoicing; gone home, where he hasn't been for months. I will give you some of the interesting details when we both have time. 44 Folsom, did you say? Folsom South, I suppose. No? That's surprising! I did not expect to find him on Folsom North! Does that augur well or ill? I'll go and find out. Good-by. Thank you."

In Dr. McKenzie's church some of its members chose each a working motto for the New Year, reporting it at the first mid-week meeting of the year. Miss Rachel had recited her choice in a clear, sustained voice: 'O Lord Jehovah, Thou hast begun to show Thy servant Thy greatness, and Thy strong hand; for what god is there in heaven or in earth that can do according to Thy works?'

She was working by it; it strengthened her for service. When the next New Year motto-service came around, she chose it again.

"I cannot do my work without it," she told Dr. McKenzie. And she worked on. "Did you ever hear anything of the man you met at the Emergency Mission in the early morning, last winter?" she asked the doctor. "That one who seemed to take hold of God."

"Not a word," he said, cheerfully. "But you put that wrong, Miss Rachel; God took hold of him."

Miss Rachel sighed. "I cannot help feeling that if it had been real he would have made some sign, during all these months. They generally do, you know."

"Yes, never mind; God is real, my friend; He has only 'begun to show' you His greatness, remember; trust Him."

It was on a stormy evening soon afterwards that Miss Rachel sat in her office. It was growing late; she had endured one of her wearying days, there was yet much to be seen to, with a view to the next day's burdens, before she could think of rest. She sighed heavily as the outer door was heard to open, and murmured to David, who stood at her elbow waiting for the card she was addressing:

"Dear me! I am afraid I had hoped that there would not be another caller to-night. But there will be, of course. It's a bad night, isn't it?"

"It's raining heavily; just the night for our kind."

Then the inner door pushed open softly, and the guest entered. He was not "their kind." Tall, well dressed, with a general air of prosperity, and that peculiar undefinable, unmistakable something about him which marks the gentleman. He came forward swiftly to the desk, his whole manner betokening strong though carefully controlled excitement. As he spoke, he extended his hand to Miss Holland.

"Servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, I'm another. Give me a God-speed to-night. It is just a year, and it was just at this hour that I came before; you sent me to God, and He took hold of me."

David stared, amazedly, yet after a moment with dawning intelligence. Yes, he remembered the night and the man; there had been something about him which—but this one—could they be the same!

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FIRE INSURANCE AT LOWEST RATES.

Miss Holland knew him on the instant.

"You were right about my mother that night," he told her, "as you were about everything else; I had a mother, and have, God bless her! She wants to see your face more than the face of any other person. May I bring her in? Yes, she is with me. Mother, come."

She was tall, like her son; a beautiful woman with a face shadowed by great sorrow, and bright with a great joy. She could not find words to express her joy to Miss Holland; and it needed no words. They went away, presently, to their hotel for the night; and John Edson did not have to be called to guard them.

"We are at The Eustis," the man had said, mentioning one of the best hotels in the city. "It was dreadful to bring my mother out so late, but I couldn't resist the temptation; especially as she wanted to come as badly as I did. We are both of us His servants, now, and mother wants to leave with you for your work a little token of her gratitude. She knows—we both know—that there was work done for me that night which can never be paid for in the coin of this world; but coffee and beds and breakfasts take money, and we are both His servants now, mother and I; so you will let us help a little from time to time, with that part of the work?"

The little package left modestly on Miss Holland's desk, contained one hundred dollars in gold.

At the next mid-week prayer service in Dr. McKenzie's church, Miss Holland's word was: "Friends, I have changed my working motto for this year; I have taken just four words, 'We would see Jesus.'"

They were busy people, she and her pastor. It chanced that it was nearly three weeks afterwards that she met him for the first time where they could exchange other than business formalities. Then he crossed the street and held out his hand, speaking as his fashion was, as though the incident to which he referred had just occurred.

"Why did you change it?"

She seemed always to understand him.

"I find this a better working motto," she said, and smiled.

(The end.)

Charles Burleigh, the abolitionist, in the midst of an anti-slavery speech, was struck full in the face by a rotten egg.

"Here's a proof," he said, as he calmly wiped his face with his handkerchief, "a proof of what I have always maintained—that pro-slavery arguments are very unsound!"

New South Wales ECHOES

Alliance

By REVEILLE

Our General Superintendent had a triumphant meeting at Wesley Church, Melbourne, on Sunday, January 16. He addressed a full church afternoon and evening. God gave him great liberty of utterance, and there was much enthusiasm evoked.

Mr. Arthur Kong, a Chinese storekeeper on the Military-road, near Spofforth-street, Neutral Bay, practically on the confines of Mosman, has applied for a wine license for his store. A very large number of people living in the neighbourhood will naturally object to this. Temporarily, however, the application, it is understood, is to be withdrawn, as insufficient notice appears to have been given by the applicant. In the interests of the public we are bound to say the granting of such application would, whoever may apply for it, be detrimental to the neighbourhood, and right against the spirit of the Liquor Act of 1905, in an electorate which has passed "Reduction."

The Burwood No-License forces will open the campaign on February 13, in the churches throughout the electorate. On the 15th there is to be a united meeting of workers and sympathisers, and an election of officers.

A clever attempt is being made to procure signatures for the granting of a license to the old Arlington Hotel, on Parramatta-road, Five Dock, which had its license cancelled as a result of the Local Option vote.

Whether the decent citizens of Five Dock, Haberfield, Ashfield, and Croydon, who desire to keep their homes and families as far as possible from the contaminating sights and influences of the licensed bar, will permit this, remains to be seen.

It is understood that a petition in favour of the license has been signed by many citizens within the one-mile radius. What reasons they have for seeking such an infiction upon the peace of the neighbourhood, one cannot even guess, but that there is some interest in the well-being of the district on the part of some is evident by the fact that a public indignation meeting is to be held in the Methodist Church, Drummoine, at 7.30 p.m. on Monday, January 31. We shall watch with interest the progress of this matter, and we shall be greatly deceived in our estimation of the citizens of those select suburbs if they procure the granting of another license in their midst.

Mr. John Complin, Secretary of the Alliance, conducted the service at Leichhardt Methodist Mission on Sunday, 16th. Although the heat was great there was a large congregation present.

The Rev. Mr. Boyer, of Rockdale, convened a meeting of citizens of the St. George electorate for Monday, January 17. Mr. Complin was present by special invitation of Mr. Boyer, and gave an address on "Organisation and Work." An organisation, to be called "The St. George Electorate No-License League," was formed, and officers elected. The Rev. Mr. Boyer, who occupied the position of secretary pro tem, will be remembered on account of his good

work as a Christian man and a patriot in the Orange electorate at the last Local Option vote. Orange polled splendidly at the last fight. St. George will, we hope, secure the three-fifths.

Miss Schardt is working in the Sherbrooke electorate.

Mr. W. T. Thorne, special organiser at Headquarters, is working under the auspices of the Burwood committee.

The Richmond Electorate No-License League has engaged Mr. James Martin, of Dorrigo, as canvasser and organiser.

In response to requests and suggestions from various quarters, estimates have been obtained for printing a book of the papers read at the Congress of the Churches on Temperance. It will be remembered that the Congress was quite extraordinary; in fact no such Congress had been held before in New South Wales. It was called together by a very large number of the clergy and Church officials, including the Venerable Archdeacon Günther, the Rev. Joseph Beale, the Right Rev. John Ferguson (Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly of Australia), and many other prominent persons. The papers read carry great weight because of the exalted sources from which they come, and will, we anticipate, be read with interest by thousands, who were unable to be present personally. It is hoped to make the price of the book as low as one penny, so that everyone can take advantage of this unique opportunity. The secretaries of the various branches of the Alliance have been circularised, with a view to securing orders in advance. Newcastle will take 5000, but other branches have not responded so well. If a few more favourable responses were received, the book could be printed, but, if not, the idea will have to be dropped, and that valuable addition to the No-License controversy will be lost.

IN HIS OWN COIN.

Four boys were brought up before a magistrate on a charge of breaking windows.

Three of the boys pleaded guilty; but the remaining one pleaded "Not guilty."

Magistrate (to boy): "And why do you plead 'Not guilty?'"

Boy: "Because I didn't break any windows."

Magistrate: "But you were going to."

Boy: "Yes."

Magistrate: "Well, 'going to' is as good as doing it, so you are found guilty."

The boys were fined three shillings and sixpence and costs each. The three who pleaded guilty paid up; but the remaining one kept his hand in his pocket.

Magistrate: "Well, why don't you pay up?"

Boy: "Well, I was going to; but you said 'going to' was as good as doing it, so I kept my hand in my pocket."

Grocer: "What have you been doing in the cellar so long?" Apprentice: "I have been cleaning out the treacle measure. It was so choked up that it didn't hold more'n half a quart." Result: Dismissed without notice.



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

South British Insurance Co., Ltd.,

Head Office for N.S.W.—
12 BRIDGE STREET, SYDNEY
GEORGE H. MOORE, Manager

HAVE YOU TRIED IT YET?

THE BEST THING IN THIS ISSUE.

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

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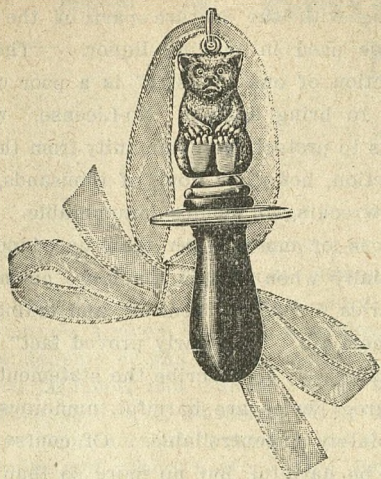
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SYDNEY

Talk about People

"The Settler."

Mr. Zangwill has described the United States as "God's Crucible," the great melting-pot in which men from all the races of Europe are being formed and reformed into Americans. Ralph Connor's new book recalls the metaphor, says a London paper, for it is a realistic romance of immigrant life in Canada, and shows how foreign colonists are being manufactured into good Canadians by means of railways, schools, and missionaries. It opens in the foreign quarter of Winnipeg, among "people strange in costume and in speech," from Central and South-Eastern Europe, herding together "in their little shacks of boards and tarpaper, with pent roofs of old tobacco tins or of slabs. . . crowding each other in close, irregular groups, as if the whole wide prairie were not inviting them." There are some horrible things in the book, and the financial and moral slavery of Paulina Koval, a stupid, slow-witted woman, to the brutal sweater in whom her husband recognises a spy who had betrayed Nihilists to torture and death is even more horrible than Koval's vendetta and the tragedy in which it culminates. But it is hard to criticise a story that grips the reader with absorbing force, and draws him on resistlessly till the last page is turned. And the horrors do not dominate the story; its charm is in the development of Kalman Koval from the Winnipeg newsboy to the stalwart, Christian, heroic young Canadian, his unconscious influence over the drunken, swearing settler in Saskatchewan to whom a good woman sent him, because "he needs to be under the care of a good man," his contact with Brown, the apostolic missionary who was always quaintly condemning himself, and Kalman's wild love-story, in the very spirit of his Hungarian song:—

While the flower blooms in the meadow,
And fishes swim in the sea,
Heart of my heart, soul of my soul,
I'll love and live for thee.

A Pathetic Story.

A pathetic little story of an old woman in the Isle of Man, waiting in vain for news of her son in far-off New Zealand, was told by Mr. Hall Caine a few weeks ago in

a paper read before the Liverpool Jewish Literary Society. "The law of human nature which, from various causes, estranges—sometimes utterly separates—parents and children, has always seemed to me one of the most tragic things in life," he said. "That the love of the parent for the child must be immeasurably deeper than the love of the child for the parent is in itself a pathetic fact. When I think of it, there comes back to my memory a little incident which for several years was ever present to my eyes—an old woman living alone in a thatched cottage near to my home in the Isle of Man, waiting for a letter from a son who, years before, had gone away to New Zealand. Every evening, winter and summer, she hobbled out to the end of the high-road at the hour when the postman was expected to pass. There it was the same scene always, the same salutation and the same reply. 'Anything for me, postman?' 'Nothing for you to-night, Mrs——.' She wanted nothing from her son except to hear that he was well and happy, and thinking sometimes of his old mother who was alone at home. But she died without ever hearing."

Captivating Chicago.

Mrs. Pankhurst, the Suffragette leader, seems to have captivated Chicago by her personality and eloquence. One of the Chicago religious weeklies describes her with enthusiasm:—"A woman, tall and slender, fashionably dressed in a long, clinging gown of mauve velvet, feminine, sweet, and magnetic in every gesture and smile, she certainly did not look as if she could humiliate and frighten the Prime Minister of England, throw stones through the windows of anyone's house, or even have the courage to cross the seas and come to a strange country to talk to an unknown critical audience. The personality of Mrs. Pankhurst is not militant or masculine, her manner and poise denote the woman who understands the world, the keenness in her eyes suggests a university training, and the lines of her face show not only the motherliness she has given the three daughters whom she has put through college, but which she

feels for the daughters of the whole world. It is when Mrs. Pankhurst begins to speak that you recognise the great woman. Her voice, low and rich, is that of the trained vocalist. She has mastered all the arts of public speaking, and can play on the feelings of her audience with remarkable pathos, humour, and logic. Whether you really want woman suffrage or not, if you abhor the methods of militant suffragists, you can never forget her speech."

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GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1910.

A BARMAID'S PARADISE.

Such is the State of South Australia. Barmaids were once a drug in the market. Long hours, short wages, and sharp competition were their lot in the olden time. Now all is changed. Their lot is to-day cast in pleasant places, and, from their own point of view, theirs is a goodly heritage. The Licensing Act of 1908 has wrought the transformation. By that Act only registered barmaids are allowed to be employed in the hotels of the State, and only barmaids could be registered who were employed as such three months before the Act was passed. In the Adelaide district 335 barmaids are now ministering to the great South Australian thirst, so far as alcoholic beverages are concerned. Mr. Boniface sets great store by the alluring barmaid, and her ladyship is nowadays at a premium. Wages have risen, and there is keen competition for the more attractive ones. Should one drop out of the ranks she cannot be replaced, and the value of the remnant must continually be enhanced. It is said that the publicans who have barmaids treat them well. The day, however, is not far distant when these latter will only be a memory. Temperance legislation has been very progressive of late years in the Central State, and it must be admitted that it is not ahead of Temperance sentiment. Public opinion is vastly different from what it was a few generations back, and the tendency is to add to the restrictions of "the trade." It is conceivable that, in another generation or so, the continuous reduction vote will diminish the public house to a vanishing point, and, if there be then one of the ancient order of barmaids left, she, like Othello, will find her occupation gone.

WHO LIVE LONGEST?

Mr. McAdam Eccles, M.D., F.R.C.S., gave with authority certain facts in his evidence before the Inter-Departmental Committee on National Physical Deterioration, 1904 (pp. 31 and 32). The figures were accepted by the Committee, and may thus be summarised:—

Of 61,215 average men between the ages of 25 and 65, the working years of life, 1000 die per annum.

Of 61,215 Rechabites, pledged abstainers, between the ages of 25 and 65, only 560 die per annum.

But of 61,215 publicans, between the ages of 25 and 65, no less than 1642 die per annum.

When it is remembered that the Rechabites are mostly working men, many of whom are employed in dangerous occupations and

exposed to all the vicissitudes of the weather of our fickle climate, whilst the publican is usually well-housed and well-sheltered, the contrast is seen to be all the more striking.

Put in another form, as Mr. Eccles suggested, the lesson is equally clear.

Of 100,000 average persons of 30 years of age, some 44,000 would live to be 70 years of age.

But of 100,000 abstainers of 30 years of age, no less than 55,000 would live to be 70 years of age, or 25 per cent. more.

The Registrar-General for Scotland tabulated the deaths between the ages of 25 and 65 for the years 1890-92 from all causes, and from intemperance.

Taking 1000 as the standard mortality for all males, he showed that for brewers and distillers it was 1048, for inn and hotel servants 1445, and for hotel and innkeepers and publicans 2308.

Even such unhealthy and dangerous trades as earthenware and glass manufacture returned a mortality of only 1213, and ironstone miners of 1664, both very considerably less than the mortality of publicans.

The leading insurance society of Australia will not insure a publican aged 21, unless he is prepared to pay the same rates as a man of 35. No proof could be more convincing than this. Let those who are wise, and would live long, become abstainers, and let all unite to close the great distributing agency called the open bar.

IN DEFENCE OF THE LIQUOR TRADE.

Our one-time opponent, "Fairplay," who finds it easier to give "gory" accounts of prize-fights than defend liquor, has committed itself in the last issue, and with some of its old-time enthusiasm has put forth the following defence:—"The party attacked throughout the world, viz., the liquor traders, have up to now borne the brunt of a defence which they wage in the public interest. Clearly it is in the public interest for several reasons: (1) So that personal liberty of the greatest number shall not be curtailed because a few are fanatics, and another few incapable of using Nature's gifts with moderation; (2) Because of the injury which the destruction of one industry will inevitably bring to a hundred others; (3) Because of the clearly proved fact that when the legitimate, law-regulated trader is ruined, an illicit, unscrupulous trade springs up, over which the State has no control whatever, either as to the quality of the product sold, or the manner of its production and sale." "The liberty of the greatest number" is very fine from the trade that continues in New South Wales in no less than 13 electorates, after a majority of the electors asked at the ballot-box to be at liberty to live and bring up their children where there were no bars. Are Temperance people to be denied this liberty, when they are in a majority? "A few fanatics and a few incapables," and yet it requires three-fifths of the community to vote No-License, and then this huge majority is called a few fanatics! A police court record of over 28,000 convictions, of which 5000 were against women, is described as a few incapables! Curious way of describing facts. "Nature's gifts" is surely straining the poet's license, when used to describe an article never found alone in Nature, and only manu-

factured by putrefaction or otherwise tampering with the Nature part of the substance used in making liquor. "The destruction of one industry" is a poor objection to bring against No-License, which seeks to protect the community from the destruction, body and soul, of thousands, and the wrecking of homes innumerable. One soul is of more worth than one industry, specially when this is the louse among industries, living on them all, and taking toll of them all. "A clearly proved fact" is an amusing way to describe the statement that sly-grog places are harmful, numerous, and absolutely uncontrollable. Of course they will be harmful, but no more so than they are at present. The open bar does not protect us from illicit selling. They never become numerous to the same extent that licensed houses have, and their business is strictly limited to the few initiated. As to their being controlled, there was only one conviction in Clutha last year, the oldest No-License part of New Zealand, and Inspector O'Brien declared it to be absolutely stamped out. Try again, "Fairplay," for you are much more interesting in the arena, putting up a fight for appetite and dividends, than when describing a brutal knock out at the Stadium.

JUDGE MOULE ON SUNDAY TRADERS.

The Metropolitan Licensing Court in Victoria has, to use a phrase of our American cousins, been "making good" during its annual sittings.

Last December Judge Moule delivered a solemn warning to a number of applicants for transfers who were suspected of Sunday trading that no leniency would be shown during the year, if there was evidence that they were breaking the law, in the following language:—"The Court realises the danger of showing mercy to systematic Sunday traders, but as we have taken the solemn assurances of licensees that they will refrain in future, it is fitting that they should be given a chance to prove their bona fides. Perhaps the Court has gone a little too far in granting renewals to Sunday traders. Mark you," he added, addressing a licensee, "there is no possible chance of a further renewal if even the slightest suspicion of Sunday trading is aroused."

And again: "If these solemn assurances of licensees to stop Sunday trading are kept, no doubt a great evil will be overcome."

Or, "If we imposed a bond of £100 upon Sunday trading licensees as a guarantee of their assurance to stop, it would ensure the proper Sunday closing of hotels."

1910

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Mr. A. Bruntnell's Successful Mission

A BARRIER UPLIFT.

(Contributed.)

He was billed "the great No-License advocate," and he very soon demonstrated the truthfulness of the posters' wording. Mr. Bruntnell arrived here on Saturday morning, January 8, was met by members of the local Alliance, and handed over to the charge of Rev. J. Paterson, M.A., whom I have been assured, proved a most entertaining and genial host. The Salvation Army vacated their Saturday night stand, and we opened fire in their ring to a big crowd. Mr. Bruntnell dealt with "Our charge against the liquor traffic" in an unmistakably convincing manner. There were interjections here and there, and one of the most prominent of the interrupters created considerable surprise by suddenly becoming convinced that the speaker's arguments were sound, and turning over to the side of No-License.

"Our battle-cry at the next elections," said Mr. Bruntnell, "will be 'The remarkable success in New Zealand.'" He pointed out that not only were the commercial men paying the piper for the No-License fight, but were open in their advocacy of it. The economic aspect of the question was touched upon, and the remark that "there was as much food value in sixpenny worth of bread as in 66 pints of the best brewed beer," created a stir. Mr. Bruntnell concluded a rousing address by dealing with the No-License movement, which he declared to be the greatest and grandest reform of modern times. On Sunday morning he preached at Nicholls-street Methodist church, Railway Town, on "Civic Responsibility." The Good Templars turned out in full force, and the church was filled. The front of the pulpit and the rail in front of the choir were decorated with a number of illuminated temperance texts. In the evening Mr. Bruntnell conducted the service in the Lane-street Presbyterian church. Again the Good Templars assisted in filling the building. On Sunday afternoon, in spite of the terribly oppressive weather, the Town Hall seating accommodation was nearly all availed of, when Mr. Bruntnell confined his remarks to "Drink and the Children." The president of the local Alliance (Mr. J. Copley) was in the chair. The speaker was followed with intense interest as he gave a graphic description of the degrading sights he had witnessed in the Old Land, where girls with their hair down their backs were daily seen drinking in the bars. From there he brought them to Australia, where he said conditions were not so bad as they were in England, but bad enough, and they had to work for improvement. The audience were then carried to No-License areas of New Zealand, where the young were blos-

soming into manhood and womanhood, free from the contaminating influence of drink. They would sin against the children if they voted for the continuance of a system responsible for so much cruelty. He asked them not to sin against the children by not voting at all. Let them get in a blow at the next election that would prove a knock-out from which the system would never recover.

Alderman B. J. Doe took charge of Mr. Bruntnell's "Reply to Mr. Gregory Lloyd" meeting. The Town Hall, was filled, and, one by one, in the most skilful manner, Mr. Lloyd's alleged arguments were torn to shreds. The big audience (and Mr. Bruntnell had been given the hint that a lively time was in store for him at this meeting) could not contain itself, and vigorously applauded each hit he made, and counted him leading at the end of each round. Mr. Lloyd was morally knocked-out in the first round, but to give the audience full value in return for their presence, he delayed the final knock-out to the tenth round, when I imagined I could hear Mr. Lloyd fall with a sickening thud, badly beaten by a fairer, squarer, better man. At the conclusion of the reply, three cheers were called, and lustily given, for No-License and Victory. Thus ended a memorable gathering. After this meeting a prominent church member, who had held out for compensation, threw aside the idea, feeling satisfied after what he had heard that night that compensation was unwarranted.

Tuesday, 8 p.m. Mr. Bruntnell's lecture, "Britain: Her men, and her menace." This press announcement drew a large gathering to Sulphide-street Methodist church, over which Alderman W. H. Wright presided.

We had another free trip to England (we hadn't forgotten the one we had three years ago), met many of her notable preachers and characters, enjoyed the humour sprinkled throughout the discourse, were convinced that drink is Britain's menace, and went away satisfied.

Wednesday night found us at South Broken Hill, where on the previous afternoon, in the South Baptist church, we had a good meeting, and intended to hold an open-air meeting. The trolley, organ, and torches arrived, so did a cold southerly blast, so we hired the Alma Institute, and held what the writer considered to be one of the best meetings here. A policeman informed the secretary and Mr. Bruntnell that the hooligans were ready for him. At any rate, Mr. Bruntnell was ready for them, and he gave them a long dose of sound logic that made them stiff-jointed and speechless. It was a glorious meeting. Rev. J. Paterson pre-

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sided, and Rev. C. E. Schafer was the accompanist.

The most fitting thing to do on the day of departure was to give Mr. Bruntnell a rattling good send off, and he got it! A 6 o'clock tea was provided by the W.C.T.U., and their efforts were greatly rewarded. A half-hour's prayer meeting, conducted by Mr. J. Jones, followed, after which the rally (and it was indeed a magnificent rally) of Temperance friends to bid good-bye to Mr. Bruntnell. Appreciative remarks were made by Mr. A. Rosenberg (I.O.R.), Mr. E. E. Garrett (Baptist), the chairman (Mr. J. Copley), Mrs. Beattie (W.C.T.U.), Alderman B. J. Doe (on behalf of the citizens), Rev. C. E. Schafer (Barrier Alliance), Rev. J. Paterson (Presbyterian), Rev. F. R. French (Methodist), Mr. W. D. Bohn (I.O.G.T.), and Adjutant Haines (Salvation Army). Mr. Bruntnell replied that words were inadequate to express what he felt, and were also inadequate to thank them for the many kind things said of him. He concluded by urging them to (1) Get the people on the roll; (2) educate them to their goal; (3) bring the people to the poll; and (4) save the people, body and soul. The gathering then adjourned to the railway station, and as the train moved off fifty people cleared their throats and gave three loud cheers for No-License and Mr. Bruntnell.

—*—

SAVING HIS BOOTS.

A woman coming down the garden walk was horrified at seeing her son standing on his head against the garden-wall.

"Johnnie, you wretch," she cried, "what are you doing now?"

"Standing on my head," replied Johnnie. "Didn't yer tell me to play at summat that wouldn't wear my boots out?"

—*—

GOOD ADVICE.

Professor: "If you were called in to a case where a man had fallen headforemost down a fifty-foot mining shaft, what would you advise?"

Medical Student: "Advise his friend to fill up the hole, and save funeral expenses."

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Proposed Legislation in New Zealand

G. B. NICHOLLS, Dunedin, N.Z.

From letters received from various quarters I find that there is great misunderstanding of the New Zealand position. The whole daily press seems to be in a league to misrepresent us on the matter, and has succeeded to such an extent that our own party do not know where we are.

This is true of New Zealand also, for many of our own workers here do not know what our principles are. All this is lamentable, for the matter has been explained ad nauseam.

The source of the confusion is the famous Clause 9, which was a very device of the devil himself for mixing matters up. Now no one who stated the matter clearly or who thought clearly ever said that our objection to Clause 9 was that it meant No-License no-liquor. This is what we have always worked for, and what we are working for now.

Several times in the past we have had bills before the House compiled by ourselves, asking for a vote on Dominion Prohibition, and that this Prohibition, if carried, should prevent any person importing for his own private use. We recognise, in short, that we have a right to control the public act of importation.

Clause 9 had no reference particularly to Dominion Prohibition. It was designed, so Mr. Seddon said, to make local No-License more effectual. It provided that any person found in possession of alcoholic liquors in any No-License area should be liable to six months' imprisonment. It also provided that any constable could enter any private house without a search warrant and search for any liquor suspected to be present.

Seeing that the boundaries of our electorates are unmarked, and frequently moved because of readjustment to population, and that, between cities and their suburbs especially, the boundary line nearly always runs down the centre of a street, thus placing the houses on the left in one electorate, and those on the right in another, Clause 9 would have made us the laughing stock of the whole world.

Thus in such a case as I have mentioned it would be perfectly legal to have a house full of liquor all along one side of the street, and the same thing would mean six months' gaol on the other side. The principle of license has made the picking out of the licensee as the only one who can sell familiar to us.

Now, though we do not claim any right to interfere with a purely private act, we do emphatically claim a right to interfere with any act that affects the community, and this is a public act. Such an act is importation of liquor, even though it is intended only for the personal use of the importer. The compromised legislation did not break down on the point of No-License, no-liquor, but on the point of whether a moderate man was to be robbed of his right to vote local No-License without being compelled in order to do so, to vote for Dominion Prohibition, including the altogether different principle of prohibiting the importation for private consumption. Our conference rightly held that it was not right to count up votes given for a minor principle for a major, and entirely different principle. But the conference agreed that we would consent to a vote being taken on Dominion Prohibition.

This trouble, however, now that the liquor

party have refused the variation we asked, can be easily got over by requesting the people to vote the combined paper, knowing in their minds that the vote counted first for Dominion Prohibition, and only secondly for local No-License. The major principle can well include the minor, though the minor cannot well add up for the major. It would be better to have a slight alteration in the explanation on the ballot paper itself, stating that this was the way the voting counted.

It must not be supposed that this attempt at legislation is at an end. While the party have a right to propose a variation in the interests of the public, I am not at all sure that the party has a right to repudiate its compact. Now that we have the answer of the liquor party the next move in the game is ours.

The liquor party, according to the Press Association report, were to ask the Government to pass the agreement into legislation, whether we liked it or not, before next election. Consultation is now going on in the party, and will come to a final head at our annual meeting in or about June next, so that we may then tell Parliament our attitude towards the compact.

Personally I have been well content with the arrangement, with a slight technical alteration in the ballot paper referred to from the very first. I do not see that the moderate man who desires to vote Local Option only, and shies at Dominion Prohibition, has any right to complain against us if he is robbed of that vote. It was owing to our efforts that he got it at all, and we have now done our best to conserve it for him. Also, he always understood from the start that Dominion Prohibition was our aim, and Local Option merely a means to an end. Seeing that we have a majority of 33,000 in the Dominion, which at ordinary increase should be over 50,000 next election, surely it is time that the people came to close grips with the trade in a final struggle.

Owing to the local nature of local No-

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License, many abuses grow up that are so much exaggerated by the other side, that there has arisen an overwhelming demand for a system of voting that should cover the whole Dominion at once, and avoid patchwork business.

This demand, whether genuine or not, is very insistent, and a canvasser cannot escape from it. This, added to the fact that the whole world is waiting for such an example of absolute Prohibition as New Zealand, of all the world, is best able to give as applied to cities of sufficient size to enable reformers in the older lands to be guided by it, is, to my mind, sufficient reason for our adopting this new law and carrying out the compact.

A CLOCK TO MATCH.

Visiting an old mate who had the misfortune to be confined in a Yorkshire asylum, a collier noticed that the large clock in the reception hall was ten minutes slow.

"That clock is not right," he exclaimed.

"No, lad," was the lunatic's reply; "that's why it's here."

A BIRTHDAY TREAT.

Rebecca: "Do you know, Isaac vill be six on Thursday?"

Abraham: "Is dat so?"

Rebecca: "Yes; and what vill we give him for a present?"

Abraham: "Ach! I know. Ve vill clean the front room window, and let him see the trams go past."

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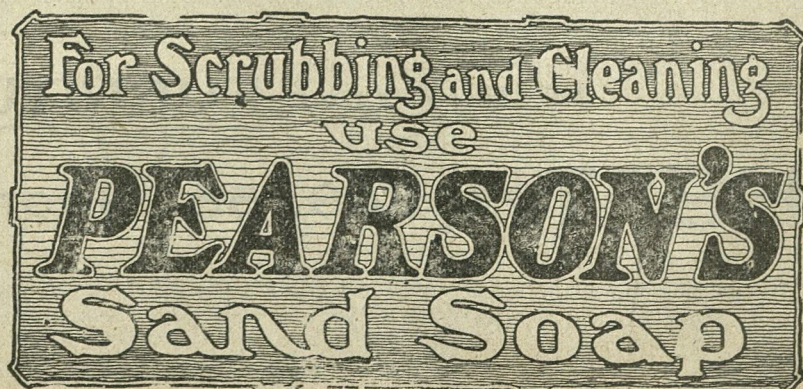
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From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(By UNCLE BARNABAS.)

A "SEVEN TO SEVENTEENER'S" TEMPERANCE STORY.

A WHITE ROSE.

By NELLIE CRAIG.

"And will there be roses like this in heaven, daddie?"

The sick child turned anxious, questioning eyes to the man who sat with bowed head at the bedside, his hand shading his eyes.

"Yes, darling."

"I'm glad, daddie; because, you know, we've never had roses growing; you've been so busy painting pictures, and mummie—"

"Yes—mummie?" Her father drew his breath in sharply, and waited anxiously. Had anyone told the child, of what really kept her mother so much from home? Surely not! When he had been so careful that she should not hear it.

"And mummie away sewing so much."

With a sigh of relief her father answered, "Yes, dear, we've never been able to have them growing; but, pet, there are roses everywhere in heaven."

In heaven! Must he then really lose her? His one sunbeam in a wintry life. The little one whose childish ways had cheered him, when, sad and hopeless, he stood painting in the dismal little studio—saddened and crushed by the evil spirit of intemperance which had robbed his home of the wife and mother; robbed his only child of the care which her frail little body needed, until—now—

"Daddie"—the little tired voice was speaking—"Will He" (He was very real to the little sufferer) "will He let me pick them?"

A small, white hand raised the flower to his face. "An', dad—die"—the voice died away, the hand fell softly on the bed at her side.

The man bent forward quickly, and anxiously scanned the tiny face. The baby lips had spoken their last words of cheer; even now the tired eyes were beholding the "roses" of heaven.

With a groan, her father's head was bowed on one small, soft hand.

"Ah, poor, tired little one!" The lady visitor who had brought the rose to the child, bent softly over, and with tears placed the flower back in the baby fingers; then quietly left the room to find the mother whose neglect had caused the death of her frail little child.

The level rays of the late afternoon sun were fading from the still room, when a step outside roused the watcher by the bedside. He raised a white face from his hands, as the door slowly opened to admit his wife.

No wild passion of drunken grief, as he had expected, broke the stillness of the room. Only a low, heart-broken moan, as the mother sank on her knees by the pale sleeper's bedside, and buried her face.

He could have borne anything better than this unexpected, heart-broken sorrow. She was quite sober, though her face bore traces of recent insobriety.

All was silence in the room for some time; long, evening shadows stole over the trees outside; when quietly, but with a passionate earnestness, the mother raised her hands, and lifted a white face up: "O Lord! make me pure as the rose in my darling's hands!"

"Amen!" Her husband crossed the room, and took her hand in his—"And amen!"

(Uncle B. hopes that this pathetic and clever temperance story, written by one of our own Seven to Seventeeners, will be used

far and wide as a Band of Hope or Temperance Meeting reading. It should be read also at Mothers' Meetings.)

FOR SUNDAY.

ACROSTIC.

The first and last letters give the name of the preacher who got a queer night's lodging.

1. A king who was a shepherd (1 Sam. 16).
2. A king, who, when he was sick, went to doctors, but not to the Great Physician (2 Chron. 16).
3. A great man's father (Josh. 1).
4. A friend of David (2 Sam. 15).
5. The mother of us all.
6. The king with a wise mother (Prov. 31).

FOR MONDAY.

THE MORSE CODE (3515).—FIRST LESSON.

What is it? It is only a system of calling the letters of the alphabet by names different from those given at school. For instance, "dot dash" stands for the letter "A." But we do not, when we use the Morse code, write the words "dot dash." We simply make a dot and a dash like this, . — So that the sign . — stands for A.

Now there is nothing very inviting in this; indeed it looks forbidding. But we shall see that the Morse code may be made very useful. For instance, we can use it in quite a few different ways for writing secret letters, and we can use it for signaling, say, with the arms or with a handkerchief; so that two boys, from windows on different sides of the street, from different corners of the playground, or from different slopes of the hillside, may be able to converse together by signs.

Here, then, are the first nine letters in the Morse code. Will you try them? and next week we will have nine more; then we will begin to signal to each other.

A . —
B — . . .
C — . — .
D — — — —
E . . .
F . . . — .
G — — .
H

HA! HA! HA!

THE
PICTURE
NEXT WEEK!

(Send every thing for Page 9 to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.)

ANSWERS TO PROBLEMS.

(December 23. By D. Howell.)

1.—MISSING WORDS.

- (1) "It is good for me to draw near to God."
- (2) "I was afraid and hid thy talent in the earth."
- (3) But he delivered Jesus to their will."
- (4) "The winds blew and beat upon the house."
- (5) "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men."
- (6) "The Prince of Peace."
- (7) "I will look toward Thy holy temple."

2.—PHAROAH.

- (1) Magicians 8-19.
- (2) Send them away again.
- (3) 10-16.
- (4) 14-19.



MORE LETTERS.

OUR FUNNY BOY TAKES UP HIS PEN

"Bangalow, Jan. 4, 1910.

"Dear Uncle Barnabas,—Foremost among my New Year revolutions was to be immediately perverted to the Band of Hope, which I did at the early age of 16. About a week after my debut, we held a grand concert in aid of Temperance, and the star of the evening was a resignation by me, which was intended to be sentimental, but before the 19th spasm was accomplished the audience were shuk will ill-depressed merriment. Taken all through, it was not an immense financial success, as the preserved seats detained nothing but dead heads. We had a slap-up Christmas to welcome the return of an absent brother, who was graduated with high honours at Grafton Gaol. We were always a talented family, his forte being copying handwriting. I am placing my confidence in giving you this bit of the family tree, since you were so kind as to publish my last letter. The postal officials at either this end or your end must be very slack, for as yet I have received no remuneration for my last contribution. Balance of M.S. to be forwarded at an early date.—Your affectionate nephew,

"BALMY BILL."

(Dear old B. B.,—Sorry we cannot get a block made of the picture of yourself you kindly send us. Your letter proves that you are far from being "balmy." I think there is a good bit of genius at the back of your head. I think your "family tree" must have a great big laugh for its sap.—Uncle B.)

LITHGOW LADY AT SEVEN HILLS.

Lucy M. Miles, "Vera Villa," Seven Hills, writes:—"Dear Uncle B.—It is quite a long time since I wrote to you, that I have nearly forgotten how to do so. As you will see by the above address, I am not in Lithgow, but am enjoying a holiday. I am having a lovely time down here. I was in Parramatta Park last Sunday afternoon, and I saw Lady Fitzroy's memorial, which was mentioned in 'Grit' some time ago. I have been in Sydney twice since I came down here. We are having some lovely rain here; and the place looks so fresh and green, especially after Lithgow. Did you see Lord Kitchener? I saw a small canoe (?) when going across to Manly on Tuesday. With love to all my 'cousins,' 'aunts,' and yourself,—I remain, your affectionate 'niece.'"

(Dear Lucy,—I hope you will be much better for your change and rest. Yes, Seven Hills

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is beautiful, but Lithgow, with its coal mines, is not to be despised. Why, your smoky old town is keeping the wheels of the country turning while this strike is on! Oh, yes, I saw Lord K. of K. in all his gold, lace, and then he very kindly came almost close to me, as if he was going to say, "Well, Uncle, how are they all, the Ne's. and Ni's., you know?" But he didn't! He went right past me, and did not even say "Ah!" Wishing you a happy New Year.—Uncle B.)

A CHEQUE!

Leonard Best, "Berrington," Dural, writes:—"Dear Uncle B.,—According to promise, I have collected for you a small cheque, enclosed, in aid of dinner for the poor in your Mission Zone. I am sorry it is not a larger amount; next year I will try to do better. Mother says she will get 'Grit' from the local agent when the time is up; we have lost such a lot of copies coming through. Now, dear Uncle B., I must close, wishing you a bright and prosperous New Year.—I remain your loving nephew."

(Dear Leonard,—Thank you once! Thank you twice! And thank you fifty times! I am sorry your letter and this acknowledgment have had to wait for room. May your New Year be full of joy and usefulness. You are growing taller, older, and, I believe, better.—Uncle B.)

THE CATHEDRAL AND THE COMMISSIONER.

Dora Howell, 11 Ben Eden-street, Waverley, writes:—"Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I'm writing to you at last. I have no excuse for not doing so before. I am dux of the school; it was a bit hard to get the highest marks. I only beat the girl next to me by 56 marks. I got first prize for Scripture as well. I obtained 94 marks out of the 100. I went to St. Andrew's on Christmas night, to hear the carols. I generally go there on Christmas Day, or the Sunday after. I love listening to the choristers, don't you. The Cathedral always makes me feel solemn, but I love going there. I didn't go up for the Chapter House exam. this time. I wanted to go, but we didn't hear a word about it at school. We weren't even instructed in the right subjects. I was disappointed about it. I went to the Salvation Army last night (No. 1 Corps)—they have a splendid band. The Commissioner is such a nice man, so is Mrs. Hay. She spoke about her bands in the slums of London, and said her 'staff band' was equal to, if not better than, the Sydney No. 1 Band, but the people were not convinced about the truth of this—they just smiled! There is nothing more to write about, so I'll close, wishing Aunts T. and P., Uncle A., yourself, and 'the Baby,' 'Grit,' and 'No-License,' a bright and happy New Year.—I remain, your affectionate 'niece.'"

(Dear Dora,—Thank you for the picture p.c. St. Andrew's is a fine old place, and, in the picture, it looks noble. We are

(Continued on Page 11.)

Will You Sign?

A CANVASSER'S EXPERIENCE.

(By "Bottom Square.")

"Is your father in, Sonny?"

"Ay, mum, yer wanted!"

The question came from a young man who had just stopped at the front fence. He was out on business which will be apparent directly, and had just been looking for the front gate, and finding none, had rapped at the fence. In response to the call, there appeared a little urchin of about ten summers. His clothes were ragged, his face begrimed with what looked like a month's accumulation, his hair "all over his head," and his general appearance was very un-presentable. Whether the youngster had misunderstood the question or not, cannot be said; but although the visitor had asked for father, it was "Mum" who had been summoned.

"Well, what d'y're want?" asked a big, sour-looking woman.

I smiled my sweetest smile, and proceeded:—

"I have a petition against the granting of a wine license in C—, and thought probably you would be glad to sign it."

"A what?"

"A petition against a wine license."

"Against it?"

"Yes, against it."

"Well, I would sign it, but the boss, he's in, and he wouldn't let me. I wish you had come on a week day when he was at work."

I explained that I had to go to work myself on week days, but told her I should be glad if both she and the "boss" would sign the petition. At this moment I heard heavy footsteps coming through the house, and took it for granted that this was the "boss." But the woman was to have her last word. Turning to me, and assuming quite a confidential air, she said: "Look here, sir, if you'll come any day next week, I'll sign the petition, blowed if I won't—Ay, Jim, y're wanted," in louder tones towards the house.

I explained my mission to the man, and waited for his reply.

"Who wants a license?"

"A Mr. —, a grocer, in C—."

"Well, let him have it."

"But, surely you would not be one to help him bring such a curse to our very doors, would you?"

"He can bring it right here, if he likes," pointing down to his feet.

I endeavoured to point out the harm that drink is doing in the world. I could have made it a very personal matter, because during my conversation with his wife I had gleaned that too much of his money went over the publican's counter. But, no, they could have as many as they liked, "the more the merrier" for him.

Here is another cottage; the gate is locked, but the occupants are at home, because the front door is open. No answer to my knock at the gate, so I go to the side fence, where I can command a view of the back yard. There stood an elderly man and his wife, evidently planning out a fresh garden plot. I rapped again louder, and the man, hearing me, called to his daughter, a young woman of about 24 years, to come and ascertain my business, to whom I explained the purpose of my visit.

"Wait and I'll tell father," she replied.

She went and told her father, whereupon he came towards me.

"Of course I'll sign your petition, young man; if I had a hundred signatures I would give you them all in such a noble cause; where are your papers?"

The necessary papers were handed to him, and I saw him sign in a bold hand, P—R—, J.P.

"Now, wait a minute and I'll get my wife and daughter to sign," which he did, witnessing their signatures in correct style. I thanked him and went my way, feeling better pleased than with my last interview.

The next call is to a young man and his wife, who had not long been residing in our town.

"Will you kindly sign my petition against the granting of a wine license here?"

"Sign against it? What harm will a wine license do? If it were against an hotel I would sign a dozen petitions."

I explained that in my humble opinion, of the two evils, this was even greater than an hotel, because there were many who would be quite ashamed to go to the latter place who could, if they desired, get wine from a grocer possessing a license, and take it home under the disguise of vinegar. Such had been done many times. No, he would not sign, and because he would not, neither would his wife. I appealed, bringing every argument I could think of to bear upon him, but all in vain. Until, just before leaving, my attention was drawn to the children clambering about his trousers, and pointing to the little ones I asked:

"Won't you give them a chance in life? You know that the battle is hard enough for you and me, but what will it be when your little boy there is old enough to take your place?"

I had hit the right chord.

"You're right, boss; give us the petition." He signed, and handing it to his wife, exclaimed, "Here, dear, sign it if it's only for the sake of Tommy."

Here's a two-story dwelling—one of the few that exist in our town. No response to my peal at the front door, and, not to be

beaten, I go to the back and knock at the kitchen. A big, strong-looking woman answers my summons.

"Well, what might your business be?"

I replied in somewhat the same strain as I had done at other places, and as I did so saw her face change to a deep red and her fists clench.

"What, sign against a wine license? No fear; you must think I am a fool."

I replied that I had invited her help because I took her to be a sensible woman. Would to God that people would realise that it is only fools who bolster up the drink traffic.

"But you don't want C—to be cursed with this thing, do you?"

"Disgraced!" she repeated, excitedly. "I only wish they would bring a pub here into my back yard. There's my Jack, if he wants a drink he has to walk all the way to—or—, and by the time he gets there he's so tired that instead of one he has three or four."

I could not help hazarding the reply that if her Jack was so fond of it as to walk to the places named, if it were brought to his back yard he would probably swim in it.

No, she would not sign, and would be only too glad to stop the likes of me from wasting my time with such nonsense.

Such were some of the receptions accorded me on a recent Saturday afternoon, while canvassing for signatures against an application for a grocer's wine license. Hitherto, our town had the honourable distinction of being without either an hotel or wine license, notwithstanding that three attempts had already been made by the "trade"; and we were determined that if prayer and hard work could accomplish the overthrow of this fourth application, it would be done. It was with a glad heart that I sat down to my tea on reaching home that evening, because, although there had been some who would not join in with us, I reckoned that I had secured on an average three signatures for every refusal, which was, after all, a strong case to present against the application when it came on for hearing.

The case had since been heard, but the opposition was so strong that the applicant thought it better policy to withdraw, and very reluctantly did so. Praise God!

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SEVEN TO SEVENTEEN.

delighted to congratulate you, Miss Dux! It is hard work to get to the top, but there's a lovely view up there, when once you have climbed. Now, what next? The Junior? Then, by and bye, Miss Dora Howell, B.A., B.Sc. Keep pegging away, and—do it that you may be better fitted to work for Him!—Uncle B.)

P.C.

Arthur Day, of Bligh's-road, Papanui, New Zealand, sent me a pretty N.Z. postcard, wishing us "A Good No-License Year." And "Cousins," "Nieces," and "Nephews," at the Rectory, Gunning sent this wish:

May God the New Year richly bless,
With health, and peace, and happiness,
And grant its days throughout may be,
The best that yet have dawned for thee.

(Uncle B. and "The Baby" send their loving thanks for these nice cards and wishes.)

(Next week letters from "Little Billy," and a really good "7 to 17 ABC Rhyme," by our dear friend G. N.—do you know her?—and other letters.)

EXPECTED TOO MUCH.

Tenant: "Beg pardon sir, but the cellar up at my cottage is full of water."

Landlord: "Good gracious, my good man, you don't expect a cellar full of beer for seven-and-six a week, do you?"

ENTERPRISING.

Two Irishmen took refuge under the bed-clothes from mosquitoes. At last one of them ventured to peep out, and seeing a firefly, said to his companion:

"Micky, it's no use, here's one of the craythers searching for us wid a lantern."

A NOISY WOOING.

The young man and the girl were standing outside having a final chat after his evening call. He was leaning against the door-post talking in low tones. Presently the young lady looked round to discover her father in the doorway clad in a dressing-gown.

"Why, father what in the world is the matter?"

"John," said the father, "I never complained about you staying late, but for goodness' sake stop leaning against the bell-post, and let the rest of the family get some sleep."

THE REASON WHY.

It was Monday morning and the rent-collector was pursuing his task. His bag was getting heavy when he reached the house of Mrs. McPherson. Little Johnnie opened the door, and the following conversation ensued:

Johnnie: "Mother and father are out. Will you please call on Friday?"

Collector: "And why on Friday, my little man?"

Johnnie: "I don't know, unless it's because we are leaving on Thursday."

AN EXAMPLE.

Father: "Never steal, my boy, or you'll repent it."

Son: "Did you never steal a kiss?"

Father: "Yes, and married your mother."

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ALL-OVER EMBROIDERY, 17in. wide, all the new open designs; Usual 1/- for 9½d.

CAMBRIC INSERTION, 2½ and 3 inches wide; best designs; Usual 4½d and 5½d; Now 2½d and 2½d.

CAMISOLE EMBROIDERY, 16in. wide, with Beading Insertion at top and waist; good variety of patterns; Usual 1/- for 10½d.

SKIRTING EMBROIDERY, 42in. wide, with work 11 inches deep; Usual 2/3, for 1/9.

CAMBRIC FLOUNCING, 13in. wide, with work 6in. deep; pretty designs; Usual 10½d, for 7½d.

FLOUNCING EMBROIDERY, 25in. wide, with work 10½in. deep; truly wonderful value; Usual 1/6, for 1/.

EMBROIDERED WHITE SWISS MUSLIN UNMADE BLOUSES, the balance of our stock. Usually sold at 2/11, 3/6, and 2/11, to sell quickly at 2/6.

BIG CAMBRIC BARGAINS.—Potter's Best LIGHT CAMBRIC, in Stripes and Fancy Checks, all colours and designs on white ground. Usual 6½d, for 5½d; 5/3 doz. We guarantee this Cambric of best quality, and absolutely fast in printing.

A BIG PRINT BARGAIN.—White Grounds and Indigo, Butcher, Red and Black Grounds; all good designs; in spots, sprigs, and stripes. Usual 5½d; reduced to 4½d yd; 4/3 doz.

SICILIAN SPECIAL.—DOUBLE WIDTH SICILIAN, bright finish, in Black, Cream, Navy, Moss, Brown; Usual 1/6, for 1/3½.

27in. JAPANESE SILK BARGAIN.—Heavy weight in Black, White, Cream, and all colours; almost every shade worn is included in this line. Reduced to 1/3½.

LADIES' SHORT LISLE GLOVES.—Beaver, Grey, Black, and White; Usual, 1/ pair, for 6d; 1/3 pair, for 9d; 1/6 pair for 1/.

LADIES' LISLE ELBOW GLOVES.—Beaver and Pastelle only; Usual 1/3, for 9½d pair.

Glaze Silk Ribbon, 4in. wide, Light Blue, Fawn, Heliotrope; Usual 4½d yd. for 2½d.

Glaze Silk Ribbon, 4½in. wide; Cream, White, Moss, Cardinal, Violet, Champagne; Usual 6½d yd., for 4½d.

Short Silk Lace Mitts, Black Cream; Usual 1/3, for 9d pair; 1/6, for 10½d pair.

Silk Elbow Lace Mitts, Black, Cream; worth 1/6, for 10½d pair; worth 1/11, for 1/ pair.

Straight Fancy Plated Metal Belts; Usual 1/11, now 1/3.

White Silver Metal Belts; Usual 1/11, now 1/6.

White Belts, fancy embroidered, all colours; worth 10½d, for 6d.

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Big Job Purchase of White Muslins and Nottingham Curtain Nets.

Fancy Striped Canvas Curtain Muslins, Art Muslins, and Cretonnes.

Very Pretty Striped Canvas Curtain Net, Double Width, Assorted Colours and Designs. Worth 1/-, Special Price, 9½d; Worth 1/6 yd, Special 1/1 yd.

Long Curtain Muslin, with full Artistic Floral effect, 54 inches wide, Worth 1/6, Special 1/.

Nottingham Lace Curtain Net at less than wholesale cost. Worth 9d yd for 6½d; Worth 1/ for 8½d.

White Nainsook, one yard wide, worth 4½d for 3d; Worth 5½d for 3½d; Worth 6½d for 4½d.

White India Linen, 33 inches wide, worth 8½d, Special 6½d.

White Organdie Muslin, 43 inches wide Worth 8½d, Special Price 6d yd.

36 inch Fancy Floral Art Muslin, with Border, Worth 3¾d, Special 2/9 dozen; Worth 4½d, Special 3/9 dozen.

27 inch Cretonne Art Designs and Shades, worth 4½d, Special 3½d; Worth 6½d, Special 5½d.

Reversible Cretonne for Hall Curtains and Drapes, one yard wide, Worth 6½d, Special 5¾d yard.

BARGAINS FOR MEN.

Men's Dark Ballarat Tweed Suits, 21/ and 30/.

Men's Navy Blue all wool Serge Suits, special value, 22/6.

Men's Ballarat Navy Serge Suits, guaranteed pure Indigo dye, 27/6.

Men's Striped Worsted Trousers, Worth 3/6, Special Value 2/11.

Men's Ballarat Trousers, rattling values, 5/11, 7/6 pair.

Men's Ballarat Navy Blue Serge Trousers, Indigo Dye, 9/11 pair.

Men's White Mercerised Shirts, collar and pockets, Worth 1/9; Special Value 1/5.

Men's Coloured Fashion Shirts, sizes 14½ to 17. Special Job Purchase. Worth 2/11, clearing at 1/11.

Men's White Silk Handkerchiefs, at clearing prices: 1/3 for 11d, 1/6 for 1/.

Men's White Lawn Handkerchiefs, 6 for 1/.
Men's Harvard Shirts, C. and P., Worth 1/11, now 1/6.

Men's Striped Galatea Shirts, C. and P., Worth 2/3, for 1/6.

Winn's Straw Hats are Wonderful Value. Worth 9d for 6d, worth 1/6 for 1/-; worth 1/11 for 1/6.

Men's Panama Hats, good value, 6/11 for 5/11.

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