

GRIT.

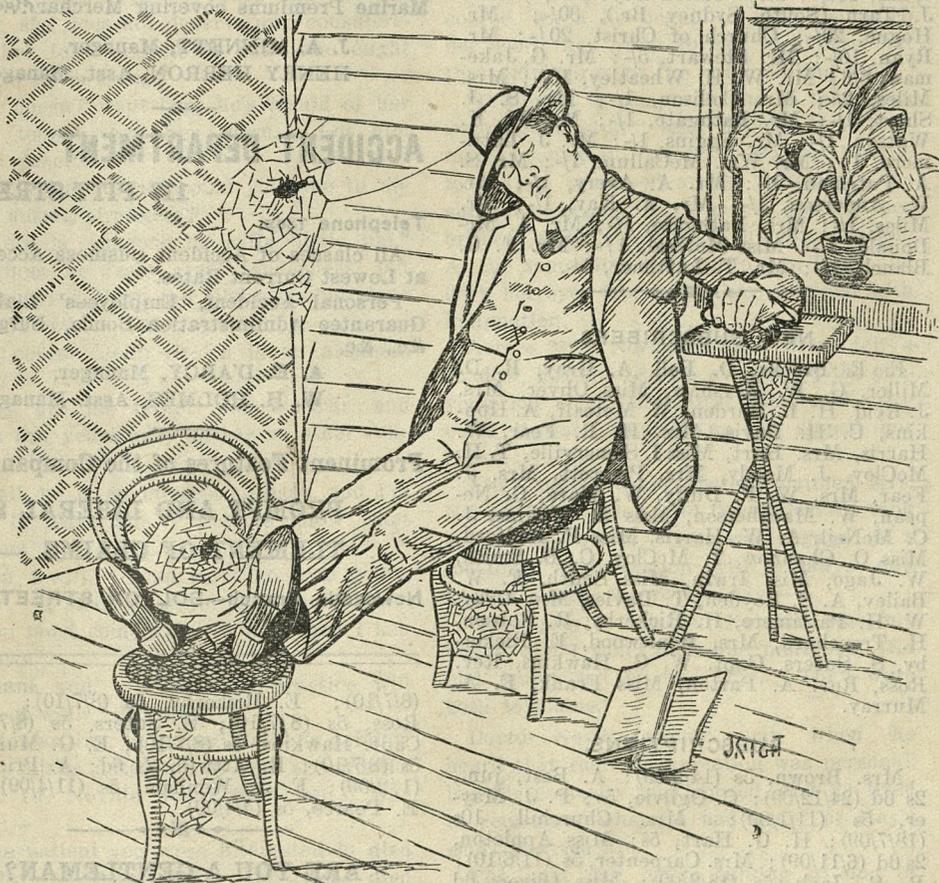
A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Registered at the General Post Office for transmission by Post as a Newspaper.

Vol. III.—No. 16

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1909

Price One Penny



While Sampson Slept

The story of Samson, the mighty man of old, is too well known to need more than a reminder that it was while he slept that his hair was cut, and he woke only to find himself shorn of his power. Many a No-License secretary, we fear, is like the man in our picture, dreaming of victories, when he

should be fighting his way to them. The No-License cause is often spoken of as magnificently organised, and there are many who may lay this flattering unction to their souls, but we are convinced that the No-License Leagues, Alliance Branches, and Lodges, that have not already started to

educate and stimulate their electorates on the No-License question, are being "shorn while they sleep." The Liquor Defence League has for 18 months had its servants indefatigably at work, and they have done well—and their task has been comparatively easy, because of those who sleep. It is not a day too soon to commence meetings, and the distribution of literature, and nothing is surer than that the next 12 months will go all too quickly, and find us on the eve of a battle that will make the last election look like a mere skirmish. The Liquor people will do all that money can make possible, and that is a very considerable amount, but if "the man asleep" wakes up now, his enthusiasm and self-sacrifice must accomplish far more than ever money can.

DON'T WAIT TILL YOU CAN DO A BIG THING.

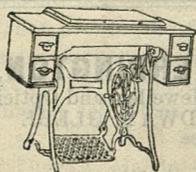
All work must begin in a small way. Don't be discouraged at a meeting of only a dozen, if they each give threepence a week it will have far-reaching effect.

DO SOMETHING TO WAKE THE NO-LICENSE SLEEPER.

We will not criticise the methods you employ, only wake him. A few pertinent questions asked in the paper, or from the pulpit, will help the cause.

ONCE AWAKE, KEEP HIM SO.

Nothing keeps people awake like giving them something to do. Why not get a dozen new subscribers to "Grit?" It is easily done, as all who have really tried know.



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CARNEGIE'S GREAT TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

Andrew Carnegie, in sending a contribution to the National Temperance Society, wrote: "The best temperance lecture I have delivered lately was my offer of ten per cent. premium on their wages to all the employees on my Scottish estates who will abstain from intoxicating liquors."

A USEFUL APPLIANCE.

A city man tells this story against himself. It may be of use to business men who are tormented with bores who waste their time.

"I went to see a busy man in the city, and, being very much interested in my business, I talked rather at length and perhaps consumed a little too much time. The telephone on Mr. Busyman's desk rang, and he picked up the receiver.

"In a minute," he said, "I will be up there immediately. I am busy with a gentleman now, but we are about through."

"I started to hurry my last words so as not to detain him, but I forgot myself and talked longer than I intended to. Again the telephone bell rang.

"All right," answered the man; then, turning to me, he continued: "I have an appointment on the floor above that will require me to excuse myself for a few minutes." He left his desk and disappeared through a door.

"I was anxious to say a few words more, heard someone approach the door through which he had gone, but ten minutes passed, without his returning. I walked up and down the floor, and in my journeying not his hand had rested, and, through a meddling spirit, touched it. I was surprised to hear the telephone bell ring.

"I made an examination, found the telephone was connected with nothing but that button, and realised that he had rung it just to get rid of me.

"I concluded to wait no longer, and sneaked out as quickly as possible."

HE GOT THE JOB.

A hardware store advertised for an errand-boy. As it happened the boss was talking to a customer when a boy came in. Thinking he wanted to buy something, he excused himself, and going over to the boy asked him what he could do for him.

The boy told him that he came in answer to his advertisement, and asked for the job.

Well, of course, the boss got mad by being disturbed while he was talking to a customer. He said to the boy:

"You go outside, and walk on. If I call you back, why, I will hire you; if I don't, why, you just keep right on walking."

The boy did as he was told, but on going out he picked up a shovel that was stand-

ing near the door, and put it on his back, and started down the street.

Before he had gone ten yards the old man was after him, yelling, "Come back! Come back!"

The boy came back, took off his coat, and asked where he wanted him to work, downstairs or upstairs, or where.

The man took one good look at him, and said: "I guess you're the sort of boy I want. Never mind putting your coat on. Start right in."

THE 20,000 SHILLING FUND.

Mr. Lawson Dash, 250/-; Glebe Pres. Association (per Mr. O. Hogue), 20/-; Mr. A. B. Pursell, 20/-; Mr. A. Bruntnell, 50/-; Mr. Kerr, 10/-; Rev. E. Price, 20/-; Mr. Marsden, 10/-; Rev. P. J. Stephen, 20/- (10/- paid); Mr. Lumley, 20/-; Mrs. Angwin, 20/-; Mr. H. M. Southan, 20/-; Mr. Hulbert, 20/-; Mr. Allen, 20/-; Mr. W. Winn, 100/-; Rev. Canon Boyce, 20/-; Rev. J. Tarn (South Sydney Br.), 30/-; Mr. Hogue, 20/-; Church of Christ, 20/-; Mr. Ryan, 10/-; Mr. Stewart, 5/-; Mr. G. Jake-man, 6/6; Mr. W. H. Wheatley, 10/-; Mrs. Miles, 2/-; Mr. Collison, 1/-; Mr. S. J. Short, 1/-; Mr. Bathgate, 1/-; Mr. W. K. Watson, 1/-; Mr. Eggins, 1/-; Mr. J. Lattimore, 1/-; Mr. Wm. McCallum, 1/-; Mr. S. A. Pateman, 1/-; Mr. A. Avery, 1/-; Mr. W. Anderson, 1/-; Mr. A. Kay, 1/-; Mr. Miles, 1/-; Mrs. Bathgate, 1/-; Mr. A. McDonald, 1/-; Miss McNeal, 1/-; Mr. F. G. Blanch, 1/-; Mr. T. Lattimer, 1/-.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Mrs. Brown, 5s (14/5/09); A. Best, jun., 2s 6d (24/12/09); C. Ogilvie, 5s; P. J. Mayer, 5s (11/1/09); Mrs. Churchill, 10s (18/7/09); H. G. Hart, 5s; Miss Appleton, 2s 6d (6/11/09); Mrs. Carpenter, 5s (11/6/10); R. R. Jack, 5s (18/8/09); Miss Oliver, 6d (8/8/09); Mrs. J. Reid, 1s (16/9/09); H. L. Burdon, 2s 6d (1/1/10); W. Metcalf, 2s 6d (1/1/10); A. Hopkins, 5s (1/7/10); C. H. Davis, 2s (1/2/09); E. E. Brooks, 5s (1/7/10); R. D. Miller, 5s (1/7/10); H. R. Fear, 2s 6d (1/1/10); W. Harris, 2s 6d (1/1/10); Mrs. Hart, 5s (1/7/10); Miss Somerville, 5s (1/7/10); T. H. McCloy, 5s (1/7/10); J. Moody, 2s 6d (1/1/10); Mrs. J. Fear, 2s 6d (1/1/10); Mrs. Duffy, 2s 6d (1/1/10); W. Ware, 2s 6d (1/1/10); G. Nepean, 2s 6d (1/1/10); Miss A. Wilkins, 2s 6d (1/1/10); T. McCloy, 5s (1/7/10); Miss Irwin, 2s 6d (1/1/10); Miss Smith, 2s 6d (1/1/10); Mrs. Gripper, 5s; Miss Falkiner, 2s 6d; W. H. Pattimore, 5s (24/6/10); H. Rickerby, 5s (24/6/10); R. Robson, 5s (24/6/10); F. W. Bailey, 5s (24/6/10); A. S. Boyden, 5s (24/6/10); F. Davies, 5s (24/6/10); H. Trenchard, 5s (1/7/10); Mrs. Boulwood, 5s

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ARE YOU A GENTLEMAN?

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

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The Little Pal

By MARGARET BEDFORD.

"Have you found out who he is, nurse?"

"No, but I know a great deal about him now; I can't vouch for it all being true, because part of it is guess, part intuition, and part gathered from his delirium."

"Tell me all you know." Dr. Neville watched the nurse with interest; she always held his attention. The death of her own romance had deepened the sympathy and interest she felt in her patients, and her profession had increased her already keen powers of observation.

"He is married."

"To Maisie," said the doctor. "I've gathered as much, and that she is very beautiful, very cold, and very selfish, the type of woman I hate."

"Yes, she is very beautiful, and he has been very much in love with her. He has come to grief through drink, and blames her for having it in the house, and throwing the temptation in his way. She has evidently reproached and hurt him bitterly, and he has deliberately left her."

I wish to heaven we could find out her name; she does not deserve any consideration, but for the fellow's sake she ought to know he is dying."

"He doesn't want her; he's afraid of her bitter tongue, and her scorn. Let him die in peace."

"But, confound it, would you like to die alone among strangers?"

"There is someone he calls 'little pal,' for whom he feels great tenderness, but he has never given the slightest clue as to who she is."

"Of course, John Brown is an assumed name?"

"Yes, but his father was a vicar, and died a few years ago; he has no other relative of his own."

"Well, he is an interesting case, and I'm sorry to leave him. Let me know what happens."

"Yes, I will. I am sorry you are going, doctor. I shall miss our nice chats."

"You must come and see me when I settle down."

"Thank you. I hope the practice will turn out well. Good-bye."

Letter-writing, in Nurse Walker's opinion, was a minor duty, and it was six months before Dr. Neville heard from her. She wrote:—

"The patient you were interested in died two days after you left. Before he died he told me his real name, which I promised to keep a secret, and requested me to inform his wife (we were right—she was Maisie) of his death when it occurred; and I did so. May her conscience give her no peace for treating the lad so carelessly, and driving him to his death among strangers."

Dr. Neville had not forgotten his old patient in the cares of his new practice, and in the engrossing friendship that had grown between him and a charming woman, named Mrs. Norman; she was a young widow, but was living at home with her parents. The house was a pleasant one to visit, and Doctor Neville admired and liked all her family.

That evening he found Mrs. Norman looking more than usually beautiful. He wondered why a fragment of his old patient's delirium came into his memory as he looked at her:—

"There's Maisie!—her golden hair rip-

pling and shining, and the violets I gave her in her breast. You wouldn't think to look at her now that she could turn on a fellow for taking a glass too much of the stuff she first persuaded him to taste."

"You never take champagne, do you?" asked Mrs. Norman, turning to him at supper with one of her brilliant smiles.

"No, I'm a teetotaler," he answered.

"It always seems unnatural to me for a man—I suppose because I'm used to father taking his glass. Are you very bigoted?" Doctor Neville laughed. "I don't interfere with other people."

"But do you disapprove of having it on the table for those who like it? Would you have it on your own table?"

"Well, if you insist on my opinion, I would not. I've just heard to-day of the death of an old patient of mine, who told us (certainly when he was delirious, but I'm sure it was true) that he had never tasted intoxicating drink until he was married, and his wife insisted on having it served regularly with the meals. Of course, when he began to take too much her scorn was great for his weakness, but that didn't prevent the drink killing him."

"It's cruel to tempt anyone to take such treacherous stuff," said Violet, Mrs. Norman's youngest sister. Doctor Neville looked up, surprised at her vehemence, as she was usually very quiet, leaving her brilliant sister to carry on the conversation. At the same time he noticed how large and dark her eyes looked as they sparkled with indignation.

Across Mrs. Norman's face there fell a shadow, but before long she turned the conversation on to the latest play, and criticised it very smartly as she sipped her claret.

After supper other visitors claimed Mrs. Norman's attention, and Doctor Neville took a seat near Violet. She was engaged in a low-toned conversation with a lady, and Doctor Neville heard her say:—

"Fair play! Charlie Norman was my friend, and I won't hear him maligned. He had faults, but so had May. They were both to blame."

Doctor Neville moved away when he heard that their conversation was personal, but his curiosity was roused, and he tried to remember what he had heard of May's short married life.

The next day, when talking to one of his friends, he led the conversation delicately to the subject. The friend was a great talker, and immediately gave all the information he knew.

"Charlie Norman! Awfully decent chap, our late vicar's son; simply worshipped his wife, but somehow they didn't hit it, and he took to drink, and finally left her. She never heard of him again until she was informed of his death. Poor old Charlie!"

"His wife must have felt it terribly?"

"She did; but not as much as Violet, who was inconsolable, poor child! Charlie and she had always been chums. By the way, old chap, I hear—but I suppose it will be time enough to congratulate you when you tell me yourself."

"Quite!" said Doctor Neville, smiling. He wondered, as he went his rounds, why May Norman had missed happiness.

"She seems born for joy," he thought. One could imagine trouble waiting for Violet. Tragedy lurks in the shadows of her

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face and in her dark eyes, but May—May must be happy. God help me to make her so."

Doctor Neville had tried to find an opportunity to see May alone, but she was so popular it was not easy. At last he begged Violet's assistance.

"I say, do find me a chance some time to-night," he said. "It's awful hanging on like this. I want to know my fate!"

"I'll arrange it, but I don't know yet where you can see her. Come to me in the dining-room after supper and I'll tell you," said Violet.

"Thank you very much, Violet," said Doctor Neville, looking at her affectionately. He had grown to thoroughly appreciate her quiet friendship; confided in her the worries and hopes of his practice; the day-dreams of new cures that were to be the result of his long hours of research and experiment, and theories of cultivating more perfect health that he was steadily teaching to his patients.

He never asked himself why he did not talk to May of these things; perhaps unconsciously he realised that she would neither understand nor be interested in them, and that he did not like to admit even to himself that their intercourse held any flaw.

It happened, however, that without Violet's assistance he managed to find May alone. She was just leaving the drawing-room when he entered.

"Don't go," he said earnestly, taking hold of her wrists. "I have something to say to you. Listen, Maisie—"

"Maisie!"—she caught her breath as she repeated the word, and gasped.

"Yes; mayn't I call—are you ill?"

(Concluded on page 10.)

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Mr. Bruntnell's Tour

During Mr. Bruntnell's absence on the Clarence and Bellinger Rivers, Mr. W. J. Walker, the General Secretary of the Sons and Daughters of Temperance, has given his splendid services to the Alliance State Council in keeping a hand on the affairs in the office. This is another evidence of that good feeling that exists between the Alliance and all those important temperance bodies affiliated with it. May this good feeling continue.

Mr. Bruntnell returned on Thursday last, after an absence of five weeks, during which he has toured the Clarence River, Bellinger River, and Dorrigo. He reports having had splendid meetings with remarkable attendance and enthusiasm. At Grafton he was subjected to the most bitter and unfair opposition he has met in the State. It was a united attempt to prevent freedom of speech, and its chief promoters were three whisky travellers and two local publicans. What makes it worse is the fact that the temperance folk gave Mr. Lloyd a fair hearing, and common courtesy should have prevailed, but such is the liberty given by people who are always prating about the "liberty of the subject." The "Clarence and Richmond Examiner," in an editorial brevity, says:—

"At the Temperance Alliance meeting held in the Theatre Royal on Tuesday evening, there was considerable interruption, which was referred to by Mr. Bruntnell when responding to a vote of thanks. He said his reception that night was the worst he had experienced in the State. It is most regrettable that a speaker on a public question should feel compelled to make such an observation. Yet, from all that can be gathered from unbiased members of the audience, the treatment accorded the lecturer was such that merited some plain speaking. When Mr. Lloyd spoke here some time ago he was given a fair hearing, and equally fair play should have been allowed Mr. Bruntnell. Hitherto Grafton audiences have had the reputation of giving every speaker an orderly and fair hearing. It cannot be said that this was the case on Tuesday night. The only redeeming feature about the incident is the fact, as pointed out by the Mayor, the interruptions came principally from strangers.

The finish at Grafton was remarkable for its enthusiasm, the attendances and interest being wonderful. Evidently the liquor people fear the result of Mr. Bruntnell's visit, as Mr. Lloyd is to be sent back there again. "Fairplay," the liquor organ, says Mr. Bruntnell had a bad time there. Funny Mr. Lloyd has to go back!

The remaining meetings of the tour were

held at Nana Glen, Bellinger district, and Dorrigo. At Bellingen a local liquor advocate boasted his ability to "down Mr. Bruntnell," and was responsible for arousing considerable interest. He came along armed with books and papers, and was invited to the platform. Here he endeavoured to speak, and afterwards questioned Mr. Bruntnell until 11.15 p.m., but as each question revealed the weakness of his case, he not only got despaired, but defiant, wanted to overrule the chairman, and move some motion, and finally was ungentlemanly enough to move an amendment to a vote of thanks. In all our experience we have never known anything to equal this for discourtesy, but this is the kind of thing that comes from those who always pose as such gentlemanly champions of liberty and fair play. No wonder the "Northern Courier" trenchantly denounced such tactics.

The whole of the meetings at Bellingen and Dorrigo were excellent, and the splendid branch of the Alliance formed at the former place, with the Rev. Parton as president, and Mr. Stan. Suters as secretary, will do good work in the coming poll. A social was given in honour of Mr. Bruntnell on the last night of his visit, attended by all the leading temperance workers in the town and district. Among other results of the tour are the following:—(1) The sum of £45 clear to the Alliance funds. (2) The sale of £10 worth of literature. (3) A Good Templar Lodge resuscitated. (4) One hundred and fifty pledges taken. (5) Some 70 to 80 members secured for the I.O.G.T. (Of these, 26 were initiated by Mr. Bruntnell at Bellingen. (6) Some 36 subscribers were secured to the 20,000 Shilling Fund, and 15 annual subscribers to "Grit," while 30 collecting cards were placed in good hands for the 20,000 Shilling Fighting Fund.

Mr. Bruntnell leaves on Monday next for a ten days' mission in the Temora and Wyalong districts.

The Alliance is taking active steps in opposing several licenses applied for, and intend waiting on the Premier at an early date to urge the inclusion of several important amendments of the law relating to the sale of liquors. Then a vigorous propaganda will be conducted all over the State, and persons interested are asked to write to the General Secretary so that steps may be taken to get some aggressive organising done in each electorate of the State.

At the last meeting of the State Council, the following members of the Council were elected to act as an executive for the ensuing year:—Rev. Canon F. B. Boyce, Rev. Dr. Clouston, Mr. W. L. Dash, Mr. A. Gow, Mrs. Masterman, Rev. W. W. Rutledge, Mr.

W. Winn, Mr. A. B. Pursell, Rev. C. T. Newman, Mrs. Southcott, Mr. W. C. Clegg, Mr. W. J. Walker, Mr. J. W. Eve, Mr. J. P. Treadgold, Rev. W. H. Howard, Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, and the General Secretary.

The Annual Report of the Alliance for 1908 will soon be ready, and can be obtained, by any who desire, at 3s 6d per 100, postage extra. It will include a lot of valuable information, and should be circulated by all branches and committees. Order at once from the General Secretary of the N.S.W. Alliance, Park and Castlereagh streets, Sydney.

DOINGS IN QUEENSLAND.

Mr. Arthur Toombs, organiser and lecturer for the International Order of Good Templars of Queensland, returned from a tour of the West on Saturday. He has been away about six weeks, and has met with conspicuous success in his work, having organised six new lodges. The West has always been considered an uninviting field for the formation of temperance societies, and, previous to the visit of Mr. Toombs, no temperance organisation of any kind existed in the West. Lodges were opened at Longreach, Barcaldine, Clermont, Emerald, Gindie, and Duinga. Mr. Toombs is now at Mackay, afterwards he will make an extensive tour of the North for three months previous to returning to Rockhampton again for special work. In the forward movement now being made by the I.O.G.T., it is hoped to have a permanent organiser for the Central line alone.—Rockhampton "Recorder," 8/6/09.

HIS FIRST ORDER.

A Manchester firm lately received from another Manchester firm this letter:—

"Dear Sir,—To-day we have given your Mr. X. an order, thanks to his colossal impudence. Where did you find him?"

Mr. X. had only just started on the road, and this was an order from a firm that all his predecessors had canvassed in vain. The head of Mr. X's firm called him in and questioned him about the charge of "colossal impudence."

"Well," the young traveller explained, you told me to adapt myself to all manner of circumstances, and behave to possible customers in their own way. In this case the head didn't look up for three minutes after I went in, and then he said, 'Well, what blood-sucking firm do you represent?' I gave him your card, and said, 'These bleary-eyed vampires,' and it seemed to tickle him."

WHEN BUYING GLASSES



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1.



2.



3.



4.

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2. A "Dinna Forget" Pendant in solid 9-ct. gold. Just the thing for "her" birthday present, 6s 6d. In 15-ct. gold, 10s 6d.

3. A daintily designed Brooch of solid gold, with a strong Pin and Catch. This would be very suitable for a young girl, and is exceptionally economical at 4s 3d.

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

Talk about People

Caught Napping.

As a boy of fourteen Sir Donald Currie, the millionaire shipowner, who has just died, commenced to earn his living as a barber's apprentice, ultimately entering the shipping office of a Greenock relative as a clerk. "Thorough" was his motto, and by doing everything that came in his way as well as he could, he proved a valuable servant of the Cunard Line, before he struck out for himself. How he founded the famous Castle Line, and, amongst other ventures, made £500,000 out of the South African diamond fields—being one of the first to interest himself in these—is well known.

Sir Donald was fond of entertaining famous people on his ships, and as proud of their friendship as he was of his magnificent collection of pictures at 4 Hyde Park Place. Talking of art treasures reminds one of the manner in which Sir Donald was once caught napping. Among a quantity of furniture to be sold by auction on one occasion was a chair with the name "Duntottar Castle," ornately carved upon it. He decided to purchase it, and instructed a commission agent to buy it at any cost.

The agent started the bidding at £5, and was surprised to hear another well-known dealer double his bid. "Fifteen!" shouted the agent, while the audience began to grow interested, for the chair seemed com-

paratively valueless. "Twenty!" cried the dealer. "Thirty!" came the agent's answer. "Forty!" was the dealer's biting but practical reply.

And so the battle waged, until the audience was breathless, and the surprised auctioneer brought down his hammer for the third time on the closing bid of £670. A rumour went round that the secret of the keen competition lay in the fact that the woodwork was hollow and was filled with notes and Government securities. But this rumour, like most of its kind, was far from the truth.

The fact of the matter was that Sir Donald, forgetting that he had already commissioned one agent to purchase the chair for him, had instructed another, and the battle was equivalent to Sir Donald fighting himself.

Weighty President Taft.

On one of his campaigning tours, President Taft was entertained at a house which was rather unsubstantially built. As he walked about his room the whole building shook with his tread, and when he got into bed, that receptacle, unused to so much weight, gave way, precipitating the distinguished gentleman to the floor. His host, hurrying to his door, inquired if he could render any assistance. "Oh, I'm all right, I guess," the statesman called out, good-naturedly, "but if you don't find me here in the morning, look in the cellar."

Mr. W. T. Stead.

No one denies (says "Tit-Bits") that Mr. W. T. Stead is one of the cleverest journalists in London. As he confessed the other day, he has been right "through the mill," and there was a time when he wrote advertisements, and articles at a penny a line. It has been said that he has interviewed everybody who is anybody, from Royalty downwards. Mr. Stead has many stories to tell of the exalted personages he has met. He was once visiting the King and Queen of Denmark, and during the interview the question of women's suffrage arose. The King was in favour of extending the franchise to the gentler sex, but the Queen demurred, saying that she did not approve of granting women the vote. "But, my dear," replied the King, with a smile, "you have everything that the Suffragists are fighting for."

Selous Shot Elephants.

Mr. Selous, who is accompanying Mr. Roosevelt on an African hunting expedition, was only nineteen when he fared forth into the world of adventure with a rifle in his hand, and £400, all his capital, in his

pocket. He asked Lobengula for permission to shoot elephants. "You shoot elephants!" said the Matabele King, derisively. "You are only a boy; you had better hunt antelopes." But the boy got the required permission. Since those early days Mr. Selous has spent more than thirty years among the African big game. Years ago he brought down his hundredth elephant.

Queen Victoria's Favourite Novelist.

Amongst the many distinctions enjoyed by Mr. William Le Queux was that of being the favourite novelist of the late Queen Victoria. It is amazing what a multitude of experiences this popular writer has crowded into his life. He has a rare knowledge of Continental travel, is the personal friend of more than one European monarch, and possesses quite a number of foreign decorations bestowed upon him by Royalty. No Englishman is better acquainted with the political undercurrents abroad. It is this fact which lends such interest to his book, "England's Peril," which is now included in the Newnes' Series of Sixpenny Copyright Novels. If you want to read an invasion story written by an accomplished novelist, "England's Peril" is the book for you. Most of the so-called invasion stories published nowadays are mere drivel.

Little Men Who Are Famous.

"Each man makes his own stature, builds himself," once wrote a certain bygone author. And looking down the list of famous men of to-day, it seems as though the little men build best. Take the present Cabinet, for instance. The shortest man is Mr. Lloyd George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who measures 5ft. 7in. Mr. John Burns is about the same height, although broader, while Lord Morley is just over 5ft. 7in, his thinness and inclination to stoop making him appear somewhat less.

Mr. Asquith is 5ft. 8in., about an inch and a-half taller than Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and three inches taller than Lord Rosebery. The shortest man in the House of Commons, by the way, is Mr. Stephen Walsh, Labour member for the Ince Division of Lancashire, who is only 5ft. 1in. in height.

Never run your neighbour down—he may beat you at the game

"AWL-U-WANT"

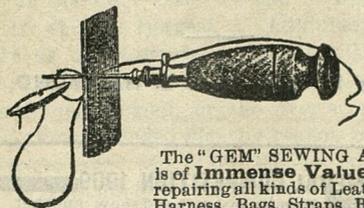
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Reel, which can be kept in your pocket, and the thread, therefore, is supplied continuously. You will see that this is a decided advantage, particularly when sewing carpets or shop blinds, or canvas, tarpaulins, and for similar work this is the "AWL-U-WANT." The needles, of course, are interchangeable, and can always be obtained, both stout and fine, and are held very securely in position by means of the Brass Screw Cap.

It is so simple, that a child can use it. The PRICE is ONLY 1s. 11d., complete, with Straight and Bent Needles, Brass Bobbin and Illustrated Directions, postage paid any where. Extra needles 4d. each, post free.

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ROGERS' BROS.

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

181 OXFORD STREET AND 775 GEORGE STREET

GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1909.

DIVIDENDS FOR THE SHAREHOLDER, BUT NO EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WORKERS.

We hear much of the dislocation of the labour market if No-License swept the pubs away, and it is just as well to face the facts. In 1906 the distilleries of this State employed 17 male persons. A whole 17! They turned out spirits of the selling price to the public of £1,196,000. The boot and shoe factories of the State employed 4765 hands, and the estimated retail value of their products was £1,300,000. Roughly, the money which spent in boots and shoes employed 4767 hands in their making; spent in spirits would have employed 20. No wonder that Saul Joshua, of Whisky fame, said: 'With a thousand men I could drown the world in spirits!' It may be said that we have not taken account of the labour employed in hotels; neither have we reckoned that employed in shoe shops. In 1906 there were 148 breweries in the Commonwealth, 3372 employees, and the total wages paid for the year was £323,822; and yet we sometimes come across people who talk of the large number of people employed by the breweries. It is very certain the liquor monopoly has no right to pose as a friend of the worker. It seems impossible to invest money in any manufacture or legitimate business that would not employ more hands, and with less danger, than does the liquor trade. May we never rest until this trade has been dealt with as the Irishman dealt with the snake—he cut off its tail, and he cut just behind where its ears ought to be.

A VALUABLE ADMISSION.

Mr. F. W. Tompson, in the interest of the Liquor cause, has written a small book on "High License," which is really a criticism, a very temperate and courteous criticism, of Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's book on "The Taxation of the Liquor Trade." It is amusing to notice that, while he calls attention to "the unconscious bias of the authors, who are well-known teetotal reformers," he "ventures to express a hope that" in his own book, "he has been able to explore the subject with a mind free from bias—either conscious or unconscious," notwithstanding his admission in the same paragraph: "I am a director of brewing com-

panies both in England and in the United States of America!"

Criticising Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's assumption that the consumption per head in each State is the same as that in the United States as a whole, Mr. Tompson says:—"There are absolutely no grounds for any such assumption—in fact, everything points to very great divergences indeed. For instance some six or eight of the States are under Prohibition, more or less rigidly enforced. Temperance advocates, at any rate, cannot object to the argument that consumption in a Prohibition State is but a fraction of what it is in a 'wet' area. (The black type is ours.) The amount of drink in the remaining States must therefore be greater than the published figures. . . . Then, again, nearly one-third of the inhabitants of the United States live in 'No-License' areas included in 'wet' States, and, where these areas are large, it is to be presumed that the inhabitants consume less than the average. Thus, a State having few 'dry' areas would, other things being equal, consume more per capita than the average."

We are glad to have such a concise and authoritative statement from an eminent "trade" representative, who has such exceptional opportunities of knowing the real facts. We now see why "the trade" fights the No-License party in the States with such fierce energy; and we think it may also be fairly inferred from Mr. Tompson's statement that it is not from "No-License" areas, but from License areas, that any increase in expenditure on alcoholic drinks comes. We shall not forget the sentence:—"Consumption in a Prohibition State ('more or less rigidly enforced,' remember) is but a fraction of what it is in a 'wet' area."

THE CALIFORNIA BOYS.

It is natural that the visit of the team of boys of the Columbia Park Boys' Club, California, should arouse interest in the community, and everybody will hope that the boys may have a good time in Australia, learn a lot, and teach a lot. The Columbia Park Club had its origin some years ago, when Major Peixotto started a little club for boys in a single room in the southern part of San Francisco. At first the keenest opposition was experienced, the boys of the cosmopolitan city of San Francisco did not at all kindly to the very mild discipline that membership entailed. The few lads who did join were subject to the jeers and ridicule of the street roughs, and many of the fainter hearted left the club. Undeterred, Major Peixotto continued steadfastly in his work, and the night of April 17, 1906, found him comfortably housed in a club house of his own, and a membership of over 300 boys. Gymnasium training, military drill, outdoor athletes of every description, instruction in basket making, wood carving, clay model-

ling, and all kinds of handicraft, musical and dramatic work, and above all a fine brass band, were some of the attractions that made Major Peixotto's Club the aim of every boy in the city.

And then came the earthquake. Everything was lost. The club-house and all that it contained was burned. A fresh start had to be made. The boys who had been the earlier members of the club, and had fought the first fight with Major Peixotto rallied around him, rejoining the club as an affiliated elder branch of the Columbia Park Boys. They proved their loyalty, their appreciation of the club, and their devotion to its founder by standing back to back amidst the universal ruin and working together for the re-establishment of the Columbia Park Boys' Club. To-day the boys have a new club-house, and to all appearances the course of the club has been "as unruffled as the summer sea." Only those who have an intimate knowledge of the internal affairs can know what terrible strain has been undergone. Every boy of this party can tell of a thrilling experience, for each one lost his home in the great disaster.

The boys arrived in Sydney last week, and were cordially welcomed at the Y.M.C.A. on Friday evening, by a huge, representative, and enthusiastic gathering.

AN APT FABLE.

From a series of fables by the late R. L. Stevenson, in "Longman's Magazine," a liquor weekly had the temerity a while ago to select one about the devil staying at an inn and working mischief there, and reprinted it for the benefit of its readers. We read that when the innkeeper found the devil "kept everybody by the ears," he got a rope's end, and said, "Now I am going to thrash you." "You have no right to be angry with me," said the devil; "I am only the devil, and it is my nature to do wrong." "Is that so?" asked the innkeeper. "Fact, I assure you," said the devil. "You really cannot help doing ill?" asked the innkeeper. "Not in the smallest," said the devil; "it would be useless cruelty to thrash a thing like me." "It would, indeed," said the innkeeper, and he made a noose and hanged the devil. Need the moral be pointed?

BUSINESS MEN'S MEETING.

EVERY FRIDAY, 1.25 to 1.50.

THE CHAPTER HOUSE, Beside St. Andrew's Cathedral.

Address by Rev. R. B. S. HAMMOND.

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METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

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200 Q. V. MARKETS

The School of Intelligent Piano Playing

A Substitute for Alcohol

By Mrs. HENRY HIBBERT, of Bradford.

In responding to a frequent request to write an account of my safe "Pick-me-up Remedy" as a substitute for alcohol, I have done so because of the deplorable fact that intemperance among women is greatly on the increase in higher as well as in lower ranks of life, and that the effects of this on the future race and on society cannot but be very deteriorating. Observation and experience have convinced me that the cause in very many instances is the absolute belief in alcohol as a panacea for almost every ailment. The rush and strain of life is telling most disastrously on the delicate nervous systems of women, the alarming use of alcoholic stimulants being largely due to this.

INTEMPERANCE AMONGST WOMEN.

Intemperance amongst women! What is there special in it which distinguishes it from men? In many ways they are identical, but secret drinking is more common among women than men. In all civilised countries women are treated with deference, and in return a higher standard of conduct is expected of women, and probably that is why (when the fence of propriety is broken down) the degradation of open drunkenness appears to be more abject than in men. This, I think, is the reason that secret drinking is more common. The fact we have to face to-day, according to the late Dr. Norman Kerr, is that "England occupies the unenviable position of having a greater proportion of female drunkenness than any other country." A good deal of old-fashioned prejudice and ignorance remains among women. We often hear the remark, "My mother took brandy and stout, and she said it did her good," etc., and I believe we as women Temperance reformers have a great work before us in educating and removing these prejudices from the minds of young women. In our meetings, and in personal visitation (which I believe is the most effectual method) we can show them on the highest authority that alcohol is injurious to the physical and moral welfare of the human race—so subtle in its effects that an appetite is created before its victim is aware, and therefore it is well not to run the risk even of using it as a medicine. We can also teach that the healthy body does not suffer in the least by abstinence from alcoholic drinks, and that without them it is possible to endure hard work and strain, while in sickness or accident the chances of an abstainer's recovery is greater.

NEED OF A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

But at the same time we can better convince if we can suggest a stimulant or remedy as a substitute for the trivial ailments, and results of over-indulgence of the self-contained woman, or the over-strained, hard-working woman, who, by reason of circumstances over which she has no control, is often compelled to tax every energy in order to cope with the daily duties. I was convinced of this by an amusing incident a few years ago. Visiting a certain neighbourhood along with another, inviting the women to a special Temperance meeting for women, at one house, in reply to our invitation, the woman gave a very emphatic "No." I said, "I'm sorry you won't; but I do admire your candour. Do you mind telling me why you won't come?" "Because," she replied, "I don't believe in it.

I could not live without brandy. I've a weak heart." I smilingly said, "I've a weak heart, and I believe it is because I don't take brandy that I live." She said, "Do you know Mrs. Hibbert?" I laughingly said, "Yes; do you?" She replied, "I once heard her speak at — Hall, and she told us not to take brandy, but she did not tell us what to take instead." I told her I was the guilty one, and I had made a mistake, but I would tell her what my remedy was, and I would give her a portion. She thanked me, and said she would try it, and she would be glad to find something else, as she knew many women who were too fond of drink. This little incident showed me how unpractical I had been, and convinced me that if I spoke against the remedy they had been taught to rely upon, I must give them a substitute. Capsicum, the botanic name for cayenne pepper, is one of the safest remedies for heart weakness and exhaustion I have ever used. Dr. Thatcher says: "There can be no doubt that cayenne furnishes us with the purest stimulant that can be introduced into the human body." Surgeons in the French army have been in the habit of giving it to the soldiers who were exhausted by fatigue.

A SAFE "PICK-ME-UP."

The recipe is as follows:—Take 1 grain (or what would thinly cover a threepenny piece) of cayenne pepper, pour on about half a cup of boiling water, and add milk or cream. Care should be taken that only the best cayenne pepper is used, which can be procured from a good chemist or herbalist. In cases of exhaustion I would use boiling milk instead of water, or I would use only sufficient water to scald, and then add cream freely. To some this may seem costly, but I venture to say not so costly as brandy, port wine, claret, etc.

A TRUE STIMULANT AND TONIC.

A leading chemist in London, writing to his father, who is a friend of mine, says, "Your Temperance lady is on the right track with her cayenne. I have looked it up, and this is what I find: Stimulant, stomachic, and tonic. Given in dyspepsia and dipsomania, to induce sleep and promote appetite in delirium tremens." For the drink craving he advises Peruvian bark and gentian root. "When the craving comes on put a piece of the root or bark into the mouth. This is a good additional help along with the cayenne." He speaks strongly against essence of ginger, as there is a greater percentage of alcohol in essence of ginger than in brandy or whisky. He advises the essence of cayenne, but with all respect I prefer the cayenne pepper when boiling water is available. I am quite sure there is nothing in that to create an appetite for more. The essence might; mind, I say "might" do so. I have known such, and have taken it often during the last ten years; but when I am relieved I have done with it.

A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS

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

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General Manager and Actuary: Richard Teece, F.I.A., F.F.A., F.S.S. Secretary: Robert B. Cameron. Manager Industrial Department: C. A. Elliott, F.I.A.

Sydney, 14th May, 1909.

MEDICATED WINES.

Another danger I should like briefly to mention is the use of medicated wines. Amongst the largely advertised are "Wincarnis," "Bovril Wine," "Pepsine Wine," etc., all of which contain alcohol, and the danger is the revival or creation of the alcohol craving. Those that contain cocaine or kola are especially dangerous, because of the seductive influence. An article in the "Lancet" on "The Dangers of Cocaine," says:—

"Cocaine is a drug which shares with opium and many others the questionable credit of developing a 'habit'—i.e., of leading, by the beneficial effects experienced after small doses, to a desire for the repetition of the relief,—and, as a consequence, the dose employed tends to become greater, and the precautions which perhaps were taken at first are gradually relaxed."

According to the "British Medical Journal," "cocaine inebriety is largely on the increase. The greatest number of victims is to be found amongst society women." The results are appalling—lassitude, nervous weakness, insomnia, etc.

The only safe path, I affirm with all confidence, is total abstinence from alcohol in all its various forms. "Prevention is better than cure." Our hope for the future lies in the education and enlightenment of women. This is the most important work we can engage in, as so much depends on a sober womanhood. By example and precept we should teach those less favoured than ourselves that their bodies should be kept pure, free from alcohol in any form, for their own sakes, and more especially for the sake of the child-life of our beloved country.

The first lifeboat is still in existence at Redcar, in Yorkshire. This boat was placed at Redcar in the year 1802, to be used as a boat "for saving life in storms or other dangers to ships" coming into or near the mouth of the Tees. It was built by a shipwright of the neighbouring port of Sunderland from plans of his own invention, and Parliament considered his work so meritorious and advantageous that it voted him a sum of £1200 as a reward for his time, trouble, and ingenuity. This fine old boat did excellent service for over 70 years.

One Year of Prohibition

IN A GREAT INDUSTRIAL CENTRE.

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

PRISONERS IN COUNTY JAIL UNDER PROHIBITION.

New Year's Day, 1909, found 97 less prisoners in the Jefferson County Jail than on the same day of 1908. The warden of the county jail states that the actual criminal record under Prohibition has fallen off between 40 and 50 per cent. The following shows the number of prisoners in jail at the end of each month of 1907, and comparison is made with the end of each month of 1908:—

January	254	228
February	225	171
March	319	167
April	261	167
May	244	197
June	206	163
July	220	162
August	291	217
September	238	206
October	238	158
November	247	187
December	285	188
Total	3028	2211

It must be remembered that in 1908 a large number of these arrests were made under abnormal conditions; that is, growing out of the coal miners' strike. The actual number of criminals in the county jail during 1908 was from 40 to 50 per cent. less each month than in 1907.

PROHIBITION'S MARVELLOUS RECORD IN LEADING SUBURB.

The record of Prohibition in Anniston, from a criminal standpoint, has been very much more satisfactory than in Birmingham. Judged from the view-point of lessening crime and disorder, Prohibition has been a great success there. The following comparative statement of the number of arrests in Anniston during 1907 and 1908, is interesting in this connection:—

	1907.	1908.
Total number of arrests ...	3864	1283
Total number of arrests for drunkenness	1251	165

INTERNAL REVENUE FIGURES, BOOT-LEGGING, AND EXPRESS TRAFFIC.

The U.S. Revenue Collector has issued 220 licenses for retail liquor dealers for Jefferson County, from July 1, 1908, to June 1, 1909. Of these 220 licenses, an expert who has studied carefully the Prohibition question here and is familiar with conditions, says that 193 are held by people who deal in liquor illegally. In other words, it appears there are 193 blind tigers in Jefferson County, operating under a Federal liquor license. The other 27 are for legalised clubs, such as the Birmingham Country Club, the Southern Club, and for druggists who are permitted to sell liquor under conditions. In addition to these 193 blind tigers, there is a good deal of boot-legging done here. Many negroes carry bottles in their pockets, and sell them, and there are supposed to be dozens of places where liquor is sold on the sly without license of any kind. It would be impossible to estimate the exact number of these places or how much liquor they are selling, as they are all conducted in secret. The police are continually "flushing" them, though a great many of them are never caught.

LIQUOR SOLD PROBABLY THIRTY PER CENT OF LICENSE DAYS.

The truth is, a great deal of liquor is being sold here, and liquor and beer are delivered at residences legally, under interstate commerce traffic. Large quantities of

liquor come by express and freight. How much, nobody knows, though the general opinion here is that it is about 25 or perhaps 30 per cent of the amount consumed under the saloon regime. The police force has not been reduced by reason of prohibition, and no small part of their time and efforts is taken up in undertaking to enforce the Prohibition laws. It is not denied that large quantities of liquor are illegally sold here. It is further a matter of observation that large quantities are distributed here from liquor dealers outside of the State.

TEMPORARY HANDICAPS TO GREATER LICENSES.

When prohibition was adopted by Birmingham and Jefferson County, the mayor of Birmingham was opposed to it as an economic measure. The chief of police was opposed to it, and it was generally understood that the authorities who have the handling of the law in this city and county were opposed to it. It may be said that most of them are still opposed to it, in a way, but are nothing like so strong in their opposition. They have been modified, largely, in their opinions, it is believed, by what they have seen in the operation of prohibition and its results. Also a very strong pressure has been brought to bear upon them by public sentiment influence, and public sentiment is growing steadily stronger in favour of prohibition, since the people have seen what it can accomplish, even under a reasonable enforcement of the law. The disposition to more rigidly enforce the law seems to be increasing, since the publication of the first year's record, and public sentiment is getting stronger as an influence behind the authorities in that direction.

(To be continued.)

In the Senate on Friday, after further debate, the Supply Bill was passed. In the House of Representatives the censure motion was continued and adjourned.

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Saves Money

THE IDEAL BREAKFAST FOOD—

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

1st. Being pre-digested it requires no cooking, but is ready for immediate use.
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It also makes Delicious Puddings, Entrees, and Gruels. Recipes supplied with each bag.

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VALUABLE SPECIFIC for CHRONIC CONSTIPATION.

Sold in Bottles at

One Shilling and Three Shillings,
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THE ABSTAINERS' INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD.

Total Membership 485,000.

Total Funds £1,850,000.

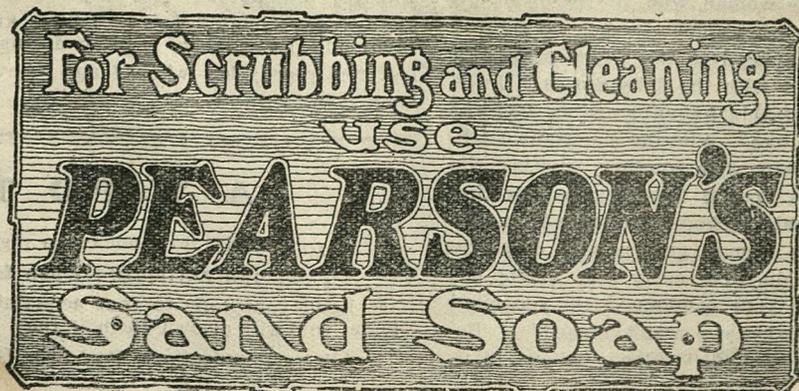
The Benefits are:—Medical Attendance and Medicines for Member, Wife, and Family from date of joining.

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

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

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

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



From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(By UNCLE BARNABAS.)

FOR SUNDAY.

A WORD FROM "COME UNTO ME."

Dora Howell has made the word "Calls." Can you make another?
Come unto Me
All ye that
Labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and
Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your Souls.

FOR MONDAY.

A VERY FUNNY GAME!

Slap your knees with your hands, then quickly cross your hands so that you touch the tip of your nose with your right forefinger, and the tip of your right ear with your left forefinger. Then slap your knees again quickly, and touch the tip of your nose with your left forefinger, and the tip of your left ear with your right forefinger. I would like to see some of my prim and accomplished "nieces" do this in a real, lively manner. Tell me how you get along! You may be surprised to find that the tip of your nose is a difficult spot to reach.

ABOUT THE "ISHMAEL" COMPETITION.

Aunt Prissy asks:—Can you use the same letter more than once? (No.) Will names of Bible places do? (Yes.) For example: Messiah would not do; Ai would.

BEHEADINGS.

(By AUNT PRISSY, Executioner to his Majesty, Page Nine.)

Behead the cost of anything, and leave an article of food.

Behead to turn round quickly, and leave a useful little article.

Behead a period of time, and leave a part of the body.

Behead a school requisite, and leave not early.

Behead a small opening, and leave a large supply.

S. TO S.S.S.

Emily Warren, Alexandria.
Lionel Swain, Waipaira, N.Z.
Mabel Muller, Allendale, Gunning.
Dora Howell, Waverley.

V.—COMPETITION ILLUSTRATIONS.

(By Emily Warren... Preacher: Pastor Robinson.)

THE BOY THAT BEAT THE DUKE.

One day the Duke of Wellington and some of his men went out hunting game. They used to Carter through the farmer's yard, and spoil all the growing corn. One farmer put a high fence around his, and a big gate. He told a little boy to sit on a pole and let no one pass through. The Duke was coming that way, and he said to his men, "There is a big fence in front of us, but we will have to pass through," so, as they came nearer, one of the men called out, "Eh, boy, get down and open the gate." The boy shook his head. Then the man called out a little louder, "Eh, boy, get down and open that gate; don't you know the Duke of Wellington wants to pass through?" But the boy still shook his head, and a smile crept over his face; again this gentleman repeated his order. Then the boy said: "Can't help it! My master told me to mind this gate, and not to let anyone pass through, even if it is the Duke of Welling-

ton." At this the gentleman began to get angry. But the Duke rode up to the lad, and gave him half-a-crown, saying: "Lad, always obey and do your duty, even if you have to die." Then, turning to his men, he said, "Men, we will have to find another way out of this field." So, with prancing horses and angry men, he turned back. Then the boy took off his cap and threw it in the air, saying, "Hurrah! I have made the Duke of Wellington turn! More than Buonaparte could do!" If we obey God, and do our duty, we will always be happy. Like him we shall find it is not hard to obey our Master.

LETTERS.

A SUNBEAM.

Lionel Swain, Waipaira, N.Z., writes:—"Dear Uncle B., I am seven years old. I am in primer II. I want to be a sunbeam."

(Welcome, Lionel! My love to my new New Zealand nephew. Your letter is well done.—Uncle B.)

BERNARD'S LETTER ABOUT A SAINT AND THE DOGS.

Bernard Luscombe writes:—"My dear Uncle B,—I saw my letter in 'Grit' last week, and am very pleased to know I am amongst your nephews. You asked if I knew anything about St. Bernard. I only know a little about him. He was born in 1091, and died in 1153. He left behind him 160 monasteries. St. Bernard became a monk, and not long afterwards he was head of a monastery. I think the grand St. Bernard dogs were called after him. Hoping you had a good meeting on Thursday last."

(Bow-wow, Bernard, how are you? Yes, the meeting last Thursday was just grand. I'm not quite sure which meeting you mean, though. Do you mean the Zone meeting?—Uncle B.)

MABEL'S MIND MADE UP.

Mabel Muller, Allendale, Gunning (aged nearly 12), writes:—"Dear Uncle B,—My sister has been writing to 'Grit,' and mother has been persuading me to write, but I could never make up my mind till to-night. But I am going to do so to-night. We had the anniversary of our Sunday school last week, and was very successful. I said a piece. The name is 'What became of a lie.' I take great interest in 'Grit,' especially 'Page nine.' Last week's 'Grit' was lovely, all about the beautiful mission. I would have liked to have heard it. The hymn on page one was very pretty, and I am trying to play it on the piano. Well, I will write a longer letter next time, and, wishing 'Grit' every success, your fond niece."

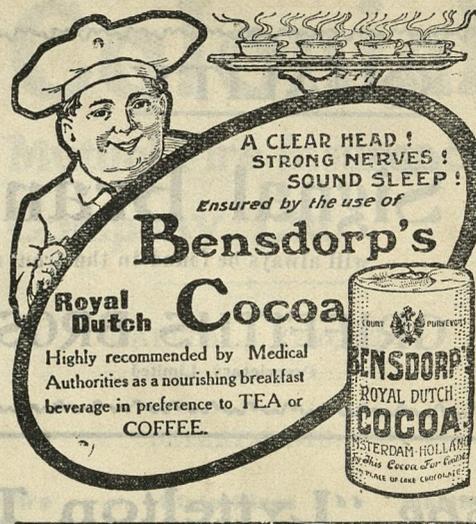
ONE OF THE BEST BOYS.

Leonard Best, "Berrington," Dural, sends a tremendous list of names for the "Ishmael" competition, and says:—"I hope my list will prove successful. I have only just turned 14."

(I would like to shake hands with you, Leonard. Your list is a good one, indeed! Will you write me a short essay for Page 9? Any subject. Not more than 200 words.—Uncle B.)

MILCIA —WELL?

Milcie —well? writes:—"Dear Uncle B,—I want to know if you will have me for a niece? I myself have many nieces, but am always 'Little Auntie.' I will see if I can send a puzzle in next time, but will



have to search well for it first. But, about that 'Ishmael' competition, I found 76, and then gave it up. Now you owe me a letter, and I won't write any more till you answer it. This is the first, still it might be but the first of many such letters. I have been going to write again and again, but it has been put off each time. I suppose I didn't know quite what to write. But I have started now. Wishing you every success in your future work, I remain, yours truly, Milcie —well?"

(Ah! —well? Let me see who you are, Auntie? Never mind, come and be my "niece," and welcome. Get your numerous Ne's and Ni's to read "Grit" as soon as they know A, B, C. You have been using the same letter in "Ishmael" over twice. That won't do. Try again. Write soon; my debt is paid.—Uncle B.)

STILL SORRY!

That letters from E. W., V.M., E.M.W., G.N., and D.H., have to stay in the pigeon-holes. They will fly next week. Do, DO, DO write on one side only!

Address letters, puzzle answers, etc., to "Uncle B., Box 390 G.P.O., Sydney.

GARDENING IN JULY.

(By our Head "7 to 17" Gardener.)

In frosty parts leave all pruning till July, or the new shoots will be frost-bitten.

Vegetables.

Sow broad beans, turnips, spinach, radish, cabbage, cauliflower, carrots, mustard and cress, leek, and lettuce.

Plant out herbs, asparagus, rhubarb, eschalots, garlic, tree onions, horse radish roots, lettuce, and strawberries. Cabbage is improved by frost, and strawberries need cold. Rhubarb roots can be planted in

(Continued on Page 11)

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A QUEENSLAND CRITICISM.

The following leading article is from a great New Zealand daily:—

The member of the Queensland Parliament who has just returned to Brisbane, after paying a visit to New Zealand, has rather over-coloured the picture he has drawn, as a "horrid example" for his countrymen, of the terrible state of affairs that has been brought about in this country by the operation of its liquor laws. If he had contented himself with saying that "perjury and corruption" were rampant here, that there was "a general disrespect for the law," and that "blackmail, terrorism, and boycotting were flourishing," he would have been on tolerably safe ground. These are vague generalities that cannot be very well answered by facts. But when he went on to declare that drunkenness was increasing and that lunacy was developing to an alarming extent, he at once laid himself open to be challenged by actual figures. It is a regrettable fact that there has been an increase in both drunkenness and lunacy in nearly every civilised country of the world during the past few years. We need not discuss just now the connection between the two diseases, but it will be interesting to see how New Zealand compares in this respect with the states of the Commonwealth. Mr. Lesina, the gentleman who has been instructing the good people of Brisbane on the subject, implies that this country is going to the bad much more rapidly than its neighbours are, in consequence of the restrictions it has placed on the drink traffic. But statistics show that the very opposite is the case. In 1907, the last year for which official figures are available, the convictions for drunkenness in New Zealand were 10.7 per thousand of the population, while in New South Wales the convictions were 18.1 per thousand, in Queensland 16.7 per thousand, and in West Australia 13.4 per thousand. The figures for the last five years for which we have particulars are as follows:—

	1903.	1904.	1905.	1906.	1907.
New Zealand	10.7	11.3	10.0	10.5	10.7
N. S. Wales	17.3	15.9	16.2	16.7	18.1
Queensland	13.9	13.1	12.5	14.0	16.7
W. Australia	15.8	14.9	13.6	13.4	13.4

Victoria, South Australia and Tasmania have much better records, but it has been suggested that the law is not so strictly enforced in any of these States as it is in New Zealand. The figures with regard to lunacy are not quite so striking, because, happily, they deal with a smaller section of the community, but they show that New Zealand is not "developing" this fell disease at a rate that should occasion its visitors from Australia any special alarm. The following table gives the number of sufferers per thousand of population for the last five years:—

	1903.	1904.	1905.	1906.	1907.
New Zealand	3.49	3.48	3.50	3.49	3.44
N. S. Wales	3.45	3.46	3.51	3.60	3.59
Queensland	3.58	3.60	3.67	3.70	3.84
W. Australia	1.93	1.96	1.94	2.09	2.40

As it happens, New Zealand is the only one of the four countries we have taken for our comparison where there has been no increase in the amount of drunkenness during the last five years, and though we do not wish to claim this fact as conclusive proof of the efficacy of our liquor laws, it obviously provides a very ample refutation of the outrageous statements made by Mr. Lesina in regard to their operation. This gentleman would be better employed in looking after the social health of his own country than in circulating silly stories concerning the legislative efforts of one of its neighbours.

THE LITTLE PAL.

(Continued from Page 3.)

"No, but don't call me by that name, I hate it. Someone used to—it has unpleasant associations."

"Oh!" There was an awkward pause. Doctor Neville struggled with himself, but the ugly expression that had twisted May's face had disconcerted him, and brought stupid, irritating memories of a lonely lad's delirium.

He hesitated, and before he could compose himself the door opened, and their privacy was ended.

During the following hours he faced the dread that had flashed into his mind; other circumstances that he remembered strengthened his suspicion, and he wondered that he had never connected May Norman with his old patient's "Maisie" before.

"Well, poor lad; he hasn't been much missed," he thought, as he looked at Maisie in her shimmering silk dress. Then he turned to Violet. "After all the lad was lucky in having one true friend; that is more than some of us will ever have," he thought. "I'll find out the truth from Violet. I'll know the worst to-night."

After supper he went to Violet in the empty dining-room.

"I haven't had an opportunity of giving May a hint you wanted to see her. I've really tried, but I never can get her to myself for a second," she said, apologetically.

"Never mind to-night. Violet, tell me about May's husband, will you?"

"No, I won't," said Violet. "The less I say on that subject the better. I can't be fair to both him and May. I am May's sister, but I was Charlie's 'little pal.'"

"Thanks," said Doctor Neville. "You've

given me all the information I want. Listen, Violet. I must have an explanation with Mrs. Norman first (I don't suppose she will repeat to you all I'm going to tell her, but that doesn't matter); then I'm not coming near the house again for a long time.

Violet was pale and trembling; and her eyes were fixed on Dr. Neville with tragic anxiety.

"Perhaps," he continued, "when I come back, May will be married, but—I want—to know—that there'll be waiting here—when that day comes—a 'little pal' for me." And there was.

The ability to read backward what has been impressed on a blotting-pad, and the secrets which the latter will yield when reflected in a mirror, are dangers against which the British Foreign Office has its precaution. It was the last place where pepper-casters of sand were used to dry the written word, and for a time black blotting-paper was specially manufactured and used. But it was found not to be absolutely mark-proof, so that absorbent rollers were introduced for blotting diplomatic documents.

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SEVEN TO SEVENTEEN.

(Continued from Page .)

well-sheltered spots, with as little sun as possible. Plant artichokes. Dig up all vacant ground, and leave it for a few weeks. Frost improves soil. Dig in ashes and rotten manure. Sow peas, broad beans, carrots, beet, onions, also small quantities of cabbage, parsley, radish, cucumber, and tomatoes. If your tomato seedlings have come up now, put them in rich soil in a box, and keep them inside, away from the frost. Then plant them out early in August. Plant rhubarb and asparagus, also onions and eschalots. Potatoes must be in warm situations.

Flowers.

Do not forget roses. Plant carnations in any well-dug soil, drained, and manured with rotten farmyard manure. Keep them well watered. Plant out hardy annuals now. This is really the best month for sowing flower seeds.

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- 54in. Italian Cloth, Black and Grey. Usual value, 10½d; special price, 8½d.
- Stripe Tweed, heavy weight, Wine ground, and light Brown ground. A GOOD TWEED FOR HARD WEAR. Usual, 1/; Special, 8½d.
- ALL WOOL Herringbone Chevron Serges. Mid and Dark Brown, Moss, Light and Mid Navy, Petunia, Peacock, Prune. Usual value, 2/9; special low price, 1/9.
- 38in. MOREEN.—The following colours in Moreen Skirting left over from our Special Sale, viz., Cerise, Cardinal, Emerald, will be sold at 6¼d yard while they last.
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- Single Bed White English Blankets, worth 9/6; special price, 7/11 pair.
- Double Bed White Colonial Blankets (slightly soiled), worth 17/6; special price, 12/11
- Special Line of Ladies' Grey Woven Bloomers, worth 2/11; now offering at 1/11.
- Brown Fur Necklets, 35 inches long, worth 2/6; special price, 1/6.
- Russian Hare Furs, shaped, and chain attached, 42 inches, worth 3/6 for 2/6; 46 inches, worth 3/11 for 2/11.
- White Imitation Ermine Furs, shaped, 40 inches long, worth 4/11; now 2/6.
- Brown Furs, shaped and finished chain, 52 inches long, worth 5/11; special price, 3/11.
- Real Marmot Stoles, shaped, and finished chains, in various styles, marked from 17/6 to 35/; all 4/ in the £ off marked prices.
- Ladies' Lisle Gloves, 2 dome, in Black, Beaver, Grey, worth, 9d; special price, 6d pr.
- Fownes' Kid Gloves, 3-button, Brown and Beaver, worth 2/6; now 1/11 pair.
- Velvet Ribbon, Satin-back, all colours.—¾in. wide, worth 3½d; special price, 2d yd. 1in. wide, worth 4½d; special price, 2½d yard.
- Glace Silk Ribbon, all colours, 4½in. wide, worth 6d yard; special price, 4¾d.

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HOW THE WORLD MOVES.

A pig weighing 80 stone, or 640lb., has been sold in Bishop Stortford Market for £10 5s.

By letting sites for roundabouts and swings in the parks, the London County Council will make a profit of £1486 this year.

Residing in Bradwell, Derbyshire, there are over sixty septuagenarians, thirteen octogenarians, and one—a fine, old lady nonagenarian.

Mother's Day in America, a movement only inaugurated a year ago, was celebrated this year by 50,000,000 people wearing the white carnation on May 9.

Long String of Diamonds.—Among the presents received by an American bride, the daughter of a millionaire, were a string of diamonds 6ft. in length, containing 240 stones, a gold after-dinner coffee set, a silver breakfast service, and a cheque for £20,000.

Miss Nellie M. Wood, of West Soverville, Massachusetts, has won for the third year in succession the Eagan International Shorthand Cup at the International Shorthand Championship contests at Providence, Rhode Island. Her speed was 264 words a minute.

The village of Froissy, near Paris, furnishes arguments for the suffragist cause in that nearly all the important posts are filled by women. Passengers alighting at the railway station are met by a woman, who is stationmaster, whilst her husband is only a guard. A barber's shop bears the notice that "Mlle. Jeanne" will "henceforth shave her customers only on Tuesdays and Fridays, as she has undertaken other work."

It transpires that Prince Bulow asked permission to resign forthwith on the passing of the adverse vote on his taxation proposals. The Kaiser, however, declined to consider his wishes until the Chancellor's efforts for financial reform evolved positive results acceptable to the Federal Governments.

Sir Edward Grey has intimated that Britain is unable to recognise Belgian government in the Congo until the abuses in connection with taxation and forced labour cease.

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