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A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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Vol. III.—No. 9.

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1909

Price One Penny

The First Sin

The earliest recollection of most children is the command, "You must not." It seems, to the child, that he is walled in with a fence called "Obedience," and nearly all of the alluring things are outside. And the first wrong thing that he does is to break

Looking at it from a man's standpoint, we can see how much trouble a child may save himself by obeying his father. We can see that most of the restrictions are for his own good. But to the child, it all seems so unreasonable.

outside is very attractive. But the old rule of childhood holds good. A second sin must be committed to cover the first, and the man of seventy is involved in a tangle of sin and falsehood as surely as the boy of seven. Blessed is the man who early learns to obey.

To many people, this matter of a child's obedience seems a trivial matter. "After all, Willie is only seven years old. You cannot expect him to take things very seriously at his age. And isn't he cute when he is in one of his obstinate moods?" This is the common attitude—in fact, it may be said to be the Australian attitude. For this reason, disobedience has come to be the Australian fault. Think a moment, and see if this is a trivial matter.

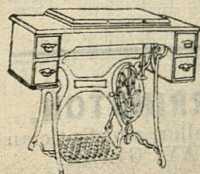
Here, in Australia, we have a great abundance of law-making. We have Federal, State, and city law-making bodies, and there is elaborate machinery for enforcing the laws, and yet our laws are broken in all sorts of ways.

The police are entrusted with the enforcement of the law. Ask the average citizen of any large city what he thinks of the police. You will probably hear a long story of how much they are blind to; and ask the police, and you will hear a story of the unwillingness of the magistrates to convict, and the consequent uselessness of bringing up certain charges. The magistrates have also their story to tell of the faults of the law, and the power of money to carry cases beyond them and upset their judgments. The police-courts seem to some to be designed to frighten honest men away, to leave loopholes for rascals to escape by, and while affording lawyers a great chance to live, they effectively destroy respect for law. Thousands of children are allowed to grow up without any wholesome lessons on obedience, and the nation suffers by this neglect as well as the child.



through that wall. The second sin is a lie to cover the first sin, and then more lies to cover the first lie. The tangle grows worse and worse, and finally come discovery and punishment. Matters never grow better until he learns to obey.

We are fortunate if we can see that our own troubles are the result of disobedience to our Heavenly Father. It is true that we are hedged in with a fence of "Thou-shalt-nots." They often seem unreasonable and tantalising, and the forbidden territory



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

A FORTUNE FROM SANDWICHES.

There has just died at the ripe old age of 67 a man of the name of Angelo Basso, of New York, who amassed a fortune amounting to £100,000 by selling sandwiches. Basso was credited with giving the "best, biggest, and most appetising" sandwich in town for the modest sum of a nickel (2½d). Everyone knew Basso's sandwiches, and though he had only one shop it was crowded 16 hours out of the 24 by messenger-boys, work-girls, business men, and others who had come a considerable distance to secure what became known as a "Basso."

Years ago, among the many attractions held at the Maddison Square Garden was a six-days' walking race. This race went on hour after hour from midnight Saturday to midnight Friday, many people staying there the entire week. On such occasions as these the Angelo Basso sandwich, which the wise old Italian put on sale there, came to be looked upon as a standard article. No one wanted any sandwich but Basso's, and it was quite useless for anyone else to try and break into the old man's trade; it was an impossibility which was recognised. One Basso sandwich was a meal for an ordinary man, and two would satisfy six children. These sandwiches were made of good material and very varied—ham, corned beef, cheese, sardine, beef, tongue, etc.—and it was Basso's boast that never during the 40 years he had been making sandwiches had he ever been accused of selling even a "questionable" one.

Although the profit on these sandwiches was very small—considering their size—Basso waxed rich, and was soon able to take a fine delicatessen store in a popular part of New York. But though he sold other things—pickles, tongues, olives, sauerkraut, and, in fact, every kind of "table delicacy"—he never ignored the humble sandwich, but kept up the standard throughout his life, and when he died he left a fortune of half a million dollars, three-quarters of which he had made selling good sandwiches at a small profit.

A PROMISING THREE-YEAR-OLD.

The country farmer and his wife, happening to be in Cambridge on business, spent an afternoon watching the seniors play their annual match.

"Betsy," he whispered, "jest you look at that fellow twirling his hat."

"What about him, Briggs?" asked his wife.

"He be full six feet, bain't he?"

"Aye, and a bit over, I should say."

"Weighs about sixteen stone?"

"Ye're not far out."

"Well," muttered Briggs, meditatively, "football do develop 'em, that's sartain."

"Yes," said Mrs. Briggs, approvingly, "he's a rare well-set-up young chap."

"Chap!" echoed Farmer Briggs. "Betsy, I just heard a feller say as that chap's in his third year. Talk about oatmeal porridge. Why, it ain't in it with football!"

NOT HIS MAN.

"I have called," said the candidate to the man with the bulldog face, "to know if I may count on your vote at the ensuing election?"

"Arf a moment," growled the free and easy elector, in a voice like a wounded church organ. "I want to ask you something. Are you in favour of this 'ere electric lightning scheme?"

"I am," said the candidate proudly; "in fact, I think I might say that I am one of the prime movers in the improvement."

The bulldog man rolled up his sleeves and closed his fists, which bulged like a savoy cabbage.

"Then get off my doorstep," he cried. "Get off while you're all in one piece. I'm the lamp-lighter!"

SAFE ON THE RAILWAY.

A well-known humorist entered a railway-carriage in which was one of those ladies who travel in constant fear of collisions. At every jolt or sudden stop she cried: "Have we left the rails? Is it an accident? Are we going to be killed?"

Her fellow-passenger paid no attention, but remained wrapped in silence.

Presently the lady said to him, "Are you not afraid of railway accidents?"

"Not I, madam," answered he, reassuringly. "It has been predicted that I shall die on the scaffold."

She changed carriages at the next station.

RULES AT FUNNIMAN'S HOTEL.

Guests are requested not to speak to the dumb waiter.

If the room gets too warm, open the window, and see the fire escape.

Don't worry about paying your bill; the house is supported by the foundation.

Guests wishing to do a little driving, will find hammer and nails in the cupboard.

Guests wishing to get up without being called can have self-raising flour for supper.

If you're fond of athletics and like good jumping, lift the mattress and see the bed spring.

If your gas goes out, take a feather out of your pillow; that's light enough for any room.

FAR MORE EXPENSIVE.

Brown: "A very peculiar accident happened the other day to my wife. A man's hat, which had been blown off by the wind, struck her in the eye. I had to pay a doctor's bill of thirty shillings."

Jones: "Oh, that's nothing! My wife was passing a milliner's shop the other day; a hat in the window struck her eye, and it cost me sixty shillings."

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VERY MUCH APPRENTICED.

"Father, what does 'apprenticing' mean?" asked a boy, in quest of information.

Father: "It means the binding of one person to another by agreement, and that one person so bound has to teach the other all he can of his trade or profession, whilst the other has to watch and learn how things are done, and to make himself useful in every way."

Freddie: "Then, I suppose you're apprenticed to mother, aren't you, dad?" and the old man rushed off to catch his train without a word.

THAT FATAL BEE.

The Smiths' rich aunt, from whom they had great expectations, was paying them her annual visit.

Mrs. Smith: "Bobbie, darling, take dear auntie's bonnet upstairs."

Bobbie (aged five): "Not me. I heard you tell father the other day she had a bee in it!"

DRUNK and Disorderly WATCHES

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The Feud in Camomile Court

By W. SCOTT KING in the "Home Messenger."

It cannot be said that the inmates of Camomile Court were guilty of loving their neighbours as themselves, unless they loved themselves surprisingly little. The court itself was a cheerless and grimy imitation of the four-square yards which, in older and gayer times, echoed to the ring of mounted knights as they rode in and out to the wars. Camomile Court echoed hourly to the din of war, but the swords were generally either line-props or tongues, and the wars were over the doings of rebellious children, or the intemperate or impecunious habits of their parents. They were a mixed company, these poverty-stricken, hand-to-mouth critical tenants of Camomile Court, most of them the human driftwood of the dark city tides that flowed ceaselessly through the great thoroughfare outside, and most of them had a pitiful story to tell, though none of them were ever likely to tell it. This story, however, has only to do with two families, Mrs. Inwood and her son Jim, and Mrs. Cobham and her daughter Maria. The first woman's husband had been dead many years, and Mr. Cobham, it is to be feared, did not realise the responsibilities of married life sufficiently to enable him to do more than "look in home," as he termed it, three or four times a year. To say that these two little families in Camomile Court were at enmity with each other would not be exactly true, because the young people Jim and Maria, were great friends—"pals" they put it; but the two women cherished for each other a cordial and incessant dislike. Nothing the one did, or wore, or said, or had was right or beautiful, or even decent, in the other's eyes. And as the space across the yard was small, they had sadly too many opportunities for tossing their sarcasms and criticisms at each other.

"I'd be ashamed, Mrs. Inwood, if I was you, to 'ang such garimints on a public line, in the face of the neighbours, that I would! Why, there isn't one which isn't wore out. I'd make a floorcloth of that white skirt of yours if it were mine." So would Maria's mother speak as she pegged out her daughter's three-three-farthings-a-yard blouse. To which would come the swift retort—

"Would you be so kind as to tell a neighbour, just for a kindly bit of news, when Mr. Cobham be expected 'ome from 'is shooting in Scotland—or is it Shoreditch where he is?"

Now, any allusion to her absentee husband never failed to provoke poor Maria's mother, and often she was sore put to it for a return sarcasm.

The great mystery of the court lay in the friendship between the children. How Jim and Maria could walk each other out on Sunday afternoons, after a week of mutual sneerings on the part of their respective mothers, puzzled their neighbours not a little.

The old hawker of buttons and bootlaces who lived next door to the Inwoods had a theory that children much resembled pigs, and were sure to go the opposite way from the one they were wanted to go.

"They're allus that contrary, is children," he would affirm, "and you can bet your life on 'em doing what y' don't want."

But this view, however true to human nature some might think it, did not meet with universal acceptance. For example, at the bottom of the court, near to the narrow entry that led into the street, lived a tall, gaunt woman who went by the simple name of Midge. Whether it was an abbreviation for Midgley, or was a Christian or a nickname, nobody knew or cared. Neither did anyone know whether Midge had

ever been a wedded wife. All they knew was that she could be relied on to take a sentimental view of any question that came before the court, so to speak. She was every lover's sworn friend—such lovers, that is, as Camomile Court boasted of.

"Love between young folks laughs at clothes-lines and mothers and all such," she used to say, with a wan smile that hinted of dead personal romances. The result was that Maria lent Midge a hand with her housework when winter twisted her poor fingers with rheumatism, and Jim chopped her firewood for her, and had been known to buy her a bunch of bananas. For the rest, they went on their own dreary, precarious way, only opening a door or an upstairs window now and then to admonish, in no very polite terms, the quarrelling women to "'old thee tongues, can't y', and let folks 'ave a mite o' peace."

Another curious aspect of the case was the silence of the two young people concerning their mothers' feud, when alone with each other; no doubt they had more important things to talk about. For example, their firm resolve to quit Camomile Court and its clothes-lines as soon as Jim could get a more permanent job than that of under-ostler at the Crown Hotel in the High-street.

"It's not a bit o' use fixing up together on thirteen bob a week," was Jim's usual Sunday afternoon remark. Maria's rejoinder, after giving his arm a very warm little squeeze, being: "Not a bit—that's if you don't want to."

To which ambiguous remark the gallant Jim always made reply:

"But I do want, and you know it, so there."

Only one other matter needs to be mentioned before the fogs of the winter of 1895 brought about most unlooked-for things. That matter is the attitude of the two women to their children's love affair. They said very little, and for very good reasons. No doubt they thought a great deal, but it doesn't always do to say what you think. You see, Jim gave him mother five shillings a week out of his wages, and many an hour at the mangle. So he was to be respected. Still, now and again, her dislike of the Cobhams overflowed and put discretion to flight.

"W'at you sees in that wax doll of a wench beats me, Jim, that it does, partic'lar w'en there's Liza Lewin, as would give her two eyes for you, and serves that handy in the shop, too."

Jim generally held his tongue, but when irritated more than usual, he had been heard to reply: "W'at did father see in you, mother, do you think—an angel?" It wasn't a pretty reply, but Jim was a child of Camomile Court.

Across the yard the subject would come up at intervals in this way. "If you're not wanting of me to-night, Jim asked me to go out for a bit of a stroll along with him." Maria, it should be said, did a little dressmaking, and though she had a natural desire to save what she could for a wedding outfit, her mother took, not to say claimed, the lion's share of her daughter's earnings. This, like Jim's mangling, made for civility.

"A stroll! and a bitter cold night like this? W'at girls is coming to nowadays I'm sure I don't know, and with a lump of a lad like Jim Inwood, too. Your father never—" "No, he never did, I should think," Maria would break in with flushed cheeks, and the periodical Mr. Cobham would disappear from the conversation as swiftly as he was wont to do from the court.

(To be concluded.)

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H. Knight, 2s 6d (10/11/08); Jas. Norton, 10s (15/8/10); Mrs. Selley, 5s (6/5/10); Mrs. Errington, 2s 6d; Miss Debenham, 5s (15/4/10); Miss N. White, 2s 6d (6/11/09); S. Haig, 5s (1/2/09); Miss Annie King, 5s (12/5/10); Mr. H. G. Goswell, 2s 6d; (12/11/09); Miss Elsie Bowman, 2s 6d (12/11/09); Miss King, 2s 6d (12/11/09); Mr. G. W. S. Fitzpatrick, 1s (5/8/09); Mr. Wm. Noller, 10s (12/5/11); Mr. B. Weaver, 2s 6d (12/11/09); Mr. H. Cowper, 5s (12/5/10); Mrs. C. Halliday, 2s 6d (15/10/09); Mr. Geo. Dash, 5s (1/11/09); Rev. J. B. Fulton, 1s 3d; Mr. Cutler, 7s; Miss Gurney, 5s (13/5/10); Miss Glanville, 5s (20/10/09); John Gilbert, 10s 6d (25/7/09); J. Best, 5s (8/2/09); E. C. Gore, 5s (12/5/10); W. Harvey, 10s (5/12/09).

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New South Wales Alliance Exhibition and Fair

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Expenditure				Income			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Printing (100,000 <i>Grit</i> , 100,000 Syllabus, &c.)	177	11	10	By Excursions	23	4	5
„ Advertising (including Four Daily Papers and Eighty Signs) ..	211	12	3	Less Cost	7	16	1
	389	4	1				15 8 4
Less Amount received for Advertisements	127	19	6	„ Tickets	3	16	0
			261 4 7	„ Side Shows	18	16	7
„ Wages and Salaries, from October 1st to March 31st			246 10 6	„ Reserved Seats			22 12 7
„ Rent (Building, Chairs, Tables)	115	10	0	„ Sales and Donations ..	1224	14	6
Less Amount received from Side Shows' Rent	52	14	0	Less Expenses	10	16	0
			62 16 0				1213 18 6
„ Postages	56	4	10				
„ Petty Cash	22	0	2				
			78 5 0				
„ Prizes (in addition to Gifts) ..			40 18 0				
			689 14 1				
„ Balance at Bank, 5/5/09 ..			832 12 8				
			£1522 6 9				£1522 6 9
By Balance brought down				£832 12 8			
„ Estimated Value of Goods on hand ..				190 0 0			
				Total Result ..	£1022 12 8		

I have examined the books and accounts of the New South Wales Alliance Exhibition and Fair, as submitted for audit, and certify to the above Statement being a true record of same, subject to the valuation of goods on hand being correct.

4/5/09.

STANLEY F. ALLEN, A.I.J.A., Public Accountant.

sire to approach you with this expression of our high appreciation of the zeal and liberality you have displayed in promoting the movement so happily consummated in the Exhibition Building.

This effort to raise funds for carrying on the work of the Alliance could not have been attempted had it not been for the great generosity, the business ability, and expenditure of valuable time which you have so lavishly devoted to the Fair. All through the months of preparation and the weeks of sale, your personal enthusiasm and energetic efforts have been an inspiration to your fellow-workers, and have won our admiration and gratitude, and we earnestly pray that you may be long spared to continue an active helper in the cause we all have at heart, and a blessing to the community generally.—We are, dear sir, yours sincerely: F. B. Boyce, President, N.S.W. Alliance; W. Woolls Rutledge, vice-chairman; A. B. Pursell, A. Alice Masterman, W. C. Clegg, Louia Greenstreet, hon. secretaries; J. P. Treadgold, W. Lawson Dash, hon. treasurers; A. Bruntnell, General Secretary.

And now the decks are cleared for action, all must bend their energies in furthering the interests of "Our next Campaign." The General Secretary, Mr. A. Bruntnell, goes immediately to the Clarence River, thence to Bellingen, while all over the State there are inquiries as to the best method of organising the campaign. God is with us, and will speed on the work.

The New South Wales Alliance

There is a great amount of interest being displayed in the annual meetings, and everything points to a record time. More responses from clergymen to preach temperance sermons have been received on this occasion than on any other, and this is surely a good sign. Then the delegation to the annual Convention promises to be the most representative we have had, and will be from all parts of the State. In the next issue of "Grit" there will be some account of these meetings. Get the paper and pass it on.

The final meeting of the Exhibition and Fair Committee has been held, and now the committee has disbanded. The attendance was very good, indeed during the many months of the Fair it was wonderful to find so many ladies and business men meeting together week after week in the interests of our cause. The balance-sheet was presented and unanimously adopted, and everyone went away in a "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" spirit. To have realised over £1000 in cash and kind in a first effort of this kind is most cheering.

There were many valued and capable workers in this movement from its inception, but all are agreed that the one outstanding figure was our old and true friend Mr. Winn. His generosity to all good work and his deep interest in the temperance cause is well known. Indeed, one can truthfully say that there is no man in the commercial and public life of this country, who is so conspicuous for liberality as Mr. William Winn. It was fitting, therefore, that the committee should suitably recognise his sterling worth and services, and this they did in presenting him with an illuminated address. The Rev. W. Woolls Rutledge made the presentation on behalf of the General Committee, and Mr. Winn feelingly responded.

The following is the text of the address:—

PRESENTED TO WILLIAM WINN,
Chairman of the N.S.W. Alliance Exhibition and Fair Committee.

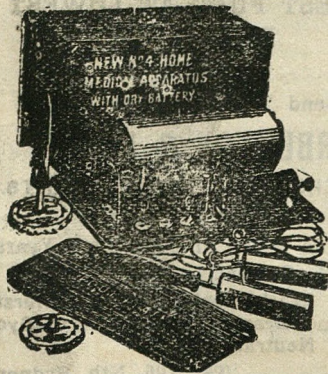
We, the undersigned, on behalf of the members of the committee and other workers in connection with the recent Fair, de-

TO ALL WHO WISH SUCCESS TO "GRIT."

If you know anything of journalism, you will know that the advertisements are the financial backbone of a paper. Now, advertising is not philanthropy, it's business. Business tolerates nothing that is not a success. Our advertisers will continue to patronise our columns just so long as they are convinced it pays them to do so, and no longer. We absolutely refuse to advertise anything we are not personally convinced is satisfactory. We have had to refuse advertisements. You can show your appreciation of this paper, and you do well for yourselves by bestowing your business patronage upon those advertising in our columns, and when doing so mention "Grit." One order worth a ton of "hopes for our success."

A CHANCE FOR SEVEN TO SEVENTEENERS.

Forty-two shillings is a lot of money, and yet you could earn it by June 17 next, if you obtain the largest number of new subscribers for "Grit." Each new subscriber's name and address to be forwarded with at least half a year's subscription. Why, you might earn it in your Easter holidays.



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Talk about People

Was St. Patrick a Teetotaler?

On St. Patrick has been laid the responsibility for instructing the Irish in the art of distillation, and poteen is said to have derived its name from the venerable saint. A favourite Irish song sung in the height of convivial excitement has the following verse:—

"No wonder that we Irish lads, then, are
so blythe and frisky,
St. Patrick was the very man that taught
us to drink whisky;
Och! to be sure, he had the knack and
understood distilling,
For his mother kept a sheebreen shop near
the town of Inniskillen."

This, however, is a point round which controversy has raged, the most authentic historians representing St. Patrick as a very strict temperance advocate. In 445 we read that he commanded his followers to abstain from drink in the daytime, until the bell tolled for vespers in the evening. It is recorded that one named Colman, though busily engaged in the severe labours of the field, exhausted with heat, fatigue, and intolerable thirst, obeyed so literally the injunction of his revered preceptor that he refrained from tasting during a long sultry harvest day. But human endurance has its limits, and when the bell at last rang for evensong, Colman dropped down dead—a martyr to thirst.

Nonplussed Mr. Gladstone.

Miss Dorothy Drew, who was presented at Court a few weeks ago, was the favourite granddaughter of the late Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and amongst the stories told of her childhood days is the following. One morning she refused to get up, and all other means failing, Mr. Gladstone was called to her. "Why won't you get up, my child?" he asked. "Why, grandpapa, didn't you tell me to do what the Bible says?" replied Dorothy. "Yes, certainly." "Well, it disapproves of early rising—says it's a waste of time," rejoined the child. Mr. Gladstone was unable to agree, but Dorothy was sure of her ground. "You listen," she said, in reply to his exclamation of astonishment, and, taking up her Bible, she read verse 2 of Psalm 127, laying great emphasis on the words, "It is vain for you to rise up early."

A Story of Lord Salisbury.

The Bishop of London is fond of telling a good story of the late Lord Salisbury.

During his later years, as is well known, Lord Salisbury suffered from extreme short-sightedness. On one occasion the Bishop was staying under his roof at the same time as King Edward. One evening the King button-holed Dr. Ingram, and said laughingly: "Do you know what Lord Salisbury

has just said about you? He saw you walking across the room, and said to me, 'Who is that young-looking cleric? I've quite forgotten his face?'"

Then, to spare the Bishop's embarrassment, his Majesty continued:

"But you mustn't mind that. The other day I showed him the latest photograph of myself, and, after looking at it for a couple of minutes in sorrowful silence, he said sympathetically, 'Poor old Buller! He's no beauty, is he?'"

An Asylum Story.

An amusing story is told of Sir John Batty Tuke, the great specialist on mental disease. He is director of a home for the insane in Edinburgh.

On one occasion the woodwork of the home required painting, and Sir John himself delivered the order to the painter, impressing upon him with great earnestness that the men who were sent to do the work should on no account enter into conversation with any of the inmates of the home.

The next day Sir John went down to see how the work was progressing. Seeing the workman busily engaged, he asked him how many coats of paint he had put on. His question was met with absolute silence. He repeated it a little more sharply. Still no answer.

Annoyed at this neglect, Sir John reproved the man in expressively suitable terms.

The man turned round. "Awa' wi' ye,

ye deelerious deevil!" he cried. "Awa' with ye!" And then added, in a gentler tone, "But I'm sorry for ye, all the same."

And Sir John is still wondering whether the man really took him for one of the inmates, or whether he was having a little joke of his own.

Advice from the Gallery.

One of the best stories concerning Charles Warner, the popular actor, who met with such a tragic end a short time ago, tells an amusing incident which happened when he was appearing in a play written by Mr. George R. Sims, in which he was supposed to be starving in a garret. Before going on the stage he had forgotten to remove a valuable diamond ring, which glistened on his finger. He had a peculiar trick of extending his hand high above his head, and this night the light caught the gem and made it flash at the very moment he was declaring: "My wife and child are starving and I cannot give them bread. What shall I do? What shall I do?" A voice from the gallery responded: "Pawn yer ring, guv'nor!"

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GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1909.

NON-INTOXICATING WINE AT THE LORD'S SUPPER.

The Presbyterian Assembly has just arrived at the very same conclusion that the Lord's Supper is best commemorated by using non-intoxicating wine. It was stated that over 1000 congregations in Scotland had already adopted this practice. The report referring to this matter urged upon all who recognised the authority of the General Assembly the great and pressing duty of total abstinence, and of maintaining an attitude of direct antagonism towards the drink traffic. We congratulate the Assembly on the tone of the debate, and the decision arrived at. It is paltry to urge the matter of expense or individual taste in connection with the use of non-intoxicating wine, when the use of the alcoholic beverage not only deters some who have sense enough to know they are so physically constituted that they dare not touch it, but has also been proved to send a man from the holiest act, where the highest ideals receive their best inspiration, to indulge in that which debases and degrades. It is useless to blame such people; in many cases the physical effect is as much beyond the will power as the catching of a cold. We hope that many Churches will be encouraged to follow the example of the Presbyterians, without waiting for any pronouncement from their Church Assemblies.

WHAT MR. R. A. RANKIN SAW.

The Queensland Government followed the example set by Western Australia, and sent a deputation of one, a moderate drinker, to study the licensing laws of New Zealand. He states, the "Daily Telegraph" says, "that in many of the accommodation houses the one-time bar is fitted with lockers having a capacity of six bottles. One such locker is allotted to each regular customer, who keeps it stocked; the key of the locker is either left with the bar attendant or is retained by the customer. On production of the key and on payment of sixpence, the customer is handed his bottle, a bottle of soda-water (local manufacture), and a glass—or should he so desire, as many glasses, etc., as he requires at the same rate. A customer not being the lessee of a locker can procure soda-water and the use of a glass, but only on similar terms. At one accommodation house Mr. Rankin found 83 such lockers. Where the locker system was not in force, the customer wrote his name upon the label of his bottle, which was kept

on a shelf. From observation it appeared that the lessees of the lockers were regular frequenters of the house during the evening hours, and from what came under personal observation more liquor was nightly consumed by lessees of lockers and their acquaintances than would be the case were every 'round' of drinks paid for over the counter."

We draw attention to the fact that this student of the licensing question does not say how many places have the locker system. It is certain there are not ten in the six No-License areas. It is equally certain that the No-License party have always complained of this evasion of the law, in spite of lockers, it can be proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that the liquor consumed in No-License areas is only one-fifth to one-third what it was when the open bar existed. This Government student compares what he saw on one night with what he never saw and asks the public to accept his conclusion, that more liquor is consumed now than formerly. It is too utterly ridiculous to suppose that where shouting is practically impossible, where the general public have no opportunity to drink, and where only one of these limited places exists, compared to a dozen open bars, more liquor is consumed than formerly. If Mr. Rankin wishes to be taken seriously, he had better cleanse his statements from rank absurdities.

THE AMERICAN REVIVALISTS.

It is generally understood in Sydney that you can speak in the streets of the city so long as no one stands and listens to you; but the moment your talk is sufficiently sane and to the point to warrant people standing to listen, you will be moved on. The same sort of thing holds good in religious meetings. You can hold revivals so long as they do not revive anyone, but so soon as they effect their purpose there will be an avalanche of criticism. Just at present the Chapman-Alexander Mission in Melbourne is arousing a great deal of criticism, which is good evidence that they are doing something. They will be the first to say that they would do it better if they knew how to, and it is only reasonable to allow them to do their best even if they do not do "the best." When Seth Jones was Mayor of New York, he presided at a welcome to General Booth, and in his opening remarks said he was by no means enamoured with many of the ways and means of the Salvation Army, but if he were compelled to be quite honest he had to confess the Lord evidently was. We ask our readers to remember that while we do not ask them to accept the doctrine that the end justifies the means, we do ask them to withhold criticism, and help as far as possible a movement that may not accomplish all we would like or touch all who need to be touched, and yet may do an immense amount of good in challenging attention and focussing thought on the great essentials to a right life and a reasonable hope.

"THE TIGHTENING GRIP."

The cry of the "tied" landlord is being heard once more in the land. Judging by an article in Saturday's "Daily Telegraph," by one who protests loudly against the "tightening grip," the cry is a very bitter one, and from the standpoint of the liquor

retailer a very natural one. Here is a graphic picture of the octopus-like grip which the brewer is getting over his immediate victims:—

The public will learn with wonder that certain brewery interests are reaching out for an absolute monopoly of the liquor trade. Some time ago there was a select committee of inquiry into "tied houses." If the disclosures did not lead to legislation, they at least had a restraining effect. The breweries sat quietly. Then came this new Liquor Act, chiefly aimed at hotel-keepers and the reduction of licenses. For some inscrutable reason the breweries have since gained courage, and introduced a new screw for the tightening of the grip on retailers. Under the old "tied house" agreement the licensee was compelled to take beer from the brewery, to the absolute exclusion of rival brews. He was also bound to take wines and spirits from the brewery "at market rates." This proviso afforded a loophole for licensees of independent means to stock other brands from competitive wine and spirit merchants. Dependent licensees dared not take a similar advantage, as they dreaded foreclosure. The breweries have now moved nearer to monopolistic domination. They will not transfer the lease of a "tied property on the same terms issued to the existing tenant. The incomer must enter into a bond in, say, the sum of £2000 cash, or two satisfactory sureties to that amount, undertaking to obtain all his wines and spirits, whatever the rate, from the overlord brewery. How many would-be hotel lessees are in a position to deposit £2000 (in addition to cash purchase), or are able to find sureties for £2000 to scrupulously carry out galling and ignominious conditions? Necessarily the tied hotelkeeper now finds the number of people in a position to take over his hotel asset greatly diminished. The incomer would have to saddle himself with that truly terrible bond, and all that it means in cash deposit or satisfactory sureties. The new order practically puts the brewery in as the absolute licensee. The objective of the breweries is apparent. It is not only beer monopoly, but the cornering of wine and spirits, and, indeed, the entire trade, in all its ramifications. The wine and spirit merchants are to be wiped out of existence by binding the "tied houses" not to trade with them, under any circumstances. Then the "market rates" will not be fixed by cost of production, and competition, but by concert among the breweries.

The public used to harbour the delusion carefully fostered by cunningly devised fables that hotels were run in the interests of the people as a national convenience, though a few shrewd temperance reformers laughed the idea to scorn, while temperance cartoons depicted the bloated, jewel-bedizened landlord as the man who chiefly benefited. If the writer of the above is stating facts, and there is not much room left for doubt, the trade has been cornered by the brewers, and there is very little left in the trade for anybody else. There never was anything in it for the public but woe and sorrow, and redness of eyes. As things are going the "tied" landlord will soon be either strangled to death, or, as a healthy alternative, converted to No-License.

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No-Licence in Oamaru

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

WHAT THE SUBSCRIBER THINKS.

Anyone who is familiar with collecting work will agree with me that, to go back to a place that has had No-Licence for a few years, and collect therein for a further pursuance of the same policy, is about as searching a test as can be applied to any place. People are not so fond of giving away money that they will continue to give it to a policy that has not justified itself.

I am glad to be able to report that Oamaru came triumphantly through this test. I did not, in fact, lose a single one of the old subscribers through dissatisfaction with No-Licence, and I got more new ones than were lost through removal, alteration of circumstances, etc. Whatever other people think, I myself regard this as conclusive. A large proportion of these subscribers are business men. There is, in short, no sign at all of an alteration of public opinion in regard to No-Licence after actual experience of it. Many of the subscribers also are not enthusiasts, some not even abstainers. These would be easily put off No-Licence if it failed in any way.

IN REGARD TO SLY-GROG SELLING.

The general statement of those who wish to discredit No-Licence, i.e., "that the public bar is only replaced by the private bar where sly grog is sold," is the wildest absurdity in view of my late investigations.

It is true that some liquor is sold illegally and on the sly. It is also true that, as regards Oamaru, the police could be keener than they are to-day. But, including this drawback, what is the position? I inquired most closely for more than a week about all the places that were suspected of selling. The result was shadowy and elusive to the last degree. Where it was a one-time licensed house that was concerned, even persons who had stayed there could not be certain that the illegal traffic took place. Sometimes they were certain it did not, and sometimes they thought a little was sold, but very carefully to known marks only, and never resulting even in hilarity, much less drunkenness. In fact, even where selling does go on, the seller has to be so careful that No-Licence is, in effect, the strictest form of control ever devised by the wit of men. In speaking thus, I am, of course, referring only to illegal sales, not to the legal importation. This will be dealt with separately.

In inquiring as to sly grog-selling by other than hotel-keepers, it was more difficult to get at the facts. Even here, however, the parties so soon get suspected, and thus come under the observation of the police, that the traffic can only be carried out on a very limited scale.

The main weakness of No-Licence emphatically does not consist, in any of the New Zealand examples, in what is sold illegally.

DRINKING CLUBS AND THE LOCKER SYSTEM.

The alleged existence of these is a favourite point on which No-Licence is attacked. What are the facts? As to drinking clubs, I am certain that there does not exist one in Oamaru whose purpose is drinking, and drinking only.

There is one that is alleged by some people to be mainly a drinking club. I do not allege anything of the sort. It is a young men's club, and has rooms over a certain shop, the tenant of which is a very strong No-Licence man. The rooms are not rent-

ed from this gentleman, so he is able to speak quite freely about the matter. He is very frequently back to work at night, and informed me that he has never on any single occasion heard anything to suggest that intoxicating liquors were being partaken of. A neighbour next door, who lives on the premises, speaks in a similar strain.

Now, liquor is a good thing at advertising itself. I am very familiar with the behaviour of young men when there is liquor about, especially when it is for general consumption, and I affirm that these testimonies as to orderliness, from people who can hear every sound from the room where the meetings are held, would be impossible if there was much drinking. It is far more reasonable to suppose, as these neighbours do, that if liquor is got in at all it is only on special occasions. This is legal, and the results are not even then any worse than at the ordinary smoke concert.

As regards the locker system, I had very good evidence as to its comparative harmlessness. One of the ex-licensees has let a room in his hotel to a number of men who formed themselves into a sort of club. Each pays so much a year for a locker and has to stock it with his own grog. These can then bring in their own friends, and hire tumblers, etc., and have what they want, so long as their own supply holds out. This system, it will be seen, at once destroys the chief viciousness of the shouting system. There is no reciprocity, consequently there is very little, if any, soaking. I had conversation with an educated man of the world who stayed at this hotel for three months, not long ago. He says that if he had not known the lockers were in that room and being used, he should never have suspected that alcoholic liquors were being consumed there. Never on any occasion was there the slightest occasion to find fault with the behaviour of those who resorted to the locker-room; never was there any loud talking or hilarity which apparently arose from the consumption of drink.

Thus it will be seen that the locker system, though it does seem to set the law at defiance, is not such a very dreadful affair. Besides it only exists in one out of the former 11 licensed houses. It was started in another one, but I have good evidence that it has now been abandoned. We hope during this next session to have it made impossible by Parliament.

THE LEGAL IMPORTATION OF DRINK.

Here lies the weakest point of local No-Licence. I am convinced that, so far as political cure for the drink evil is concerned, the only way is complete prohibition, and that any policy dealing with the matter is only effective just so far as the prohibitory principle is successfully applied. I have believed hitherto that "No-Licence no liquor" is impracticable for local areas. We are now, however to have a demonstration of the working of the principle in a British community. Manitoba, in Canada, has adopted that law, and they had their first vote on it in December last. The result of this was, at any rate, sufficient to demonstrate two things:—(1) That the people do not object to it, and (2) that it can be retained with a simple majority. There were 24 elections to try and carry 'No-Licence No Liquor' for the first time, and 16 places adopted No-Licence. There were 10 elections to retain No-Licence, and thus adopt no liquor (the old law was like ours), and only one place carried restoration of li-

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censes. They will have elections on a large scale, with experience of its actual working before them next December, when we shall really see how it goes.

However, this is in the future. There are two licensed houses about 11 miles from Oamaru, viz., Glenavy and Georgetown. From these a good deal of liquor is brought in that would not be ordered from further afield. From these places and from Timaru come nearly all the few persons who are seen drunk upon the streets of Oamaru. It was shown by the court register, upon which all lots of liquor exceeding a quart of spirits or one gallon of beer have to be registered, that the importations so registered were about one-fifth of the average consumption for New Zealand. It should be explained that these small quantities only escape registration when brought in by the owner personally; everything has to be registered that is sent in, so not very much is outside the registration requirement. Thus, it is fair to assume, giving very liberal allowance for smuggling and small packages, that the consumption does not, at the very most, exceed one-third of its former volume.

In any other style of reforming the drink trade this result would be considered beyond the wildest dreams of its advocates. Personally, I think it is about as much as local No-Licence, only three years old, can be expected to have achieved. In Clutha I have good reason to believe the consumption is not now one-tenth of what it was, but then Clutha has been 14 years under the law. This third of the former drink volume produces in its consumption all the evils one would expect. My estimate would be—and this is agreed to by many prominent citizens—that three-fourths of the old drink evil has now disappeared in Oamaru.

(To be Concluded.)

TWO POUNDS TWO SHILLINGS.

This sum will be paid to the person who obtains the largest number of new subscribers (please obtain half-year sub. in advance). Last day for sending in names for this prize, June 17, 1909.

THE ALCOHOL CURE.

By AN EX-PATIENT.

PART II.

The exaggerated dread of the prospective patient of being "cut off" suddenly must be removed. It is of vital importance in some cases that he should understand this. He should understand that, although it is absolutely impossible for him to effect this by himself—he has in all probability found this out—yet, under expert medical direction, the "tapering" process can be accomplished in four days—sometimes in less; it is exceptional to take more—that it is not only for his own comfort that this process is gradual, but also for his own health's sake. Common sense shows how risky, and even disastrous, a process it must be to suddenly "cut off" a man who has for years been taking, perhaps, 30 ounces of alcohol a day, or even more. (The gaols prove otherwise.—Ed.)

In the next place, he should be shown that the restraint which is necessary at first has nothing irksome about it beyond giving his word not to leave the house or grounds during a short time. The pictures of the restraint entertained by some before entering are nothing short of the comic. "I fancied I should see strait-waistcoats and padded rooms," was the remark of one new-comer. "I'd no idea I should be allowed to smoke," was said by another. Life in the home will be very much like that in an ordinary boarding-house, but he will be living in the company of men who have made up their minds, as he has, to rid themselves of this curse, and are availing themselves of the best means at present known to medical science of doing so. There is, of course, the medical treatment, which is neither painful nor irksome. There is the association with the ladies of the managing staff, which supplies the softening influence so needful among a collection of men. There are the games and entertainments usually met with in a large house-party; and there is that most helpful esprit de corps which causes each member of the community, for the time being, to cheer up and sympathise with each new-comer, and to take the greatest interest in each other's progress.

And last, but not least, is the sense of being "free." He is allowed to go about where he likes in the neighbourhood, and no questions are asked so long as he is in at the stated mealtimes. The confidence which is placed in him produces confidence in himself. It is quite exceptional for this confidence to be abused; there is a code of honour which acts as a restraint in the presence of temptation, if any arises, which is sufficient to carry him through. The value of this bracing process during a month, or perhaps more, cannot possibly be over-rated. Freed from the craving, the patient is preparing to go back to his usual everyday routine with its old temptations, and is becoming accustomed to pass them by. He is building up a habit of abstinence.

If during his residence he is startled by the readmission of a patient who has previously undergone the same course of treatment, he will learn a valuable lesson of the need of watchfulness when he goes out into the world once more, and the absolute certainty of a relapse if he tampers with alcohol in any form; and he will hear of the many pitfalls which await the unwary. Relapses have often been brought about by partaking of alcohol in forms in which it was not suspected by the patient—cider (a not uncommon delusion), lager beer, certain ginger ales, patent medicines, etc.

In the majority of cases there does not seem to have been the usual regulation temptation of suggestion, struggle, and fall,

but simple thoughtlessness. Temptation, as described by sentimentalists, is seldom to be recognised; it has been a lapse into an old habit, not the attraction of alcohol nor its effects, in most cases. The only real safeguard would seem to be a constant apprehension excited by a lively memory of the past. The return of a lapsed patient is an object-lesson which is generally spontaneously appropriated by the other patients with the best results, who, seeing in him one who has been worsted in the struggle, sympathise with him in his failure, and strive to enhearten him for another attempt. On the other hand, there are visits frequently paid by ex-patients to the scene of their former cure. The place has even tender associations for them, and there are valued friendships formed during their visit which they would not willingly let drop. They, too, have become interested in the work of restoration which is carried on there, and they feel a personal concern in the successful results of the treatment, and an anxiety to know what has become of patients who were their contemporaries. Naturally, they in turn are objects of curiosity to the present patients, who are cheered up by their healthy appearance, and the fact that they have successfully resisted the attacks of their old enemy. In a pleasant though very real way they are heroes, after a sort, who have gone through the struggle and come out victorious.

Of course there is an unbroken code of honour by which no names (though they are often fictitious ones) are mentioned outside the home by anyone; nor is curiosity admissible within as to the occupation or residence of any patient.

It is well worthy of careful consideration whether it might not be possible to arrange for a continuance of life, for some period, somewhat on these lines, in hostels for patients ceasing to need medical treatment. They would be residences not differing, in the eyes of the world, from ordinary boarding-houses, with the exception of the disuse of alcohol, but having a strong invisible undercurrent of united resistance to the old enemy who overcame, and has in his turn been overcome, in the past. Of course, these hostels must have all the equipment of residential clubs. I have reason to believe such foundations would be welcomed as meeting a real need, and also that they could be established on a sound, financial, paying basis.

Through these observations I have, of course, had in view the ordinary alcoholists who form the majority of patients, and not dipsomaniacs, periodic or otherwise, whose only hope rests in habitual flight to a haven of safety, directly the premonitory symptoms, of which they are well aware, manifest themselves.

"A home." To many, such an institution is "a home" in the truest sense of the word, for there they have "come to" themselves, and thence they have started afresh in life, new men. In addition to medical treatment and skill based on experience, the efficacy of a home must depend very largely

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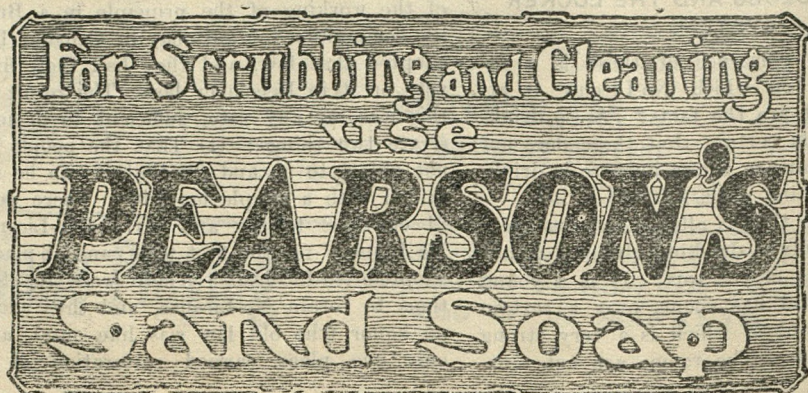
on the personality of the management. But influence must have its starting-place in the patient's own home. Only too often has sympathy been alienated, and hopes destroyed, by his continued course of conduct in the past; but both may be, and should be, revived by his taking the decisive step of entering on a cure with a view to his rehabilitation; and confidence in the knowledge of that sympathy in his absence, and the expectation of its comfort when he returns, will work wonders in restoring his tone and self-respect. The kindness that he will meet with during his cure, the interest taken in his case, and the complete change in his environment, all tend the same way. Nor should other influences that can be employed be neglected. The alcoholic subject is almost always of a nervous, susceptible temperament; he is, for instance, in many cases, even hypersensitive to the effects of music, the restful or stimulating power of which is extraordinary in some natures.

There is one influence which we should do very ill to disregard, the employment of which entails the most delicate tact and boundless discretion—the influence of religion. The vast majority of us unite in acknowledging, at least, a Higher Power, Whose will is our good, and Whose purpose for the world is an ascent to better things in each successive age. Struggle and suffering are the history of the ages preceding us, and they must be ours, too.

"The more that people realise the effort that has preceded them and made them possible, the more likely are they to endeavour to be worthy of it; the more pitiful also will they be when they see individuals failing in the struggle upwards, and falling backwards towards a brute condition."* Of no course of treatment, however otherwise well equipped and thought out, can it be affirmed that in it all the resources at the known disposal of humanity have been employed, if that Power is neglected, "the majesty and mystery, the consolation and inspiration of which it is the mission of religion to reveal."† But I venture to think that, under the varying and difficult circumstances under consideration, this can be done better by suggestive rather than direct methods; but the suggestion must unmistakably be there.

* Sir Oliver Lodge, "The Substance of Faith."

† T. N. Kelynnack, "The Drink Problem,"



From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(BY UNCLE BARNABAS.)

A COMPETITION.

Page 9 offers a nice book prize—a real nice one—to the “Seven to Seventeen” who sends in the best illustration he or she has heard in a sermon or address. The competition will remain open for some weeks, and, as they come in, the illustrations will be published on Page 9; then we shall either get the Governor-General or somebody else to decide which is the best, and the prize will be awarded accordingly. So get your ministers to give some of their best illustrations during the next few weeks, and send them on, with the name of the minister or speaker, and your own name and address. Perhaps the minister will want to share the prize, so if he does, and you will let us know, we will send him a free “Grit” for three months. You can send in as many illustrations as you like.

FOR SUNDAY

WHO OR WHAT

Were Nun, Ophir, Pharpas, Quartus, Rhogum, So, Tiberias, Uziah, Vashti, Ziba?

UNCLE B's. MISTAKES.—CAN YOU CORRECT THEM?

Uncle B. has made mistakes in every one of these texts. Please put them right:—

1. Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro his father.
2. And Jesse made eight of his sons to pass before Samuel.
3. Elisha said unto Elijah, Tarry here, I pray thee.
4. Josiah was 31 years old when he began to reign, and he reigned in Jerusalem eight years.

FOR MONDAY.

EMILY W's. PUZZLE.

Here are six strokes—

| | | | | |

Add five more to them and make nine.

HOW DID THE SHEEP STAND?

“I saw an odd sight the other day,” said the Rev. R. B. S. Haddem. “Two sheep were standing in a paddock, one was looking due north, and the other due south. How do you think that each could see the other without turning round?”

Uncle B. had to give it up, but he thinks the “Seven to Seventeeners” who are good at trigonometry might manage it.

SOME NOBLE QUAKERS.

(By A “NOBLE” NIECE.)

The Society of Friends was founded by George Fox in 1650. They took the name of “friends,” because they did not believe in offensive war. There are two opinions as to the reason why they were called Quakers. Some say that they were so enthusiastic against the evils of the day, that, while speaking, they quaked with intensity of feeling. Others aver that Fox himself used the term, when he told Judge Bennet to “quake at the word of the Lord.”

They were Puritanical in some of their ideas. Their manners and dress were most simple and plain. They kept, and some of them still keep, the old-fashioned style of speech, using the pronouns “thou” and “thee.” Like the Puritans, they sought to counteract the vices that resulted from love of so-called pleasure and amusement. Like the Puritans, also, they met with great opposition, and were persecuted for their severe plainness. William Penn, a patient and good Quaker, was ridiculed greatly by James Naylor. Still they held on, and to-day, in some parts, they are still strong, e.g., Pennsylvania, an American State named after Penn. In the chief town of this pro-

vince the famous American painter, Benjamin West, was born.

The “Friends” have done a great deal of good, and but for these gentle yet brave characters, together with the Pilgrim Fathers, America would not have the moral strength that she is proud to own to-day. They have found that their stringent ideas do not suit these troublous times, and they have become less and less narrow-minded, so that to-day they are kind and friendly people, who meet for the most part with respect and honour.

HOW TO HAVE A HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

(By EVA MISSEN, West Belt, N.Z.)

There are a good many ways by which one could have a happy birthday. I think grown-ups' happy birthdays come in a different way to what ours do: For instance, I know a lady who says her happiness is doubled on her birthday, because she makes every birthday the occasion of putting a little extra as a birthday-thankoffering in the missionary boxes. We always have grand times on our birthdays. Last January we had them all kept up on the one day, and we had about 32, and daddy had a big marquee put up on the side lawn, where we had tea; and Mr. Whitehouse, our vicar, came down, and he made the first incision in the birthday cake, and he also had a game of cricket with the boys. Oh, it was a great time! But it would take too long to tell you all about it.

But there is another way of having a good birthday, and it is the best of all. It is that one which our Lord spoke of to Nicodemus when He said, “Ye must be born again.” How nice it would be if, on our birthday, each one of us tried to get someone to enter into the New Birth?

On “Grit's” birthday the three of us started a money-box for “Grit,” and we are going to open it every quarter. We are putting what we can into it out of our pocket-money. So we hope “Grit” will have a happy birthday. Iris and Bernard send love to Uncle B., and so do I.

(Dear Eva, I am sorry your article has, with some others, been delayed. But it is a good one, and has kept well. A “Grit” money-box is a new idea! But New Zealand is the land of new ideas. Thank you for your loving help. Write often, and on one side of the paper only, please!—Uncle B.)

LETTER BOX.

“A PECULIAR NICKNAME.”

Rita D. A. S., Alexandria, writes:—“Dear Uncle B.,—I think you have chosen a very peculiar nick-name. You see, I know that it is not your proper name, because I have heard you speak on one or two occasions, and I know exactly who you are. I do not know you personally, though; but if you are at all like Barnabas, that is mentioned in the Book of Acts, I think you must be very nice. Would you like to have such a companion as Paul? (Yes.—Uncle B.) I am very fond of reading ‘Grit,’ and I take a special interest in Page 9; but what a lot of mysteries there are connected with it! Why, each issue seems to bring a fresh mystery! I hope the photographer will not catch you for a long time yet, because I think Page 9 would not be so interesting without some mysteries to solve. With love to my ‘cousins’ and yourself,—I remain your would-be ‘niece.’ P.S.—My answer to the pig problem is, three pigs.”

(Dear Rita,—Welcome! Will you help me to find out who Emily W. is? I want to be sure, you know, as you are sure of



me. Then, you see, she will pay you out by finding out who you are! Write often.—Uncle B.)

“GRIT” AT SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Emily W(ho-is-it?), 58 Belmont-st., Alexandria, writes:—“Dear Uncle B.—I have got you one more person to take ‘Grit.’ And I hope it has a happy birthday, and 52 blessings added. We had on our blackboard on March 27, ‘What Drink stands for.’ So, you see, one of our teachers thought to bring it to Sunday school. If you look in ‘Roll-Call’ you will see my photo (not yours this time). I am the second last to the right, with glasses on; now I will see if you can find it. It was my birthday on April 1, and I had a very happy time. Please hurry up, and put the answer to the clock puzzle in ‘Grit,’ as I want to know; I get 12 for my answer; and three pigs for last week’s ‘Grit.’ See if you can find my right name by next time, it ends with N.”

(Dear Emily,—Thank you for your help! I looked at the picture, but could not see the girl with glasses on. Are you that very nice girl standing next to that girl that is frowning?—Uncle B.)

“THAT BALD SPOT!”

Gladys Noble writes:—“Dear Uncle B.,—The box cost a farthing (April 29), but if we wanted to buy only the box, as we don’t use farthings, we should pay a half-penny. The brick weighs 12lbs. Abner, Saul’s cousin, and captain of the host. Bernice, King Agrippa’s wife (Acts 25:13). Carmel, mountain (1 Sam. 25). Darius, King of the Medes and Persians in Daniel’s time. Elim, an oasis in a desert (Exodus 15: 27). Felix, governor of Judea (Acts 23: 23). Gallio, deputy of Achaia (Acts 18: 12). Haman, one of King Ahasuerus’ chief advisers (Es—
(Continued on Page 11)

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Should Flesh-Eating be Abandoned?

By IRVING FISHER, Professor of Political Economy, Yale University.

(Reproduced from "Munsey's Magazine" for November.)

PART II.

THE BACTERIA IN MILK.

We are now learning that the virtue of milk is greatly injured by bacteria. As a consequence, we are, by greater care for cleanliness, reducing the bacteria from several million per cubic centimetre to a hundred thousand, or in the best milk to ten thousand, and in some cases even to one thousand. The result is that when the cleaner milk is used, there has been a great decrease in children's diseases.

In exactly the same way, it is probable that the efforts of dietitians in the future will be directed largely to reducing the number of bacteria in the feces. This can be accomplished in various ways. One, suggested by Metchnikoff, is by using sour milk, buttermilk, or lactic-acid kumiss—not yeast-made kumiss—as a disinfectant for the intestines; another is by reducing the quantity of meat consumed, or, still better, by wholly excluding flesh food.

It must not be forgotten, however, that with all the objections which are now being offered to meat, it possesses one virtue which will make it very difficult for some persons to dispense with it entirely. It is "peptogenic"—by which is meant that it stimulates the secretion of gastric juice. Eggs are not peptogenic, and people who need, either from habit or possibly from some constitutional idiosyncrasy, the daily stimulus of meat in order to set their stomachs going, will no doubt find it wiser to eat meat in moderation—at least, until they no longer miss it when it is withdrawn from their diet.

DIET AND PHYSICAL STRENGTH.

What has been said summarises in a very rough way the recent conclusions of physiology in respect to the problem of meat-eating, so far as I have been able to follow them. My own interest in dietetics has been from the standpoint of economic science, not that of physiology. I scarcely need point out that the nutrition of the worker is one of the important economic problems of the day. In solving that problem, the theories of modern dietetics will find their best practical application.

An Italian economist, Nitti, over 10 years ago, after a wide statistical survey of dietetic habits among working men, reached the conclusion that those who used meat in greatest abundance, and whose supply of protein was the highest, had the greatest endurance. Doubt has been cast on the correctness of his conclusions, however, by the researches of modern physiology. During the last two years I have been engaged in going over the statistics compiled by Nitti and added to

them, in order to find wherein, if at all, he was at fault. The study has not yet been completed, and until it is completed no final statement of conclusions can be made. It is fair to say, however, that tentatively the results obtained harmonise with the theories of Professor Chittenden and of modern physiology, rather than with those of Nitti and of the physiology of ten years ago.

Two studies of endurance have already been published. One experiment, described not long ago in the "Yale Medical Journal," was based on the relative physical working power of flesh-eaters compared with flesh-abstainers. The flesh-eaters were largely men in training for athletic contests at Yale; the flesh-abstainers were such Yale students as I could find who did not use meat, or used it very sparingly, and nurses and physicians of the Battle Creek Sanitarium. Forty-nine subjects were tested. The results of the comparison were certainly surprising, and showed almost conclusively that those who used low protein and little or no flesh not only had greater physical endurance, but far greater than those who were on a so-called "training diet."

Very few of the flesh-eaters, for instance, could endure holding their arms horizontal for more than a quarter of an hour, whereas it was common among the flesh-abstainers to hold them for more than an hour, and without as much pain or discomfort as the meat-eaters experienced in half the time. In one case a flesh-abstainer held his arms out for three hours and twenty minutes, and then stopped merely because he had reached a round number of minutes—200.

One of the most severe tests was in deep knee-bending or "squatting." Few of the meat-eaters could "squat" more than from 300 to 400 times, and it was almost impossible for them to walk down the gymnasium stairs, after the test, without falling, so weakened were their thigh muscles. On the other hand, one of the Yale students who had been a flesh-abstainer for two years did the deep knee-bending 1800 times without exhaustion, after which he ran without difficulty on the gymnasium track, and walked several miles. Another subject, a nurse at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, did the deep knee-bending 2400 times; after which he proceeded with his regular work without serious inconvenience. Another nurse has recently accomplished the surprising record of five thousand times. One remarkable difference between the two sets of men was the comparative absence of soreness in the muscles of the meat-abstainers after their tests.

TWO RULES FOR HEALTH.

The first rule is—thoroughly masticate

each morsel of food up to the point of involuntary swallowing. This does not imply the forcible holding of food in the mouth. One should neither force it to stay in the mouth nor forcibly swallow it. It should simply be chewed and enjoyed. If chewed long enough, it will disappear of itself. The swallowing will take place, but will be like breathing—involuntary. Another caution should be emphasised. Mastication should be practised, not as an unpleasant duty but with the attention always on the taste and enjoyment of the food. If eating is made a mere mechanical act, it becomes a bore, instead of the pleasure it should be. Without enjoyment, there is no "appetite juice" formed in the stomach, and the result of mere mechanical mastication, however faithful, is worse than useless.

The second rule is—in choosing food, follow the food instinct implicitly, eating as much as the appetite calls for, and stopping as soon as it is fully satisfied. If once food instinct is allowed to have a chance, it will usually develop and guide one to an almost unerring choice, not only in respect to the amounts of food required, but also in respect to the kinds.

Depending thus on instinct combined with thorough mastication, the ordinary man can safely trust himself without fear of having an "unbalanced" diet. He will need to devote more time to his meals—at first, at least; but he will be repaid over and over again for this loss of time.

A CONTRAST IN MEALS.

Her Ladyship: "Have you given Fido his soup?"

Buttons: "Yes, 'um."

Her Ladyship: "And his omelette?"

Buttons: "Yes, 'um."

Her Ladyship: "And his cutlet?"

Buttons: "Yes, 'um."

Her Ladyship: "And his jelly?"

Buttons: "Yes, 'um."

Her Ladyship: Then you may have some bread-and-cheese, and go to bed."

AWKWARD.

Parker: "What's wrong? You seem quite worried!"

Streeter: "I am. I wrote two notes, one to my brother asking him if he took me for a fool, and the other to Miss Golding asking her if she would be mine. While I was out somebody telephoned 'Yes,' and I don't know which of them it was."

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SEVEN TO SEVENTEEN.

(Continued from Page 9.)

ther 3: 1). Iddo, the chief at Casiphia (Ezra 8: 17). Jael, the woman who killed Sisera (Judges 4: 17). Kidron, brook and valley near Gethsemane (John 18: 1). Lystra, a city of Lycaonia (Acts 14: 6). Miriam, sister of Moses and Aaron (Ex. 15: 20). The Bible name is Philip.

Now, what about the picture? In every daily paper there is an advertisement for 'That Bald Spot,' so there is no possible excuse for yours. Is that a peep of your garden at the back? What weak eyesight you must have to need to bend so low! Next time, perhaps, you will show us the best part. I suppose you are just leading us up to it, so that we will not 'be overcome with the beauty thereof'—a sort of 'breaking-it-gently,' you know.

"Next time we would like, if you please, a photo of your face, including mouth, eyes, nose, forehead, chin, cheeks, and other necessities. You know, we are taught that if we ask nicely we might get what we want.

"What a lovely lesson the waterworks teach us! The bell would not be much good if the caretaker took no notice, though.

"Now, good-bye, with love to yourself, Aunts, and Uncle A."

(Dear G.,—No, that is not a bit of my garden. It is 'Marie's' father's garden. Many thanks for excellent article. Will make a note of your requirements for next picture.—Uncle B.)

"PHOTO. NOT WORTH FRAMING."

Vera Musgrave writes:—"Dear Uncle B., The answer to the brick puzzle is 12 lbs. The answer to the Bible name is Philip.

Abner was Saul's cousin, and commander of his army; Bernice was a man before whom Paul was accused; Carmel, mountain; Darius, King of the Medes; Elim, a place in peninsula of Sinai; Felix, governor of Judea; Gallio, deputy of Achaia; Haman, a favourite of Ahasuerus; Iddo, grandfather of Zechariah; Jael, wife of Heber the Kenite; Kidron, a brook near the garden of Gethsemane; Lystra, a town in Lycaonia; Miriam, sister of Moses.

"That photo. of you isn't 'a proper photo' at all; it is not worth framing. After looking forward to seeing a photo. for such a long time, it was a great disappointment to see that one. If you were showing the photographer where your photo. was intended to go, you have 'Grit' open at the wrong place, for we want it on Page 9. . . I will write that essay as soon as possible."

(Dear V.—Will you kindly explain what "a proper photo." is like? If we can satisfy your demands, we will try, but I can assure you that that is a life-like picture of my head. It is a very old-fashioned head, I fear.—Uncle B.)

"FITS BETTER THAN GLOVES."

Queenie S(niteful) writes:—"Dear Uncle B.,—I am delighted with the added portion of my name. It fits me better than the gloves my dear mother bought me last Tuesday."

(Thank you, Queenie, for the interesting article on the Glass Works. It will be used, perhaps, next week. I like you so much for writing that article, that I feel like changing your name to Queenie S(weetly).—Uncle B.)

Send letters, answers to puzzles, etc., for Page 9, to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

The death has just taken place of Mrs. Harriett Cowler, at Wadesmill, near Ware, Hertfordshire. She had attained her 90th birthday, had brought up a large family, and died in the house in which she was born.

HOW THE WORLD MOVES.

Four hundred gallons is the average yearly milk yield of a cow.

In Berlin every cat has to wear a metal plate containing its license number.

Ten pennies laid side by side equal a foot plus an eighth of an inch; whilst a half-penny, being exactly an inch in diameter, 12 of them make the exact foot.

David Hughes, of Garwen Five Roads, a village outside Llanelly (Wales), has just died at the age of 101. He never lived out of the village where he was born.

The "Sleeve dog of China" is the rarest breed of dog in the world. With the head of a pug, he has the under-jaw and characteristic "wheel-back" of the bull-dog, a type to which his body conformation closely approximates. He has the same bowed fore-legs, short in proportion to the hind legs, and quarters lightly made in comparison with his broad and massive front. Altogether he is the quaintest and most delightful of toy-dogs, but so jealously he is cherished by the Royal Family of China that it is difficult to obtain a really good specimen.

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