

# GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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Price One Penny

## In the Footsteps of the Liquor Trade

Looking at our picture this week some are sure to say, "How ghastly!" "How horrible!" but we affirm that the facts are so ghastly and so horrible that neither pen nor brush can ever fully depict them.

Every open bar (we make no exceptions, because there never have been any), has dug the hole into which some have irretrievably fallen. If a citizen were to break his leg through a defective footpath,



EVERY FORWARD STEP OF THE LIQUOR TRADE IS A DANGER TO ALL AND A GRAVE TO MANY.

he could claim big compensation; if, however, a woman's heart is broken, and her life ruined through the liquor trap we legalise, there is no redress. In the last ten years a little more than 160,000 distinct individuals in New South Wales have unwittingly fallen into the liquor trap, and the number who have stumbled in and crawled out again is beyond count. We would point out that every year several thousands of our children fall victims to the progress of the liquor trade. Every week the daily papers give a brief notice of the doings of the Children's Police Court, and it is, without any exception, a record of disaster and sorrow, for which liquor is responsible. Wherever the Trade advances it leaves its footprint so deep that most of those who fall never rise again, and we appeal, in the face of these facts, to the public not to waste time in putting fences round these liquor holes, or warning people that they are there—but remove the cause of them—close them up.

Some will say, if you do close these liquor holes up, others more dangerous will be made. Let us bring commonsense to bear on this objection. The 700 open bars in the city are holes on the thoroughfare wide open from 6 a.m. till 11 p.m., and, allowing that nearly half the liquor consumed in the State is consumed in the metropolitan area, then these 700 open bars average about £60 a week bar trade, some of course a great deal more, and some less, but an average of £10 a day means about 600 drinks, or about 200 drinkers. If these holes are closed up no place or places could do one-hundredth part of this business, without being detected. Fancy a sly-grog shop with 200 customers! And, if instead of 700 sly-grog shops, there were less, then in the same proportion would the number of their customers increase, and their detection be assured. There are now sly-grog places, and there will be more, perhaps, for a time after we have closed the open bar, but they will not, because they can not, do one-fiftieth part of the harm now being done.

# Yes! We Make Good Bread!

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**WILLIAM WHITE** — Redfern and Newtown

## The "Gentle" and "Noble" Art

### A DESCRIPTION OF BRUTAL SAVAGERY.

It is sometimes thought that "parsons and other old women" who describe the prize-fighting which is misnamed boxing, and which is booming in our midst at present, grossly exaggerate the evils of the ring, and are really talking about things of which they are ignorant. That this is not so we intend to prove conclusively, and we feel no words or arguments of ours can so emphatically demonstrate the brutality of the ring and the character of those who patronise it as the following descriptive sentences culled from the one-time liquor paper "Fairplay." Parents will surely join us in protesting against these disgusting exhibitions, which would not be arranged but for the money that is in them, and would not be watched, however skilful, if it were not for the likelihood of much gore and a final knock-out. Remember, these quotations are from a source friendly to fighting, and are given as being accurate, and without any apology, since the crowd glory in brutalism, as is evident from the concluding words of the article:—

"Whew! Men lived for those few fleeting seconds, and the noise of their lusty enjoyment of war shook the old Gaiety like a Japanese paper house in a gale."

We spare our readers the greater part of the description of two contests, and only print sufficient to cause a keen revolt against this much advertised and misnamed sport.

### TEN FAST, FIERCE, PUNISHING ROUNDS.

"He simply slaughtered the slender, pale-faced, rather curate-looking Victorian, who reeled under a hail of tearing left ribs and drives to the body, and swings to the jaw, alternated with right smashes under the heart, and on the short ribs."

"One of those queer—and foul—chops with the heel split Jack's left eye worse than the right, and his face was one crimson blur."

"The fifth began with a couple of wallops that set the ruby streaming into both Blackmore's eyes, so that he had to continually wipe it away to see."

"Blackmore was absolutely blinded by the claret that flowed from both cut eyes, nose, and mouth, as they stood and welted in for a knock-out."

"Both well away to limp rags and each longed for the music of the gong; Blackmore the most, for both eyes were practically closed up."

### BIFF! BANG! BUNG!

"Hickman scored the first punch, a bobby-dazzler right to the jaw, and it looked for a moment as though McLaglen was up

against it good and hard. But he recovered from the shock and came at his man like forty-seven wild cats. The air became full of hurtling arms, and scarcely a punch was wasted. The hope of Wollongong hurled himself at big Arthur, and for a few moments it looked as though no human frame could withstand such a battering. But Mac's long right kept bumping into head and body, and his left curling round to the jaw. Forced to the ropes, and apparently done, Mac turned on Dutch and drove him off with terrific wallops with both hands. Half the house was a-foot and all of it yelling like seventeen madhouses. Not for one moment did the two nearly naked giants let up in the joy of give and take. Now one, now the other, would score tremendous punches, and reel alternately to the ropes."

"Then he was carried to his corner, where his head swung about as his neck was broken, while Bill Lang wasted time and water in wiping off the claret that streamed from nose and mouth, mute evidence of the force of those lovely lefts."

That 1500 people witnessed this sight, and paid big money to do so, is significant, and yet this was the smallest audience seen there for such a purpose for a long while. It is depressing to think for long on this side of human nature, and inclines one to the belief of the old lady who said she was prepared not only to believe that we had descended from monkeys, but that we had descended a very long way.

### THE MISSING LINK.

"This animal, ladies and gents," said the showman, "is the chimpanzee. The remarkable thing about the chimpanzee, ladies and gents, is that it comes nearest to being a human person than any speeshy of the monkey tribe. This here is the chimpanzee, ladies and gents," he continued; "the one inside the cage. Please stand a little farther back, sir. You'll get mixed." And he glared at a masher who was poking the animal with his cane.

### IDIOTS.

A certain dissenting minister was very much annoyed during the course of his sermon by persons giggling and talking. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said:

"I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave in chapel; for, in the early part of my ministry, I made a great mistake. As I was preaching, a young man who sat in a front pew was constantly laughing, talking, and making grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service, one of the officials came to me and said:

"Sir, you made a great mistake. That

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young man whom you reprov'd is an idiot."

"Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who do not behave themselves in a place of worship, lest I should repeat that mistake, and scold another idiot."

During the rest of the service there was good order.

### THE VICAR SCORED.

A vicar was much annoyed by his coachman stealing small articles from the stables. One day he was detected pilfering a sack of oats. The vicar, after lecturing him severely, dismissed him from his service. A few days later the curate called on the vicar to intercede for the coachman. To aid his cause, he quoted a verse in the Bible, in which it says, "If a man take away thy coat, give him thy cloak also."

"An excellent principle," observed the vicar. "John stole my oats: I've given him the sack."

Clothier: "Were you pleased with the overcoat which I sold you?" Customer: "Oh, yes; all my boys have worn it!" "Well, think of that!" "I do. Every time after a shower of rain the next smaller one has to take it!"

## DRUNK and Disorderly WATCHES

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

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## Midnight Callers

By ISABELLA MACDONALD ALDEN  
("Pansy").

### PART II.

It was still early, and the uptown portion of the sleepy city had not yet bestirred itself when Dr. McKenzie entered the office of the Emergency Mission. The streets in this part of the town were already alive.

"Good morning," he said to the man behind the desk, speaking with the air of one who was well acquainted. "You have a guest here somewhere that I have come to call on."

"Yes, sir; No. 10 I suppose? That's the man Miss Holland sent in soon after midnight. We were to hold him until we heard from her or you. He hasn't shown any signs of wanting to get away; there has been no sound from his room, so far. He was pretty well done for last night; the boys helped him with a hot bath, and they said he was as weak as a baby. He wasn't intoxicated, perfectly sober; but he had been on a terrible debauch, evidently.

"No, sir, he's well dressed, or used to be, at least. The boys brushed and cleaned his clothes, and they say they are of excellent quality and well made, but have been terribly abused.

"No, we haven't been in; but Dennis has been on the watch for an hour or so, and reports everything quiet. I shouldn't wonder if the man was going to be sick; he looked unusually bad, somehow. We did the best we could for him last night. John Edson said Miss Holland's directions were very particular."

At that moment a bell-boy put his head in at the door, and spoke to the man at the desk.

"No. 10 is moving about his room, sir."

"All right, Timmy. Will you go up, Doctor, or wait? We haven't sent in his clothes yet."

"Send them in," said Dr. McKenzie; "I'll wait five minutes, and then go up."

The moment that he opened the door of No. 10 he knew that he had not come any too soon.

A more utterly forlorn and woebegone specimen of humanity than sat half dressed on the side of the clean and in every way decent and comfortable bed, even the Doctor had never seen, and he was used to all sorts and conditions of men.

The very decency of the man's surroundings and the richness of his clothing seemed to accentuate the look of misery. He did not raise his eyes at his visitor's entrance, nor attempt to speak. His face expressed a despair too deep for words; a despair that was not only without a ray of hope, but had gone beyond the power to wish for any. Evidently he was in the worst stage of reaction after his recent disipation.

"Good morning, brother," said Dr. McKenzie, in a clear, cheerful voice, and he crossed the room briskly, helped himself to a chair, and sat down in front of the man.

"You have had a night's rest, and don't feel very well in consequence; is that it?"

There was no response.

"It is a fine morning," said the Doctor, feeling his way carefully. "The air has a tang in it that reminds me of home; the way-back home where I spent my boyhood. I'm four thousand miles from it now, but one never gets entirely away from home, you know."

"I wish I could!" The intensity of feeling and of fierceness in this exclamation must be imagined; words would not describe it.

"You can't," said the doctor, watching him closely. "There is no use in trying; memory is the part of us that never dies, either in this world or the other."

The groan that seemed to be wrung from the man's soul against his will revealed such depths of misery that Dr. McKenzie had hard work to make his voice sound cheerful, as he said briskly: "So it becomes us to see to it that the memories are satisfactory."

"Curious thing, this memory," he continued meditatively.

"I was a young scamp, and gave my mother no end of trouble and anxiety. But there came a time when I turned squarely around and went the other way; and, do you know, the scenes in which I was a torture to her have faded; I scarcely ever think of them! But I can feel the touch of her hand on my head, and hear her voice saying, as she said it scores of times, 'My son, you are my daily joy.' What do you suppose I would take in exchange for such memories, now that my mother is gone?"

"Thank God," he added under his breath, for a tear was finding its way down the face of the man on the bed. Dr. McKenzie had been through such experiences before; he knew that the other look meant the kind of despair that often precedes self-destruction, and he knew that those great tears would relieve the tension.

He talked on cheerfully of his boyhood and young manhood; choosing his incidents almost at random, but shaping their trend with watchful care. And he made his goal. The man broke in upon him fiercely.

"There's no use in talking such things to me; you don't understand; I got away beyond where it would do any good."

"You haven't got beyond God."

The man raised his eyes for the first time, and studied his caller's face. The trend of his horrible thoughts was arrested. The calm assurance of the tone had fascinated him. He felt that the man was stating simply in a matter-of-course tone, what he knew to be an eternal truth. His manner conveyed the fact of God as a present Power. It was the same impression that the woman had made on his mind. These two, it seemed, knew a God who was a stranger to him. He waited for more, but his caller remained entirely silent, with an intent look fixed on his face. He stirred restlessly under the gaze; it seemed to penetrate him.

"I have tried everything!" he said at last, with the sullenness of despair.

"No, you haven't; you haven't tried God."

They were almost her very words! Why were these two so much alike?

"How do you know?" he asked suddenly, turning questioner himself.

"I know, because if you had you wouldn't be here in the condition that you are; the thing is impossible. I am a servant of His, and I understand His ways."

The man stared at him, curious.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

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"Just what I say; if you had tried Jesus Christ, you wouldn't have failed."

"You don't know me," said the man, dropping back into apathy.

"True; but I know Jesus Christ, which is more to the point; and he knows you, better than you do yourself."

The man made a movement of impatience, and spoke fiercely.

"I'm not a child to be soothed with stories. I'm a broken-down, ruined man; drink is my curse, my devil! and he takes care to be always at my elbow. I have stronger reasons than any man who ever lived, for letting the cursed stuff alone, and I can't; I tell you I can't!" You think I haven't tried! God! if you knew my life!"

"I don't," said Dr. McKenzie in utmost quiet tone, "but Jesus Christ does. He was a man, subject to temptations from the same devils that torture you. What I said was not that you haven't tried, but that you haven't tried Him; and I know you haven't, because He never fails."

"Why doesn't He save me, then?" Sarcasm, sullenness, and despair were all instinct in this reply.

"Now, look here," said Dr. McKenzie, sitting erect and fixing him with that keen gaze. "You say you are not a child; and I believe you. You are too much of a man to sit here and play with a solemn fact in this childish fashion. Perhaps Jesus Christ knows the way He chose for saving men was the only one that in the last analysis would hold; perhaps He had some other reason; I don't pretend to understand him fully; a servant doesn't need to; but I know the fact that if you go to Him in the way that He has appointed, he will save you. Why do you care to stop and fuss over the way? You are in a burning house; I know there is one way out of it, only one; I point it out to you. Would you stop to question why the builder didn't make other ways?"

(To be concluded.)

A travelling salesman died very suddenly, and his relatives telegraphed to an undertaker to make a wreath. "The ribbon to be extra wide, with the inscription, 'Rest in peace,' on both sides, and if there is room, 'We shall meet in heaven.'" The undertaker was out of town, and his new assistant executed the order. It was a startling floral piece that was delivered. The ribbon bore the inscription: "Rest in peace on both sides, and if there is room we shall meet in heaven."

## New South Wales Alliance

## ECHOES

By REVELLE

The Rev. Fisher-Webster, Organising Secretary of the Northern Division, has been working at Narrabri, Moree, and Inverell. From January 20 to 22 he will be at Glen Innes; 23rd to 29th, Armidale, Uralla, and Hillgrove; 30th and 31st, Manilla. After Manilla the sphere of his operations for some time will be Tamworth.

Rev. Robert Laverty, who has been engaged by the Alliance as Campaign Lecturer, has opened his campaign at Newcastle. For some weeks he will be working under the immediate direction of the Northern Branch Executive, and they have decided to stir up the Newcastle district first. Mr. Laverty is a popular preacher and lecturer, of the Methodist Church, who is well and favourably known throughout Australia. He has travelled in New Zealand, and personally investigated conditions in the No-License areas. Like all who are unprejudiced, and looking for facts, he is strongly impressed with the value to the community of No-License.

The General Superintendent has had a great time at Broken Hill. Writing from Broken Hill on Monday, 3rd, he states:—"Just a line to say I am here all right. Weather was awful on Saturday, but a change came in the evening. Tremendous reception and meeting at night in open air. One thousand present, chiefly men. Spoke for an hour and a half, then answered questions. Great cheering for No-License. Grand meeting. Sunday, 11 a.m.: Full church Railway Town; 3 p.m., very hot, but 400 people in Town Hall, and a splendid meeting; 7 p.m., Presbyterian Church full at 7."

A telegraphic despatch has since been received from the Rev. Mr. Schafer, which states:—"Town Hall, great meeting. Mr. Bruntnell replied to Mr. Lloyd in two and half hours' speech, completely clearing away Mr. Lloyd's statements. Great enthusiasm. Loud and prolonged cheering for No-License at close. Greatest meeting ever held Barrier."

Mr. Toombs has been eight months in Queensland, his native State. During that time he has travelled 7000 miles, addressed 244 meetings, including an average of over two sermons a Sunday, and has opened 17 new lodges of the International Order of Good Templars. This is a splendid record, and will greatly strengthen the hands of the already powerful Templar organisation in Queensland.

Some of the best and ablest men in the State are on the Alliance list of honorary lecturers. The latest to offer his services is a doctor, with an important practice in a Sydney suburb. This gentleman has promised to devote two nights weekly to lecturing on the Alliance platform. Secretaries are urged to give good notice in making application to the Secretary for speakers.

A correspondent writes:—"A grocer, of Campsie, has just applied for a colonial wine license, and no sooner had the information become known than a few of us set to work to oppose the application. The district within the required mile radius was

divided between some eight or nine enthusiastic workers, and a house-to-house canvass made for signatures in opposition. Last Saturday afternoon we were all out on our respective 'beats,' and as I could not finish on that day, I again went out on Sunday morning, believing this to be as much a part of the Master's work as if I had attended our church. On Saturday evenings we hold a regular Gospel temperance open-air meeting at the railway bridge at Campsie, but last Saturday evening the meeting partook of a special nature, and was the finest we have yet held. The crowd was large, and addresses particularly pointed and telling, and, what pleased me more than all, the other side tackled us after the meeting, and we had a hot and strong debate. This was just what we wanted, and had the best possible opportunity to show to the people who had gathered around the justice of our cause,—and, I believe, with good results. The application was heard in the Parramatta Licensing Court on the 12th instant. The opposition were represented by Mr. T. H. England, B.A., who, I understand, made it fairly hot for the applicant; indeed, so much so, that after he had been in the witness box for a short time, he got so scared that he withdrew the application and would proceed no further. Thus ended the fourth struggle in Campsie against the forces of alcohol, and we are devoutly thankful to God 'Who giveth us the victory.' We are now hoping to permanently block any further effort on the part of the 'Trade,' by carrying No-License at the next election. May God grant it!"

Mrs. Harrison Le-Cowie arrived in Melbourne on Monday, December 13, and was met by the President of the Victorian Alliance and a number of friends. We expect Mrs. Lee-Cowie will commence her great No-License campaign under the auspices of the New South Wales Alliance on March 1. Our workers will welcome Australia's Temperance Queen.

Just a Starter.—A crotchety old farmer had trouble with his neighbour, and sought his lawyer. "I want yeou ter write him a letter an' tell him this here foolishness hez got ter stop," he declared firmly. "I know what I want ter say, but I ain't got the larnin' ter put it just right." "What do you want to say?" the lawyer asked. The farmer battled with his wrath, and for a moment or two was speechless; then he blurted out: "Wa-all, begin by tellin' him thet he's the durndest, lym'est, thievin'est, low-downest skunk on aith—and then work up."

Public Spirit.—The landlord of the tavern was telling a friend about the arrest of "a feller for walking down Main-street in the middle of the afternoon in his stocking feet. "He's in gaol now," continued the narrator, when the other interrupted, "Why," cried his friend, "it isn't a crime, is it, for a person to walk in his stocking feet? Personal liberty, my dear sir—" "Aw," replied the eloquent landlord, "personal liberty is proper enough so long as it do't interfere with the rights of other people. Anything that tends to add to the silence of our little city is an offence against the general welfare. We're public-spirited here, even if we ain't exactly metropolitan."



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

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

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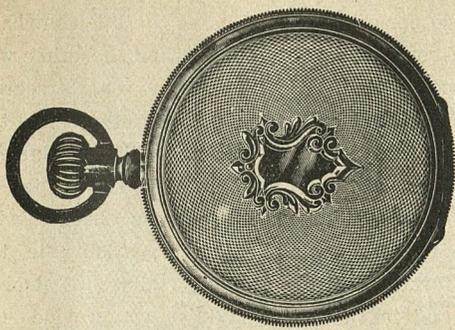
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## Talk about People

### A Savings Bank Centenary.

In the little town of Ruthwell, in Southern Scotland, they are planning to celebrate next May the centenary of what is asserted to be the first savings bank in the sense in which that term is now commonly used. Before 1810 there were a few concerns and associations for savings in Germany, Switzerland, Denmark, and England, springing from the philanthropic movement which marked the closing years of the eighteenth century; but the little institution at Ruthwell is recognised as the first of the modern kind, and the model upon which many others were soon established throughout Europe.

Henry Duncan, a Presbyterian clergyman of Dumfriesshire, organised that first bank, and by his writings did much to spread the idea. The beginning was so small that at the end of three years the deposits were only £242—an eloquent reminder of the comparative youth of many of the most beneficent institutions of the present age.

### Mr. Frederic Harrison's Rules of Life.

"Touch not tobacco, spirits, nor any unclean thing. Rise from every meal with an appetite. Walk daily for two hours. Sleep nightly for seven hours. Reverence all to whom reverence is due. Be content with what you have." Such are the rules of life laid down by Mr. Frederic Harrison, the veteran Positivist, the man of letters, who celebrated his 78th birthday recently. Mr. Harrison lives up to his rules, and is as active and as well to-day as many men half his age. Indeed, he claims to feel younger than ever. He is not sparing in his denunciations of bad habits. Smoking he describes as a "beastly habit;" playing cards as "wearisome and inane." With regard to literary work, he claims never to have written for the sake of writing or for money, but only when he had something to say.

### An Amusing Bull.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone, who has been offered the post of Governor-General of United South Africa, was once guilty of an amusing bull in a debate on the question of Disestablishment. Dilating on the hold held on the affections of the people by the Church of England, he said: "when an Englishman wants to get married, to whom does he go? To the parish priest. When he wants to get

his child baptised, to whom does he go? To the parish priest. When he wants to get buried, to whom does he go?" The House answered with a roar of laughter, in which Mr. Gladstone joined, adding: "As I was contrasting the English Church with the Irish, a bull is, perhaps, excusable."

### "Your Rile 'Ighness."

The Duke of Connaught has a keen eye for the smart look of his men. One day at Windsor he stopped a private in the Guards and reprimanded him for his appearance, which was anything but spruce. The Duke spoke kindly but firmly, but the man was naturally somewhat nervous and extremely impressed by the rank of the fault-finder.

He began to stammer an apology, and his halting sentences were liberally sprinkled with "your Rile 'Ighness," which came out in awed tones.

The Duke bore this good-humouredly for a time. Then he said:

"There, that'll do, Smith; and in future remember not so much of the 'Rile 'Ighness,' and a little more of the pipeclay!"

### Boyish Love Affair.

King Manoel, whose life, according to the cables, has been plotted against, is by nature, we are told, inclined to be impatient and energetic. He gives his Ministers a busy time, and calls them up very frequently upon the telephone, a modern invention which he greatly favours. He is well read, a good linguist, and an excellent talker, with already a remarkable degree of independent judgment and decision. As a little boy his mother taught him to ride, and to swim, and to shoot, her Majesty being herself an adept at all kinds of sport, as she is in medical matters also. Queen Amelie has the right to put M.D. after her name, and she passed her examinations with flying colours. She and the young King read and study navigation together, for King Manoel cannot bring himself to neglect his favourite hobby. He has had a boyish love affair, and some time ago announced his intention of marrying a pretty girl of his own nation and of noble but not of royal birth. This desire he has also been obliged to forego. From our own Royal family King Manoel receives a warm welcome, and during King Edward's severe illness at the

time of the Coronation, the late Crown Prince of Portugal was one of the very few to obtain a personal interview with our King.

Moses Isaacstein (to his son, who has just closed the shop on Saturday night): "I shay, you Ike! vat you doing mit dot vatch?"

Isaac: "It's all right, fader. I'm only shust shtopping it until Monday morning, to save der year and tead on der vorks."

Moses (aside): "Mine gootness! Dot poy will make a shplendit peezness man shome da-!"

### ASHWOOD'S OPEN THEIR TWENTY-THIRD BRANCH TO-MORROW.

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# GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1910.

## THE ATHLETE'S HEART.

A good deal has been written lately in the daily press about what is termed the athlete's heart. Doctors have uttered their warning as the results of breakdown in the case of certain prominent athletes, and the daily papers have moralised against the physical evils of over-training. There is another and a sadder side to this muscle-grinding and muscle-worshipping craze. The number of men who suffer from over-training, and get what doctors term athlete's heart, is comparatively small, but the number of those who have lost their hearts entirely to athleticism, and whose chief end in life is sport, is overwhelming. That fact presents one of the most serious problems in our national life, and is causing much apprehension to those who have the best interests of the nation at heart, and are thinking of the future. If in the days of Sparta every soldier was a brick in the walls of defence, so, in this new land, every young man is a part of the foundation upon which the nation is being built. If the foundation is weak, the superstructure will not stand, the nation will never attain to true and lasting greatness. It must be confessed that the promise for the future, judged by present conditions, is not hopeful. As a people we do not take life seriously enough. Sport and pleasure is not the chief end of man, or of nations, and whether one thinks of the thousands of young men who are striving after empty honours in the sporting field, as they never think of striving for the mastery in better things, or the still greater number whose thoughts turn wholly to sport, and gambling, and amusement, and never to the deeper, nobler issues of life, he is an optimist indeed who expects to reap any other than a harvest of disappointment from such foolish sowing. The development of "athletes' heart" from the medical standpoint, while serious enough so far as it goes, is a trifling incident in our national life compared with the alarming lack of development from a moral point of view of the hearts of the multitudes of young men who have no soul above sport.

## STREET ORATORS.

A notorious street orator, who was brought before the magistrate in Sydney last week and fined £5 or one month, declared that he would go to gaol. The orator in question claimed to belong to the International So-

cialist organisation, gave his occupation as that of a grocer, "for the present," and refused to be sworn on the Bible. A man with the same surname, though there is no evidence that he was the same person, inflicted Sydney with his violent and objectionable talk a few years back, and then suddenly decamped, as it was alleged, until a certain little affair had blown over. The crusade then was against the Bible and Christianity, and the allusions to that Book and religion generally were shockingly vulgar and offensive. Another man, of a different type, was recently summoned at the instigation of the City Council, and fined, and, like the person brought to book last week, declaimed against the alleged injustice of summoning him while certain religious open-air meetings were allowed to be held without interference by the police. It suited the purpose of both men doubtless to make this pose as martyrs, but such of the public as are familiar with the facts and circumstances will have no difficulty in commending the police for their action. The men summoned have proved themselves to be tiresome nuisances to many people, and need to be taught that there is a great difference between holding ordinary religious meetings in public places where traffic is not inconvenienced, and collecting a crowd in order that they may attack the sacred beliefs, and often the characters, of honourable citizens. The one is reasonable liberty, the other intolerable license, and the authorities would be lacking in their duty to the general public if they did not discriminate between street nuisances and harmless street gatherings.

## DRINK AND THE LAW COURTS.

It is amazing how little the economic argument in regard to the liquor traffic is appreciated by economists and politicians generally. If Australia could be made sober by a stroke of the pen, and every hotel bar, brewery, and distillery closed, such an enormous sum of money would be set free for legitimate investment that it would be difficult offhand to know what to do with the money. There would be an embarrassment of riches. Honest business would receive such a filip that every avenue of industry would boom, and savings bank trustees would wonder where the deposits were coming from. The saving to the State in the diminution of crime and disease would be enormous, for in this country, as in every other, evidence is accumulating all the time as to the costliness to the State, and therefore to the people of the State, of the drinking habits of such a large section of the people. A report with reference to the judicial statistics of Scotland for last year, has just been issued, from which it appears that, although in certain classes of offences, in regard to which prosecutions were instituted, there has been a decrease, in others there is a steady growth. The unpleasant fact also is revealed, after careful investigation, that

even in cases of offences against property, drink is an important factor: in no less than 60 per cent. of such cases the offenders have been found "not sober" when the crime was committed. Abstainers, the report records, furnished only from 6 to 8 per cent. of the accused in this section. The official figures certainly furnish a terrible indictment:—"The 103,000 persons charged with drunkenness and disorder, arising in the former entirely from the abuse of alcohol, and in the latter mainly so, provide the great bulk of the work for the constabulary and the courts. But it has been found that drink is an important factor in the causes of more serious crimes. The bulk of assaults is brought about by it, and it is the common explanation of 589 sentences for cruelty to children. About eighty per cent. of charges for murder and culpable homicide arise from intoxication." It only needs to be added that the experience of Scotland is the experience of Australia, and of every other nation which tolerates the liquor traffic.

## MORE PASSENGERS—LESS DRINK.

A singular fact in connection with the P. & O. Company's passenger trade was alluded to by the chairman (Sir Thomas Sutherland) in his speech at the annual meeting on December 9. He referred to the great change in the social habits of the passengers in the direction of temperance. "I need hardly tell you," he said, "that we carry far more passengers than we carried ten years ago. You will probably be greatly surprised to hear that, notwithstanding the increased number of our passengers, our consumption of wine, beer, and spirits has fallen in these ten years by 50 per cent." In two directions there was no decline, the chairman added. There was an increase in the consumption of mineral waters, and also in that of stout, a beverage totally unknown aboard ship in the tropics until a few years ago. "We may now, I suppose, rejoice," said Sir Thomas, "in the change which has taken place in the habits of travellers as being of great interest to the rising generation, who will doubtless escape the paternal gout and many other ills that flesh is heir to."

"I notice, Edward," said a lady to her husband, "that whenever your employers advertise for men they stipulate, 'must be married.'" "Yes, the old tyrants," asserted Edward, "they want men who are accustomed to being ordered about!"

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# A Judge with Commonsense AND COURAGE

(Concluded.)

## THREE FAMOUS MEN.

All over the city there are families which are living in daily wonder at the reconstruction which has been worked in their boys. And as often as the explanation is sought it comes in some such words as these: "It's the Judge. We got to be good 'cause we give the Judge our word. If we ain't, they gets sore at the court and the Judge loses his job. See?"

They tell, with keen enjoyment, out there of the boy whose teacher sent him to the blackboard to write the names of three famous men. And without the slightest hesitation, without a thought that the list could be other than it was, he took the chalk and wrote:—

"George Washington,  
Abraham Lincoln,  
Ben. B. Lindsey."

## STRAIGHTENING OUT THE FATHER.

The boys who get into the juvenile court are not criminals. They are wayward sometimes, but those who are guilty of the most serious offence are almost always more sinned against than sinning. They are the boys who have not fathers, or whose fathers do not give them the care and attention which a parent owes. With such fathers Judge Lindsey has no patience. "They are miserable shirks," he said, "leaving the whole work of forming character to the schools. The father who brings children into the world and then provides them with simply the physical necessities, neglecting the God-given opportunities for developing character through companionship and admonition—such a parent, who values gold more than his boy's welfare, is a menace to the State. I have no patience with him." His impatience has not burned itself out in hot words either; there is a law on the Colorado statute books making parents responsible for the welfare of their children. It is there because of Judge Lindsey, and he administers it.

## HARD BUT WISELY HIT.

Occasionally, a sullen, sneering man sits on the back seat of his courtroom and listens scornfully to the advice and pleading which go to make up the morning's session with the boys. And when the session is over and the boys have passed on, the man shuffles up to the bar and faces the little Judge, whose face has suddenly become grave and stern.

"Mr. Jones," says the Judge: "I have looked into this case well, and I am ashamed of you. I have warned you twice that you must help to keep your boy off the street, and you have paid no attention to the warning. This morning he is brought in here

again, because you, his parent, care less for his welfare than a public institution like this court. I have decided to fine you 50 dollars and costs, you to work it out in the workhouse. You will report there every Saturday at noon, and be released on Monday morning, so as not to interfere with your getting support for your family. And when you have completed the sentence you will report to this court what change has come in your ideas of a parent's responsibility to his boy."

The man is led away dazed. This from the Judge whom he had heard spoken of as "easy." He had expected to be pleaded with and coaxed, but instead there had come a blow like this. But Judge Lindsey has not been a judge ten years for nothing, or without learning where to be merciful, and where mercy defeats its own ends.

## WHAT WE ALL CAN DO.

"What can the average community do for its boys?" I asked him.

"It can see that its schools are right," he answered. "I will not take a second place to anyone in my admiration for our schools. But there are faults in them which need correcting. They run all our children into one mould; there is no reckoning made for individuality. I count it wrong that we should spend such a large percentage of the school income every year in high schools and universities, to which hardly ten per cent. of the boys and girls go, and neglect the other ninety per cent. as we do. We have developed a system which fits a few for large successes when what we ought to have is a system that will graduate the whole vast army into lives of usefulness and worth. I say it is a shame that we make it necessary for a boy to commit a crime before we give him a chance to learn a trade. And the so-called reform schools have trade schools in connection, but how many of our country or even our city schools? I still have faith in our schools, and believe they are the best in the world. But the school which meets the needs of today is useless to-morrow. We must not relax our efforts at improvement for a moment.

"There ought to be a public sentiment in the community which would make life very uncomfortable for the sort of parent that leaves the whole responsibility for his child's character to the school or the church. The parent who supposes that his duty is discharged when he has provided a house and clothes and food ought to be taken in hand by the court and shown a great white light on the subject of parental responsibility. For, after all, the work of the com-

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General Manager and Actuary; Richard Robert B. Cameron. Manager Industrial Department: C. A. Elliott, F.I.A. Sydney, 14th May, 1909.

munity can only be effective as it is reinforced in the home.

## THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

"Our children pattern after us more than we think. I see it illustrated almost every day in the work of the court. A boy is brought before me charged with stealing or frequenting a saloon or place of evil resort. And, after a little questioning it comes out that he has seen older men doing these things, men whose example is followed by the boys of the neighbourhood, and accordingly he has done them too. The bad example of such a man may leave its black blotch on a dozen young lives, and he be ignorant of it all. On the other hand, consider the value of the example of one good man in the community, who is recognised as strong and able, and has built himself a legitimate success without resort to methods which can in any way be questioned. The value of such a man's example cannot be estimated. A man like President Roosevelt or John Wanamaker, whose success has been mighty, but absolutely without taint—such men are enshrined in the hearts of the nation's boyhood, displacing meaner idols, and guiding the boys on to the achievement of what is right and good.

"The evolution of the school, its adaptation to the good of the largest number, this can only be wrought slowly and by the united effort of all. But we do not need to wait for the schools to work out the salvation of the boys. We can see that the influences of the home are all that they should be, and that the example of the best sort of men is held up to them as worthy of emulation. And every man, no matter who he is, can exert an influence for good over some boy, can be some boy's hero if he counts it worthy a little sacrifice and time."

"Don't get down in the mouth, old man," said the Optimist. "Look on the bright side of things." "That's all very well," mournfully replied the sufferer, but what is the bright side of a gumboil?"

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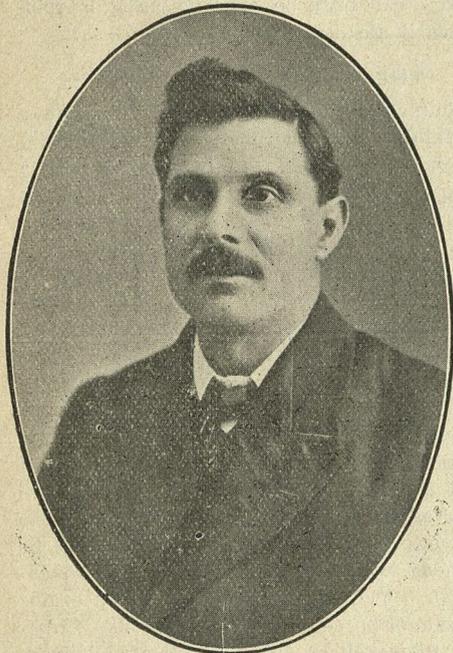
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## Chats on Local Option in New Zealand

By JOS. J. FRANKLYN.

I claim to speak with some authority, as I resided in the Dominion of New Zealand for twelve years, and was brought into close touch with the life of the people as preacher, City Councillor, member of the Hospital and Charitable Board, School Committeeman, and social reformer. Have travelled from one end of the country to the other, and have had personal experience of the areas now under the No-License law. On my return to Australia I hasten to assure my fellow-countrymen that they may without any hesitancy adopt the principle which has been on trial in New Zealand for the last 20 years, and, notwithstanding



the unfair legislation which imposes a handicap on virtue in the shape of the 60 per cent. vote, the subtle attempts on the part of the brewing fraternity to hinder the successful operation of the law imposed by the people on themselves, and the circulation of exparte and wholly false statements by "The Trade" and its apologists, the sentiment and votes for No-License have steadily advanced from poll to poll. One electorate (Clutha) carried the No-License proposal in 1894 then the neighbouring electorate followed the good example set them. So from one No-License district in 1894, New Zealand now has 12 "dry areas," comprising approximately 75,000 of the population, while, in addition, at the last poll (1908) several districts, including Auckland City, have carried the proposal for the reduction of licenses. Altogether, as the result of the recent polls, about 140 licenses have lapsed out of a total of 1600, or about 9 per cent. of the whole will be closed. There are several points in the history of this great reform, and in the condition of it, well worth noting. In the first place, the vote for No-License has never gone back, always advancing. The vote taken in 1899 was 22 per cent. in advance of 1896; in 1902 there was an advance of 25 per cent. on that of 1899. In 1905 a further advance of 31 per cent. on the poll immediately preceding it.

### NO-LICENSE VOTE IN NEW ZEALAND.

In 1896 .....	98,312
In 1899 .....	120,542
In 1902 .....	151,524
In 1905 .....	198,768
In 1908 .....	231,000

The last poll gave a majority of over 20,000 over the vote cast for continuance. Then, again, no district has yet reverted to License after having once adopted No-License. In every case but one—(i.e., Ashburton, and the reason assigned for this decreased vote was the slackening of effort on the part of the No-License party; having won, they were resting on their oars, while liquorism was unusually alert. It is safe to predict this will never happen again). The vote has been a steadily increasing one against "The Trade." In Clutha, where the experiment was first tried, the vote was nearly two to one against restoring the licensing system, while in Grey Lynn, a suburb of Auckland city, the vote was 5046 against restoration of licenses, and only 2034 in favour of restoration. As matters now stand, there is every prospect that greatly improved results will follow the extension of the area without licensed sale of liquors, in that in most cases the No-License areas will not stand alone, surrounded by License areas, as they did in the beginning. The dry ones now, with two exceptions, will have one or two dry neighbours. Just here let me ask the free, intelligent New South Wales voter if the carrying of No-License by the people of Clutha had been attended by all the baneful consequences, as persistently stated to have been the case by the liquor traders, wholesale and retail, do you consider it likely that the adjoining electorates of Invercargill, Maitland, and Bruce would have "voted in" so disastrous a provision? And, again, if the carrying of No-License in 12 districts has had the effect of increasing the consumption of liquor in the Dominion, why should the wide-awake brewer squeal? Commonsense suggests that Bung and Co. should stomp the country in the interests of No-License. Why don't they? Echo answers why? Again, as showing the growth of No-License sentiment in New Zealand, out of 68 electorates, 46 voted in majorities varying from two to 1200

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for No-License, but only 12 gained the requisite three-fifths. If this question was settled at the ballot-box in a democratic fashion (instead of being the sole exception) not less than 46 districts would be enjoying the benefits of No-License, instead of being the victims of a minority vote. In my next I propose to answer the objections advanced against local option as obtaining in New Zealand. In the meanwhile, let me urge the electors to ponder well the eloquent testimony given by the "Maorilanders" to the undeniable blessings of No-License. They are, briefly: The almost total abolition of drunkenness, crime, and pauperism. Australia, "go thou and do likewise." By voting for No-License you are voting out the worst foe Australia has to fear. Work, pray, and vote for No-License, thus helping to save your children, your home, and your country.

Sympathetic Little Boy: "You're awfully tired of keeping house, aren't you, mother?" Mother: "Yes, dear." Sympathetic Little Boy: "But there isn't much use in dying and going to heaven, is there? 'Cause you'd have a mansion on your hands then."

"Oxygen," said the lecturer, "is essential to all animal existence. There could be no life without it, yet, strange to say, it was discovered only a century ago." "What did they do, then, sir," an ingenuous student asked, "before it was discovered?"

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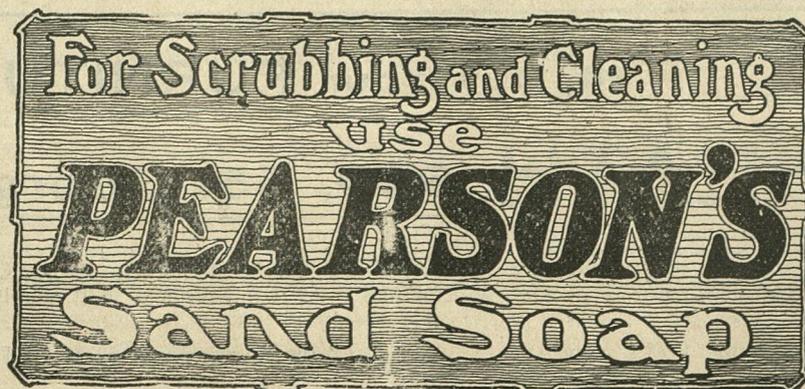
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# From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(By UNCLE BARNABAS.)

## TWO AND TWO, AND ONE AND ONE.

A few days ago I heard the famous missionary and explorer, Dr. George Brown, give an address. He told us that the South Sea Islanders were well able to understand the lines of Rudyard Kipling when he (Dr. Brown) translated them into their language:

"The evil we do by two and two  
We must pay for one by one."

Can you understand them? I think you can. Just say them over to yourself until they have got you fast.

"The evil we do by two and two." I have often known boys and girls do things in company that they would have been ashamed to do alone. How stupidly the undergrads. of the University conduct themselves sometimes! How silly some people make themselves on New Year's Eve! What liberties a girl will allow in a ballroom! What disgusting behaviour and language a boy will approve in a dressing-shed on the sea beach! What mean things people will say and do in committees! What unsportsmanlike conduct a lad will share in, because the other fellows are cowardly and churlish! What cruel conversation a kind-hearted girl will agree with because the "set" she is with speak that language! "The set" can be as much like savages as "the push" in Woolloomooloo. Many a timid boy at school has had his life made wretched by boys who were not half bad fellows alone, but were young head-hunters when in mobs. Alas! what "evil we do by two and two!"

But don't forget the other line, dear Ne's and Ni's—"We must pay for one by one."

We can't excuse ourselves for being fools, or cruel or disgusting, or cowardly because we were only "one in the crowd." Every one of the crowd, of the set, of the push, of the committee, will pay for the evil he or she has done. My! don't we pay, too? When we get alone, and we think of the way we have let ourselves down to the level of coarse, mean, brutal, and idiotic conduct! When we find that we have lost respect, and influence, and a clean record! There are thousands of lads and lassies who are paying, and will keep on paying for years, aye, to their life's end, for the folly and sin they were guilty of in company with others. I hope you, dear Seven to Seventeeners, will not act the fool just because two or three, or a dozen others choose to do so. You are just going back to school after the holidays! Take these lines with you. If the men—sons of cannibals—down yonder in Fiji, could see the force of them, I hope you will have eyes to see their truth and beauty:

"The evil we do by two and two,  
We must pay for one by one."

## FOR SUNDAY.

### PERSONS IN THE GOSPELS.

A person whose name begins with A, B, C, D, E, G, H, I, J, L, M, N, O, P, R, S, T, U, Z.

### TEXTS FROM ST. LUKE'S GOSPEL.

(Fill in the missing words.)

1. "..... thus saying ..... us ..."
2. "The ..... is ..... and hath ..... to ....."
3. "Master ..... shall .....?"
4. "My ..... shall ..... pass ....."

## FOR MONDAY.

### PUZZLES WITH PENNIES.

#### CHANGING SIDES (3724).

We have six coins, three heads on the left, then an empty space, then three tails on the

right. A coin may move one space at a time into the empty space next to it, or it may jump over the next coin into the empty space beyond that coin. But heads must always move to the right, and tails to the left; no coin is to be moved backwards. The puzzle is to get the heads into the positions 4, 5, 6, and the tails into the positions 1, 2, 3.

H, H, H,	O	T, T, T.
1 2 3		4 5 6.

## UNCLE B. SHOWN UP AT LAST.

The picture has come out well, and there can be no mistaking his face. All who know him will recognise it at once. What a pity we did not get the thing done properly long ago! We shall let the cat come out of the bag, so to speak, in the first February issue. Then everybody will say, "Of course, I knew it all the time! Uncle B. is Mr. ———, the gentleman who has been seen on more than one occasion near the corner of Castle-reagh and Park streets! Ha! ha! ha!"

## LETTER-BOX.

### VISITING THE "DREADNOUGHT."

"St. Aubyn's, Weymouth, England,  
November 28, 1909.

"Dear Uncle B.,—Yesterday, Mr. Webb (a friend of mother's and father's) asked us on board the Dreadnought, and we did have a lovely time. When we got to the Camber we met him, and were taken off to the Picket-boat, and were soon on the big ship, where we were relieved of our coats and umbrellas, and then we went on the bridge. He explained sundry things to us, and showed us a little place where the commander could rest, if he wanted to, in time of war. He then asked if we would like to go to the foretop. Of course, we younger ones said, 'Yes,' and Mr. Winter (the assistant paymaster) escorted us. We had to climb up inside the mast (which was hollow, and had a ladder within it, and electric light to switch on if needed). It was great fun! He went first, I went next, and the others followed. When we got to the top, Mr. Winter opened up the canvas, and we got a lovely view of the other ships and the sun setting behind Portland. He then telephoned to the Admiral's cabin, but no one was there to answer it. He then told us what happened in war, and what the men had to do; he also explained how they managed the guns, etc., after which we came down. Then we were shown a shell, and how they are fired off. One man could load and fire one a minute. Isn't it quick? After that, we had tea in the Ward Room, and had great fun. After tea we played the piano; then Mr. Webb took us to his cabin to write our names in his birthday-book. We also sent a telegram to Athol's College, explaining that we would not be home in time for 'prep.' as we had missed the train. We got back to school at 7.30 p.m., after a very jolly afternoon. I am afraid this letter is too long. Poor Sir Frederick Darley is seriously ill in London.—I remain, your affectionate friend,

### "ESTHER WILLIAMS."

(Dear Far-away "Niece,"—Your letter is most interesting, and will be read through New South Wales by many little folk who will very nearly break the Tenth Command-

"Esperanto Booklet," dealing with the international language, free to all 'Seven to Seventeeners.'" METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, "Holt House."



ment. Greetings from the South Land.—Uncle B.)

## ATHOL TELLS MORE ABOUT "DREADNOUGHTS."

Athol Williams, Weymouth College, Weymouth, Eng., writes, on November 28, as follows:—"Dear Uncle B.,—I went on the 'Dreadnought' on Saturday. First, we went up to the half-way platform, from which we could see all over the ship. We went up inside the mast, which is hollow, and then we got out at a door at the top and saw a lot of Dreadnoughts; and from there we telephoned all over the ship. (Please excuse the writing.) Then we came down and saw all the cannons, and they showed us how to load them, and we were told they would carry 25 miles. We went into the Admiral's dining and drawing rooms, and then we went into the Ward Room for afternoon tea. We had a whole lot of chocolates and cakes, and Mr. Webb, who asked us on board, bagged a whole lot of cakes and jam from some of the other people's afternoon-tea. We had such fun. We went to the shore in a picket-boat. I must say good-bye.—From your affectionate nephew."

(Dear Athol,—You are having fine times. We are all glad you didn't fall from the top of the hollow mast, and that you were not put in irons for "bagging" jam from a Friendly Power. Page Nine is very proud of its English relations, and with all its might and main, says "COO-EE!—Uncle B.)

## A N.Z. "NE" WHO SAW FATHER CHRISTMAS.

Arthur Day, Scotby, Bliah's-road, Papanui, N.Z., writes:—"Dear Uncle B.,—I am writing to wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. I saw Father Christmas on Saturday. I hope he will come to my 'cousins' in Australia. Since I wrote to you last I have had whooping cough very badly, and have been away from school over four months. We call the foal 'Blossom' instead of 'Lightfoot.' With love and best Christmas wishes for all the 'cousins,'—Your loving nephew."

(Dear Arthur,—Did you really see him? Where was he? He came over here, but we didn't " nab" him, though some of us sat up nearly all night. Sorry about that bad cough. Give Blossom a bit of sugar with Australia's love. Thank you for the postcard.—Uncle B.)

## LOCK UP THE DRINK!

Mabel Muller, "Allen Dale," Gunning, writes:—"Dear Uncle Barnabas,—You will excuse me for not writing sooner, as I have been ill. I hope this 'Strike' will soon end, as it is afflicting everybody; not so much in the country, as in the city, as we don't use coal. Well, Christmas is gone again, and we are in the New Year, in which I hope dozens of hotels will be closed, and that

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you will get hundreds of votes for No-Licence. I have not done the puzzles for today, as our 'Grit' did not come, but I have done part of the puzzles for Sunday, December 26, arranging the missing words into a Christmas text. The texts are: (1) 'But it is good for me to draw near to God.' (2) 'And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth.' (3) 'But he delivered Jesus to their will.' (4) 'And the winds blew and beat upon that house.' (5) 'Behold the tabernacle of God is with men.' (6) 'The Prince of Peace.' (7) 'I will look again toward thy holy temple' (making the text 'Peace on earth, good will toward men'). We had the Rev. Mr. Johnstone up at Gunning for a week, and he was lovely. Well, dear Uncle, I think I have told you all the news, so with love to Page Nine and yourself,—I will remain, your fond niece."

(Dear M.,—Yes, this year will be a year of hard fighting, and if we fight and pray, we shall win. You, dear Seven to Seventeeners, must pray much for the battle. Mabel, your answers are very well done. Am sorry to hear of your illness. Love from Page Nine, and—Uncle B.)

### LETTERS CROWDED OUT! WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK.

(Send everything for Page Nine to Uncle B. Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.)

### BIRTHDAY GREETINGS.

To Eva Missen (N.Z.), for January 16. To Frances Boulton, for January 16. To Esther House, for January 26. (2 Cor. 13: 14.)

### "A WHITE ROSE,"

(By Nellie Craig.)

Look out next week for this charming original story, written specially for Page Nine, by a clever "Niece."

### CHILDREN'S SPECIAL ISSUE.

Don't forget to write for a card so that you can collect 10/- or 20/-, and win a prize, whilst helping "Grit" and No-Licence.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Rev. Tuck, 10s, 30/10/10; D. Vernon, 5s, 9/12/10; Mrs. Newman, 5s, 9/12/10; A. Monypenny, 2s 6d, 9/12/10; J. Jackson, 2s 6d, 29/4/10; P. T. Hayne, 5s, 17/12/10; W. Woodward, 5s, 27/2/10; J. Turner, 5s, 7/6/09; Mrs. Reeve, 2s 6d, 7/11/09; Mrs. Cornett, 2s 6d, 17/12/09; Miss Bough, 1s 3d, 4/3/10; J. B. Holroyd, 5s, 16/9/10; Mrs. Halloran, 1s 3d; Mrs. Smith, 6d; D. Dash, 5s, 1/10/10; W. J. Bell, 7s 6d, 22/1/11; Mrs. Shearer, 5s, 4/1/11; W. Waters, 5s, 12/9/09.

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## The Latest Victories

The first order closing Sunday saloons in Detroit went into effect on Sunday, July 18

The physicians prescriptions amendment to the Michigan local option law, went into effect on September 1. The preceding week in Van Buren county alone, there were 3973 drug store sales of liquor. During the first week under the new amendment, there were only 97 sales.

Since July 1, Limestone, Clay, Aransas, and Shelby counties, Texas, have voted "dry" by majority of 700, 250, 31, and 1200 respectively. Several precincts in other counties have also abolished the saloon. There are at present 157 "dry" counties in the State.

The Colorado Supreme Court has recently declared the State local option law constitutional in every respect, including the combination ward and precinct feature, which the liquor interests fought so bitterly.

State wide prohibition went into effect in Tennessee on July 1. Since that time the three largest cities of the State have shown a marked decrease in crime and a general improvement in every way.

Alabama's air-tight enforcement measure passed by the special session of the Legislature in August has made prohibition a reality. The fight is now on for constitutional prohibition, under the measure pass-

A Curtain Lecture at the Pole: "This is a nice time to get home, Etukishuk. Here you've been gone six months." "Sorry, m'dear, but I was afraid to come home in the dark."

Every Man to his Trade.—A coloured man was brought before a magistrate, charged with stealing chickens. He pleaded guilty, and received sentence, when the magistrate asked how it was he managed to steal the chickens right under the window of the owner's house when there was a dog loose in the yard. "It wouldn't be no use, judge," said the man, "to try to 'splain dis thing to yo'-all. Ef you was to try it you like as not would get yer hide full of shot an' get no chickens nuther. Ef yo' want to engage in any rascality, judge, yo' better stick to de Bench, whar yo' am familiar!"

A Matter of Comparison.—Some negroes were discussing the death of a small darkey. The cause of the catastrophe was clear enough to one of the men. "De po' chile died fum eatin' too much watahmillion," he explained. One of the others look-

ed by the special session submitting an amendment to the people.

The result of the primaries and caucuses in Massachusetts indicates a majority in both Houses of the Legislature favourable to the Anti-Saloon League legislative programme.

Recent Anti-Saloon League efforts have made Kearney county, Nebraska, "dry," and Custer county seems about to follow by the same process.

The Governor has issued a proclamation demanding the enforcement of the recently-enacted law, closing saloons between 8 p.m. and 7 a.m.

The saloons in the 26 New York State towns, which voted "dry" last spring, closed their doors on October 1.

Of the 14 towns and cities voting under the local option law in Washington, since August 1, 11 have abolished the saloon.

According to the figures recently published by the liquor crowd in Wisconsin, there are 721 towns and villages and cities in the State without saloons.

Chief of Police Steward, of Chicago, has instructed that ambulances and patrol wagons of the city shall carry a supply of spirits of ammonia instead of brandy for the purpose of reviving victims of accidents.

ed his doubts. "Huh!" he grunted, scornfully, "dar ain't no such thing as too much watahmillion." "Well, den," remarked the first, "dar wasn't enough boy."

They had been sweethearts once, but had quarrelled, and, accordingly, each wished to show to all in general, and to each other in particular, that they were not, nor ever had been, aware of the other's existence. One day the young man had to make a business call on her father on behalf of his employer, and, as luck would have it, she answered the bell. The young man did not lose his head. "I beg your pardon," he said politely. "Miss Perkins, I think? Is your father in?" Without showing the least sign that she had ever seen him before, the maiden replied, "No, he's not, I'm sorry to say. Did you wish to see him personally?" "Yes. But it will do to-morrow. I will call again. Thank you. Good afternoon." She did not respond until he had reached the bottom step, when she said, casually, "I beg your pardon, who shall I say called?"

"What is the matter with your wife? I see she's got her hand in a sling." "Reckless driving." "Horse?" "No, nail."

## Queensland's Governor a Temperance Advocate

It may not be generally known, but we are glad to inform our readers that our new Governor, Sir William MacGregor is a Temperance advocate. We have before us an article which he wrote, while Governor of Newfoundland, in connection with the jubilee celebrations of the St. John's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society. Here are some excerpts:—

"I may say frankly that 35 years spent in the Colonial service under very diversified circumstances, have led me to regard intemperance as the weakest point in the character of our race. To my infinite regret I have very many times seen men of the greatest usefulness and promise in public life involving themselves and others in irretrievable ruin."

His Excellency gives a very interesting account of "strong drinks" manufactured and drunk in various countries, and puts in a plea for high taxation as a means to the lessened use of intoxicants. He proceeds to show that in addition to putting a tax on intoxicants the State has to regulate the places of sale and the seller, and gives some ancient laws in relation thereto. Here are a few other quotations:—

"The proper place of spirituous liquors, or those that can produce intoxication, is as an ordinary article of medicine in the druggist's shop, out of which they should come only on a medical prescription. . . . But as a rule, spirituous liquors should not be taken more lightly than laudanum or nux vomica. I fear that, judging from my own experience, even the physicians may sometimes order spirituous stimulants when they might, with advantage, be omitted, or be used only in very small quantity, and in disguised form. I came to find that when dealing with Asiatics suffering serious disease, I had a larger percentage of recoveries when I used either very little or no alcoholic stimulants. . . ."

"Of one thing I have become convinced by a somewhat lamentable experience, that for a considerable number of men the only possible chance of doing well is in total abstinence. There are many men that, once they have the taste of liquor in their mouths, and feel the artificial exhilaration of brain and circulation that it temporarily produces, cannot stop them, but will continue to take too much till the habit becomes chronic. For these, and for the man that periodically longs to have an acute outburst of drinking, there is only one possible way of escape: to resolutely and absolutely abstain from ever tasting, or even smelling alcoholic liquor."

"No healthy man can lose anything either morally or physically by total abstinence. My experience is that even the moderate drinker cannot undergo the fatigue, and certainly he is not able to resist illness as well as the total abstainer. Nearly three thousand years ago the mother of Hector is made to say to him that 'to the tired man wine brings much vigour.' Hecuba was right in so far that wine brings an apparent increase of strength and courage for the time being; but it is followed by reaction and a dragging of the wheels of life if not accompanied by some other form of nutriment. Hecuba would, as a sensible woman, not have offered her son wine had she had good, sound coffee to offer him."

"One is often told in the tropics that one must take something 'to keep one's self up.'

There could be no greater delusion. In a cold climate one is told that one requires to 'take something to keep one warm!' But then alcohol only acts by temporarily numbing the nerves, while this is followed by depressing reaction which calls for more liquor. Eventually the drinking man cannot endure the cold so well as the total abstainer; just as the drinking man in the tropics cannot undergo heat and fatigue as well as the man that never tastes liquor."

On the question of "shouting," his Excellency said. "People have come to regard stimulants too often as an ordinary or even necessary article of diet; or as a means in 'treating' or 'drinking healths,' of showing respect in a genteel and approved manner. The plan adopted by a strong-minded friend of mine in another country to get rid of the 'treating' nuisance had much to recommend it. When invited to enter a public-house by some friend that wished to 'shout,' he used to accept, and then would say, 'I do not drink, but I shall take the sixpence instead.' He did this a few times, and then these opportunities ceased as far as he was concerned."

"The habit of taking intoxicants, and the habit of not taking them, is of the utmost importance. I have induced a considerable number of men that had practically all their lives taken stimulants to try to live without them. The first difficulty such a man has to encounter, and it is, save for the dipsomaniac, the most formidable, is to arm himself to resist the importunity of his fellows in his club, or of his boon companions outside clubs in other walks of life."

It is therefore of great importance for the friends of temperance to secure the young in whom the drinking habit has not been formed. I do not hesitate to say that there are many clubs and messes, the presidents of which do not recognise the serious responsibility that rests on them in this respect. If they had endeavoured, as they should do, to prevent the young members from contracting the drink habit, I should have lost fewer officers than has been the case through their habits of intemperance."

Sir William's utterances carry additional weight from the fact that he is a medical man, and has had extensive experience in various parts of the Empire for a period of 35 years. The temperance people of this State cannot but give a double welcome to a Governor who takes up such a decided position on this drink question, and pray that his influence may be for good in circles not yet touched.—"Alliance News," Queensland.

Teacher: "I would like some one in the class to define the meaning of vice versa." Bright Boy: "It's sleeping with your feet towards the head of the bed."

Irritated Citizen: "Aren't you ashamed of yourself going about with that street organ and leading such a lazy life?" Street Organist: "Lazy life? Why, sir, life with me is one long, daily grind."

Cannibal Chief: "Say, cook, what did I have for dinner to-day?" Cook: "Oh, sah, dat was a cyclist." Cannibal Chief: "I thought he tasted a bit burned." Cook: "Oh, yes, he was scorching when we caught him!"

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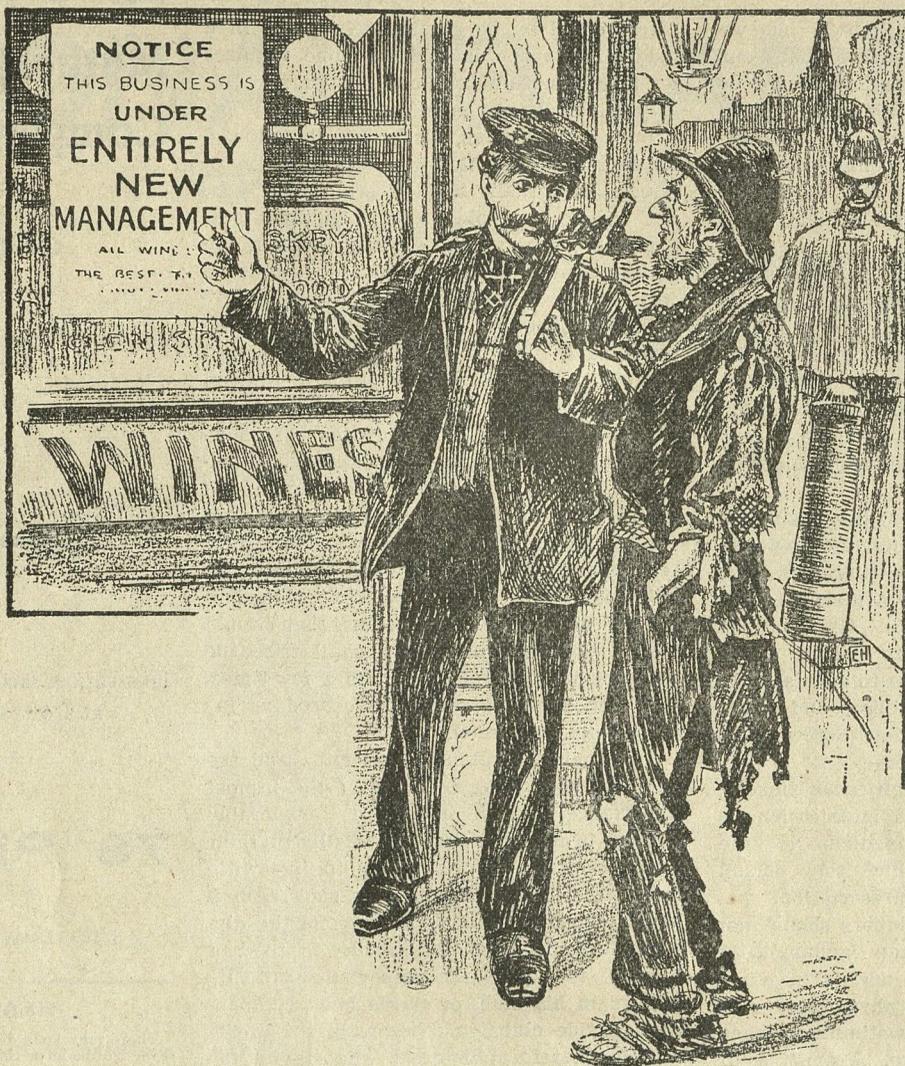
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