

Have You Tasted the
NEW TEMPERANCE
BEVERAGE ———?

JONS ALE

(NON-INTOXICATING)

Ask for it and see that you get it

WON THE £1000 PRIZE
— FOR THE BEST —
TEMPERANCE DRINK

GRIFF.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

Vol. III.—No. 35

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18 1909

Price One Penny

Only Splashed

Many men and women apparently can drink in moderation, and, since they do not disgrace themselves in public, or lose their job, they jump to the conclusion that it has done them no harm. Dr. Clouston, of Edinburgh, a recognised authority, says:—"I am safe in saying that no man indulges for 10

years continuously, even though he was never drunk in all that time, without being physiologically changed for the worse." The insurance companies are quite unanimous in declaring that they do not want the drinking man, and that even the moderate drinker has not the same expectancy of life that the

abstainer has. While those who drink are not all swept away, yet there are none upon whom it does not leave its mark. Doctors agree that even moderate drinking makes one more susceptible to disease, the insurance companies agree that it shortens life. You have only to ask your local insurance agent what his firm says, to be sure of this, and experiment over an extended period proves that it impairs efficiency. The following notice posted on all plants of the Carnegie Steel Company in the Youngstown District, affecting many thousands of men, is conclusive:—

NOTICE.

To Employees, Carnegie Steel Company,
Youngstown District:

The use of intoxicating drink by our workmen not only endangers their own lives, but the lives of those with whom they are working, as well as exposes to injury the intricate machinery of our works. We therefore, will exercise the most rigid scrutiny in reference to the habits of our employees in this respect.

Drinking on duty will not be tolerated, and any employee who has been dismissed on this account will not be re-employed, nor will we continue in our employ those who drink to excess, and preference will be given those who do not drink at all.

The various superintendents and foremen engaged in these works are charged with the carrying out of the above orders, and any failure to do so will be a subject for consideration by the general superintendent.

THOS. McDONALD.

General Superintendent, Youngstown District.

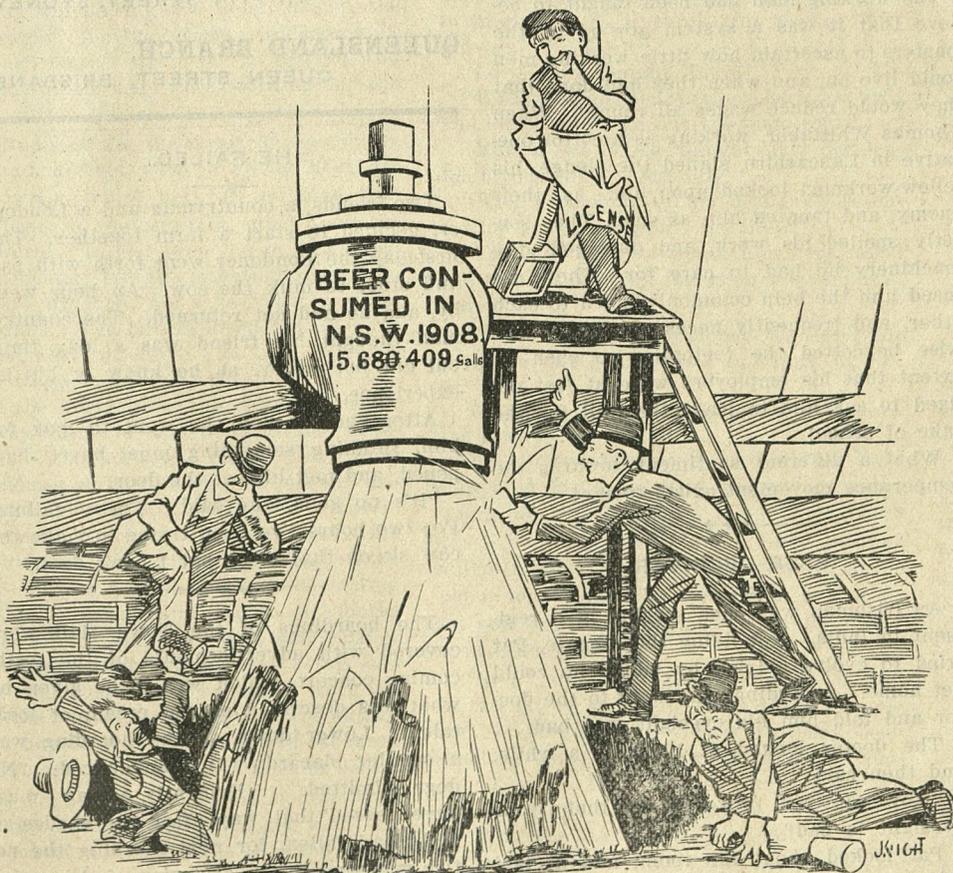
Approved:

A. C. Dinkey,

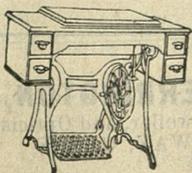
Président Carnegie Steel Co.

July 1, 1909.

A wise man will surely come to the conclusion that he can do no better thing than turn off this deadly stream, not merely in the interest of those who may be swept away, but also for the sake of those who may be splashed.



THIS STREAM KILLS THOSE IT HITS, AND SPLASHES THOSE IT DOES NOT DROWN.



PINNOCK SEWING MACHINES

are built of the finest case-hardened steel, are the Highest Grade Sewing Machines which money can buy. They contain modern improvements not existing in any other machine, and carry a 10-years' guarantee. Quality considered, they are the lowest-priced machines on earth. Buyers study your best interests and your pockets, by calling.

8 Queen Victoria Markets, Sydney

Yes! We Make Good Bread!

If you would like to try the Bread, ring up No. 192 Redfern, or 367 Newtown, and ask us to send a Cart. YOU WILL CERTAINLY LIKE IT.

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

When Teetotalers were a Curiosity

In these days, when temperance legislation occupies such an important place in the work of Parliament, and when drunkenness is becoming less common, and total abstainers more general, it is difficult to imagine that less than a hundred years ago, a teetotaler was somewhat of a curiosity. The extraordinary change which has come over public opinion in relation to the subject of drink, appears the more extraordinary when one remembers that, until a hundred years ago, many, even of the clergy, frequented public-houses.

In his interesting autobiography, "A Welshman in India," the Welsh missionary, the Rev. Thomas Evans, relates what he saw in Wales in 1850. One Sunday he had gone to supply for a Sunday at a Baptist chapel situated in a village in the mountains. A public-house was the only place where a visitor could be taken in, and there he lodged. On Sunday morning he came down and sat by the fireside thinking of his sermon, when suddenly in came a big man with a red nose, followed by a large black dog. He had on an old black coat, an old hat with the top sunk in, while his toes peeped out of an old pair of shoes. He gave the table three hard raps with his stick, and shouted out "Peggy!" When Peggy came he said, "A quart of ale!" As soon as he drank it he sat down to smoke, and turning to the visitor asked if he had come to preach. Being answered in the affirmative, he remarked that he was the clergyman of that parish!

"How long have you lived here?" asked the evangelist. "For several years." "What do you do?" "Oh, well, not much. I ring the bell every Sunday morning to let the people know I am alive." "Have you no service?" "No, none; except on Christmas Day or when the bishop may happen to come." The shepherd had another pot of ale and then went out, and Mr. Evans heard the bell going for about a minute and a half in the little white-washed building close by. He came back, rubbed his hands, and said: "There, my work is done," and added, "Peggy, now for a pot of ale." Three pots of ale before eight in the morning!

In those days, even in large towns, the cafe and the coffee tavern were as yet unborn. Sixty years ago public-houses were often the only place where refreshments could be obtained and social gatherings held. The Rev. Joseph Dawson tells how, when a boy, he went frequently with his mother and father to Durham market, and when the business was finished, returning with them as a matter of course to a small inn where they partook of refreshments in the form of bread and cheese and ale; nor, good people as they were, was such a practice regarded as at all unbecoming.

Even the so-called "Temperance" societies

of bygone days qualified their pledge by many reservations. They abstained from ardent spirits as poisons, but they took beer, wine, and porter as "good things sent for their use."

In those days (1836), wrote Thomas Whittaker, the pioneer temperance advocate, a teetotaler, was a curiosity which in small towns and villages everyone came out to see; and when two met, it was a sensation!

Wherever the fearless Thomas Whittaker went he was regarded, even from a personal point of view, as a phenomenon. "Dearie me, man, how do you live?" exclaimed an old Cumberland woman. She knew the day's work Whittaker had accomplished, and, like most of her neighbours, she could not understand how anyone could live, let alone work hard, without beer. His reply was, I keep my feet warm with walking, and my tongue loose with talking. I eat when I am hungry, and drink when I am thirsty, and was never better in my life."

Town halls and even churches and chapels were, as a general rule, closed to temperance reformers, who usually had to lecture in the open air. Teetotalism was regarded as Utopian, fanatical, and likely to prove evanescent in its duration.

The working man had been taught to believe that it was a system got up by the masters to ascertain how little working men could live on, and when they had done that they would reduce wages all round! When Thomas Whittaker, working as a cotton operative in Lancashire, signed the pledge, his fellow-workmen looked upon him as their enemy, and taunted him as such. They secretly spoiled his work, and damaged the machinery he had to care for. They refused him the help commonly given to each other, and frequently necessary, and otherwise boycotted the teetotaler to such an extent that his employers were at last obliged to ask him to leave the mill for the sake of peace!

What a different sentiment towards the temperance movement exists to-day!

BASE DECEIVER.

An Irishman was once serving in a regiment in India. Not liking the climate, Pat tried to evolve a trick by which he could get home. Accordingly he went to the doctor and told him his eyesight was bad.

The doctor looked at him for a while, and then said:

"How can you prove to me that your eyesight is bad?"

Pat looked about the room, and at last said:

"Well, doctor, do ye see that nail upon the wall?"

"Yes," replied the doctor.

"Well," said Pat, "I can't."

NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE CO.

LIMITED.

FIRE, MARINE, ACCIDENT, LIVE STOCK.

CAPITAL **£1,500,000**

Subscribed Capital £1,500,000

Paid-up Capital and Reserves... 735,000

Net Revenue for 1908 647,300

Losses paid 7,098,471

INSURANCES EFFECTED AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

FIRE AND MARINE BRANCH,
81 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

ACCIDENT AND LIVE STOCK,
117 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

QUEENSLAND BRANCH,
QUEEN STREET, BRISBANE.

HE FAILED.

Two friends, a countryman and a Londoner, decided to start a farm together. The first day the Londoner went forth with pail and stool to milk the cow. An hour went by, and he had not returned. The countryman thought his friend was a long time, but did not worry, as he knew of his inexperience.

After another hour he went to look for him, thinking something must have happened, and met him at the door.

"It's no good," he said; "I'm a failure. For two hours I've been trying to make the cow sit on that stool, but I can't do it!"

The hoardings of the Town Hall were covered with advertisements of the forthcoming concert, which was to be given by what was described as the cream of local talent. Lower down on the hoarding was a smaller placard, which announced, "No dogs admitted." Evidently a wag must have passed that way after the shades of night had fallen, for next morning the notice referring to the exclusion of the canine species was found to be amended as follows: "By order of the R.S.P.C.A." It was a nasty dig at the cream of local talent, and it is reported that one or two were quite upset about it.

DRUNK WATCHES

And Disorderly

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.

A. M. MERRINGTON,
Watchmaker, Jeweller, and Optician
29 BROADWAY, GLEBE
Telephon 291, Glebe

The Curate of the Camp

By Edgar White.

"Dear Bob,—Isn't it about time you let go over there and came out here where you can be somebody and earn some money? With half the effort you are making over there in Missouri for a bare existence you could make a comfortable living here, and lay by a great deal for the rainy day. All along the coast are booming cities, any one of which would be a splendid place for a good physician. You could cut out the preaching, and devote your entire time to medicine and surgery, which, I take it, is your real ambition. Then when you get a little ahead you can turn many a penny in real estate and stock investments. Last week I cleaned up five thousand dollars on tide water lots, and am now engineering a deal which promises to get me a cool twenty-five thousand. How's that for a boy who was, five years ago, clerking over in Missouri at twelve dollars a week? I'm in a position now where I can put you right in the swim on the jump, and inside of a year you'll be kicking yourself for having hesitated so long. Show this to Nell so that she may add her entreaties to mine.

"All the folks are in excellent health, and will be most heartily glad to see you and Nell.

"Your brother,
"Dwight."

A middle-aged man sat at his desk in his little study reading the letter from his brother in the Far West. It was a warm summer evening, and the bugs buzzed noisily about the room. From up the valley came the rhythmic exhausts of the mine pumps, and at intervals the sharp sound of the gong announcing the departure of the coal "cages" for the world underground. There had been a strike in the district and some non-union men were working on the double shift.

Bob Duniston was the curate of the colliery town, and had been since a young man. He had grown up as a part of the men who toiled beneath the sunlight, and knew no other world. It had been his original idea to be a doctor, but the situation seemed to call more urgently for a preacher and he took orders. The miners loved him and for years he was contented. He had a three-room cottage home, the "sweetest little woman in the world" who called him husband, and many things to show the Lord had blessed him. The work was hard; there were many homes to visit over the mining district, and calls for his services at bedsides, and in time of trouble were constant. He was young and strong, and he gloried in the labour. But as the years swept by, adding silver threads to his hair, and the toil marks to Nellie's once beautiful face, and with it the knowledge that nothing was being laid by, for the time when he could work no longer, the curate became grave. The future held no hope. While he and Nell laboured they were assured of a living—nothing more.

As he sat by the desk in his modest little study, the curate recalled a dozen men, his college mates, who had gone into the world and made names and riches. Some of them had been behind him at school. They were all ahead of him now; they wore good clothes; kept hired girls for the domestic work, rode down town in automobiles, and took their families to Europe, while poor Nell, since her marriage, had only been able to visit her mother in the great city once or twice.

"That must be a fine sermon you are thinking up."

Mrs. Duniston had entered quietly and stood with her hand on his shoulder. She

was a slender, girlish looking woman of 30, with kindly grey eyes and light hair, which she now had hanging down her back, as in her school-girl days.

The curate looked up with a smile.

"It's an entirely secular matter that is nagging me to-night," he said. "Here's a letter from Dwight."

"Shall I read it?"

"Certainly. I intended to show it to you."

The young woman read the letter with kindling eyes. When she had finished she dropped on her knees and clasped her husband around the waist, looking earnestly into his face.

"Let's go Robert," she said, eagerly.

"I've half a mind to, Nell."

"Well, let's make it a whole mind. Come! let's answer the letter tonight."

"But—but our people?"

"We'll find them someone else. You've served your time with them, and done your duty. Now, it's someone else's turn."

The curate tapped a pencil on the desk, his other hand stroking his wife's hair.

"You're fit for better—I mean more important things, Bob," the wife went on. "I'm sure that Dwight is right and we will find a welcome out there, and you will not have to work so hard and be at the beck and call of every poor family—"

"Nell!"

"I didn't mean that," she said, hastily, "but, Bob! I had such high hopes for you; you with your splendid education, your kindly ways, and—"

"There, there! You musn't flatter. I mean because you are so gentle a judge, I must not imagine the outside world will be so kind. We'll think this matter over and—"

"Let's write tonight, Bob!"

"What an impatient little woman you are! The letter won't go out till tomorrow."

"But if we write tonight it's decided, don't you see?" coaxingly.

"Well," turning to his desk and reaching for a pen, "what'll I tell him?"

"Tell him that we thank him very much and that he can look for us on the very first train."

"But I haven't completed the fund for poor Tim McCarthy, who was hurt in No. 32."

"Well, you and I'll both go out to-morrow and raise it."

The curate kissed her, and a new light glowed in his eyes as he placed the paper before him and began on the letter. There was a knock at the door. A little girl had called to say the minister was wanted at the 'phone across the way. Duniston put on his hat and went out. In a few minutes he returned, his face grave.

"Nell," he said, "the miners at 32 and 40 are out on strike and have taken possession of the works. There's already been shooting between the strikers and the company's men. The National Guard is on the way to drive out the miners."

"Who was talking to you, Bob?"

"Dan Williams. He's with the men. He says Terrence O'Brien and Dick Thomas, who belong to our church, have both been wounded."

Nellie turned pale. "You're not going to the mines, Bob?" she asked, anxiously.

"Why, Nellie girl, they're our people and they're needing me. But don't you worry dear. I'll try to be careful, and when I get back we'll write that letter—God willing."

The wife was so excited at the time that she did not notice it, but she afterwards recalled that the curate bowed his head as if

INSURE WITH THE

NORTHERN ASSURANCE CO. LIMITED.

It is 73 years old.

It has been established in Australia for over 50 years.

Its Accumulated Funds amount to £7,089,000.

It has Large Investments in the Commonwealth.

It transacts Fire and Life Insurance.

NEW SOUTH WALES OFFICE:
80 PITT ST., SYDNEY

FIRE INSURANCE AT LOWEST RATES.

in prayer as he said the last words, and that when he raised it again there was a strange glow in the fine dark eyes.

The curate went to his room and got out the clothes he used to make these trips through the mine. They were of plain, tough material. The hat was of wool, and padded to save the head from incautiously bumping against crosspieces. Nellie always shuddered when he donned this armour, for she saw daily the crippled wrecks of the coal mine and knew its dangers.

(To be concluded.)

—*—

A WEAK CHEST.

"Did ye hear about Casey?"

"I did not. What about Casey?"

"Well, he was wurking at the forge, ye know, till yesterday, when he made a shlip, and the twenty-ton hammer came down on his chist."

"And killed him?"

"And killed him instantly, poor fellow!"

"Dade, I thought as much. Casey always had a wake chest!"

—*—

CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

The other day a man entered a Birmingham restaurant, took a seat, and after a little deliberation, asked the waitress for "A plate of fly-specks."

The waitress reported the uncomplimentary request to the proprietor, whereupon the latter approached the customer, and informed him that they did not "serve fly-specks."

"Then," was the cutting reply, "why don't you take them off the bill-of-fare?"

—*—

A TRAGEDY.

The screams which were issuing from the little house were truly heartrending. It seemed that a terrible tragedy must be in progress, and an anxious little knot of people gathered in front of the house.

At last an unconcerned youth came out of the front door, whistling, and one of the spectators buttonholed him.

"What's going on in your house?" he asked. "What's the meaning of those awful screams?"

"Eh?" said the youth. "Oh"—as a marrow-freezing wail floated down—"Oh, that's Willie! You see while he was playing in the pantry this morning he knocked the jar of treacle off the shelf on to his head, and now mother's combing his hair, that's all!"

A £300 House in 10 Years

PURCHASED BY WHAT YOU DID NOT DRINK.

"It is the rent that kills one," is one of the most common sayings—it runs on night and day, Sundays and holidays, well or ill. The rent is always growing, and once you get behind the task is heart-breaking and hopeless. Many a widow would manage well if only she had not to pay rent, and since it is so great a handicap, and so heavy a burden, we ought to look closely to see if there is not a way to overcome this rent trouble.

I WOULD GIVE ANYTHING TO HAVE A HOME OF MY OWN.

We smile as we hear a man say that he would give anything for a home of his own, and remember Wilbur Wright's story of the barber. This barber said one day, as he shaved him: "That's a fine pup of Simmons'. I'd give anything for it." "Well, it's for sale, isn't it?" said Wright. The barber burst into sneering laughter. "Oh, yes, it's for sale," said he, "but do you know what Simmons wants for it? Why, two dollars."

You can have anything if you want it badly enough, and are prepared to give the price, and a £300 house is to be had, and the price is so easily arranged for that the man who has not got one either does not want it or is waiting to have it given to him.

A MODERATE DRINKER.

In New South Wales about one-third of the population is under 17 years of age, and does not drink, another third are abstainers, mostly women, and the five and a-half million pounds spent annually in drink amounts to about four shillings and sixpence a week for each of the remaining third who drink.

FACTS FOR THE FIGHT.

The Literature Committee sat on Wednesday, October 18, and dealt with the matter of Campaign Literature. A number of leaflets have passed the scrutiny of the committee, and will soon be available. Drink fighters throughout the State will now be able to obtain from the Alliance Headquarters plenty of sharp and convincing, up-to-date Campaign Literature.

WANTED, A VOTE SONG.

The Literature Committee offers a gold medal for the best No-License Vote Song, and invites competitors to send in words and music without delay. Music need not be original,—words must.

WARPATH!

Our General Superintendent's next campaign tour is as follows:—Kiama, Nov. 17 and 18; Shell Harbour, Nov. 19; Gerringong, Nov. 20; Kangaroo Valley, Nov. 21 and 22; Nowra, Nov. 23; Berry, Nov. 24 and 25; Albion Park, Nov. 26 and 27; Dapto, Nov. 28; Jamberoo, Nov. 29; Gerringong, Nov. 30.

ASHFIELD AWAKENS.

A conference of Temperance workers of Ashfield and district was held on Tuesday last, 9th instant, at the invitation of the United Evangelistic Committee of Summer Hill, Ashfield, Croydon, and Haberfield (the local branch of the N.S.W. Evangelical Council), to make preliminary arrangements for

We can place the moderate drinker far below the average, and allow he spends 3/- a week, and on this sum will never be intoxicated, but if he does spend such a sum on liquor he will swallow a £300 house in ten years.

HOW TO BUY YOUR HOUSE.

By placing in the Savings Bank 3/- a week, saved from what you don't drink, which is £7 16s a year. In three years you would have £25. This becomes at once an amount sufficient to pay the deposit on your new home, and from the time you make the deposit you cease to pay rent in the ordinary sense of the word. Rent once paid is gone for ever, but now your rent becomes an instalment for the purchase of your home. You have been paying 12/- per week as rent, and now you add to this sum the 3/- you don't spend in drink, and sink 15/- a week in your home. In seven years this will amount to £273, to which must be added your deposit, and in ten years you have only £2 to pay to become the owner of your own home.

A FINAL CONTRAST.

Just look at your tempting glass of beer, then at the little £300 cottage—which will you have? Look again at the widow struggling in a single room, harassed by the rent collector, and the widow living rent free, and ask yourself how will I leave a widow or a mother? That No-License helps a man to get his own home is proved by the fact that in Maine, after 56 years of prohibition, 49 per cent. of the householders own their own homes. Be an abstainer, and buy your own home, and be a No-License voter, and help others to buy theirs.

the advocating of the No-License principles at the next State election.

Rev. W. Woolls Rutledge and Mr. F. Complin (general secretary of the N.S.W. Alliance), were present, and indicated the lines upon which it is proposed to work, reference being made to the Congress of Churches to be held on November 29 and 30 in the city.

Representatives of the various Temperance lodges, and also the W.C.T.U., who were present, took part in the discussion, and a strong sub-committee was formed to carry out the plans suggested, viz., house to house visitation, dissemination of literature, holding of public and open-air meetings, and a strong united effort is to be made to carry the No-License vote to a successful issue.

DRINKING IN NO-LICENSE AREAS.

In order that a complete answer to the charge that No-License does not decrease drinking, might be available, the Rev. J. Dawson has had made up full comparisons of the duty paid on alcoholic liquors at every Custom House in New Zealand for the three years 1904-5-6, compared with the three years 1907-8-9. These when analysed produce the following remarkable results:—

The increase of duty paid on liquors in Oamaru, Dunedin, and Invercargill combined, which cover the four No-License areas of Clutha, Mataura, Oamaru, and Invercargill, was only 10d. per head, or equal in total money value to £7,342.

The increase in duty in the rest of the Dominion was, however, 7s. 5d. per head; so



"One fine day, then, we start at early dawn by motor car, motor cycle skiff, or steamboat—it is immaterial to the event that's 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 Meterlinck, but a certain consolation is available at 12 Bridge Street, Sydney, in an accident policy with the South British Insurance Co., Ltd.

South British Insurance Co.,
Ltd.,
Head Office for N.S.W.—
12 BRIDGE STREET, SYDNEY
GEORGE H. MOORE, Manager

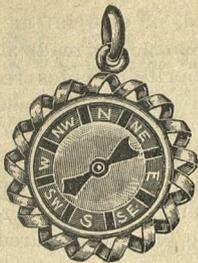
that if Otago had increased at the same ratio, it would have increased in duty paid £65,278 instead of £7,342. As there is no reason for affirming decrease of drinking in the Otago License areas, the whole of the difference must be credited to the four No-License areas referred to.

The decrease in duty paid, when reckoned against the rate of the fully licensed part of the Dominion, is £57,936. Taking the year 1905 as a basis, every 16s. paid in duty equalled £3 15s. 10d. in money spent. Thus we find that the saving of £57,936 of duty means a saving of no less than £275,196 in money spent for alcoholic liquors. The whole of this saving must be credited to the 46,000 people living in No-License areas in Otago during the three years 1907-8-9. This is equal to a reduction of their drink bill by about £2 a head, making it £1 15s. 9d. per head, instead of £3 15s. 10d. per head as was the average for the Dominion in 1907. While this is not an ideal state of things it is a long stride in advance, and shows plainly why the brewers and spirit merchants oppose No-License. The preceding calculations have been thoroughly checked, and are strictly accurate.

"I have here an opera," announced the robust composer, "which will be the greatest production of the century. It is called 'Paradise.'" "Paradise!" roared the impressario; "man, do you realise what it would cost for scenery?" "Yes," answered the composer, calmly, "but do you realise what would be saved on costumes?"

Life Insurance Agent. "What did your father and mother die of?" Uncle Hayseed: "I don't rightly know, but 'twarn't nothin' serious."

The American opinion of coffee as made in the English home is not high, and how the coffee of the English lodging-house keeper is esteemed may be gathered from the following tale. A tourist came down to breakfast on his first morning in London, and his landlady, when she brought up the meal, opened a conversation. "It looks like rain," she said. "It does," replied the American, "but it smells like coffee!"



Price 2/6



Price 4/6



Price 2/6

Present Yourself With a Pendant!

A pendant will give a much finished appearance to your chain. Here are three to choose from. They are strongly made of solid Silver; made to resist wear. The compasses are thoroughly accurate and the pendants are just a nice size. Would you like one? They're cheap enough. If you are not satisfied we refund your money.

ANGUS & COOTE,

The Store where Quality counts,

—492-4 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY,—

Opp. Barometer, Q.V. Markets,

Talk about People

A Clerical Peer and Temperance Reformer.

The Marquess of Normanby celebrated his sixty-third birthday last month. He is one of the small group of clerical peers, having been for eighteen years vicar of St. Mark's at Worsley, Manchester, and afterwards Canon of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. He is also a Constantine Phipps, descendant of that Colonel Phipps, of Lincoln, who raised a regiment of horse for Charles during the Civil War. The colonel's grandson, the first Sir Constantine of note, was Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and cousin of the Sir William Phipps who invented the diving bell. Lord Normanby is descended through the female line from James II., that monarch's natural daughter, Catherine Darnley, having married the Earl of Anglesey, and her daughter Catherine married Mr. William Phipps, whose eldest son was raised to the peerage at Baron Mulgrave. To commemorate his royal descent, Lord Normanby quarters the Royal Arms of England upon his shield, permission having been granted by King James to his daughter. During his public career his lordship has always taken an active interest in the Temperance movement. At present he is President of the Whitby Temperance Society, and for many years a vice-president of the United Kingdom Alliance. It is noteworthy that when Sir Victor Horsley and Dr. Mary Sturge published their famous work, "Alcohol and the Human Body," the Marquess invited the young men on his estate at Mulgrave, and together they read and considered the conclusions of these eminent authorities.

Mr. Rockefeller and the Saloon.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, who has a beautiful estate on the Hudson River, near Tarrytown, has been engaged for nearly three years in an attempt to get rid of a saloon situated in Sleepy Hollow, made famous by Washington Irving, and renowned as the place of the capture of Major Andre. Despite the refusal of the owner to sell his saloon, which is the only one in a wide neighbourhood, the oil magnate has at last succeeded in closing the saloon by the ingenious method of taking away its custom. Quietly and gradually Mr. Rockefeller has been buying all the surrounding farms and property, and when he purchased a farm he invariably put in people who were teetotalers. When Mr. Rockefeller made the final purchase a few weeks ago of the land ad-

joining both sides of the inn, the keeper of the place, who is a Swede, capitulated; and now it is announced that the millionaire has got possession of the inn itself, and that the keeper of it is going back to Sweden with enough to keep him for life.

Patti's Kind Heart.

Madame Patti is very fond of relating the following story concerning herself. She had arranged to sing at a big concert in America, but when the night arrived the weather was very bad, and she felt that she could not venture out.

At the last moment she notified the management, who in turn notified the public, and she retired to her room in her hotel. After resting there for some little time, she heard the sound of a child sobbing bitterly in the next room. As the little one seemed to be in great distress, Madame Patti went to the door and peeped in. Finding a little girl quite alone in the room, she inquired the cause of the trouble, and soon learnt that the child's parents had promised to take her to the concert to hear Madame Patti sing, but owing to the state of the weather they had left her at home. Then the kind-hearted prima donna made known her identity, and offered to sing to her on the spot.

One song was followed by several encores, and the delighted child had the pleasure of greatly astonishing her parents on their return by the story of how her fairy god-mother came to her in their absence.

Squelching Him.

The Rev. Sam Jones greatly disliked being interrupted when speaking, and the rash auditor who attempted it generally met with a pretty sharp retort.

He was preaching on prosperity, when a little man in the front row shouted:—

"Prosperity hain't hit me very hard yet! Tell us about suthin' we know about."

The speaker paused, and glaring down at the diminutive interrupter squelched him with the following:—

"So prosperity hain't hit you, eh? Well, you can't expect it to till you grow some. It is pretty hard work to hit nothing!"

An Aristocratic Coal Merchant.

One of the largest coal-owners in Great Britain is the Marquess of Londonderry, who

has been disputing a statement made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer about the profits of coal-mining. Practically the whole of his huge income is derived from coal. As a landowner he draws royalties and wayleaves, and as railway shareholder he takes his percentage of the cost of sending the coal from the mines. Much of the product of his seams is taken to London in ships owned by himself, to be discharged at wharves which are his own property, and from there to be distributed in carts which bear his coronet. As a matter of fact, there is no profit in the business of marketing coal of which he does not obtain a share.

AT ASHWOOD'S ONLY.

THE BIGGEST VALUE GUINEA GROCERY PARCEL.

We do this as an advertisement to open your eyes as to the magnificent qualities of our Groceries. This is a straight-out offer—of reliable goods and well-known brands.

We are not afraid to cut prices—our immense buying power for 22 stores enables us to do it.

ASHWOOD'S BIG GUINEA XMAS OFFER.

1 10lb. BEST quality mild-cured Ham at 1/4 per lb.	£0 13 4
1 3lb. Xmas Cake in fancy decorated tin	0 2 6
1 2lb. Plum Pudding	0 1 6
1 Box Turkey Figs	0 0 6
1lb. Mixed Nuts	0 0 8
1lb. Special Ceylon Tea	0 1 6
1lb. Box Imported Chocolates	0 1 0
	£1 1 0

A GREAT XMAS GIFT.

We send this offer as an XMAS PRESENT to YOUR FRIENDS, or for your own use, to any address in the country, freight free—by passenger train.

But order now—we have Only a Limited Number.

3000 DELICIOUS XMAS HAMS—specially mild-cured to our order. 8 to 12lb weight, 1/4 per lb. Freight paid to any address in N.S.W.

Our Cut-Rate Grocery Catalogue Free on request.

J. F. ASHWOOD.

"SYDNEY'S CUT-RATE GROCERS," 827-831 George-st., Sydney, near Central Station;

AND BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.

A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS

If your "Grit" does not come regularly, please write at once.

Do you owe anything? When in doubt, send 5s.

Lend your copy to your acquaintances, get your friends to subscribe, and let them know you will disown them if they do not pay in advance.

All communications Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Clean or Dye Ladies' Dresses from 3/- to 7/6, equal to new.
181 OXFORD STREET AND 775 GEORGE STREET

GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1909.

THE BOYCOTT.

No-License people are face to face with some facts as to boycotting, which do not come as a surprise, but are really a call to arms. The large liquor advertisements in the city and country papers give the Liquor Trade a tremendous pull, and any threat to withdraw them will seriously affect those papers that are not financially strong, and some will be silent on the No-License question, to enable them to retain their advertisements, and others will shape their policy to retain and even enlarge this department of their business. It will be here, as in New Zealand, the papers will not print as news any exhaustive or educational articles on the subject of No-License, but will insert by arrangement what will really amount to an advertisement to which no reply can be made. This will mean that much money will be spent, and many one-sided statements will be made, and in this kind of warfare it will be money that will decide. At least one of the great dailies has printed such an article, and the public never suspected that it was an advertisement. Various business people are already being penalised for showing sympathy with No-License. This is what the Yankees call a "frozen fact." The remedy is twofold: we must take a hand in fearlessly educating the public by means of "Grit," and temperance literature, and we must stick to all who advertise with "Grit." We cannot urge too strongly all our readers to stick to all who stick to "Grit."

THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

The two principal methods open to those who lack argument, and are losing ground, are to deny the facts, and to abuse the other side. We feel that nothing is so likely to convince people of the value of No-License as the opposition of the Liquor Trade to it, and no argument will so effectively damage the Liquor cause as their own abusive and illogical statements. The following statements are taken from a leading article in the official organ of the Liquor Trades' Defence Union of November 11:—"The announcement made by the New South Wales Alliance of its plans for the approaching No-License campaign plainly indicates its intention is to destroy the legitimate liquor trade, and to substitute for it an illicit trade under conditions disgraceful to a civilised State." This from a paper calling itself "Fairplay," is, to say the least of it,

outrageous. The Alliance has opposed and will oppose all lawlessness, and all conditions disgraceful to a civilised State, and that is why they fight the Liquor Trade, which, even under legal control, is the greatest disturber of the peace, and the cause of nine-tenths of the things that shock a civilised community. To try and make the Alliance responsible for illicit liquor trade, is to forget that it exists now, and is kept going by the victims of the legalised trade. "It is for the members of the U.L.V. Association to take measures to contradict the one-sided statements of these partisans." Granted that we are partisans, are not the Liquor people equally so? Is it fairplay to build on such an argument? "So far as receiving any atom of fairplay from the people who form the Alliance, liquor sellers, wholesale or retail, can never hope for such a thing. The very venom of fanaticism with which the members of the Alliance prosecute their campaign of bitter and malicious misrepresentation against the liquor trade, leaves them outside the pale of intelligent reasoning beings." And yet we offered, and still offer, a page a week in "Grit" to the Liquor Defence League, in which to state their case—and we offer to appear on a public platform once a week, to give the Liquor people the opportunity to prove that we are irrational and fanatical. "When an unscrupulous society such as this Alliance gives out that it is going to overrun the State with organisers from outside, and to spend £3500 on the work, one may expect much that is false, and a great deal that needs answering." We prefer to believe that the word "unscrupulous" is a printer's error, and what was meant was "a disinterested" society, and we will be pleased to print any official correction or explanation from the Liquor Trade bearing on any statement printed by us.

PROPOSED CHANGES IN THE NO-LICENSE LAWS OF NEW ZEALAND.

The following proposals will be read with great interest, and while concessions are made to the Liquor side that we do not like, yet these proposals bring Dominion prohibition very near.

The representative of the New Zealand Alliance, on the one hand, and all branches of the brewing, wholesale license, and retail trade, on the other, have made an arrangement by which they mutually agree to ask the Prime Minister to pass into law this year legislation embodying the following proposals:—

1. Two issues only shall hereafter be put to the people, viz:—
 - (a) I vote that the number of licenses existing in the district continue.
 - (b) I vote that no licenses be granted in the district.
2. The reduction issue to be eliminated.
3. Every vote cast for local No-License shall count for national prohibition, and vice versa.
4. If prohibition comes into effect, no intoxicating liquor shall be imported into,

manufactured, or sold in the Dominion, except for scientific or medical purposes.

5. The majority of votes required to carry Dominion prohibition shall be 5 per cent. over a bare majority of all the votes cast.

6. The majority of votes required to carry local No-License shall be reduced from three-fifths to fifty-five-hundredths of all the votes cast.

7. If Dominion prohibition be carried, it shall not take effect for five years from the date of the poll.

8. If local No-License be carried, no further poll shall be taken for three years.

9. In No-License districts all votes cast for non-restoration shall count for Dominion prohibition.

10. If the votes cast for restoration in any district amount to fifty-five-hundredths of all the votes cast, restoration shall be deemed to be carried.

THE VICTORIAN PREMIER'S ADVICE.

The Hon. J. Murray, Victorian Premier, recently said: "You cannot do much with the real old boozier, whose conscience is as hard as the edges of his liver—and that's pretty hard, I can tell you. No. Get hold of the young, and how better can we drive it home to them than by placing the bleary-eyed helpless, doddering old boozier in contrast with the sane, healthy man, who has been temperate all his life. Moderation is the cause of all the trouble. First it begins by the young man going into an hotel and having lemonade, then a light wine with the lemonade, then wine that is a little strong, and then something that is a great deal stronger than they are. I speak from the depths of a long and bitter experience. The so-called pleasures of the game are all illusory, so much so that all the real pleasures of a lifetime can scarcely compensate for one of those "next mornings" of abject misery. There is no greater hell to be pictured by the human mind than that for the drunkard who has not lost every atom of his self-respect. Besides, it is a most selfish habit. A man leaves his home, his wife, and his family to go and enjoy himself—alone, or pouring down the throats of himself and his companions the raiment of his wife and children. It destroys any natural feelings a man may possess. You know I have tried it all myself. I have drunk in three continents (I am not proud of the boast, mind you), and found in all much alike. The misery of waking up is just the same after champagne as after the she-oak juice of the back-blocks. They say champagne is the 'nectar of the gods.' The gods never thought anything of the kind—they had more sense. Anyway, whatever it is called, it is all the same next day. The cause of Temperance has no more whole-hearted supporter than I am."

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1909.

Congress of the Churches, November 29th and 30th, in the Centenary Hall, York St.

AGAIN—

For the second year in succession, the TOP PLACE in the I.P.S. Gold Medal Competition (Shorthand) has been won by a student of the

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE.

"HOLT HOUSE," 56-58 YORK-STREET.

A Neglected Parental Obligation

(An extract from "The Boy Problem," written by a member of the American Society of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis.)

The ideal of good education, in the conception of most parents, is one which carries with it complete silence with regard to everything relating to sex. Their spirit and practice is to bring up the child in absolute ignorance of the existence and meaning of the sex-function. Wrongly assuming that ignorance is the best preservative of innocence, they fear to "soil the crystal purity of the youthful mind" with a thought or suggestion of any thing so shameful as sex-life. In reference to no other branch of knowledge of interest and importance to the future of their children is the blindness of parents so manifest.

All parents appreciate the importance of instructing their children with regard to the functions of their other organs of the body. From earliest infancy the child is taught by precept or example what to eat, what to drink, what to avoid, to prevent taking cold, the care of the stomach, the bowels, the bladder, etc. They recognise that the interests of the child's health demand a wise hygiene of his bodily functions. There is, however, one system of organs concerning which the child receives no word of instruction. Doubtless many parents are silent because they recognise no immediate need for this instruction, as in early life the sex-organs are rudimentary and undeveloped and their function is neutral or practically non-existent. They fail to consider that in conformity with the natural laws of growth, these organs will develop, and the boy come into possession of certain powers, the right use of, or misuse of, which cannot fail to have an important influence upon his physical and moral welfare. No parent worthy of the name, desires that his boy shall lead an unclean, immoral life, any more than he wishes him to be dishonest or a criminal; and yet all experience proves that if wholesome teaching is withheld, vicious teaching will take its place, and impurity of mind almost invariably leads to impurity of conduct.

This fact of universal experience cannot be too strongly impressed upon parents: that if they do not teach their children what is right, others will teach them what is wrong. The schools of instruction are numerous; they are found in the servant's quarters, the stables, the streets, in quackish literature, etc. The question, then, is not whether it is better for the child to know or not to know; the question is whether it is better to know things right or to know them wrong; whether the facts of generation shall be unfolded honestly by parents or revealed in secret by impure companions. In other words whether it shall be wholesome teaching of the home or the tainted teaching of the streets. There is no escape from the alternative. Nature herself has set her seal of disapproval upon the policy of silence, by implanting in every child's mind a germ of curiosity which seeks the light of knowledge, and will not be denied.

There comes a time in the moral devel-

opment of every child when interest and curiosity in the phenomena of every-day life are awakened, and he wishes to know something of the origin of life. The fable of the stork, the myth of the milkman, or the fiction of the doctor as the source of his life no longer satisfies the demand of his growing intelligence. He is tired of fancies and wants to know facts; he wants to know whence and how he came into the world. This curiosity is not morbid or wrong, as most parents think; it is the law of the child's mental evolution, and is just as natural and legitimate as any other process of intellectual growth; it has no element of puerility, as it comes long before the stirring of sex-consciousness. Most often the child comes to his parents for enlightenment. Much depends upon the answer to this natural question and the spirit in which the child's desire for information is met by the parents, whether with sympathy or censure, frankness or evasion, truth or falsehood.

Unfortunately, in the great majority of cases, these inquiring tendencies are checked by a stern rebuke. The child is told that such questions are improper, immodest, shameful, "that only bad boys talk of such matters." The one direct, ineffaceable impression given by most parents to their children is, that the system of generation is a system of shame, and this impression, deepened by what they hear from secret sources, is apt to dominate their mental attitude throughout life.

The child's curiosity, though temporarily checked, is not extinguished; rather it is sharpened and stimulated by the air of shame and concealment thrown around this, to him, great mystery. The knowledge denied by his natural instructors is obtained from ignorant or vicious sources; sooner or later he learns fragments of truth mixed with error and tainted with the impurity of the source from which they are derived. Impressed with the sense of shame and impropriety attaching to these matters, he finds a sort of guilty joy in his new discoveries. This secret knowledge possesses all the fascination of the forbidden, a knowledge he cannot share with his parents or those he loves and respects. The reticence or rebuke of his parents often proves the entering wedge to the destruction of the sympathy and confidence between parents and the child, which it is important at all costs to preserve. More over its effect is to create a conception of the meaning of the sex-function as something low, sensual, and selfish. The policy of silence is condemned by its practical results.

When should this instruction be given? Since first impressions are the most lasting, it is important that the first presentation of the subject should be the right one. It is vastly easier to learn what is true than to unlearn what is untrue. Evil teaching has the property of a mordant, which fixes and renders indelible the impression made upon the plastic mind of youth: even the solvent of truth can never remove all traces.

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL — — PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

Founded 1849.

The Best Mutual Life Office in Australasia

Head Office: 87 PITT ST., SYDNEY.

Accumulated Funds . . . £24,600,000
Annual Income £3,160,000

Policies effected in this office prove an excellent investment. Most Economical Management. Unequalled Bonuses

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

Every participating Policyholder shares in the distribution of the profits each year

Assurances can be Effected for Sums ranging from £5 to £10,000

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

It may be said in a general way that Nature herself gives the signal by the awakening of curiosity. When the child is old enough to ask questions and to understand, he should be told the truth. His curiosity upon this subject, once satisfied, no longer exists; he accepts what he is told and ceases to wonder and inquire. The main point is, that the child's interest in this matter should prompt the question rather than that it should be forced upon his attention.

What should be the nature of this instruction and by whom should it be given? This will depend somewhat upon the mental development of the child and the special competency of the parent. I believe that the first lesson should be a personal one, and since the mother stands in a closer and more intimate relation to the child, it should be given by her. It is important that the child's first idea of generation and birth should be associated with the mother's relation to him as the source of his life.

Before entering the pubescent period, every boy should be made acquainted with the fact that his sex-organs are entrusted with the wonderful power of transmitting life when he becomes a man, and that in order not to impair this power, these organs should not be used or injured in any way. In the absence of such enlightenment, the boy is apt to regard the functions of these organs from the purely selfish, sensual side.

And here it may be said that the unfortunate results of the policy of reticence and neglect on the part of parents, are most often seen in the office of the physician. It is in the confessional of the consulting room that we hear the constant refrain, "I did not know," or, as one young man said to me, "If my father had given me ten minutes of sound advice and warning, I should have been saved years of suffering."

Now, the physician does not lend a too credulous ear to the injustices of this complaint, as he knows only too well that knowledge alone does not prove an infallible preservative against the temptations of bodily desires; but the protective value of know-

Continued on Page 11.

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CLOSE WEDNESDAYS 1 O'CLOCK.

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Telephone Central 3812

Beer and the City Liquor Problem

By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER.

(Continued from last week.)

THE FIGHT TO GET THE CONSUMER.

With a business of this kind there is only one limit to competition—the very last, the consumer. There are natural and fixed centres of thirst in cities, just as there are natural centres for every commercial demand. Corners on busy avenues, locations opposite great factories, places in the tenement sections can be counted upon to sell about so much beer. And if these places are held under control by a brewery, it can hope to dispose of its product regularly, and with less cut in prices than in a furious competition to sell to a middleman. In the early '90's the saloon-keepers had to have money; the brewers had it. There developed a fast and furious race to control retail stands, which continues very largely to this day.

This race, as usual, went to the strong. The obvious way to control a selling location is to buy it. The great and prosperous brewers—that is, the thrifty German citizen millionaires—with the savings of two decades in their pockets, invested heavily in saloon property. Old real estate operators in New York recall the jeers when "that crazy Dutchman," George Ehret, was buying property wholesale at fancy prices in the '80's. In the early '90's the great shipping concern of Schlitz, in Milwaukee, campaigned for corner saloons across the whole South and South-west. The strong breweries, with stores of surplus cash, followed their examples, and the English syndicates, generally speaking, were not in that number. Then, again, the growth of cities came to multiply the prosperity of the brewer. City real estate doubled and quadrupled in value, and saloon property led all the rest. To-day the "crazy Dutchman" has land and buildings assessed at nearly 8,000,000 dollars in Greater New York, and is the fifth largest real-estate holder in the city, ranking close behind the Astors and Trinity Church.

This was the achievement of the strong. The remaining brewers picked up the retailer by the easy means of debt. The saloon-keeper, always financially weak, was overwhelmed during the advance of the high-license laws across the country. He naturally handled but one draught beer, for one served every purpose, and the machinery for handling more than one was too bulky for the ordinary saloon. The brewer advanced the money that he needed, took a chattel mortgage on the place, and a general lien on whatever security he could get, and specified that his beer, and his alone, should be sold. Both parties to the transaction were satisfied, and the brewer came to his present position in the retail liquor trade—that of the controller by debt or property ownership of 70 per cent. of the city saloons in America.

THE COUNTRY RISES TO MAKE THE CITY "DRY."

The Anti-Saloon League, a Protestant religious body that started in Ohio, took general charge of this third campaign. It is a non-partisan organisation, living on the proceeds of religious contributions, secured by the solicitation of a large staff of salaried agents. There are sub-organisations in practically every State of the Union, and their combined annual income is well over 500,000 dollars. Its campaigns are forwarded largely by strong religious appeals.

The programme of this new movement has demonstrated a high order of political

ability. Baldly stated, its programme is this: "The United States is a rural country by a vote of three to one; this rural majority can, generally speaking, be counted on to vote for prohibition. We will first secure the right to vote by counties on the question of prohibition. In this way we will carry most counties in most States "dry," making all the cities possible "dry" in this way. Having done this thoroughly, we will go to the State legislatures, where a large majority of representatives are elected from country districts, and have them vote the State "dry" by a State prohibition law. All cities in that State will then be forced "dry." When a sufficient number of States are "dry," we will make this a prohibition nation. We can do this by concentrating the rural vote upon this question, through appeals in the churches."

This programme has carried five Southern States "dry" in the past two years; has secured a referendum vote on this subject in the sixth; and has barely escaped carrying three more in the last sessions of their legislatures. By its work among the counties in other Southern and Middle States, about a third of the population of the country is now on "dry soil." It has accomplished much in clearing rural territory of saloons. But, generally speaking, the great majority of the country districts of the South and Middle West have been "dry" for years. Essentially, the chief interest in the new movement is in its success as a move to make cities "dry" by the use of the rural vote. Its accomplishment in this field can be shown mathematically.

(To be Continued.)

An American Doctor is now arranging prizes of £20 each for all unknissed girls of fifteen, with an added £5 for every year she remains unknissed.

Saves Time, Saves Trouble, Saves Health
Saves Money

THE IDEAL BREAKFAST FOOD—

—GRANOLA.

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

1st. Being pre-digested it requires no cooking, but is ready for immediate use.
2nd. It goes twice as far as any other orridge Food.

It also makes Delicious Puddings, Entrees, and Gruels. Recipes supplied with each bag.

Manufacturer:

The SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD CAFE.
45 HUNTER-STREET, SYDNEY.

P. C. CHAPMAN

TUNER AND
REPAIRER



—Pianos for Sale from £8
CASH OR TERMS

368 CROWN STREET
SURRY HILLS

Phone 437, Paddington

DRY EATING.

At the annual supper of a Yorkshire country cricket club, the following was heard by one of the members.

The waitress, recognising a friend among the party, went to him and asked if he would like a serviette.

"Yes; very much," was the reply

Observing one of the other guests looking very intently, as though afraid of missing something, the young lady politely asked him if he would have one, too. He replied:

"Yes; if he can eat one, I'm sure, I can!"

A STRANGE LIGHT.

A landsman was once placed on watch on a steamer. After some time he shouted: "Lights on the starboard bow!"

"What sort of lights?" cried the captain.

"They look like chemists' shops!" said the landlubber.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF RECHABITES

TEMPERANCE BENEFIT SOCIETY.

THE ABSTAINERS' INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD.

Total Membership 485,000.

Total Funds £1,850,000.

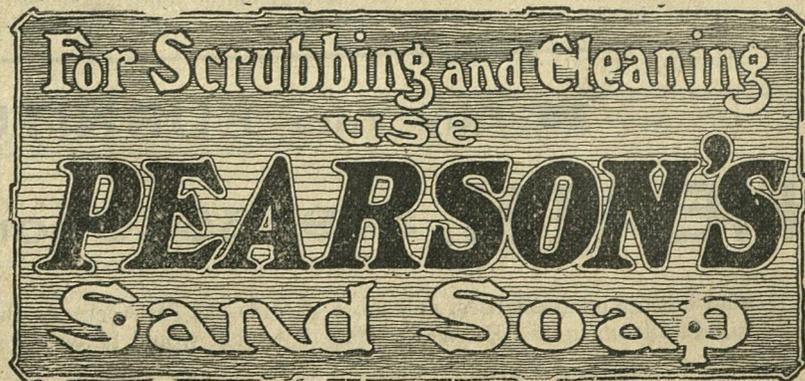
The Benefits are:—Medical Attendance and Medicines for Member, Wife, and Family from date of joining.

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

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

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

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



From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(By UNCLE BARNABAS.)

THE CALF PATH.

(From "The Expository Times.")

One day, through a primeval wood,
A calf walked home, as good calves should;
And left a trail, all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do.

Since then two hundred years have fled,
And I infer the calf is dead;
But still, he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way;
And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er dale and steep;
And led his flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.

And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made,
And many a man wound in and out,
And bent and turned and crooked about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath,
Because 'twas such a crooked path.

And still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf,
And through this winding woodway stalked,
Because he wobbled when he walked.

FOR SUNDAY.

FOR THE OVER-TWELVES.

THE LIFE OF MOSES.

1. Who was his brother-in-law?
2. His life was divided into three periods of 40 years each. Where were these periods spent?
3. What relation was his nurse?
4. When was he rightly angry?
5. When was he wrongly angry?
6. Give the names of two of his nephews who were burned to death.

FOR THE UNDER-TWELVES.

AN EXERCISE.

(By the Rev. A. Stephen.)

Two little eyes (1) look to God.
Two little ears (2) to hear His Word.
Two little feet (3) to walk His ways.
Two hands (4) to work for Him all my days.
One little tongue (5) to speak the truth.
One little heart (6) for Him in my youth.

EXERCISES.

- (1) Finger tips touch eyes.
 - (2) Finger tips touch ears.
 - (3) Feet give one step each.
 - (4) Stretch out both hands.
 - (5) Touch tip of tongue with tip of finger.
 - (6) Right hand over heart.
- Will you teach this exercise to all the babies you know?—Uncle B.

FOR MONDAY.

THE GAME OF SIXPENNY TELEGRAMS.

One of the players calls out that a telegram of 12 words has to be sent off, telling, let us say, how and when we are coming to pay a holiday visit, and the words must begin with certain letters. He mentions 12 letters of the alphabet, which he has chosen, and each player puts them down on a slip of paper. Five minutes are given for the writing of the telegrams, and when the time is up they are all read out aloud. Clever players can make very funny telegrams, and a great deal of fun can be got out of the game. A prize may be given for the best telegram.

TWELVE EGGS IN A BASIN (232).

There are 12 boys, and on the table is a basin with 12 eggs. Each boy took an egg, and there remained one egg in the basin. How was this?

We don't believe in Reduction
Hotel bars and barrels must go
You won't get joy out of a barrel
We are sick of the Trade—you and I
Each vote for the pub. is v. the public
Vote for the devil and Continuance
One vote may turn the Election
The pub. has had a long innings
Every vote in the bottom square

SERMON ILLUSTRATION COMPETITION

XIX. THE RACE OF LIFE.

(Preached by Mr. Hugh Paton; sent by Lucy M. Miles, Inch Street, Lithgow.)

A party of boys were once in Scotland trying to see which could walk in the straightest line across a field covered with snow. The first started, keeping his eyes on his feet, and, on gaining the end of the field, he looked back, and saw nothing but a crooked path right across the field. Several continued in this way, until at last one started, and kept his eye on an object on the other side of the field. When he reached the object which he had in view he saw a straight track extending right across the field.

So is our Race of Life. Some will start out in life without an object in view, and they go astray, and do not keep in the path leading to Christ; but those who start out with Christ as their object in view, and keep their eye on Him, will find that they have run the straight Line of Life, and have reached Christ, their goal.

BIRTHDAY.

Dora Howell, November 24th (15). Our Prayer Circle will please remember this fellow member, especially. "For I, saith the Lord, will be unto her a wall of fire round about." Zech. 2: 5.

LETTER BOX.

DRINK A FACTOR IN WAR.

Reg. O'Connor, Orange, has sent me the following, which he thinks good enough for Page Nine. It is another nasty knock for the people who think that drink makes manly men. No wonder our "Bobs" is "a little down on drink".—

Has intemperance anything to do with the demonstrated inferiority of Russian military leadership? "American Medicine" thinks that it has, and compares the habitual, if not total abstinence of the Japanese officers with the notorious consumption of vodka and champagne by the Russians. This, it says, is not merely a question of drunkenness at the moment of danger, but of the cumulative effect of daily doses of alcohol. "The Russian officer is notorious, by general report, of course, for the large quantities of alcohol he daily consumes, and it is impossible for any brain to submit to such insults without undergoing the changes long known to take place in heavy drinkers. It is not remarkable, then, that the older officers, who are managing the campaign, are constantly outwitted by the healthy-minded Japanese. It is apparently not so much a question of drunkenness as it is one of the pathological results of long-continued excessive drinking without drunkenness." This is the medical verdict as to



the results in brain deterioration of long continued consumption of alcohol, even in doses moderate enough to keep the user out of the ranks of the drunken.

A COLLECTOR WHO HAS STARTED.

Lucy M. Miles, Lithgow, writes:—Dear Uncle B.,—As it is such a very wet afternoon, and too wet to go to Sunday School, I thought I would write a sermon illustration, and write to you. I have started to collect, but I have not got much yet. Have you a very large collection of post cards? I have. Well, dear Uncle Barnabas, I think I will close this short letter, and hoping soon to receive a collecting card from you, and with love to all my "cousins," "aunts," and yourself,—I remain, your loving niece.

(Dear Lucy,—My collection of post cards is pretty big and interesting. Shall be glad to have your picture among the number when you get it on a postcard. The collecting cards have been delayed a little, but they will soon be done I expect. I hope your good people at Lithgow won't go on strike, else how shall we keep the wheels a-turning? My love to you.—Uncle B.)

All who wish for collecting cards for the Children's Special Issue of "Grit," please send in names at once.

A large bound copy of "Grit" annual will be presented to everybody who will collect 20/-.

A very pretty present to all who collect 10/- Send at once for a card.

(Everything for Page Nine to be sent to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.)

A HAIR RESTORER WE RECOMMEND.

Anyone who knows anything about "Grit" knows that Uncle B. is bald, that the manager is bald, that the editor is bald, and where the hair still grows it is fast becoming grey. We give an official and scientific explanation of this sad fact. The cause of baldness is a bacillus, called pigmentophagus, a voracious feeder, and one which multiplies with an activity approximating perpetual motion. The strong, vital resistance of youth keeps it down, but low vitality, arising from care, grief, or moral shock, favours its growth and multiplication, and consequent baldness.

The anxiety caused by those who don't pay, the grief felt on account of those who won't respond to our entreaty to pay in advance, and the moral shock on finding how many meanly endeavour to evade their financial responsibility have given the pigmentophagus a great opportunity lately.

Ed. "GRIT."

N.B.—Please send 5/- worth of hair restorer (i.e., your sub. for "Grit"), Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Early Pledge Signing

NETIE BARKER FERNALD, Chautauqua, N.Y.

A pledge is a sacred obligation, and ought never to be entered into without careful thought and a clear understanding of all that is involved in the words of the pledge. But we need a revival of pledge signing.

No one buys property without signing a contract; in other words, giving a promise or pledge to pay a certain sum of money for the certified house or land. The handling of bank bills instead of gold and silver reminds us constantly of pledges made by the United States of America to redeem these same in silver or gold. To "Pay on demand" means that the United States promises to pay. The marriage pledge is the most sacred of all the pledges, because of what is involved in it. Not alone for the two most nearly concerned, but for the children and children's children that come from the union. It were far better if more thought and caution and understanding preceded the taking of this solemn pledge "to love and to cherish till death do us part."

So the pledge is an anchor holding fast the tried and tempted amid the stress and strain of life.

There is no place like home for this pledge signing. There is no influence in all the wide, wide world like the influence of a good mother. There is no material so plastic and capable of great possibilities as the heart of a child. Bring the two together in tenderest love, and a mother can do anything. With her protecting arm about the trusting little life committed to her care, there seems little need for any other safeguard. But in a moment of time, in the twinkling of an eye, it sometimes seems, the baby boy, and then the ruddy, laughing schoolboy has grown to manhood. O mothers, your best time is as he grows by your side and is still in the home nest.

But all homes have not the right sort of mothers. We are leaning hard these days on the public schools to supplement the work of the home, and, too often, to take the place of the home. It were well to revive the pledge signing in the home.

The Sunday School is a good place. If the pledge is taken in the Sunday School, it is well to give sufficient time to impress upon the children its sacredness and its meaning, and then to refer to it from time to time. It is a good thing to bring the pledge before the classes on temperance Sunday, and Mrs. Irvine, our National Superintendent of Sunday School Work, has provided a beautiful assortment of Sunday School pledge cards for this very purpose. Those coloured red, white, and blue are especially attractive, and read: "I solemnly promise to abstain from the use of alcoholic drinks as a beverage, including wine, beer, and cider, and to do all in my power to

end the drink habit and the liquor traffic."

The latter clause is especially to be emphasised with the boys, as boys like to think they may do something. The temperance cause needs men, and in ten years or less these boys will be the voters, and the training of the Sunday School should be such that the boys should catch the spirit of service for others expressed in pure, temperate lives for themselves, and also the aggressive work for the betterment of the community in which they live.

The Church is another good place. Every month at the regular covenant meeting of the Calvary Baptist Church of Washington City, of which the writer is a member, the Church covenant is read, with the people standing, and we solemnly renew our promise to live godly lives and "to abstain from all intoxicating beverages and to discourage the use of the same." Every month boys and girls from the families of the Church are received into its membership and take this temperance pledge. I do not think anyone has ever objected to this clause of our Church covenant. It could be emphasised and its power augmented if pastor and members would often refer to it in prayer, and remarks as to other clauses of the covenant. It is almost startling when some brother or sister rises and says, "I have been trying this past month to live up to this part of our covenant," or prays for God's help in keeping it in the month to come. No one fears that the members will break the first part—but will all cooperate to bring to pass the discouraging "the use of the same?"

All honour to the Loyal Temperance Legion? Its motto has gone well with its pledge, for it has brought many to sign the pledge and influenced others who did not sign. "Tremble, King Alcohol, for he shall grow up," has helped wonderfully to turn the tide in many a prohibition campaign. The pledge has come into homes where it would not have come but for the Loyal Legion. It has made a sturdy, available temperance sentiment in the community; it has given large opportunity for the study of temperance and purity of life and speech, and, best of all, it has saved the boys and the girls from the liquor habit, from the use of tobacco, and from profane language. If there are any doubting Thomases, let them read "An Appeal to Mothers," by Miss Willard. This little leaflet ought to be in every home.

One word, in closing, as to the worth of the work done in the public schools. The scientific temperance instruction has much to do with the preparation for the pledge signing which must be done elsewhere. It is in the public school, and there alone, that

thousands of boys and girls must get their knowledge of the evil effects of alcohol. They would never get it at the mother's knee or at the family altar. God be praised for the thought that came to the woman who saw a great and glorious opportunity and seized it, and made it possible for twenty millions of school children to know the truth about the deadliest enemy of the Republic in which they live, and of which they are so proud.

And what is the result of this temperance instruction upon the youth of the land? The boys of ten and even twenty years ago are now the voters, and the girls now the agitators. The thought has become a reality. One-third of the population of the United States is under prohibition laws, and one-half of its territory. Every week brings news of some fresh victory. 1908 was a year of surprises. Who are the agents in this mighty upheaval and uplift? The boys and girls have grown up, and old King Alcohol is trembling as he never did before. A palsy is seizing him. His territory is being taken, rampart by rampart. A vast army, reinforced by another coming on, threatens his complete overthrow. His days are numbered.

And in his place the King of Righteousness shall come, and little children shall herald his coming and shall have part in the Kingdom, for they have helped to bring it to pass.—"The Union Signal."

PLEASE ORDER AT ONCE.

The great need of education and of reaching those who do not go to meetings has compelled us to offer to issue 25,000 copies of a special extra copy of "Grit," with several cartoons and authoritative articles, calculated to disarm prejudice, and win votes for no-license. See what your money can do. For £2/10/- this special issue will be posted to 1000 homes; for 25/- it will be posted to 500; for 12/6 it will go to 250; for 5/- we will post to 100 families for you. Who will offer to address wrappers for this special issue? Write to Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

There was one occasion when Irving received from one of the supers of a theatre an answer which seemed to satisfy him. It was the man's duty to say simply, "The enemy is upon us," which he uttered at rehearsal in a poor, whining way. "Can't you say it better than that?" shouted Irving. "Repeat it as I do," and he gave the words with all the force and richness of his magnificent voice. "If I could say it like that," replied the man, "I wouldn't be working for fifteen shillings a week." "Is that all you get?" "Yes." "Well, then say it as you please."

A NEGLECTED PARENTAL OBLIGATION.

(Continued from page 7.)

ledge, especially when conjoined with moral training, is incontestable in most cases.

It has been asserted that "one-half the ills of humanity are due to incomplete knowledge or ignorance." This is especially true of the ills which come from the unhealthy mystery thrown around sex and sex-life. Young people have a right to know the laws of sex and the consequences that follow a violation of these laws. It is the manifest duty of their natural instructors to enlighten them, instead of leaving them to flounder in ignorance and learn by bitter experience.

In this connection I may say that the bitterest arraignment of the policy of silence—the severest condemnation of parents I have ever listened to, has come from the lips of their sons, who, with or without reason, ascribe the cause of their sexual ills and disasters to the fault of their parents in not enlightening them. If parents would realise the fulfilment of the promise, "their children shall rise up and call them blessed," they should not neglect among other parental obligations their bounden duty to instruct them in the laws of sex.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

H. S. Austin, Mrs. Alcorn, sen., Mrs. Burkett, Rev. Burns, Rev. Barclay, Miss Brook, Miss Brooker, Mrs. Bennett, R. M. Bell, Mrs. Cary, G. H. Coughlan, B. S. Coughlan, Mrs. Clausen, Miss Dangar, Mrs. Drake, C. H. Dight, Miss Dalton, Miss Fulford, Miss Gough, Miss Hooker, Mrs. Le Barte, W. J. May, Mrs. McFadden, J. B. Newman, Miss Newton, Miss Noble, Dr. Pentland, Miss Roeth, H. S. Robinson, A. Sindel, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Sheldon, Mrs. Sherwood, L. S. Teece, Miss Wood, Mrs. Whiting, Senior-Sergeant Whitfield.

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"I trust, Miss Smith," remarked a persevering young man as he rose to depart, "that I have not taken up too much of your valuable time?" "Not at all," replied the girl. "The time you have taken up has been of no value to me whatever, I assure you!"

Hoax: "I was trying to think of a man's name to-day, and couldn't. Then all of a sudden a shower came up." Joax: "Well, what had that to do with it?" Hoax: "Everything; his name was MacIntosh."

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THE PASSWORD.

Numberless are the stories told of George Washington. Upon one occasion, while the American army was in camp, Washington heard that the coloured sentries were not altogether reliable. He determined to test the matter for himself.

One night, therefore, when the password was "Cambridge," the general went out and walked up to a coloured sentry.

"Who goes there?" cried the sentry.

"A friend," was the reply.

"Advance, friend, and give the password."

"Roxburge," said Washington.

"No, sah," replied the soldier.

"Medford," said Washington.

"No, sah," was the response.

"Charlestown," said Washington.

The sentry lost patience.

"I tell you, Massa Washington," he said, "no man go past here without he say Cambridge!"

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- Chinese Tussore Silks, 1/2, 1/9, 2/3, reduced to 1/-, 1/7, 1/11.
- Potter's Best Cambric Prints, 7½d quality for 5½d; 5½d quality for 4½d; light colours only.
- Pretty Neat Stripe Summer Dress Stuffs, usually 1/4 to 1/9, for 10½d and 1/1.
- White Embroidered Muslin Unmade Blouse Lengths, usually 2/11, for 2/6; 3/9 for 2/11.
- Silk Ribbons, all colours, 4½ inches wide, 4½d; worth 7d.
- Floral Ribbons, dark grounds, 5 inches wide, 4½d; formerly 1/-.
- Coloured Lisle Gloves, bargains: 2 buttons, worth 1/- for 6d; 2 buttons, worth 1/6 for 1/-; all colours. Elbow length, worth 1/3 for 9d; beaver, grey, champagne only.

HOSIERY BARGAINS FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS.

- Black Lace Lisle Hose, 1/-, 1/6, 1/9, reduced to 10d, 1/3, 1/6.
- Fashionable Stripes, 1/-, 1/3, 1/6, reduced to 9d, 1/-, 1/3.
- Black Embroidered Cashmere, 1/-, 1/3, 1/6, reduced to 10d, 1/-, 1/3.
- Black Lace Cotton Hose, 5½d, 7½d, etc.

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- See our 26in Flouncing at 1/-, 1/3, etc.
- See our Allover Embroidery at 10½d, 1/-, 1/3, etc.

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