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GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1910.

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THE CHAMPION OF LIBERTY

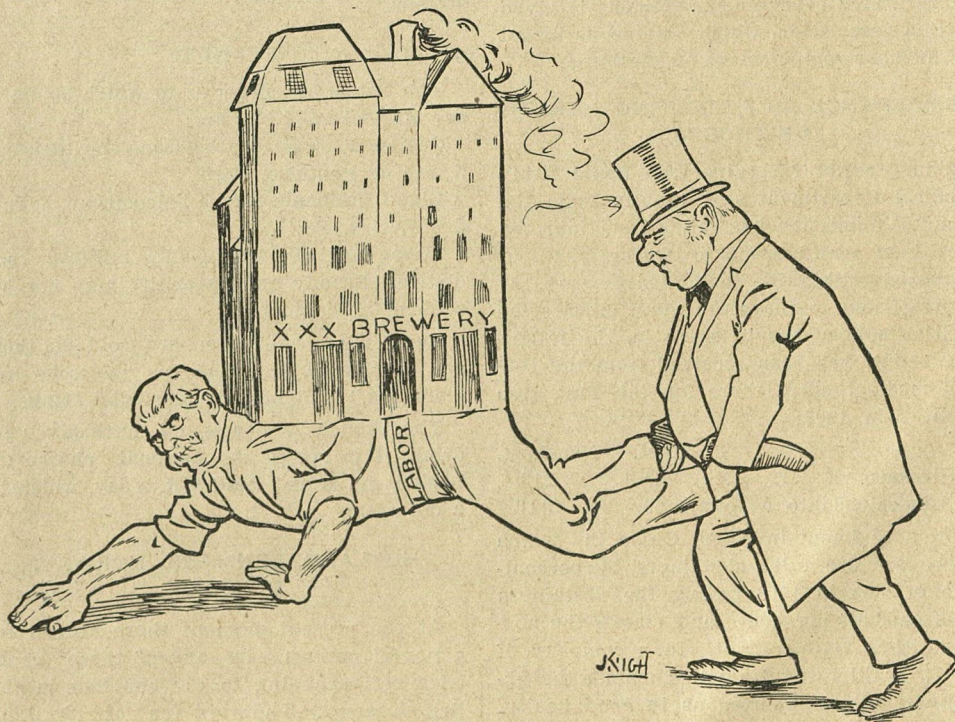
The working man and the Labour Party are often said to have rejected the Church, on the ground that it "preaches at the poor and dines with the rich," and that it ever has sided with "the top dog." Where it is true that the working man has thrown over religion, it is because he has found it easy and convenient to do so, and on the old plan of "any stick to beat a dog," they have used the faults and failures of the Church as their excuse. The reason why, on the other hand, the working man and his party have not revolted from the brewer, is simply because they accept his beverage, which is an insult to their intelligence, as a compensation for his burdens, which are an outrage on humanity. It would be amusing if it were not so hypocritical to hear the liquor people talking about liberty. In one-third of the electorates of New South Wales a majority of voters proclaimed their desire to be free from the burden of the open bar, and yet the champions of liberty have used all their powers to defeat these majorities, and have successfully kept them from enjoying their liberty. The kind of liberty these champions want is the liberty to fasten a habit on the lives of their customers from 6 a.m. till 11 p.m. seven days a week.

They want liberty to drain the working man of his earnings, that they might enjoy the comforts of a mansion, and the advantages of a motor car. The brewer practically says: If I can't make the working man drunk, well, who can I make drunk—and this is as suitable from a champion of liberty as was the remark of the tipsy hus-

band who complained: If I can't beat my own wife, who can I beat?

The public have as much right to limit the liberty of the liquor people as the policeman has to limit the liberty of such other parasites as gamblers and burglars.

We claim that the majority should be at liberty to say if they wish to bring their children up free from the open bar, and if their saying so is not effective, then such a majority will do such things as will make such a reasonable demand an actual fact.



BREWER: Outrageous shame to rob the working man of his beer.

WORKING MAN: I thought they were only trying to take this load off my back.

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WILLIAM WHITE — **Redfern and Newtown**

Alcohol and the Efficiency of the Army

By COL. L. G. FAWKES, R.A.

A paper read at the 12th International Congress on Alcoholism.

Modern warfare has brought into prominence the need of teaching soldiers the laws of health. The Japanese recognised this, and reduced the deaths from other causes than wounds to a fraction of 1 per cent. after six months' fighting in Manchuria.

Two reasons make it specially important in the British Army to warn the soldier against alcohol:

1. The soldier has to serve in bad climates.
2. Being a voluntary army, the pay is high.

There has been a marked and steady increase in temperance. Twenty-five per cent. of the soldiers throughout the army are total abstainers, and the non-abstainers drink half what they did. In some depots 66 per cent. of the recruits before enlistment are total abstainers.

The Royal Army Temperance Association has for its object the uniting of soldiers of all ranks for the promotion of temperance, and receives a grant from Government. In England and colonies there are 203 branches, and in India the temperance room is a recognised part of the regimental institutions. H.M. King is patron, and from Field-Marshal Earl Roberts and all the leading military men every encouragement is given to this association, which also seeks to get its members employment on discharge.

TEMPERANCE AS AFFECTING HEALTH OF TROOPS.

The Director-General of the Royal Army Medical Department says that in India the hospital admission has fallen from fourteen or fifteen per thousand to two or four per thousand within the last twenty years. At Sierra Leone, perhaps the worst climate the British soldier has to serve in, the following return has been received from the senior medical office there for the first ten months in 1908:

	TL. Abst.	Non-Abst.
Strength	60	213
Admissions into hospitals	29	321

In a regiment in North China in which there are 300 total abstainers the percentage of sick in 1908 among the abstainers was one-half per cent., and among the non-abstainers 2½ per cent. In a company of R. G. Artillery at Mauritius among the abstainers all are reported as in good health, among the moderate drinkers 76 per cent. in good health, 19.5 fair, and 14.5 bad.

TEMPERANCE AS AFFECTING CONDUCT

Abstinence from alcohol affects conduct remarkably. Lord Kitchener states that in

India with the diminution of drinking the number of courts-martial is reduced one-half. At Singapore in 1907 there were thirty-two courts-martial, but not one among the abstainers.

In a regiment stationed in North China, out of forty-five courts-martial in 1908 only one of the men tried appears on the books of the R.A.T.A. In a company of R.G. Artillery at Mauritius the following return has been received:

	TL. Abst. per cent.	Md. Dr. per cent.
Good and high character	95.5	79
Fair	4.5	18
Bad	0	3

N.B.—The above does not include the careless drinkers. Lord Methuen states: "Many good men who are, as a rule, temperate, have lost their chance of obtaining an exemplary character by over-indulgence in drink once or twice during their service."

Abstinence from alcohol affects character in promoting habits of thrift, self-control, and independence. In a well-paid army like the British Army, a private soldier has been known to save 200 dollars in his twenty-one years' service through being an abstainer.

FRANCE.

The temperate societies to which soldiers are allowed to belong are:

Société l'usage des boissons spiritueuses, 5, rue de Pontoise, Paris.

Ligue Nationale contre l'alcoolisme, 50 rue des Eccles, Paris.

These are not exclusively military societies. Brandy and "aperitif" may not be sold in the canteen.

Beer, wine, and cider are sold as they are considered in France as "boissons hygiéniques," and not as alcoholic drinks.

The French soldier is not much given to drink, it is not in the national character. Besides he is only paid ½d. a day, which is a deterrent.

HOLLAND, DENMARK, NORWAY, BELGIUM.

At the present moment there are no regimental canteens in any of these countries corresponding to the canteens in the British army. There is far less drinking than formerly. It is a noteworthy fact that at the recent festivities on the occasion of the birth of Princess Juliana, the military attaché states that though he walked the streets of the Hague nightly he never saw one drunken man or woman.

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CRIME.

Lord Chief Justice Alverstone says: "Ninety per cent. of the crime of this country is caused by strong drink."

The late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge said: "Make England sober and we could shut up nine-tenths of the gaols."

The late Lord Brampton (Justice Hawkins) said: "The root of almost all crime is drink . . . nine-tenths of the crime committed in this country is engendered within the doors of the drinking house."

Sir Gorell Barnes says: "Nine-tenths of the divorce cases he hears are caused directly or indirectly by drink."

WIVES SHOULD NOTE THIS.

Diplomacy is useful sometimes. In the following instance, a certain lady wanted a new dress, but did not relish the idea of a lecture on extravagance.

"James," she said one day to her husband, "I have decided not to get a new costume this winter, and with the money I shall have mother here for a visit."

James turned on her excitedly.

"Wear that old brown dress another season!" he exclaimed. "You must go to your dressmaker's and order something handsome. Remember, please, that as my wife you have a certain position to maintain."

As his wife left the room a little smile of triumph curved her lips.

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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The Man Who Went Back

A PRISON STORY.

By WOOLSEY R. HOPKINS, "American Magazine."

(Continued.)

Langdon recovered consciousness in the prison hospital. The true history of his part in the mutiny had become known. The warden visited him.

"Langdon," he said, "I'm sorry; but the keeper didn't understand. You did well. I'm going to try to get you out."

Langdon thought before answering. "Warden," he said, "don't try for a pardon. They won't give it; there's too much against me. Ask for a commutation, and you may get it." After a pause he added: "Tell the Governor, Warden, that when my bit is done here, and I quit and begin over. I won't lie to you, nor to him. Tell him I'm through bucklin' the law. That's past."

The warden's report went on its way, and in the course of time and red tape it reached the hands of the Distinguished Visitor of that noon a year before, now Governor of the State.

"Henry Langdon. Southport Bank," he mused, and memory suddenly called up the figure. "The convict who stood straight," he murmured. "There's something in that fellow." And his decision made Langdon a free man on a commuted sentence. The convict laughed when the warden told him of it.

"It pays to hold up your head," he said. "I'll do it with the best of 'em now."

He had never inquired about the injured keeper. He cared not whether the man had lived or died. He was a tool, an instrument, which good fortune had cast in his way to aid him in his plans. But as he journeyed to the great city, the keeper came for a moment into his mind.

"My scheme worked," he said; "that keeper was always square with me; perhaps I might have told him about——" He stopped and laughed. "Why should I?" he said; "I'm getting foolish; perhaps I ain't got over that shot yet."

CHAPTER III.

To the booming of a drum and the broken notes of a badly played cornet, a few members of the Salvation Army moved from their barracks to the place appointed for the street meeting. As they marched, a few of the throng upon the sidewalk glanced at them with idle curiosity, or paused and watched them as they passed. Of these, one, after a little hesitation, turned and followed them and stood among the scanty crowd which their singing and exhorting had attracted. He was a tall, well-dressed man, a powder burn upon his left cheek, the third finger gone from his left hand.

The leader of the services was a tall, thin mulatto. His features were harsh and forbidding, but his voice, as he raised it in prayer or song, was sweet and pure. He told briefly and simply the story of his life—street arab in New York; pickpocket, thief, burglar, convict; his release from prison; his rescue by the Army; his desertion and recapture; his struggle and daily fight to stand firm; his faith that he would succeed; and the joy and peace such faith gave him.

The scarred man looked and listened. When the hat was passed, he put in a bill, and when the services closed, he followed the Army again to its barracks, and waited outside till that meeting, too, was over. As

the mulatto came from the room, he followed him, and, as he turned into a side street away from the glare of lights he stepped quickly forward and touched him. The mulatto turned swiftly and faced him.

"Wha' you want?" he asked, looking closely at the other.

"Don't you know me, Yellow?" said the man.

"Blaster!" cried the mulatto, starting back. "How are you out? Did you break?"

"Hold your clack," said Langdon, warningly; "I want to talk to you."

The mulatto motioned him to follow, and the two men passed on. Neither spoke till they reached the room where the mulatto lived. Then Langdon briefly gave the other his history since entering prison. The mulatto said little, and they sat for some time in silence.

"What's your scheme in the Army, Yellow?" said Langdon, presently. "Is it a good place to work from?"

"Not the kind of work you mean," answered the other. "I've quit it; and if God keeps His promises, I'll stay quit if it."

Langdon looked at him curiously. He could not understand him.

"You were always straight and no liar, Yellow," he said. "What made you do it? Did you get scared?"

"There was never a man lived that I was scared of," answered the mulatto. "You know that, Blaster; not even you."

Langdon nodded. "But I did get scared; I got scared of myself. There's one thing I never did, but I came close to it one night, and it scared me."

"You mean Red?" asked Langdon. "Well, that don't worry me any. He got what was coming to him, and I'm glad I did the job."

"I went looking for him one night," said the other, "and I meant to do him, but, thank God, I couldn't find him or——" He paused, shuddering.

"You've changed, Yellow," said Langdon, watching him. "You didn't used to be so particular. How about the night watchman?"

"Not me!" screamed the mulatto, starting up and holding his open palms before him, as if thrusting something away. "Not me; that blood ain't on my hands."

"You stood close enough to get some of it on your clothes," said Langdon, with a sneer, "and you always took your share of the swag."

"I've give it away," cried the other. "I've give it to the Army, where it'll do some good. I'm poor, Blaster. I haven't got a cent., except my share of what came in the hat to-night."

"You're a fool, then," said Langdon. "I've got plenty. Want some?"

The mulatto shook his head and stood trembling. "I wish you'd go, Blaster," he said. "I wouldn't drive you out if you was to be took; but you say you're out regular, and I wish you'd go."

"Afraid," sneered Langdon. "You needn't get nervous. They ain't looking for me; they know I'm here."

"Tisn't that," said the other. "They never bother me. 'Tisn't that, but you—— On, Blaster, I always follered you, and when I see you it makes me think of the old times and—oh, Jesus, help me!—it makes we want to go back." He fell on his knees and broke

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into an incoherent weeping prayer for aid and strength.

Langdon watched him smiling. Then he strode to the kneeling man, lifted him to his feet, and turned him about so that they stood face to face.

"Listen, Yellow," he said. "Stop snivelling and listen," and he threw the mulatto into the chair from which he had risen. "You've turned chicken-hearted. If I had anything on, I wouldn't have you with me at any price. But I've quit it, too, Yellow. I'm tired of it. I've played the game to the limit; you know that. I've got money enough. I know a good thing now, if I cared to go after it, and safe, too; but it don't tempt me. I've quit, I tell you, so stop your blubbering."

"Thank the Lord for that, Blaster," said the mulatto. "You'll be happier. I've tried both ways, and I know. I don't say I don't hanker after the old one sometimes. I miss the excitement and the chancy life, and sometimes it seems as if I couldn't stand it, this way; and I couldn't if it wasn't for the Army. The band helps me, and the marching, and the street meetings; and the Lord helps me more than all. He does, Blaster. You don't know how it feels to walk the streets and look every man in the face, and not jump when a hand's laid on your shoulder. Oh, Blaster, try it. Ask God to help you, and He will."

"If He waits till I ask Him, He'll get tired," answered Langdon. "I'm going to walk the streets any time I want to, and look people in the face—yes, and over their heads—but I won't ask God to help me, nor anyone else. I'm going to do this thing myself, and the harder it is the better I'll like it. You never knew me like an easy thing, Yellow!"

"You can't, Blaster," responded the mulatto earnestly. "You've got sand—more than any one I ever knew—but you can't do it alone. You could, if any man could, but there ain't no man that's been what we've been can do it on his own strength. You've got to give up and ask the Lord's help, and it ain't easy even then. Besides," he added, from the experience of his old life, "the police won't let you."

(To be concluded.)

Hewitt: "I have been pinched for money lately."

Jewitt: "Well, women have different ways of getting it. My wife kisses me when she wants any!"

New South Wales Alliance

ECHOES

By REVEILLE

"The Temperance Cause lies at the Foundation of all Social and Political Reform."—Richard Cobden.

"Our Watchword: Unity! Faithfulness! Energy! Victory!"—Ven. Archdeacon Boyce, President.

THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON F. B. BOYCE.

At the meeting of the State Council of the New South Wales Alliance, held at the Alliance Headquarters on Monday afternoon, the 7th March, some warmly-appreciative references were made to the elevation of the Alliance President to the position of Archdeacon of South Sydney. The resolution, moved by Rev. H. F. L. Palmer, Rector of St. Mary's, seconded by Mrs. Courtenay Smith, of the W.C.T.U., supported by Mrs. Miller, of Petersham, Rev. Mr. Tarn, of the Methodist Church, South Sydney, Mr. Gallagher, and Mr. Gow, is as follows:—

"That this State Council very heartily congratulates the Ven. Archdeacon F. B. Boyce on his elevation to the position of Archdeacon."

The Ven. Archdeacon, in replying, said he had received 171 letters and telegrams of congratulation, but he did not value one of them more than the resolution just presented to him by Mr. Gow on behalf of the State Council. He was now in the 40th year of his work in connection with the Temperance Reformation, and he hoped to continue in it as ardently as ever.

THE COMING STRUGGLE IN ALLOWRIE.

The Allowrie electorate will be the scene of a great battle for reform in the coming No-License campaign. In fact the skirmishing has already begun. It will be remembered that Allowrie secured the statutory majority at the last poll, but, as there was no political contest, the electors did not vote for No-License in sufficient numbers to reach the necessary 30 per cent. of those on the roll, in order to complete the victory. The hotelkeepers and their supporters console themselves that, had there been a contest the statutory majority (three-fifths) would not have been reached. Hence they are anxious on this occasion to have the battle fought in connection with a political contest. There are, however, difficulties in the way, the sitting member being very popular, and so a game of tactics is being vigorously played. For instance, the sitting member has been approached, by representatives of the trade, and has been asked to stand in their interests. He has declined. In the light of the last local option poll, when 1672 votes were recorded for No-License, and 823 for continuance, the hon. gentleman would be committing political suicide, and, as he supported the Bill embodying local option when it was passed in 1905, he is hardly likely now to reverse his position. The trade now says that he must be opposed, and if they do not directly bring out a candidate, they will generally support anyone who will carry their flag into the battle.

Mr. Lloyd has been through the electorate, but, judging by careful inquiries, he has not made any converts from the ranks of the No-License advocates.

The No-License advocates have started work already, and Mr. James Marion is now busily engaged organising committees in

each polling centre. A campaign fund is being raised, and the ready response in this connection is one of the most gratifying evidences of the sincerity of our friends in Allowrie.

The Allowrie electorate commences at Dapto, on the Illawarra line, and extends to the terminus of the railway 50 miles further south at Nowra. It has the Pacific Ocean to the east, with the Illawarra Mountains towering up over 1000 feet right down the western boundary. This strip of country, from five to fifteen miles wide, is magnificent dairying country, and the principal supplier of milk for the City of Sydney. The people generally are of a sober disposition, but in every place where there are hotels there is much drinking, and its well-known results. The principal voting places are Nowra, Berry, Kiama, Gerringong, Albion Park, Jamberoo, Dapto, Shellharbour, and Kangaroo Valley. The No-License workers have a formidable, but not impossible, task before them, and, with careful organisation, eternal vigilance and faith in God, we should win.

Gordon electorate Secretary Starks is busy, and a great evening is advertised for March 17, in the Lindfield Presbyterian Church.—We believe Gordon will have the honour of going dry first in New South Wales.

Advance Agent Mr. Race Lewis writes from West Wyalong on 7th March, 1910, as follows:—"I can only give you a line, as I have to write this in bed. When returning from the Methodist Church with Mr. and Mrs. King last night, in the sulky, we struck a stump, and the three of us were thrown out. Mr. and Mrs. King came off with very little damage, but I have injured my back, and am in much pain. Mr. King sent in three miles for the Doctor at 11 o'clock last night, and he stayed in the house until about 8 this morning. He says I must stay in bed for a day or two, and hopes, with care, to pronounce me fit to get away for Yass on Thursday. It has given me a thorough shaking. Mr. King was driving, it was very dark (the light having gone out), and raining hard. We were pretty objects to behold, I assure you.

"Mrs. Cowie's reception (Cootamundra), which I was at, was a great success, and I think she is going to have a good time. Gundagai also should go well. Wyalong, also, is shaping all right."

Several of the honorary lecturers are doing good work, but the local secretaries seem too busy to report what takes place.

The Methodist Conference No-License demonstration was said to be the biggest on record. Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, Rev. Harold When, and the Alliance Secretary, were the speakers. Mr. J. Vickery presided.



"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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The General Superintendent, writing from Nabitac, states:—"Wet weather the last few days. At Bungwall had a good meeting. There was one pub. here, but it lost its license last poll, so, virtually has No-License. People say the absence has wonderfully changed the place. It is now much more orderly and quiet. Good! Driving from Bungwall to Coolooloolook across a bush track on a very wet Sunday, we got lost. It was the worst road I have ever seen, ploughed up by bullock teams. To see the driver at the horse's head, and me hanging on at the back, while the whole of us slid down a gorge into a creek, or gully, was funny, but very trying. It took us from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. to do nine miles, and then we were picked up by a timber-getter, who informed us we were miles off the proper road. I was wet through, and covered in mud, and we had to choose between camping out for the night, or going a few miles with the timber getter to his father's house. We went with him, and were royally treated by Mr. and Mrs. Godwin, of 'The Rocks.' He sent me up in a motor launch next day; it was very kind. The cold has got into my throat, and generally I am feeling off colour and tired. Had a grand meeting at Nabitac last night. The chairman (Mr. King) said he had voted against us before, but would vote No-License this time."

Have you booked March 18 and 19 for the great No-License Bazaar at St. Paul's Hall, South Sydney? Do not miss it.

(Continued on Page 8.)

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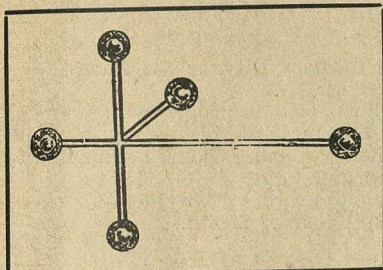
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Talk about People

What Rockefeller Tipped the Barber

Apparently the Standard Oil King is not quite so parsimonious as we have been led to believe, judging from the reminiscences of Mr. Thomas Hayes, of Cleveland, who for ten years shaved Mr. Rockefeller. "At my first visit," he says, "Mr. Rockefeller asked me my price. I told him a dollar, and he agreed. He told me to keep count of the amount, and he would pay me at the end of the season. I did so, and found that Mr. Rockefeller also kept count. Then he would pay me, and include a tip of 25 dollars for the season. He asked me to bring him a morning paper every day, and he would read it while I was shaving him; and at the end of the season the cost of the papers was included in my bill. The first week I brought him the paper on Sunday as well. He laid it aside and did not read it. He told me that he did not read newspapers on Sundays."

A Courageous "Deadhead."

Mr. Oscar Asche, the Shakesperian actor, who is at present in Sydney, has a great dislike for the "free-seat" enthusiast, and tells the following as one of the reasons for his aversion:

"While I was touring with a certain highly-respected manager," says Mr. Asche, "we were playing at a famous old playhouse in an ancient town. We had billed 'Macbeth' for the Friday night, but during that day the theatre was burnt down. For our next week there our chief contrived to borrow a playhouse a little way out of the district.

"On reaching there to rehearse on the Monday, the manager received a letter saying that the writer had been given two dress-circle orders for the performance of 'Macbeth,' but as that play was not performed, owing to the destruction of the theatre, the writer trusted that the manager would remit the money value of those orders!"

Tricking an Aeronaut.

Mr. Wilbur Wright, the aeronaut, has a great dislike to being photographed with his aeroplane, and one day he noticed, to his annoyance a cinematographer taking pictures of him.

Mr. Wright approached the man, and demanded his roll of films. The cinematographer protested loudly, but Mr. Wright was so insistent that at last he yielded, and handed over the films, and then walked away.

Arrived at a safe distance, however, he turned round, and shouted to the pleased Mr. Wright: "The films I gave you are blanks. Good-afternoon!"

And he disappeared from view. That night an enterprising variety theatre pre-

sented to its patrons views of the famous Wright aeroplane.

The Queen's Downfall.

An amusing story is being told about Queen Elena of Italy.

Not long ago, an ambassador was granted an audience, and in the middle of the conversation the Queen left the room to get some papers that she wished to show him.

Half-an-hour went by and she did not return. Then another quarter passed, and the ambassador was beginning to wonder what had happened when her Majesty entered, looking very flushed.

"You really must excuse me," she said, laughing, "but my children heard me coming and just had time to put a chair before the door I had to enter for the fun of seeing me fall over it. And," added the Queen, with a fresh laugh, "of course I did, much to the delight of the little sinners."

Not a Bit Scared.

On one of ex-President Roosevelt's hunting expeditions he had with him a young negro named Sammy, who was always professing great bravery and absolute fearlessness of danger.

One day, Mr. Roosevelt heard unearthly yells, and looking out of his tent beheld Sammy running for dear life in the direction of the camp.

"Why, Sam," asked one of the hunters, "what on earth's the matter? What on earth has scared you so?"

"I ain't scared," answered Sam, looking fearfully round in the direction from which he had come; "but I just come back to ax you if it would be perlite for dis niggah to shoot dat bear dat chased him before giving der first chance of a shot to Massa Roosevelt, der President of der United States!"

Dr. Clark and the Mikado.

Dr. F. E. Clark, the founder of the Christian Endeavour Society, has had an audience of the Emperor of Japan, on presentation by the American Ambassador. According to the American papers, "Dr. Clark has the distinction of being the first person to be received by the Emperor because of his prominence in Christian work."

The Good Ship "Resolute."

It is not generally known that the desk at the White House in Washington, at which the President does most of his writing is a very interesting piece of furniture. It was made from the timber of the "Resolute," the vessel which was sent in search of Sir John Franklin. The ship was caught in the ice, and had to be abandoned. Some years later, however, she was discovered by an American whaler and extricated, and she was subsequently purchased by the then President and people of the United States,

and sent to Queen Victoria as a token of goodwill and friendship. In an English dockyard the vessel was broken up, and from her timbers a desk was made, which was forwarded by the Queen to the American President, "as a memorial to the courtesy and loving kindness which dictated the offer of the gift of the 'Resolute.'"

Beautiful Widow: "Do you know, I am forty years old to-day?" Gallant Bachelor: "Madam, you are just twenty. I never believe more than half of what I hear."

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Special Offers at
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GRIT.**A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.**

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

THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1910.

ARE YOU THE ONE?

If one in every 60 of our subscribers would donate £1 to our scheme for providing a labour yard in connection with our Pilgrims' Home, we would be able to make a start unhampered by debt. In our article on "the Salvation of the Man" in this issue we outline the scheme which from the experience of the Church army in England may reasonably be expected to be a success. Have you got the one pound we need? Could you make a pound go as far towards helping women and children as we can when we make it provide a home, work, and religion for a man until we can restore him, a self-respecting man, who will relieve all charities in future by caring for his own?

Could you not find that pound? Surely it is a good investment? If you have not faith and heart enough to do this, who do you think will do it? Rich people don't read "Grit," so don't leave it to them. We don't ask for ten pounds, we say keep the nine and give us one; let that one be like the thankful leper, a grateful pound.

CONSUMPTION OF SPIRITS DECREASED.

Through "Associated Press" despatches, "interviews," etc., the liquor interests of America are attempting to make it appear that the consumption of spirituous liquors is increasing, whereas the opposite is the fact. One device to deceive is a comparison of the figures for the past year with the average for the past eleven years, instead of with the years since the shrinkage began. By going back to the years when the figures were small, an average can be secured that makes the figures of the last year look large. Another device is the use of the figures representing the "total withdrawals of spirits for all purposes" for the past year, instead of the withdrawals for consumption." The item last named takes account of deductions for

leakage, evaporation, and numerous other items not relating to consumption.

The authentic figures may be found in the annual report of the commissioner of internal revenue; those for the year ending June 30, 1909, in the preliminary report of the commissioner of internal revenue, published July 27 1909. These reports show the withdrawals for consumption to be as follows:—

1907	136,135,772	gallons
1908	121,478,433	"
1909	116,650,165	"

The figures for 1907 are the highest on record. Since that year there has been a decrease of nearly 20,000,000 gallons. The decrease in withdrawals of fermented liquors for the past year is over 2,000,000 barrels. This decrease is the only explanation necessary to account for the opposition of the Liquor Trades to Prohibition, and is more than a sufficient answer to those who, parrot-like, still cry "Prohibition does not prohibit. The same reduction has taken place in New Zealand, and, when it is made to appear otherwise, it means that some unscrupulous person is confusing the drinking in the whole Dominion with that in the No-License areas, or charging to the consumption account of Invercargill what has only paid duty there on its way into adjoining No-License areas.

THE WORD SUCCESS.

The word "success" is found only once in the Bible. God does not require any one to succeed, but He says a whole lot about duty, faithfulness, and right, and wrong. In the estimation of some Christ was a failure, religion is a failure, prohibition is a failure. It were well for such people to bear in mind Sam Jones' favourite saying, "Don't pass judgment until all the evidence is in." Mr. W. A. Lloyd ought to remember when he tells an audience that prohibition is a failure, that the audience, on the same kind of evidence, could prove that Mr. W. A. Lloyd is a failure. If Mr. Lloyd fails to attain to his ideal, then, by his own reasoning, he is a failure and his ideals are worthless, and his friends should not bother with him. If Mr. Lloyd fails to convert the editor of "Grit" he is as much a failure as the prohibition law that fails to sober the old toper. The Liquor Defence League should, according to his own showing, throw him up as a failure. Let us drop all this talk about success and failure, for some failure is better than success, and some success is more bitter than failure. Let us remember that the Lord has said, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Let our watch-word be "Faithful unto death;" scorned, alone, beaten, yet a great success in the glory of faithfulness. We may not attain to success, but we may lay the foundation of it; nor yet, again, can we command success. Let us do better—we may deserve it. We work for the child, and who shall judge until this child has lived? Not in this generation dare anyone say that prohibition is a failure.

HERE IN THE FURNACE CITY.

Here in the furnace City, in the humid air they faint,
God's pallid poor, His people, with scarcely space for breath;
So foul their teeming houses, so full of shame and taint,
They cannot crowd within them for the frightful fear of Death.

Yet, somewhere, Lord, Thine open seas are singing with the rain,
And somewhere underneath Thy stars the cool waves crash and beat;
Why is it here, and only here, are huddled Death and Pain.
And here the form of Horror stalks, a menace in the street!

The burning flagstones gleam like glass at morning and at noon,
The giant walls shut out the breeze—if any breeze should blow;
And high above the smothering town at midnight hangs the moon,
A red medallion in the sky, a monster cameo.

Yet somewhere, God, drenched roses bloom by fountains draped with mist,
In old, lost gardens of the earth made lyrical with rain;
Why is it here a million brows by hungry Death are kissed,
And here is packed, one Summer night, a whole world's fiery pain!

—Charles Hanson Towne.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR GIRLS

Both the State and Commonwealth Public Services are open to well-educated Girls. Examinations in Shorthand, Typing, and English are held periodically. Salary, £72 per annum to £150 per annum.

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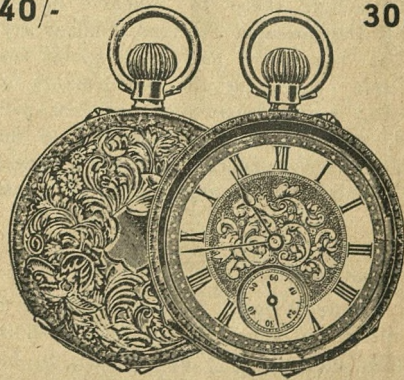
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The Salvation of the Man

THE HAPPINESS OF THE CHILD IS IN THE REDEMPTION.
OF THE MAN.

We often hear people say, "I have no sympathy for the man, he deserves all he gets, and is well able to shift for himself; it is the children I care for." Such a remark is easily understood, but it is not easy to understand those who thus feeling for the children, fail to help the man. The man is the key to the child problem. We believe the man is worth helping, for his own sake, but we also see that there is no permanent or adequate help for the child that does not begin with the man. Last year 61,000 men were proceeded against in the Magistrates' Courts, and another 1000 in the higher Courts, and when it is considered that 23,000 of these were for drunkenness, it needs no great power of imagination to picture the misery of their homes, and the disgrace and handicap to the child life associated with them. There is no substitute for a father, and we believe that it is better to restore the father than to attempt to compensate the child for his loss. Man is Divinely appointed as the head of the home and family, and should therefore be looked upon as the Gibraltar of the home; if he is captured all else will follow. We now plead with our readers to help us to reach the child through the man.

WHY THE CHURCH FAILS TO GRIP HIM.

Mr. Charles Stelzle, who has risen from the ranks of Labour, and become an authority on both religion and working men, wrote to 200 Labour leaders asking them to give him the benefit of their observations as to why men did not go to church. The following replies, while not flattering, are illuminating:—

"If you say that there is a wide gulf between the working man and the Church of Jesus Christ, I deny the assertion. The gulf is between the working man and the Church of to-day."

"We cannot pray with people on Sundays who prey on us for the rest of the week."

"In the cities the Church is a sort of a social club where we feel ourselves hardly welcome."

"The working man finds the Church of to-day too much given to show and pomp. It is a very nice place to go to if you are fortunate enough to dress as well as your pew mate."

"It is easier for a camel to go through the needle's eye than for a poor man to feel at home in a church."

"There is no freedom of thought in the Church, and you expect us to pay pew rents in order to be told we are going straight to hell."

"The lodge takes the place of the Church in many working men's lives, because there every member is equal to the other, and all are made welcome."

These are but a few of the opinions expressed. The worst feature of non-church-going is that it leads to a final neglect of God, which has most serious moral results. As an observant Frenchman once said: "If there was no God, we should have to invent one in the interest of morality." We must cease to judge men's religion by their church attendance, and we must provide them with some religious opportunities other than the ordinary services, which have failed to grip them.

THE MAN WHO IS DOWN.

The thousands who are discharged from our gaols are fearful of going to church; the ridicule of his mates, and the coldness of his reception in the church make it practically impossible. Thousands more who have as yet made no fatal mistakes refrain from going where they fear they are not understood, and the service is not appropriate to their needs. So long as these two large classes are untouched and uncared for, thousands of children will be handicapped in life, as well as prejudiced against religion. Since it is those who are sick who need a physician, then the first call on the Church is to provide for such men a suitable ministry and meeting place.

THE PILGRIMS' HOME.

For two years the home for men christened by themselves "The Pilgrims' Home," has quietly sought to reach men. With its half-dozen beds, and its stable for meetings, many hundreds of men have been made to feel that someone cared for them, and that religion was real. At present there is a debt of about £20 on the expenses account, and we also need blankets, pillows, towels, and hammocks. A man has just written from Scotland to say he thanked God he had gone to the Pilgrims' Home, and enclosing a note from his wife, who rejoices in the "new man" that religion has restored to her and her child. This week a man writes from New Zealand in the same strain, and for a year or more not a week has gone by that has not provided unmistakable evidence that to win the men is to bless the children. The home is absolutely necessary to enable us to reach a large class of men, and it affords an opportunity that the men keenly appreciate for getting in touch with the realities of religion.

THE PROBLEM OF WORK.

"Blessed be drudgery" is more than a pious expression; it is an actual experience. No man can be a man and loaf. Will our readers help us in our new venture to find work for the men our Home shelters. By 10 a.m. a man knows his chance to get work has gone for that day, and then follows the dreary, dangerous lounging round

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Manager Industrial Department: C. A. Elliott, F.I.A.

the city. We propose to put the men to work at box making, and such other work as we can arrange to do, and that may be done by unskilled labour. We need £50 in addition to the £20 to meet our present debts. Donations in cash or kind to be sent to Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

PAUPERISM.

The Poor Law Commission states: "A great weight of evidence indicates drink as the most potent and universal factor in bringing about pauperism."

The Chief General Inspector of L.G.B. says: "You will find, I think, that practically no total abstainer is ever a pauper."

The late Dr. Barnardo said: "Eighty-five per cent. of the cases admitted to his children's homes were destitute through the drinking habits of their parents." Later he said that he inclined more and more to the view of Dr. Guthrie, that 99 per cent. was a more accurate figure.

The Archbishop of York.

Speaking at a large gathering on January 24 last, his Grace said: "I shall be spending the great part of next month in London attending the meeting of the Royal Commission on the Workings of the Marriage Laws, of which I am a member. It is going to be a terribly dreary and sad business. One of the things we have got to go into is the whole question of separation orders. I have already gone through a mass of figures, and what do I find? Everywhere the chief cause of breaking up our English homes is, as you know full well, drink."

HIS ONLY REGRETS.

"I s'pose Tom is still taking life easy?" said a woman to an old friend who had a lazy son.

"Yes," was the reply. "He has only two regrets in life. One is that he has to wake up to eat, and the other that he has to stop eating to sleep."

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

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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.

ALLIANCE NOTES.

(Continued from Page 4.)

PRESIDENT MRS. S. E. NOLAN.

The following resolution was carried with acclamation at the last State Council:—“That this State Council of the New South Wales Alliance, having learned that Mrs. S. E. Nolan, President of the W.C.T.U., in Australia, is about to visit the Old World, desires to assure her of the high regard and esteem in which she is held by all Temperance workers, and of their appreciation of her good work in the cause, and wishes her a pleasant voyage and a safe return.”

Newtown No-License League held its usual monthly open-air meeting on Newtown Bridge on Saturday, 5th instant. The speakers were Messrs. R. C. Gilmour, H. G. Payne, and John Tandy. Mr. Phil. Williams gave an appropriate recitation in good style. The meeting was very successful, in spite of the organised opposition of a dozen opponents of No-License, many of whom were well primed with liquor, if not with pro-liquor arguments.

“I have been unfortunate; three times called to see you and failed.” The above extract from a communication to the Alliance Headquarters Office brings home the necessity of arranging appointments with the Secretary. The pressure of work and the many calls upon his time is such now, that interviewers and friends are urged to make appointments beforehand, to save mutual disappointment.

The secretary gave two addresses in one evening at Parramatta Congregational Church on the 9th. Rev. Oliver Purnell presided.

HOW TO BEGIN.

A student, noted for his carelessness in dress, once approached a certain professor for advice. He was leaving college and going into business, having had a good offer.

“Now, you know my case, professor,” he said; “and, if you were in my shoes what would you do?”

The professor looked very serious, and replied:

“Black them, to start with.”

DETERMINED TO PLEASE.

He was a country youth with a very large mouth, and he walked into a music-shop in Plymouth to purchase a mouth-organ.

He was shown every make of mouth-organ in the place, but still was not satisfied.

“Look here,” said the assistant, “we shall have to measure you for one. Just try your mouth along this piano.”

THE INFALLIBLE NEWSPAPER.

Like some other literary men, Mr. G. K. Chesterton aired his political views upon the platform during the recent British elections. They are not the views of the many as regards the Continental situation, although he states them with some plausibility as follows:—

“An opinion to which I am firmly wedded is that the military and naval strength of Germany is much exaggerated. I think the people who see the Kaiser as omnipotent are like the people who saw the Emperor of the French as omnipotent just before 1870. It is not a prediction, but a tradition. Their heads are really full of the last war, not of the next—like the cautious and sensible Irishman in the story, they are prophesying what has happened already. Moreover, I am old enough to remember that, through all the early days of Imperialism and Mr. Kipling, it was Russia that was always represented as this ruthless giant, clad in steel and striding ever nearer and nearer. It seems as if a ruthless giant somewhere must be absolutely necessary to their scheme of the universe. Then other things happened, and our journalists had suddenly to leave off railing at Russia for being strong, and begin railing at Russia for being weak. That is exactly what they had done 15 years before about the strength and the weakness of Napoleon III.”

The point of this recital, however, is what Mr. Chesterton calls a “strange and touching” interruption which it called forth. “There came,” he says, “from the back of the hall a shrill, boyish voice, uttering these remarkable words, ‘Yer don’t read yer papers.’ I could have fallen on his neck and wept. Such innocence as that has something tragic and sublime about it. It had never crossed his mind, you see, even

for one wild moment, that a man might read his papers and not implicitly believe them.”

NOT TO BE CAUGHT!

A school inspector said to a class one day:

“If I had a plum pudding on a plate, and I gave Willie a half, Tommy an eighth, John a quarter, and Robert an eighth, how much would I have left?”

A score of hands went up. He pointed to the nearest boy.

“Well, how much?” he asked.

“The plate,” said the boy.

HOME POLITICS.

A candidate while round canvassing in an English village, called at a certain house, and asked to see the master.

The wife answered the door, and told him here husband was out.

He asked her as to the politics of her husband.

“Well,” she said, “it is like this. When he goes to a Liberal meeting he’s a Liberal, and when he goes to a Unionist meeting he’s a Unionist.”

“Well,” said the man, “what is he when he’s at home?”

“Oh,” she replied, “he’s a big nuisance in the house!”

THE VERY LATEST.

Polite Shopman (showing goods): “Here is something I would like to call your attention to, madam. It is the very latest thing out.”

Mrs. Rounder (absently): “If there’s anything out later than my husband I’ll take it, if only for a curiosity.”

The South Sydney Branch of the N.S.W. Alliance.

SALE OF WORK

In aid of the
NO-LICENSE CAMPAIGN,
IN ST. PAUL'S HALL,

Corner of Cleveland and Regent streets,
on

FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MARCH 18
and 19,

To be opened by

The Rev. ANGUS KING, on the 18th,
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And by Mrs. M. BLOW, on the 19th,
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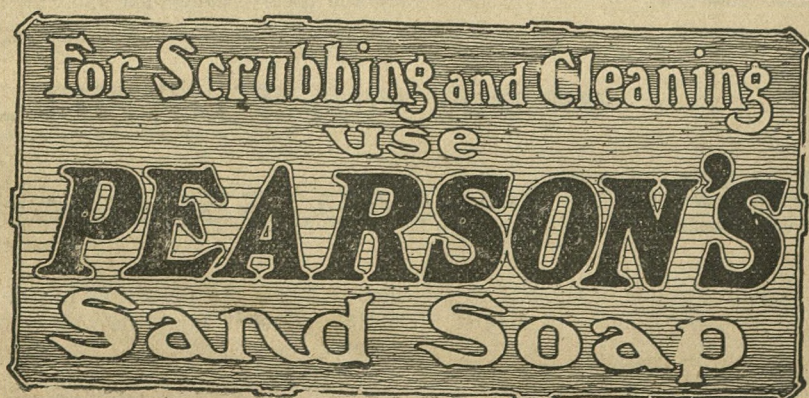
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From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

Everybody has heard of the Wise Fools of Gotham. But perhaps we do not know who these are. They are men who are called wise, but are really fools. They are called wise because they are called by the name of Gotham, which means 'foolishness'.

This is the story. Gotham is a village in Nottinghamshire, and one day his Majesty King John of England, marching towards the town of Nottingham, commanded that his retinue should pass through Gotham Meadow. Now, it was thought by the people that any land over which the King passed became ever after a public road, so the men of Gotham, who valued their meadow, took steps to prevent King John from crossing that way. The King, angered by their proceedings, sent his officers to conduct an inquiry in the village. When the officers arrived, they found some of the men shouting and making a tremendous din over a pond. These noisy fellows had an eel on a string, and were trying, so they said, to drown it in the pond! Others were found rolling cheeses down the road, giving them a push and letting them bowl along of their own accord. They were sending their cheeses, they said, to Nottingham market. Others, in a tremendous hurry, were dragging carts and waggons up a hill. They were going to shade a wood, they said, from the hot rays of the sun. And others were building a hedge round a bush on which a cockatoo had settled to prevent the bird from flying away.

The officers went away, half amused and half disgusted, and reported that Gotham was a village of fools, utterly beneath the King's notice.

But others, who knew more of the story, said that there were some very wise fools in Gotham, and to the phrase came to signify folly which was put on for a wise purpose. It was really a compliment to Gotham, not a sneer. A famous old English writer, named Thomas Fuller, says: "Gotham doth breed as wise people as any which causelessly laugh at the simplicity."

FOR SUNDAY.

ALPHABET OF TEXTS FROM THE PSALMS. A TO M.

1. "O house of , trust in the Lord."
2. "Let the of the Lord our God be upon us."
3. "The law of the Lord is perfect, the soul."
4. "I will him, and honour him."
5. "He shall not be afraid of tidings."
6. "I will no evil."
7. "He will be our , even unto death."
8. "O worship the Lord in the beauty of"
9. "Thou hast forgiven the of thy people."
10. "I have not departed from Thy"
11. "Who is the of glory?"
12. "Oh, how I Thy law!"
13. "..... an all hills."

FOR MONDAY.

Dr. Whewell, the great mathematician, once wrote out the following lines, which can be read as a verse of rhyme:—

O N O O.
U O A O C I O U,
O N O O O M E T O O.
U O A O I O S O,
I O N O O I O U T O O!

(By UNCLE BARNABAS.)

This is how to read them:—

O SIGH FOR NO CIPHER.

You sigh for a cipher, O, I sigh for you,
Sigh for no cipher, O sigh for me too.
You sigh for a cipher, I decipher so,
I sigh for no cipher, I sigh for you too!

LETTER-BOX.

THE THREE GRACES MEET.

Gladys Noble, The Rectory, Liverpool, writes:—"Dear Uncle Barnabas,—My 'Gardening Notes' are rather late, but we are busy at school now. During last week Clarice Ashworth came in to see her school-friends, and Vera and I met her for the first time. She left the High School six months after I came, and 18 months after Vera did. I do not remember her, but Vera does. I am sorry that Sunbeam work will have to suffer, but school work must come first, mustn't it? This is only a short note, but bears my fondest love to my 'cousins' and yourself. So hoping the pigmentophagus has ceased troubling you,—I remain, your loving 'niece.'"

"P.S.—I have not yet received my collecting card."

(Dear Gladys,—Sorry your card was delayed. It has now been sent. As to the question of School v. Sunbeam Work, I would like you to consider this text: When we begin to cut down, we must always try to leave room for God's work. We are all glad to hear from you.—Uncle B.)

GARDEN NOTES FOR MARCH.

By our Head Gardener.

Vegetables.—Plant out cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce, leek, and all kinds of herbs. Sow Brussels sprouts, broad beans, broccoli, cabbage (winter kinds), carrots, cauliflower, lettuce, mustard and cress, onion, parsley, parsnip, radish, swedes, spinach, and turnips. Peas and French beans should be sown sparingly. Tree and potato onions, eschalots, garlic, etc., may also be planted.

Flowers.—It is best to sow seed in boxes, and afterwards to plant out the seedlings to prevent them from destruction by insects, etc. Sow all kinds of perennials now, e.g., the following seed:—Anemone, auricula, calliopsis, candytuft, carnation, calceolarias, cornflower, Clarkia, cosmos, convol-



SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

CHAS. C. MIHELL,

Bible House, 242 Pitt-street, Sydney.

vulus, cowslip, chrysanthemum (annual), daisy, digitalis, dianthus, dolichos, eschscholtzia, everlasting pea, forget-me-not, gailardia, heliotrope, hollyhock, jacobaea, lobelia, lupinus, larkspur, mignonette, marigold, nasturtium, hollyhock, jacobaea, lobelia, lupinus, larkspur, mignonette, marigold, nasturtium, pansy, petunia, picotee, phlox drummondii, phlox perennial, primula, polyanthus, primrose, sweet pea, stocks, verbena, violet, Virginian stock, wallflower.

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

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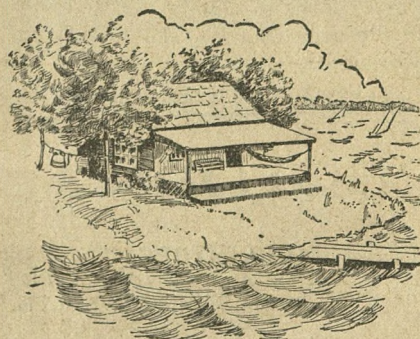
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PROHIBITION PREVENTS.

Supposing that prohibition doesn't prohibit, assume for a minute that liquor continues to be sold to the old toppers of the community, what of it? Is that an argument against temperance legislation? Is prohibition intended for the benefit of the old toper, or for the children?

A writer in the "North American Review" gives the whole argument in a nutshell in reporting a conversation which he had had with the editor of a paper in Portland, Maine. The editor, who was inclined to oppose prohibition for political reasons, had grown up in a little village about sixty miles from Bangor.

"Do you remember the condition of things in your village prior to prohibition?" asked his interviewer. "What has been the effect of prohibition?"

"It shut up all the rum-shops and practically banished liquor from the village, which became one of the most quiet and prosperous places on the globe."

"How long did you live in the village after prohibition?"

"Eleven years, or until I was twenty-one years of age."

"Then?"

"Then I went to Bangor."

"Do you drink now?"

"I've never tasted a drop of liquor in my life."

"Why?"

"Up to the age of twenty-one I never saw it, and after that I did not care to take up the habit."

If the illegitimate sale of liquor is a valid argument against prohibition, then adult illiteracy is an argument against the public schools. The enactment of a general education law does not reclaim grown men from their fixed habits of ignorance, but we do call the public schools a farce and a failure on that account. They are doing what they are intended to do—saving the children from the fate of their ignorant parents. And prohibition is succeeding in like manner, as is proved by the thousands of bright-eyed boys who are growing to manhood without knowing the sight of a saloon or the taste of alcohol.—"Home Herald."

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS CHANCE.

The first thing that men learned as soon as they began to study nature carefully, was that some events take place in natural order, and that some causes always give rise to the same effects. The sun always rises on one side and sets on the other side of the sky. The changes of the moon follow one another in the same order, and with similar intervals; water always flows downhill, fire always burns; animals are born, grow, reach maturity, and die after age in the same way. Thus the notion of an order of Nature and of a fixity in the relation of cause and effect between things gradually entered the minds of men. So far as such order prevailed it was felt that things were explained; while things that could not be explained were said to have come by chance or accident. But the more carefully Nature has been studied the more widely has order been found to prevail, while what seemed disorder has proved to be nothing but complexity; until at present no one is so foolish as to believe that anything happens by chance, or that there are any real accidents in the sense of events which have no cause. And if we say that a thing happens by chance, everybody admits that all we really mean is that we do not know its cause or the reason why that particular thing happens. Chance and accident are only the aliases for ignorance.—Huxley.

WORTH IT.

George and Janey were evidently very ardent lovers, and it was their good fortune last summer to go away to the seaside together for a little holiday. During the journey to the popular Lancashire resort, several dark and lengthy tunnels were encountered, and George, like a real true lover, made the most of the opportunities thus afforded.

"Dun yo' know, lass," he said, after emerging from a lengthy tunnel, "that that tunnel cost £5000 to build?"

Janey blushed demurely, and Lancashire-lass-like replied:

"Eh, but George, it wur worth it!"

AN EXECUTIONER'S STATEMENT.

Dr. Albert Wilson, in a lecture in London early last month, stated that the late executioner Berry once informed him that he had carried out more than 600 executions, and that in his opinion, in four cases out of five the criminal had been brought to the gallows through drink. Berry came to feel that the culprits were more sinned against than sinning, so that he gave up his business as hangman, and became a temperance advocate. Crime in this country costs the State about £6,000,000 a year.

HARD-UP.

She: "Well, Clarence, dear, the situation is not quite so rosy as it was pictured to us before marriage, is it?"

He: "Well, not altogether so love."

She: "I wish—er—I wish—"

He: "What do you wish, dearest?"

She: "I wish we had the rice and the old shoes they threw at us when we were married."

PROOF POSITIVE.

"I am a broken man," said the poet.

"So I should think," was the answer, "for I have seen your pieces."

ANOTHER TUNNEL MYSTERY.

The bride and bridegroom sat side by side.

"Dearest," he said.

"Yes, love?" she responded in soft, frightened-mouse tones.

"If I had known that the tunnel was so long, I would have kissed ya."

"Didn't you kiss me?" she asked, with much surprise.

"No," he replied.

"Well, somebody did!"

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Tact in Child-Training

In maintaining order, securing obedience, administering punishments and rewards, etc., there is nothing which lends more effectiveness to the mother's work than tact—that peculiar gift which enables its possessor to know exactly what to do or say in a given circumstance. To the diplomat, the statesman, the parliamentarian, the teacher, it is absolutely necessary. To the mother, who must always be a teacher whether she will or not, it is indispensable.

MOTHER WIT.

Tact—mother wit—call it by what name you will, springs from a keen, intelligent appreciation of child life. It is the outgrowth of deep sympathy—the most pleasing expression of a love which seeketh not its own. It meets every emergency with readiness and skill, parries the fierce onslaughts of trouble with smiling dexterity, and adjusts, with calmness and ease, differences which would have culminated in seething revolt. The man or woman who would aspire to lead a little child in the path it should go, must have administrative qualities of a high order, must understand the meaning of Christian courtesy, and seek diligently to discover the avenues of least resistance which lead to the child's mind and heart. Working along these lines he must build into the character of the little immortal the principles of love, truth, justice, and mercy.

Tact is ever gentle. Force—coercion—is worse than useless in the case of a chronically stubborn child, for there are many children in whom stubbornness takes on the form of a disease, acquired, perhaps—perhaps inherited. To force such a child into obedience by harsh, drastic measures, is like whipping a baulky horse to pull a heavy load up a steep hill. You may exhaust yourself physically, but unless you change your tactics you cannot make him move an inch. But make the animal forget himself. Put a handful of road dust into his mouth, or in some other way divert his mind, and he will forget his stubbornness, and the

problem will be solved without further ado. The same principle applies to children afflicted with this disease. Sensitiveness is often a marked trait of the stubborn child. A command may be given in a manner which touches him in a sore spot, or the nature of the request may not be in keeping with his sense of justice; in either case he will "balk." Tact alone will make him move in the right direction.

FEELING WITH THE CHILD.

It has been said that the best teacher is the one who has the heart of a child with the head of a man. The power to feel as a child is the only way to feel with children. The parent who cannot sympathise with his child in his work, in his play, and in all the struggles of his expanding life, has lost the natural glowing desire for fresh knowledge, and can never solve the problems which, in numberless ways, present themselves day by day. He is thus shorn of the most vital part of his power, for occasions will arise every little while which call for the exercise of the finest discernment, the nicest judgment, in order to adjust difficulties in such a way that they may become stepping-stones to character. Quarrels arise among children while at play, at school, and in the home. It is often impossible for the mother to discover who the real offender is, or to what extent he is culpable, but possessing tact she never punishes hastily. Neither does she give way to tears, anger, or unstinted condemnation of another child who, in some way, is implicated in the affair. She never attempts to effect a reconciliation while anger rules the youthful heart. Punishment, suiting the nature of the offence, as well as the offender, is judiciously dealt out, and the little culprit feels that love and a manifest concern for his welfare made the ordeal necessary, hence he comes out of it softened, calmed, and with the love of justice firmly entrenched in his little heart." —"Mother's Magazine."

TOO REALISTIC.

Some miners are noted for the large amount of work they say they do when seated in the institute at nights. The story of such a collier was heard recently.

One man was seated at a table, and, as usual, was boasting of his work, telling his mates how much coal he had got down, and how well his shots had blown. Unperceived by him, but sitting close behind, was one man who worked in the same stall, and who knew he was not one of the best of workmen.

This man shouted out so that all the room could hear:

"I say, Bill, would you mind lending me a shovel?"

"A shovel, Jim? Whatever do you want a shovel for?"

Jim replied:

"Only to shift this coal so that I can get out."

WHICH WAS IT?

A lady who has recently returned from a Mediterranean trip, says that, as the ship was leaving the harbour of Athens, a well-dressed lady approached the captain, who

was pacing the deck, and, pointing to the distant hills, covered with snow, asked:

"What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?"

"That is snow, madam," answered the captain.

"Is it really?" remarked the lady. "I thought so; but a gentleman has just told me that it was Greece."

TIME TO STOP.

A well-known tutor, in relating his college experiences, says that recently a young orator persuaded a fellow-student to listen to him while he rehearsed a lecture.

The orator in embryo began. His subject was "Light."

With a violent gesture with the right arm, he said:

"Blot out the sun!"

With a similar frantic movement of the left arm, he roared:

"Blot out the moon!"

Then, with a combined gesture, made up of both arms, he bellowed:

"Blot out the stars!"

But it was enough. The auditor arose to leave with a hoarse, cruel whisper:

"Turn off the gas!"

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