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A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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A KANSAS LAW ENFORCEMENT LEADER, AND WHAT HE IS ACCOMPLISHING FOR STATE AND NATION.

By THOMAS E. STEPHENS.

It was in the fall of 1903 that Mr. Coddling entered upon the discharge of his duties. There was no bombast or blow of trumpets to herald his movement, but it wasn't many months until both friend and foe knew that something unusual "was doing" in Kansas. Soon the liquor men and their friends, long accustomed in more than a score of counties to having their own way, became alarmed and incensed. They defied him, they insulted him, they threatened him bodily injury, they threw every possible obstacle in his way, but he continued unmoved and inflexible. In 35 out of 105 counties there were open saloons—not the fault of the law, but of the people. It had become a more or less common saying that the dries had their law and the drinkers their liquor, hence both sides should be satisfied. A figure-head adorned the governor's chair, and so far as these 35 counties were concerned the officers of the law, both State and county, seemed paralysed. Such were the disgraceful conditions when Mr. Coddling began his task. But the work of education had produced in these counties and all over the State a rising sentiment for better things. All that now remained was for some one to organise and direct that sentiment, and Mr. Coddling was the man to do it.

He knew that the law could be enforced in these 35 counties as well as in the other 70, and he went everywhere instructing the people and their officials how to do it. He instructed by both precept and example, plunging into the thickest of the fight himself. He never said, "Go." "Come" was his word. Every law upon the statute books for enforcing the mandate of the Constitution was put into operation, and the work was done with utmost thoroughness. The new law enforcement broom in Mr. Coddling's hands swept clean. At first the



Mr. J. K. CODDLING.

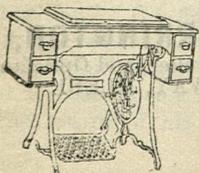
fight was almost single-handed, but soon the forces of good citizenship began everywhere to rally—the W.C.T.U., the churches, the people themselves—until the grand old Sunflower State became a veritable "mill of the gods," to grind into powder the luckless law-breaker who was insolent and brazen enough to defy the will of the people. Mr. Coddling gathered about himself a determined set of assistants, both in the field and in the office.

As already stated, when Mr. Coddling began his work five and a half years ago, 35 out of 105 counties had open saloons. Today there is not a county where the saloon

is maintained in brazen defiance of the law. Even in Sedgwick, Bourbon, Leavenworth, Atchison, Wyandotte, and Crawford Counties, where for years the saloon was defiantly protected by law-nullifying officials, it has been dislodged and driven out.

The law was never so well enforced as now, and never so popular. Volumes of evidence to this effect may be obtained by writing to the State officials at Topeka, or to the officers of the State Temperance Union in the same city. Chaplain J. D. McBrien of the Kansas State Penitentiary at Lansing, says that during a recent fiscal year there were 50 counties that did not send a single prisoner to the penitentiary. Last September Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler wrote to Rev. Robert Norris, at that time secretary of the Union, saying that, "according to the State Board of Control, 27 counties had no inmates in poorhouses during the whole of last year; 87 counties had no insane inmates; 54 counties had no feeble-minded inmates; 96 had no inebriate inmates; 97 counties had no children inmates. The total population, January 1, 1908, in all county poor-farms of Kansas, was 510 males and 239 females. There are 105 counties in the State, with a population of 1,656,799. The actual number of Kansas prisoners in the State penitentiary is 499. All the rest come from outside the State."

During these years of service, Mr. Coddling has prosecuted, or assisted in the prosecution, of over 300 liquor cases, and has given advice in hundreds of others, besides attending and delivering addresses at almost innumerable conferences and other gatherings. The thoroughness and success of his work as prosecutor are indicated by the fact that in five years he has lost, out of 300 cases, not more than a dozen.—"Home Herald."



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

Conquering a Critic

By Rev. S. E. QUIMBY.

The following anecdote, which is strictly true, illustrates one phase of the character of a most godly man, who, in his day, was a very versatile genius, but who was wholly consecrated to the work of the Master, and was an acknowledged leader in New Hampshire church circles.

When the Rev. G. W. Norris was a pastor in Concord, N. H., he delivered an address to his people in which he took a very strong position against the use of alcohol in medicines. The next day a prominent physician met him on the street, and severely criticised him for assuming to deal with a matter that belonged to the medical profession.

"Now," said the doctor, "only the other day I was called upon to treat a gentleman from Georgia who was suffering from a dangerous congestive chill. I gave him an ounce and a half of alcohol, and brought him out of it. I want to ask you, with your theory, what you would have done with such a case?"

"Well," said Mr. Norris, "I should not have known any better than to have given him a big dose of cayenne tea, making it hot and strong."

"Well," admitted the doctor, "that would have done it."

"Now," said Mr. Norris, "I want to ask you a question or two. Is it not true that some men are so constituted that, once they get a taste of alcohol, it is liable to wake up a tiger in them that may tear them to pieces?"

"It is, indeed," replied the doctor.

"Then," continued Mr. Norris, "can you tell before you have tried it whether or not a man has this tiger in him?"

"No, we cannot tell."

"Is there any danger that cayenne tea will wake up a tiger in a man?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Then, doctor, knowing that one remedy is perfectly safe, and that the other is possibly dangerous, why did you not use the safe remedy?"

"I did not happen to have it with me."

"Well, now, doctor, what do you think of a physician who acknowledges that one remedy is possibly dangerous, and that another is positively safe, and yet does not carry the safe remedy? Good morning."

About two weeks after this conversation a gentleman called on Mr. Norris, and introduced himself as from Worcester, Mass. He stated that his society was having a course of lectures, and that they desired one on alcoholic medication, and that he had called to secure Mr. Norris for this purpose.

"Why," said Mr. Norris, "you do not want me. I am nothing but a preacher of the Gospel. You need a physician for that service."

"Yes," said his caller, "we do want you. I have been inquiring in the city, and Dr. Blank says that you are just the man we want, so you must come."

And he went.—"Home Herald."

WHAT WAS DONE TO GEORGE.

The head of a big firm of contractors was walking round the premises, and stopped to converse with old George, a stableman.

"Well, George, how goes it?" he said. "Fair to middlin', sir," George answered. "Fair to middlin'." And he continued to rub down a bay horse, while the other looked on in silence. "Me and this 'ere hoss," George said, suddenly, "has worked for you sixteen year."

"Well, well," said the master, thinking a little guiltily of George's very low wage. "And I suppose you are both pretty highly valued, George, eh?"

"H'm!" said George. "Both of us was took ill last week, and they got a doctor for the hoss, but they just docked my pay!"

EVERYTHING EXCEPT MONEY.

The editor of that influential and widely-circulated newspaper the "Trevortin Times" of the United States, evidently has not suffered during the past winter. In an editorial in a recent issue he says:—

"We have taken wood, potatoes, corn,

eggs, butter, onions, cabbages, chickens, stone, lumber, labour, sand, calico, sauerkraut, second-hand clothing, coon-skins, and bug-juice, scrap-iron, shoe pegs, raw hides, crinque-pins, tan-bark, dogs, sorghum, seed, jarware, and wheat straw on subscription, and now a man wants to know if we would send the paper for six months for a large owl. We have no precedent for refusing, and if we can find a man who is out of an owl and wants one, we'll do it."

A negro pastor was warming up to the climax of his sermon, and his auditors were waxing more and more excited. "I wahns yer, O my congregashun," exclaimed the exhorter—"I wahns yer against de sin uv fight-in'; I wahns yer against de sin uv drinkin', and de sin uv chicken-robbin', and I wahns yer, my breddern, against de sin uv melon-stealin'." A devout worshipper in the rear of the church jumped to his feet and snapped his fingers excitedly. "Whuffo does yer, my brodder, r'ar up an' snap yo' fingers when I speaks uv melon-stealin'?" asked the preacher. "Kase yo' jest minds me whar I left mah overcoat," replied the devout worshipper as he hurried off.

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The local branch of the Alliance held its annual tea and public meetings on June 26 to 28.

Saturday night's open-air meeting failed on account of heavy rain. Sunday's meetings, at 3 and 7 p.m. were enthusiastic and well attended. Monday's tea and public meetings were both very successful.

Mr. Complin succeeded in stirring up great interest and enthusiasm in the work of the Alliance; he made his audiences feel that No-License was worth having, was worth fighting for, and that, as we loved our homes, our families, our fellows, and our country, we must fight for it till we get it. Surely God is with us, and victory sure. Twenty gave in their names as new members of our branch.

What surprises a woman is not how beautiful her children are, but how much more beautiful they are than anybody else's.

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Over Against His House

By A. FRASER ROBERTSON.

Horace Viles, Esquire, sat in his library, his elbows propped on his desk, his fingertips lightly meeting, his eyes staring into space. He looked worried.

Yet there was nothing disquieting in his surroundings to account for the frown upon his brow. The room where he sat was comfortable to luxury. A velvet-piled carpet, heavy window-hangings, seductive easy-chairs, and couches, softly-shaded lights, bookshelves lined with favourite authors, walls adorned with fine mezzotints, these all ministered agreeably to the senses.

It was a little thing, he told himself, that had ruffled him. He was secretly annoyed that it should have had the power. Merely a paragraph in the evening paper, headed "Found Drowned."

Skimming it carelessly, the name of "William Bowack" had struck a chord of memory. Gradually he had recalled the incident associated with his name. Soames, the foreman at the works, had reported the man for drink a month before. Following his ordinary rule, Mr. Viles had ordered his dismissal. He supposed his order had been carried out, and now here was the dénouement!

From among his numerous employees, the master was not even certain that he could clearly recall the man, but the sordid details on which the paper expatiated at length lingered disagreeably in his mind.

Bowack's wife, described as "poorly clad" and "delicate-looking," had, in her evidence, spoken of the dead man being a devoted husband and father. She had referred to a recent severe illness, from which he had never quite recovered. She had admitted an occasional giving way to drink. She had drawn a pathetic picture of his discharge from his situation, the result of one of these lapses; of his weary search for work; of his daily failure and growing despondency. A despairing, pencilled scrawl, discovered in the kitchen dresser drawer, after the man's disappearance, was given word for word:

"Dear Wife,—I can't face up to it longer—seeing you and the kids starving. I know well enough I've only got myself to blame, but all the same the world's a cruel place to my thinking. I've never been the man I was before I went into hospital. Forgive me, wife.—Your broken-hearted

"BILL."

Mr. Viles recollected now how the foreman had made regretful comment on the man's dismissal. "It were a pity, sir, for Bowack knew his job—he did."

The whole thing had been a bit of a shock to Horace Viles—one of those fretting jars in the smoothly-running machinery of life that pull one up unpleasantly. He took himself impatiently to task, striving to justify himself to an accusing conscience.

"His blood be on his own head! As the man very sensibly remarked, he had himself alone to blame. If the discipline of a place is to be maintained drunkards must be given short shrift."

"You might have looked into the matter before resorting to such drastic measures," came the reproachful suggestion of conscience.

And aggrieved, he retorted, "My work would be cut out for me indeed if I attempted to individualise among so many."

He stretched out his hand at this juncture, and drew a book towards him, whose fly-leaf bore upon it, in printed capitals, "Charities." He fluttered its leaves, and read at random: "Distress Fund, £100; Royal Hospital for Incurables, £25; Indigent Gentlewomen's Aid, £10."

The record of his givings made soothing

reading. He read on. Balanced against those ridiculous conscience prickings of his, they surely tipped the scale!—No, he could not accuse himself of indifference to his fellow-creatures' needs. Was there another man in Mudbury more alive to the public weal? Was he not in the van of every big effort to benefit the place and people? Young as he was, was his name not already a household word for public-spirited philanthropy?

The door opened at this point in his meditations, and a lady entered the room—a handsome woman—tall, elegant, fashionably attired in evening dress. Her trailing silken gown "swished" softly as she walked. Diamonds glittered at her throat. A single star glittered in her dark hair. She carried a fur-lined cloak thrown across her arm. She might have been good-looking but for a peevish droop at the corners of her lips, and a pair of pale, soulless eyes.

"Not dressed yet, Horace?" she asked.

Her husband consulted his watch.

"Time enough yet," he responded.

She came forward, her eyes upon him.

"Anything worrying you?" she inquired, as she reached the desk.

"Well, yes," he said hesitatingly. "Something is—rather. You will probably pronounce it a trifle."

"Business, I suppose?" she said. "What a nuisance! Just when you particularly wanted your brain to be clear for to-night, too! The Seymours generally manage to collect 'lions,' and, of course"—with a touch of wifely pride—"your place is among them. What's the bother?"

He looked up at her, wavered, then yielded to an unwonted impulse to confide.

"Only an item in the evening paper—a man once in my employ, dismissed a month ago for drink, found drowned, thrown himself into the canal, leaving a widow and five children."

"Dear me! Very shocking!" commented his wife, her attention engrossed with the fastening of her gloves; "but, at the same time, my dear man, hardly your fault."

Her callousness jarred. To impress her, he rehearsed the particulars more minutely.

"I—I have an uncomfortable feeling of being somehow responsible," he added, astonished at his own confession now that it was framed in words. "I ought to have inquired into the matter when Soames reported it; but I didn't, and he followed the usual course in the circumstances. The treatment seems to me now to have been, well, summary—not to say harsh."

"Really, Horace!" she protested impatiently. "You are ridiculous. How could you have acted otherwise, unless, indeed, you are prepared to turn your place into a home for drunkards and incapables. What a precedent, for instance, to have condoned so flagrant a breach of rules! No one can accuse you of shirking your duty to your fellows, I am sure," she proceeded warmly. "Look at the scale of your giving, for instance! Munificent! Is there another man in Mudbury whose name, like yours, is a synonym for generosity? The fact is, you have been working too hard of late—you have had too little relaxation—you have grown morbid."

Her husband laughed a little, pulled himself together, and stood up. Perhaps, after all, Milly was right. He was looking at the thing from a strained, exaggerated point of view. He was partly comforted.

That happened on Saturday night, and the "lions" he met at the Seymours' dinner drove the office worry from his mind.

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Next day, the Vileses—they were an exemplary couple in most relations in life—set out for church at the first toll of the bells. The air had more than a snap of frost in it, just enough to stir the healthy blood in the veins of a lady like Mrs. Viles, muffled in costly furs; enough likewise to make the poorly-clad catch their breath and shiver. An uneasy recollection of that haunting paragraph flashed on Mr. Viles' mind as he sniffed the keen air. The Vileses attended St. Luke's, and at St. Luke's, as it happened, a strange preacher had been advertised to preach. During the opening service Horace was dimly conscious of wandering attention, till the text was given out. That, by its very unusualness, arrested him. It was from Nehemiah, and the words were new to him:

"They builded . . . everyone over against his house."

He sat up, his curiosity faintly stirred, to discover what the preacher would make of it.

He began, by drawing a vivid picture of the desolation of Jerusalem—her walls lying waste—a reproach to her people. Almost an echo, seemed to reach them, of the prophet's mournful wail: "The city, the place of my fathers' sepulchres, lieth waste." Anon, they seemed to hear his passionate pleading to the King: "That thou wouldest send me to build it!" Then swift upon the granted prayer came the joyful setting forth upon his mission, his arrival in Jerusalem, the burst of eloquence with which he fired the people, till the universal surging shout went up, "Let us rise up and build!"

"And so," went on the preacher, "the mighty enterprise was started,—the prophet its inspiration. Side by side were the din of the hammer and the vigilance of the sword, for at any moment the enemy might swoop upon the builder."

(To be Concluded.)

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Home

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A FLAT'S A FLAT.

A melancholy little man
Was seated on the ground;
He showed supreme indifference
To everything around.
"Why do you not run home?" I cried,
"And tumble into bed?"
He looked at me
Expressively,
And presently he said:
"One rubber-plant can never make a home,
Not even when combined with brush and
comb,
And spoon, and fork, and knife,
And graphophone and wife,
No! Something more is needed for a home."

I cried: "What does your dwelling lack?
The pretty hearth-side tone?
The note of domesticity?"
He gave a fearful groan.
"Alas!" he sighed, whilst from his seat
He slowly upward bobbed,
And donned his hat,
"A flat's a flat!"
Together then we sobbed:
"One rubber-plant can never make a home,
One day did not suffice for building Rome,
One gas-log and a cat,
Can't civilise a flat;
No! Something more is needed for a home."
—"New York Times."

THE EDGES OF THE PANCAKES.

She was just thirteen when they took her out of school—there was no such thing as compulsory education in those days. She was the youngest daughter, and her sisters were society belles.

The reason for taking her out of school—the others had had the education given to young ladies of that day, with French and painting thrown in—was the invalidism of an aged aunt who had no other home. The venerable lady was what we might be tempted to call "cranky" in the extreme. The older sisters, in the whirl of their gaieties, had no time to spend on her whims; so Becky must stay at home, to run up and downstairs a hundred times a day, jump up at any hour of the night in response to the querulous voice, and—worst of all—make unlimited pancakes, of which it was the decree that there must be no scallops around the edges!

How many hours Becky spent, learning to bake a perfectly round pancake! It was no use to trim off the scallops—Aunt Ann had good eyesight, and would detect such frauds in an instant. They must be baked round!

Becky had ambition enough to have carried her through several modern college courses. But she had to spend it on the pancake problem. She could have spar-

kled in society, for her wit was keen, and her tongue ready. But Aunt Ann and other household burdens occupied all her time, until a certain young man—the "little boy across the street" whom she had known all her life—asked her to come and make pancakes for him.

She never realised her girlish ambitions, to "finish her education." But she lived to see her husband prominent in the pulpit and in the teacher's chair, and to be the mother of two ministers, a doctor, a minister's wife and a professor's wife.

A thwarted life? Perhaps. Yet no woman of learning, no queen of society had ever the love and reverence that she received, because of the beauty of soul that came to her while she patiently attended to the edges of the pancakes.

A PLEA FOR A DAILY KINDNESS.

The daily evils that make life hard are not the great sorrows, but the infinity of irritating trifles, the unnecessary injustice, the man-made wrongs of life. Such, says the "Circle," are the cruel temper that upsets a household for a day, and leaves a trail of enervating sadness and protest; the unreasonable selfishness that overrides the rights of others like a car of Juggernaut. There is a bitterness of unforgiving condemnation that listens to no reasons, explanations, or motives, that credits the senses and accepts circumstantial evidence as final. Then, too, that love may walk down the valley of darkness and separation, heart hungry for the treasure that has been thrown away.

Man is said to have been made in the image of his Creator. Some men seem to be trying to remove the labels and other identifying brands. If we are men, with the dignity of our powers and privileges and possibilities, let us live like men. Life is not something to be lived through, it is to be lived up to—in all its highest meanings and messages. There was in the army of Alexander the Great a soldier, who, although he bore the very name of the great conqueror, was in his heart a coward. Cowardice in any soldier of that mighty army was the worst of all crimes; yet for this man to be a coward was shame unspeakable. And Alexander in great anger commanded the craven: "Either give up my name or follow my example." Living up to our possibilities means living up to our name—anything less means failure.

If for a single week in any city each in-

dividual were to say each morning: "To-day no one in the world shall have even one second darkened by any act of mine," and live it, that city would be transformed and glorified. It would, after all, mean only negative goodness, the avoidance of evil, not real, aggressive, positive, high-keyed living at our best, but the burden of life would be lifted, and in an atmosphere warm with the radiant glow of love and brotherhood we could almost hear the faint rustle of the angels' wings, the angels of peace ushering in the millennium.

CLOTHING.

HAVE A GOOD HUNT.

It is wonderful what we can find if we have a good hunt, and just now the need of many of our poor for clothing is very great, and so we ask our friends to hunt up a few things, it does not matter about their being old, and send them to Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, "Chester," Clarendon-road, Stanmore.

Parcels have been received from the following:—Miss Larkin, Miss Brown, "Mud-gee," Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Richardson, "Carlingford," and five anonymous, per Mr. Strong; Miss E. Moore, Mrs. Horrocks, "Kenthurst," Mrs. Crane, Miss Heuston, F. Rogers, "Neutral Bay," Mrs. Richardson, "A Friend," and five anonymous. Books from Mr. Broad.

THE CORRECT EXPRESSION.

A lady teacher was putting a junior class through the beginnings of arithmetic.

"Now, I have one pencil in my right hand and one in my left," she said. "How many pencils have I? Thompson, you may answer."

"Two," piped a small voice.

"So that, one and one make two, isn't that right?"

"You bet," said Thompson, with the flush of victory.

The teacher frowned at this disrespectful answer.

"That is hardly what you should have said," she hinted. "Will some one in the class tell Thompson what his answer should have been?"

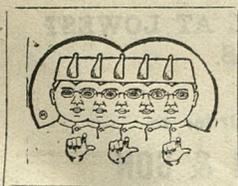
There was a moment of hesitation. Then a brown fist shot confidently into the air.

"Ah, James, you may tell Thompson what he should have said."

"You bet your boots," shouted James, in a tone of triumph.

A married man should come home early at least one night each week—just to show his wife that he can do it.

WHEN BUYING GLASSES



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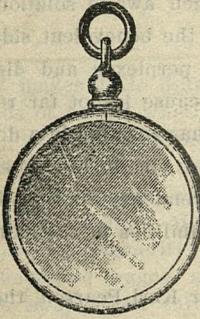
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1.



2.



3.



4.

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

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

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

Talk about People

A Man of War.

Few people would suspect, to look at Lord Kitchener, that he was fifty-eight, yet it is a fact that the Indian Commander-in-Chief has entered on his fifty-ninth year. Before he was twenty-one Kitchener joined the Mobs of Dinan in the war against Germany, and took part in a balloon ascent with two French officers. One of the numerous fables which have gathered round this illustrious soldier is that before he would consent to take any part in the South African campaign he made the stipulation that he should be permitted to hang any man he pleased. "That is just like Kitchener," said a newspaper. The story was not true, of course, but it expresses the prevailing idea of this intrepid "man of war."

Unrehearsed.

Thomas Whittaker, the famous temperance pioneer, tells an amusing story of a meeting in a Nottinghamshire Wesleyan Chapel, during the early days of the teetotal movement. A local preacher, of rather eccentric character, and not a little proud of his appearance, had been announced to preach a temperance sermon. Mr. Whittaker had noticed that this preacher usually carried a large blue bag on his journeys, but if there was no platform to speak from the bag was never opened and the meeting

seldom proved satisfactory. On this particular occasion the singing pew was a large square one under the pulpit, and it had a platform fixed in it. Upon this the preacher opened his blue bag in the vestry, and pulled out a pair of yellow-topped boots, the relic of better days. These he put on. There was a table on the platform which he soon covered with his books and tracts. The platform, however, was somewhat low, so that when he got on to it the boots could not be seen. The preacher was not long in getting warmed up, and he sprang from the platform on to the table. The boots were beautiful; the people applauded; that carried him out of himself. He forgot the frail foundation on which he was standing, and the table collapsed, and the boots, books, and speaker lay in one confused mess among the wreckage. Of course that finished the business inside the chapel that night; while outside the speaker got so much joked about his boots that the blue bag never again accompanied him on his journeys.

His Pet Aversion.

Dr. Hans Richter, the world-famous conductor, is a man of many likes and dislikes. But his pet aversion is said to be the interviewer. He shuns him like the plague, and the writer well remembers a confrere telling him how, when he tried to waylay the conductor at the Queen's Hall some time ago, the doctor escaped by putting on his overcoat, turning the collar up to its highest point, pressing his broad-brimmed hat well over his head, and rushing off in a four-wheeled cab. Many are the stories told concerning Dr. Richter's abrupt manners when engaged in his work. Perhaps one of the best is that connected with a rehearsal some time ago. The conductor was much annoyed at the calm way the players were taking the impassioned music. "Gentlemen, gentlemen" said he, suddenly stopping short, "you're all playing like married men, not like lovers."

Two Pints a Day.

Let us see what could be done if the cost of two pints a day were saved up regularly. Fourpence a day is so little! But fourpence a day is 2s 4d a week. If this is paid every week into a bank at the post-office, at the end of the year there will be £6 1s 4d. We can't do much with 4d. We can do many things with £6. If every week 2s 4d is paid into the post-office bank, and none is taken out, in eight years (with interest, we shall have £52 15s 2d, and in 14 years, £99 16s 8d. If a man begins to save this 4d a day when he is 18 or 20, he can, when he is 30, by one payment, purchase a post-office

pension of £20 a year, to begin when he is 60, for £61 10s.

Lord Salisbury's Coachman.

Canon Hensley Henson, who has been threatened with ecclesiastical proceedings by the Bishop of Birmingham, is noted for his independence and fearlessness, and is one of the most brilliant thinkers and preachers in the Church of England. He was formerly Vicar of Barking, and became Canon of Westminster in 1900. Of his appointment to the canonry an amusing story is told. "My dear, it's really too bad," said an old lady when she heard the news. "Why, his father was Lord Salisbury's coachman!" What she meant to say was that the Canon's father was Lord Salisbury's coach, but it took a long time to make her understand the difference.

Hard on Roosevelt.

Mr. Kermit Roosevelt, the ex-President's son, who is accompanying his father on the African expedition, is a bit of a wag, judging from the following story. He took part in some sports last year, one of the events of which was a race in which the contestants had to ride a given distance to a certain spot, where an equal number of young ladies stood with pencil, paper, and envelope. Each rider had to dismount here and whistle a tune, the lady writing its name down on the paper. She then had to seal it up in the envelope and hand it to the rider, who remounted and finished the race, delivering the envelope to the judge's stand. The steward wrote down the name of the tune each entrant would whistle. "What are you going to whistle?" he asked young Kermit. "I'm going to whistle 'Everybody Works but Father,'" said Mr. Roosevelt's mischievous son.

The Sultan's Simple Life.

Abdul Hamid, the deposed Sultan of Turkey, is a man of regular habits and abstemious life. His food consists usually of vegetables, a little meat, and boiled rice, served with a particular sauce. His drink is sherbet. The ex-Sultan is an early riser, and pistol shooting is said to be his favourite pastime. He reads a good deal, dabbles occasionally in astrology, can mould and paint, and is proficient at the carpenter's handicraft.

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GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1909.

THE CAUSES OF PAUPERISM.

In a report by Mr. A. D. Steel-Maitland and Miss Rose E. Squire, his Majesty's Inspectors of Factories, on "The Relation of Industrial and Sanitary Conditions to Pauperism in London," prepared in connection with the work of the Royal Commission on the Poor Law, casual and irregular employment is stated to be by far the chief cause of pauperism. But, with regard to demoralisation of character and the contributory influence of intemperance, the inspectors state that "of cases interviewed for us in London workhouses, excluding workhouse infirmaries, 1433 were selected as having provided results that were sufficiently reliable for analysis. These 1433 cases consisted of 867 men, including 387 skilled and 480 unskilled workers, and 566 women. Of the 387 skilled men, 300 showed evidence of drink, and 93 were classed as complete drunkards. Of the 480 unskilled men, 318 showed evidence of drink, and 72 were drunkards. Two hundred and ninety-three of the 566 women showed evidence of drink, of whom 80 were drunkards. Expressed as percentages, evidence of drink and drunkenness respectively were forthcoming in 78 per cent., and 24 per cent. respectively of the skilled men, 67 per cent., and 13 per cent. of the unskilled men, and 52 per cent., and 14 per cent. of the women." While there can be no doubt, the inspectors state in their conclusions, that "drink" is one of the principal causes of pauperism, "it is, however, for the most part but the effect of causes which require to be sought out and removed. With some of these our report deals, such as dangerous and unhealthy conditions of work, excessive hours, low wages, and bad housing. Other contributory causes may be the too abundant facilities for drinking and the paucity of easily accessible means of healthy and reasonable recreation. In all these respects further action seems to be necessary. 'Take away casual labour and drink, and you can shut up three-quarters of the workhouses,' is a sentence which typifies the opinion expressed by most officials of the Poor Law."

THE VALUE OF LIQUOR JOURNALS.

The liquor papers bear eloquent testimony to the old saying "truth will out," and it is from their columns that we obtain much of our confidence in prohibitory law. The

more evidence we have that the brewers are disquieted, the more confident we will be, in spite of statements to the contrary, that prohibitory law diminishes the demand for drink. At the annual meeting of the St. Louis Breweries, Limited, on December 9 last, the American representative, Mr. Norman Jones, "referred to the strong Prohibition movement which had been going on in nearly every State. In Missouri, where the principal part of their business was, they had been much worried by this movement. There had been Local Option elections in many parts of the State, and in many instances they had carried the day. The Prohibition element was not dead in the States." The report of the Indianapolis Breweries, Limited, says:—"A county Local Option Law has been passed for the State of Indiana and other States adjoining, by which the American Company made heavy losses." The Cincinnati Breweries, Limited, report that "the action of the Prohibition laws has resulted in a large falling off in sales. In view of the condition of the brewing industry in the United States, owing chiefly to Prohibition legislation, and the uncertain outlook, 'the directors propose to discontinue, for the present, the purchasing of real estate for saloon purposes.'" And yet local Prohibition is said not to prohibit!

A GREAT MORAL PROBLEM.

The Sydney City Coroner has called pointed attention to a subject that is more or less agitating all the Australian States. In South Australia, particularly, this vitally important subject of infanticide has been extensively discussed in the columns of the daily press. According to Mr. Murphy, "the wholesale destruction of infant life" in this State is "rampant," and there is only too good reason to believe that the impeachment is deserved. As a means of preventing this deplorable state of things, Mr. Murphy suggests the establishment in the more populous centres of the State, of institutions where the sole and only qualification for admission would be that the applicant is about to become a mother, and where she could, without question, remain, under suitable supervision, for a period sufficiently long to enable the child to secure a thoroughly well established grip of life.

A number of officials allowed to be more or less interested in this question have been interviewed by the daily papers, but they seem to us to miss the crucial point. The question as to whether there are already institutions which offer suitable accommodation for women of the class indicated is not the primary one, nor the most vital to the welfare of the community. The questions of first importance are these:—What is there wrong in the social and moral life of the community which conduces to this growing crime of child-murder? And what can be done in a practical way to pre-

vent or minimise it? Those questions constitute the problem which awaits solution. It is the moral, and not the benevolent, side of the situation which perplexes and dismay, and we fear the cause is not far removed from that which has resulted in a declining birthrate, or, to put it in other words, in the growing tendency to repudiate the parental responsibilities of the married state.

According to Professor Karl Pearson, the falling birth rate in large manufacturing centres in England is due to factory legislation, which, by preventing the employment of children, discourages motherhood. At Bradford, he pointed out, the birth rate in families had decreased by one-half in the last 60 years. Formerly the child was a pecuniary asset. It contributed to the family maintenance from the time when it was six years of age, and the economic possibility of the home was in a certain sense measured by the number of children in a family. That a child should be looked upon as an economic asset shocked many of them as it shocked Lord Shaftesbury. Before the Factory Acts more care was taken of children than was the case to-day. Factory legislation swept away the possibility of a child having any economic value until it reached an age when it was near the time when it would desire to spend its earnings on itself in its own way. The father was handicapped in the struggle for existence as against the childless man, and the mother was handicapped, parentage being placed at a great disadvantage in the battle of life. In fifteen years' time, unless some very serious change took place, England would be in precisely the same position with regard to the birth rate as the French people. That is a serious prediction. But are there not signs which suggest the same alarming tendency in Australia?

Two Quakers were having an argument, and one considered the other was speaking falsely. This is how he reproved him:—"Friend Thomas, I will not call thee by any bad name, but if the governor were to ask me who was the grandest liar in the town, I would hasten to thee and say, 'Thomas, I think the governor greatly desireth to speak with thee.'"

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The Homeless Man

By THE PARSON.

It makes little difference to many thousands of people whether it is July or January, but these long, benumbing nights strike terror to those floating atoms of humanity who drift into the backwash of the stream of the city's life. Many of them drift in on a tide of prosperity represented by their accumulated wages, and the tide suddenly ebbs away, down through the doorways of brightly-lighted pubs, and leaves them stranded on the rocks, human driftwood, it is true, but much of it still good material. In the absence of food, warm clothing, and a cheerful fireplace, is it any wonder that men and women seek the momentary warmth that alcohol gives?

THE HUNGRY MAN.

It has been said that, long ago, a meeting of women decided that the best way to keep husbands sweet tempered was "to feed the brutes," and every man knows that there is much truth in the conclusion, it is equally true, if you would keep a man hopeful and energetic, you must feed him. A man cannot battle round for long on a "three-penny tea and toast," and to remember this should take some of the harshness out of our judgment when we discuss the "Weary Willie." We know that a thousand or more start each day in Sydney without a meal, and the remedy is not a charity that provides the meal, but a justice that obtains for him the opportunity to earn it. A hungry man is a despairing man, and, consequently, a don't-care-man, and therefore an easy prey to the alluring open bar.

LOOKING FOR A JOB.

The first few days are cheerfully battled through, and then the clouds gather fast. All the likely places and people have been tried, all the letters so hopefully written are unanswered, the kind promises "to bear him in mind," or "drop him a line if anything should turn up," all seem to crowd in on memory, and mock him, a numb spirit of hopelessness steals over a man, and the marvel of each day is that there are not a hundred suicides. As it lengthens out to months the whole man is demoralised, the snap has gone out of him, he has suffered in his self-respect, since he has, for very life, been compelled to beg—he called it borrowing, but he knew it was begging. He drifts into wretched company, his clothes are now against him, the registry office mocks him with bogus advertisements and outrageous charges, and in him "the image of God" grows ever dimmer. A night in the park, during which he is never really asleep, and the dawn reveals no other door open but that of the pub, and that is only open to the man with "a tray bit." This is surely starting the day's race a long way behind scratch.

WHO ARE THEY?

Every class. There is absolutely nothing in modern life which ensures a man that he will not end up in a "doss-house," or a bench in the park. Money, you say. I have met men who have spent their tens of thousands. Education! Again and again have I met the man with a university degree; such a one has asked me to get the medal he had won for chemistry against all comers out of pawn. Grit and courage! Why to-day a regimental sergeant was pleading that his medals, won so grandly, should be saved from the pawn-shop, as the interest was overdue, and he was no drink-

ing man. Birth, why blue blood is no security against the relentless powers that make a man homeless. Married? Yes, most of them, and this adds to the sufferings of a sensitive man, and his unemployment means untellable suffering to a woman and a child.

THE PATHOS OF THE PAWN-SHOP.

No place can so start imagination working, or so stir the heart as the window of a pawn-shop. While one wonders what awful pressure made the owner part with the presentation watch, or the wedding present, yet it is the little, homely article that tells the saddest tale. What straits they must have come to and what suffering must have been endured before the family Bible was pawned, or the false teeth were handed over for a few pence. I believe most of our lack of sympathy arises from our want of imagination, or inability to weave round these articles the story of struggle, suffering and tears, yes, and the sin that so often lies, not merely behind it, but over it all like a great cloud.

EVER DRIFTING.

They have no hope for the future, no aspiration; there is nothing for them but a momentary glamour, and a dull forgetfulness that go with alcohol. They may work hard and drink hard, and grow old too soon, and die early,—the victims, partly, of their own folly, but just as much the victims of foolish parents, a neglectful Church, and a faulty industrial system. Most of the private and public charity settles the problem of the Homeless Man in about the same way that tightening the belt meets the problem of starvation. Each provides a momentary relief, but neither is a remedy adequate to the demands of the situation.

THE REMEDY.

The Homeless Man is society's problem, and society must deal with it by the establishment of a national system of free employment bureaus, by distributing the supply of labour to the points where there is active demand, and, most of all, by supplying the casual labour group, from which the ranks of the homeless are recruited, with a real motive for living. This will need the union of organised labour, and the really Christian forces of the country that the slow-moving and cumbersome machinery of the State may be set in motion in the interest of the Homeless Man.

WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.

A certain industrious person has been making up statistics of marriages among women workers. She finds that they are most numerous among actresses; then come waitresses, followed by shop assistants, clerks, and typists, teachers, and, finally, nurses. One actress, whose opinion has been taken, is fully conscious of the superior attractiveness of her profession, but takes care to add:—"My own opinion, however,

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Sydney, 14th May, 1909.

about the whole matter is that most women who do not lead shut-up lives in the country can marry if they choose. There are only two kinds of women—those who make up their minds to marry, and always accomplish their object sooner or later, because they will take anybody, and those who will not marry if they cannot get the particular man they want. We all 'cry for the moon'—men, women, and children alike—but when 'the moon' happens to take the shape of a fat, uninteresting, middle-aged man, other people naturally open their eyes and exclaim, 'Fancy being in love with that!'

The Paris courts have awarded £60 to Mdle. Bernheim, a well-known actress, for damage done by a dish of green peas to her shoulder and her dress. Mdle. Bernheim was standing in a restaurant, when a waiter upset the peas over her. They completely ruined her dress, and her shoulder was burnt. The court valued the dress at £36, and the shoulder at £24.

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One Year of Prohibition

IN A GREAT INDUSTRIAL CENTRE.

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

There are a number of influences that to some extent stand in the way of the enforcement of the law here. There are still in the city quite a number of bar tenders and former liquor dealers who have undertaken to conduct illicit liquor traffic in the form of blind tigers, so-called "Social Clubs," and otherwise. These are being rounded up by degrees, and it is becoming more difficult for them to conduct the traffic. It is the opinion of the writer that the greatest handicap to the enforcement of the law, so far, is the litigation which is still in progress regarding a number of details of the liquor traffic here. Quite a large number of cases where the defendants have been fined for conducting so-called "Social Clubs," and soft drink stands, have been appealed to the Supreme Court of the state. It may be said that dozens of these cases are pending, involving questions such as whether the clerks selling liquors at soft drink stands, or in social clubs, or the proprietors of the establishments are to be the sufferers under the law; such questions as whether so-called clubs can be immune from arrests by officers under the raid system, and a variety of other details, all of which are to be decided by the Supreme Court. That tribunal will decide most of them in local option law, which covered three-fourths of Alabama, before state-wide prohibition went into effect, is valid, but it has not decided a number of the details above. Pending that decision, which is expected to be made at almost any time, those who undertake to sell liquor here, under various guises, are proving quite a handicap to the rigid enforcement of the law. There is every reason to believe that as soon as these details are decided by the Supreme Court—and it is generally believed that that tribunal will decide most of them in favour of the prohibition side—the situation will be greatly cleared up and the law will be enforced more rigidly and more satisfactorily than at present. It may be added that there is a fairly good enforcement of the law now. In fact, it is better than people believed it would be, and seems to be improving. There is not much indifference on the part of officials who are trusted with the enforcement of the law. They appear to be sincere in their efforts to break up the illicit sale of liquor in this community, and public sentiment is very strong behind them, keeping them pretty well up to the mark and insisting that there shall be no lack of duty in this line.

It is probable that a campaign will soon be launched to allow the people to vote on a constitutional prohibition amendment.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT FOR PROHIBITION GROWING.

There is a considerable element here which appears to have made it their business to discredit prohibition so far as possible. These people speak and write against prohibition whenever the opportunity presents itself. The greater force of public sentiment, however, is in favour of giving prohibition every possible show, in the way of a test. After the first year's record, the feeling prevails more than ever that the law should be enforced more rigidly than it now is.

Whenever there is a large public gathering here, such as the Confederate reunion

of last summer, or the assembling of crowds on the streets to read Presidential election bulletins, the celebration of Labour Day, State Fair, circus, and the like, it is apparent to every unprejudiced person that better order prevails, that comparatively few personal altercations develop, and that the number of accidents on street cars and in public traffic has been reduced to almost nothing.

Behaviour on the public streets is better, street traffic is safer, crime is largely reduced, and the records themselves show that, despite outside disadvantageous conditions, which have affected cities alike, whether or not they were under prohibition, in Birmingham and in Jefferson County the predictions of the liquor interests and of the anti-prohibitionists as to the damaging effects and demoralising influence of prohibition have not materialised, and that prohibition has been of decided advantage to this community from a material, as well as from a moral, standpoint, if the records as compared with the period of the open saloon are to be credited. Whatever may be the ultimate result of prohibition in this community, so far as it affects the industrial and moral interests, the community sentiment is stronger in favour of it now than it was when it was adopted by a large majority of the voters, and it is not believed the open saloon will regain a foothold here for many years to come, if at all.

It is more than likely that plans will be begun to secure the Constitutional Prohibition at the next session of the legislature. This may result in a movement that will make the bill a leading issue in the next campaign for the election of state officers.

(To be Concluded.)

At an inquest held at Ipswich (Eng.) on a woman aged seventy, it was stated that she and her husband, who had been out of work for twelve months, had lived on 4s. a week allowed them by the guardians, spending 2s. a week as rent.

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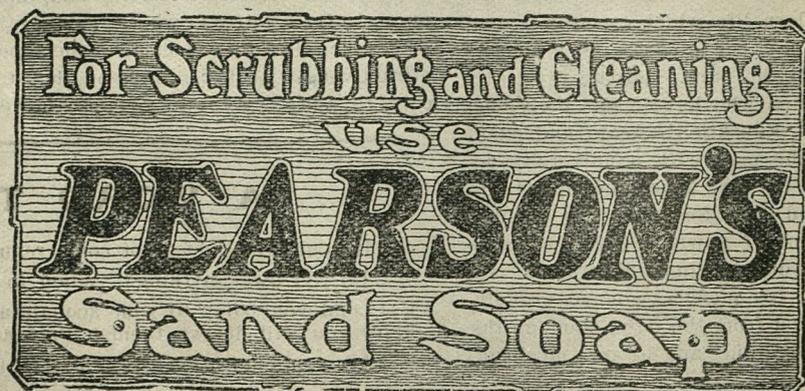
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From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(By UNCLE BARNABAS.)

COMPETITION ILLUSTRATION.

V.—"THE PRINCES AND US."

(Sent by D. Howell, used by the Rev. C. Hughesdon.)

In a town in Cashmere, a great fire broke out. A missionary school near by had trained its pupils as a fire-brigade. These battled with the flames, but they knew, if they could not get more hands at the pumps, they would be unsuccessful. Standing near by were some young nobles; these the missionary approached, and asked them to help, but they refused, making excuses that their rank was too high for them to do so. The missionary then saw that it was a tussle between his will and theirs. Taking out his watch, he said, "If you don't say 'yes' in five minutes, I will duck you in the tank." At the end of five minutes they still refused, so he took the first one and ducked him three times, and after the third ducking he gave in. One by one they helped at the pumps, and succeeded in putting out the flames. So are we like these nobles, making excuses, instead of helping to put out the flames of idolatry, and taking a hand at "the pump" of mission work.

OUR LITHGOW POTTERIES.

(By Lucy M. Miles, Lithgow.)

You wished to know something about the Lithgow Pottery. I cannot say very much, but from what I can gather, a large number of men are employed in making wares, such as tiles, bricks, drain-pipes, flower-pots, and various other articles too numerous to mention. I do not think they are making any pottery at present, but years ago they used to do so. I believe they then imported skilled hands from Hanly and Longton, Staffordshire, England, for the pottery works, as thousands are employed in the works there, including large numbers of girls. It is, I believe, a splendid sight to see how quickly they can make cups and saucers, teapots, dishes, plates, and dozens of other things. But although they do not make pottery here now, the work is a credit to Lithgow, and millions of their bricks will be used in bricking the new tunneds between here and Clarence.

MORE LETTERS.

VISITING VERA'S VIEWS.

Vera Musgrave, visiting Dapto, writes:—Dear Uncle B.,—I am staying here for a week, and went up Mount Kembla yesterday. There are some beautiful tree-ferns and palms up there, and from Andrew's Look-out there is a glorious view of Lake Illawarra and the surrounding country. We had a good time at the Mission tea, and were very pleased to see Aunt Tabitha and yourself. I have been several times to the Mission, and enjoyed it very much indeed. (What a lot of Ishmael names you found! Well done, Miss Truth. Thank you for being pleased. Aunt T. pleases nearly everybody.—Uncle B.)

ANOTHER "NI" NEARLY SURE!

Edna Willard, Gordon, writes:—Dear Uncle B.,—My father is, as you call him, the "Prisoners' Friend." I am nearly sure now that you are the Rev. Mr. Hammond. I can also make five words out of Edna's: Deans, Danes, Andes, Sedan, and Senda. I shall try some of the very easy puzzles.

We are having our holidays from school now. We are going to try that game which you told us, but I could not do it, for I am always laughing. Have you been to the Chapman-Alexander Mission? Good-bye.

With much love from your loving "niece."

(Dear Edna,—Well done! You see you can do puzzles, and can do them well. Do try some more. I wish every reader of "Grit" would send something once a year to your dear father for the "Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society." Tell him that if he will write one or two nice little bits for "Seven to Seventeeners," the "Baby," Page 9, will carry them around to all his friends!—Uncle B.)

AUNT TABBY'S GHOST STARTLED.

Gladys Noble writes:—Dear Uncle B.,—Three times I have heard Dr. Chapman, and his addresses have been very helpful to me. I especially liked the one on "The Second Mile." The music at the Mission was beautiful. I think my favourite songs are "Jesus! Oh, how sweet the Name!" sung by Mr. Hemminger, and "He thought of you, He thought of me," sung by Mrs. Asher. Mr. Alexander has a marvellous power over the audience, and once they begin, the people sing with a will. One night we were locked out of the Town Hall, and went to the overflow meeting in the Centenary Hall, York-street. Canon Bellingham gave an address, and Mrs. Asher sang "His Loving Thought." Have you heard her sing? Her voice is so sympathetic. I enjoyed hearing Mr. Naftzger, too. Dr. Ottman gave a helpful address on Thursday.

Please put me down as a member of the S. to S.S.S. I think it a great idea. And please ask the New Zealand lady to give my love to Santa Claus. There is no need to send our Christmas wishes up the chimney now, we need only send them to this lady to give to him. When is Aunt Tabby going to write to us? We met a person whom we believe to be she, and we (Vera and I) quite astonished her with "Good-night, Auntie." If we read the bald spot rightly, we saw you there at the Mission Zone tea, also with your mouth wide open. But I am afraid you did not fill your mouth, you were too busy.

The "linotypist's" contribution to Page 9 is a new winter coat, I suppose, because the "Baby" has never been seen in that style of dress during last summer. Some very nice trees and shrubs are being planted in the church grounds here. They will be a great improvement when they grow.

(Dear G.,—I wonder if I saw you at the Mission? My favourites are Nos. 19, 47, and 20 others. I shall not soon forget Mr. N's. singing of No. 10 either. Glad to enrol you as a member of the S.S.S.S. What do you say to trying to enlist the High School girls as members of the Pocket Testament League? If you will take up this work, too, I will tell you how to go about it.—Uncle B.)

S.S.S.S.

Gladys Noble, The Rectory, Liverpool.

That makes five members. At present I will appoint Dora Howell, Emily W., and Gladys Noble as managers. They are to copy the samples lying at "Grit" Office, and then pass on the idea to others, sending the articles made in to "Grit" Office as soon as possible. They will try also to get nice things given for our Shelf—the Seven-to-Seventeeners' Sunbeam Society's Shelf, or, to be brief, the S.S.S.S.S. Let us get the Shelf filled with jam, and singlets, and picture books, and groceries for anybody, and knickers for the babies. Managers may, if they wish, have a note signed by me—no, I beg pardon, by the gentleman supposed to be me—authorising them to receive "Sun-



beams," and to enlist "Sunbeamers." I—beg pardon, by the gentleman supposed to bald spot—will be very pleased to help any manager or member who likes to call at "Grit" Office. Will you be a "Sunbeamer?" (For full particulars, see "Grit," June 10.)

FOR SUNDAY.

BUILDING THE 23rd PSALM.

(For the 7 to 12's.)

Write each word of the Psalm on a separate bit of cardboard. Then mix them together, and (without your Bible) try and build the Psalm up again out of the words. Tell me if you could do it.

(For the 12 to 17's.)

Do the same, but with the words of the First Psalm.

FOR MONDAY.

What is that which you could not put down a stove pipe up, but which you could put up a stove-pipe down? Answer—An umbrella.

A STORY OF THE THREE EGGS.

You say to a friend, "Do you know the story of the three eggs?" He will answer, "No." Then you reply, "T-o-o B-a-d!" (Puzzle by Aunt Prissy next week.)

OUR COMPETITIONS.

1. Don't forget the Big Competition. A real nice prize for the best illustration or anecdote heard in a sermon or address, and sent by a Seven to Seventeen, with the name of the speaker. This competition will stay open for several months.

2. Our Little Competitions. A nice little present to the "Ne" or "Ni" who can make most Bible proper names (either places or persons) out of Ishmael.

3. A nice little present to the "Ne" or "Ni" who can make most Bible proper names (either places or persons) out of Ishmael.

(Continued on Page 11)

SUN

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THE VALUE OF REDUCTION.

We commend the following table to the careful consideration of those who vote No-License, but will not vote Reduction on the ground that it does not lessen the amount of drinking; and who maintain this attitude in spite of incontestable evidence that decreased facilities for getting drunk mean decreased drunkenness, and the results that follow in drink's train. The following is only one of many similar experiences, and is very striking:—

STARTLING EXHIBIT OF SALOON INFLUENCE.

Here is a little object-lesson on the saloon as related to crime, insanity, divorce, wealth, taxation, and school attendance. It is compiled from the State Auditor's Report of the State of Ohio for the year 1906.

Harrison County, which has been "dry" for many years, is placed first in the table; then a number of counties, designated as the "First Division," in which the saloons bear the smallest proportion to every 100,000 inhabitants; then the "Second Division," having the next larger proportion of saloons; then the "Third Division," and then the remaining four counties, which are the four largest counties in the State.

This is the most startling exhibit of the real influence of the saloon that has been printed in many a day. Read it. Study it.

Can any sane man, after grasping the significance of this table, go into a voting booth and conscientiously mark his ballot in favour of licensing saloons?—"The Illinois Issue."

	Saloons per 100,000	Men Felons per 100,000	Boy Felons per 100,000	Credits per capita	Dollars per capita	School Attendance	Divorces per 100,000	Taxes per 1,000 Dol.	Insane per 100,000
Harrison Cty.	0	0	0	54.24	41.73	86	45	19.79	23.5
First Division	69	9	5	29.88	21.02	80	73	23.80	52.5
Second "	159	21	11	24.06	18.34	77	92	28.12	65.3
Third "	335	26	18	21.07	16.78	67	120	35.39	73.5
4 Lge Counties	540	30	31	5.30	4.68	51	168	39.23	91.8

ORIGIN OF HIS TITLE.

The Earl of Granard, at one of the dinners in honour of his betrothal, said of titles:—

"Most of titles have queer origins—quite as queer, really, as that of the Carolina Colonel's.

"A traveller met on the highway a gentleman who introduced himself as Col. Jackson Carter, of Hog Creek.

"Were you a Colonel in the Southern army?" asked the traveller.

"No, sah," was the reply.

"Union side, eh?"

"No, sah," returned Colonel Carter. 'I was nevah in no war, sah.'

"Oh, I see. You are a Colonel of the Volunteers.'

"No, sah, nothin' of the kind, sah," said Colonel Carter.

"Governor's staff, perhaps?"

"No," said the other. He smiled complacently. 'I am Colonel by marriage, sah,' he explained.

"A Colonel by marriage?" repeated the traveller, 'What the dickens is that?'

"I married a Colonel's widow, sah."

A DRY JOKE.

An English labourer in Cheshire attempting to drown himself, an Irish reaper, who saw him go into the water, jumped after him and brought him safe to shore. The fellow made a second attempt, the reaper again saved him. But the labourer, determined to do away with himself, watched his opportunity and hanged himself behind the barndoor. The reaper, who saw him, never offered to interfere or cut him down. When challenged for this afterwards by the farmer, he answered:—

"I took him out of the water twice, and knowing he was wet, I thought he hung himself up to dry."

ARE YOU A GENTLEMAN?

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

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

G. Howard, Mrs. G. Howard, Miss Baker, R. A. Laurence, Mrs. Goodman, Mrs. J. Bassington, Mrs. Prescott, Mrs. Stokes, Mrs. C. B. Smith, R. Railton, Mrs. J. Gilmore, J. Colville, Mr. John McLennan, Miss Glasgow.

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54in. Italian Cloth, Black and Grey. Usual value, 10½d; special price, 8½d.

Stripe Tweed, heavy weight, Wine ground, and light Brown ground. A GOOD TWEED FOR HARD WEAR. Usual, 1/; Special, 8¾d.

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38in. MOREEN.—The following colours in Moreen Skirting left over from our Special Sale, viz., Cerise, Cardinal, Emerald, will be sold at 6½d yard while they last. 30in. Fawn Colonial Flannel, worth 1/; special price, 10½d yard.

Single Bed White English Blankets, worth 9/6; special price, 7/11 pair.

Double Bed White Colonial Blankets (slightly soiled), worth 17/6; special price, 12/11. Special Line of Ladies' Grey Woven Bloomers, worth 2/11; now offering at 1/11.

Brown Fur Necklets, 35 inches long, worth 2/6; special price, 1/6.

Russian Hare Furs, shaped, and chain attached, 42 inches, worth 3/6 for 2/6; 46 inches, worth 3/11 for 2/11.

White Imitation Ermine Furs, shaped, 40 inches long, worth 4/11; now 2/6.

Brown Furs, shaped and finished chain, 52 inches long, worth 5/11; special price, 3/11.

Real Marmot Stoles, shaped, and finished chains, in various styles, marked from 17/6 to 35/; all 4/ in the £ off marked prices.

Ladies' Lisle Gloves, 2 dome, in Black, Beaver, Grey, worth, 9d; special price, 6d pr. Fownes' Kid Gloves, 3-button, Brown and Beaver, worth 2/6; now 1/11 pair.

Velvet Ribbon, Satin-back, all colours.—¾in. wide, worth 3½d; special price, 2d yd. 1in. wide, worth 4½d; special price, 2½d yard.

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SEVEN TO SEVENTEEN.

(Continued from Page .)

"Ni" who can do the same with "Jerusalem." Only use the same letter once. Of course, if there are two "E's," as in "Jerusalem," you may use "E" twice. Remains open till end of August.

OUR FIRST LETTER FROM ENGLAND!

EVERYBODY CLAPPED! EVERYBODY LAUGHED!

SIR F. DARLEY INSPECTED BY A LADY!

Esther Williams, Eastbourne, England, writes:—Dear Uncle B.—We had rather an exciting Sunday in the Red Sea once. When I got up, the boat was practically still; the engines only just going, and no more. I thought we had reached Suez earlier than the first officer said we would; so I rushed to my bath in a great hurry, so that I would be dressed, and on deck by the time we were tied up to the wharf. I asked the Lascar bathroom-steward if we had got to Suez, but he said "No; de sand make fog, so we stop!" It was a fog and a sand-storm too. We didn't go out of a snail's gallop for ages, and the fog-horn made such a noise when we were at church that we could scarcely hear what the parson said; and if it happened to blow when we were singing a hymn it sounded dreadful.

After lunch we ran on to a sand-bank, and could see the bottom quite easily. However, we got off quite well, and waited. When the fog did clear, we found ourselves within four miles of the African desert, instead of about the centre of the sea. However, we got to Suez at 9 that evening, nine hours late. Then we were inspected by the health officer, a lady doctor. We all went down to the saloon, and as the assistant purser called out our names, the people walked out past the doctor. It was such fun, and Mr. Downer pretended to be so ill, and made everybody laugh. When Sir F. Darley's name was called out, everybody clapped him. He is such a dear old man. Everybody laughed over the inspection, and we were all quite sorry when all the names had been called.—Your affectionate friend,

ESTHER WILLIAMS.

P.S.—I will write and tell you more another time, but mother says I must go outside as I have had typhoid, and she says I must have lots of fresh air.—E.M.W.

(Send all letters, answers, etc., for Page 9, to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney, and WRITE ON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER ONLY. Some letters and articles are held over till next week.)



All "Seven to Seventeeners" and especially the Prayer Circle, pray much for the REV. R. B. S. HAMMOND'S NO-LICENSE MISSION IN BATHURST. JULY 17, 18, 19, 20. "Don't stop praying, the Lord is nigh. Don't stop praying, He'll hear your cry."

HOW THE WORLD MOVES.

A Japanese bride gives her wedding presents to her parents as a slight recompense for their trouble in rearing her.

The Crystal Palace, London, accommodates more people than any other building in the world. It will hold 100,000 persons.

When an old man named MscDonald died in poverty, at Ngaruawhia, a sweepstake ticket, which had won a prize of £4000, was found in his pocket.

Fifty thousand tons of soot are taken from London chimneys in a year. It is estimated to be worth £40,000, and is used as a fertilizer, half a ton to an acre.

A block of flats which is being built in New York will be twelve storeys high, will contain 2080 rooms, including 443 bathrooms, and will house a population of 2000.

Mr. Sainthill Eardley-Wilmot, who, after 35 years' service in the Forestry Department of India, has just vacated the position of Inspector-General of Forests, can boast of having killed 130 tigers. Most of them were killed while he was on foot in the course of his daily duty in the forests and jungles of India and Burmah.

A novel way of teaching schoolboys to use their vote when they are grown up has been put into operation by the headmaster of the Brentwood (Eng.) National Schools, where the election of the captain and vice-captain of the school has been conducted in quite a Parliamentary manner, with ballot-boxes and papers, posters for all the seven candidates, and canvassing. The headmaster acted as returning officer himself. Not a single voting paper was spoiled.

A wealthy resident of Moscow owns the smallest watch in the world, which once belonged to the last Empress of Brazil. It was made in Geneva by the famous watchmaker, W. Zogelin, and cost over 5000 guineas. It has a diameter of one-fifth part of an inch, and is set in an artistically-worked finger-ring, which is studded with diamonds. If the watch is taken out of its ring case it can be set in the mouth of a cigarette-holder. Zogelin is said to have worked three years on it, and permanently weakened his eye-sight in the task.

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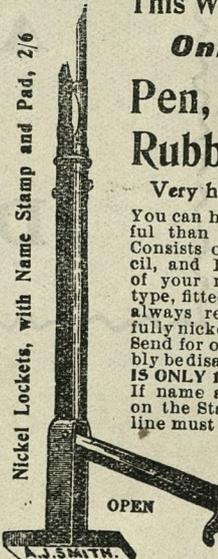
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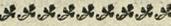
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