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NEW TEMPERANCE
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Ask for it and see that you get it

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

GRIFFITH.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

Vol. III.—No. 38

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9 1909

Price One Penny

A Message from Will Crooks, M.P.

Mr. Crooks is one of the most remarkable men that has visited Australia for many years. Born in the poorest part of London, he was reared among the saddest surroundings. He was one of a family of seven whom his mother brought up in a single room. While she could neither read nor write, she had accomplishments of a much higher order. Her courage, skill, womanliness, good sense, and, above all, her religion, enabled her to safeguard her children, and bring them up in a way that fitted them to be children a mother might be proud of. One dark winter, sickness compelled her to cease to work, and her

children, Will among them, were sent to the Poor House. She never rested until she won a home for them again, and has lived to see her boy, Will, Chairman of the Poor House he was sent to as a boy. The story of the success of the boy who has climbed from workhouse to being member for Woolwich, and one of the most influential speakers in England, is really the story of an heroic godly mother.

The whole dogged determination of the man is evidenced in the brief sentence: "The Board of Guardians which sent me to the workhouse in 1861, made me its chairman in 1894." From workhouse to chair-

man of the Board, to London County Councillor, to M.P.—and yet ever in the ranks of the poor and the weak and the helpless, one feels that the advice he gives is that which he has practised; as, for instance, "When you get to the top of the ladder don't forget the multitude at the bottom of the ladder, for if it were not for them the ladder would be a bit wobbly. The multitude below are your brothers and sisters, and in 90 per cent. of cases have had fewer opportunities than you."

"How well I remember the day," said Mr. Crooks at one meeting, "when I and my brothers and sisters went before the Board of Guardians for admission to the workhouse. The chairman pointed to me—I was nine years old—and said roughly, 'That boy should be getting his own living now; fancy keeping the likes of him in idleness.' The shivering little boy replied, 'I am in a place now; I earn 6d a week and my breakfast.'"

*as for a message on
Temperance I can only
say... why do we pray
lead us not into
Temptations and leave
the Temptation of the
Public House standing
wide open to Tempt*

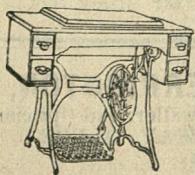
*our weaker Brothers
and Sisters*

kindest regards

*God Bless your
Efforts*

Will Crooks

A MESSAGE TO ALL WHO PRAY THE LORD'S PRAYER.



PINNOCK SEWING MACHINES

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

8 Queen Victoria Markets, Sydney

Yes! We Make Good Bread!

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

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

Ten Miles of Continuous Argument

"57 VARIETIES OF PERSONAL LIBERTY" STARTLINGLY PORTRAYED.

Straight through the heart of Chicago, down her most famous boulevards, and past scores of open liquor dens on her busiest streets, marched, Saturday, September 25, what was probably the most remarkable demonstration of public sentiment against the legalised liquor curse ever known in American history.

From twenty-five to thirty thousand friends of the Prohibition and law-enforcement cause in Chicago were in line. Thousands of voters marched in solid phalanx—business men, preachers, representatives of every profession and trade, grizzled veterans, eager youth, and stalwart manhood in the prime of robust abstinent life.

Thousands of mothers, home-makers, and women wage-earners swelled the ranks of the marvellous procession, while battalions of children, including two regiments of boys arrayed in brightly shining uniforms, added touches of unique interest and inspiration to the event.

Scores and scores of automobiles, hundreds of floats, and decorated waggons, twenty-one bands, and thousands of pennants and banners bearing innumerable characterisations of the issue involved were scattered through the entire line of march. For more than two full hours the delegations and divisions went in unbroken succession by the Grand Marshal, as General Grant, astride his favourite steed, reviewed with military dignity the gigantic demonstration. To those who watched the famous son of the famous President, no one appeared to be enjoying the occasion with greater delight or enthusiasm. With head bared the great military leader greeted each succeeding item in the long procession with magnetic smile and hearty recognition, while the paraders on their part responded with ten thousand shouts of patriotic fervour.

Practically every church in the city, including Catholic as well as Protestant, was represented, and more than a dozen nationalities including practically every leading nation of Europe.

One of the features of the parade which drew the loudest applause from the spectators along the line of march was the display of the Chicago Law and Order League. It was called the fifty-seven varieties. Fifty-seven men, garbed in white robes, with white masks over their faces, marched in single file behind a float draped in mourning, on which rested a black casket.

Each of the fifty-seven bore a banner on which was the name of a man who was killed in a saloon on Sunday in Chicago. The victims were labelled with details of how they met their death.

The myriad banners carried throughout

the procession contained many startling mottoes and pointed sentences, among which were the following:—

"Judge, Did you ever try whisky?"—"No, But I've Tried Lots of Men Who Have."

"Follow the Direction of the Cork Screw and You'll be in a Crooked Path."

"What is the Only Thing in the World that will Make a Father Pawn his Baby's Shoes?"

"We Love the Saloonist, But Despise His Business."

"To Help Make Chicago Beautiful, Banish the Saloons."

"The Same Flag Cannot Protect Home and Saloon."

"Count the Graves and the Tears that Whisky Caused—If You Can."

"The Saloon is Ashamed of its Best Customers."

"Ma's Home Washin'."

—*—

THE WRONG JAM.

Mamma: "Oh, John, poor little Tommy has hurt his finger in the door!"

Papa: "Indeed! Which door?"

Tommy (sobbing): "It was the—the papa-try d-door!"

Papa (grimly): "Ah, I thought so! He didn't get the sort of jam he was looking for that time."

—*—

A HEAVYWEIGHT.

They were weighing the new baby, and Ethel was an interested spectator. The weights, all but the four-pound one, were lost. The fond parent of the newly-arrived desired it to make a creditable record of weight, and every available article he could find was used to make up the weight, meaning them to be weighed after the baby was removed from the scales. Before this was done, Ethel hastened to the next door neighbour and reported proudly:

"My little new sister weighs four pounds, a flat-iron, papa's penknife, and an apple!"

—*—

THE OTHER HALF.

They were hammer-and-tonging it in Hyde Park.

"Friends!" yelled Hammer, at the top of his voice, "do not be deceived by the plausible promises of this man! His policy is personified in himself, for, though, as you perceive, he wears a frock-coat and a silk hat, yet, at the present moment, he has but half a shirt to his back! The other—"

"What!" screamed Tongs, commencing to remove his coat for a double purpose. "You insolent scoundrel! I will first prove to this assemblage that your insinuation is an

NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE CO.

LIMITED.

FIRE, MARINE, ACCIDENT, LIVE STOCK.

CAPITAL £1,500,000

Subscribed Capital £1,500,000

Paid-up Capital and Reserves 735,000

Net Revenue for 1908 647,300

Losses paid 7,098,471

INSURANCES EFFECTED AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

FIRE AND MARINE BRANCH,
81 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

ACCIDENT AND LIVE STOCK,
117 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

QUEENSLAND BRANCH,
QUEEN STREET, BRISBANE.

abominable lie, and then I will prove it to you!"

"Calm yourself," replied the other. "I was about to remark, when you interrupted me, that the other half was upon your chest!"

—*—

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Mrs Gosling, Mrs. Shellard, Mrs. Carpenter, Miss Heath, Mrs. Dupen, Mrs. Smythe, Miss Molster, Mrs. Musgrove, Miss Knaggs, Miss Primrose, Mrs. Moore, Rev. Robertson, Mrs. Rumpf.

—*—

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Rev. Charlton, 2s 6d, 25/1/10; Mrs. Oakes, 1s; Mrs. Gulliver, 2s 6d, 20/8/09; Miss Armstrong, 5s, 20/8/09; Rev. Fairbrother, 2s 6d, 20/2/09; Miss Mohr, 5s, 15/10/10; E. Powell, 2s 6d, 31/1/10; Miss Robertson, 2s 7d; W.C.T.U., Gisborne, N.Z., 6s 6d, 8/10/09; Rev. Robertson, 5s, 2/12/10; Miss A. Hughes, 20s, 2/12/11; Rev. J. Beale, 10s, 18/7/09; A. O. Judge, 5s, 20/8/09.

—*—

SHILLING FUND.

Mr. T. McPhee, 10/-; per Miss Nellie Brice, 4/-; Mr. Slewish, 1/-; Mr. De Salvin, 1/-; Mr. Brown, 1/-; Mr. Moore, 1/-; Mrs. Tunks, 1/-; Miss Welch, 1/-; Miss Austin, 1/-; Mr. Waeeler, 2/-; Mr. Williams, 1/-; Mr. J. Nelson, 1/-; Mr. J. Campbell, 1/-; Mr. J. Miller, 1/-; Mr. and Mrs. Furze, 2/-; Mrs. Gimbert, 1/-; Mr. Burkly, 1/-; Miss Burgess, 1/-; Mrs. McCoy, 2/6; Mr. Thomas, 1/-; Nurse Bowring, 1/-; Mrs. Nardale, 1/-; Small amounts, 2/6; Mr. W. Sharp, 1/-; Mrs. J. Nelson, 1/-; Rev. Mr. Riley, 1/-.

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.

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

The Rejuvenation of 'The Clarion'

By GEORGE ETHELBERG WALSH in the "Home Herald."

PART II.

Mrs. Bannister set out the very next day on her reportorial duties. No one was surprised that she should attend all the society meetings, and that her bereavement did not quench her ardour for visiting and doing good.

"How sensibly she takes it," remarked Mrs. Bellows, the wife of Deacon Bellows. "It's much better than sitting at home and crying her eyes out."

No one suspected that the quiet little woman was reporting the news of the day for the "Clarion." When the next week's issue appeared it was overflowing with local items and news paragraphs.

"I declare the paper's as full of good things as when Mr. Bannister published it," was the verdict of more than one subscriber. "Whom do you suppose they have for a reporter?"

Mr. Wilson joined forces with Mrs. Bannister and turned in news items. They were well written and ready for the printer. Marion set type, and arranged the office details. A few old subscribers drifted in and paid their subscriptions. Some of the delinquents, probably conscious stricken, paid up several years' arrears, and the gloomy outlook for the two owners of the "Clarion" distinctly improved.

"I want to do something else," the minister remarked one day, after he and Marion had run off an extra large edition. "I'm a great walker, and if I had some object for my walk I'd enjoy it much better. Before I entered the ministry I took a course in selling books and magazines, and for one year I drummed up advertisements for a paper. Now, I want to act as your outdoor business agent to solicit advertisements and subscribers. I'm going to collect bills, too."

Marion felt that he was doing too much for them now, and protested. She could not accept charity.

"Oh, I didn't mean that quite," calmly replied Mr. Wilson. "I mean to make a business proposition. I need a little extra money, and I'll do this work for the regular commission—twenty per cent. of all I collect."

"But is that fair?" demurred Marion, perplexed.

"It's fair to me. It's a regular rakeoff. I expect to make enough to buy my wife a sealskin coat for next winter. But if it's too large a commission for you to pay—"

Marion held up her hands in protest.

"I didn't mean that, but if—"

"Well, then, if it's satisfactory to you, we'll consider the bargain closed."

As an outside agent for the "Weekly Clarion" the Rev. Henry J. Wilson proved a success. Delinquent subscribers paid up in real money and not in worthless junk; new subscribers enrolled their names upon the "Clarion's" list, and advertisers took space at reasonable rates and paid for it in cash or on short time. Marion and her mother were fairly startled by the returns, and were sure that there was something wrong; but the minister blithely informed them the paper was only getting its share of patronage.

"And you?" queried Marion doubtfully.

"I? Oh, I'm getting rich off your success. Some day I'll show you. Wait until you see my wife next winter, with her new sealskin coat."

But in spite of this assurance Marion conscientiously saw for herself that he got his full commission off every dollar he turn-

ed in at the office. Sometimes the agent was careless and forgot to deduct his share, but if so, he was primly informed at the end of each week that there was a balance of so many dollars and cents due him. And he had to take it with as good grace as he could assume.

All that winter and the following summer the "Weekly Clarion" appeared regularly, with its news columns fairly bristling with local items, and its editorials dignified and conservative. Sometimes they were written by Marion, and sometimes by Mr. Wilson, but always they carried a cheerful, optimistic message to the subscribers.

Prosperity had fairly set in for the "Clarion," and the future was promising—promising except for one little thing. Joe's old press had seen its best days, and it daily groaned and rattled dismally under the load placed upon it. It had rheumatics; it squeaked at the joints, and it rattled at every elbow and sleeve. Continual breakdowns would necessitate long delays. Once the regular issue was two days late.

Then, too, the type was getting old and worn. This was apparent in the blurred effects of the paper. Marion had decided to save up money for a new set of type. With a little economy and self-denial she thought she could buy it before another winter. It meant crimping and saving at every point; but then she had always done that. She was a printer's daughter, and she knew what economy meant.

It was a happy day for all when Marion received the new type as the reward of her self-denial, and when the paper appeared in its new dress she exulted in its appearance. Mr. Wilson wrote an appropriate editorial announcement, and published it over his own signature. It was a little bit flattering, Marion confessed, and she would not publish it without the minister's signature.

"Now for a new press," she said that day, with bright eyes. "I think in a couple of years I can do it."

The minister looked at the happy, ambitious face, and then down at the somewhat shabby coat. An expression passed across his face that would have puzzled an analyst.

"I got my wife her sealskin coat the other day," Mr. Wilson said irrelevantly.

"Oh, I am so glad! She deserves it."

The girl's eyes dropped to her own thin, threadbare jacket, and just for a moment there was a yearning expression in them that puckered the forehead. Then the face cleared, and her father's old, cheery smile lightened it.

A month later Marion was working busily at the type case when a rumbling noise down the street made her look up wonderingly. A team of horses was drawing an immense truck loaded with some heavy piece of machinery. With the newspaper woman's instinct for news, Marion asked herself:

"What is that? Have they ordered a new boiler for the schoolhouse? They didn't let me know anything about it. I should have a good item about it for the next number." Her mother appearing at the door of the office then, she called:

"Mother! Mother, come here! Did you know they had ordered a new boiler for the school house? No? How careless of us not to find out."

And Marion felt the real distress of an editor who has been beaten by a rival in getting an important piece of news.

The truck rumbled down the street, ac-

INSURE WITH THE

NORTHERN ASSURANCE CO. LIMITED.

It is 73 years old.

It has been established in Australia for over 50 years.

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

It has Large Investments in the Commonwealth.

It transacts Fire and Life Insurance.

NEW SOUTH WALES OFFICE:
80 PITT ST., SYDNEY
FIRE INSURANCE AT LOWEST RATES.

companied by such a crowd as an event of this character would naturally collect. In the van was the minister and several of the important members of the town and church boards.

When the truck reached the office of the "Weekly Clarion" it stopped and backed up. The two women—editor and reporter of the "Clarion"—stared out of the window and vaguely wondered at this unusual proceeding. Marion gazed intently at the big piece of machinery. Then she suddenly gasped and opened her lips.

"Mother! Oh, mother," she said, "it's not a boiler. It's—it's a press—a new printing press!"

The two were fairly taken off their feet by the crowd which surged into the office. Amidst the confusion and gabble of many tongues they gradually learned the truth. Mr. Wilson, of course, had been at the bottom of it; he had been at the bottom of all important movements in Circleville—that is, all the movements for righteousness and progress.

Yes, it was a present from the town—no, from the subscribers—no, not a present at all. It was a repayment of old debts due her father for his unselfish devotion to duty and for his many deeds of kindness. Here was the list of people who felt indebted to him. Deacon Bellows thought he owed five dollars; Henry Windsor, the dry goods merchant, a bale of printed muslins at the regular market price (that would wipe out his old mill-end left-over transactions); Farmer Woodbridge, six barrels of new potatoes or their equivalent in money; Henry Rossmore, the real estate dealer, the price of one-tenth of a building lot on the best street; the local postmaster, five dollars; Henry Saunders, a dozen chickens or the proceeds thereof at market rates—and so on down the list.

Marion and her mother looked with blurred eyes at the names until they couldn't read a letter. Then with one tearful sweep of her bright eyes at the people, Marion said simply:

"Oh, I thank you! I can't say any more."

That was the best speech she could have made. They cheered her as if she had made an oration.

When the press was installed, and the crowds had gone, Marion, holding the list of contributors in her hand, turned accusingly toward Mr. Wilson.

"You don't say how much you gave, sir, but simply subscribe to 'teh balance.' How much was the balance?"

"Really," replied the minister, "I don't

(Concluded on Page 10.)

New South Wales Alliance ECHOES

By REVELLE

It is probable that the Rev. Henry Worrall, of Bendigo, will lecture in Sydney on behalf of the Alliance. Mr. Worrall is the fearless and straight-talking "parson," who was summoned to appear at the Bar of the Victorian Parliament to answer for words he dared to utter, re the Government, respecting the murder of Donald McLeod, the bookmaker, on the Flemington Racecourse.

The following notice has recently appeared in the columns of the Sydney daily papers:—

No-License Campaign Vote Song.—A gold medal for the best original vote song, not to exceed six verses, set to a popular air. Entries close December 15, 1909. No entry fee charged. Songs to be signed with author's nom-de-plume, with copy of music, in envelope endorsed "Vote Song Competition." Sealed separate envelope to be also enclosed containing the proper name of the author. Authors are not restricted to one song. All songs must be in the hands of undersigned on or before January 2, 1910.

JOHN COMPLIN, Secretary.

The General Superintendent states that the Nowra meeting was a big success. Rev. Mr. Willard, Rev. Mr. Muir, and Miss Grant, of the W.C.T.U., had thoroughly organised the meeting with the result that the School of Arts was full. Mr. Bruntnell states that it was the best meeting he has had in Nowra.

Auburn Town Hall was taxed to its utmost capacity on Sunday, November 28, when a Sunday school demonstration was held, under the auspices of the Auburn branch of the Granville Electorate No-License League. Mr. J. F. Burrows was chairman, and associated with him on the platform were Messrs. W. A. Mitchell, E. Chamberlain, W. Clay, G. Gray, and Rev. J. Shiner. Schools represented were: Methodist (2), Church of England (St. Thomas'), Baptist, Salvation Army, Church of Christ, Congregational. Special hymns were sung.

Rev. F. Shiner delivered a really splendid address, showing that the Bible, reason, science, and experience, were on the side of No-License. Mr. Shiner concluded with a big hit thus: "While looking over the heads of these children to you adults in the gallery, it struck me as remarkable that such a demonstration as this would be impossible to the liquor advocates. No sane parents would consent to their children taking part in a meeting advocating the open bar." The sentiment was cheered enthusiastically.

An important meeting of the Executive of the City Auxiliary was held recently. The matter of the engagement of a lecturer and organiser was considered, and a resolution passed recommending to the City Auxiliary Central Committee a minister in Victoria who is a powerful advocate for No-License.

Our happy little collector, Miss McNicol, had the misfortune to slip and fall in the street, and received a nasty shaking. She has had a few days' rest at Lawson, and is, we are glad to say, improving nicely.

Newtown No-License League held its annual meeting on November 26, and elected its officers for the coming year. Mr.

Complin and the President, Rev. Mr. Walden, addressed the meeting. The new year has been commenced free of debt, and there is a grim determination to make the next poll a victorious one.

Our secretary at Newtown is a marvel of quiet energy and application to the duties of her office, so much so that her industry has almost become proverbial. "If you cannot do it, don't trouble, Miss Henry will do it," was continually reiterated, till the whole meeting laughed, and felt "we must do something, too."

Granville Town Hall was crowded with children and their adult friends on the occasion of the United Sunday Schools Mass Meeting on World's Temperance Sunday afternoon. Ministers and leading citizens were on the platform, and a good choir. Mr. Membrey, President of the Granville Branch, presided. Mr. Complin, Secretary of the Alliance, gave a chalk talk, which was appreciated both by children and adults. The meeting was excellently organised, and most enthusiastic.

Mr. W. J. Walker, honorary secretary of the Alliance, has been very closely engaged in the municipal election fight in Sydney. His many friends, in and out of the Alliance, will be pleased to know that S. Staluart, a champion of No-License principles, has been elected by his fellow citizens as a representative of Flinders Ward in the City Council. Hearty congratulations.

Mr. John Complin preached at Methodist Paddington Church on the evening of World's Temperance Sunday. The sermon was a strong appeal to the Church to close the ranks, and go forward to attack the giant evils of the land.

Secretaries are invited to consult "The Secretary," at Headquarters, on any matter affecting No-License.

Mr. Enos Bacon, famous throughout the Homeland as "The Yorkshire Nightingale," arrived by the "Orsova," November 27.

The Congress second night audience assumed a healthfully relaxed facial expression at the droll elocutionary item given by Mr. Enos Bacon. His singing astonished most people, and helped us to understand why the late Hugh Price Hughes spoke of him as "a veritable human nightingale." Mr. Bacon is an enthusiastic Temperance Reformer, and has done good work in the Old Country.

The General Superintendent reports that the Allowrie Electorate is well organised. Throughout the State there is a warmly sympathetic interest in gallant Allowrie.

Mr. C. J. Morris, secretary of the Peter-sham Branch, reports activity and enterprise amongst the workers of that branch. They are asking for the new campaign literature which is shortly to be issued.

A few fine songs are reaching us in response to our notice. We hope to receive many more. Every great reform movement should have its song. Have a try at one, and send it to "Grit."



"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.

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

The Churches of Christ Temperance and Morals Committee, of which Mr. George T. Walden, M.A., is President, sent us the following:—

To the Secretary,
New South Wales Alliance.

Dear Sir and Brother,—I have much pleasure in forwarding, per favour of our representative, Mr. G. W. Logan, the sum of £7/7/- (seven guineas), as a donation to the funds of the Alliance from our committee. We trust that the Congress of the Churches will be a splendid success.

Yours in the work,
THOMAS MORTON.

This kindly deed, evincing such practical co-operation in our great reform work, was received with warm expressions of appreciation at the Council meeting, and a resolution of hearty thanks and grateful appreciation has been forwarded to Mr. Morton.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

We do not doubt the truth of the old saying, "Silence is golden," but we have no claim on the gold, and consequently are not interested in your silence. We want you to supply a little of the silver lining to our financial cloud. In fact, we think we have a right to expect you to do so. You must not grudge a penny for a penny's worth. While someone has lately suggested "hog's lard and burnt leather" as a good way to kill the pigmentophagus that has been so busy with the "Grit" staff of late, we much prefer a post office note for 5/- sent to manager, "Grit," Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

The Bishop of Liverpool held a special service at Liverpool Cathedral for missionaries taking part in the forward movement of the C.E.T.S. He bade the missionaries "God-speed," and assured them the need for the forward movement was definite. Even the publicans and brewers had recently announced their intention of starting a Temperance society of their own, and that amazing fact showed a great change in public opinion. It was time to strike a blow at a great social evil.

**SILVER-MOUNTED
TOILET COMB**

4/6



an excellent comb. The teeth are very strong, and will stand a lot of wear.

We import these goods direct from England's leading Silver-plate manufacturers, and as we do not employ agents we purchase them at a very low price. Our system has always been to pay cash for all transactions; we thus receive an extra reduction in the form of discount, eventually securing the article at very little more than cost or factory price. Only a small profit is added, so that's why we are selling them at such a moderate cost. It is sold only on the understanding that if you are

THE STORE
WHERE
QUALITY
COUNTS.

Here is an illustration of an exceedingly pretty Toilet Comb. The mountings are of Solid Silver, beautifully chased and finished in a high-class manner. The price, 4/6, is very moderate for such

not satisfied, if you find that we have exaggerated our description we will refund your money.

Angus & Coote,

492-4 GEORGE-ST., SYDNEY

(Opposite Barometer, [Q.V. Markets.]

Talk about People

A Woman Scores.

The first great burst of cheering at the great United Kingdom Alliance meeting in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, was evoked by Mr. Ranciman's announcement that the Lords' action in rejecting the Licensing Bill had left traces behind which would never be forgotten. A reference to the Budget brought the meeting to its feet in a tempest of enthusiasm. The brave old Dean of Carlisle paid a chivalrous tribute to the work of Free Churchmen in the cause of Temperance, while it was left to a representative of the Baptist denomination, in the person of a woman, to score the oratorical success of the evening. "Isn't she splendid!" was murmured by many, as Mrs. Philip Snowden's burning sentences fell with musical cadence on the ears of her hearers, and Mr. Runciman, who, as chairman of the great gathering, had paid unusual attention to all the speakers, declared emphatically, "That is the way to do it effectively."

Born in the Arctic Regions.

The story of the birth of the daughter of Commander Peary is one of the most interesting of all the romances of exploration. In 1893 he made his second expedition to North Greenland, taking with him his wife; and during the time they were within the Arctic circle their daughter Mary, the "Snow Baby," was born. Twenty-four hours after her birth the Arctic day gave place to the Arctic night, and the baby lived the first six months of her life by lamp-light. "When the earliest ray of the returning sun pierced through the window of our tiny room," says the Commander, in his book, "she reached for the golden bar as other children reach for a beautiful toy."

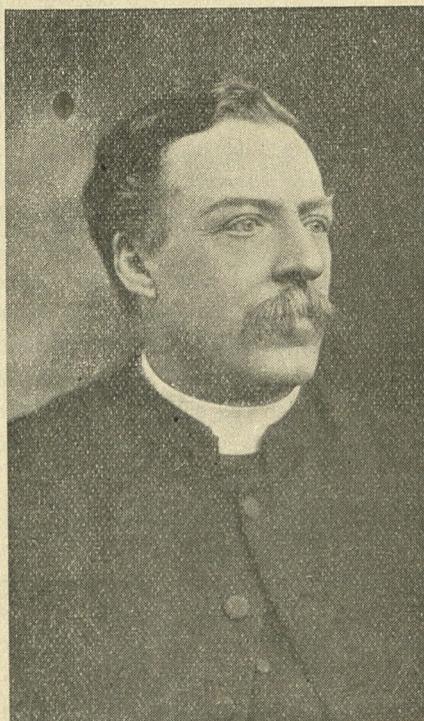
Controlled £600,000,000.

The death of Mr. Henry Harriman, the Railway King, not only removes one of the most powerful personalities in the United States, but also one of the most romantic figures in commerce. The son of a poor clergyman, who was passing poor on £40 a year, and had five children, young Harriman became a clerk in Wall Street, after earning the reputation at school of being "the worst little beggar in his class, and

always at the top of it." At eighteen he was a partner in a brokerage firm, at twenty-two he bought a seat on the Stock Exchange, and at thirty-five he came into prominence as a railway magnate. Before he died he was at the head of over 25,000 miles of American railways, with a capital value of some £600,000,000, and had on his pay-rolls more than twice as many men as there are in the standing army of the United States.

A Teetotal Archbishop.

The Archbishop of York, speaking at the annual meeting of the Sheffield branch of the C.E.T.S., said he was a total abstainer of many years' standing, and it was always congenial to him to do anything to promote a cause which, almost more than any other, was laid on the conscience and honour of the national Church. He believed the great hindrance to Temperance work



REV. W. WOOLLS RUTLEDGE,
Who organised the Congress of the Churches.

was the fact that they were too familiar with the terrible effects of strong drink. He described the Temperance movement as a reasonable attempt to recover for the country the sources of its permanent wealth.

In the course of a powerful declaration in favour of the amendment, Lord Cawdor said that the aim of the Second Chamber was to guard the people against rash legislation.

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

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1 3lb Xmas Cake in fancy decorated tin	0 2 6
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1 Box Turkey Figs	0 0 6
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181 OXFORD STREET AND 775 GEORGE STREET

GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1909.

THE POSITION IN NEW ZEALAND.

At the wish of the Premier of New Zealand, Dr. Finlay, a well-known public man, succeeded in persuading nine representatives of the largest brewery and liquor business in the Dominion to agree to certain proposals; these were afterwards agreed to by the President and secretary of the Alliance, and one other clergyman. Much surprise and comment has resulted. The "Post," a leading Wellington paper, says: "We cannot congratulate the New Zealand Alliance upon the remarkable compromise that its representatives have agreed to." Later on, in the same forcible article, it says: "It certainly amazes us that any level-headed temperance reformer cannot see that his party stands to lose very much more than it can possibly gain by the deal. Except the reduction of the majority, which standing alone would clearly have represented an immense gain, the Alliance seems to us to lose all along the line. The right of voting on Dominion option has, of course, been secured, but in our opinion the party would be far better off without it, at any rate for many years to come. To talk as though the 221,000 electors who voted No-License at the last poll were all convinced devotees of the teetotal Utopia is the greatest mistake in the world."

Another Wellington paper, "The Dominion," says: "The granting of national prohibition, as an issue to be decided at the triennial poll, which has long been clamoured for by the prohibitionists, may, in the end, prove a doubtful gain. It is a little difficult to understand why such an amount of secrecy should have been observed in connection with the negotiations. It is the general public, and not merely the brewer or the prohibitionists, which has to be considered in the matter, and the Government and Parliament must bear this in mind."

The Methodist Wellington District Synod promptly passed the following resolution:—"That this meeting resolves that no legislation will be satisfactory which does not make the issues at both local and Dominion option determinable by the bare majority, to take effect with the least possible delay after the vote is taken, and appeals to the New Zealand Alliance to make it very clear to the Government and Parliament that no compromise of the just rights of the people in these respects will be accepted by the No-License party."

Mr. Fisher, M.P., for Wellington Central, says: "Why a great reform making great strides should start to compromise, I cannot understand. This 'shandy-gaff' ar-

rangement will please nobody, and will end in smoke." We now learn by cable that the liquor people have backed down, and refuse to accept the Dominion issue of No-License on a bare majority, and consequently there would be no fresh legislation at present. It is, however, quite certain that so great a majority as that in favour of No-License will not long remain inactive, and will yet demand and obtain legislation that will give majority rule.

—*—

CHRISTMAS CHARITY.

The season of "goodwill to all men" has for years past taken the form of many a treat to children, and many a gift to the poor. We make a twofold plea to those who read "Grit." First, that all the churches in the city should combine to have their festivities on the same evening or day, and thus discourage the running about from place to place of a class of people who defeat the objects of charity by obtaining an undue share of the good things. In happy co-operation the Christian bodies ought to be able to arrange that everyone is remembered, and no one pampered. We would remind our readers that there is reason to make a distinct effort to save the Great Christian festival from losing its spiritual significance, and sinking into a mere "gorge" or "saturnalia." It seems as though the best of our gifts are made to our friends, and that the biggest efforts among the poor do not relieve the poverty or more than kindle the glimmer of a match in the blackness of their night. In neither case is there anything characteristically Christian.

The first Christmas gifts were laid at the feet of Christ, and we might well remember this and make our first and best gift to Christ, and see that it furthers His purpose, and helps to sound again the "glad tidings of good news." The gifts we bestow on the poor should surely be of the utilitarian kind, and need this element of common sense to give substance to the somewhat flimsy sentiment that prompts much giving to the poor. Let our aim be first to emphasise the spiritual significance of the Christmas season, and also to see that the material comforts come from a spiritual source.

—*—

THE CHURCHES AND THE STRIKE

The strike hangs like a depressing fog over the community, and at the time of writing there is no prospect of its lifting. The Government's efforts to bring the parties together in the hope of a settlement have proved abortive, and it is proposed now to constitute a special tribunal for arbitration. Amid the whirlwind of contrary evidence, which smites readers of the newspaper every day, it is not easy for the ordinary reader to arrive at any definite conclusion, beyond the fact that the general community are being penalised while the disputants remain at cross purposes. Com-

plaint has been made in certain quarters that the Churches do not sufficiently interest themselves in the dispute; but it is difficult to see how the Churches could interfere. If it were a question of mediating with any prospect of success, there is not a clergyman or Christian man in the State who would not readily lend himself to the task. The idea with most people who rail against the Churches seems to be that the Churches should interfere by taking sides; but that they cannot do. Both sides claim to have their grievances, and whatever sympathy may be felt for the miners, it cannot be overlooked that they have defied the legally constituted tribunal instead of invoking its aid, and in the end will have to submit their case to be decided by such a tribunal. It is unfair, therefore, to cast a reflection on the Churches, who are in deepest sympathy with all classes of workers in their struggle for a living wage and wholesome working conditions.

—*—

WHICH OPINION DO YOU ACCEPT?

Mr. Lief Jones, M.P., at the annual meeting of the Alliance (England), in October last, said: "I may be allowed to quote the testimony that was paid by the Prime Minister to the Temperance force. He said, 'How unfounded, how absolutely shadowless and baseless, was the charge that the men who are bent upon temperance reform are impracticable faddists, and not capable of accommodating themselves to the conditions of fresh legislation. That charge,' said the Prime Minister, 'can never be made again after the experience of this year.' (Cheers.) Of course it can be, and will be, made again; but nevertheless we accept the testimony from the Prime Minister as of some value, and perhaps it will be believed by people who will not believe in our own protestations."

"Fairplay" quotes with evident pleasure, in its issue of December 22, this elegant utterance of Henry Watterson: "A riff-raff of moral idiots and red-nosed angels propose to change the laws both of political economy and nature." And on the top of such clap-trap, talks about abusive No-License utterances. Better take your sign down, "Fairplay," and call yourself "The Intolerant Partisan."

—*—

Illustrated letters to Sunday scholars, signed by the presidents of the Sunday Union and the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, were issued for distribution in Sunday schools on the World's Temperance Sunday (November 28)

THE SPECIAL NO-LICENSE ISSUE OF "GRIT"

Will be published on

DECEMBER 16.

Orders must not be later than December 10.

AGAIN—

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

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE.

"HOLT HOUSE," 56-58 YORK STREET.

Congress of the Churches

On November 29 and 30, apart from the remarks of the chairmen, eight addresses or papers were delivered at the meetings held in the Centenary Hall. In a small paper like "Grit" we cannot hope to give verbatim reports, but we are glad to pass on to our readers some of the notable utterances and facts which again and again evoked the enthusiasm and applause of the audience. The attendance was disappointing, which may be accounted for by the overwhelming shadow of the strike.

PROFESSOR HARPER.

Beyond all doubt if our modern civilised nations can not or will not, stop the spread of intemperance, they must go to decay. Statesmen like Lord Rosebery, scientists, philanthropists, judges, social reformers, all tell us that; and the dismal condition of the masses of population in the large cities, not only of the old world, but of this new world, brings home the truth of their warnings to all who will take the trouble to see, with a power mere words can never have.

I maintain that, though there is a stage of poverty at which drinking for forgetfulness becomes an almost irresistible temptation, those are guilty of enormous exaggeration who say that the bulk of the drunkenness which disgraces civilised nations is due to the existence of poverty of this extent and of this acuteness. It is sufficient to say that whenever work is plentiful, and labour highly paid, the expenditure on liquor goes up with leaps and bounds.

The amount spent in liquor is so enormous that if the working classes in New South Wales would abstain from intoxicating liquors for ten years, and invest the money, they would be the owners of more than £53,000,000 of capital.

Assertions such as this that the strongest and most intelligent nations have been drinking nations, need not now detain us. No one has attempted to prove that if they had not drunk to excess, their strength and intelligence would have been less; whereas all we know seems to show that great as these have been, they would have been more and more effective but for the drinking drawback.

"Arguments that won't hold water can't keep out whisky."

The Church must continue and extend all its agencies for teaching men a horror of intoxication as a sin against God and against themselves. Were it to do otherwise, only Cain (denying that he was his brother's keeper while he had murdered him) would be the Scriptural type of such a church.

Is it enough to say that the other way of

raising the moral tone of the people which has succeeded in making theft as rare as it is disgraceful, is better than Prohibition? I cannot think so, for where theft is of such a kind that it is dealt with only as a sin, it tends to increase, just as the sin of drunkenness does, only when it is prohibited and receives the punishment of crime is it kept in check.

The most striking testimony I know is that which I have seen quoted from Mr. Foster Frazer's account of his journey across America on a bicycle. He says "that he could always tell when he came to a Prohibition district; people were so much better clad, and their homes were so much neater and more comfortable." Flying through the land he saw that, and that is absolute proof that whatever goes on the border line, Prohibition lifts a dark cloud from the lives of those within the Prohibition territory.

The question really is—have we come to this, that without Prohibition we must always fall back into the slough of this terrible and destructive vice? Well, I regret to say, I regret even bitterly to say, that in my judgment we have come to this—that Prohibition should be tried. Drink-loving generations in the past have disposed us to excess in this matter; the drinking habits of other days have so entangled us in temptations that we cannot wring ourselves loose, do what we will. What we want is a generation who have never known the evil thing; who have grown into a healthy distaste for intoxicants; a generation who have found relief from care in less questionable ways. To get such a generation seems to me worth any sacrifice.

THE TRUE CHARACTER OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Character is not to be judged by what you do not do, but what you do. It is not that thousands drink and remain decent, but the damaging fact is that tens of thousands are encouraged by the open bar to drink to a point of mental, physical, and moral destruction. If the trade is to be described in one word, then it must be the word "damnable."

It is so inseparable from evil and so productive of evil that it has been bound by legislative enactments since 1551, when it was acknowledged in the preamble of the Act, "that intolerable hurts and troubles to the common weal were daily growing and increasing through abuses and disorders in common alehouses and tipping houses."

The liquor trade is so serious a menace, that 1,500,000 people in New South Wales are prohibited from engaging in it, and we are now pleading that what is too bad to be engaged in is too bad to be supported.

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

THE CUCKOO AMONG TRADES.

This trade has no home of its own; it slips into the grocery business, the restaurant business, and the business of accommodating the travelling public. It cannot stand alone; it would thus be too obviously bad.

It is truly a parasite among trades, meeting no necessity, producing no good, conferring no benefit, but living at the expense of all other trades. One in every ten of its customers becomes a victim.

It is anti-social, inasmuch as it is the greatest of all monopolies, and is most of all responsible for our discords and disgraces. The recently-issued report of the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws and Relief of Distress, states, "A great weight of evidence indicates drink as the most potent and universal factor in bringing about pauperism."

It is a storm centre. On the testimony of "Fairplay," Magistrate Cutten, in giving judgment in New Zealand a few days ago, said: "The licensee had great difficulty in maintaining order; he had a class of clients difficult to deal with." Indeed, this trade has the peculiar power of attracting to itself the lowest and the worst, and producing from those it attracts, the worst that they are capable of.

AS AN INFLUENCE ON CRIME.

Canada has lately given us some strong evidence on the relationship of the open bar and crime. In Prince Edward Island, there are no pubs., and it takes 228 people to produce one criminal. In Nova Scotia, where they have no open bars in 16 out of 19 counties, it takes 170 people to make one criminal; in Quebec, where 664 out of 1008 parishes have no licences, it takes 160 people, and in British Columbia, where they have not even local option and an undue proportion of open bars, it takes only 61 people to make a criminal.—From Rev. P. J. Stephen's address.

In this State of New South Wales, with its million and a half of people, we spent last year £5,363,579. This is a sum equal to all the coal and gold from our mines during the same period, or just about a million more money than our farmers got for their wheat

(Continued on Page 11.)

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Beer and the City Liquor Problem

By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER.

Concluded.

THE BREWERY AS A TEMPERANCE AGENT.

Commercially, the interest of every private business selling liquor is against the interests of the general public. Every normal commercial incentive drives it to sell the greatest possible amount of its wares; and any agency that tries to flood the community with any alcoholic drink certainly does not add to the public welfare. The brewers advance—and many of them thoroughly believe in—the German and European style of so-called moderate daily drinking as the best means of temperance. In fact, beer has really brought about that general style of drinking in the cities of America. But, while much of the violence and disorder from violent drunkenness may be avoided in this way, the daily consumption of considerable quantities of alcohol can scarcely be defended, in the light of present knowledge; and an industry whose product is principally responsible for an average daily liquor consumption in our cities equivalent to one and a quarter drinks of whisky—according to the average drinks taken in saloons—for every member of the population, can scarcely hope to be classified as a temperance organisation.

Claims of this kind, indeed, cannot be taken very seriously. The history of the brewing industry is certainly not that of a philanthropic organisation. Its only motive so far apparent is to sell beer, and it has as yet spared no means to do this. New fields of consumption are indefatigably opened up. Beer, bought by the pail in cities, is as cheap as milk; and as many barrels of beer as barrels of flour are sold to the city population. It is drunk with meals by the great horde of labourers, in factories, in city buildings and streets; it takes the place of afternoon tea in the social life of the tenement; and more than any other single agency it has increased the habit of drinking among women.

ONE SUBSTANTIAL THING TO BE GRASPED.

However, if it is not possible to fix responsibility upon the brewer, it is possible to fix it upon his property in the saloons. An investment of from 70,000,000dol. to 100,000,000dol. should furnish a rather substantial financial object to be grasped. The final method of legislation has probably not yet been devised; but the experience of two States in this country points the general direction quite clearly. Massachusetts and Pennsylvania have stood out for twenty years from all the remainder of this country because of their freedom from the vicious and law-breaking saloon; and their success in this direction is made all the more striking by the gross and notorious viciousness of Pennsylvania's political life. These two States have accomplished this result chiefly by limiting by law the number of saloons in proportion to the population.

The first two reforms needed in the sale of liquor in cities are fewer saloons, and more responsible management. Both of these objects are obtainable by the proper limitation of licenses. In both Massachusetts and Pennsylvania a license is so valuable a thing that its terms are rarely vio-

lated. The saloonkeeper can afford to obey the law, because he can make a living, and he cannot afford to break it. Various brewing organisations are advocating reform along these lines in various States; and their work, so far as it goes, is in the right direction. But the industry as a whole cannot afford to go nearly far enough in this direction. Its huge investment in places that are valuable only as they are kept running precludes the possibility of its taking the radical steps needed by city populations. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the brewing industries in the greatest of beer-drinking States can afford to work for any reduction at all. For at least two out of every three licenses cut out would involve a dead loss of some hundreds of dollars to some brewer.

ONE SALOON TO EVERY THOUSAND PEOPLE.

One saloon for a thousand persons is ample for the demand of any population. In fact, it has been found in Massachusetts to be more than ample. There is now about one saloon to every three hundred persons living in our cities. In New York and Chicago—which together hold nearly a third of the city population for the United States—two and three and even four saloons appear upon four corners of some sections; and in places like Ashland Avenue back of the Chicago stock-yards they are massed by the score. This condition is ruinous from any possible standpoint. It means that three-quarters of the retail liquor dealers of the United States have no financial responsibility, indeed, are scarcely more than solvent; and that the fearful pressure of competition compels them to force their wares upon their public, regardless of any law that can be devised.

The liquor problem has been in process of immediate solution, by one means or an-

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other, for the past three thousand years—and it is not yet solved. It is a ridiculous optimism to expect it to be cured by any one method at a single stroke. But periods of great possible advance come from time to time, and should be eagerly taken advantage of by the friends of temperate living. A great opportunity now exists in regard to the city saloon. The obvious immediate step that can be taken is to cut down the number of saloons in American cities. A general movement toward this has recently resulted in legislation in half a dozen States; in various cities, including Chicago, the second largest on the continent, laws regulating the number of saloons have been put into effect in the past few years. And this movement now promises to cover the country. The friends of temperance—no matter what their belief as to the final solution of this question—should force this movement to its limit. It is not enough to say—as has Chicago—that no more licenses should be issued until the population brings the rate to five hundred persons

(Concluded on Page 10.)

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF RECHABITES

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THE ABSTAINERS' INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD.

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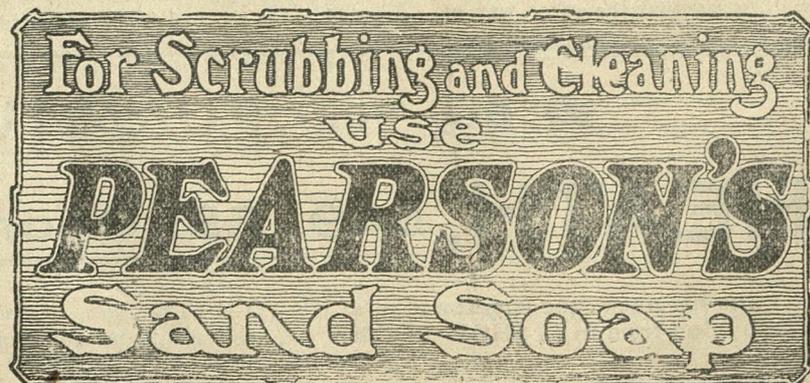
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From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(By UNCLE BARNABAS.)

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

THE LETTER SANTA CLAUS LIKED BEST.

(From Frances L. Green's Story in the "Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.")

It was full to the very top. For weeks the letters had been pouring in—thick ones and thin ones, little ones and big ones, square ones and oblong ones, and the daintiest three-cornered notes imaginable. At last Santa Claus put on his spectacles, and was about to sit down in his cosy armchair to examine them, when the door opened, and the post-boy came panting into the room. "Please, sir, another letter; and please, sir, there's no stamp on it. What shall I do with it?"

"Put it at the bottom of the pile. The last comer is always last served," said Santa Claus thoughtfully. Then he re-adjusted his spectacles, and began to read the letters; and I am quite sure if he had not been extremely good-natured he would have given them up in despair. This was the first one:—

"Dear Santa Claus,—Please bring me a trackshun ingen, a kiking 'orse, a soard and a pare of pistils, and please be sure to see the kiking 'orse 'as a lether saddle and the pistils as caps.—Yours affekshuntly, Tommy Bunkum."

"I think Tommy Bunkum requires a spelling-book and a grammar," said S. C. "When little boys write for presents, they should be sure their spelling and grammar are correct. But as Tommie does not forget to say 'please,' I suppose I must try and oblige him."

This was the next letter.

"Dear Santa Claus,—Send me a pocket-knife, a box of tools, and a magic-lan on Christmas Eve without fail. In tremendous haste. It's the cricket match.—Yours J. Dean."

"If J. Dean is in such 'tremendous haste' that he has no time to be polite, perhaps I shall find that I have no time to attend to his requirements. Well, I shall see," and Santa shook his head with a smile.

This was another letter:—

"Dear Santa Claus,—I am so glad Christmas is coming, and, for fear you should think I haven't hung up my stocking, I am writing to tell you that I am going to hang up a bolster-case, so I hope you will send me a big lot of presents. I want a wax doll, with brown eyes, and jet black hair; it mustn't have fair hair, or Golden Locks. My last new doll, will be jealous; and it must say 'Mamma' and 'Papa' when you pull a string—you know the way,—and have a complete outfit of clothes that will take off. And, please, don't forget its shoes and stockings (my last doll was without); and it would be as well if you put in a doll's bath, and a wee little bath-towel. It is so awkward when you go away on a visit if you can't give your dollies a bath. Then I want a pink silk sash for myself, with white spots on, like Mabel Brown's. It must be like Mabel Brown's. And, let me see, what else do I want? Oh, I know; a work-box like mamma's, only smaller; and please don't forget to put a real silver thimble in it. Then, I want a silver bangle, and a box of tinted notepaper. I like the sort with a rose-bud in the left hand corner; but if you go to Johnson's shop, he will show it to you. Then I want a pair of slippers, trimmed with steel beads, and a doll's china tea-service, and a box of choc—"

Santa Claus put this letter down unfin-

ished, and murmured: "This little maid is not greedy, but, to use her own words, she wants 'a big lot of presents.' I must look at her letter again. What is the next?" and Santa Claus picked up a somewhat untidy-looking letter. It contained these words:—

"Dear Santa Claus,—I am writing to tell you that my stockings will have my name wrote on them in red ink. Last year you brought my sister Nellie much nicer presents than you brought me. Her work-box was bigger than mine, and the initials on her slippers were far better worked than mine were. I don't think it's fair to consider ages when you give presents, 'cos Nellie is only two years older than me, and yet she always gets the nicest things; so for once I want you to send me the nicest things. She always gets more new frocks than I do, 'cos mother says when she grows out of them they come in nicely for me. But I like new frocks as well as Nellie, and I'm quite sure if I had any little girls of my own I should let them have all new things together. With kind regards to you and Mrs. Claus,—I remain, yours sincerely, Mabel Shaw."

"A little girl with a grievance," said S. C., with a grunt. Then on he went, until he came to the last the post-boy had brought. It ran thus:

"Dear Mr. Santa Claus,—I hope you will forgive me for writing to you, as I am only a poor little girl, but I have heard that you bring presents to the homes of little children on a Christmas Eve, and, please, Mr. Santa Claus, I wouldn't ask you for myself, but I have a little sick brother, and I wish—oh, I wish you would bring him something, if it were only a wee tiny thing! If only you knew how he suffers with a spine in his back, and what little things please him, I am sure you would try to come down our street. We live at No. 24, Baker-street, opposite the Rose and Crown Inn; but anybody will tell you the way if you ask. Mother goes out sewing, and I stay at home and take care of Willie. And please, dear Mr. Santa Claus, I do wish you would bring him something nice; he is so very patient."

"Hoping you will forgive me for troubling you, with best love from both Willie and me,—I am, your affectionate little friend, Mary Gibson."

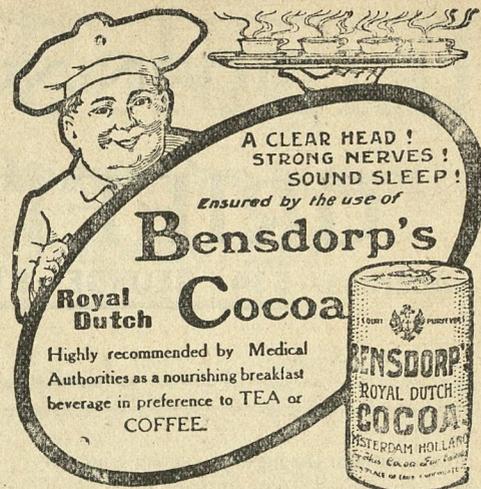
"P.S.—I haven't any money to pay the postage, so please excuse me for sending this letter without a stamp."

For a few minutes Santa Claus was lost in thought; then he took down a huge note book and wrote in it, "Mary Gibson, No. 24, Baker-street, opposite the Rose and Crown Inn." Then, with a sigh of relief, Santa Claus sat down to his supper.

(Willie got a box of soldiers, a toy magic-lantern, an orange, and a big bunch of grapes; and Mary got a mysterious-looking parcel marked, "For Mary Gibson, with Santa Claus' love." What do you think was in it? A beautiful little work-box, lined with rose-coloured silk.—Uncle B.)

COLLECTING CARDS.

During the holidays will you try to collect 10/-, or 20/-, to send out a children's special issue of "Grit" in June? If you will, write to Uncle B. for a card. Lovely presents for collectors. Cards will be sent at once.



FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

NINE NAMES OF JESUS.

- A name beginning with C. (Heb. 2.)
- A name beginning with H. (Heb. 3.)
- A name beginning with R. (Rev. 22.)
- A name beginning with I. (Isaiah 7.)
- A name beginning with S. (Ps. 23.)
- A name beginning with T. (John 3.)
- A name beginning with M. (Mark 10.)
- A name beginning with A. (Rev. 1.)
- A name beginning with S. (Rev. 22.)

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THE GAME OF RHYMES.

The player at one end of a row says: "I'm thinking of a word that rhymes with 'Rip' (though any word may be chosen)." Then each in turn tries to guess what is the word by asking a question; thus, "Is it something that sails on the sea?" If wrong, the thinker replies, "No, not a ship." Another perhaps asks, "Do we partly speak with it?" "No, not lip." "Can we do it with a rope?" "Yes," answers the thinker, "the word is skip." Then the guesser chooses a word, and the game begins again.

LETTER BOX.

ANOTHER HOUSEKEEPER

Violet Spratt, Lords-street, Orange, writes:—"Dear Uncle B.,—It is a long time since I have written a letter for "Grit." I am sending you the composition of Canoblas. We have had Mr. Paton and Mr. Little here for about a fortnight, holding a mission, and we had a very good time. I think Mr. Little's singing is lovely, and I think everyone was sorry because they were not staying longer. My favourite hymns in Alexander's book are 34, 79, and 104, but 34 is my especial favourite. I have not been able to write before, because my mother and brother have been sick, but my mother is better again now. I think house-keeping is very nice. I was keeping house for five weeks, while my mother was in Sydney, but it was very lonely all day, with only one brother. I must close now, as Page 9 won't hold too much. So with kind regards to all the 'cousins' and yourself,—I remain your loving niece."

"P.S.—I have a short story I would like to send to 'Grit,' if you will have it."

(Dear Violet,—Thank you for the promised short story. Our space is limited, but if you will kindly send it on we will see if it will fit the "Baby." Hope you received the collecting card safely. Your help is very much valued. Am glad your mother is better again. Do you know when Orange is not orange? Answer: When it is white.—Uncle B.)

"A LITTLE FAVOUR" (CHEERFULLY GRANTED!)

"Margarita" writes:—"Dear Uncle B.—I

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT

— DRINK —

GRIFFITHS BROS' TEA

Address—534 GEORGE ST.

IT REFRESHES and REVIVES

MENTION "GRIT" WHEN ORDERING.

am not between the age of 'seven and seventeen,' so cannot write letters for Page 9. Still, there is a little favour which I shall be pleased if you will do for me. I never spend half-pence, and those I have now have been accumulating for some months; if you will tell me in the next issue of 'Grit' where to leave them, I shall be pleased to do so. Although there is a large number of halfpence, they do not make many shillings. Trusting you will be able to devote them to some charity,—Believe me, yours in sincerity."

15/11/09.

(Dear Aged Friend,—Your halfpence will be set rolling to some tune if left at "Grit" office, N.S.W. Alliance Headquarters, Castlereagh-street. Would you like them to help the children's special issue of "Grit," or would you rather they were devoted to some other object? Page 9 will always be honoured by being read or written to by you. Excuse delay in acknowledging your kind letter.—Uncle B.)

ONE FROM SEVEN LEAVES SIX TOO MANY.

"Milcie," Liverpool, writes:—"Dear Uncle B.,—I suppose you will be saying it's about time I wrote to you. You will be pleased to know that one of the hotels has been closed up here. We are minus one now, and another will go in a short time, I hope. Still there are six left, and six too many, I think. Miss Harper, a great friend of all Sowers' Band girls and workers, was up on Thursday addressing the children. She also gave a lantern lecture at night to the people. I am waiting patiently for that collecting card. I called down at your office last week, but you were away at the time—bad luck, wasn't it? Bed-time now, so must close my letter."

(Dear "Milcie,"—I feel glad to think of that death-trap smashed. The other six are doomed. Try to win votes for the bottom square. Sorry you found the gentleman I was supposed to be, out. Hope you received the card safely. Thank you for helping "Grit."—Uncle B.)

ANOTHER PHOTO. WANTED.

Dora Howell, 11 Ben Eden-street, Waverley, writes:—"Dear Uncle B.,—I am sorry for not writing for such a long time. I've got no excuse. It is our church anniversary on the 28th of this month, and then we have our social gathering on the following Thursday. I am studying hard at school now, it will soon be our exam. When are we going to see another photo. of you in 'Grit?' And when are you going to reveal your identity? Hoping Aunts T. and P., Uncle, and yourself are well,—I remain, your affectionate niece."

(Dear Dora,—Your answers to Bible Little Things very good: Ant, Babes, Conies, Drops, Eye, Fig, Gnat, Hair, Infants, Jot, Lion, Mite, Nails, Onions, Pearl, Ring, Sparks, Tongue, Veil, Words, Year. An-

other handsome picture will, if possible, appear before long—no windows this time. Hope you will do well in exam.—Uncle B.)
(Send everything for Page 9 to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.)

BEER AND THE CITY LIQUOR PROBLEM.

(Continued from Page 8.)

for each saloon. Nor is it enough that there should be a reduction to one saloon for every five hundred persons. Nothing less than a ratio of a thousand persons to every drinking-place would make for stable and responsible conditions in the liquor trade.

This would be no final solution of the temperance question. Years of education alone will change the attitude of the general public toward the use of alcoholic drinks. Yet it would be a real and practical advance in the matter. And this, after all, is the great and immediate need.

There is but one large temperance problem now waiting to be solved in America—the problem of the city saloon. For fifty years it has drifted from one stage to another without any practical direction from the better and more intelligent forces in national life. It has been the curse of three generations in every way—moral, physical, and political—and still remains so. And the population affected is now much more than a quarter, and soon will be a third of the country's inhabitants, for the city is growing not only to tens of millions of souls, but to the absorption of a greater and greater proportion of the population of the country. No matter what new plans for dealing with this question may be devised in the future, it is time that something constructive be done. The first step taken, it will be easier to take the next. And the first step—not only here but through all European civilisation as well, as recent agitation abroad has shown—is to remove the terrible and undisciplined commercial forces which, in America, are fighting to saturate the populations of cities with alcoholic liquor.

AFTER YOU, PLEASE.

Surely when you have finished with your clothing we may have it? In fact, we would like it just a little before you have finished with it. There is always a demand for clothing of every kind, and it helps us to keep others. We are thankful for parcels from Mrs. Deane, Miss Coppin, Miss Deane, Mrs. Gregory, Miss Baker, Miss Larkin, and six anonymous. Send to "Chester," Clarendon-road, Stanmore.

There have been 26 deaths from football in the United States colleges during the past season, and 209 players were injured.

THE REJUVENATION OF "THE CLARION."

(Continued from Page 3.)

think young people should look a gift horse in the mouth." Then with one of his quiet winning smiles, he added: "I'll say this, however; my share was less than the commissions I've taken from you."

Marion looked closely at him, as if trying to detect deceit in his words. Then, with a sigh of relief, she added:

"Well, I'm glad you got your wife that sealskin coat first. If you hadn't, I think I should refuse to take this press."

The Rev. Henry J. Wilson smiled, and shook his head in non-committal silence; but to himself he was saying, "How fortunate that Aunt Mary's coat just fitted Ethel, and it's so nearly new that no one will ever be the wiser."

DOES YOUR WIFE "SEW"?

There is a story told of a man who lived in a Western New York village. He was of superb physique, stood six feet three in his stockings, appeared to have been made for a man's work in the world.

One day this man was at the village tavern, leaning his manly pose against a post of the piazza, and near him sat a commercial traveller, impressed by the man's grace and strength. As the traveller looked at the man, a wonder grew in the traveller's mind as to what the man was doing with that splendid form. At last the traveller's curiosity became so great that he said:

"Excuse me, sir, but may I ask what is your occupation?"

Then the man of such manly build hesitated a few seconds, in some embarrassment, twirled his manly, muscular thumbs as if uncertain what to say, and murmured:

"Well, my wife sews."

There are stalwart Christian men in every community—men who stand six feet three in their religious professions, who make long prayers in the prayer meetings, and boast of their temperance habits and sympathies—who, if you ask them "What is your temperance occupation?" will twirl their manly, muscular thumbs, and murmur with sweet serenity: "Well, my wife sews—in the W.C.T.U."—Professor A. A. Hopkins, in "Profit and Loss in Man."

SPECIAL ISSUE OF "GRIT."

The issue dated December 16 will be a special No-License issue.

Will you want a few extra copies?

15 copies for 1/-; 40 copies for 2/6; 100 for 5/-; 250 for 12/6.

Wrappers must be addressed about two inches from the top of wrapper, and forwarded to "Grit," Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney, by December 10.

THE CONGRESS OF THE CHURCHES.

(Continued from page 7.)

crop. These facts have only to be stated to see the economic folly of our expenditure on drink. We waste with one hand what we win with the other. We put our savings into a bag with holes.

Look at the question in another light. These figures mean, that if you divide the burden equally over all the families in the State, each household of five persons contributes £17 per annum to the publican. A sum of money this, which would create a fund that would provide every family with from £700 to £800 on the death of the father.

The report of the Committee upon Physical Deterioration, recently presented to the British Parliament, among other disquieting statements, says this:—"The abuse of alcoholic stimulants is a most potent and deadly agent of physical deterioration."

Let me quote the words of Sir Frederick Treves, perhaps the most distinguished surgeon in Great Britain to-day. Speaking of his experiences in the Boer war, he says: "As a work producer, alcohol is exceedingly extravagant, and like all other extravagant measures, leads to physical bankruptcy. It is also curious that troops cannot work or march on alcohol. I was, as you know, with the relief column that moved on to Ladysmith, and, of course, it was an extremely trying time by reason of the hot weather. In that enormous column of 30,000, the first who dropped out were not the tall men, or the short men, or the big men, or the little men; they were the drinking men, and they dropped out as clearly as if they had been labelled with a big letter on their backs."

Dr. Lorenz, an eminent Austrian surgeon, was being banqueted by the medical profession in New York. In refusing to drink a toast in wine, he said: "I cannot say that I am a temperance agitator, but I am a surgeon. My success depends upon my brain being clear, my muscles firm, and my nerves steady. No one can take alcoholic liquors without blunting these physical powers, which I must keep on edge. As a surgeon I must not drink."

An investigation of the mental deficiency of ordinary school children was undertaken by Dr. McNichol for the New York Academy of Medicine in 1901. Twenty thousand, one hundred and forty-seven children were examined, with this result: The children of drinking parents numbered 6624, and of these 53 per cent. were "dullards." The children of abstaining parents, on the other hand, numbered 13,523, and of these only 10 per cent. were "dullards."

The family histories of 3711 children were traced through these generations in great detail with regard to the use of alcohol. Of abstaining parents and abstaining grandparents, only four per cent. were "dullards," whereas of the children of abstaining parents, but drinking grandparents, 78 per cent. were "dullards," or 76 per cent. suffered from some neurosis or organic disease.

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HOW THE WORLD MOVES.

There are in England about 150 societies for the relief of poor clergy, their widows, and children.

In a busy time about 15,000,000 eggs are said to come into London in a week. They nearly all arrive by train.

Mrs. Alma V. Lafferty, the only woman member of the Legislature in Colorado, has introduced 15 bills, all of which have passed the House.

The Oberammergau Passion Plays will be given next year from May 11 to September 25. The burgomaster has issued a notice reminding the men that they must now let their hair grow.

The highest telephone in the world is said to be on Monte Rosa. The line attains a height of about 4875 yards above the sea level. It passes over Mount Olen, thence to Giuffetti, and on to the observatory of Monte Rosa.

Not content with his golden-brown dress-suit, Signor Caruso has invested in a kilt, for which he has paid an Edinburgh tailor £75. He will wear it when performing in "Lucia di Lammermoor."

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- All Quilts over 3/6.
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- All Cretonne over 3d.
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- Bordered Art Muslin from 2d to 4½d.
- Japanese Silks, all colours, from 6½d; other prices 8½d to 2/6
- Chinese Tussore Silks, 1/2, 1/9, 2/3, reduced to 1/-, 1/7, 1/11.
- Potter's Best Cambric Prints, 7½d quality for 5½d; 5½d quality for 4½d; light colours only.
- Pretty Neat Stripe Summer Dress Stuffs, usually 1/4 to 1/9, for 10½d and 1/1.
- White Embroidered Muslin Unmade Blouse Lengths, usually 2/11, for 2/6; 3/9 for 2/11.
- Silk Ribbons, all colours, 4½ inches wide, 4½d; worth 7d.
- Floral Ribbons, dark grounds, 5 inches wide, 4½d; formerly 1/-.
- Coloured Lisle Gloves, bargains: 2 buttons, worth 1/- for 6d; 2 buttons, worth 1/6 for 1/-; all colours. Elbow length, worth 1/3 for 9d; beaver, grey, champagne only.

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- Black Lace Lisle Hose, 1/-, 1/6, 1/9, reduced to 10d, 1/3, 1/6.
- Fashionable Stripes, 1/-, 1/3, 1/6, reduced to 9d, 1/-, 1/3.
- Black Embroidered Cashmere, 1/-, 1/3, 1/6, reduced to 10d, 1/-, 1/3.
- Black Lace Cotton Hose, 5½d, 7½d, etc.
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- See our Camisole Embroidery at 7½d, 8½d, 10½d, 1/-.
- See our 44in Flouncing at 1/11, 2/6, etc.
- See our 26in Flouncing at 1/-, 1/3, etc.
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