

GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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Why Men Go Wrong AND WOMEN TOO

DRINK IN RELATION TO CRIME.

THE STORY OF THE GAOLS.

PART II.
SOME PRISONERS INTERROGATED.

After interviewing the Acting-Comptroller-General and Governor Collis at Darlinghurst, the idea suggested itself to Mr. McCauley of questioning a number of the prisoners on the subject. The section chosen was that occupied by a number of short-sentence men. The men were interviewed separately in their cells. The leading questions were worked round to adroitly by Mr. McCauley, who has learned to perfection the art of putting men at their ease, and there was no reason to believe that the men, in the majority of cases, were speaking other than the truth. Of those interrogated, two out of every three pleaded guilty to the drink habit, and named drink as being directly or indirectly responsible for their unhappy situations.

"No doubt a large proportion—the larger proportion—came here through drink," admitted Governor Bloxham, to whose care

at Parramatta the long-sentence men are committed. Mr. Bloxham is noted for the personal interest he takes in his prisoners, and his evidence must, therefore, be allowed to have great weight, although it does not materially differ from that of any of the other governors interviewed. It is the unqualified testimony of the gaols that drink is the most prolific of all causes of crime.

"It is a peculiar fact," says the governor at Parramatta, "that a lot of men when they leave gaol get drunk, knowing that in such a state they will do something that will get them into gaol again. On the other hand, some of the strongest criminals are the most sober. They have to be sober to keep good at their 'game.' Strange as it may seem, some men are sober and steady and good at everything but honesty. If they were only as steady and hardworking in a legitimate way as they are in a dishonest way, they would do well.

"Drink has a strange influence over some

men. Take the case of one man I have in mind. He is only a criminal when under the influence of drink. He knows perfectly well that when he gets drunk he is not himself, but, in reality, somebody else. His special proclivity when under the influence of drink is forgery. You may leave sovereigns about on the table and he would not touch them when sober. When in drink, however, he becomes a clever forger. After serving his sentence and going out sober he generally sets to work to pay off the amount of his defalcations. Then he takes to drink again, and is soon brought back for fresh forgeries.

"NO MORE, SIR!"

"All the prisoners go out with the same avowed intention—'No more, sir.' Occasionally some stick to their resolve and leave the drink alone; but generally they come back. They don't even get a smell of the drink in here—unless it should happen to be the breath of a new arrival—and some confess that they feel all the better for their enforced abstinence and have no inclination to go crooked again. There are men who are all right in gaol—well-behave! and hard working—who should never be otherwise than under strict supervision.



The Man Who Watches the Clock and Yawns and Waits for the End of Effort Is the Man WHO WILL KEEP ON WATCHING A CLOCK ALL HIS LIFE.

ARE YOU A WORKER OR A SHIRKER?

They only secure their discharge from gaol to get into trouble again in a very short time, generally through drink. Many of the short-sentence men get drunk and come into gaol to get cured, and so it goes on.

"It is a great problem, and the question of interference with the liberty of the subject comes in at almost every point when you attempt to solve the problem; yet there ought to be some means of taking charge of these people until they can be safely discharged. Many who are here are not criminals by instinct and nature. Their offences are committed under outside influences. I frequently have men of this class up before me, and I reason with them on the folly of working to get money to go and spend with companions in drink.

"Do you ever stop to think, how long you have been working for the other fellow?" I ask them. "Do you find those fellows offering to do your sentence for you, or pay your fine?" Of course they readily recognise the foolishness of the situation, and invariably admit that these companions only stick to them as long as they have a 'jingle' left in the pocket.

"Drink is almost the universal excuse for crime among prisoners, but it is not always the real cause. Some of them have been born and bred crooked, and are not happy unless they are going wrong. The excitement of picking a pocket without knowing what they are going to get out of it has a fascination of its own for them. Directly and indirectly, however, and indirectly means a great deal, the drink question crops up considerably in connection with criminals, and putting two and two together, there is a considerable balance on the wrong side. If there was no drink whatever, fully half the people would not come into gaol—what I mean is that there would be 50 per cent. less prisoners.

"If you take prisoners' own versions, the majority attribute the cause of their first downfall to drink; but these have to be taken with salt. They must give some sort of excuse to excuse themselves. You cannot call drink the primary cause when a man gets into trouble and takes to drink."

THE "DRUNKARD'S" GAOL.

Biloela affords a more definite object lesson. There is no disguising its meaning. It is known as "The Drunkards' Gaol," and deserves its name, whether the State is proud of the fact or not. "I find that my prisoners come here directly as the result of drink," Governor Pollack testified. Two-thirds are sentenced for drunkenness only, and the majority of those are women. Going through my books for the last half-year I find that two-thirds of the prisoners were sentenced for drunkenness direct. That is to say, out of the 2100 prisoners for that period 1300 were here for drunkenness only, and 900 out of the 1300 were women.

"It is an unfortunate class I have to deal with—knocked about and kicked about by everybody—poor, unfortunate, fallen women, who, if they were given something to eat after being released, instead of drink, would probably not come back. They are nearly all short-sentence prisoners here. The minority represent old age, laziness, homelessness, friendlessness, incapability. Those are the contributing causes to their present condition. How far drink contributed to those causes I have no means of testing. This is simply a drunkards' gaol. The figures I have given you represent an average half-year. Generally speaking, it is my experience that drink plays a prominent part in crime, especially in the metropolitan district. In the country it is not responsible to nearly the same extent. There is not nearly so much drunkenness in the country as in the towns, and it is

certainly not so much a cause of poverty there."

"DRINK FOLLOWS CRIME."

"Drink follows crime," according to Ex-Inspector-General Fosbery. "It's when people become degraded and break up that they give way to drink. The most desperate and clever criminals are generally the most temperate of men." This view was shared by Inspector Potter. The long experience of both these gentlemen leads them to the conclusion that there are other influences far more conducive to crime than drink. "In the case of the petty pilferer, the young man who robs his employer's till, or falsifies his books, is not usually tempted by drink. There is generally a girl in the case. He wants to buy her a bit of jewellery or take her out." Mr. Fosbery's remarks apply to the criminals as they have come under his notice—ready-made, that is. "Unless you know their antecedents and earlier manner of living," he says, "it is difficult to say precisely what has most contributed to their criminal proclivities. With the vagrant class it is different. Intemperance is undoubtedly one of the greatest factors in bringing about destitution, desertion, the impoverishment of the community, and the loss of employment for many, but that does not apply to the regular criminal class. Where they drink it is more a corollary to crime than a cause, so far as I have been able to judge." A change has come over the larrikin element in recent years in the matter of drinking, Inspector Potter affirmed, and Mr. Fosbery expressed concurrence with the statement. At one time the gangs of young men who made night hideous in the back streets and suburbs, and waylaid and assaulted people in the parks after dark, did not as a class drink. To-day they do, and the fact has much to do with the outbursts which at times startle and terrorise respectable citizens.

"DRINK HAS BROUGHT THE GREAT MAJORITY."

The asylums for the old men and women at Rookwood, Liverpool, Parramatta, and Newington tell a sad story. In these four institutions there are at present some 3800 men and women. "Drink is the larger contributing cause in bringing them here, and in producing the destitution and physical incapability which sooner or later brings them on the State," says Mr. E. Henson, late Director of Government Asylums. "It is impossible to give statistics, but he who runs may read, and the impression made by long and intimate experience and close observation leaves me no room for doubt. The men come in here, and we try to sober them up. They stay with us for a time, and seem to get all right; but a large proportion of them, when they go out and get billets, though they do well for a few days, directly they get money go on the drink. Many of them are good tradesmen; some of them are experts, and have no superiors at their trade or profession—but they drink. A little knocks them over; the drink they get is bad, villainously bad, and they are soon back here again. Of course we get a lot of old sundowners, men who have been battered about by the hard life they have led, and become incapable of anything, and whose circumstances could not fairly be attributed to intemperance; but I should say that drink has brought the great majority of the inmates to their present condition. There are 1400 altogether in the hospitals, with whose ailments drink has in many cases had a lot to do, though not always."

"Drink plays a tremendous part both in bringing them here and keeping them here," says Dr. Fox, the superintendent at Rookwood and Newington asylums, a gen-

tleman who has had considerable experience alike with aged and infirm old men and women, and with insane patients. "We patch them up, and send them out, but drink soon renders them incapable again, and sends them back. That is especially the case with the old women at Newington."

(To be Continued.)

ARE YOU A WORKER, OR A SHIRKER?

The picture on the front page shows two kinds of men, the worker and the shirker. The horses in the picture typify ambition, effort for its own sake.

We are writing this for the benefit of young men who want to succeed in the world and who foolishly imagine that success can be achieved without doing the very best that a man has in him.

There are in this world honest workers, there are also shirkers, and "clock-watchers."

We invite the young women who have got anything in them, any good main-spring, any ambition, to consider the yawning, idle, inert clerk at his desk in this picture. Then consider the real worker who handles the big iron scoop, and the honest, ambitious horses that do their full day's work gladly, **EVEN WITHOUT THE HOPE OF FUTURE INDEPENDENCE OR FREEDOM FROM TOIL.**

There are two ways of succeeding in the world. One is the way of the unusual genius who does what no other man has done. Only a few can succeed in that way.

The other way is **THROUGH COURAGE, HONESTY OF EFFORT** to do any ordinary work so well that it is bound to lead to something else.

You all know that every race is won at the **END** of the race. Anybody can run fast in the beginning. Anybody can work pretty well for the first few weeks or months that follow the annual vacation.

This is the time when the men who haven't got it in them to last begin to fall down.

This is the time when they turn their eyes to the clock every few minutes. This is the time when they stop working unless somebody is watching them. This is the time when they stupidly imagine that they are cheating their employer, whereas in reality **THEY ARE CHEATING THEMSELVES.**

Look over this picture, get its meaning into your minds, remember that many a man working with the plow or the scoop has lived to be great and useful, **AND THAT NO YAWNING, DAWDLING, SHIRKING, CLOCK-WATCHER EVER AMOUNTED TO ANYTHING.**

Be one of the real workers, in the big job or the little one. It isn't your fault if you haven't got genius. It isn't your fault if you haven't got influential friends or a fortune.

But it is your fault **IF YOU SHIRK INSTEAD OF WORKING, IF YOU WATCH THE CLOCK FOR A CHANCE TO GET AWAY WHEN YOU OUGHT TO BE WATCHING FOR A CHANCE TO WORK BETTER AND HARDER.**

Tommy Twaddles: "Pa, what is the meaning of financially embarrassed?"

Pa Twaddles: "Financially embarrassed, my son, is a long expression for a short condition."

"Do you think the time will come when there will be no money in politics?" said one boss.

"I don't know," answered the other. "It won't be our fault if there doesn't. We have done the best we could to take out all there was in it."

DRINK--The WOMAN'S BURDEN

By "THE PARSON."

No man can drink without in some way increasing some woman's burden. If he is a son he adds gray hairs to a mother's head. If he is a husband he brings untold misery to the woman he loves. If he is a father he hands down a tarnished name and a tainted nature to his offspring. If he is a brother he fills a sister's heart with constant dread, and if he is a wanderer with no women relatives or friends he associates with the fallen ones and kicks them further down the way of darkness.

THE WOMEN MUST FIGHT ALCOHOL.

There are sufficient women to carry No-License, and there are more than sufficient reasons for their wishing to do so.

In the last month shock has followed shock in rapid and ghastly succession. The daily papers record much, and yet even more is never recorded. Hundreds are sober enough to keep out of gaol, and even keep business going, and yet are drunken enough to make home a hell on earth. Women read this pitiful record, read till your blood boils, and pray till your courage rises, and then with the No-License vote lift the greatest burden—drink—from off your shoulders.

MARRIED FIFTEEN MONTHS.

"A quiet, inoffensive man; but when drinking became violent." Such is the description of hundreds of men. One of them a few weeks ago, near Albury, had been drinking for some weeks, and under the influence of alcohol, he threw his baby a few months old into the fire, killed his young wife, and then committed suicide.

AN OLD LADY OF 73.

A few days ago, at Enmore, a man of 42 years of age, with a wife and two children, had been drinking; he added to the sorrows of those over whose home he had cast the cruel shadow of the bottle by brutally murdering an old and defenceless woman of 72. Is there no pity for the wife and children? Are there none to fight the cause of all this?

A FRIENDLY DRINK.

How often has it been described as a friendly thing to "shout" a man, and yet the facts prove it anything but friendly.

This week, at Ultimo, a few friendly drinks and one man is dead, another committed for murder.

Grouped behind these two central figures are their womenfolk and children. Oh! the pity of it; the sorrow of it.

ONLY EIGHT MONTHS WEDDED.

A beautiful home in Summer Hill, a good billet, a good young wife, and drink came and ruined it all. Who can picture the horror, who can realise the burden on the shoulders of the young woman, that finally crushed her in anguish to the ground as her husband took his own life?

Never will she be able to blot out from memory those awful days, and no one to blame but drink.

BURIED WITH BLACK EYES.

Let these samples of the liquor trade's doings of a few weeks close with perhaps the saddest, the most pitiable.

The wife sick in bed, her only hope of recovery the best of nursing. The husband came home drunk, insisted upon her getting up, and because she was unable to do so, struck her in the face, and two days after she was buried with eyes blackened by the man who had vowed to love her. In less than three weeks his remorse had driven him to such excessive drinking that he also died.

It is the women and children who are still alive who will bear the burden of this outrage. Let it never be said that the

women were so callous that they did not care, or so cowardly that they did not dare, to fight the alcohol that more than all else adds to a woman's burden.

THE METHOD.

The little woman who pleaded with the magistrate not to lock her husband up, but to let him go to work and lock the pub up, talked hard common sense. Lock up the man and he will be comfortable, well fed and sheltered, and the wife and children will do all the suffering. In these days the pawnshop will be resorted to until they are left comfortless, in addition, it may be, sickness, disgrace, and even homeless. Locking up the man is foolish, because useless. Let the women by the No-License vote try locking up the pubs.

PAGAN ENGLAND

FATHER IGNATIUS DENOUNCES LIVING STATUARY.

"The day is drawing near when we shall find England a pagan country," remarked Father Ignatius in the course of a stirring condemnation of living statuary in the

Small Queen's Hall, Langham-place, London.

"Our art in our morals, in our statues, and in our pictures is being re-paganised," continued the speaker. "I have not a word to say against those who appear nude in public. They say they do it in the interests of art, and I must confess it must be a very great sacrifice for them to do it for art. But if that is art, I, as a Christian, take hold of it and pull a razor across its throat."

"Living statuary is all right so long as it does not degrade an Englishwoman, I cannot say a Christian woman, for England is not Christian. What I am warring against is a new national evil."

"The nude in art is diabolical and pagan, and you must have nothing to do with it. Because it is a thing one shrinks from discussing, shall I keep silent? No. The question is one of national modesty."

"There is no high art in stripping clothes off. Nude art ought to be swept away from the walls of the Academy, and it ought to be swept out of the country."

"Rastus, you look as if you had been run through a cider mill. What's the matter with your face?"

"Ovahconfidence, suh."

"Overconfidence?"

"Yes, suh. Ovahconfidence in my laigs. I thought I could call a man a liah an' get away—an' I didn't git away, suh."

NEW DUTIES FOR THE POLICE-TRAP MAKER



THE AERIAL POLICE AT WORK—A VISION OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

Drawn by Noel Pocock in the "Sketch."

Talk about People

Madame Clara Butt

Madame Clara Butt's recent illness must have shown her how great a favourite she is in the world of song. She has said that nothing ever touched her more than the thousand-and-one proofs of esteem and affection that she has experienced since her recovery. There is, of course, only one Clara Butt in the world, but it is not by reason of her great talents alone that the prima-donna is such a favourite. To know her (says a London paper) is to appreciate her for her qualities of heart. She is a lover of children, and a certain orphanage receives many a visit from her. Here the children crowd round her and listen to her songs, not realising, perhaps, that her notes are golden, but that she is their friend. Madame Clara Butt has several children of her own now, the eldest, a daughter, being christened Joy. The great songstress was educated at the Royal College of Music, and at the concert given by the students she made her debut in "Orfeo," the Prince of Wales being present.

In private life Madame Clara Butt is Mrs. Kennerley Rumford, her husband being the well-known vocalist. In their great love of music and their equally keen pleasure in out-door sports, Mr. and Mrs. Kennerley Rumford's marriage is an ideally happy one. Mr. Rumford was first meant for the Army, and to this end he studied in Frankfurt, Berlin and Paris. But fortunately, he decided for the musical profession, and made a name for himself at once. Mr. Kennerley Rumford's favourite sports are golf, riding, tennis and rowing, while he is an accomplished cricketer. These two notable singers are assured of a warm welcome during their approaching visit to Australia.

More than One President

President Roosevelt likes to leave the White House at times and make informal calls on his friends. One night last winter he strolled up to the Attorney-General's house and rang the bell. The negro butler came to the door. He peered out suspiciously, and asked:

"What you all want?"

"I should like to see Mr. Moody."

"Mr. Moody ain't in to nobody."

"Oh, I guess he will see me! Tell him the President is here."

"The President?" said the butler suspiciously.

"Yes, the President."

The butler pushed the door almost shut. He looked at Mr. Roosevelt's slouch hat with disdainful eye and inquired scornfully:

"President of what?"

The Peer's Mistake

An amusing story is told in connection with one of Dr. Joachim's visits to London. He was introduced to a certain peer who expressed a great desire to hear him play, and stated his intention of going to St. James's Hall for that purpose. The great violinist felt exceedingly flattered, and hoped his lordship would enjoy the music. Some time afterwards the two met again, and Dr. Joachim inquired how Lord — had liked his playing.

"Oh, I enjoyed it very much," was the reply. "I did not recognise you at first under your make-up, but later on I laughed all the more."

His Lordship had mistaken his way, and instead of going to the concert-room where Joachim was appearing, he had entered the part of the building inhabited by the Christy Minstrels.

Premier and Comic Singer

Without exaggeration it may be said that the Hon. Thomas Bent, Premier of Victoria, is one of the most remarkable men who have ever occupied the post of Premier of a Colonial Government (observes an English contemporary). In Australia he is popularly known as the "Singing Premier," in consequence of his habit of singing comic songs in the middle of his political speeches. A word or a phrase strikes a chord of memory, recalls some half-forgotten melody, and then the Premier breaks forth into song. On one occasion, in a speech to the Melbourne Newsboys' Brigade, he sang this verse from one of the songs of the olden time:—

Now all young men inclined to roam,
Take my advice and stay at home;
For on your travels, make no fuss,
You might go farther and fare wuss.

Here is another verse, which he sang while addressing the Australian Natives' Association some time ago:—

It's good to be sad once in a while,
For the heart is a singular thing;
It must have rain or it will run dry.
Just like an irregular spring.

Mr. Bent began life as a market gardener, and once it was a common sight to see him driving his cart through the streets.



MADAME CLARA BUTT AND HER HUSBAND, Mr. KENNERLEY RUMFORD.

Made Use of His Friends

When Mr. Edison, the inventor, was living in Menlo Park, a visitor from a distance said to him one day:

"By the way, your front gate wants repairing. It was all I could do to get it open. You ought to have it trimmed, or greased, or something."

Mr. Edison laughed.

"Oh no," he said. "Oh, no."

"Why not?" asked the visitor.

"Because," was the reply, "everyone who comes through that gate pumps two buckets of water into the tank on the roof."

The Oldest Living Peer

Lord Gwydyr, who recently entered upon his ninety-eighth year, is the only nonagenarian peer in the House of Lords. His lordship remembers clearly the coronation of George IV., to which he went in his grandfather's state barge from the steps of Gwydyr House, in Whitehall. Lord Gwydyr is not a little proud of the fact that not long ago he led his great-grandson—then two years old—into the grounds about his residence, and helped him to plant a memorial tree by the side of one which he himself planted just ninety-four years before. His lordship attributes his longevity and excellent health to the fact that he does not smoke, has always indulged in plenty of outdoor exercise, and has been

moderate in eating and drinking. "I am not a vegetarian," Lord Gwydyr confesses, "and do not exclude any form of flesh. As to sleep, I formerly used to rise about six o'clock in the morning, but latterly I have been a little later; my usual allowance is about ten hours a day."

Some Distinguished Scotsmen

It is a striking fact, in regard to the English business, professional, and political worlds of to-day, that many of the leading lights come from the "knuckle end of England," as Scotland has been described. Both the present Prime Minister and the ex-Prime Minister are Scotsmen, while Mr. Haldane, Secretary of State for War, was born in Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, his father being a descendant of the famous old Scottish family, the Haldanes of Gleneagles, who have intermarried with nearly all the Scottish nobles. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Loreburn, is a Dumfries man, while Lord Elgin, Colonial Secretary, is a Scotsman by descent. Of the other members of the Cabinet, Mr. John Sinclair, Secretary for Scotland, and the Earl of Aberdeen, were born north of the Tweed, as was the Right Hon. James Bryce. Turning to the Church, one finds that both the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Archbishop of York are Scotsmen; while those two learned brothers, Sir Archibald Geikie and Professor J. Geikie—both born in Ed-

inburgh—rank among the world's greatest geologists. Then, again as a scientist there are few men who equal Sir James Dewar, who was born sixty-five years ago at Kincardine-on-Forth. In medicine, Scotland is well represented by Sir James Crichton-Browne, in art by John MacWhirter, and in literature and the drama by J. M. Barrie; while Ian MacLaren and S. R. Crockett are famous among novelists. The cleverest religious editor in London, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, is an Aberdonian; while that "dungeon of learning" and prince of critics, Andrew Lang, was born in a classic part of Scotland, over which the great "Sir Walter" cast the glamour of his genius.

Miss Jessie Ackermann's Visit

Miss Jessie Ackermann, F.R.S.G.S., has enjoyed the unique distinction (for a woman) of civic receptions, on this her second visit to Western Australia. Although it is fifteen years since her last visit the general enthusiasm proves she is by no means forgotten. Miss Ackermann is immensely popular with all classes, not only for her brilliant gifts, but for the great sympathy she bears for afflicted humanity, to whose cause she has devoted so many years of her life.

The distinguished visitor has been entertained at Government House, and by various State officials, in Western Australia. She has given a series of lectures under the auspices of the W.C.T.U., that crowded the spacious Town Hall each night with delighted audiences. Her present tour is specially taken in the interests of a London daily, also London and American magazines, but she keeps in touch with the Christian and reform movements throughout the world.

PRESENTATION TO MR. WINN

A UNIQUE TESTIMONIAL.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC GATHERING.

The large audience which filled the area and platform at the Centenary Hall last week to do honour to Mr. and Mrs. William Winn, two of the most sterling friends of social reform in this State, participated in one of the most unique gatherings ever held in Sydney. The immediate purpose of the meeting was the presentation of a public testimonial to Mr. William Winn and Mrs. Winn, but the splendid tributes of appreciation and esteem, and the warmth of enthusiasm displayed added a big percentage to the meaning and value of the presentation.

Canon Boyce (President of the N.S.W. Alliance) occupied the chair, and supporting him on the platform were the Revs. John Penman (President of the Methodist Conference), W. Woolls Rutledge, R. B. S. Hammond, J. E. Carruthers, W. G. Taylor, J. Spence, H. Wiles, F. Colwell, G. Middleton, Messrs. A. J. Riley, A. B. Pursell, W. Buckingham, R. Booth, M.L.A., A. Bruntnell, M.L.A., David Storey, M.L.A., George Crawshaw, Johnston (Robert Reid and Co.), Spier (Sargood and Co.), Alderson (MacArthur and Co.), Joseph Collier, and G. F. H. Starr (Thomas Collier and Sons), Miller (Alcock Bros.), C. E. Groves, J. A. Packer, Winn, junr., Marion, Mesdames. A. J. Riley, J. A. Nolan (President W.C.T.U.), Masterman, Southgate, Greenstreet, Courtenay Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. Winn.

Mr. Pursell, one of the hon. secretaries read a long list of apologies from gentlemen unable to attend. Mrs. Edwin Lane and Miss Ruby Neil sang a pretty duet and were encored, and Mr. Massey contributed selections on the organ.

Mr. A. J. Riley (hon treasurer for the movement) then presented Mr. Winn with a beautifully illuminated address expressive of the highest confidence and esteem, along with a cheque for £650, the amount of the verdict given against Mr. Winn in the recent libel case. Mr. Riley characterised the movement as unique in his experience. He had never known anything so ready or sympathetic as the response of the public in the matter of this testimonial. It represented 379 subscribers, and ranged in sums from 2s 6d to 25 guineas, which showed its widespread character. (Applause.)

The Rev. R. B. S. Hammond added a personal testimony. He had been first attracted to Mr. Winn because of his enthusiasm. He dearly loved to meet an enthusiast, the man who went and did something. It was the man who didn't go who was the sand-bag in the balloon, and had to be thrown out sooner or later. He appreciated Mr. Winn's sense of true friendship and the spirit of meekness which he had shewn under trying circumstances. (Applause.)

Mr. Bruntnell, M.L.A., read the resolution of sympathy and confidence with Mr. Winn passed by the Council of the N.S.W. Alliance.

The Rev. F. Colwell next presented an illuminated address from friends and admirers of Mr. Winn in his native city of Newcastle. He paid a glowing tribute to Mr. Winn's character and zeal for every good cause. Mrs. Winn, too, had been deeply missed since the family's removal to Sydney. Her kindly deeds were household memories. (Applause.)

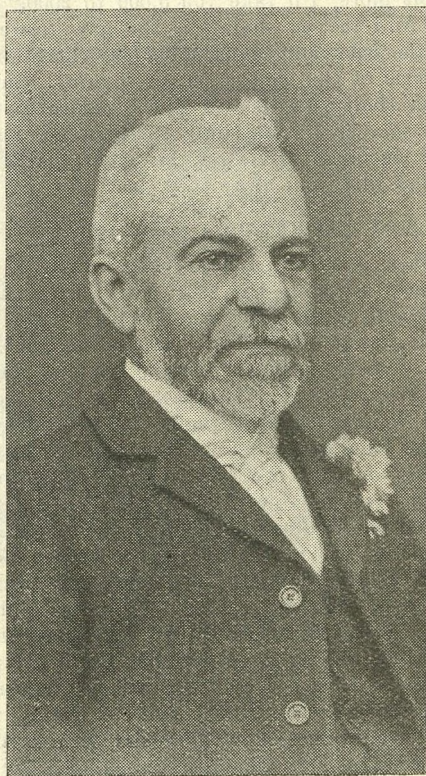
Mrs. Nolan, on behalf of the ladies of the W.C.T.U., handed Mrs. Winn a handsome silver afternoon tea tray and cake basket. She had known Mr. Winn from a boy. He was a good boy, and had made a good man. The members of the W.C.T.U. felt that it was a privilege to stand with Mr. and Mrs. Winn in their hour of trial. (Applause.)

Mr. Winn, on rising to respond, was greeted with the utmost enthusiasm, the whole audience rising and cheering. "How could he reply to such kind manifestations of friendship?" he asked. He felt it to be the proudest moment of his life that his fel-

low citizens should assemble in such numbers to express their appreciation of him after recent events. Early after the case Mrs. Winn had remarked to him that it was worth it all to have been so overwhelmed with kind messages and expressions of regard. If that was their feeling then, what must it be in the presence of that meeting and all that it represented. (Applause.) He felt ever so much taller, and were he not trying to live a humble Christian life he would have become so proud that he would scarcely have known any of them again. (Laughter.) Just at that moment he was lost for words. He felt like a man on a dark night, not knowing which way to turn. He felt at that moment as though he had more friends than any man in Australia. Yet he was at the same time humbled by the kind addresses coming from men who had known him so long and so intimately. (Cheers.) He felt, again, like a man who had recovered from a severe illness. The cost was nothing compared with the reward they had given him. (Applause.)

SUNSHINE AND RAIN.

"Sweet is the sunlight after rain," and the light after darkness. Great good sometimes arises out of evil, and I believe it will out of this. Was ever such a thing heard of before? £650 collected and given to a man who has been fined that sum by a wise



MR. WILLIAM WINN.

jury, and who doesn't need the money, for he can afford to pay it. What can I say in return for such kindness shown, not only to-night, but also since the recent wonderful legal Supreme Court case? My friends have overwhelmed me with kindness, encouragement and manly sympathy, and the hundreds of others by letter, telegram, telephone and hand-shake have done more than lighten the unpleasantness of the situation. You all have made me feel that I have received more than I have lost. In addition to this a large amount of extra interest and influence has been given to the N.S.W. Alliance, which I believe only Eternity will reveal. The funds of this institution, so dear to so many in the State, will largely benefit by this noble effort of so many of my friends, for you must all know that I cannot accept this magnificent gift of £650 for myself—it must all be used in temperance, social and moral reform—mostly temperance. (Applause.) For this reason I thank you more than I can tell for giving me the opportunity to do good with this large sum of money, and thus showing to the public, who do not know me, that my desire to benefit the conditions of my fellow colonists, by abolishing the greatest curse on earth, is greater than amassing wealth. The trial, heavy fine, the general talk amongst the people of Sydney, the big meeting at the Y.M.C.A. on a wet afternoon during business hours, called at such short notice, and this splendid meeting to-

night, must cause people to take a deeper interest in this great temperance movement, and will, I hope, be the means of inducing many to join our ranks; if this is done, and No-License is obtained in some places quicker than it would otherwise have been, then great good will have been done. If this is brought about quicker by the recent action, then we shall be able to thank those who unintentionally have done so much good. The ways of men and women are past finding out. (Laughter.) I remember seeing, during the trial, in one or more papers a heading such as this:

"A BROKEN ALLIANCE."

I should advise the reporters not to prophesy again, for they cannot read the signs of the times, or know the men and women who belong to this movement. They little thought that this apparent set-back would bring greater financial power and greater public interest than ever to this great movement. It is more powerful to-day than ever it was. If I had been fined a small sum there would have been very little notice taken of the case, and probably less interest in our society; there would have been no public meetings, and no big cheque and testimonials to myself and my brave little wife. (Cheers.) Why, I often envied people who had beautiful testimonials and addresses presented to them, while I had none, and now I have several from true and tried friends, who have shown their trust in me when a seeming dark cloud was hanging over me. You cannot tell how your hearty hand-shake, your expressions of sympathy and confidence have cheered me.

THE BEST OF ALL TITLES.

I have heard of people giving 30, 50, or even more thousands of pounds than that to get a title from one man, and now you are presenting me with one I prize far higher than a knighthood, because it shows the confidence, trust and appreciation of scores or hundreds of people who know and believe in me. I wish I could read some of the letters to you we have received, it would do you good. Why, I have felt some inches taller and better since. My aim in all I have done was to benefit the Alliance. I do thank you most heartily for your kind words of cheer, for the splendid and tangible evidence of your sympathy by a cheque for such a large sum, for the consoling and beautifully-worded address, for your presence and public expressions of trust and confidence in me on this and the former occasion at the Y.M.C.A. Hall, and in so many other ways. My wife and children appreciate all this as much as I do, and I know the illuminated address, with the unique way of perpetuating the cheque will long be prized as evidence of your esteem. Once more I thank you from my heart. (Loud applause.)

ANTI-ALCOHOL

GOOD COOKING A TEMPERANCE FACTOR.

In connection with the National British Women's Temperance Association at Leeds, Dr. Mary Murdoch, of Hull, discoursed on "Alcohol in Health and Disease." She held that as the knowledge of the evil effects of alcohol grew the medical liquor bill would go on diminishing till it approached vanishing point.

Port wine, once so freely ordered, had been the cause of much drunkenness among women. She condemned its use as pernicious, and said she did not know what form of illness was benefited by using it. Commenting on the gradual disuse of whisky as a medicine, and giving a salutary warning to mothers as to the woe of gin, Dr. Mary Murdoch pointed out that alcohol was not food, because it contained no nitrogen. She condemned its use by brain workers, holding that writers and men engaged in surgical and other work requiring steadiness of nerve could do better and more effective work by eschewing alcohol.

Emphasising the value of baths, physical exercise, fresh air, good food, and good cooking, she contended that if there were more good cooking there would be fewer doctors.

The Amazing Career of the late Marquis of Hastings

Lost and Won—a Fortune on the Turf

And Died a Bankrupt

There is no more fascinating story in the history of the British Turf than that of Henry Weysford Charles Plantagenet, fourth and last Marquess of Hastings, the richly-dowered young nobleman who for a few mad years dazzled the world by his prodigality and made it gasp by his recklessness, only to perish in early manhood ruined, discredited, disgraced—a story the very pity and tragedy of which invest it with a strange allurements, and which serves as an enduring warning (says a London paper) against the glamour and danger of gambling on the Turf.

HIS MOTHER A NOTORIOUS GAMBLER.

Seldom has a man entered the world under such conditions of splendour and promise as this heir to great wealth and high rank, who was cradled in July, 1842; but he was born with a fatal taint in his blood, which was destined to be his undoing. His mother was one of the most notorious gamblers in Europe—a woman who spent her days and nights at Continental gaming-tables, staking her gold with the fierce zest of the confirmed gambler. "The Jolly Fast Marchioness" was the name by which she was known from one end of Europe to the other; and no one could accuse her of not having well earned her title. His father, the marquess, on the other hand, had an absorbing passion for hunting, and was never happy unless he was following the hounds.

Before the embryo peer had learned to toddle his father died; and when he was nine years old the death of his elder brother made the boy a marquess and the owner of vast estates which yielded a regal revenue. Here, then, thus early in his life, we have all the elements of potential tragedy—a youth of weak character, with the gambling taint in his blood, in the uncontrolled possession of an income large enough to indulge any vicious propensity.

A CAB-HORSE WHICH COST £13,500.

As an undergraduate at Oxford he began his swift and brief career of dissipation, squandering his money right and left in the company of the loosest and fastest of his fellows, and the prey of a gang of unprincipled adventurers. It was at this time, while still in his teens, that the young marquess made his first turf venture in the purchase of Kangaroo, for which he paid the unprecedented sum of £13,500 to Mr. Henry Padwick. Kangaroo was a fraud, not worth his keep; and after a most disappointing career eventually ended his days between the shafts of a London hansom.

In The Earl he had a perfect treasure, for he simply romped away with the Grand Prix de Paris, and ought easily to have won the Derby and St. Leger if proper care had been taken of him; while in three years—1864, 1866, and 1867—the marquess won over £53,000 in stakes. He was equally fortunate for a time in backing other men's horses, for Lecturer's win in the Cesarewitch put £75,000 in his pocket. It is little wonder that in these early days he was in the habit of boasting that he could "make a certain £30,000 a year out of betting."

WILD AND RECKLESS GAMBLING.

Probably his early successes turned his brain—never at any time strong; for he seems literally to have courted disaster by

wild and reckless plunging. One reads remarkable accounts of the marquess sweeping on to the racecourse in a gorgeous carriage drawn by four or six horses, to be immediately surrounded by a clamorous crowd of bookmakers, whose wagers he snapped up as fast as they could shout them, regardless of their amount.

"They're laying odds on yours, my lord," one bookmaker exclaims.

"What odds?" blandly replies the owner.

"Well, my lord, I'll take you 6 monkeys to 4!"

"Put it down," is the brief response.

"And me 300 to 200!" "And me!"

"And me!" clamour a swarm of pencilers who come clustering up.

"Done with you, and you, and you"—the bets are booked as freely as proffered.

"And now, my lord, if you've a mind for a bit more, I'll take you 3,500 to 2000."

"And so you shall," is the gay answer, as the backer expands under the cheery influence of the biggest bet of the day. Then with their 70's to 40's and 7 ponies to 4, the smaller fry are duly enregistered, and the marquess drives off, his escort gathers round him, and away they dash.

LADY FLORENCE CECILIA PAGET.

Such is a contemporary description of a typical scene on the race-course, with this prodigal young peer as its central figure; and similar scenes were enacted at almost every great race in England for the four or five years of his meteoric career. Can one wonder that no purse, however deep, could long stand against such reckless wagering, or that the fatal day of reckoning could not long be delayed?

But the real cause of "Harry Hastings's" undoing was a woman—Lady Florence Cecilia Paget, daughter of the second Marquess of Anglesey. Many a wooer sought her hand; but her smiles were reserved for but two of them all—the young Marquess of Hastings and Mr. Henry Chaplin. The story of her beauty and her frailty is still well remembered—how she became affianced to Mr. Chaplin, and then, by a dramatic act of fickleness, cruelly abandoned him in favour of her titled lover. For this act of treachery a terrible penalty was enacted. Between the two men—the betrayer and the betrayed—a fierce, relentless feud was waged from that fatal day. Mr. Chaplin scored the first point in the duel when Hermit was put up to auction; Lord Hastings forced the bidding up to £1000—which was considered a ridiculously high price for a poor animal; but a further bid of £50 secured the animal for his rival, and with it, though he little suspected it at the time, the means of a well-planned revenge.

HERMIT'S DERBY.

Hermit was entered for the 1867 Derby; but so poor were his chances considered that odds of 66 to 1 were freely laid against him. The marquess laid persistently and heavily against his rival's horse until he stood to lose over £100,000; never, we may be sure, dreaming for a moment that Hermit could by any possibility win. The memory of that sensational and tragic race is almost as fresh now as on the day when it was run. The snow was falling in a blinding shower as the horses struggled gamely over the heavy course; to the amazement of every onlooker Hermit was seen gradually to force his way to the front,

and, amid a scene of unprecedented excitement, he passed the post a winner.

Heavy as was the blow, the marquess took it with a smile, although, in order to pay his losses, he had to part with his magnificent estate of Loudoun in Scotland, valued at £300,000.

But Nemesis was still on the track of Harry Hastings, relentless in pursuit; and the next and last blow fell in the autumn of this black year. His lordship had entered his two-year-old filly, Lady Elizabeth, for the Middle Park Plate at the Newmarket Second October Meeting, and confidently looked to her to recoup his losses. To his utter consternation, however, she utterly failed to come up to his expectations, and finished, instead of first, a bad fifth.

He was a hopelessly ruined man; and, what was far worse, more galling to his proud nature—he was disgraced, for he was utterly unable to pay his creditors. His ancestral estates and his money, accumulated during his long minority, had all gone; and though he sold his horses and hounds, and pawned his furniture and jewellery—all he had in the world—he still remained £40,000 in debt to the Ring.

The career which had opened with such a blaze of promise was now nearing its close under clouds and tempests. Shattered in health and fortune and broken in spirit, the young man escaped from England for a few months to seek health and peace in Norway. But the quest was vain; the fiat had gone forth that his day of conquest and defeat alike was over, and he returned to England a dying man.

On the 11th of November he breathed his last, having crowded into twenty-six years an experience of the vicissitudes of fortune such as few men have known in three times his brief span; and leaving behind him the memory of a wasted life, relieved only by a courage which, under other conditions, might have made his name honoured and revered.

NON-ALCOHOLIC WINE

NATIONAL BRITISH WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

The fourteenth annual conference of the National British Women's Temperance Association, of which the Countess of Carlisle is president, and which has a membership of about 110,000, was opened at Leeds last month with a gathering of delegates, of whom about 1000 attended during the week. Miss Woodhouse, daughter of the ex-Lord Mayor, presided. The meeting was in the Oxford-place Wesleyan Chapel, and there was a procession of young girls clad in white, who sang in the interests of temperance.

Mrs. Hartnell, from Cape Colony, spoke on personal responsibility on the drink question. She said her experience in the land of the Kaffirs was that wherever drinking went on the medical missionaries were very busy. She spoke in terms of commendation of the work of "Gipsy" Smith in Cape Colony.

Mrs. Saul Solomon, from the Transvaal, said her testimony was that intemperance was the dark and fatal block to happiness. On many of the farms in Cape Colony the giving of wine proved a great evil, but a hope was entertained that the day would come when not a drop of wine would be distributed on any of the farms where it had been proved that a temperance drink fresh from the grape could be made.

The Chinese are, perhaps, the most successful poultry-raisers in the world. They do not feed the fowls, but make them pick up their own food, each flock being kept on the move, as sheep are. The quality of the poultry is, however, poor.

WHY THEY DON'T QUITE HIT IT OFF

QUESTIONS FOR "HIM."

Must I really acknowledge to myself that I am actually jealous of my own children, and in my secret heart almost resent the love their mother lavishes on them? Don't I know that she may give them all the love her nature is capable of without this taking a scrap of love from me?

Can I hide from myself that I have so let the spirit of jealousy run away with me that I am sulky even at my wife's pleasure in her women friends' society; that I can't bear to have her people in the house because I know she is very fond of them, and that if I could I would prefer her to hate everyone's society but my own?

Do I ever consider that the keeping of an extra servant would make a vast difference in my wife's comfort, and that this could be easily accomplished if I would deny myself a few extravagances?

When I snub my wife before visitors, do I consider that it is quite as unpleasant for them as for her?

When I jeer at my wife for going to her club, do I consider how I would like it if

whose annual income totals £300, one feels justified in recommending that for their own salvation it would be a good thing for women to cultivate the wish for money-making as well as for money-receiving. For the more women succeed on their own responsibility, the more women come into the ranks of principals, the higher will be the rate of wages paid to all women for the feeling that woman cannot threaten any business with serious rivalry will disappear. The employer must feel it is worth while to pay women such salaries as will induce them to stay with him; and, moreover, the women must determine to make themselves invaluable.

As for marriage—if it come, well and good; but there is no sense in condemning oneself to perpetual poverty on the chance that "something may happen." As a matter of fact, the bright, sweet girl who renders herself thoroughly capable, has fought half the battle. That men at heart have a deep respect for the alert, capable, and successful woman can be seen both in France and America. Let the English girl take heart by the example of her French and American sisters. Let her determine to be a big success in business; and even if great fortunes do not come her way, she



IF THINGS WERE REVERSED: WHAT WOULD HAPPEN?

It would not be strange, if dumb creatures had the power, to find them retaliating on their merciless masters.

she jeered at me for going to mine?

When I grumble at my wife for wanting an increase in her dress allowance, do I think what I would feel if I was put upon an "allowance" instead of having the command of the cheque-book?

When I praise the style and perfection of Mrs. Smith's dinners, do I remember that my wife could do just as well if I were as liberal in housekeeping matters as Mr. Smith is?

Though I may not be able to keep a motor-car for my wife, isn't it true that I could often get home earlier from the office and take her for a spin or a little outing?

Do I ever remember that it is as much my duty as my wife's to make our home a happy place, and one that our children will love to be in, instead of longing to get away from?

WOMEN AND THE BUSINESS SENSE

Some may feel a sentimental regret at seeing the flower-like conception of women threatened, but the modern conditions must be faced, and when one considers how few women, framed according to the old ideals, and forced into the war of modern independence, earn an income of over £100 a year, and how much fewer are those

will feel the joy that comes with the knowledge of having made the very best of her abilities.

Let her, in short, drop the word "unwomanly" from her vocabulary, and start out, with a good conceit of herself, determined to acquire the business sense!—Miss C. Smedley, in "World's Work."

LOTTERY FINED £30,000

A telegram from Mobile, Alabama, states that the Courts there have dissolved a secret lottery, which had its headquarters in Mobile, and was known to the initiated as the "Honduras Lottery." It was practically a successor to the famous New Orleans Lottery which was broken up some years ago. Twenty-eight promoters of the gamble who were charged with maintaining an illegal gaming establishment pleaded guilty, and were fined in the aggregate £30,000. The lottery was the biggest thing of its kind that ever existed in the United States.

"Sav. Doc," remarked Goodliven, "the shape of a man's stomach is round, ain't it?"

"Well, yes, nearly so," replied the doctor. "Why?"

"I was just thinkin', ain't it funny that nothin' fits it so well as a square meal?"

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GRIT.
A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1907.

A LIQUOR CHAMPION

Mr. Frank Lock takes himself very seriously. Last week he opened his election campaign, and told the electors of Waverley that he held a brief for the liquor trade. He agreed that there were many evils connected with the business. He was anxious that these evils should be eliminated. He was ready to join hands with the reformers to bring about this much to be desired change, but he balked badly at the compensation question. Working himself into a fine frenzy, he demanded information as to why he, after 25 years of hard work, should lose his business. He wanted that compensation should be paid to all those whose businesses were affected by the people's vote. The fact that he and his confreres have been making excellent profits out of the vices of their weaker fellows was entirely lost sight of. Presumably, Mr. Lock, like so many other "nice" people, does not like to have his aesthetic tastes outraged by being reminded of these things. But the facts are there all the same, and no matter how much the liquor traders may dislike the idea of being arraigned at the bar of public opinion and judged according to the merits or demerits of their business, the public have the right to speak on the question and to have their decision enforced. Mr. Lock was very anxious at the beginning of the proceedings to meet a champion of the temperance party on the platform, but when at the conclusion of the meeting a clergyman arose in the audience and claimed the privilege of debating with him it was another story altogether.

TEETOTAL FANATICS

A REPLY TO THE LIQUOR PARTY.

Under the above heading a Sydney hotel-keeper strove in last Saturday's morning papers to set forth reasons why the people of this State should not be permitted to deal with the liquor traffic. The article in question can scarcely be termed a defence of the drink business, for that is indefensible on any other than the most sordid of grounds. Its chief object seems to have been to exhibit to the public a perfection of vulgar abuse, which could only be associated with a business such as that of strong drink.

The compensation question looms large in the writer's mind. The temperance party are charged with attempted

"CONFISCATION OF LEGAL ASSETS, vested interests, business rights, and trade properties." This of course is untrue. But that matters not to the protagonist of the liquor traffic. The advocates of No-License propose to confiscate nothing. They propose to take nothing away. The position is this: The retailer of strong drink is given a license to sell liquor for a certain time and under certain conditions and restrictions. These latter he accepts when he applies for his license. The license is granted, not for the good of the licensee, but for the convenience of the public in general. The government, as representing the people, has never parted with its right to control the sale of intoxicants. It merely leases that right for a certain period, and having performed its part of the contract, is under no obligation to renew it should the people desire that it should not

be renewed. If it were proposed to cancel the license before expiry, there would be a palpable injustice, and the holder of the cancelled agreement would have a just right to compensation for the unexpired portion of his term. But nothing of this sort is proposed. If No-License is carried, in any part of the State, the holder of that license will receive due notice of the decision of the people, and after the expiration of a certain time his license will not be renewed. His

PROPERTY WILL NOT BE INTERFERED WITH.

The owners of hotel properties will still retain their title to the land and buildings and so forth, and no attempt will be made to interfere with them. But, it is urged, will not the values of such properties be depreciated because of loss of licenses? The depreciation will only be relative. At the present time it is a well-known and accepted fact that properties adjoining licensed premises depreciate in value. But the owners of those receive no compensation for this depreciation. On the other hand, the obtaining of a license confers a fictitious value upon the premises so licensed, and the owner of such premises may go on enjoying this monopoly-created value for many years, to the detriment of the neighbouring property owners. Then comes a time when that license ceases by the will of the people, expressed at the ballot-box. The sale of liquor stops. The property recedes to its normal value. He still has that. Wherein does his claim for compensation lie?

The appeal to the

PRECEDENT OF THE SLAVE TRADE cannot hold good. When the British Government dealt with the traffic in slaves (that is the importation of them), there was not one penny paid by way of compensation to those engaged in it. Compensation was paid later on, when slaveholding was prohibited, and when the slaves were freed. This was done because the slave-masters had a property in the slaves. It is not to be inferred that this policy is here defended. The fact is merely stated. If the properties of the hotel-keepers were to be taken from them they would be paid for them in the same way as slave-owners were compensated for the loss of their property, but as this is impossible under the present Liquor Act, and has never even been suggested by anyone, the liquor party are making a claim which is highly ridiculous.

"Of course," says this oracle of the public house,

"THERE IS EVIL IN DRINK,

as there is evil lurking in all things." It is something to obtain this admission from such a well-informed authority. But most people know this already. The temperance party have for years been trying to convince the people of the evils attendant upon this worst of all traffics, but those in the business have generally denied it. The liquor advocate points to the drunkard as a

"SCOURGE TO HIMSELF,

and a nuisance to society. He is the disruption of his home, the despair of his wife, the degradation of his family, and the disgust of his acquaintances." All this is true. But there is more truth behind it. The drunkard is the product of the business which it is sought to defend. Each person in that business has taken profit from that which has caused thousands of wives to despair, which has degraded families innumerable, and which has plunged into grief

CONVICTIONS FOR DRUNKENNESS

The waste of wealth occasioned by indulgence in strong drink is not by any means the most serious aspect of the liquor problem. The record of convictions for drunkenness for 1906 brings before the mind a picture of misery and want and squalor that should have no place in a young country such as this. For drunkenness only the convictions were 20,898; other convictions of which drunkenness found part of the charge, 4428; the total convictions thus being 25,326, or 1313 more than in 1905. Of these convictions 4387 were women, being 324 less than the previous year. It must be borne in mind that these figures do not by any means give an adequate idea of the total amount of drunkenness in the State. For each conviction there must be a very great number of persons who do not come under the notice of the magistrates. The saddest feature of the whole business is the fact that so very many women and young people are convicted year by year. There can never be a strong, healthy, virile nation when the mothers and the young people are given to excess in alcoholic liquors. For this reason, if for no other, every patriotic man and woman should embrace the opportunity offered by the ensuing Local Option poll to vote for the abolition of licenses in order to remove temptation out of the way.

Pa Twaddles: "Well, what's the matter now?"

Tommy Twaddles: "Ma says I mustn't never say a word while she's in the room."

Mrs. Twaddles: "Why, no I didn't, dear. I said you mustn't interrupt while I'm talking."

Tommy: "What's the difference?"

and misery unspeakable myriads of victims.

The article proceeds:—"There is light in his (the drinker's) eye, and a smile on his face as he goes homeward at peace with the world, and with cheer for wife and family, who welcome the husband, father, and breadwinner." It is not denied that too often, alas, the man leaves the bar with a "light in his eye." But it is not the light of love. It is oftener the

LIGHT OF A FIENDISH FEROCITY.

Scarcely a week passes without painful evidence of this being afforded by the police, criminal, and divorce courts. How frequently has it led to violence and murder? In the State of New South Wales there are at this very time thousands upon thousands who have to mourn for some friend or relative

MURDERED BY DRINK.

In the face of these facts the defender of the traffic asks: "Is not life and society and civilisation all the better for the innocent revel and the little relaxation?" The insolence of such a question! The liquor traffic owes a heavy debt to society and civilisation on account of all the iniquities for which it has been and still is responsible. But the day of reckoning is coming, and an awakened public conscience will sweep away for ever the foul monster which for so long has thriven upon the degradation of humanity.

"Teetotal extremists," pursues the author of the defence, "have the audacity to declare the liquor traffic is

"RESPONSIBLE FOR THREE-FOURTHS OF THE CRIME

committed." It is surely late in the day for anyone to come forward with a denial of the fact that the bulk of the country's criminals are manufactured by drink. But it is wrong to ascribe the assertions regarding drink and crime to "teetotal fanatics." There are numerous opinions of Australian judges as to the proportion of crime traceable to strong drink. One typical utterance on this point will suffice:—

Mr. JUSTICE HODGES, of Victoria, speaking at the Melbourne Exhibition Building on 15th September, 1898, said: "DRINK LIES AT THE ROOT OF MOST OF THE EVILS IN THIS COMMUNITY. I am not, and never have been, a member of any Total Abstinence, or even Temperance, society, and am no faddist, but by virtue of the office I hold it is my duty to watch the causes which contribute to the falling of my fellow-citizens; and I say this deliberately, that not only is DRINK RESPONSIBLE for more crime than any other single cause, but it is responsible FOR MORE CRIME THAN ALL OTHER CAUSES PUT TOGETHER."

This opinion is endorsed by the testimony of trained observers the world over.

But there is other evidence on this point. In those places where No-License has been carried it is a fact that crime of all sorts has very greatly diminished. To take

THE CASE OF NEW ZEALAND,

there is not a solitary No-License area but can show a splendid record in this respect. The following figures amply bear out this contention:—

CLUTHA.

Last 10 years of license.... 292 convictions
First 10 years of No-License 122 convictions

MATAURA.

Last 2 years of license..... 202 convictions
First 2 years of No-License 67 convictions

OAMARU.

Last year of license..... 352 convictions.
First year of No-License... 134 convictions

ASHBURTON.

Last year of license..... 194 convictions
First full year of No-License 86 convictions

Figures such as the foregoing need no comment. They are eloquent testimony to the fact that as soon as the temptation to strong drink diminishes, crime also diminishes; thus bearing out the contention of judges and others that drink is the most prolific cause of crime.

A good deal is said 'about the

INIQUITY OF NO-LICENSE.

which is designed "to convict him (the li-

quor seller) of a crime against the local community." The liquor traffic has long stood convicted of most of the crimes in the calendar, and it is because it has been so convicted that the voters are to determine what its fate shall be. It is not now a question as to whether the traffic is or is not a menace to the health and well-being of the people. That point has been settled, and the liquor dealers cannot be persuaded to attempt to dispute it. Their efforts are now directed towards avoiding or mitigating that punishment which is due. The matter is now in the people's hands, and they must say whether they are prepared to harbour for a further term of three years a traffic which has done no good for the community but which always has been and always will be the most demoralising and debasing influence known to civilisation.

"Will the teetotal extremists make life heartier, happier, fuller, freer, dearer and sweeter by abolishing the after-toil beer?" This is a question put on behalf of "the trade," and which can readily be answered in the affirmative. Drink has been shown to be the cause of innumerable ills; it has been convicted of destroying happiness, cleanliness, and sweet living. That being so, it must follow that its abolition would mean purer and healthier conditions of life. Again it is asked, "Are the teetotal toilers

BETTER WORKERS OR KINDER HUSBANDS,

or more affectionate fathers?" For a reply to this query the liquorites are referred to employers of labour, to wives, and



Stranger: "Can you tell me where old Farmer Hayrick lives?"

Villager: "He's dead."

Stranger: "Dead! Why, I've come all the way from Australia to see him."

Villager: "Must ha' been expectin' yer, I should think!"

to families. There is no fear but that the answer will be in the affirmative in each case. How frequently have employers stated that drink is a hindrance to their businesses? How many wives and children but would welcome gladly a state of things which would prevent kind and affectionate husbands and fathers being turned into perfect demons by indulgence in strong drink?

THE QUESTION FOR THE ELECTORS

at the ensuing poll is as to whether the liquor traffic stands for anything good or useful or clean or pure in the community. Can its friends point to any good end served by it? Can they deny that it is the cause of untold wretchedness and squalor? Can they point to any injury that would accrue to the body politic by the abolition of licenses? They will know that it serves no good purpose, that it is the greatest crime and misery producer extant; that its abolition would mean salvation, mentally, morally, physically and socially to thousands. These things being so, there is but

ONE PATH OF DUTY

open to parents, husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, all:—Vote for No-License, for along that way lies happiness and prosperity.

THE DAUGHTER OF A SOLDIER

A neat little volume of short stories has just been published by Mr. J. A. Packer under the above title. The writer is Miss Agnes Littlejohn, of Sydney, and many of the sketches have previously been published in the "Presbyterian."

Miss Littlejohn makes no pretence to anything more than telling her stories in a homely, quiet way. They are not to be judged from the point of view of literary criticism. Their worth lies in the fact that they are well told, and that they are entirely healthy in tone, and bare of that sensationalism which mars so many of the short stories printed now-a-days.

The story which gives the volume its title is that of a young girl, daughter of an Indian general, who, having become betrothed to an officer of her father's command, discovers by merest accident that he is plotting for the massacre of the garrison, and the overthrow of British rule. True to her training as the daughter of a soldier, she puts her own happiness aside for the general good, and is able to save her countrymen and countrywomen from a cruel death.

The charm of this little volume lies in its variety. To select a few stories at random, one finds an entirely different set of circumstances in "Poor Miss Price," "A Ten Pound Note," "Little Mary," "Comin' thro' the Rye," "Platonic Friendship," "A Modern Pharisee," and "The Prophet that got no Honour." This last has a quiet quaint humour about it. The reader instinctively rejoices at the downfall of the "prophet," whose chief concern seemed to be his own comfort and "profit."

The book can certainly be recommended as one that will give relaxation of mind, without in any way offending any of the proprieties of life. Miss Littlejohn is to be congratulated on her work, and it is hoped she will be encouraged to still further efforts in the same direction. There is a wide field for work of this kind in regard to Australian life, and if in future sketches the author can give more of her stories a local setting, it should aid materially in securing the success she so well deserves.

NO-LICENSE IN OAMARU

(From the "Otago Daily Times," Tuesday, July 2nd, 1907.)

On Sunday evening, Oamaru completed its first 12 months of No-License, and considerable interest will therefore be taken in the court returns for the periods ending respectively on the 30th June, 1906 and 1907. The total number of convictions for the 12 months ending 30th June, 1906, was 352, while for the following 12 months it was 134. It should, however, be stated that these totals include convictions for such as breaches of borough by-laws, which in the first period were 32 and in the second 12. The following are the most important figures the periods ending on 30th June in each year:—

Drunkenness	156	26
Breaches of Licensing Acts	28	4
Obscene Language ...	4	3
Prohibition Orders ...	33	6
Theft	15	7
Wilful Damage to Property	1	3
Assault	4	2
Offensive Behaviour ...	1	8
Vagrancy	4	—
Resisting the Police ...	2	—
False Pretences and Uttering	6	—
Breaches of the Peace ..	7	1
Failure to Support ...	4	—
Attempted Crime	1	—
Indecency	1	—
Trespass	1	—
Sundries	84	74
Totals	352	134

It is difficult to convince a woman who lavishes her affection on a lapdog that people who boast about their babies are not hopeless degenerates.

"Two heads are always better than one," she said.

"Oh, no, not always," he replied. "Not when it is necessary to buy hats for them."

THE QUEEN OF NURSES

THE ROMANTIC LIFE STORY OF
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE WHO
WAS 87 LAST MONTH.

The wounded they love her, as it has been seen,
She's the soldiers' preserver, they call her
their queen.
May God give her strength, and her heart
never fail!
One of Heaven's best gifts is Miss Nightingale.

Although the above lines were written nearly half a century ago, when the name of Florence Nightingale was on everybody's lips, they were re-echoed in the hearts of many a soldier last month. Tommy Atkins may be an "absent-minded beggar" on occasion, but he does not readily forget those who have done him a lasting kindness. The heroine of the terrible Crimea War, though lost to sight, is to memory dear in the ranks of the British Army. It is related that when the "lady of the lamp" was walking round the wards of the Scutari Hospital the invalid warriors would kiss her shadow as it fell across their bed, and new recruits are reminded of this by the veterans of our wars. Her name, like that of the Duke of Wellington, is still one to conjure with in the ranks.

On the twelfth of May Miss Florence Nightingale celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday. She was born in Italy—near the beautiful city from whence she derives her Christian name—in 1820. One might almost say that from the time that she could lip her heart has been set upon deeds of charity, many of which are recorded in "The Life of Florence Nightingale," by Sarah A. Tooley.

NURSING DOLLS.

"When quite a child," she says, "Florence Nightingale showed characteristics which pointed to her vocation in life. Her dolls were always in a delicate state of health, and required the utmost care. Florence would undress and put them to bed, with many cautions to her sister not to disturb them. She smoothed their pillows, tempted them with imaginary delicacies from toy cups and plates, and nursed them to convalescence, only to consign them to a sick-bed next day. Happily, Parthe—her elder sister—did not exhibit the same tender consideration for her waxen favourites, who frequently suffered the loss of a limb or got burnt at the nursery fire. Then, of course, Florence's superior skill was needed, and she neatly bandaged poor dolly and 'set' her arms and legs with a facility which might be the envy of the modern miraculous bone-setter."

IN RELIEF OF DOGS.

From the nursing of dolls to that of dogs is but a step, and the demure young lady was always in requisition when a pet, four-legged or two-legged, met with an accident. Then she began to turn her attention to men and women, and her beneficence in the Derbyshire village in which she lived is still remembered. She trotted about here, there, and everywhere, with her basket of good things for the sick and needy. She was a very present help in time of trouble. Two members of her family were stricken down with severe illnesses, and she nursed them with such success that she decided to enter the "profession"—if it might be called such in those needy. She did not do it in a perfunctory way or as a hobby; but spent some months in the London hospitals and similar institutions elsewhere. This but confirmed her ambition, and eventually she took charge of the Harley-street Home for Sick Governesses, now known as the Hospital for Invalid Gentlewomen.

Then came the black days of 1854, the outbreak of the war between Great Britain and Russia, and the call to service. The glaring errors of the War Office were never more in evidence; there were too few doctors and no female nurses at all, although our French allies had seen to it that numerous sisters of mercy were at the disposal of their wounded. Hospital supplies there were in plenty—in the wrong place. At last the War Department yielded to public opinion, and Miss Florence Nightingale was justly held to be

THE "ONE WOMAN" IN THE KINGDOM

fitted for the arduous work. She was appointed Superintendent of Nurses for the Crimea, and on the very day on which Mr. Sidney Herbert—afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea—wrote to her asking if she would accept the position, she volunteered to do so of her own free will. Their letters "crossed" in the post; each was unaware of the other's intention.

"It was a heart-breaking experience for the lady-in-chief," writes Miss Sarah Tooley, "when she made her first round of the wards at Scutari. The beds were reeking with infection, and the 'sheets,' Miss Florence Nightingale relates, 'were of canvas, and so coarse that the wounded men begged to be left in their blankets. It was indeed impossible to put men in such a state of emaciation into those sheets. There was no bed-room furniture of any kind, and only empty beer or wine bottles for candlesticks.'"

"In addition to the miseries entailed by overcrowding, the men lying on the floors of the corridors were tormented by vermin, and their limbs attacked by rats as they lay helpless in their pain.

"The immediate surroundings of the hospital were a hotbed of pestilence. Miss Nightingale counted six dogs lying under the windows in a state of decomposition. Add to this that in this vast caravanserai of wounded, sick, and dying men there was no proper provision for washing, no kitchens, culinary conveniences, or cooks suitable for hospital needs, and no sanitation, and some conception may be formed of the Augean stable which the lady-in-chief and her nurses had to cleanse, and the chaos out of which order was to be brought."

A GOLDEN EVENTIDE.

Suffice it to say, that within ten days of her arrival Miss Nightingale had fitted up an impromptu kitchen from which 800 men were daily supplied with well-cooked food and other comforts. Before long the Queen of Nurses had everything organised on a practical basis, and spared neither herself nor her own private resources in her effort to cheer and relieve the gallant men who had suffered in the cause of their sovereign and country.

It must not be thought that because Miss Florence Nightingale is eighty-seven years of age she has lost her interest in this work-a-day world. On the contrary, she is keenly alive to every movement started in the interests of those who suffer, and she is never happier than when she is chatting to a friend on the things that are and are yet to be. As a rule elderly people dwell in the past, in the happy land of yesterday; but she who served as Superintendent of Nurses for the Crimea prefers to look forward instead of backward. Sometimes a young angel in cap and apron, a new recruit to the ranks in which Miss Florence Nightingale served so ably, approaches her bedside and asks for her blessing. It is readily given, with the request that sunny youth may bestow the same privileges upon old age.

What a splendid career, and what a golden eventide!

WHAT SHALL THE BOY BECOME?

PONDER THESE FACTS!

Jonathan Edwards, the famous American Puritan divine, was born at East Windsor, Connecticut, in 1703. In 1900 there were 1394 of his descendants identified, of whom

- 295 were college graduates;
 - 13 presidents of leading colleges;
 - 65 professors in colleges, besides many principals of important educational institutions;
 - 60 were physicians, many of whom were eminent;
 - 100 and more were clergymen, missionaries, or theological professors;
 - 75 were officers in the army and navy;
 - 60 prominent authors and writers, of whom 135 books of merit were published, and 18 important periodicals edited;
 - 33 American States and several foreign countries, and 92 American cities and many foreign cities, have profited by the beneficent influence of their eminent activity;
 - 100 and more were lawyers, of whom one was America's most eminent professor of law;
 - 30 were judges;
 - 80 had held public office, of whom one was Vice-President of the United States;
 - 3 were United States senators, several were governors, members of Congress, mayors of cities, and ministers to foreign courts;
 - 1 was president of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co.;
 - 15 held responsible positions in banks, railroads, insurance companies, and large industrial enterprises.
- Not one of them was ever convicted of crime.

Max Jukes was born in 1720. He was a drunkard who would not work. In 1874 the following facts concerning his descendants were collected:—

- 1200 had been occupants of penal and charitable institutions, none of whom were ever elected to office, served in the army or navy, or contributed anything to the public welfare. On the contrary, they had cost society over £200 each—a total of £250,000.
- 310 were in poorhouses—2300 years in all;
- 300 (or over one in four) died in childhood.
- 440 were viciously diseased;
- 400 were physically wrecked early by their own wickedness;
- 50 were notorious prostitutes;
- 7 were murderers;
- 60 were habitual thieves, who spent an average of 12 years each in prison.
- 130 were convicted more or less often of crimes.

THE MAYOR'S DIFFICULTY—HE WANTED WATER

"Cycling" tells a good story. The mayor of a certain town, riding on his new bicycle, found himself a long way from home, and wanting water for his acetylene lamp. He rode on in momentary dread of the village constable, until at last he saw a labourer, whom he knew slightly, standing at the door of his cottage.

"I say, would you be so kind as to give me some water for my lamp?" he asked.

"Water?" repeated the man. "I s'pose you mean oil?"

"No, I don't; I want water," replied the mayor.

The labourer looked searchingly at the cyclist for a moment. "Take my advice and get along 'ome," he said impressively. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself at your age. And you the mayor, too."

THE PARSON QUESTIONED

The Parson is never so happy as when thoughtful men are asking him sensible questions. Ever since the new Liquor Act the questions have largely to do with No-License.

Sometimes a questioner says he cannot understand the answer. The trouble is with his faulty understanding, not with the answer. The Parson offers to supply answers but cannot undertake to supply the brains to understand them.

A LITTLE WINE.

About the only thing some people know about St. Paul is that he recommended "a little wine" to Timothy, and this is used as an argument to support wine-growing, wine, drink, and liquor licenses.

There is nothing whatever in this passage of Scripture to warrant the use of wine by everybody, nor the use of wine as a beverage by anybody. There is nothing to warrant the use of much wine even as a medicine.

Even the proverbial Philadelphian lawyer could not find in this text any justification for giving a license to sell spirituous liquors. In fact the only people it refers to are the abstemious who have disordered stomachs, and to them only "a little" is recommended.

INCONVENIENCE TO TRAVELLERS.

New Zealand has proved conclusively that in No-License areas the accommodation for travellers has improved. The hotels now without a license are a financial success, and manage to surprise travellers by the style in which they do things. The Headquarters of the N.S.W. Alliance has proved that even in competition with places that have a license, an hotel without a bar is financially a success. It is noteworthy that the largest establishment in the Southern Hemisphere that acts as a universal provider, has never sought a grocer's license.

PURE LIQUOR.

Bishop Doyle has lately voiced the opinion of a large number when he said that there was more drunkenness in the prohibition State of Maine, U.S.A., than in other similar places with a license, and that what was wanted was pure liquor. The last vote in Maine was: Prohibition, 70,182; The Open Bar, 22,811. Over seventy thousand people who live in Maine do not agree with Bishop Doyle.

In a report issued by the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labour, is the following:—The license cities and towns show 36.24 arrests for drunkenness to every 1000 of the population; the No-License areas show only 9.94 such arrests. Arrests for offences other than drunkenness—License, 22.34 per 1000; No-License, 10.26 per 1000. As to pure liquor, how can we get good, wholesome, poisoning liquor?

Neither the people, the facts, nor common sense are on the Bishop's side.

THE LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT.

Is not the interference of the State with the liquor traffic an infringement of personal liberty?

Drinking would seem to be a matter of private conduct. Whether they drink much or less, has the State a right to interfere?

This argument might leave some weight if men who drank to excess formed a society by themselves and injured none but themselves. But this is not the case.

The ancient State justified interference with personal liberty on the ground of military necessity. The modern State justifies it on the ground of public safety.

Building, municipal, and educational Acts all prove that we part with a portion of our liberty that we may be confirmed in the enjoyment of the remainder.

The State has a right to interfere, the only thing open to discussion is the method of interference.

DO LAWS MAKE A DIFFERENCE?

Is it true that good men will remain good under bad laws, and evil men will find ways of evading good laws. But this is only part of the case. Differences between men are largely produced by their environment, and in environment laws count for much. Though good men may remain good, and bad men may remain bad for a time, yet in the long run the laws of a people will determine whether goodness and badness will predominate.

AN AMATEUR COSTER

REMARKABLE EXPERIMENT BY THE GREATEST WOMAN TRAVELLER.

Mere males who are, or have been, great travellers, are so plentiful as blackberries; but great travellers, who are also women, are very scarce indeed. Undoubtedly, the greatest woman traveller in the world to-day is Miss Jessie Ackermann; who is once again visiting Australia. She has travelled five times round the world, and now has set out again to put a girdle round the globe for the sixth time.

There is scarcely a "nation, kingdom, or language," which she has not sampled in the course of her world rambles. From China to Peru, from Siberia to the Cape, wherever there has been anything to see, Miss Ackermann has gone to see it. She has the American's desire to "do the sights" wherever she goes, and no distance and no toil is too great so long as she gets there. But she certainly has much more than the average American's capacity for seeing the inwardness of things, and there are few people in the world who could match her faculty for remembering what she sees.

Miss Ackermann is conned with more associations, leagues, and congresses for the advancement of her sex than any other woman living. And it always has been the Christian ideal which has taken her upon her travels. She was, for instance, a great friend of the late Miss Francis E. Willard, who said of her: "There is no other woman living, and there has never been, who, during eight years of constant travel, has twice circumnavigated the globe, visited every country in the world, which included two hundred thousand miles of travel, getting over the ground by the use of every method of locomotion, from the ocean liner to the Chinese junk, from the elephant to the wheelbarrow. Best of all, Miss Ackermann did not travel as a mere sightseer, but she went to introduce ideas that she believed would make better and happier every person she met and every community in which she tarried."

This was high praise from such a famous woman as Miss Willard, but it was not only richly deserved at the time, but is still equally deserved to-day. For Miss Ackermann, by the close of this year, will probably have trebled the record which Miss Willard so greatly admired. And it is not surprising, therefore, that the Scottish Royal Geographical Society should have done itself the honour of adding her to its distinguished roll of Fellows.

Miss Ackermann is a very brilliant talker. People are struck by her splendid stature—she is over six feet high—by her great eloquence; and by her wonderful fund of information, gathered from every quarter of the globe. But in private conversation her most distinguished trait is her deep humanity. Loving-kindness, pity, and a yearning desire to benefit her fel-

lows, whether man or woman, beams from her eyes, and thrills through her speech.

She has for some years, practically been settled—or as much settled as her many responsibilities allowed—in London, and a great longing seized her to learn by actual experience how the poor live, and, if possible, to find some way out of the maze of the social problem which the East End of London presents to thoughtful people. She and a friend, therefore, discarded their West End raiment, and dressed themselves in the garb of the costerwoman. Their disguise was so complete that they were able to live for two weeks in a tenement house in the slummiest part of London, without anyone guessing their identity, or even that they did not belong to the class with which they associated.

Nobody thought that the poor woman, standing on the kerbstone selling her penny toys, or sitting in the coster's barrow outside Covent Garden Market, was the lady whose fine presence has graced many a platform? But the experiment was a real education to Miss Ackermann. It was full of tragedy and comedy, of tears and laughter; and seeing that they laid upon themselves the self-denying ordinance that they should live for a fortnight upon what they could earn, it almost ended in starvation.

Afterwards Miss Ackermann said, in tell of her return from one of her most luckiest days with the donkey-barrow: "I shall never—no, never—forget how I felt as I stumbled up those steps and through the dark, dirty passage. I was poor; yes, I was poverty-stricken: Little food and no fire, what could be worse? The thing that so astonishes me now is the fact that I was really all of this. As I passed other women coming, as we were, empty-handed, heavy-hearted, back to desolation and discomfort, I pondered much upon the mystery of life, and wondered what great and everlasting purpose could be running through it all. And when I reached the room, I threw myself across the bed, too heart-sick even to speak. All I could do was to 'hold on to God,' and again and again reaffirm, 'He ruleth, He ruleth!'"

But one thing was burnt indelibly upon her very heart, and that was the Christ-like kindness which the poor show to the poor. She said to me: "Here among these people I saw the broadest, sweetest, and most unselfish spirit of philanthropy I have ever known. Who would expect sweetness in such lives? The great injustice done the poor lies in the sweeping conclusions based on the unlovely environment in which we find them. True, these are suggestive of the coarse, common, and vulgar, and no one seems to expect anything that speaks of heart or soul beauty. But there it was. The coarse-looking woman, dirty and unkempt, talking in loud voice, swinging her bare freckled arms through space as she waxes eloquent, after her style, over conditions and affairs, vanishes in almost an instant, and she is melted to tears or moved to ready action by the greater want or sorrow of a fellow-creature."

Stranger: "Sir, do you remember giving a poor friendless tramp fifty cents one cold night last winter?"

Jones: "I do."

Stranger: "I am that tramp: that fifty cents was the turning point in my career; with it I got a shave, a shine, and a job. I saved my money, went to Alaska, made a million dollars, and last week I came back to New York to share my millions with you. But unfortunately, I struck Wall-street before I struck you—and—and—have you another fifty cents that you could conveniently spare, sir?"

Ask your newsagent for "GRIT."
Be sure and get it.

UNCLE TOM'S LIQUOR

A TEST THAT DID NOT FAIL.

"It's up on the top shelf of his book-case, and it's in bottles," whispered Ruth.

"I know," answered Bobbie, with a superior air, "it's some kind of wine or stuff, and it's good, too, for I saw Uncle Tom smack his lips when he tasted it."

"Oh, deary me," sighed Ruthie, "and he's such a nice uncle!"

Uncle Tom, Mamma Brand's brother, had just returned from a stay of many years in foreign lands, and a jovial, lovable uncle he was. Yet it was a sad fact that in Uncle Tom's den, beautiful with costly rugs and tapestries and a wealth of curios, there were to be found bottles of strange liquors which Uncle Tom thought quite necessary to his comfort. Mamma Brand worried about it, and Papa Brand gave it many hours of serious thought, and even spoke to Uncle Tom about it, but nobody dreamed that little Ruth, the pet of the family, was troubled over it.

"Of course Uncle Tom never would drink another drop of the stuff," mused Ruthie, "if he only knew 'bout it, but way over 'cross the ocean I s'pose they don't know, and I just can't tell him myself, for he'd think I was too little and didn't know 'bout things. I s'pose I could tell him my texts about it, but then I might forget 'em. I always get excited and forget." She thought a long, long time in the dark on the stairway, then suddenly clapped her hands softly. "I know, I know. That's just what I'll do. I will, I will."

The next morning Uncle Tom said he was to be away all day and all the evening. When Ruthie was sure he was away she went up to his den, shutting the door softly behind her. She climbed up on a big chair and stretched her short arms up to the top shelf for the bottles. She landed them safely on the table, where she had ready a bottle of mucilage and some slips of paper. Upon these slips were some words written in Ruth's best hand. Across the front of the bottles over the foreign worded labels she firmly pasted them, then as carefully put them back into their places and crept out of the room.

When Uncle Tom came in late that night, Ruthie, cosily tucked in her little bed, heard him with trembling and fear. "Now he'll see them," she thought, "and he'll know the funny little h's and s's, for Bobbie says nobody else makes 'em like me, and he'll be cross and never call me his dear little Ruthie again."

Uncle Tom had not been long in the house before he turned to the bottles. But what had happened to them! He held them up to the light, the better to read the queer little letters: "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it sparkleth in the cup. At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Uncle Tom frowned and looked angry. He started to turn something from the bottle into a glass, but "it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder" stared him in the face, and his usually steady hand trembled. He couldn't keep his eyes away from the queer wriggly little line of letters, nor help being reminded of the little fingers that had so carefully written them, and gradually the frown changed into a smile. "Bless her little heart!" he murmured at last. "How like she is to her grandmother, with her quiet, sermonising ways! Mother made me learn that very text when I was about Ruth's age, and wasn't I proud when I could repeat it?"

The liquor stood untouched as the man mused with a tender, serious look upon his face. "It's like mother coming back to remind me," he thought, with a queer lump in his throat. "What a fool I am anyway to have a little, six-year-old tell me a thing

I've known all my life, that bitter truth about it's biting like a serpent. At least I've sense enough left yet to let the child teach me, so here goes. Good-bye, old enemy, a last good-bye." And through the open window into the alley the two bottles went flying.

"Tell us about how the native man saved you from a lion once," begged Bobbie the next evening at the story-hour.

"Not to-night, Bobbie," said his uncle gently, as he drew Ruthie closer to his side. "To-night it's to be about how I was saved from some awful serpents that bite and sting by a little mite of a lassie no bigger than our Ruthie." And when they had heard the story everybody voted it was the best story Uncle Tom had ever told.

SOME STINGY MILLIONAIRES

Not long ago there died in New York Samuel Dunlap, an octogenarian, who, although he could any day have written a cheque for a million and yet have remained rich, lived for forty years, with a housekeeper as sole attendant, on the expenditure—apart from drink—of a working man. During all this long period he was only known to purchase one suit of clothes, a cheap pair of grey trousers, and two top-coats; he had four straw hats in sixteen years, and for the last of them he paid a shilling.

Mrs. Ealden, his housekeeper, used to cut his hair once a month, and she had instructions to save the hair and put it in a mattress, "as it was a pity to waste it"; and when Mr. Dunlap's frock-coat showed signs of wear, she cut off its tails and converted it into a jacket. For the last eight years of his life this old man lived entirely in a back room of his house, and spent his time in drinking whisky and champagne—his one extravagance—of which he would often consume five bottles in a single day.

A similar eccentric was Mr. George T. Cline, of Chicago, who left over a million pounds sterling at his death a short time ago. After the World's Fair Mr. Cline bought an hotel of 75 rooms and lived there alone in a single room, occupying his time in playing the violin. For days together not a glimpse of him was seen; and then he would repair to a cheap restaurant and eat a meal which cost him 5d, and for which he provided the tea. He allowed himself 12s a month for food; and, apart from his beloved violin, found his principal pleasure in seeking out Irishmen with rich brogues and buying food and liquor for them in order to hear them talk.

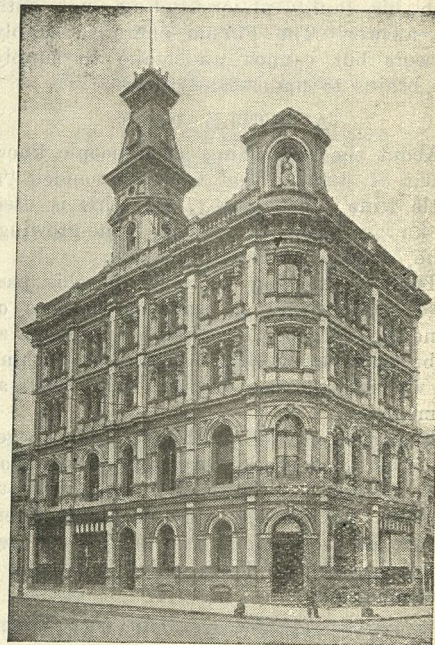
In a tiny, creeper-covered hut on the summit of a mountain in Pennsylvania there is living to-day a member of one of the richest families of America, a man reputed to be enormously wealthy. From year's end to year's end this hermit of the hills spends his days alone; he does his own cooking and housework, washes his own linen in a neighbouring stream, catches his own trout, shoots his own game, cultivates his own vegetables, milks his goat, and makes his own bread. He never receives or sends a letter, never sees a newspaper, and holds no communication with the outside world, with the exception of an occasional chat with a young farmer who brings him flour, eggs, and meat once a week.

Another millionaire hermit who a very few years ago died in Moscow was Mr. G. G. Solodovnikoff, who had made a fortune, variously estimated at from four to ten millions, by colossal speculations on the Bourse. So many and varied were his investments that it was said the handling of coupons alone gave employment to ten girls. And yet this lord of millions, who might have rivalled kings in the splendour of his palaces, lived for years in a tumble-

Where Shall I Stay in Sydney?

THE N.S.W. ALLIANCE HEADQUARTERS HOTEL

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A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL WITHOUT A LIQUOR BAR

Airy, Comfortable Bedrooms. Spacious Reception Rooms.
Good Table. Terms very moderate
For particulars apply to the Secretary

All Profits go to Temperance Propaganda Work

down, two-storeyed cottage, surrounded by sordid and rotting furniture. For weeks together he never put his head outside his front door, and he spent half his time in his dressing-gown. When his will was opened it was found that he had left the whole of his stupendous fortune for philanthropic purposes, for building schools for girls, to providing cheap lodgings for the working classes.

When M. Paul Colasson, the famous hermit of Paris, died recently, it was stated that for the last twenty-seven years of his life he had lived exclusively on a diet of eggs and bread, supplied to him every third day by an old servant, the only human being he ever allowed to enter the magnificent mansion to which he had retired on the tragic death of a favourite nephew. During all these years he had nursed his grief in solitude, never once, so far as is known, leaving the gorgeous palace which he had converted into a prison.

St. Petersburg recently lost her most remarkable character in the person of a millionaire count, who, in spite of his immense wealth, lived a life of the most sordid poverty and self-denial. His figure, clothed in rags, was a familiar spectacle in the streets of St. Petersburg; and many a sympathetic passer-by pressed alms into the hand of the man whose daily income was estimated at £1,000.

Nor must we forget the millionaire baronet who died a few years ago in the garret of a house in Waterloo-road, London, at the advanced age of ninety-one years. For many a year no servant had entered his poor attic; his meals were served and placed outside his door at stated intervals. He was never known to cross his threshold, and he died alone in the one ill-furnished room in which though he had an annual income of £30,000, he had spent so many years of sordid and self-imposed confinement.

CONVERTS IN AN ANGLICAN SYNOD

In the Christchurch Diocesan Synod, Nov. 7th, 1904, the Rev. H. Purchase, of Mount Somers (Ashburton Electorate), said that the fruits of No-License had been the means of converting him to what he had formerly been suspicious of. He said:—"I have had personal experience of the results of No-License and am entirely satisfied with them." The reports of sly-grog selling were greatly exaggerated by those interested in doing so. Habitual drunks had become sober men. The result of the closing of the bars on young men had been very good. Instead of the township being a centre of rowdyism it had become orderly."

A LAYMAN'S TESTIMONY.

In the same synod Mr. J. Studholme said he lived in a No-License district (Ashburton), and he had come to the conclusion that the district was distinctly improved. He had had special opportunity of judging as to the hotels. He had thought that under No-License they could not be maintained, but he found the comfort of the hotel which he knew best had been vastly improved.

A CLERICAL CONVERT.

The Rev. E. Whitehouse said in the same Synod, that he was not a Prohibitionist, and until he saw the experiment of No-License tried in Ashburton, he was no very ardent advocate of temperance. He confined himself to the social and moral results, and he said unhesitatingly that they were good.

A MEDICAL MAN.

Dr. Trevor said he had lived over 30 years in Ashburton. He was not a prohibitionist, or even a total abstainer. He did not vote on the last occasion in Ashburton for No-License. Since then he was convinced that No-License had been utterly and entirely satisfactory. He had lived a very long time in the town, and had never seen it so cleanly, so orderly, and so pleasant to live in—as under No-License. Undoubtedly, therefore, he would vote No-License at the next election.

THE FACTS THAT DID IT.

Convictions for Drunkenness in Ashburton. For two license years, 1901-02, 211 convictions.

For two No-License years, 1904-05, 43 convictions. Most of these 43 obtained the drink outside the No-License area, and came into it drunk. During the last four months of 1904, there had been only one occupant of the Ashburton lockup.

During five years of No-License in Clutha there were 25 convictions for sly-grog selling, but in the five years previous to No-License in Ashburton there were 369 convictions for sly grog-selling.

CONVERTS IN THE ANGLICAN SYNOD.

The Rev. G. W. Davidson, vicar in Balclutha. In 1903 he declared himself against No-License; on October 4, 1905, he wrote:—"To all appearances the working of No-License in Balclutha was a decided success, both morally and commercially"; and added, "So far as he could tell, there was no more liquor consumed in the private houses in Clutha than in the license districts in which he had formerly been stationed."

Young Foley looked so downcast that the marketman asked why he carried such a long face.

"Fired," returned Foley, concisely. "Fired?" repeated the marketman. "Give you any reason for doing it?" "Yep," Foley said, with the air of a martyr. "The boss said he was losing money on the things I was making." "Is that so? What were you making?" "Mistakes."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

No-License.—In spite of all arguments to the contrary, there is no doubt that No-License reduces drunkenness. Take New Zealand statistics: In Ashburton, in 1902, there were, under License, 91 convictions for drunkenness; in 1904, under No-License, only 23. In the Clutha electorate, Clinton showed 357 convictions for the eight years preceding No-License, whilst for the eight years under No-License there were only 41.

Interested.—If you refer to the table published on page 9 of our issue of July 4, you will see that the expenditure on intoxicants was nearly as great as that on beef—only £88 less in total of 4½ million pounds, and greater than on bread and mutton combined.

A. D. T.—What do you mean by your enquiry? We are not quite clear what it is you want to know.

J. J. (Botany).—We don't think it would popularise "Grit" to take a vote on the best Australian team to meet the "All Blacks." Thanks for your suggestion, all the same.

Waterside.—It is purely a matter of opinion, and of course you are entitled to hold any views that seem to you to be based on "sound common sense." Take care, though, to avoid prejudice.

Curious.—We believe that Mr. Deakin is a non-drinker, but do not remember him taking an active part in the movement during recent years. Better write to him yourself!

Pressman.—We think your nom-de-plume decidedly assumed, as, if you were connected with the press you would have no need to make your enquiry, and if you are not, we hardly think it necessary to give you the information. Rather unkind, are we not?

Customs.—You are just a trifle wrong. In Invercargill during the first nine months of No-License, whilst the duty paid on alcohol decreased £2319, the duty paid on general merchandise increased by over £6,000, thus shewing a distinct gain to the public revenue. This should convince you that No-License has a beneficial effect on legitimate trade.

Canterbury.—Many thanks, but hardly suitable for "Grit." You might have better luck with some of the other weekly papers.

J. Baker.—No trouble at all. Governor Phillip arrived in Botany Bay early in 1788.

W. Wilson: Your commendation is very gratifying. Naturally, we like to hear that you think good will come of our efforts, and hope you are doing your share to bring about the desired results.

A. J. Greig.—It is refreshing to find a writer with such a modest opinion of his work. The article is distinctly interesting, and will probably find its way into print after some revision.

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S. HAGUE SMITH,
Secretary



SYDNEY

New Subscriber.—Very glad to welcome you, and note your promise of assistance.

J. S. M.—Sorry that you are "hurt" by our candid criticism, but how were we to know that you were only ironical. To save mistakes you had better label your jokes in future.

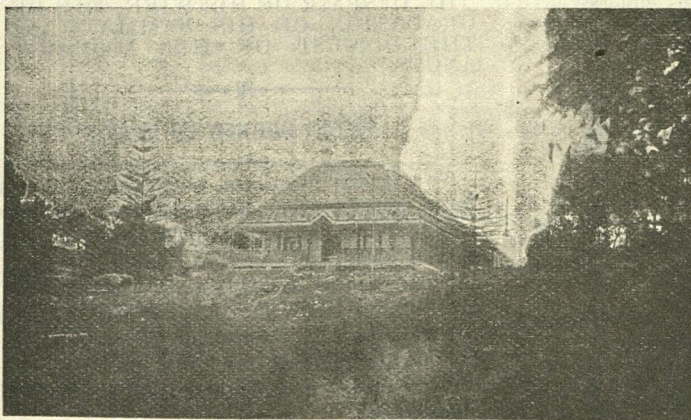
W. W. (West Maitland).—Absolutely true.

J. S. T.—Once again we repeat that every vote cast for No-License counts for Reduction in the case of a sufficient majority not being secured to achieve the greater and more desirable reform.

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THE HOME OF REST is an up-to-date institution for the reception of the man who has become a slave to alcohol other drugs.

About four miles from Manly on the Pittwater Road.

Ample provision is made to supply the best of food suitable for patients.

Experienced and capable Officers are in constant attendance, their only object being the comfort and welfare of the patients.

Arrangements have been made for a duly qualified medical man to visit the Home at regular intervals to examine and prescribe for the patient, if necessary.

We are pleased to say that several cases already dealt with have been attended with highly satisfactory results. Copies of Testimonials can be seen on application.

All personal applications and correspondence will be treated with the strictest confidence. Write to the Social Secretary, Salvation Army Headquarters, Goulburn Street, Sydney, or direct to the Manager at the Home.

CAMPAIGN NOTES AND NEWS

Are you enrolled?

Things are warming up.

Send us reports of meetings and of work done.

Bathurst Local Option League are stirring things up.

The W.C.T.U. held their annual bazaar at Newtown last week.

Canon Boyce's No-License pamphlet is now in its third edition.

The canvassing campaign is in full swing now. Reports are very favourable.

There has been a tremendous demand for Alliance leaflets during the past week.

The Sherbrooke Branch of the Alliance have engaged the services of an organiser.

Mrs. Courtenay Smith addressed a good meeting at Ashfield on Tuesday evening last.

The Bathurst Local Option League are putting up a big fight. They deserve success.

The remarks of a publican on the liquor business published last week are scathing, true.

Mr. and Mrs. William Winn left for Japan on Wednesday last, on a holiday tour.

At Orange last week Mr. Lang delivered a crushing reply to one of the liquor lecturers.

Miss Anderson Hughes is still in the Illawarra district, and is meeting with good success.

Rev. H. F. L. Palmer is pushing the campaign in Sherbrooke. He reports encouraging results.

The No-License campaign was opened at Orange last week. Mr. Lang represented the Alliance.

The Alliance leaflets have had an enormous sale. Nearly 300,000 have been bought. A second edition in the press.

The International Order of Good Templars have purchased a large parcel of literature for distribution throughout the State.

Mr. Frank Lock, the liquor dealer, was challenged to a debate on the compensation question by Rev. T. Fee. He did not accept.

Electoral lists are now ready. Each elector should make it his or her business to examine them, and to see that he or she is enrolled.

The circulation of "Grit" is steadily increasing. Now is the time to push it. "Each one gain one" should be the motto of "Grit's" readers.

Speaking in Parliament last week Mr. Bruntnell severely criticised some avowed temperance members for their attitude when the Liquor Bill was before the House.

The liquor party is making a big try to punish Mr. Wade for his part in the reform movement. The temperance party should rally round him at this election.

Mr. C. S. Church, formerly secretary of Petersham No-License Committee, has been engaged by the Alliance as organiser for the Western District, with headquarters at Orange.

The Temperance Committee of the Presbyterian Church is issuing a circular to all ministers and congregations in the denomination urging co-operation in the No-License fight.

Rev. Thos. Fee, who has been spending a week or two in campaign work, left for home by the "Zealandia." Those who had the privilege of listening to the eloquent New Zealander will not soon forget his earnest, thoughtful, forceful addresses.

READ THIS

Testimony from a Popular Methodist Minister

EXTRACT FROM WESLEY CHURCH "SIGNAL."

The writer can speak from experience. Having two troublesome teeth, a visit was made to Mr. Thornton Dobson, of Regent Street, near the School Hall, when in two or three minutes they (the teeth) were out, and No Pain. It would be hard to beat Mr. Dobson in Sydney, either for Extractions or New Teeth.

REV. F. COLWELL.

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Every Artificial Set of Teeth fitted by me is a pleasure to the Patient. Once give me your support, and I will take care not to lose your patronage. My Patients, combined with Good Workmanship, have been my best advertising medium during the past, and, indeed, have been the important factors in the growth of my Successful Practice.

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The liquor party have engaged Mr. Dixon Ward to lecture for them. He is now on the Southern line. Lectured at Wagga last week. Was challenged to debate at Albury by G. B. Nicholls. Refused. "He who fights and runs away," etc.

The liquor trade on its victims:—"THE VICTIM IS A SCOURGE TO HIMSELF AND A NUISANCE TO SOCIETY. He IS THE DISRUPTION OF HIS HOME, THE DESPAIR OF HIS WIFE, THE DEGRADATION OF HIS FAMILY, AND THE DISGUST OF HIS ACQUAINTANCES."

WITCH BURNED TO DEATH

Two Kaffirs have been sentenced to death for a ghastly crime at Middleburg, Transvaal. Believing that a native woman had cast a spell over another Kaffir who was ill, the accused seized her as a witch, and after binding her with cords placed her over a fire to die. The flames burnt through her bonds and released her, but she was only able to crawl to a neighbouring hut before she expired.

"I seen de devil befo' day in de New Year."
"An' what did he look like?"
"Go 'long, man! You think I staid dar long 'nuff ter take observations?"

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How the World Moves

The hardest known wood is said to be cocus wood.

The first census in England was taken on March 10, 1801.

No fewer than 600,000 children are insured in Great Britain every year.

The report of a gun a mile away takes fully five seconds to reach the ear.

Recruits for the Chinese Army are not accepted unless they can jump a ditch 6ft. wide.

Out of every 100 pounds of paper manufactured in the world, only six pounds are made into books.

Sixty-eight of every hundred newspapers in the world are printed in the English language.

The healths of the bride and bridegroom were drunk in tea and coffee at a Bristol wedding recently.

The making of lucifer matches is a State monopoly in France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Roumania, and Servia.

The capital of the Bank of England is £14,500,000. It has stood at the same figure for the past ninety years.

Italy owns the three largest churches in the world—St. Peter's, Rome; the Duomo, Milan; and St. Paul's, at Rome.

New Scotland Yard, London, is the largest police office in the world. In one of the rooms 3000 men can be assembled.

The Parliament building in Wellington, New Zealand, is said to be the largest wooden structure in the world.

It is estimated that only one out of every ten adult persons in Greater New York attends church or chapel on Sundays.

Terra-cotta sleepers are in use on Japanese railways. The increased cost is compensated for by the greater resistance of decay.

In selecting bananas it is well to remember that the fruit which is largest, the deepest yellow, and the least angular is, as a rule, the best.

The feminine element is very much in excess in Germany, the women exceeding the men by more than 1,000,000, according to recent statistics.

The food of working people in Holland is mainly potatoes, vegetables, beans and peas. With the exception of horseflesh, fresh meat is a rarity.

It may not be generally known that whenever the Court goes into mourning, King's counsel are under a distinct obligation to obey his Majesty's command.

Edison says there is more money made out of little discoveries than big ones, and that it is better to keep the secret of an invention than have it patented.

OUR HONEYMOON.

When Jack and I started on our honeymoon we had a special compartment in the train to ourselves, and the guard put up a notice "Engaged." But that was quite wrong; we were not "engaged"—we were "married." Jack said the notice did not refer to us, but to the carriage. I was going to tell you the "love-things" we said to one another during the first quiet hour by ourselves, but Jack says I mustn't. We saw a lot of advertising of Sunlight Soap along the line, and Jack who is in a grocery store began to explain the merits

of Sunlight Soap. Now I did not think a man should begin by knowing about housework so I defended the common bar soaps, though I ought to have known better. I determined I would show Jack something when I reached home. I bought that vile bar soap, and actually burnt holes in Jack's socks, and thickened up the wool with the mixtures in the loaded soap. Jack knows now that he was right; so do I. When Jack sees me using Sunlight Soap now he has a twinkle in his eye that seems to mean—remember the honeymoon.

A school of languages for parrots has been founded in Paris, and M. Lalemant, the director, offers to teach birds in English, French, German, and Italian.

When building nests birds, almost without exception, avoid bright-coloured materials, which might possibly lead to the discovery of their place of abode by an enemy.

Young men visitors are so scarce at some of the hotels in American watering-places that they are frequently lodged free of expense, provided they are willing to play tennis and join in the dances arranged for the entertainment of guests.

A horse can draw on the worst kind of earth road about four times as much as he can carry on his back. On a good macadamised road he can pull ten times as much, on a wooden road twenty-five times as much, and on a railway fifty-eight times as much.

Herring and other fish have sought death by rushing ashore in myriads, regiments of ants by deliberately walking into streams, swarms of rats by migrating in the face of their deadly foes, and even butterflies by flying in immense clouds straight out to sea. It would be interesting to discover the cause of this apparent wholesale and deliberate self-destruction.

The oak pulpit in the Seamen's Church at Sunderland (Eng.), can certainly claim to be a curio. It is built of wood in the shape of a boat's bow, and bears on the gunwale in letters of gold the inscription, "Nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net." The pulpit was the gift of the naval officers and men of the Medway flotilla of torpedo-boat destroyers in acknowledgment of the kindnesses received.

When the sponge is in the sea alive, the inside of the pores is covered with a soft substance like the white of an egg. This appears to be the flesh of the animal, and currents of water may be seen running into the sponge through the small pores, and out of it through the large ones; and it is supposed that while the water is passing through the sponge the nourishment requisite for the support of the animal is extracted from it.

In Lord Hawke's billiard-room at Wighill Park there are photographs of all the Yorkshire elevens in which his lordship has played since 1882, while on a table containing many curios are three cricket-balls, the history of which is peculiar. One is the ball off which Yorkshire scored 887 runs in one innings, against Warwickshire, in 1896. The second ball on the stand records the minimum score in a great match, as it was used by Yorkshire v. Notts on the Trent Bridge ground when the latter

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were disposed of for thirteen runs. The third ball was given to Lord Hawke for the wicket he took in a match at Ottawa, which was played in the snow.



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All literary communications should be addressed to the Editor, Box No. 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

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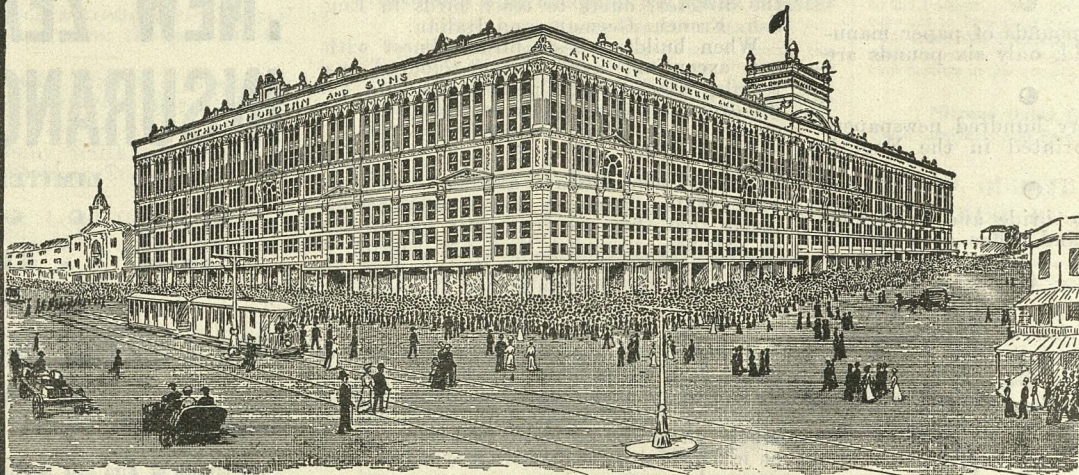
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 BANKRUPT BARGAIN RUSH, 10½d yd.
 HEAVY GREY and FAWN HERRING-BONE TWEED, 54in. wide; worth 3s 11d.
 BANKRUPT BARGAIN RUSH, 1s 11d.
 HEAVY ROUGH SERGE, Light and Mid-Brown, Royal Peacock, Grey, Reseda; worth 4s 6d, for 2s 3d.
 COLOURED MOIRE SKIRTING, over yard wide, in Navy, Emerald, Cerise, Peacock; worth 10½d.
 BANKRUPT BARGAIN RUSH, 6½d yd.
 BEAUTIFUL BLACK MOIRE SKIRTING, over yard wide; worth 1s 6d.
 BANKRUPT BARGAIN RUSH, 9½d yd.
 CREAM BEARSKIN, 50in wide, good quality; worth 5s 6d.
 BANKRUPT BARGAIN RUSH. 2s 11d dozen.
 ALL-WOOL FRENCH FLANNELS; worth 1s 9d.
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FANCY BLOUSING FLANNELETES, Piles and piles of them; worth 5½d yd., BANKRUPT BARGAIN RUSH, 2s 11d dozen.
 HEAPS AND HEAPS OF OTHER WONDERFUL BARGAINS FOR THRIFTY THOUSANDS.

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WHITE CALICO, from 1s 11d doz.
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 WHITE LACE CURTAINS, from 1s 6d pr.
 BLEACHED ROLLER TOWELLING, 2½d yard.
 STRIPED GALATEA 4½d yard.
 TABLE DAMASK From 8½d yard.
 WHITE BLANKETS ... From 3s 11d pair.
 FLANNELETTE Rugs, from 1s 6d each.
 LADIES' WALKING SKIRTS, from 2s 11d.
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 MEN'S MERINO UNDERSHIRTS, ... 1s.
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 BOYS' SPECKLED STRAW BOATERS, 1d
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 MEN'S TWEED SUITS 12s 6d.
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 DOUBLE-WIDTH PURE INDIGO SERGE, for Men's Suits—worth 7s 11d, for 5s 6d; worth 10s 6d, for 6s 11d.

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