

GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

Vol. I.—No. 16.

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1907

Price One Penny

Why Men Go Wrong AND WOMEN TOO

DRINK IN RELATION TO CRIME.

The man who lives on his capital is counted a poor financier. He has been likened to the dog who finds his only sustenance in feeding on his tail.

A year or two back Mr. James Ashton, M.L.A., mentioned in the course of a speech that the closing of hotels would not only disorganise a large industry, but place the State in an awkward fix, seeing that the revenue from licenses and duty on alcoholic stimulant was £850,000 a year. This provoked a vigorous correspondence from temperance advocates, in which it was urged that while the State undoubtedly derived a large revenue from that source, it forfeited more than it gained under any proper balance-sheet showing profit and loss.

"Not one man in a thousand dies a natural death, and most diseases have their rise from intemperance," said Lord Bacon. "If alcohol were unknown, half the sin and three-quarters of the poverty and unhappiness

THE STORY OF THE GAOLS.

would disappear from the world," affirmed Edmund A. Parkes. "Judges are weary with calling attention to drink as the principal cause of crime," said the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, "but I cannot refrain from saying that if they could make England sober they would shut up nine-tenths of the prisons." Similar indictments have been made in varying language at frequent intervals by many authorities, and whenever the drink question is discussed from the standpoint of social economy they are liberally retailed by temperance reformers.

AN EXHAUSTIVE INQUIRY.

Such statements are usually accepted at face value by the side on which they are quoted, and smiled at as incredulous or ex parte by the other side. No definite or direct attempt has been made, at least in this country, to analyse such assertions, either with the object of proving or disproving them. In view of the cor-

respondence following on Mr. Ashton's statement, therefore, a "Daily Telegraph" representative started out to make careful investigations, with the view of arriving at a dispassionate estimate as to the cost which the drinking habit entails directly on the State. They were published at a time when an unusual stir in Federal politics prevented them receiving adequate attention. We therefore republish them.

The inquiries were confined to the gaols, law courts, insane hospitals, asylums for aged men and women, and the State Children's Relief Board. No private institutions were visited, no partisans were questioned. In every instance it was made clear that there was no prejudiced desire to prove a case against the drink traffic. The object was rather to get high State officials to tell a plain, unvarnished tale, based on actual experience, and so leave facts to speak for themselves.

The results of the investigations could not in every instance be given in the form of definite statistics. In some instances it is obviously impossible to argue by means of statistics. If statistics were given in such cases they would be unreliable. Where they are quoted they are official, and can



THE WORLD'S BIGGEST GRAVEYARD.

be relied upon. If anything they are well within the mark, as wherever a question of doubt arose the benefit was given to the defendant.

ALCOHOL AS A CAUSE OF CRIME.

Authorities without exception agree that one of the most difficult points to settle in the investigation of the drink question is that of alcohol as a cause of crime. It has been disputed that drink is a chief cause of crime, not simply by those who desired to prevent the actual truth from being known, but also by some who really wished to get at the truth. The marshalling of such accurate data, philosophical research, medical and physical analysis as would take the matter beyond dispute, has not been adequately attempted. This much has, however, been demonstrated beyond argument, that while it may be difficult to always prove the exact relations between drunkenness and crime, there is not the same difficulty in establishing the relations between sobriety and crime.

Crimes, it has been said, are not often conceived or committed during actual drunkenness, though often very dreadful ones do result from the negligence and oblivion caused by drink—such as the sea captain commits when an overdose of grog makes him steer his ship on dangerous reefs; or the engineer, whose extra glass means a mismanaged engine, a collision, and the death of passengers committed to his care. "Beer is brutalising, wine impassions, whisky infuriates, but eventually unmans," a great German specialist has declared in differentiating the effects of the various liquors. "But the general truth remains, that not in the drunken state, but in the various intermediary stages between sobriety and intoxication, lies the field of alcoholic criminal activity."

TESTIMONY OF THE ACTING COMPTROLLER-GENERAL.

If there is one thing more than another which impresses a visitor to our big gaols it is the humane treatment of the prisoners. The governors of the gaols visited within the metropolitan district are without exception men of high character, men who take a personal and a kindly interest in their charges, and seek to reform them. Indeed, the whole system of our gaols has undergone a radical change during recent years. The aim is not simply to punish offenders for their misdeeds, but to reform them—to make their punishment, in fact, a means towards reformation. That the number of prisoners in the gaols of the State at the present time is the smallest on record may be taken as evidence of the satisfactory tendency of the new system. For the last six years there has been a great falling-off in crime.

The Acting Comptroller-General of Prisons (Mr. McCauley) is a gentleman of large and varied experience. In his successive positions as governor of several gaols, inspector, and deputy-comptroller, he has intimate knowledge of all the gaols of the State and of the entire prison system. He has had a wide experience in the management of prisoners, he is a close student of human nature, and a keen judge of character. He expressed himself candidly, but only after careful consideration, and with an evident sense of responsibility in the matter. "It would be hard to get at the bottom of all the facts in this connection; to back up one's opinion with straight-out statistics would be impossible," he frankly confessed. "In many cases a prisoner's own statement would be worthless. Many of them would be only too ready to throw the responsibility for their misdeeds on the drink, if they thought it would serve their purpose. 'I was drunk,' is one of the readiest excuses for breaking the law."

A LARGE DIRECT CONTRIBUTING CAUSE.

"Among the vagrant classes, drunkenness is a common cause of offence. In the more vicious cases of crime, such as murder, or where personal injury is inflicted, drink is very largely responsible. When you come to the professional class, the cunning, clever type of criminal, drink hardly enters into the case. On the principle that when the wine is in the wit is out, these men cannot afford to drink. They need all their wits and all their nerve, and take no risks. They may go on the spree at intervals, and get drunk occasionally, but, as a rule, such men are temperate in the matter of drink. Still, taking it all round, there can be no doubt that drink is responsible for a very large proportion of crime, and where not a direct it is a large contributing cause; though I do not see how you can estimate the results in figures."

"It doesn't need experience to know that drink contributes largely to crime," remarked the Governor of Darlinghurst gaol; but I couldn't give you any reliable statistics. From what the prisoners tell me, drink has a great deal to do with their coming here, and there can be no doubt that in the majority of cases they are speaking the truth. We don't get many teetotallers. I suppose in many cases where the offence is indecent language, petty pilfering, vagrancy, and so on, they would not be sent up but for the drink. At any rate, it would be a contributing cause. The professional criminal has to be more careful. Then, too, the large number of persons brought up for drunkenness at the police courts, who pay the fines and escape coming to gaol, must be remembered. Drinking to excess makes dissolute characters—there is no doubt about that—and the next step is crime, though many get drunk, of course, who never commit crime. If people have a weakness in their character, it soon shows itself under the influence of drink. That is so apparent that I don't see how anybody could hold a different opinion.

"Men do in drink what they would never do when sober, which is a proof of itself that drink conduces to crime. Most of the women who come here are of the fallen class, and they nearly all drink. Directly a girl begins to go astray she takes to drinking. If persons are immoral they take to drink; if they drink they often become immoral. As a rule, if a woman drinks she is lost. You can't reform a woman like you can a man. I am quite satisfied that drink contributes very largely to crime—that a very large number of people are in gaol directly or indirectly through the effects of excess in drink. If there was no drink in this country we should certainly not want so many institutions of this kind, or lunatic asylums, and the homes of the people would be more prosperous. Drink is the cause of a large and preponderating proportion of the people who come here. That is my view of the case."

(To be Continued.)

WITTY SIMILES

"A scheme to enable the wealthy to spend several hundred pounds for diamonds and dresses in order to raise a few hundred pence for the poor," is not a bad hit at a charity ball.

A comedy has been wittily likened to a cigar. If it's good, everyone wants a box; if it's bad, no amount of puffing will make it draw.

A youngster who saw a steamer for the first time exclaimed: "Look! there's a rail-

way engine having a bathe." A locomotive has been called a professional place-hunter and an underlined article. A schoolgirl defined a bustle as a "hollow mockery," and a boy described a lawsuit as the things a policeman wears.

A little girl was heard to say to her favourite doll: "You know, dollie, if you first cry and then you smile, a rainbow will come on your face."

Children have often a happy knack of making apt illustrations. A boy on being asked to describe a kitten, said: "A kitten is remarkable for rushing like mad at nothing whatever, and stopping before it gets there."

The children at a Sunday-school being asked, among other questions, what bearing false witness against one's neighbour meant, a pert little girl replied: "It is when nobody hain't done nothing, and somebody goes and tells."

That homely dish, tripe, has been compared to a "specimen of inferior sponge"; while that useful article, the needle, has been called the "rent collector."

THE POLICEMAN'S POSER

A short time ago a large factory, fitted with the most modern appliances, including the electric light, caught fire, and despite the most strenuous efforts of the fire brigade, was almost demolished.

The following morning a newly-appointed member of the force was despatched to the spot with the view of ascertaining how the fire originated.

After closely interrogating the manager of the factory, he asked to see the man who was responsible for the electric light.

The manager stated that the electric switches were under his sole control.

"Then you are the man that lights up the electric affair?" said the constable.

"That is so."

"Then," said the policeman, bubbling with excitement, "be careful how you answer my question, 'cos if it ain't satisfactory, it will be took as evidence against yer: When you lighted the electric light last night, where did you throw the match?"

Little Johnny Smith suddenly asked, in a startled voice, "Mamma, is that bay rum in the bottle on your table?"

"Mercy, no, dear!" she replied. "That is mucilage."

"Oh," said little Johnny. Then, after a moment's pause he added, reflectively, "Perhaps that's why I can't get my hat off."

A statement made in good faith, but difficult to accept, was recently offered to his congregation by a country pastor. He had been holding forth on the advantages of plain speaking.

"Why, brethren," he said, bringing his hand down upon the pulpit with great vigour, "There's no need of all these long words and high-sounding terms; not a bit. Look at St. Paul! Look at St. Paul, I say! His words were full of the meat of knowledge and help, and he didn't make use of any five-syllable talk. No, he always spoke in plain, simple English, my brethren!"

The Lord Chief Justice of England doubted some of the marvels of Mr. Gladstone's really wonderful memory, and once, hearing a story of Gladstone's early years, he determined to improve upon it. So he said that he remembered when he was only six months old, and lying in his cradle, he saw his nurse surreptitiously help herself to a glass of brandy, and said to himself: "As soon as I can speak shan't I tell my mother!" The thing is absolutely impossible," was Mr. Gladstone's comment, in his gravest tone. The Lord Chief Justice said afterward that he had been beaten because he reckoned on Mr. Gladstone's having a gleam of humour. "I was mistaken," he said sadly.

ROBERT RICE—LICENSEE OF THE ROYAL ARMS

(SPECIAL TO "GRIT.")

"Dear Robert,—You will be sorry to know that your Uncle Henry passed away a few days ago. . . . Under his will £500 is to come to you."

This was part of a letter that Robert Rice received from home in 1895. He had been in Australia a few years, and had been doing fairly well; but this £500 to come was an amount of money that made him feel comparatively rich.

The same afternoon he went across to the Royal Arms and had a drink. An old friend came in, with the result that in a little while Robert was "under the influence." Producing his letter, he said, "Ah, chaps, what do you think of this?" The motley crowd looked agreeably astonished—visions of future days, when the £500 was to go into circulation, being uppermost in the minds of the little audience.

After almost everyone else had spoken, the publican said, "Rice, I would like to see you in the morning." "Right you are. I'm not going to work to-morrow anyhow, so I'll come over."

The publican was in difficulties. The house had been losing for some time. His plan was to get Rice to pay down £400 for the good-will, leaving himself, as he subsequently put it, "£100 just for extras."

Robert Rice was immediately seized with the importance of the suggestion. A publican: yes, he thought he'd do well, and so he subsequently stepped into the tied-house Royal Arms, with a great open-bar demonstration, the suburban band playing on the balcony.

The records of the time he was in that house would fill a book. There had been one murder in the bar. A man's skull was fractured just outside, and he died. A woman had in a drunken rage jumped into the river with her little child, while many minor incidents of an equally revolting nature had earned for the Royal Arms the name of anything but a first-class house.

The end of the two years found Rice totally wrecked physically and financially, and he left the hotel a disappointed man.

Rice had a brave little wife and two children, and they had to share with him the humiliation of living in a slum street, in two rooms at 4s 6d a week. The youngest child, a little girl, took ill. The Doctor was called in, and urgently prescribed. Rice was sent to the dispensary for the medicine. On the way he met an old pal. It was "Have a drink!" and so in a few minutes he was singing in the bar parlour. His anxious wife, realising what had happened, rushed down to the hotel.

"Is my husband here?" she asked sharply. "Don't get excited, missus, he's just singing a song inside."

With this the little woman seized a jug from off the counter, and hurled it through the glass door of the bar-parlour. She quickly seized other portable objects, which in her anger she directed against the bottles on the shelves.

Then, with her husband she returned to the bedside of their little girl, but the child was dead.

This brought Rice to his senses. He became thoughtful and renounced the drink, and for eight years has been an honest citizen.

Pity the foolish man who goes into the hotel business. And, for the sake of those who resent the No-License campaign, vote solid for victory.

Wm. Thos. Dash, Solicitor and Conveyancer, 103 Pitt-street, Sydney, has trust moneys to lend at five per cent.—*

SOME HISTORIC PENS

The quill pen which one of the Colonial Premiers will take home with him as a souvenir of the Conference (says an English paper) will probably some day be a valuable and coveted possession, though it may not rival in interest one in the possession of Mr. Isaac B. Reed, of New York. This pen, for which its owner has refused an offer of £350, was made from a carved box in which George Washington, when a young man, kept the lenses of his surveying instruments, the wood of which once formed the captain's desk on the "Mayflower." The value of this pen is enhanced by the fact that it had been used by both Lincoln and Grant.

The Empress Eugenie treasures a pen made from a quill of a golden eagle's wing, and richly mounted with diamonds and gold, which was used at her request by the fourteen plenipotentiaries who signed the Treaty of Paris in 1856.

When Mr. Ward, eldest son of Lord Banger, was married some time ago, the marriage register was signed with a quill pen which was used by the high contracting Powers in signing the Treaty of Vienna, and which has several times served a similar purpose in the Ward family.

Sir Robert Bond has confessed that the thing which interested him most, apart from the business proceedings, at the Conference was the supply of quill pens which was provided for the use of those present. Coming from a young and progressive country, it seemed to plunge him back into medieval times. He took one of the pens away as a souvenir to show to incredulous friends across the sea.

The teacher in the primary department had been telling her pupils about the three kingdoms of nature—the animal, the vegetable and the mineral. When she had finished, she asked:

"Now, who can tell me what the highest form of animal life is?"

A little girl in a front seat raised her hand. "The highest form of animal life is a giraffe."

ON A KENTUCKY RAILWAY

"Do you use the block system on this road?" inquired a passenger in a train in Kentucky.

"No sir," replied the conductor, "we have no use for it."

"Do you use the electric or pneumatic signals?"

"No, sir."

"Have you a double track?"

"No."

"Well, of course you have a train despatcher, and run all trains by telegraph?"

"No."

"I see you have no brakeman. How do you flag the rear of your train, if you are stopped from any cause between stations?"

"We don't flag."

"Indeed! What a way to run a railroad! A man takes his life in his hand when he rides on it. This is criminally reckless!"

"See here, mister! If you don't like this railroad you can get off and walk. I am the president of this road and its sole owner. I am also the board of directors, treasurer, secretary, general manager, superintendent, paymaster, trackmaster, general passenger agent, general freight agent, master mechanic, ticket agent, conductor, brakeman, and boss. This is the Great Western Railroad of Kentucky, six miles long, with termini at Harrodsburg and Harrodsburg Junction. This is the only train on the road of any kind, and ahead of us is the only engine. We never have collisions. The engineer does his own firing, and runs the repair shop and round house all by himself. He and I run this here railway. It keeps us pretty busy; but we've always got time to stop and eject a sassy passenger. So you want to behave yourself to go through with us, or will you have your baggage set off here by the haystack?"

"You have three pairs of glasses, professor?"

"Yes; I use one to read with, one to see at a distance, and the third to find the other two."



What our Curate has to put up with when he goes visiting his parishioners.

Talk about People

When King Edward was Spanked

The Royal nursery, though it is not very generally known, is managed on exceedingly strict lines. Lessons, obedience, exercise, and order are the rules chiefly observed. To such an extent were these observed by Queen Victoria that few of the people about the Court knew the princes and princesses by sight. It is said that on one occasion when King Edward, as a little child, "cheeked" his mother, her Majesty placed him on her knee, before all the ladies of the household, and soundly smacked the son and heir to the English throne.

This sensible, though perhaps drastic training was followed by Queen Alexandra, who never permitted her children to take up their true position. A display of temper to a footman once brought a severe punishment on the offender's head.

A Fluent Speaker of English Now

It is interesting to hear that until he was eighteen, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian Premier, could speak no language but French. He determined to remedy his deficiency in languages, and entered the family of a Scotchman in order to learn English. These people were simple and pious in their ways, and each morning began with family prayer, every member of the household reading a verse of Scripture in turn. Young Wilfrid Laurier was greatly impressed by this, and has always since been famed for the breadth of his views and the tolerance of other men's beliefs. He is a Roman Catholic himself.

Royal Teetotallers

Royal teetotallers are many. The children of the Prince and Princess of Wales, for example, have never touched wine, with the exception of Prince Edward, who once induced a nurse to let him taste a little. The Princess Royal's young daughters, the Princesses Alexandra and Maud, have never, it is stated, even tasted wine, while the young Princesses of Connaught abjured it by reason of a dislike to it. It is far more often ignored at the table by young people than formerly, and the teetotal movement shows signs of an increase on the part of British Society people.

A Musical Marvel

No one in the musical world, perhaps, has captivated his hearers so thoroughly as Jan Kubelik, the young Bohemian violinist who took London by storm some six or seven years ago. His father, who was a gardener of gipsy origin, taught himself to play every instrument in a modern orchestra, and made many sacrifices to secure a good musical training for his boys.

Jan is a pupil of the famous Sevic, who also taught Miss Marie Hall, and leaped to fame in 1900, when he made an appearance at a Richter concert. He has since paid frequent visits to London and America, and in a few months earned a considerable fortune.

Kubelik's strong point is his wonderful technique, which is not surpassed by any living player, and as he is only twenty-seven his genius has still time to develop. In 1903 the famous violinist married Countess Marianne von Csaky Szell, a young widow whom he had met at a concert in Debreezin, and he has now twin daughters.

When travelling to Scotland with his bride soon after his marriage, Kubelik was the guest of Canon Fleming at York. While being shown round the place he startled the canon's parrot with his great head of hair.

"He thinks I am an orang-outang," was Herr Kubelik's exclamation.

A Man who Knows China and Japan

Of the four delegates chosen to represent Great Britain at the recent Hague Conference, one, Sir Edward Fry, is a Privy Councillor, while the remaining three, Lord Reay, Sir Henry Howard, and Sir Ernest Satow, have all distinguished themselves in the diplomatic and political world. The appointment of Sir Ernest Satow will undoubtedly be appreciated by our Japanese allies, for he has spent all his life in the East, and few men know more about China and Japan. Sir Ernest has been studying those two countries since he began his diplomatic career in 1861 as student-interpreter, and the result has been that, while the natives of both countries admire him as a scholar, they are rather afraid of him as a man, because of his intimate knowledge of their language, manners, and customs. In fact, they think he knows too much. Curiously enough, Sir Ernest almost suggests the old Japanese drawings of learned men. He is a short, iron-grey man, with an abnormally high forehead. It mounts up high and square and ends in a point. Indeed, at first it seems so extraordinary as to be almost startling.

The Card Did It

Sir Henry Howard, who was one of the two leading representatives at the last Peace Conference in 1899, has been British Minister at The Hague and Luxembourg since 1896. A story is told concerning him which illustrates the awe with which a British Minister's card is regarded abroad. An English tourist who had lost his trunk in some unaccountable manner while travelling between Homburg and The Hague wrestled in vain for several days with the Dutch railway authorities. Either they would not or could not trace the missing article. Having met Sir Henry Howard once in London, the depressed traveller called at the Embassy and mentioned his loss to the British Minister. Sir Henry was most sympathetic, made several suggestions, and finally gave his visitor one of his cards. Returning to the railway terminus the Englishman presented the little piece of pasteboard to the station-master. The effect was almost magical. Darkness gave place to light, a stream of service telegrams was despatched in all directions at the cost of the State, and within a few hours the trunk safely reached The Hague, the Customs officer being specially summoned so that it could be claimed at once.

Spiritualist and Journalist

In his early days Mr. Deakin, the Premier of Australia, was keenly interested in spiritualism (says an English paper), and it was whilst pursuing his studies in the occult that he first met his wife, who is the daughter of Mr. Hugh Browne, for many years one of the leading figures in the spiritualistic circles of Melbourne. As may be supposed, political cartoonists of the day were not slow to take advantage of the young statesman's hobby, and the whole city laughed to see him depicted on a white sheet. It was at this time that Mr. Deakin did a great deal of journalistic work for the Melbourne "Age."

Sir R. Ball's Humour Beaten

Sir Robert Ball, as well known, blends humour with astronomy. But once, at least, he was beaten at his own game. He was dining with a small company of fellow-scientists at Stratford. After the meal he called the landlady of the inn and said, "Madam. I am going to give you a lesson in astronomy. Have you ever heard of the

great Platonic year, when everything must return to its first condition? Listen, madam. In 26,000 years we shall all be here again, on the same day and at the same hour, eating a dinner precisely like this. Will you give us credit until then?" "Gladly," replied the landlady. "It is just 26,000 years since you were here before, however, and you left without paying then. Settle the old bill, and I'll trust you with the new."

Mr. Mak Hambourg's Fee

Here is a story which Mr. Hambourg relates of an unexpected fee he once received:

"I was in New York at the time," said Mr. Hambourg, "and went one evening to a party at the house of a very wealthy stockbroker, who was a great collector of old china. I was at the party as a guest and not in my professional capacity, and it would, therefore, have been quite contrary to etiquette for my host to have asked me to play the piano. I happened, however, accidentally to knock down a little china ornament that was standing on the mantel-piece, and, by the look on my host's face, I feared I had broken a very valuable piece of china, and expressed to him my great regret at the occurrence.

"'It cannot be helped, Mr. Hambourg,' he said, rather gloomily, as he picked up the pieces; and then he added, in a low voice, 'I wonder would you mind playing something.'"

"I said at once that I would do so with pleasure, though honestly I felt rather annoyed at this method of 'getting it out of me' for the damage I had done.

"Well, I played two or three pieces, and, as I was bidding my host good-night shortly afterwards, he placed a cheque in my hands and remarked, with a smile: 'I have deducted the amount of the broken ornament, Mr. Hambourg, from your fee.' The cheque was for the full amount of my usual fee, and I afterwards learnt that the value of the ornament I had broken was just two shillings and sixpence."

Baby Heir to £50,000 a Year

The son born to the Marquess of Graham is heir to more titles than any baby in the United Kingdom. His mother, the Marchioness, was the Lady Mary Hamilton, the richest heiress in Britain, who fought so hard in the Eye election last year to win the seat for her fiancée, the Marquess of Graham. It was a noteworthy alliance, making a link between two Scottish ducal houses, and the baby will inherit the many titles of his grandfather, the Duke of Montrose, and the great Arran and Suffolk estates of his grandfather on his mother's side, the twelfth Duke of Hamilton. The combined estates of the Marquess and Marchioness bring in about £50,000 a year. In addition, Lady Graham has a personal fortune of about £450,000 and also an annuity of £7,000.

A Seven Years' Cruise in a Ketch

That adventurous author, Mr. Jack London, is just now engaged on one of the most remarkable literary cruises ever undertaken. In the "Snark," a 45ft. boat, with crew consisting of his wife, two servants, and an uncle, he is sailing round the world. The voyage will probably take seven years, and Mr. London has already made satisfactory arrangements with American magazines by which he will be able to defray the whole cost of the trip. The voyage is quite in keeping with Mr. London's characteristic daring. Among other things he has been a gold-miner, tramp, Socialist, salmon-fisher, oyster-pirate, a fish patrolman, seal hunter, and war correspondent. He started his career at seventeen by shipping before the mast as able seaman.

A Cricketer From His Cradle

Robert Abel, the famous Surrey batsman, who is acting as coach to the young players at Kennington Oval began to concern himself with cricket as soon as he could walk. When he was about nine years of age he had developed such a passion for the summer game that, on fine days he used to begin playing at six o'clock of a morning and continue, with but the briefest of intervals, until darkness set in.

The Farm Labourers' Champion

Mr. Joseph Arch, so long the voice of the English farm labourers' discontent, is just eighty years of age. Born the son of a farm labourer, he was one of those dogged souls who educated themselves with hardly-earned books in days before the School Board had come to the village. His mother was in her youth a servant at Warwick Castle, and when Joseph Arch's autobiography came to be written, it was the Countess of Warwick who edited and introduced it.

Men Who Decline Honours

In declining the Privy Councillorship, Mr. Deakin followed in the footsteps of at least two men who, like himself (says an English paper), are closely identified with Australia. Sir Samuel Way, Chief Justice of South Australia, refused knighthood several times before he accepted the honour of a baronetcy eight years ago, and it is said that Mr. Henniker Heaton has already four times declined to blossom into "Sir John." Lord James of Hereford and the late Sir William Harcourt and Sir Robert Wright fought hard against the inevitable knighthood attached to their legal offices, while Sir James Porter Corry was made a baronet during his absence and against his known wishes. When Sir William Allan was made a knight he refused to believe the offer was genuine, and thought for some time that the wags of the National Liberal Club were trying to hoax him.

Young Rockefeller's Advice

The Rockefeller Bible-class is in trouble. Irreverent acquaintances of individual members of the class persist in holding them up to ridicule, demanding to know how many shares in the Standard Oil Trust they receive for consenting patiently to listen to the pious inanities of the young millionaire.

It seems that notices of the meetings are sent on postcards. Inasmuch as most of the class reside in boarding-houses, the unconverted scoffer teases them without mercy for belonging to the most celebrated religious fellowship in America. He darkly hints that they must be receiving rebates in some underground manner.

Anyhow, some of the members complained to Mr. Rockefeller, jun., that their lives were being made miserable. He counselled them to suffer and be strong. He also told them that he was about to take a four months' holiday, and earnestly exhorted them to adopt as their summer motto the noble and inspiring sentiment conveyed in the words, "Watch and wait."

Negro Education

Miss Anna T. Jeanes, the last surviving member of a distinguished Quaker family in Philadelphia, has given £200,000 as a permanent fund, whose income is to be devoted to "community, country, and rural schools for coloured people in the South." Mr. Booker T. Washington, and another negro educator, are the trustees of the fund, which is the largest single gift ever made to elementary public schools among American negroes. Miss Jeanes is 82 years old.

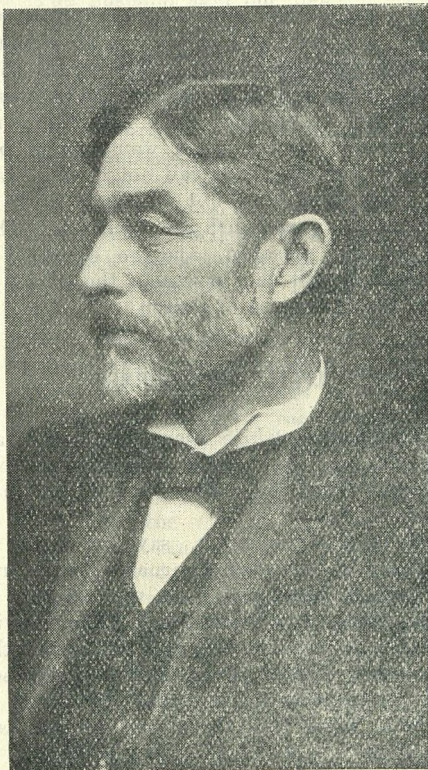
DR. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

Dr. Crafts arrived from Brisbane on Friday, and was welcomed in the drawing-room of the Alliance Headquarters by a representative gathering. The Rev. Canon Boyce (President of the Alliance), Rev. J. Penman (President of the Methodist Conference), Mrs. Nolan (President of the W.C.T.U.), Rev. E. Price (ex-President Baptist Union), Mr. Cranna (of Y.M.C.A.), and Rev. W. Woolls Rutledge all spoke words of welcome. The Doctor, with a bright smile and a slight American accent, replied in a very interesting way. He is a keen man, who uses wit, illustration, and enthusiasm to awaken and sustain sympathy in all he has to say.

He firmly believes that religion must create the atmosphere in which a saint can live. In neglecting man's environment we have often tried

TO RAISE SAINTS IN HELL.

Rescue societies have always been heroic,



DR. WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

but oftentimes foolish. When a mission is planted in a lane with a pub opposite, and one at each end, it is small wonder if it fails. In closing the pubs, the Doctor explained, it was not interfering with a man's appetite, but with the right of men to trade on the weakness of others.

He believed that the liquor trade would soon be as extinct as piracy and the slave trade. Religion was now being backed by science, and a large and influential company who, neither religious nor scientific, were yet willing to fight what threatened their pocket. A standing offer of

£100 FOR ANY BREWER

who lived next to a pub had never been claimed, and if the brewer doesn't, why should anyone else?

The Doctor had much that was interesting to tell of President Roosevelt and his strenuous efforts to promote moral reforms, and spoke with enthusiasm of the press in England and the States. As Superintendent of the International Reform Bureau, with its headquarters at Washington, U.S.A., he enthusiastically explained

THE PLATFORM OF THE REFORM BUREAU.

It is based on four great principles:—
1. Right relations among men, required

by the second great commandment, do not spring spontaneously from right relations with God, but must be developed by education and organisation.

2. As the individual is saved by the cross of Christ, the community must be saved by His crown, that is, by making the law of Christ the law of business and politics and pleasure.

3. Environment affects conversion before and after, and the churches should therefore unite to create a favourable moral environment, especially for children and child races.

4. As all vices co-operate, and all virtues are related, Christian churches and citizens should promote all true reforms on a comprehensive plan.

THE FOUR BIG EVILS WE FIGHT MOST OF ALL ARE:—

(1) Intemperance, (2) Impurity, (3) Sabbath-breaking, and (4) Gambling, which are four sides of one frowning fortress, that all good citizens should attack on all sides.

WE ATTACK THESE BY FOUR METHODS, NAMELY:—

(1) By legislation, (2) by letters, (3) by lectures, and (4) by literature.

IN FOUR FIELDS:—

(1) Local, (2) State, (3) National, and (4) International.

Twelve moral measures passed by Congress were drawn up by the Reform Bureau up to 1906.

The Bureau is

NOT EXCLUSIVELY AMERICAN,

but truly "International," and has for seven of its eleven years made the protection of native races against the white man's rum and opium its chief task. It has secured a law of Congress to prevent the exportation from the United States of obscene matter—the importation also. When a disguised bill to legalise race gambling in Canada on the borders of the United States was pending, this Bureau by an hour's interview with the Attorney-General of the Dominion exposed and defeated it.

TO FIGHT OPIUM.

Most important of all, this Bureau co-operated for seven years with the anti-opium forces of England, and in the Waterloo of Opium on May 30th in the British Parliament this Bureau is acknowledged to have been the Blucher that brought in the necessary foreign reinforcements, including the "good offices" of President Roosevelt and the Japanese Government; the exemplary defeat of an opium monopoly in the Philippines when half enacted, with the consequent report of an American Opium Commission that revenue and restriction could not be promoted together, and the enactment of prohibition there on that basis.

A GREAT RECORD.

The Bureau has secured 548 specific reforms, some of them in each of the five continents, and with Christian large-heartedness seeks to throw protecting arms round all uncivilized races and protect them from the white man's rum. They rejoice in the treaty signed by 17 nations prohibiting the importation or distilling of liquors in those parts where it was not known before our so-called civilisation had reached them.

The Doctor is to spend a few days in Sydney on his return from Victoria, and meetings will be arranged for him by the N.S.W. Alliance.

The Man: "Why did you kick my dog?"

The Kid: "'Cose he wuz mad."

The Man: "He wasn't mad."

The Kid: "Well, he wuz after I kicked him all right."

A DRUNKARD'S HOME

THE ABODE OF WRETCHEDNESS.

The drink question has become one of the most important questions of the age. It is a factor in all social and economic problems. It has passed through various stages of sentiment and experiment and may be said to be fairly launched on an age of reason.

At a time when practical measures are at a premium and directness is a fundamental law the subject is receiving the most careful attention. The best efforts of some of the best minds are directed toward plans to throttle the demon that has brought degradation and ruin to so many who but for the blight of whisky would have been respected and useful citizens.

Science has declared against the use of alcohol, either as a beverage or medicine. It is a poison, and as such is injurious in both its immediate and remote effects. The man who drinks is gradually but surely undermining his health and paving the way for acute or chronic ailments.

Business men have declared against the use of alcoholic drink. They will not countenance it among their employees. It makes men unreliable and irresponsible. Competition is too close and margins are too small to warrant a possible loss through careless workmen, and there are too many good men out of employment to put up with unnecessary inconvenience. The man who holds his job must deserve it, or he will be discharged to make room for some one who will prove his fitness.

Even fashion, which has been slow to recognise the danger of certain forms of tipping, is gradually yielding to the growing influence, and liquors are tabooed in many homes where choice brands were once dispensed with lavish hospitality.

With science and industry both warring against alcohol, there remains but one cause for its use, and that is found in the pleasure it is supposed to bestow and which at best is fictitious. But whether pleasure or stimulation for increased labour is the object sought, the result is always disappointing.

The man who drinks fixes a limit to his achievement. Whatever his natural ability may be, he is doomed to failure if he carries a whisky handicap. Whisky and prosperity are enemies. They do not control the same individual. Everything that makes for advancement is built on some power or faculty that whisky destroys.

The man who succeeds must have quick perception, clear judgment, and tireless energy. Strong drink dims the perception, clouds the judgment and paralyses the energies.

The man who drinks not only loses his place in the financial world, but he jeopardises his social position as well. Nothing is more fatal to a man's standing among his fellow men than a reputation for drunkenness.

The man who drinks pays a ruinous price for his so-called pleasure. But he does not pay all that it costs in misery and suffering. His wife and children are the ones who are taxed most heavily. They feel the burden of his wrong-doing more keenly than it is possible for him to do. His sensibilities are blunted by liquor. Their faculties are sharpened by suffering.

They realise the cruel injustice of their condition. They have a right to the best care and the best support which a sober husband and father can possibly bestow. But instead of protection and plenty they are neglected and destitute. Instead of looking up to him with pride and fondness they are ashamed of him and dread his coming. If he is one of those whom liquor

infuriates they are afraid of bodily injury and hide away at his approach.

Drinking men are not invariably poor. Sometimes inherited wealth withstands the onslaughts of years of inebriety, and occasionally money earned before the unfortunate addiction had developed furnishes means for its continuance. But, rich or poor, the drunkard's home is the abode of wretchedness. In one case there is the ever present fear, the constant humiliation, the sickening terror lest something worse may happen. In the other case all of these tortures are intensified by insufficient food and lack of comfortable clothing.

The drunkard's home is a place of bitter disappointment. He has certain duties toward his family, but apparently he has shirked every duty and turned a deaf ear to the anguished pleading of those who loved him. We say that "apparently" he has done this. In reality it was not the man, but the whisky, that caused the trouble. He has been controlled by a power that was stronger than love for family or friends, stronger than ambition and as relentless as it was insidious.

Some of the most hopeless drunkards are when not in their cups among the most devoted husbands and fathers. They loathe the bondage that makes them forget their obligations, and many of them make stronger efforts to conquer their addiction than those who censure them would deem possible. But such men fail not through lack of determination, but through lack of strength to accomplish their purpose. They have been poisoned, and no effort of a weakened will can overcome the effects of the continued use of poison.

LITTLE JACK HORNER

The Somersetshire Horners always have a Jack in the family. They trace their descent from the clever Jack of the nursery rhyme.

Jack was no myth, says a writer in "Cassell's Saturday Journal," but a real historical personage. He was steward to the Abbot of Glastonbury, who, having reason to placate Henry VIII., sent that monarch, by Mr. John Horner, a present of a pie, concealed under the crust of which were the title-deeds of a dozen manors.

Horner, while conveying the dish to its destination, abstracted from it the title-deeds of the manor of Wells; and it is this feat which the nursery rhyme commemorates. The corner mentioned was the corner of the waggon, while the "plum" is an allusion to the title-deeds.

With these Jack founded the house of Horner, and ever since those days one at least of its scions has been named after him.

RIDICULING A LAW

HUMORISTS IN AN AMERICAN LEGISLATURE.

New York, May 6.

A Bill for the restriction of motoring in the State of Illinois which was passed recently by the State Legislature at Springfield has been attacked bitterly by motorists and their friends.

The measure has been covered with ridicule by the introduction of a series of burlesque amendments by Mr. John R. Robinson, a farmer, who is considered the humorist of the legislature. They include the following:—

1. In case the farmer's horse will not pass a motor car, the chauffeur will take the car apart and conceal the parts in the nearest field.

2. In approaching curves a man must go ahead, sounding a horn at intervals of fifteen seconds.

3. Speed on country roads to be limited to ten miles an hour, unless the chauffeur encounters a disguised policeman who does not appear to have had a drink for thirty days.

4. When a farmer's cart is sighted coming in an opposite direction the chauffeur will stop the car half a mile distant and approach with cigars, a bottle of spirits, and a white flag. In case the driver of the cart will not permit the motor-car to pass, the chauffeur is to come forward with presents for the farmer's wife and children. If this does not avail, the chauffeur is to have the right to wreck the cart and kill the driver.

5. All touring cars must change colour with vegetation, according to the season, in order to be rendered as inconspicuous as possible. Parts to be green in the spring, the colour of golden wheat in June, dust colour in July and August, red in October, yellow in November, and white in December.

The amendments were actually carried amid roars of laughter, but were afterwards cancelled.

A DOG'S VIGIL

When the British oil steamer Silverlip caught fire and was abandoned by her crew in the Bay of Biscay a dog was left on board.

A few days afterwards the blazing hulk of the steamer was boarded at great risk by a boat's crew of the Spanish steamer Esles.

The charred remains of four men were found, and guarding them stood the dog, with singed hair. It was whining piteously. The animal was rescued, and the Spaniards returned to their boat.

FALSE EYELASHES

To the beauty specialist's stock-in-trade a notable addition has just been made—false eye-lashes. Mr. Nestle, the patentee, informed a "Daily Mail" representative that ladies were eagerly purchasing them.

The following is a sample letter picked up at random:—"Please send me on another half-dozen eyelashes. I find it impossible now to go motoring without them." Hundreds of ladies regularly call to have their eyelashes renewed.

After the preliminary fixture the eyelashes will remain in position for a month. At the end of that time they require a little attention. If they become loose the secret of re-fixing is to curl them with tongs slightly warmed, and touch them with a special fluid.

For a Health Department

A meeting of special interest has been held by a committee of the American Association for the Advancement of Science to press the movement for the creation of a new Government Department or Bureau to deal with the public health. This committee includes President Eliot, of Harvard University; Professor Giddings, of Columbia; and Professor Jenks, of Cornell. It is believed that the committee will recommend the creation of a Department which would involve the appointment of an additional Cabinet officer. It is said, however, that President Roosevelt does not look with favour upon this plan.

Have you money to lend on Mortgage? I will get you six per cent. or more. Wm Lawson Dash, 108 Pitt-street—

THE BOSS

By THE OFFICE BOY.

(Geraldine Meyrick, in "Harper's Magazine.")

When things go easy, he just sarnters round
 At ten o'clock or so; then reads his mail,
 Dictates some half-a-dozen letters to the girl,
 Tosses us each a word, or maybe two,
 Looks at the papers, lights a good cigar,
 'Phones to a friend, and then goes out to lunch.
 And I go home and say to maw, "Gee whizz!
 I hate to work. I wish I was the Boss!"
 By my, when things go wrong! Maybe a strike,
 Or prices down, or some bank goes and busts—
 Then ain't he Johnny-on-the-spot at eight!
 Then he don't take no time to read the news,
 Nor eat no lunch, but keeps us all a-jump.
 Then he shoots letters at the girl till she
 Gets flustered red spots on her cheeks and makes
 Even old Chief Clerk hustle: you know him,
 That fat one, with the sort of double chin.
 And me—why, I'm greased lightning when he calls
 And when night comes, then he looks kind er pale
 And anxious like, and yet so full of fight.
 I get a sort of aching in my throat
 Like something choked me, when I look at him.
 And I go home and say to maw, "Gee whizz!
 Bizness is tough. I'm glad I ain't the Boss!"



"GOING FOR THE DOCTOR"

LONDON TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL

PATIENTS CURED WITHOUT USE OF ALCOHOL.

The accommodation for out-patients at the London Temperance Hospital having been found insufficient to cope with the large and increasing demands made upon it, a new out-patients' hall has been built providing accommodation for two hundred.

The new building was opened last month by Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll), in the presence of a large and distinguished gathering.

In presenting an address to the Princess, Sir T. Vezey Strong said that during the past year more than 25,000 persons had received relief in the out-patients' department from sickness and disease of almost every form, without the ordinary administration of alcohol. Although no charge was made to out-patients, most of whom were exceedingly poor, they contributed voluntarily about £300 to the hospital during the year.

It was owing to the assistance given by the Council of King Edward's Hospital Fund that the new edifice had been constructed, said Sir Vezey, and it would probably lead to a considerable enlargement of the work to which the out-patients' department had long been devoted. A further sum of £3,000 would be required before

the cost of the building could be fully paid.

It is an interesting fact that there is still living in Sydney a gentleman who was present at the opening of this hospital, and became its first patient.

HER ONE TALENT

Miss Margaret Sangster tells of a woman neither young, nor beautiful, nor robust, nor accomplished, nor educated, who became a bride. She realised that she was extremely unlike her brilliant husband.

"I have not even one talent to fold away in a napkin," she said. But the husband loved her, and she loved him, and would, please God, make him happy. "There is one comfort—I can keep house," she said. So she planned the delicate, dainty, healthful meals, and kept the home clean, but not forbiddingly spotless. It invited the tired husband to rest, to litter it with his books and papers, if it pleased him to bring work home from the office, while she sat beside him ready to smile or speak as he looked up.

The husband said one day:

"There's one talent you have, dear, beyond anyone else in the world—the talent of having time enough for everything."

His home was a suburb of paradise, and he went forth to the competitions of life steadily successful.

It is rare to find in this hurrying world a being who works with an air of repose; who can pause to listen to another's story; who has a heart touched to so responsive a key that sympathy in a friend's good fortune is as ready as pity for a friend's calamity. This woman, who had the one talent of doing fully and blithely every home obligation, by degrees became a social power. A large class of girls each Sabbath bent eagerly around her while she unfolded the lessons to them, and upon stated occasions she entertains the poor, pale, tired-out girls of the factories, and keeps them by kindly word and helpful ministry and Christian example, from places of temptation, for she believes it as much a Christian work to keep young lives pure as to save the poor remnant of their ruined lives after they have fallen. Telling the life story of this woman, Miss Sangster says:—

"Altogether, when I think of the sick beds this little woman sits by, the heart-aches she soothes, the confidences of which she is the trusted recipient, the happy home life which is hers, and the good she is doing silently, I am quite sure her talent is bearing interest for the Master."

A PLEASANT SURPRISE

A well-dressed, quiet little woman entered a music publishing house in Philadelphia one day and asked the clerk to show her some classical music.

In a friendly conversation the clerk asked the customer if she had heard the great Jenny Lind, who was then the talk of the town.

"Oh yes," she replied. "Have you?"

Alas, he had not! And he had very little prospect of hearing her. The price of admission to the concert was so high.

She laughed, handed him the song which she had picked out, and asked him to play the accompaniment while she tried it.

"She sang so beautifully," said the clerk afterwards, "that I played like one in a dream."

When she had finished she thanked him, and, with a rare smile, said:—

"You cannot say now that you have never heard Jenny Lind."

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GRIT.
A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1907.

OBJECTIONS TO NO-LICENSE

IT WILL MAKE USELESS MANY FINE VINEYARDS.

It would surely be better to lose many fine vineyards than many fine men? And one of the saddest features of intemperance is that it so often fastens on the fine man. Who does not know the poet, the professional man, the politician, the hero who won his V.C., even the gifted clergyman who has become the unhappy victim that kept the vineyard paying. It took 25,000 gallons of brandy to fortify the wine in New South Wales in 1906, and who can say how many ruined lives to make it pay!

YOU CAN'T MAKE PEOPLE SOBER BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

This has been said so often that many have come to believe it is true, but facts are against it. Since the new Liquor Act Sunday drinking has greatly decreased, and the following figures prove that the law can make drinking so difficult that many hundreds are kept in check by it. The arrests for drunkenness between 8 a.m. Sunday, and 8 a.m. Monday prove the benefit of a good Act. In 1905 there were 1350 convictions; in 1906 it fell to 315, as a fruit of the new Liquor Act.

On the other hand, the law may contribute to make many drunk. January 1st, 1907, a wine license was granted to Mildura. The result was startling. If a temperance man had made such a prophecy he would have been scorned as an intemperate fool, but the fact is there were 26 arrests for drunkenness in five years, or four times as many in the first five days as in the previous twelve months.

WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE THE REVENUE.

The fact is no liquor man can prove that there is any revenue. It is like this:—A gentleman took up a small gold mine, and the first crushing produced a piece of gold weighing about 8oz., and before he sold it, he had it photographed. On showing the photo and a cheque for £27 to a friend, the man said, 'I suppose you are going for a holiday now?' 'Well, no,' said the owner, 'not quite. I am off to borrow £20, as it cost me £47 to get that piece of gold.'

If you consider the one million one hundred thousand the State gets from licenses and duties, you might think there was some revenue, but when you see the bill for one million and a half spent on those who lost their efficiency, savings, manhood, womanhood, and life in producing the revenue, then you understand there is no actual available revenue from drink.

IT WILL CRIPPLE BUSINESS.

Listen to this:—Maine, the No-License State, is the only one in the Union that has more savings bank depositors than voters, and there are over 100,000 more. And it has in its savings banks 22,000,000 dollars more than in the State of Ohio, which has six times the population.

THE BUSINESS MAN CONVERTED.

The Alliance Record states the fact that a New Zealand watchmaker in a New Zealand town became a Prohibitionist through the following incident:—A man from the bush came in with a £40 cheque, and said he was sure to knock it down in drink; so before beginning he would buy a watch for himself and his wife and a locket for his daughter. He selected the articles, and tendered the cheque for payment. The jeweller had not the change, so the man went across to the hotel to cash it. He turned up several days later, shaky, weak, and ill, to borrow 5s from the jeweller. The whole £40 was gone. This practical lesson decided the jeweller to vote No-License.

A PUBLICAN PENITENT

ADVOCATING NO-LICENSE.

REMARKABLE LETTER.

BATHURST, Friday.

Interest in the No-License vote at the forthcoming election is becoming intense. A meeting of the branch of the Local Option League was held early in the week, followed by a meeting of the Liquor Defence Association, at which a prominent publican referred by name to a few publicans showing lack of interest in the movement.

In reply to the published remarks, Mr. Richard Kenna, licensee and proprietor of the Grand Hotel, makes the following comments:—"I have an interest in three hotel properties, and under these circumstances it is compulsory for me to handle the filthy lucre accruing from the sale of detestable liquor. The public will be surprised to hear I abhor my hotel association. FIVE YEARS' EXPERIENCE convinces me that in any phase the liquor which the union is attempting to defend is A CURSE AND

A SCOURGE TO HUMANITY. I could wade through a CATEGORY OF DEPLORABLE SCENES OF CRIME, starvation, and ruin, of which I have been an eye-witness, through THIS CURSED LIQUOR TRAFFIC. I have made a deep study of the debasing effects. Were I in the position of such multi-millionaires as are spread throughout the universe, or even possessed the wealth of some of the local magnates, my great aim in life would be to endow institutions, libraries, and compensate licensed victuallers who come under the reduction or No-License Acts. Some poet writes, 'As in body, so in mind, freaks of nature in both we find.' This surely applies to my case, when a licensed victualler proclaims prohibition broadcast, and is eager to be interviewed by the Alliance of New South Wales to further its No-License interests."—"Sydney Morning Herald," July 6.

A CHIEF JUSTICE ON DRINK AND MURDER

"Do you think it consistent with your duty and with humanity to supply two drunken men with a bottle of rum? In my opinion, the blood of one of these men—perhaps the blood of both—lies partly at your door. Yet I have no doubt that such a fact will lie light enough at your conscience, and I daresay you will get your license next year as usual. But if I had my will there should not be a murder case tried once in twelve months, instead of the numerous instances which are brought before the supreme tribunal, no less than sixteen cases of murder having been brought before me during the last twelve months. I speak feelingly. Men and women are brought to trial for murder, or for outrages, or are left to perish like dogs in ditches, all through intemperance, and the magistrates, and the publicans also, are well aware of the fact."—Sir Alfred Stephen.

NOBLEWOMEN GAMBLE A D FIGHT

There are three houses in St. Petersburg known to the highest aristocratic ladies which are nightly filled with a crowd of card-playing women of title. The scenes enacted are sometimes appalling. Women play until they have nothing left to gamble for but their clothes. Scenes of riot are frequent, the ladies "going for" one another, when they lose, with teeth and nails.

They take turns watching for the police, and have developed an elaborate system of signalling the approach of the guardians of the law.

In Moscow there are eleven women's clubs where games of chance are played, and young girls fresh from school are regular habitués.

In these houses there are women who watch for the financial ruin of young, good-looking ladies and then tell them of rich men who will assist them.

These clubs have caused so much scandal that the Patriarch of Moscow has issued a pastoral letter declaring that if the evils go on much longer Moscow must meet the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah.

The educational authorities of the capital have issued a circular to the heads of the grammar schools stating that card-playing for money has attained such proportions that many parents have been ruined in paying their children's gambling debts, and that suicide is rapidly spreading among the scholars.

London Slum Sketches

By COULSON KERNAHAN, in the Barnardo Memorial Volume.

PART II.

The next name on my list was that of a tailor's "hand," named Holmes, a widower who, I was told, had five young children, and was out of work. He was a consumptive-looking creature, hollow of cheek, eye and chest, and with a hacking cough.

"Yes, sir," he said civilly, in reply to my enquiries. "It is quite true that I am out of work and that I have children; but I can't take your help—asking your pardon all the same, sir, for seeming rude and ungrateful."

"On the contrary," I said, "it is I who have to apologise to you, Mr. Holmes, for what you might very well think my impertinence in coming here at all. But I happened to hear, quite by chance, how beautifully you kept your children and how nice they always look; and learning that you were out of work and being very, very fond of children, I thought there wouldn't be any harm, at least, in calling, just to see whether there were any little thing I could do for you until you're in work again. I'm a working-man, as you are, though I happen to work with the pen, while you happen to work with the needle. And I'm a poor man, too, for the matter of that; but just lately I chanced, by a stroke of luck, to make a pound or two more than usual, and when I have a stroke of luck I like to share it with someone who has been less lucky—just as I believe you'd be ready to share your good luck, when it comes, with me, if I happened to need it. But I respect your independence and pride, and I ask you again to forgive me for calling."

"It isn't pride, sir," he said; "and if the children were in absolute want, I'd take your help, and thank God for it. It's this way, sir. This week we have just enough money left out of my savings to last us—me and the children—in bread. It has only been bread, and dry bread, it's true; and if when Monday comes I haven't got work, there won't even be bread, for my money will be entirely gone. If you should be this way then, and would look in, and I haven't found work, I will take your help—putting it in the way you do, sir—and thank God for it. But when I know of hundreds of little children who haven't had even a piece of bread for days, I can't take it. But I thank you kindly. God bless you, sir. I must go now; I hear one of the children calling. Good afternoon."

He closed the door in my face—not rudely, but in haste—lest I should see how shaken he was by emotion; and bowing my head, and with my own heart rising strangely in my throat, I turned away.

Just for a moment I did not feel like facing the eyes in the street, so, as a slight rain was falling, I took shelter in a dark passage leading to a court, and stood there out of sight of passers by to collect my thoughts.

It was not long before my attention was attracted by a curious sight. A gipsy-like, wolf-faced man was wheeling a child's perambulator, in which, to my astonishment, I saw curled up the figure of a full-grown woman. I recognised the couple at a glance. Walking once along the highroad from Epping to London, I had seated myself upon a five barred gate by the wayside for a quiet smoke. The gate stood between thick hedgerows, and, as it was set back a little, the folk passing along the road could not see me until they were almost level with the gate. By-and-by I heard what struck me as a very pretty altercation between a man and a woman who were approaching me slowly, but whom as yet I

could not see. The man, as I discovered when they came in sight, was wheeling a perambulator (the same perambulator, in fact), in which were a number of ferns and primrose-roots that he was carrying to London to sell. This perambulator the woman was pleading to be allowed to take a turn at pushing, urging that as the man had been up since four in the morning to gather the ferns and primroses, and had had to wheel it five miles out and five miles back, he must consequently be very tired. He, protesting that he was not tired at all, point-blank refused, declaring that, as she had only just come out of the hospital, she must be more tired than he. And so the pretty quarrel continued, until the pair came opposite to the gate, and I saw that she was a sickly, bleary-eyed, unlovely woman, and he an unkempt, gipsy-like fellow with lean face and hungry, wolf's eyes.

Well, to cut a long story short, I had contrived to make their acquaintance, and had found that, underneath their rags and dirt, beat two honest and unselfish hearts. I had told them to come always to me, if in need of assistance of any sort—an invitation of which they took advantage only once, and then when their straits were desperate. On every other occasion I had found them touchily independent, and though I sometimes bought flowers, bul-

rushes, mistletoe, or fern-roots from them for the decoration of my house or garden, they would not accept a farthing from me in the shape of charity. If I wished to buy the wares they had for sale, that was another matter; and even then I have reason to know that I got more flowers, bulrushes, or fern-roots for sixpence than their usual customers got for a shilling.

For some twelvemonth we continued the best of friends. Then suddenly their visits ceased, and I set eyes on neither again until I saw the pair of them at Shadwell—the woman curled up in the perambulator, and the man pushing it.

"Nash!" I called out, running after them. "Nash, where have you been all this time? And why haven't you and Mrs. Nash been to see me?"

"We've been doing pretty much the same as usual, sir," he replied stiffly; "and thank you for asking." Then touching his ragged cap, he said brusquely: "Good-day, sir," and pushing the perambulator before him, passed along.

But I was not thus easily to be shaken off. At first he stood very much on his dignity, answering my questions in regard to himself and his doings with civil but manifest unwillingness, but at last I contrived—and then only with difficulty—to discover wherein I had offended.

On the last occasion, when they had visited me, I had said to him as he was passing out: "Well, good-bye, Nash. Mind, if ever you get into trouble, be sure to come or send to me, and I'll do my best to get you out."

By "trouble" I had meant illness, or the

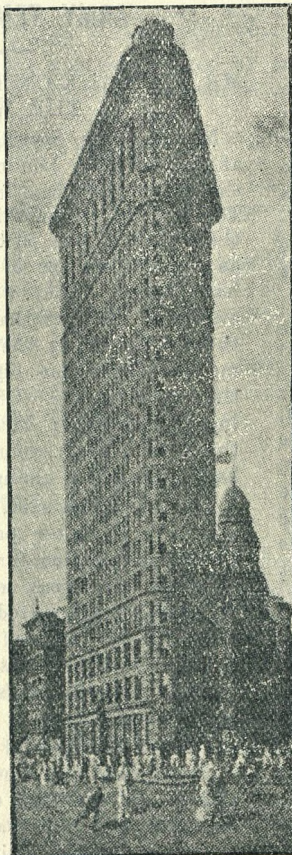
The 'FLAT IRON' NEW YORK 'SKY-SCRAPER'

Cost £450,000.

Height, 307 feet.
Depth, back to front, 130 feet.
Width at back, 86 feet 8 inches.

20 Stories
340 Offices
1720 Occupant

The business of the 340 offices necessitates the exclusive attention of two Post Office clerks located in the building.



This Tank

of the same
shape and
size as

'The Flat Iron'

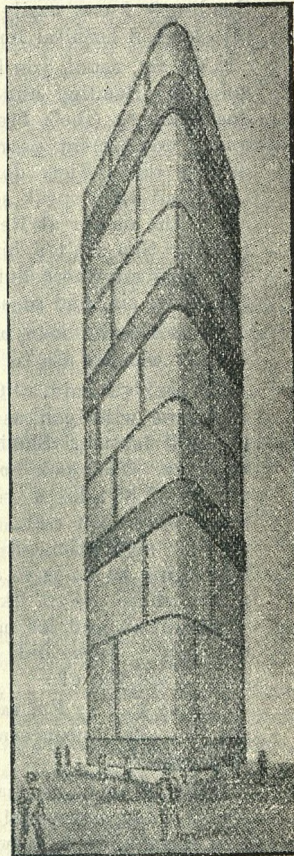
would hold
19,000,000
Gallons

of Liquor,
which quantity
would supply
the demands
of the drinkers
of New South
Wales for

15½ Months
at a cost of

£5,852,428

exclusive of the
fines, loss of
wages, &c., re-
sulting from
drunkenness.



£5,852,428 spent in 15½ MONTHS is equivalent to £4,530,912 spent in 12 MONTHS. This latter was the amount SPENT ON INTOXICANTS in New South Wales during 1905.

This sum is GREATER than the GROSS ANNUAL REVENUE of all the RAILWAYS and TRAMWAYS of the State.

It is GREATER than the capital cost of SYDNEY'S SEWERAGE System.

It is the MEREST FRACTION smaller than the cost of the METROPOLITAN WATER SUPPLY.

It is MORE than FOUR TIMES as great as the REVENUE of the New South Wales Post and Telegraph Department.

QUERY: CAN NEW SOUTH WALES AFFORD TO WASTE SO GREAT A SUM EACH YEAR?

FIGURES THAT TALK

inability to scrape together the small sum they paid as rent for the miserable hovel in which they lived.

But in George Nash's world "trouble"—so I learned for the first time—had only one meaning when applied to a man (the word is used in a different sense in regard to a woman), and that meaning—gaol.

"I don't see why you should have thought that of us, sir," Nash said with quiet dignity. "Poor we may be, but, at least, we've managed to keep honest; and the inside of a prison we're never likely to see. We thank you kindly for what you've done for us, sir, the missus and me, but if you think as we're that sort, sir—well, sir, we've made a mistake about you, and you've made a mistake about us, and we wish you good-day."

Turning doggedly to the perambulator he touched his hat and passed on.

"Why, my dear fellow," I said hotly, following him and taking him by the hand, "such a thought never entered my head, I'd leave you—and for the matter of that I have left you and your wife—in my room alone with every farthing I possess lying about openly, and never even dream of counting, or of thinking of it at all."

"Well," I went on, when I had at last persuaded him that he had done me an injustice, "Well, and what on earth is the meaning of Mrs. Nash being cooped up in this perambulator? She looks very white and thin. I do hope she isn't ill."

"Yes, sir; she's very ill," was the answer. "Got something wrong inside her, the doctor said, that'll have to be cut out. I'm taking her to Reading now."

"To Reading?" I said. "But why to Reading? I can easily arrange to get her into a good hospital for women here."

"No, sir, thank you kindly. She's set on going to Reading and nowhere else. The doctor there (she's been there afore, you know) don't treat poor folk as some other doctors do. They don't mean not to be kind, but they speak so sharp, it frightens her. The doctor at Reading—ah! he is different. She ain't a bit afraid of him. She won't go anywhere but to Reading. She's set on it, sir, and so am I."

Knowing the man as I did I could see that it was no use to argue with him.

"I see," I said. "Quite right, George. I'll come with you as far as Paddington, if you'll let me. Shadwell Station is some way yet. You look hot and tired already, and so I'll take a turn at pushing the pram while you rest. But if I may make another suggestion, I should say that the best thing to do is to steer for the nearest place where we're likely to find a four-wheeled cab and let me drive you to Paddington. How did you propose taking Mrs. Nash there?"

"Same way as I'm taking her to Reading, sir," he said unconcernedly; "in the pram, of course."

"The pram!" I ejaculated. "My dear Nash, what nonsense! It's forty miles! You can't wheel a grown woman forty miles in a child's perambulator."

"Can't I, sir?" he said, smiling with an air of superiority. "I've taken her there twice before in the perambulator, and by picking up a bit of work on the way we've managed nicely."

But to myself I said: "A grown woman! Wheeled forty miles in a perambulator to undergo an operation! And for no other reason than that the doctor at Reading is kind and doesn't speak sharp to the poor! My God!"

Eight per cent. for your savings is better than three. I will give it you. Wm. Lawson Dash, 108 Pitt-street.

THE "BACKWARD" CHINESE

The Chinese people, unlike their neighbours the imitative Japanese, insist on doing things in their own peculiar way if they are to do them at all. They have been forty centuries earning the reputation of the most conservative folk in the world. Reform is busy in China, but reform in such a land has no easy task. Chinese love their habits as strongly as their life itself.

The Chinese do everything backward. They commence their dinner with dessert, and end up with soup and fish. Their compass points to the south instead of the north. The men wear shirts, and the women trousers; while the men wear their hair long, the women coil theirs in a knot. The dressmakers are men; the women carry burdens.

The spoken language is not written, and the written language is not spoken. Books are read backward, and any notes are inserted at the top. White is used for mourning, and bridesmaids wear black and instead of being maidens these functionaries are old women. The Chinese surname comes first, and when a gentleman of the Celestial Empire meets and salutes an acquaintance each of them shakes his own hand instead of his friend's. Vessels are launched sideways, and horses are mounted from the off side.

In shaving, the barber operates on the head, cutting the hair upward, then downward, and then polishes it off with a small knife, which is passed over the eyebrows and into the nose to remove any superfluous hairs, and the performance is completed by removing the wax from the ears with a bit of cotton-wool on a wire.

ARMY TEMPERANCE

MR. HALDANE ON THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

Mr. Haldane, Secretary of State for War, at Caxton Hall, London, on the occasion of the anniversary meeting of the Royal Army Temperance Association, remarked that the Army in the past was not as popular as a great service of the Crown ought to have been. That was to a large extent owing to the fact that people did not feel that in the Army the personal lives of the men reached that high moral tone which they loved to see. Of course, he was talking of the past; but he was thankful to think that every year during recent years had witnessed a change.

The Army, he said, is now better looked after, it is better paid, there are better chances of service for the men after they have left the Army, while the terms of service are more suited to the habits and needs of our people. The Army is rising in the quality of its members, and it is becoming slowly but steadily a more popular profession.

There was a period when men were compulsorily made to serve both in the Army and Navy. In those days everybody drank to excess. A total abstainer would have had a bad time of it had he turned up. (Laughter.) No doubt it made the Services popular, but it had to be worn off. It had worn off, and there had grown up a high moral tone and temperate habits. (Cheers.) Our young officers more and more called for lemonade instead of whisky and champagne. That meant that soldiers were beginning to realise the enormous waste of intellectual, moral, and physical force that drink produced in the past.

THE WAR SECRETARY'S HOPES.

I look forward, continued the War Secretary, to the day when the Army will be so popular that people will compete to get into it, that we shall not be compelled to

get recruits from the young, but shall be able to choose the best men. The higher in reputation the Army gets the more the soldier is thought of and the more competition there will be to enter the ranks. (Cheers.)

Their association was an integral part of the organisation of the Army. Just as they recognised the Church as part of the Army, so they recognised temperance as part of it. He was glad they had decided not to exclude the moderate drinker. He believed the association had done wisely, while encouraging the total abstainer, not to shut off his weaker brother, who, if left alone, would drink only for a week. (Laughter.)

Lord Methuen declared that the crux of the whole temperance movement in the Army was the provision of a temperance room in every barracks in the country. (Loud cheers.) The men asked also for the re-establishment of the savings bank and the introduction of friendly societies in the Army. (Cheers.)

WHIP BEHIND

The boy delights to steal a ride
By hanging on the rear;
He swings between the muddy wheels
And twirls his thumbs at fear.
But those less agile than himself,
Maliciously inclined,
Soon turn his laughter into tears
By calling, "Whip behind."

Just so the man who catches on,
And rises to the top,
Too quickly learns less lucky friends
Would like to see him drop.
He finds, alas! the laurel crown
With thorns is often twined,
And hears below him still the mean
And mocking "Whip behind."

The hearts of few are big enough
To honestly rejoice
When others get a lift from Fate,
So hark! the spiteful voice.
It follows us along the road
We travel with mankind,
And works confusion to our joy
By crying "Whip behind."

We all of us are hanging on
The coach of Father Time,
Delighting in its rapid pace
With recklessness sublime.
But if we tumble off, behold!
Our sudden change of mind—
We, too, take up the chorus then
And echo, "Whip behind."

—Minna Irving.

"Mother, does Dr. Smith wear his everyday clothes under that long white gown when he preaches?" asked a little girl who had seen the edge of the minister's trousers under the robe.

"Yes, dear," was the reply.

"Well," she continued, "now I know why it is called a surplus."

"Now, who knows what a skeleton is?" asked the teacher, smiling coaxingly. The little girl wearing the pink gingham apron and occupying the back seat waved her hand wildly and worked her mouth in frantic endeavour to get "teacher" to look at her. "Well, what is it?"

"A skeleton," said the tot, twisting her apron in her fingers, "is a man who has his insides outside, and his outsides off."

The story is told of a lank, disconsolate-looking farmer, who one day, during the progress of a political meeting in Cooper Institute, stood on the steps with the air of one who has been surfeited with a feast of some sort. "Do you know who's talking in there now?" demanded a stranger, briskly, pausing for a moment beside the disconsolate farmer. "Or are you just going in?" "No, sir, I've just come out," said the farmer, decidedly. "Mr. Everts is talking in there." "What about?" asked the stranger. "Well, he didn't say," the farmer answered, passing a knotted hand across his forehead.

The Parson Fishing for Men

(SPECIAL TO "GRIT.")

A man was leaning against a post when the Parson, who was out fishing for men, asked him to come to his meeting. The man, with a look of surprise, said: "Fancy me coming to a meeting; look at my clothes." The Parson explained he was not a second-hand clothes' dealer nor a rag merchant, but was a man interested in men, and pointed out that the man's clothes were sufficiently well ventilated to enable it to be seen that there was a man somewhere about them, and in spite of his appearance the Parson got him. After some more personal invitations, a general invitation was given outside a "pub," and the meeting was strongly recommended by one who had lately sampled it.

WHY THEY CAME.

After a start had been made four men walked in and straight up to a front seat. "I hope you don't mind a bloke chipping in?" said one of them. On being assured that any remarks he had to make would receive a sympathetic hearing, he took his seat. After a few minutes he rose to explain that he and his mates had been drinking in the "pub," and on hearing the invitation to the meeting, he suggested that the man who held the record for non-church-going should shout, and it fell to his lot to do so, having had an unbroken run of over 20 years: then they all had another drink to encourage them to go round and break all records by going to church. The Parson then shook hands all round and gave them a warm welcome.

BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE.

The address was not allowed to proceed very far when the same man said, "I hope you don't mind my saying so, but you are barking up the wrong tree; it's no use telling us we ought to be better, tell us how." So the Parson asked him what he was. He turned to his mate and said, "Tom, what am I?" Tom replied, "A blooming fool." Ignoring this remark he said he was a carter, and so a Christian carter was called upon to stand up and tell how a weak, drinking man could overcome his habits and be a Christian man. The man was so much impressed by the testimony about prayer that he asked prayer for himself and his mates, and this was promptly agreed to, and some of them were persuaded to start praying for themselves.

SOCIABLE ALL RIGHT.

At another meeting the Parson was emphasising the three characteristics of the meetings as friendly, sociable, and Christian, when a man who was half drunk stood up and said, "You're right, boss, they are sociable all right; I came here arm in arm with a chap I never saw before—I'll tell all the chaps you ain't a stuck-up Pas'n." Another man said: "I can't tell you that Christ has saved me and made me happy, as He has done many of you, but I can tell you drink has damned me and is sending me a miserable lonely little man to hell."

COMMON SENSE.

All sorts are present at such meetings, and are invited to tell anything that might encourage others to start a Christian life. One man said: "I know it is good, since it has given me a little common sense. I used to swear, but now I have sense enough to see that any fool can do it, and the best men don't. I used to drink, but now I have sense enough to know no man can afford to drink. Thank God, I not only have sense enough to know; I also have strength enough to resist the foolish thing."

Someone suggested that he would not get past pay day; to this he replied that it was 27 pay days since he last made a fool of himself.

TOO STRAIGHT FOR CROOKED MEN.

The Christian life was aptly described as "too straight for crooked men," and it was very encouraging to hear how the Lord took the kinks out of a man, making him love the things he used to hate, and hate the things he used to love. If you are going to pray it won't do to have slight attacks of it sometimes—you want to take to it like a drunk takes to beer. He has a "liver" early in the morning, a "drop" with his breakfast, a "refresher" at eleven o'clock, a "taste" with his lunch, another "refresher" at three o'clock, a "friendly glass" after work, one or two in the evening, and a "night cap" to finish the day; the man who takes prayer like that becomes a happy saved man.

WHEN THEY PRAY.

To the one who reads the record of such meetings it may seem irreverent, but it is quite natural and there is no irreverence where none is meant.

One seemingly earnest fellow prayed that "he might be filled full of the Spirit," but a man who knew him well interjected very earnestly, "don't, Lord, he only leaks." When asked to explain what he meant he said, "Oh, he leaks at the spout," meaning his tongue gave him away, and he was not a safe man to give the fullness of blessing to.

Another one-time music hall man, began in prayer by explaining to the Lord that he was a singer, but was interrupted by a man who said, "No, brother, you make a mistake, it is a sinner you mean."

HIS WIFE'S STORY.

Some people may laugh or sneer, but there are others who know how to appreciate such meetings. One man said, "I cannot talk, or tell my experience, but if you let my wife come here, she will tell you how she gets the wages now, and my company, and how home is a better place."

And many, many a wife and child daily thank God for meetings that so attract and win men to the Christian life.

A GREAT EXAMPLE

The results of temperance agitation in the United States have been well summed up by National Superintendent Baker, of the Anti-Saloon League, in the following words: "Thirty-three millions of the people of the United States live in territory where the saloon is legally prohibited, and during the past twelve months two and a half millions of our people have abolished saloons from the territory in which they live. Kentucky, in the past six months, has driven the saloons from twenty-six counties by a majority vote in these counties, of upward of twenty-two thousand, freeing a population of one hundred and fifty thousand from the immediate presence of the saloon. Tennessee has extended the Adams law to the entire State, which means that within a short time the saloons will exist in only three or four cities. Alabama has just passed a county Local Option law, which, it is predicted, will abolish the saloons from all but three of the counties within the next two years."

Since these words were uttered, Colorado's new Local Option law has been signed by Governor Buchtel, and the outlook is more optimistic than ever.

THE MODERATE DRINKER

POWER TO RESIST DIMINISHES AS THE ALCOHOLIC HABIT IS INDULGED.

You say you can "drink or let it alone" Well, perhaps you can. One thing is quite certain—you will drink or let it alone. And now there is one way only in which you can prove the truth of what you say, and that is by letting it alone.

No man, be he minister, deacon, private Christian, moralist, stoic, scholar, statesman, young or old, learned or ignorant, surrounded by good or bad influence, in public or private life, father, husband, son, brother, lover—no man is safe to continue moderate drinking.

The habit grows, and the power to resist diminishes. Thus by a double ratio the thralldom becomes hopelessly confirmed. Now the man drinks only occasionally not because of the appetite, but in deference to custom. He could let it alone if he willed to, but he wills not to at present. Time passes, and, hardly conscious of the fact, he has come to love the drink. His appetite calls for it. He falls to indulging regularly. When the time comes for him to take his regular glass something within clamours till he obtains it. He drinks daily, and each day the demand increases, the danger also increases, but he is unconscious of the fact. If now he realised his real condition, he could stop and probably would, for his manhood is not yet gone. He is not prepared to throw himself away. His strength is giving way at the foundation, but he does not know it.

He begins ere long occasionally to get drunk, and at times all the horrible premonitions of inebriety flash upon him, and he resolves to check himself. At times during certain periods in the absence of temptation he succeeds, but appetite, denied, becomes fierce. Convivial friends ply their arts. "Once more, then quit," the lying tempter says, and he obeys the foolish counsel.

He could let it alone yet, but not as easily as once he could. Conscience now at intervals applies the lessons of experience to the future, and in the hours of strength he resolves that he will abstain.

But the temptation revives, and he yields. When he could have resisted he did not. Now he is nearing the point where by all the ties of earth and heaven he would stop, but cannot.

One thought more. The most confident are most in danger.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

"A prudent man foreseeth the evil, but the simple pass on and are punished."

Nowhere does this declaration apply more forcibly than to the case under discussion. The very men who boast their strength, who sneer at total abstinence, who fear nothing and defy everything, are those who may be regarded as already sold to the devil alcohol as really as though the bill of sale had been made, sealed and delivered.

"You were in the company of those people?" the prosecuting attorney asked.

"Of two friends, sir."

"Friends! Two thieves, I suppose you mean?"

"That may be so," was the dry retort; "they are both lawyers."

Mrs. Chugwater: "Josiah, this paper says 'municipal government is an ignis fatuus,' what is an ignis fatuus?"

Mr. Chugwater: "That's so plain that anybody ought to know what it means at first sight. 'Ignis' means fire. 'Fatuus' is fat. The fat's in the fire."

THE DRINK BILL OF NEW SOUTH WALES FOR 1906

The Rev. Canon Boyce has contributed to the daily papers his annual statement of the amount of liquor consumed in this State. It is not only an interesting but a valuable computation. The Canon says:—

The bill is approximate, and, excluding those items for which no reasonable estimate can be made, represents honestly the actual expenditure.

The return showing the quantity of colonial wine consumed last year was still unavailable, so I have taken the average for the preceding three years. I find that 25,000 gallons of brandy were used in the year in fortifying colonial wines.

THE TOTAL SPENT IN 1906 WAS
£4,648,671.

In the previous year the bill was £4,530,012, so there is an increase of £118,659. The enlarged population must be remembered. Yet there was a trifling increase per head. Last year it was £3 1s 5d on the mean population of 1,514,390, as against £3 1s 3d, being a difference of only 2d.

As it was the first year of the new Liquor Act it will be argued that there should have been a reduction in the bill. Under ordinary conditions, there would have been, and probably a very substantial one. But a rise or fall has usually been affected largely by the spending power of the people. For instance, in 1893, the year of the financial crisis, there was a fall of 11s 10d. Good and bad times have told their respective tales. I have always stated this, and said that a series of years were required to rightly prove a change in the habits of the people. Last year was one of great prosperity, and there were numerous large increases in many departments of trade. Look at the State Treasurer's unexampled surplus. The number of unemployed greatly decreased, and consequently more men had wages to spend. But the improved times are so evident that it is unnecessary for me to dwell on the point. It speaks volumes for the new Liquor Act that the bill has been kept down to practically the same amount.

FOR EACH FAMILY OF FIVE IT WAS
£15 7s 1d.

Remembering the host of people who are abstainers, or but seldom drink any intoxicant, the sum becomes surprisingly high for those who regularly use it as a beverage.

In Victoria the bill was £3 9s 10d per head. In New Zealand it was £3 11s 1d, and in the United Kingdom £3 15s 11d. The amounts for other countries are not yet to hand. The United States would probably show much less than either named, and Canada much less again. The latter country has the honour of being the noblest example as to sobriety to be found in the English-speaking world.

THE REVENUE.

It is argued that the receipts from the liquor traffic are an important asset to the State. The amount last year was: Customs and excise, £1,080,204; and for license fees, £92,644; or a total of £1,172,848. I readily admit that this is a large item in the revenue. But there are serious expenses on the other side. One-third of the poverty and two-thirds of the crime, etc., are traceable to drink, and show a cost of about £700,000 a year. If, again, 10,000 persons do not work because of drink, that means, at £2 a week each, a loss of £1,040,000. According to Adam Smith, labour is wealth. If we remember the 20,000 convictions for drunkenness, the thousands who get drunk, but never fall into

the hands of the police, the Domain loafers, the sundowners who tramp the country districts, and those of other classes largely affected by alcoholism, it will be recognised that 10,000 is no extravagant estimate. These figures, and I touch but a part of this branch of the liquor question, show a heavy debit for the country on the wrong side. The drink traffic involves severe loss even when the Customs and excise receipts and the license fees are regarded in the most favourable light. Matters become worse when the whole bill is considered from the standpoint of the political economist.

THE REMEDY: NO-LICENSE.

The trouble arises chiefly through the far too numerous facilities for buying intoxicants. I look to the approaching Local Option polls to help to remedy the present conditions. I shall vote for No-License as safest and the ideal, and by doing so I shall get a double value for my vote, as it will be counted for reduction if it be not carried; but I hope those who will not go so far will themselves support reduction. From nearly all sides it is acknowledged that there are far too many liquor bars, and this is especially the case within the city of Sydney itself. What can King Division want with 96, and 74 wine shops, or Belmore with 60 bars, or Darling Harbour with 111? Or to pass to the country, Cobar with 67, or Albury with 44, or Mudgee with 52, or Wickham with 40, or Rous with 45, or the Murray with 70, or Newcastle with 58? The great majority of the public-houses are mere drinking shops, and are mostly financed and pushed by the big and wealthy breweries. The supply helps to create the demand, and the unnecessarily high number causes competition to sell the drink that must be disastrous to scores of families. It may be safely said that generally, throughout the State, the reduction of the number of bars is an urgent and crying need. Of course the best results are where No-License prevails; and I merely name reduction as the next best thing.

SOCIETY ADVERTISING

THE NEW PROFESSION OF CARD-LEAVING.

Although the statement published (says London "Tribune") that many women high in the world of fashion find deputies for the duty of depositing their visiting cards at the houses of friends and acquaintances is not yet capable of general application, it is nevertheless true that the professional "card-leaver" has come into existence. This person, as stated, attired in the outward guise of fashion, leaves the card of formal friendship at a number of houses, and departs on his way.

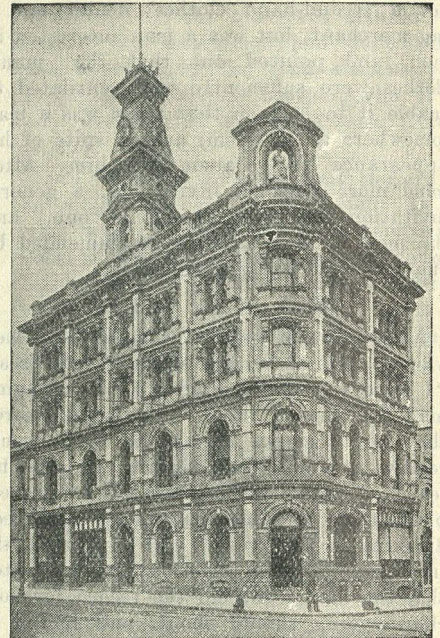
But there is still another and by far a more important variety of the "card-leaving" species. The latter is a man of considerable social standing, who earns a precarious livelihood by leaving the cards of fashionable shop-keepers in the houses of his friends. He drops the cards in the most unlikely places, sometimes on a table or a chair, or else slips them in a drawer which is supposed to be solely dedicated to the private business of the mistress of the house he is at the moment. The great art of this kind of card-leaving is to get the card in a quaint or extraordinary place, the avowed design being to give astonishment when the card is discovered.

This queer profession has of late grown to such dimensions that several hostesses are already complaining that it has become a nuisance. Tradesmen's cards, they aver, are now being poked away into every quiet

Where Shall I Stay in Sydney?

THE N.S.W. ALLIANCE HEADQUARTERS HOTEL

CORNER CASTLEREAGH & PARK STS., SYDNEY



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

nook and corner of their houses. This has only to continue to spell ruin for a profession that will die, like many another, from excess of popularity.

SOME RARE BOOKS

Of all the rare and costly books in the world, perhaps the most expensive are certain copies of religious books. A copy of the Koran, now in the possession of the Shah of Persia, is said to be worth one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Its parchment sheets are bound in a solid gold cover an eighth of an inch in thickness, with a silver lining equally thick. The gold cover is decorated with precious stones in the form of a crescent. One hundred and nine diamonds, one hundred and sixty-seven pearls, and one hundred and twenty-two rubies make up the brilliant decoration.

By the side of this book may be placed a copy of the Bible, as one of the costliest books in the world. At the present time it has no price, for money would not buy it. It is a Hebrew version now in the Vatican. As long ago as 1512 Pope Julius II. refused to part from it for its weight in gold.

There is in the library at Gottingen a novel Bible written on five thousand three hundred and seventy-three palm leaves.

Among uncommon religious books must be classed an edition of the Bible issued by the Oxford University Press. It is only one and three-quarters inches in length and one and seven-eighths in breadth. It has to be read by means of a magnifying glass—and one is given with this tiny Bible for fifty-five cents.

The Marquis of Dufferin possessed a volume half the size of a postage stamp. It is an edition of the sacred book of the Sikhs.

ANTI-ALCOHOL

COUNTERBLAST TO THE RECENT
MEDICAL MANIFESTO.

DISTINGUISHED SIGNATORIES.

Following the controversy on the pro-alcohol manifesto published in "The Lancet" some weeks ago, "The Medical Press" issues a counterblast, signed, as is seen, by a number of the most distinguished names in medicine. They express the gravest dissent from much of the teaching of the recent manifesto, and continue:—

Without asserting that alcohol has no value in the treatment of disease, we believe that its use is occasional rather than regular, and limited rather than wide. We regard the word "life-preserving" in connection with alcohol as misleading, and we consider the expression that alcohol has "the power to sustain cardiac and nervous energy" rests on no certain clinical or experimental evidence. On the other hand, we strongly believe that alcohol is unnecessary as an article of consumption in the case of healthy men and women, and that its general use could be discontinued without detriment to the world's welfare. Further, believing as we do that alcohol is one of the most fruitful sources of poverty, disease, and crime, we are pleased to add that it is now sparingly employed as a remedy by the majority of medical men.

(Signed)

Frederick Treves. Thomas H. Bickerton.
James Barr. F. Charles Larking.
William Ewart. Sims Woodhead.
Theo. B. Hyslop. J. Ward Cousins.
William Murrell. David Walsh (Editor
T. N. Kelynak. "Medical Press").
William Carter.

In an interview Mr. John T. Rae, the Secretary of the National Temperance League, pointed out that seven of the twelve signatories were not teetotalers, and therein lay the value of the manifesto. None of the men, of course, who signed the pro-alcohol manifesto were teetotalers.

"In taking into consideration the character of the eminent men," said Mr. Rae, "you must remember that among the British medical profession the ethical side of the question has to be dealt with, and there are a certain number of representative men who have been left out of the controversy altogether. This fact speaks for itself."

Sir Frederick Treves, by the way, acquired his strong views on the evils of alcoholism from his experience in the South African War.

WEIRD MUSIC

ROYAL GUESTS ARE MOVED TO
TEARS.

A remarkable effect was produced at the state banquet given in the Palace at Christiania on May 1st, in honour of the visit of the King and Queen of Denmark, by the performance of a famous old peasant named Halden, on the "langleik," the original musical instrument of the Vikings.

Halden, who is a direct descendant of King Harald Haarfagre (He of the beautiful hair), is eighty years of age. He had never before set foot outside his native village in the province of Telemarken, where he lives in a cave, after the manner of his forefathers. He has a splendid physique, and a thick mane of white hair flows down his back. His heavy white beard reaches below his waist.

The old man was given an enthusiastic reception by the 350 guests as he entered the dining hall and sat down to play. The "langleik" on which he performed is over

300 years old. It is made of wood, shaped like a modern packing case, and fitted with half a dozen rough strings.

The weird folk-songs the strange old musician produced had a marvellous effect on the listeners, many of whom were moved to tears.

The King of Denmark became so enthusiastic that he immediately invited the old man to visit Copenhagen as his guest—an invitation which was accepted with fitting dignity.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

P.J.S. (West Maitland).—Very pleased to have your assurance that "Grit" is appreciated. We hope your wishes will be fulfilled. There is no reason why all you propose, and even more, should not be accomplished except apathy, which we are trying our best to combat.

Writer II.—No use to "Grit." Many thanks for your good wishes.

Tabulated.—Glad you find our tables useful. A careful study should leave no room for doubt as to the advisability of using strenuous efforts to secure No-License.

Sceptic.—As you say legislation can't cure any evil, but it can materially help those fighting such evil by reducing opportunity. Consequently any restriction imposed by law is an advantage, and it rests with the people to secure that advantage to the full.

Lithgow.—Your experience is gratifying, and should stimulate you to increased efforts.

W.W.L.—We don't propose to discuss the Federal Mail Contract in these columns. The daily papers have given it close and careful attention.

Yankee.—Mark Twain visited Australia towards the end of 1895.

Sportsman.—We can endorse every word you say, though you might perhaps have urged your contentions more politely. Nothing is gained by abuse of those with whom you may perchance differ in opinion.

Inquirer.—The crisis to which you refer occurred in 1893, and the position was most acute during the period April to August of that year.

S.L. (Wollongong).—We hope to carry out your suggestion. You would see that we anticipated your suggestion for an enlarged paper last week, and hope you will make "Grit" as widely known as possible.

S. Roylat.—Posthumous means, in the case of a child, born after the father is dead, or, in the case of a book, published after the death of the writer. Don't apologise for asking our assistance; we are only too glad to help you in any little difficulty.

W.V.L. (Ashfield).—Declined with thanks.

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N. S. W. Branch—

78 Pitt Street

S. HAGUE SMITH,
Secretary

SYDNEY

M.M.—Idea good, but treatment is so crude that we cannot make use of it in its present form.

S.L.H.—What good purpose would be served by such a "test?" It is always more advisable to avoid the possibility of danger. Don't you know the old saying, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread?"

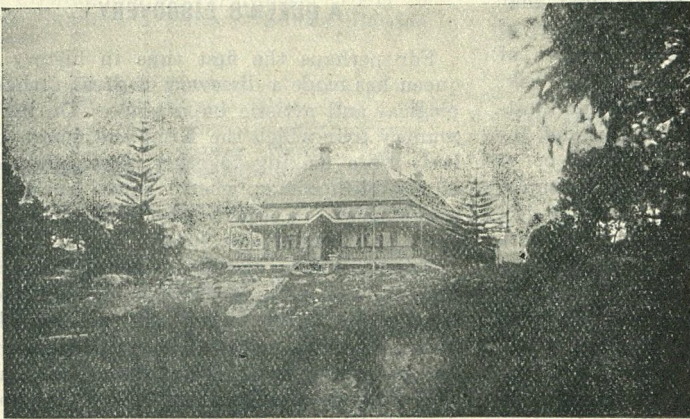
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THE HOME OF REST is an up-to-date Institution for the reception of the man who has become a slave to alcohol or other drugs.

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 patients, 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.

VICTORIAN DRINK BILL, 1906

By J. D. MERSON.

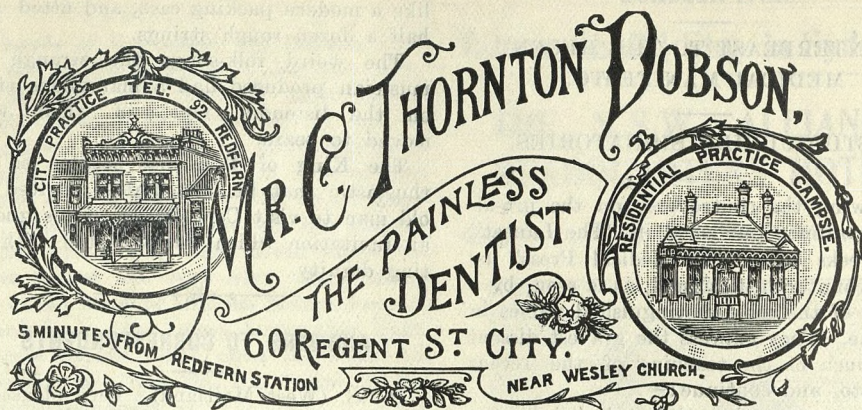
Hereunder is presented the statement of the money estimated as spent on alcoholic liquors consumed in Victoria during 1906. As this will be the twenty-first occasion on which a similar summary has been published, it may be considered interesting to compare the expenditure of 1885 with that of 1906, remembering that the population was then taken as 958,595, and for 1906 as 1,227,072—an increase of 268,477:—

	Gal. 1906.	Price. £ s.	Cost. 1906. £	Cost. 1885. £
Spirits, imported...	705,874	2 0	1,698,628	1,955,640
Spirits, Australian	143,440	1 15	48,408	228,403
Wine, imported	27,662	0 7	—	332,193
Wine, Australian	—	—	—	332,193
Beer, imported	540,440	0 6	162,132	283,145
Beer, Australian	15,530,612	0 3	2,329,591	2,156,067
Total cost	—	—	4,238,759	4,956,048
Cost per head	—	—	£3 9 10	£5 3 5

Had we spent in 1906 at the same rate per head as in 1885, the total cost last year would have been £6,344,990, instead of £4,238,759—that is £2,106,231 more—and the spending in 1885 was, for the eighties, about a normal amount. In 1890 the rate for each individual rose to £6 0s 7d, from which figure it dropped rapidly to £3 2s 9d in 1895, since when it rose for one year only to more than £4 (1901, £4 11s 6d), dropping again the next year to £3 5s 4d. The consumption per head of spirits was in 1885 1.08 gallon, and in 1906 .69 gallon; of wine in 1885 .87 gallon, and in 1906 .022 gallon; of beer in 1885 15.98 gallons, and in 1906 13.09 gallons.

There is one unusual feature in connection with last year. A quantity equal to the whole quantity of Victorian wine manufactured during the year, plus the quantity received from other States, was—after deducting the quantity exported, and making allowance for the quantity used and wasted in vineyards—absorbed by distilleries, and for the making of spirits for fortifying wine.

It is a remarkable fact that in many lands there is a clear demand for the suppression of the traffic in liquor. In the United States 33,000,000 of people live under local option or prohibitory laws. In New Zealand the number of voters for No-License was—in 1896, 98,312, and in 1905, 198,768. At this last poll the No-License vote for the whole of New Zealand was 51.27 per cent. of all the electors who voted. There were in Victoria in 1885 some 4251 licensed public houses, and in 1906 the number was 3473, and judging from recent legislation it would appear that the men and women of Victoria are clearly of opinion that the number is still much too great, and so a mandate has gone out from the Legislature that year by year the number of licensed houses is to be reduced by about 100 a year. When it is remembered that this provision for the steady reduction of public houses was concurred in by men of almost all parties, one cannot but ask, How is it that the general desire for limiting the number of these houses, if not for suppressing them altogether, should be so increasingly strong? The answer is simple. The ravages worked by the drinking customs are appalling. In 1905 there were in this State 14,458 arrests for drunkenness, and this represents but a fraction of the number of the intemperate, among whom are some of the finest of mankind. One may ascertain this in half an hour by taking pen and paper, and setting down the names of such as they can recall whose lives have been marred by drink. And just as long as the common sale of intoxicating drinks is sanctioned so long will these things be. If gaming houses are to be quarantined as pest houses in a community, have not places where drunkards are made earned like treatment?



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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.

Nitrous Oxide Gas Administered Daily
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THE RED HOUSE

55 FLINDERS ST. (off Oxford St.) SYDNEY

May the day speedily come when it will be clearly seen by the men and women of Victoria that it is for the well being of the State that much sterner action should be taken against drink, "The enemy of the race."

Melbourne, 27th June.

A QUEEN'S DISCOVERY

For perhaps the first time in history a queen has made a discovery of great archaeological and artistic importance. During a country tour which the King and Queen of Italy were making together, they alighted at Castel-Porziano, where some workmen were engaged in clearing the ruins of an ancient and magnificent Roman villa.

Queen Helena, always interested in such things, was walking hither and thither among the debris, when she noticed the sheen of white marble. She called eagerly to the men to clear away the rubbish surrounding it, amidst which it had probably been hidden for over two hundred years.

Experts pronounce Queen Helena's discovery to be the most perfect copy existing of the celebrated Greek statue, "The Quoit Thrower," the original of which has never yet been found, but of which there are many copies, notable amongst them being two in the Vatican Museum.

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How the World Moves

Devon, with 1,671,168 acres, has 460,000 acres of uncultivated land.

French naval officers are badly paid. A lieutenant only gets £166, against £182 to £225 in the British Navy.

The Colchester earthquake of April 22, 1884, was the most severe that had been felt in England for four centuries.

Moscow Cathedral cost 2½ millions sterling to build and decorate. It is probably the most costly building in the world.

A glass eye can rarely be worn for more than a year, because the surface gradually becomes roughened, and irritates the lids.

Dining-cars were first used upon an English railway in 1862. They were attached to trains between Doncaster and Harwich.

The sound of a bell can be recognised under water at nearly one hundred times the distance which it can be heard through air.

Southend Pier, which holds the English record for length, measures over a mile and a quarter. Southport Pier is nearly a mile long.

Railways of the United Kingdom carry over 450,000,000 tons of goods yearly. Of this amount Ireland's share is only 6,000,000 tons.

The most costly of all furs is that of the sea otter. A small skin of unusual quality has been sold for £80, and £30 is a common price.

The natives of Gibraltar have a tradition that somewhere on the Rock there exists a cavern whence a subterranean passage leads under the Strait to the mountains on the other side.

Mice are fond of music, and this fact induced a Glasgow gentleman to construct a trap with a music-box attachment. The music attracted the mice, and, to get nearer the harmonious tones, they wandered into the trap, and were caught alive, five or six at a time.

An artificial black marble is being made in Italy, and it is said to be much cheaper than genuine marble, from which it is not easily distinguished. It is made by impregnating white sandstone with a mixture of equal parts of volcanic asphalt and coal-tar pitch.

Cycling is one of the amusements at the National Institute for the Blind in France. A species of home-trainer is used, the wheels of which are so arranged that the actual speed is indicated on a dial, so that races are held, and some of the inmates have established records.

In Berlin the firemen wear water-jackets, with a double skin, which they are able to fill with water from the hose. If the space between the two layers becomes over-filled, the water escapes through a valve at the top of the helmet, and flows down over the fireman like a cascade, protecting him doubly.

All chalk is composed of fossils. If you take the tiniest bit and place it under a powerful microscope, you will see an infinite number of extremely diminutive shells,

A Stitch in Time is good

but Sunlight Soap is better;
for less stitches are wanted
when good Sunlight Soap is
used regularly in the laundry.

and no spectacle on a larger scale is more beautiful than the varied forms of these tiny homes of animal life which are disclosed by powerful glasses.

The durability of ivory is proved by the fact that billiard-balls which, for the sake of curiosity, had been made of very well-preserved mammoth ivory undoubtedly many thousands of years old, were played with for several months by experienced players in Paris without it being noticed that the balls were not made of fresh ivory.

The best American whisky contains an average of 43 per cent. alcohol; the cheaper grades an average of 35 per cent. The common whisky is therefore less harmful than the expensive kind. The strongest of all alcoholic drinks is rum, which is 40 to 80 per cent. alcohol, and of which there were produced in the United States in 1905, 1,791,987 gallons.

Secretary Taft is quoted as saying: "Looking at it in a general way and speaking from an experience in public life covering many years, I can only say that to the active individual, drinking is unsafe and a hindrance to success. To the youth, it is a positive danger, and for a doctor to prescribe liquor for any but the aged, is a crime."

Governor Burke of North Dakota, is prosecuting a vigorous campaign for the enforcement of the prohibition law in the capital city, the effect of which is being felt throughout the entire State. The temperance people are jubilant over the recent victories gained, and the fact that they now have a Governor who proposes to enforce the laws without fear or favour.

The Rev. Sidney C. Kendall is leading California in a great purity crusade. Speaking recently of the traffic in girls in that State, he said: "It is the shame of California that this infamous traffic is the most prosperous and defiant on the coast, especially in the city of Sacramento, advertisements of which are boldly laid on the desks of our lawmakers." His agitation will be productive of lasting good.

A wealthy New York syndicate once determined that it would be very much to the furtherance of some large plans to hand if they could purchase the "New York Herald." So they dispatched a cable to Mr. James Gordon Bennett. "Please write best price for which you will sell 'New York Herald.'" That evening the answer came: "Daily, 3 cents; Sunday, 5 cents. James Gordon Bennett."

The saloons are alarmed at the rapidly-growing influence of the Wisconsin Anti-Saloon League throughout the State. Panicked, the La Crosse Retail Liquor Dealers' Association has called a meeting of

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the retail liquor dealers of the State to convene at La Crosse, June 28, for the purpose of effecting an organisation to combat the work of the Anti-Saloon League. Invitations have been sent to every city, village and town in the State in which there is a saloon.

In Harrodsburg, Kentucky, on April 3, the city council passed a very stringent ordinance governing the bringing in of whisky into that local option city. The ordinance provides that no corporation, person or common carrier shall bring into the town more than one gallon of whisky at a time, and this shall be for his individual use, and such a person shall not sell or give a drink of this to any person.

One of the suburbs of Chicago is the site of a well-known school of theology, from which go out each week-end many members of the senior class to try their voices as "supplies." A passenger on a Monday morning train was surprised at the number of them who got off at the station.

"What are all these chaps getting off here?" he asked the brakeman.

"Them?" answered the brakeman. "Oh, they're returned empties, for the college."

All Financial Business confidentially arranged by Wm. Lawson Dash, 108 Pitt street.—*

BUSINESS NOTICE.

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

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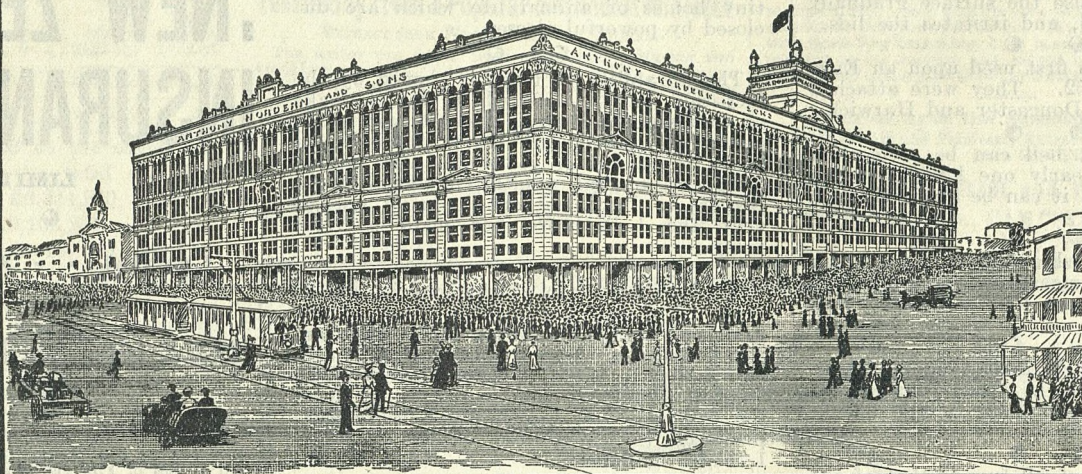


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HEAVY LIGHT GREY TWEED 54 in.
wide, occasional flake, very effective, and
smart; worth 2s 11d yard.
BANKRUPT BARGAIN RUSH, 10½d yd.
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BONE TWEED, 54in. wide; worth 3s 11d.
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HEAVY 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, Pea-
cock; 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 qual-
ity; worth 5s 6d.
BANKRUPT BARGAIN RUSH, 2s 11d
dozen.
ALL-WOOL FRENCH FLANNELS; worth
1s 9d.
BARGAIN RUSH PRICE, 7½d yd.

FANCY BLOUSING FLANNELETTES,
Piles and piles of them; worth 5½d yd.,
BANKRUPT BARGAIN RUSH, 2s 11d
dozen.
HEAPS AND HEAPS OF OTHER WON-
DERFUL BARGAINS FOR THRIFTY
THOUSANDS.

BANKRUPT BARGAINS IN MANCHES-
TER GOODS.

WHITE CALICO, from 1s 11d doz.
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yd.; 90in. 11½d.
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UNBLEACHED ROLLER TOWELLING,
2½d yard.
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LADIES' WALKING SKIRTS, from 2s 11d.
LADIES' FLANNELETTE BLOUSES, 1s 6d
LADIES' CORSETS, ... from 1s 6d pair.

LADIES' SMARTLY TRIMMED HATS,
4s 11d. Worth Double.
LADIES' BLACK LEATHER BELTS, half-
price, 4½d.
LADIES' SILVER TINSEL BELTS, worth
1s 9d; 11½d.
LADIES' GOLD TINSEL BELTS, half-
price, 7½d.
MEN'S MERINO UNDERSHIRTS, ... 1s.
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MEN'S CREAM SWEATERS, 1s 6d.
MEN'S CASHMERE SOX 6d pair.
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MEN'S HARVARD SHIRTS, Collar and
Pockets, 1s 6d.
BOYS' SPECKLED STRAW BOATERS, 1d
MEN'S CUBA OR BLACK TERAI HATS,
2s 11d.
MEN'S HARD BL'K FELT HATS, 3s 11d.
MEN'S DUNGAREE TROUSERS, 1s 11d
BOYS' SAILOR SUITS 2s 6d.
BOYS' REEFER JACKETS 2s 6d.
MEN'S TWEED SUITS 12s 6d.
MEN'S CARDIGAN VESTS 3s 6d.
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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