

GRIFFITH.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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THE DRINK FIEND

(By Dr. ROBERT LAMB, in "Saints and Savages.")

"Will you come?"

"Come where?"

"Up the hills. The old chief, Batik, is sick, very, they say; and you may be able to help me."

In a few minutes I was ready to accompany him on his morning walk to the distant village. We climbed the high ground at the back of the station, passing the church and schoolhouse, and the lime houses of the mission servants; and thence over the stile and through the fenced garden of the great old chief, Lintak, and by the scattered huts of his village.

Before us was a scene of great beauty. In every direction ridges, valleys, and mountain slopes were covered with vegetation in all shades of colour, from pale to dark green, and in endless variety of form. But the one impression that fixed itself in the memory was that of fertility, exuberance, prodigality of natural growth, telling of wondrous richness of soil.

The islands are truly beautiful, but their beauty has been just sufficiently overpraised to deprive one of the delight of surprise.

Truly the white men are taking possession of a fair heritage. Are they giving the original owners, their dark-skinned brethren, a just return?

* * *

We found the village high up on the east side of one of the slopes. The dogs barked as we approached, and some boys ran to us and conducted us to the chief. He was seated on the ground, leaning back against the roof of his hut.

The old fellow looked up at Will piteously, and wept.

"Oh, save my people, save my people!" he cried.

We could see that he was very ill—in fact, almost at

the last gasp. But he seemed to be in greater mental distress.

"What is the matter, Batik?"

The chief pointed to two black grog-bottles that were lying empty beside him.

"They are paying the boys with that, and ruining them. It has killed me."

Then we learned that the French traders were buying the coconuts and paying the wages with drink. There is no duty; the liquor is cheap; and the profits are therefore great. They say that some of the

English are doing the same. If so, it is in a small way, and under cover; for with them the law is stringent. The chief had been induced to try a draught of the liquor, and a drinking-bout had followed. Owing to exposure in the drunken state, a chill was caught, and led on to pneumonia.

As Will was examining him, a young chief staggered up to us holding a bottle two-thirds full. It was part of a whole case he had procured from the white men. Will remonstrated with him, calling it poison.



"Poison? Missionary!" he hiccoughed with a laugh. "Ha, ha! no good you speak all same. Drink, he finish along Noumea? Eh? White man he finish drink a long time [cease to drink it]? Eh? Grog, he finish along man-o'-war? Eh? Me savey; suppose grog he good along white man, he good along black fellow. Me no make him; what name [wherefore] white man he make him? Poison? No fear! Me fellow no fool!"

And, satisfied with his own argument, he raised the bottle to his lips and reeled off to his hut.

Seeing the serious condition of the chief, Will advised some of the men to make a stretcher and bring him down to the station for treatment.

"No, no," said the old chief; I am not worthy; bury me outside the fence. And—save my people."

These were his last words: he became comatose, and died in the afternoon.

As I followed Will down the hillside, I heard him muttering some strange words very bitterly. In answer to my question, he exclaimed—

"The mean blood-suckers! I was quoting in regard to them the cry of Plutus in Hell."

It was the untranslatable cry of the Money-god—"Pape Satan, Pape Satan, Aleppe"—which greeted the ears of Dante and his ghostly guide as they left the circle of Drink and Gluttony, and reached, farther down, that of Avarice and its devotees.

"What meaning do you take out of it?"

"Well, the meaning that suits the present occasion is, that it is a welcome to fresh guests and a cry to Satan to stir the flames anew."

No language is too lurid to describe the baseness and greed which can wrest from these weak children of Nature their labour and their lands, and which, in haste to fill miserable, moth-eaten money-bags, can give them in return that which spells quick damnation of body and soul. And I said so.

"Don't be too hasty," said Will, who had himself begun to cool. "We must not forget that men say the cry of Plutus is 'more like their own tongue to the English than it is to any other nation.' That should humble us. Moreover, I have seen as yet no money-bags for the moths to eat. These men, as a rule, spend their money before they make it. They are less kind to themselves than they are to the natives, and destroy themselves in the act of ruining others. I sometimes wonder what there is in the life to keep them here."

"Do they own to giving the natives grog?"

"They make no secret of it. 'Hell-fire Bill' tells me they entice the boys to their shanties and nourish a taste in them for the stuff, and finally the boys refuse to work unless they can get it."

"But is it not a risky experiment to make their labour drunk?"

"Rather. But they are careful not to give it to their imported labour, unless in moderate quantities. They are careful enough to see that the imported men don't absorb more than their pay, and that they don't become incapable. As for the local boys, they may drink as much as they like, provided they take it home."

"Do you use any alcohol in your practice down here?"

"I do—as a drug; and it is one of the best drugs we possess. When you get a man dying of dysentery, or of continued fever, with a failing heart, you must give sufficient to keep his heart going—of course, in a disguised form, and only in conjunction with easily absorbed liquid nourishment. Otherwise, you must be prepared to see your patient collapse before your eyes."

"The traders excuse themselves by saying that it staves off the fever."

"The fools! to take it unnecessarily, and as a beverage, especially the abominable stuff they get down here, only weakens the system, and in time makes them certain victims. Did you hear about young Hills?"

"The carpenter, you mean?"

"No; not him. Another young fellow who came down here with great hopes and some promise. He came down to plant coffee and build a station, and was getting along fairly well, too; but one day when pulling down a house to shift it, he got a touch of the sun. As usual, fever followed; and his only nurse was poor old Bill. At last he got so bad he sent for me. Poor fellow! you know how difficult it is to treat in that condition. He would only take stimulant, and that made the delirium worse. To attempt to put out fire, inside or out, by pouring on alcohol, is a fatuous move. When I got there, he was raving. I found him in his bedroom, trying to dress himself. And really one could hardly help laughing. He was trying to get a pair of trousers on the wrong end of him. Thought they were his waistcoat, and that his arms had shrivelled, because they weren't long enough to go through the legs. We got him into bed, and then he imagined he was getting chloroform, and fought, and spat in all directions. It was not necessarily the drink he had taken; the fever was at his brain. At length we got him quietened, and left him apparently sleeping.

"I was lying down under a tree, trying to read. It was very hot, not a breath of wind, and the sea shone like a mirror.

"All at once there was a loud shout, a shriek from the house girls, and a chorus of voices. There was Hills flying along in slippers towards the sea, followed by Bill and some of the boys. I joined in the chase. As he neared the stile above the beach his slippers flew high behind him; with naked feet he leapt over the obstruction, and rushed down the bank towards the sea. He outdistanced us all.

"The boat was lying in deep water a few yards from the shore, tethered by the stern to the bank with a stout rope. Hauling her in, he jumped aboard, and pushed off again. Stepping rapidly from thwart to thwart, he gained the bow and picked up the anchor. We reached the top of the bank in time to see him holding it aloft in his right hand. With his left he was twirling the chain round his neck. Three times he did this, and then—plunged.

"It was all done in a twinkling. There was a great splash. The chain rattled over the gunnel; and all was still. A few bubbles rose and burst; and the surface of the water shimmered on, as before, like oil in the blazing sun."

HOW LADIES WINK

ONE IN TEN CANNOT WINK AT ALL.

Speaking on "Ambidexterity," at the Royal Institution, London, Sir James Crichton-Browne said that ambi-dexterity on a large scale was neither possible nor desirable. It had been said that the Japanese were ambidexterous, but the Japanese Ambassador had informed him that the statement was absolutely false. Ambidexterity was exceedingly common among idiots. (Laughter.)

Some time ago he issued a number of circulars, one of the questions in which was whether the recipients were left-handed, right-handed, or ambidexterous. 957 replies were received. Of that number, 2½ per cent were left-handed.

Another question on the circular was, "Do you wink with the left eye, or with the right?" The majority, according to a table which had been prepared by the lecturer winked with the left eye; and a

number of ladies who responded to the appeal were equally divided as to the use of the right and left eye, 30.03 per cent. claimed to be proficient in the use of both eyes, and 9.13 declared they could not wink at all.

A STRAP-HANGER'S DECALOGUE

Do you ride in the tram cars?

Unless you are rich enough to own or hire a carriage, and as only a very small percentage of the people in the world have money enough to indulge in this extravagance, it is taken for granted that you are an occasional "strap-hanger."

This being the case, here are ten commandments that you might study, along with the instructions on how to get on or off the car:

1. Say "Thank you" when given a seat, whether you mean it or not.
2. Never step upon a fellow-passenger's toes. He needs them to walk with.
3. If you do, say "Pardon me." It will make them hurt less.
4. Move up occasionally. You only pay a penny for the ride; don't take up a shilling's worth of space unless you pay for it accordingly.
5. Don't, please don't, get the habit of reading your neighbour's paper or magazine. He bought it for his own perusal and is not engaged in the philanthropic occupation of running a circulating library.
6. Don't plant yourself at the rear door when there is plenty of room up front. Everybody else does that—be an exception.
7. Avoid talking scandal or gossip in the hearing of every one else in the car. This is not a pretty way.
8. Don't plump your child or your bundle into the seat beside you. Someone else might like to sit down.
9. Don't get into a dispute with the conductor. He is a human being like yourself, and probably has a wife and children to support.
10. Don't allow your offspring to wipe his muddy feet over the people on each side of him.

And I am going to write an eleventh—Don't use your elbows, especially if they are sharp.

TO WATCH BOTH

The directors of a bank had engaged the services of a watchman, who came well recommended, but did not seem over-experienced. The chairman, therefore, sent for him to post him up a bit, and began:

"James, this is your first job of this kind, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your duty must be to exercise vigilance."

"Yes, sir."

"Be careful how strangers approach you."

"I will, sir."

"No stranger must be allowed to enter the bank at night under any pretext whatever."

"No, sir."

"And our manager—he is a good man, honest, reliable, and trustworthy; but it will be your duty to keep your eye on him."

"But it will be hard to watch two men and the bank at the same time."

"Two men—how?"

"Why, sir, it was only yesterday that the manager called me in for a talk, and he said you were one of the best men in London, but it would be just as well to keep both eyes on you, and let the directors know if you hung around after hours."

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

"MOTHERLESS"

By OLIVE BREE, in the "Rapid Magazine."

"'Tis strange that those we lean on most,
Those in whose lap our limbs are
nursed,
Fall into darkness—soonest lost.
Those we love first—are taken first!"

The small boy sat in the big, high-backed arm-chair—thinking and waiting. His nurse had dressed him in his very best—lace collar, velvet suit, and black silk stockings, that made his poor little legs tickle most fearfully. He scratched at them furtively—then fell to wondering if "she" would understand how difficult it was to refrain from doing so at times—and to keep from yawning at lessons or in church, and, above all, from crying in bed when one felt lonely. (Daddie so far away in India ever since "mother" died two years ago!) And would she understand, too, how awful he had felt when he had prayed: "Oh! God, send mother to kiss me just once!" And there had come no answer. He remembered afterwards he had never said, "please" and "for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." But that was soon remedied.

Each night after that from his faithful little heart the cry went up: "Please, please, dear God, let me see mother just for a minute—for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen!"

No answer—only darkness, and tears—then sleep.

Of course in the daytime he was often quite glad and happy, "ever so." But sometimes when he bumped his head or cut his finger or fell down and hurt himself then he "remembered" how lovingly mother had put her dear arms round him and had "kissed the pain away." And then she used to sing and tell beautiful stories to him. Now only nurse recounted fearful tales of "black men" and "Satan round the corner." Ugh!

He began to get sleepy—surely they were very late. How strange it would be to have daddie back home again, and how nice—and "she"—Would she be pretty, and kind, and sweet? Daddie had said in his letter, "You must love her, little man, because I do—and because she is coming home with me to take care of us both."

Happy thought! Perhaps—perhaps God had sent this lady in answer to his prayers, because He couldn't spare dear mother even for a minute—and perhaps—perhaps— . . . and then as he was such a small boy (only seven years old) and as it was really rather late, he fell asleep.

He did not hear the rumble of carriage wheels approach and then stop, nor even the ringing of the bell—it was only when the new footman with an officious, "Wake up, Sonny," gave him a dig in the ribs, that he started up to consciousness.

A waft of cold air, and then a well-remembered big bass voice that said:

"Home, Mignon!"

And a woman's cultivated drawl:

"At last, thank goodness!"

The small boy stumbled into the lamp-light blinking sleepily, his goldy-brown curls on end.

"Hullo, little man!"

"Daddie!"

The big man caught him up in his arms, and hugged him tight like a bear, but the small boy just loved it. Tighter—tighter, till the big heart and the little heart thumped together in glad discord—and Time slipped away (as like a judicious old man he always does in big moments). It was just—Love!"

The woman stood watching, her little red mouth oddly tightened, and just a faint little glint of disapproval in her cold eyes.

"I'm tired, Jocelyn!"

The man's grip relaxed, and he put the

small boy on his feet again. "Why, I forgot!" he said apologetically, and the blood mounted to his cheeks despite the tan. "This—this is m—mother!"

It was eleven o'clock, he had heard it strike. Would she come and steal quietly into the nursery with a deftly-shaded light and kiss him—as mother had done?

He must keep awake for that. It was so long—so long since— Just then he heard a voice: "I'm going up now, Jocelyn—awfully tired—good night." Then the rustle of silken skirts passed his door—paused and trailed off into a murmur.

Then the quick turn of a handle—and the shutting of a door—and silence broken only by the stifled sobs of a small boy!"

BIG BANQUETS

The recent banquet to the Colonial Premiers at the Albert Hall, London, with its 1600 guests, is certainly of imposing scale, but it is scarcely, as stated by a contemporary, the "second largest on record," the premier place being awarded to Lord Strathcona's Aberdeen dinner, at which the

the feast Sir Watkin W. Wynn once gave in Wynstay Park to 15,000 neighbours, a banquet at which 96 hogsheads and 1440 bottles of ale were consumed.

"SOME PEOPLE"

If "some people" would do what they ought to do, they would leave undone a lot of things they ought not to do.

"Some people" know all about what some other people ought to do, but they are never quite sure about their own doing.

If "some people" would get their eyes off some other people, they might get a chance to see their own imperfections.

If "some people" worked as hard for the Lord as some other people work for the devil, things would be different.

"Some people" seem to think that there really are no other people.

If "some people" were just what they ought to be, some other people would have less chance to talk.

If "some people" would do what they could, some other people would be greatly benefited thereby.

"Some people" never say a great deal,



MAKING HER FORTUNE.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

guests numbered 2400. Some years ago the late Lady Burdett-Coutts feasted 2000 people at her house at Highgate, King Edward being among her guests; and a little later his Royal Highness (as he then was) was one of the 3000 guests who sat down to a dinner in London. The famous Bryan dollar dinner in New York had precisely the same number of guests; and 2500 were present at the banquet in honour of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour in Waverley Market, Edinburgh, some time ago. But even such gargantuan feasts cannot compare with the banquet in 1889, at the Palais de l'Industrie, Paris, which was enjoyed by 13,000 Mayors of French towns, in addition to 2000 other diners; nor with

and there are some other people who never do a great deal.

If "some people" did all they said they were going to do, there would not be much left for some other people to do.—C. F. Ladd.

"Your constituents must realise that you are working for them."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "but a good many of them have gotten the idea that I am omitting the preposition."

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

Talk about People

Concerning Royalty

The Kaiser spends a small fortune every year on railway fares, for though he has special trains, he pays the ordinary rate on all railways. He has recently adopted the motor-car, which is a cheaper way of getting about, but for all ceremonial visits he still considers it necessary to travel by rail.

The German Emperor receives £600,000 a year—the biggest allowance made to any constitutional monarch. King Edward VII. receives only £470,000 a year, although a separate grant of £20,000 is made to the Prince of Wales, one of £10,000 to the Princess of Wales, and another of £1,800 per annum to each of the King's three daughters.

The King of Austria-Hungary receives £382,202 a year. King Alfonso, young though he is, disposes of £338,000 annually. Queen Wilhelmina of Holland lives quietly on £66,666; while the King of Servia—poor fellow—is reduced to poverty by a grant of £48,000 a year, or less than £1,000 a week!

Kings and princes are nearly all very highly insured; but the Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, is probably the only one who is insured against assassination only. He is insured for £180,000 on his life, which is payable if he is assassinated, but in no other event. This policy was taken out when he went to the East to command the German fleet off China. The German insurance companies who hold the risk of having to pay this sum are not very likely to have to, for Prince Henry is a popular prince, greatly beloved of all classes.

Testing the Sentry

The King of Italy was recently walking alone in the gardens of the Quirinal, and went up to a sentry on guard, who presented arms.

"You know who I am?" said the King.

"The King," replied the soldier at once.

With a smile, his Majesty went on, apparently with the intention of passing the guard-room.

"Your Majesty cannot pass this way," said the soldier.

Pretending not to hear, the King walked on.

"Without orders from the corporal of the guard, I must not let anybody pass," said the soldier resolutely, "not even the King."

Then Victor Emmanuel turned back, pleased and smiling.

"You are right," he said.

The next day the captain of the guard handed to the sentry a handsome silver watch, bearing the arms of the House of Savoy, with the words: "To the soldier who knows how to obey orders."

An Unearned Half-Holiday

A good story is told of an exploit with which Lord Farquhar celebrated his birthday on one occasion. He was staying at Cromer with his parents, and as it was a lovely May morning, he went out by himself for a stroll.

Happening to pass a village school, he caught a vision of miserable, inky boys, yawning over their tasks. The youthful Horace entered and announced in tones of authority:

"I wish to see some specimens of these boys' handwriting."

The dominie, taken by surprise, called for the copy-books, and Master Horace,

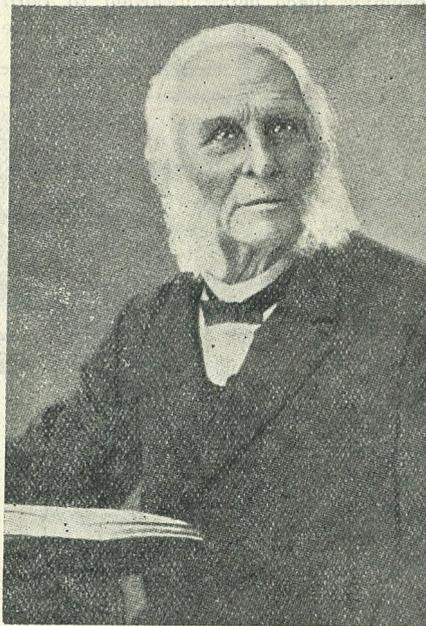
having inspected them, addressed the school:

"Well, boys, I can't say much for the writing, but I will say no more about that, and, as it happens to be my birthday, I will give you all a half-holiday!"

Roars of applause drowned the master's protests, and before he could collect his wits the boys had vanished.

Dr. Clifford's Secret

The Rev. Dr. Clifford retains marvellous vitality for his age. Born at New Sawley, but a short distance from Nottingham, in the year 1836, he is now in his seventy-first year. There are very few people who are aware of what Dr. Clifford attributes his power and vigour. It is nothing more or less than the "power to sleep." "Sleep to



THE HON. NEAL DOW,

Father of the Temperance Movement in America.

me is more than meat," the worthy doctor once remarked to his host when staying in Hull.

On the occasion mentioned, Dr. Clifford reached Hull from London about one o'clock, and the family where the doctor was to stay during his visit had deferred partaking of their midday meal until their visitor arrived. When he came he stated that he had dined in the train en route, but added, "If you do not mind showing me my bedroom, I should like to have a nap." He duly retired to his room, and, after about an hour's rest, dressed, proceeded to the meeting-place, and gave a vigorous address. After tea Dr. Clifford again sought a short sleep, then left and conducted a public meeting, and asked to be excused on returning home about nine o'clock, as he wished to retire to rest. The next morning the doctor attended a business conference, and after dinner was on his way to Sheffield, where he was announced to address two more meetings that day. As soon as the train entered the station he whispered in the ear of his host, "I hope we shall find a compartment without passengers, so that I may have a sleep." This was successfully accomplished, and before the train left the station platform the worthy preacher had prepared himself for sleep, and the guard was requested to awaken him on reaching the station at Sheffield.

Her First "Hit"

Miss Braddon is a remarkably energetic and quick writer, and the story of how her second long novel and first great "hit" was produced is interesting—all the more interesting, perhaps, because interwoven with it is her own romance.

Mr. Maxwell, the publisher, was about to bring out a new magazine—a more remarkable event forty years ago than it is today—and, according to a rule which holds good now, as it did then, the serial story to be found within its pages was much advertised.

But a terrible blow fell. At the last moment—through an unfortunate accident—the serial was not forthcoming, and in consequence both editor and publisher were in despair.

The news of this terrible state of affairs reached Miss Braddon's ears; she at once saw her chance, and determined to seize it.

Off she went to the editor, and there and then offered to write a serial for him. This offer was, however, declined on the grounds that there was not time.

"But what is the latest day you can give me?" persisted Miss Braddon.

"Well," said Mr. Mackay, "if the manuscript of the opening chapters was on my breakfast table to-morrow morning, that would be in time."

Miss Braddon thanked him and went home and next morning, imagine Mr. Mackay's surprise and delight to discover among his correspondence the early chapters of "Lady Audley's Secret." The writing had been done at fever heat by the energetic young novelist.

That was her first great "hit." It was tremendously read, and other novels from the same author were eagerly looked for by the novel-reading public.

Then came the romantic sequel—for very soon after Miss Braddon changed her surname for that of Maxwell, and married the publisher of her first great success.

Italy's Gift to France

Giuseppe Garibaldi, the great Italian patriot, was born one hundred years ago in July, and to commemorate this interesting national event the Government of Italy has recently presented to the city of Paris an imposing statue of Garibaldi.

Garibaldi, the son of a sailor, was born at Nice, and himself went to sea. In 1834 he became involved in a revolutionary movement, and was condemned to death for his share in an attempt to seize Genoa. He escaped to South America, and after many thrilling experiences returned to his native land.

The war of liberation enabled him to render valuable service to Victor Emmanuel and the French against Austria, and in 1860 he sailed from Genoa with the famous "thousand volunteers," and within twenty-six days after landing in Sicily made himself master of Palermo. He annexed numerous territories, and paid a visit to England.

To Garibaldi, Italy owes her independence, and he is the central figure in the story. The handsome statue presented to Paris was erected in the Place du Pantheon, and unveiled in January last.

Had the Last Word

A certain man died, and a clergyman was engaged to offer a eulogy. This worthy minister prepared a sermon of exceeding length and strength, but just before he entered the parlour to deliver it he thought that it might be advisable to learn what the dead man's last words had been. So he turned to one of the weeping younger sons and asked:

"My boy, can you tell me your father's last words?"

"He didn't have none," the boy replied. "Ma was with him to the end."

MRS. DUMPER'S MAXIMS

Beatrice, after shaking hands with Mrs. Dumper, congratulated the good lady on her pastry, and declared that she must really try and discover the secret.

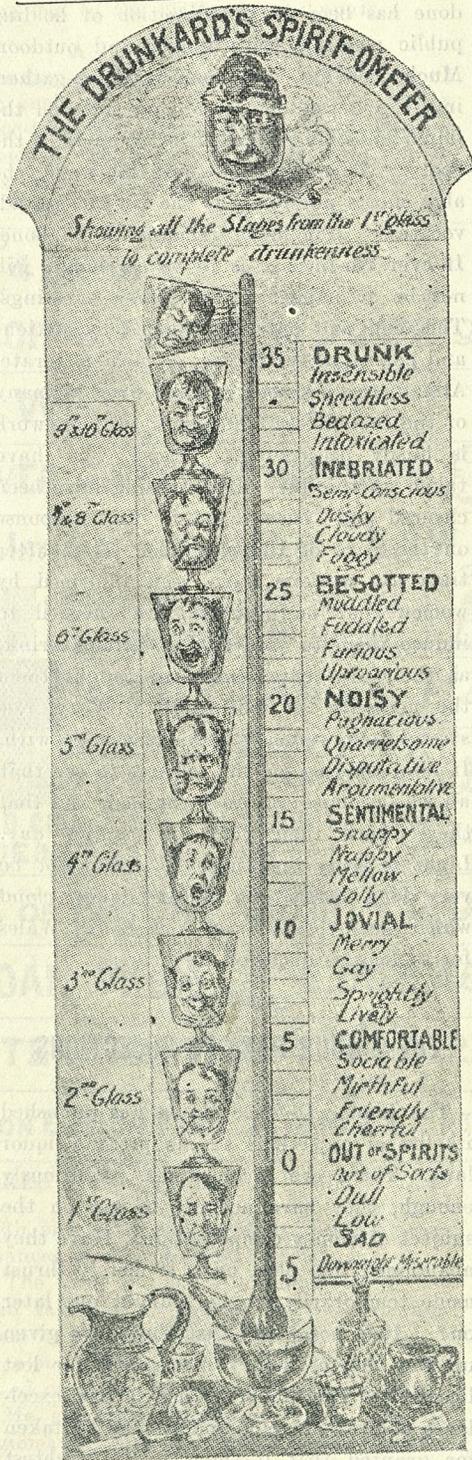
"The secret, miss," said Mrs. Dumper, 'is nothing more nor less than one of what I call 'Mrs. Dumper's Maxims.' I has maxims for everything. Without a maxim I couldn't breathe. How people get on without maxims I cannot think. But they don't. You've only got to look at their homes to see that they don't get on at all. Look at what they call the servant question. Why, how many servant girls has passed through my hands and been a comfort to some of the first houses in England? If one, twenty. And why? Because I takes 'em young, and I imbibes 'em with maxims. Before they're allowed to handle a broom they must know the maxim of it. Before they're allowed to handle a saucepan they must know the maxim for that. Everything has a maxim. Take pastry, what you introduced the subject yourself. What is Mrs. Dumper's maxim for pastry? Why, it's this, miss: 'A glass rolling-pin and a fairy hand.' That's pastry in a nutshell. And it's likewise with curry. What's Mrs. Dumper's maxim for curry? Why, it's this, miss, and no one can say different: 'Three days of smelling it before the minute of serving it.' Ask my two gentlemen whether they ever eat a better curry in the coral strand than what I serve 'em with in Bartown! No, miss, they couldn't do it. For there's only one way of doing or cooking anything, and that's the best way; and if you've got the right maxim it's the natural pedigree that you know the best way. I haven't no patience with people who do things without maxims. This world wasn't made without maxims, and nothing on this world will ever be made as the Creator intended it should be made without maxims neither. It's wicked, it's going against religion, it's—well, there, I don't know what it is—to think as how you can do your duty in that state of life to which it has pleased the Creator to call you without first getting hold of the maxims for it."

Christabel warmly commended Mrs. Dumper for these sentiments, which she declared did credit to the intelligence and to the soul of Mrs. Dumper; and Beatrice said that she should like her two hosts some day to put into the hands of the world a book entitled "Mrs. Dumper's Maxims," which, she felt sure, would add greatly to the comfort and the quiet of the world.

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Dumper, beginning to bustle, "one of my maxims is, 'The tongue that rolls is a waste of coals,' so I mustn't stand talking any more. I always teaches the young girls who come to me for training that 'the evening out is the time to spout.' A talking girl I couldn't abide for ten minutes. I've got one of the silliest girls just now that ever anybody had to do with. If I'd let her she'd talk, and talk about nothing, from the moment I pulls the bed-clothes off of her in the morning to the time when I blows out her candle at night. As I say to her, 'What's a virtue in the drawing-room is a vice in the kitchen.' Talking takes the eyes off the frying-pan. If you don't know when to leave off talking you won't never know when to leave off frying. Besides, it stands to reason, clear and bright, that a tongue always wagging with words won't have the same taste to it as one that is always thirsting for the right flavour. No; one of the first maxims I teaches a young girl who comes to me for training is, 'Learning goes in by the eyes and ears; while the mouth goes to the stomach and not to the brain.'"—From "The Vigil," by Harold Begbie.

A MATTER OF HISTORY

The famous salutation between the governor of North Carolina and the governor of South Carolina, "It's time to take a drink," is now, for the time being at least, a historical back number. The fact was learned by Governor R. S. Woodruff, while attending the splendid reception of Governor Swanson in the Virginia building at the Jamestown Exposition. The Carolina governors, who had never met, were brought together by Connecticut's governor. Governor Ansel, of South Carolina, and Governor Glenn, of North Carolina, clasped hands warmly, and while they were expressing a mutual gratification over the meeting, Governor Woodruff stood expect-



tantly. Finally he remarked, "And now, gentlemen, I presume I shall have the pleasure of hearing a repetition of the famous remark of the governor of North Carolina to the governor of South Carolina." Governor Ansel responded at once: "Your Excellency, as I am a Prohibition governor and a teetotaler, I cannot make it sincerely." And to the amazement of Governor Woodruff, and Governor Ansel as well, the other Carolinian added: "Being a Prohibitionist myself, I, too, must suffer the remark, at least literally, to remain a matter of history."

THE SEAL OF PUBLIC APPROVAL

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GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1907.

"NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF"

The Chairman of the Liquor Trades' Defence Union told a meeting of liquorites on Friday last that they intended coming out into the open to fight. He is reported to have said: "They now intended to fight their opponents by public meetings, as they had nothing to be ashamed of." This is good news. The advocates of alcohol have been urged time after time to take the platform in defence of their business, but have ever failed to "toe the mark." It will be interesting to hear what defence they can make for the traffic in strong drink. "Nothing to be ashamed of!" Then the traffic is shameless indeed. Perhaps these militant whiskyites will show the public of New South Wales how, under the beneficent sway of strong drink, the criminal statistics would fall; how the hungry would be fed; how the naked would be clothed; how those who have made shipwreck of their moral and mental natures would be restored clean and whole to their friends and loved ones. They may go even further, and show lantern pictures of the slums that have been reclaimed by the presence of their trade; they may give portraits of the men and women picked up from the gutter and made useful members of society by the influence of alcohol. "Nothing to be ashamed of!" If the consciences of these men were not seared as with a red-hot iron, they would, instead of talking in such fashion, bow their heads in shame as there passed before their mental eye a procession of those who, during the past year even, have been slain or ruined by the curse of the drink traffic. The No-License party will welcome the opportunity of hearing from the public platform the views and arguments of their opponents, and may safely be relied upon to deal faith-

fully with their statements. One thing is certain—the No-License party will give their antagonists a patient hearing, and the disgraceful scenes enacted at several No-License meetings by pro-liquor sympathisers will be conspicuous by their absence.

THE CAMPAIGN

As the No-License campaign develops the reports from various electorates continue to become more encouraging. The majority of electorates now have No-License Committees or leagues operating within their bounds. Up to the present the chief work done has been in the direction of holding public meetings both indoor and outdoor. Much good has been done by these gatherings. A great amount of ignorance on the liquor question prevailed in all parts of the State. This is fast disappearing under the able efforts put forth by the No-License advocates. But much remains to be done. If ever No-License is to be carried it will not be accomplished by public meetings. This end will only be reached by patient and persistent canvassing in each electorate. Already this has been realised by very many of the committees, and house to house work is busily proceeding. Those who have taken up the duty of canvassing have been cheered and encouraged by the response on the part of the electors. Time after time the workers have been informed by women that no argument was needed to induce them to vote against strong drink, as their own experience had taught them the necessity of No-License. Very few straight-out refusals have been met with. It now remains for the workers to see that all who promise are duly enrolled, and that they record their votes on polling day. Light is truly breaking: it should not be very long before the great liquor cloud which has overshadowed New South Wales for so long is dispelled for ever.

THE LIQUOR PARTY'S OBJECTIONS

The Liquor Defence Union has published its list of objections to the present liquor laws. There are seven items. Curiously enough, they have nothing to say on the subject of money compensation. Have they abandoned this plea, or is it merely thrust aside temporarily, to be brought out later on? It is not likely that they have given up the idea of money recompense for lost licenses. The liquor dealer is par excellence a lover of gold, and it may be taken for granted that if there is the slightest hope of making the State pay, that hope will be clung to until the very end. If they have put the money question in the background they have not forgotten to ask for an extended time limit. But they have already been treated much too liberally in this respect, and until the present time provisions have been tried, no alteration should be entertained. Then they would like to be given permission to open on election days. No doubt! It is just as well to remember that section of the Act was deliberately inserted. Why? Because the open liquor bar on election day had in times past

led to abuses which no self-respecting community could tolerate. It is amusing to find these gentlemen appealing for the privilege of dispensing alcoholic liquors under a doctor's order during prohibited hours. The ordinary dispenser of prescriptions is allowed to repeat as often as the patient comes to him. It is presumed that the hotel-keeper would claim the same privilege. Under this rule things would soon assume a complexion which, whilst pleasing to the publican, would not by any means tend to the good order and quiet of the neighbourhoods where drink is sold.

THE REASON WHY

No-License is an experimental success.

No-License is no longer a dream of the temperance fanatic, it is possible to a democratic community.

Continuance is too absurd for even a brewer to advocate. One pub to every 450 people, half of whom are under 18 years of age, total abstainers, or where they cannot drink, is more than New South Wales can tolerate.

Reduction seems safe, but it is not satisfying. Take the country town with eight pubs, what difference will it make to close two, which is all the new Act will allow? Again, what will the town with three pubs do, if Reduction is voted? How will they arrive at 25 per cent. of 3, this being the proportion allowed on a Reduction vote?

No-License makes the existing "shouting" custom impossible, and will be welcomed by thousands who now yield to a custom they hate.

No-License is no more a perfect method than any other prohibitory law. Thieving continues in spite of good laws, but it is limited by virtue of such laws. Drinking will become increasingly difficult and the weak will be safeguarded from their weakness.

Over 30,000,000 people live in the United States in cities and counties in which there is no liquor bar. About 10,000 towns have no licensed saloon.

In New Zealand, Clutha voted No-License in July, 1894; in 1896 they increased their majority to 371; three years later to 777; three years later to 880; and at the last poll the majority stood at 1077. It is evident the people who know most of the experiment are satisfied.

The two adjoining electorates to Clutha, encouraged by the three years' trial of No-License, showed their contempt for the lying statements about its failure and both voted No-License. They voted according to what they saw and knew, and not as what brewers and publicans said and thought.

Pullman, U.S., of America, being about the size of Parramatta, has no licensed liquor bar. It has no lock-ups or gaols, no magistrates, two police, no poor fund, no criminal statistics, no asylums of any kind. The people who live there attribute these benefits to the fact of No-License.

How to vote No-License:—

I Vote that the Number of Licenses Existing in the Electorate Continue ..	
I Vote that the Number of Licenses Existing in the Electorate be Reduced ..	
I Vote that No-Licenses be Granted in the Electorate	X

The Chicago "Tribune" says:—"The greater the distance to travel, the less the likelihood of temptation. . . At a distance of three full miles a saloon is not so demoralising as when near at hand, and the average young man is likely to give the subject serious consideration before he traverses that territory to gratify the cravings of an unwise and unwholesome thirst." Many times we hear it said that the proximity of the saloon has little to do with the amount of liquor consumed. This is specious, but a little thought will convince us that such an argument is fallacious.

The Parson's Sorrows

(SPECIAL TO "GRIT.")

It is almost unpardonable to parody such well-known lines, but it is the best way to express the Parson's sorrows when you say:

"The crowning crown of sorrows
Is remembering might have been's."

Those brilliant men who are nothing, who never will be anything, and yet who might have been anything so great and useful. They seem to have every gift and to have enjoyed every advantage and a single moral perversity has spoilt it all.

The Parson thinks sadly of one man who could lie fluently in five different languages, who could ingratiate himself with all classes, who was so resourceful that he fattened where most would starve, and yet he is a derelict.

THE PROFESSOR'S SON.

Sitting among 200 wretched-looking men at a free breakfast, was one who in spite of his rags and misery, gave the im-

THE CURSE OF DRINK.

Two days afterwards a letter came advising that some £15 was at the G.P.O., being payment for articles written for an American paper. He asked the Parson to go with him, and told in glowing words how he would repay him, and then how he would make the money a stepping-stone to a position.

The Parson could not go, so the man went alone and was to have come straight back. The Parson never saw him again; traced him from pub to pub, and then he was lost in the blackness of despair.

A PROFESSIONAL MAN.

"Excuse me, but could you direct me to an inebriate home?" The speaker was a nice-looking young man, and the Parson, touched with a feeling of pity, took him to his home. Of a good family, and gifted

A COURTLY BEGGAR.

Rags and filth could not hide the genius, nor could whisky altogether destroy the cultured accent.

"Pardon me, but could you assist a man who does not deserve it, and who has lost all hope for himself?"

And the Parson looked in pity upon the speaker, and bid him be of good cheer since God still delivered men's lives from destruction. In answer to a question as to where from and whither, his only reply was it did not matter, "to a disappointed man the whole world was a prison."

He shared the Parson's room for three weeks, and it was to the Parson both an education and a delight. The disappointed man was full of Froude, Carlyle, Ruskin, Morley, Russell of Killowen, Gladstone, and many others.

In his last visit to the gaol he had re-read "Paradise Lost," Michellai's "History of Medieval France," and Carlyle's "French Revolution." His conversation was reminiscent, epigrammatical, and sparkling with caustic wit.

With high hope the Parson prayed for him, and the man set himself to find the faith by which men were saved. But, alas! a senseless fool beguiled him into the open door licensed by a senseless and indifferent public, and the smouldering fires of a great lust flickered into flame.

PAWNED THE OVERCOAT.

He came back to his home and took the Parson's overcoat, pawned it for 5s, and four hours afterwards was run in for filthy language, and being drunk and disorderly.

He spent seven days at Biloela, and was to come straight to the Parson, but he had to pass 23 pubs on the way, and again fell.

Eleven times this happened, and then the Parson lost hope. Coming home one day

he found him very filthy, very drunk and fast asleep on the mat. He refused to help him any more, and it was most pitiable to hear the poor old drunk scholar repeating words supposed to have been said by Carlyle in reference to Robespierre.

"Though his faults and his failings be manifold, as are the best of us, yet his old lodginghouse-keeper in the Rue St. Honore loved him, his brother died for him, and may God have mercy upon him and upon us."

A fresh start was made, but all in vain; and the country continued to grow rich in revenue and poor in great men because it had not sense enough to banish drink.

THE DEVIL'S OWN.

"Let me go—I'm not worth it—I'm the devil's own!" It is impossible to convey any idea of the tone, the look, the pathos that accompanied this sad utterance. He was only a young man, everyone had predicted a brilliant career, but drink had laid hands on him. This man in his sober moments was the soul of honour, the kindest of men and the most chivalrous.

In drink he was guilty of stealing,

OLD AGE PENSIONS	£ 496,617.
REVENUE OF MUNICIPALITIES	£ 994,399.
VALUE OF GOLD WON	£ 1,165,013.
VALUE OF SILVER, SILVER-LEAD, & ORE WON	£ 2,494,052.
ANNUAL INTEREST ON PUBLIC DEBT OF N.S.W.	£ 3,198,691.
PREMIUM INCOME OF ALL LIFE OFFICES IN N.S.W.	£ 4,340,793.
INTOXICANTS	£ 4,530,912.
GROSS REVENUE GOVT. RAILWAYS & TRAMWAYS	£ 4,497,585.
GOLD COIN & GOLD BULLION ISSUED AT SYDNEY MINT	£ 3,545,422.
VALUE OF WHEAT CROP	£ 2,920,500.
VALUE OF COAL WON	£ 2,003,460.
REVENUE OF POST & TELEGRAPH DEPT.	£ 1,022,330.
STATE EXPENDITURE ON EDUCATION, SCIENCE, & ART	£ 946,273.

FIGURES THAT SPEAK.

pression that he had known better days. He was a keen listener, but there was a glint in his eye and a twitch about the corner of his mouth that was not encouraging.

After the address, the Parson made for him and they gripped hands. "Quite an interesting talk," said the man. "I wish however, you would translate it into terms I can understand." The Parson explained it was not the "talk" that needed translating, but that the man needed the spiritual faculty that would enable him to grasp it.

He came to see the Parson in a few days, washed and clothed, he looked the gentleman he really was. Together they began to read such books as "The Fact of Christ," "In Relief of Doubt," "The Miracles of Unbelief," and many a talk followed. He was the son of a University Professor, and more widely read and more thoroughly educated than the Parson. He met confidently all but the argument from experience which deeply impressed him, and finally, after some weeks, they knelt in prayer, and both rose full of hope.

both physically and mentally, he had great chances in a professional career.

The same old story unfolded itself; he had taken drink because he liked it, and then he hated it because he could not leave it alone. Business left him, friends grew tired of him, and he became an outcast.

He got what Professor James calls religiosity, and for twelve happy months delighted everyone and was helpful to many; then came the dark, dark day when the old enemy came smiling and plausible, and in the name of friendship he touched the forbidden liquid and then he disappeared.

It was heart-breaking to see his anguish and his humility; he was a broken man, and soon sought a start in a new place. After long weary months he once more gained the confidence to try and help others, and his life seemed once more to be bathed in sunshine and buoyant with hope.

The end is shrouded in mystery. How it was we shall never know, but he fell, and, too sensitive to face again the friends who loved him, he plunged himself into the darkness of self-destruction.

pawned his children's garments, and laughed at their hunger, and treated his wife in a brutal way. A great fight began when a loving wife, a praying Parson, and generous friends united to combat the drink fiend. As the weeks went by, hope told a flattering tale, but again and again he fell, until at last the end came, and, still in the grip of alcohol, he went to meet his Maker.

The Parson thinks sadly of many such defeats, and oftentimes would give it up if it were not that he can hear so clearly the sob of the broken-hearted, the cry of the child, and the awful cursing of the man; and then comes the redeemed man with his cheery "Remember me, sir?" and again he takes up the fight praying for the day when the odds will be shortened by the No-License vote of a kindly and intelligent people.

STORIES OF FUNNY PREDICAMENTS

A certain university professor started to leave his home one morning. Standing on the steps, he noticed that some workmen were engaged in digging a trench in the street.

Immediately he went inside and remained until the work was completed, when he ventured forth, the idea that he could walk round the place being repaired never having occurred to him.

Edison is one of the most absent-minded of men. This story of him is this regard relates to the visit of the inventor to the office of the tax collector. Standing in line, with a score or more of tax-payers in front of him, Edison's mind reverted to an important experiment on which he had been engaged. When his turn came at the window to which he had moved mechanically, he was aroused by a clerk asking his name. He looked at the man vacantly. "I could no more have given it than I could have flown," he confided later to an acquaintance. Luckily an official who recognised him and knew of his forgetfulness, helped him out.

A Judge Green once went to a country post office to get letters addressed to himself. He asked for his letters, his mind on something else. "Your name, please?" asked the clerk. Such a thing as a judge having to give his name never had occurred to him before. He could not cudgel his unfortunate brain into revealing it to him at the instant. He could only say hesitatingly that he could not recollect it. "Can't remember your own name?" ejaculated the unsympathetic clerk. "Humph! You must be green." "Oh, of course, that is it—Green!" was the joyful response.

Ex-President M'Cosh, of Princeton College, was celebrated for his absent-mindedness, and Princeton students recall with glee a number of stories of his failing in this regard. Soon after "Jimmie," as the undergraduates affectionately referred to him, was married, he had occasion to make an address before them. During this he felt in his pocket, supposedly for a handkerchief. The hand was withdrawn, but no sooner was this done than a roar of laughter went up from the entire audience. The good doctor could not account for the seeming levity, gazing blankly at the amused faces of those before him. His attention finally was called to the object in his hand. He was horrified to see that he held, not a handkerchief, but—a woman's stocking.

THE NEWEST PARASOL

The newest parasol has an inverted stick, with the handle at the point where the ferrule usually is, and the ferrule at the end commonly used as the handle. This construction enables the parasol to be em-

ployed as a walking-stick; it is called the crutch parasol.

The handle in one specimen takes the form of a parakeet, in natural colourings, and when the sunshade is unfurled the bird looks as if poised for flight upon the summit of the silken dome. Another crutch parasol is shaped like a shepherd's crook, and is made of cut crystal enshrining a rose.

LABOR AND THE SALOON

One of the most pleasing of latter-day American developments looking to a solution of the saloon problem is the new attitude of labour unions toward it. At least a dozen organisations, which have a membership of about 180,000, show a marked antagonism to the saloon. The secretary of the Journeymen Tailors, for example, says that all of its officers are decidedly opposed to the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and that, although formerly very few tailors were sober enough to work until after the second or third day following Sunday, now "you will scarcely find a single member of the organisation that is an habitual drunkard." The secretary of the International Order of Blacksmiths says that all of its officers do everything possible to oppose the influence of the saloon among its members, and that none of the local associations meet in halls connected with saloons.

THE DRINKING HABIT AMONG WOMEN

A striking article under this heading appeared in the "Manchester City News" of March 16th. The Commissioner of the "News" has gathered facts which suggests a state of things in the great provincial towns little less worse than that which has been exposed in London. An editorial note says, apropos of the writer's investigations, "No names are mentioned, but we have a complete record of the places where the damning evidence was procured, and we can assure our readers that some of the most favoured places were much nearer the respectable centre than the low purlieus of the city." To prove that no one class is implicated, the commissioner gives this case. Two ladies ordered their motor-car to stop outside a city hotel a few days ago. One alighted, entered, and presently returned carrying a glass. A waiter came, also bringing another glass, and the occupant of the car drank the contents. With them was a girl of eight or ten years, who, when passing the glass back, "tipped it to her own lips and drained the dregs of sugar and lemon." "Nothing very much in that," you would say, and I would agree, if I did not know that the ladies were within 20 minutes' run of their own homes, and if I did not remember the time when 'carriage people' would have been scandalised at the bare suggestion of 'pulling up' so near home 'for a drink.' It is just one of those things which mark a change in the manners of the period, and I am old-fashioned enough," he adds, "to think one that is not for the better."

WELL-DRESSED WOMEN IN PUBLIC BARS.

In the next paragraph "K" gives the result of a tour round a few of the licensed houses on a recent Monday afternoon. He points out that, notwithstanding the ample provision and accommodation in tea-shops and refreshment rooms in business houses, he found well-dressed women filling the bars and parlours of public-houses. In one public bar, a space some ten yards long by about two yards wide, there were grouped 42 women and 13 men, and to pass through the bar was almost as difficult as

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Good Table. Terms very moderate
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disentangling oneself from a football rush. In another house nine women were standing in the bar, and 15 in an upstairs room, the men numbering 11 in the bar and 8 upstairs. A third house had 17 women and 3 men at the bar, while 22 women (together with 8 children) and 5 men were in the parlour. In the fourth house the women were in the proportion of three to one, 24 women and 8 men (6 children here), and in the fifth house there were 27 women, 13 men, and 19 infants and children under school age. Thus the Monday afternoon stroll resulted as follows:—

	Women.	Men.	Children.
No. 1	42	13	2
No. 2	24	19	—
No. 3	39	8	8
No. 4	24	8	6
No. 5	27	13	19
Total	156	61	35

In the last-mentioned house the women belonged, apparently, to the "lower working classes." The writer refers to the fact that a feature of the Saturday and Sunday night drinking is the number of young women and girls to be found in the licensed houses."

SEEKING THE POLE

MANY EXPEDITIONS NOW IN PREPARATION.

We are shortly to see exceptional activity in Polar exploration. From a well-informed source a representative of the London "Tribune" has been able to gather some interesting facts in this connexion.

The preparations for the British Antarctic expedition are in full swing. The commander, Lieutenant E. H. Shackleton, has just returned from Norway, and has made all the necessary arrangements for the supply of the furs, sleeping-bags, and sledges.

Captain Pepper, the commodore captain of Messrs. Wilson's line of mail steamers, is looking after the equipment. The sledges are being made by one of the largest Norwegian firms, the same which is supplying those articles for use on the expedition directed by the Duc d'Orleans.

The Duc d'Orleans, it is understood, was to sail for the East Coast of Greenland on or about June 1, in the Belgica, which is under the command of Commandant Gerlache, the well-known explorer.

Then there are Dr. Charcot, who is busy pushing on the preparations for his Antarctic expedition, and M. Arctouski, the Belgian explorer, who is also making arrangements to start, if possible, for the Antarctic regions next year. We understand that there are to be three separate expeditions towards the North Pole, exclusive of that of Commander Peary, for which five automobiles are being built in the United States.

The design of these vehicles is such that they will be able to travel either over ice or through water. They are being made after the pattern of some motors that have been very successfully employed in Alaska. Motors have also been used in Spitzbergen in connexion with a Danish expedition with good results. It may be anticipated, indeed, that in future motors will be largely used in lieu of dogs for Arctic and Antarctic explorations.

HODGE THE BEST CONSTABLE

Sir Howard Vincent, M.P., gave his opinion as to the best types of constables to the Police Commission in England.

The agricultural labourer, he said, very often made the best constable, and the worst the man who came from domestic service.

The old soldier in some respects was good. But the canteen system in the Army had led to tipping, and the old soldier would accept drink when another man would say "No." Ninety-nine per cent. of the faults of the police arose from drink.

WEIGHTS IN YOUR POCKET

Not many people are aware that they are in the habit of carrying postal weights in their pockets. They exist in the pleasant shape of current coins of the realm, and are therefore usually at hand at any and all times. Most people know well enough the precise value of the discs of metal, but very few are acquainted with the precise or theoretical weight of each individual piece of money in circulation. If its weight and value were alike familiarly recognised by the public, the British coinage might easily be forced to do double duty.

The bronze penny is universal, and three such coins weigh just an ounce.

All our silver coins are safe postal weights. The crown piece is just under the ounce in weight, the half-crown just below the half-ounce, and any number of subordinate silver pieces equal in nominal value to those coins are also equal to them in weight.

The Pennsylvania Railroad lines have recently adopted a rule not to sell tickets to drunken persons. Murders have resulted on several trains from their presence, and in some cases companies have been assessed heavy damages for assaults committed by drunkards in passenger cars. For this reason, the Pennsylvania system has barred them out of her trains. It is understood that the Big Four, the Lake Erie and Western, and probably the New York Central lines are considering the adoption of the same rule. If the edict goes forth, no one who is not sober will be allowed upon a passenger train. Conductors will receive instructions to eject at first stop all who indulge in intoxicating liquors on the trains.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

W.W.L. writes: "As your paper is out for reform, permit me to call your attention to a habit which is very prevalent on trains, trams and boats in the morning. I refer to the custom of completing the toilet on the way to work. Surely the bathroom is the place for cleaning nails, teeth, etc., yet one might almost think from the numbers who attend to these matters elsewhere that it had never been pointed out to such how very objectionable their little performance may be to fellow passengers."

The complaint of W.W.L. is only too well founded, and if by publishing it we can do anything to check these morning vagaries, it will not have been made in vain.

Concord: Don't cherish any false sentiment. No-License is what everyone must vote for who desires any permanent reform. All sorts of specious arguments about the injustice of such reform will be promulgated by the trade, but that is always the way when any monopoly is threatened.

Veto.—Very glad indeed to hear your news. Another indication that "Grit" has a work to do, and what is better, is doing it.

F.C.G.—Declined with thanks. Utilise your energy in other directions to help on the work.

Curious.—We cannot tell you. It is not usual to disclose the names of correspondents unless with their permission.

J.P.—We think you were quite right. Because the majority carries the day it does not always follow that it was the minority who were wrong.

W.M. (Lithgow).—Very pleased indeed with your letter, and shall expect your further communication to contain even better news.

Trifle.—If we can use the article with benefit you may be quite sure we shall. Send it along so that we can judge for ourselves.

Old Timer.—Glad to give you the information. (1) Coal was first discovered in N.S.W. at Port Stephens in 1796; (2) First Australian wool sent to England in 1803; (3) Copper found in Tasmania 1827, and in N.S.W. 1829; (4) Tin in N.S.W. and Tasmania 1849; (5) Gold in N.S.W. and Victoria 1851.

Cricket.—The first English team visited Australia we believe in 1861-2, but it was not until 1878 that an Australian XI. went home.

Simple Life.—The "Simple Life" was written by Charles Wagner, and of it President Roosevelt said, "If there be one book I would have all our people read, it is "The Simple Life."

Alpha.—We like your nom-de-plume not at all, but recommend you to change it to "Omega," and then write it over the grave of "Fortune's Fantasies," which we will undertake to inter—in the W.P.B.

P.M. (Bondi).—Many thanks. Contents noted.

W.J.X.—Sorry cannot hold out any hope.

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78 Pitt Street

S. HAGUE SMITH,
Secretary

SYDNEY

An Irishman, just from the old country, chanced to pass through one of our thriving cities, and, of course, Pat was very curious, as most Irishmen are. As he was passing an attorney's office, he poked his head through the open window, and said, "And what do ye kape here for sale?" "Blockheads," said the smart young lawyer.

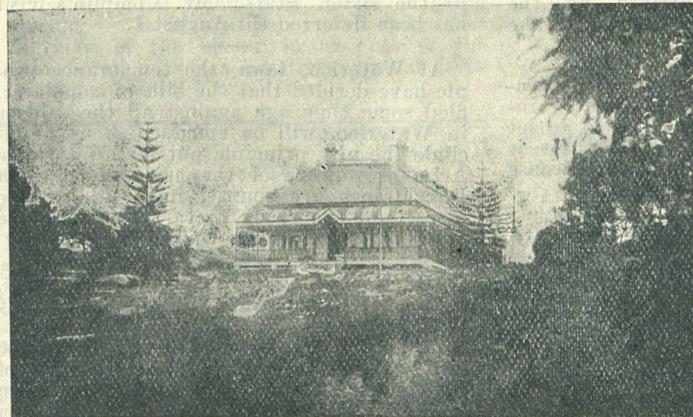
"And ye must have a foin trade," said Pat; "I see you have only the one left."

Do you want to borrow on Mortgage? I have money to lend at from five per cent. Wm. Lawson Dash, 108 Pitt-street.—*

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Temperance Tracts and Temperance Literature. Hoyles' Hymns and Songs for Temperance Societies and Bands of Hope. THE FISK JUBILEE SONGS, 1/-; POSTED 1/2



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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.

CAMPAIGN NOTES AND NEWS

Canvass.

Personal effort is winning effort.

Tenterfield and Manilla have each formed a No-License Committee during the past week.

Mr. W. H. Higgins is organising the Gloucester electorate under the auspices of the I.O.G.T.

Canon Boyce's pamphlet is still selling well. A big order from Tenterfield, and another from Dungog last week.

The Federal Grand Jury of Chicago has indicted nine leading manufacturers of church pews and pulpits on the charge of constituting a trust.

Gordon Electorate No-License Committee are having a large hoarding erected beside the railway at Artarmon. Well done, Gordon! That is a good move.

A sample of liquor rhetoric: "Let their watchword be 'put down the ranter, and fight all in one army, as one man, to claim liberty and justice.' (Applause.)"

Miss Anderson Hughes returned to Sydney this week after a most successful tour on the Southern line. She opens her Illawarra campaign at Nowra on Sunday.

Brainbridge, Ohio, has voted its saloons out of business. Two years ago the city declared in favour of saloons by a majority of 23. The vote this year was 144 to 133.

The legislature of Nebraska has passed a bill to prevent brewers from owning saloons, by a vote of 67 to 21. The brewers are said to own 75 per cent. of the saloons in Omaha.

Rev. Thos. Fee returned from Melbourne this week. A number of meetings have been arranged for him in Sydney and suburbs. Mr. Fee will also spend a day or two at Mudgee.

"The Hatchet," published by Carrie A. Nation, has moved from Guthrie, Okla., to Washington, D.C. Mrs. Nation states that she wishes to be at close range to "the powers that be."

Jackson, Tennessee, is to be free from saloons on April 1, 1908. The city's charter will be abolished and it will be reincorporated and placed under the provisions of the Pendleton Bill.

A large poster, 40 x 25, printed in two colours, has been prepared by the Alliance, showing how to vote. Prices, 2d each, 1s 6d per dozen, 10s 6d per single 100, 9s per 100 in lots of 250.

For the space of one and one-eighth miles around all Government reservations no saloons will be tolerated, according to the text of a bill now up for its second reading in the Illinois legislature.

There are 161 temperance counties in the State of Texas. An active movement is now on foot for local option in the thirty counties now under license law. We wish the temperance workers of Texas Godspeed in their enterprise.

Mr. G. B. Nicholls, the well-known organiser of the New Zealand Alliance, has been engaged by the Albury No-License Council. Mr. Nicholls arrived by the "Wimmera" on Wednesday, and will take up work forthwith.

The liquorites have imported a New Zealander to fight for them. It would be interesting if they could be persuaded to let him show himself in public while Mr. Fee is in Sydney. Then our genial No-License friend would enjoy the encounter.

Mrs. G. E. Ardill, who has been working in Newcastle for some time past, will hold a 10-days' mission in Kurri Kurri. She is also to spend some time in Maitland electorate, and also hopes to go on to Tamworth, Armidale, and Glen Innes.

The Alliance has issued sixteen new campaign leaflets. These cover a variety of subjects relating to the liquor traffic. There are several interesting statistical diagrams included, also the "No-License Vote Song." Write the Secretary for samples.

A new mayor was recently chosen for the City of Leeds, England, and he accepted

READ THIS

Testimony from a Popular Methodist Minister

EXTRACT FROM WESLEY CHURCH "SIGNAL."

The writer can speak from experience. Having two troubles me 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 be to Mr. Dobson in Sydney, either for Extractions or New Teeth.

REV. F. COLWELL.

NOTE

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
Teeth Carefully and Painlessly Extracted 2s. 6d.
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THE RED HOUSE

55 FLINDERS ST. (off Oxford St.) SYDNEY

the office. Being a total abstainer, instead of providing the city's guests with wine, he donated what he would probably have spent for that purpose to feed half-starved children of the city.

Mr. John Complin, the organiser and lecturer of the Queensland Alliance, was to have commenced a series of meetings in New South Wales on July 1. Owing to the lamented death of Mr. W. T. Reid, who was for many years Alliance Secretary in the sister State, Mr. Complin's visit has been deferred till August 1.

At Waterloo, Iowa, the temperance people have decided that the bills of complaint, filed some time ago against all the saloons in Waterloo, will be amended so as to include the new principle put forth by Judge Artman. Some of the best attorneys of Des Moines are counsel in pushing these cases, and are ready to carry them to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Maine has in her savings banks 95.22dol. for every inhabitant; Illinois has only 13.43dol.; Ohio, 10.71dol.; Pennsylvania, 16.72dol. There is something yet to be said for this prohibition State, in spite of the unusually large amount of criticism Maine has intercepted since the institution of her prohibitory law.

Wm. Thos. Dash, Solicitor and Conveyancer, 108 Pitt-street, Sydney, has trust moneys to lend at five per cent.—*

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SEND FOR CATALOGUES OF OUR GOODS.

A.M.P. LIFE OFFICE.—If you desire full and reliable particulars ring Telephone 2179, and I will see you. JOHN B. YOUDALE, City Agent, 108 Pitt-street, opp. G.P.O.

How the World Moves

About 10,000 Americans visit England yearly.

The authentic history of China commenced 3,000 B.C.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, bears were taxed at 3s 4d a year.

The standard gauge of British railways is 4 feet 8½ inches; of Irish 5 feet 3 inches.

The New Forest, in Hampshire, is the largest English forest, containing 60,000 acres.

Snails are collected on the Kentish pastures every year in large quantities and despatched to Paris.

Lord Kitchener's post as Commander-in-Chief in India is worth £6,000 a year, and is tenable for seven years.

Reed pens, shaped after the fashion of quill pens, have been found in Egyptian tombs dating probably from 2,500 B.C.

The number of persons to the square mile in England is placed at 480; in the United States at 17.

The Highland train from Perth to the North, while crossing the Grampians, has, on more than one occasion, been brought to a standstill by the force of the wind.

Certain perfumes are said to aid health by destroying disease microbes. Of these, thyme, lemon, mint, lavender, eucalyptus, and attar of roses are the most useful.

The first steam fire-engine was constructed by Braithwaite in 1830, but the fire-brigades for public services were not formed until about 1852.

In every mile of railway there are seven feet four inches that are not covered by rails—the space left between them for expansion.

The largest wooden ship was probably that built by Ptolemy Philopater. It was 420ft. long, 38ft. broad, and 48ft. deep. It carried 4,000 rowers.

A bullet which was fired by a charge sufficient to give it an initial velocity of 1700ft. a second in dry weather would travel at no more than 1300ft. through moist air.

Cold water is a valuable stimulant to many, if not all, people. Its action on the heart is more stimulating than brandy. It has been known to raise the pulse from 76 to over 100.

At a church Ledbury (Eng.), an annual sermon is still preached against duelling. This is done in accordance with the will and testament of a damsel whose rival lovers died fighting for her hand.

Sauchiehall-street, Glasgow, is said to hold the record of having more street lamps than any other street. There are in all 134 public lamps in the street. Oxford-street, London, has just 100.

THAT GREY FADED LOOK

in the clothes disappears after
good Sunlight Laundry Soap
is used regularly.

When the "Dreadnought" fires her guns the shock of the report is something like 400,000 tons concentrated into a single blow. That blow will be more than twenty times the weight of the great ship itself.

The term "tabby cat" is derived from Atab, a famous street in Bagdad, inhabited by the manufacturers of silken stuff called "atibi" or "taffety." This stuff is woven with wavy markings of watered silk, resembling a "tabby" cat's coat.

No chaplain of the Army Chaplains' Department has ever been awarded the Victoria Cross; but the late Rev. J. W. Adams, of the Indian Ecclesiastical Department, who was well known as "The Fighting Parson," was granted the much-coveted cross for a special act of bravery during the Afghan War, 1879.

Every oyster has a mouth, a heart, a liver, a stomach, besides many curiously-devised little intestines, and other necessary organs such as would be handy to a living, moving, intelligent creature. The mouth is at the end of the shell, near the hinge, and adjoining the toothed portion of the oyster's pearly covering.

In parts of Paris the custom has been adopted of placing on street lamps the numbers of the houses nearest to which they stand. This is a great convenience to people who are searching for a certain number in the dark of an evening, since the general methods of displaying house numbers are far more satisfactory.

The British soldier wears the heaviest helmet in the world, for his headgear weighs no less than 18oz., while that of the Prussian infantryman is only a trifle over 14oz., and that of the Italian just under 12oz. The forage-caps of both France and Russia weigh less than 8oz., while that of Japan is the lightest of all, as it turns the scale at a little over 4 oz.

The inferiority of the French miners to the English colliers is shown by the fact that the average output of each miner in the Department of the Nord, or Pas de Calais, is only 152 tons per annum, while that of a Durham collier is 333 tons, or more than double; also that the cost per ton of coal put on the French railway is nearly 9s, while in Durham it does not exceed 5s.

With the closing-down of the military remount depot at Bloemfontein, Mooi River will be the only remount depot in South Africa, and accommodation for a considerably increased number of horses is being provided. It is also reported locally that in view of the saving in expense of the transfer of horses, a cavalry regiment is to be stationed at Mooi River.

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Prominent Features of the Company:

PROMPT AND LIBERAL SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS.

The "American Issue" says: "Stewart, Illinois, is over thirty years old, and never had a jail until September 5, 1906. It had never needed one until it licensed two saloons a few months ago. It was argued by license advocates that licensed saloons would be no worse than 'blind pigs,' but facts prove that argument false. Now two steel cages have been put up in the City Hall, and the town has now the two ends of the liquor business—two places to curse men, and two places to cage them after they are accursed."

A Chicago teacher, says "Success Magazine," gave a boy pupil a question in compound proportion for home work one evening, which problem happened to include the circumstance of "men working ten hours a day to complete a certain job." Next morning the unsuspecting teacher, in looking over his pack of exercises, found one pupil's problem unattempted, and the following note attached to the page: "Dear Sir, I refuse to let my Son James do this sum you give him last night as it looks to me like a slur on the eight-hour system, my sum not more than eight hours he is welcome to do but not more. Yrs truly, Samuel Blocksy."

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

BUSINESS NOTICE.

All business communications and applications for advertising space should be made to the Business Manager, Box No. 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

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

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Navy Cloth Tam-o'-Shanters.....1/-
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Children's Cream Beaver Bonnets and Caps
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The Famous English "W.B." Corsets at big reductions.
Sizes 19, 20, 21, and 22 only.....
6/11 quality for 3/11
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Sizes 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24.....
7/11 quality for 4/6
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Ladies' Navy Melton Skirts, 7-gore.....
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