

GRIFF

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One Night in a Bar Room

You may pass the place—it is one of very few of the kind—every day and every night for years, and still maintain a respect for it. From a front view by day it is stolid and demure. At night it is brilliantly lighted and attractive. On a cold, windy winter's night it suggests warmth and comfort—good cheer and unbounded hospitality. A closer inspection is hardly as pleasing. Inside the front door the sawdust on the floor is splashed with beer and sprinkled with dead matches. Three or four young men, glasses in hand, are engaged in a hot dispute. Half lying, half sitting, on a form in the corner is a drink-sodden fellow, who regards the disputants through bleary eyes, and advises them at irregular intervals to "shake hand'sh, boysh; have another drink-sh." At the end of the bar counter, straining over it as if to whisper to the butterfly barmaid of 45 on the other side, is a leering youth

of 19, his straw hat rakishly tilted on one ear, and a silk handkerchief in his shirt cuff.

"Oh, you naughty man!" exclaims the butterfly, as she playfully slaps the young gallant upon the cheek; "whatever would my mater say?"

The youth takes his silk handkerchief from his cuff, and wipes his cheek, for the barmaid's hand has just come from the glass tub. It is soaking with water, and the dregs of whisky, beer, and every other decoction and concoction on sale in the establishment. He squares his chest, gives his hat another tilt, pulls down his cuffs and looks like a perfect devil of a fellow all over.

Down the long passage, under the sign "Private Bar; all drinks sixpence," the company is more mixed and more interesting. Seated in a corner, blinking under the elec-

tric light like cats in the sun, are two little Italian lads with their guardian. One of them grips a flute, the other rests his sleepy little head upon a harp and the father, or foster-father, or whoever he may be, holds a violin. The three barmaids are extremely busy. The little one with vermillion and heliotrope cheeks is working like a fury. She dashes bottles on to the counter, snaps them up again, throws about the water decanter, wipes down the wet, and works the beer pump as if running a race against the drought and Mr. Judkins. "Whisky?" Bang! "Water or soda? Soda?" "Say when!" "What's yours?" When there is a moment's respite the lady takes advantage of it to tell the most presentable customer "what a wicked eye he has got," or to ask him, as one with an artistic soul and a yearning for high art, if he has "been to hear Clara Butt?"

The big barmaid is busy listening to a veteran of 70, who, with many senile chuckles, is telling a story. "You're too gay, altogether," observes the lady at the conclusion; "I'm really surprised at you," whereupon the gay old gentleman laughs as if he would never get over it, and finishes up with a fit of coughing that racks him to his boot pegs.

A sailor lurches in. He sways backwards and forwards, quizzically surveying the man "with a wicked eye," who quietly returns the stare. The sailor comes forward and extends a grimy hand.

"Scuse me," he says, "shake hands." They shake. "You don't mindsh, do you?" "Not at all."

"I'm not intrudin'sh, am I?"

"Oh, that's all right, old chap."

"Will y'ave a drinksh?"

"No, thank you; I'm just having one."

The sailor thinks a bit, and says again, "I'm not intrudin'sh?"

"Oh, no; not at all. I like to make friends with drunken louts—nothing better."

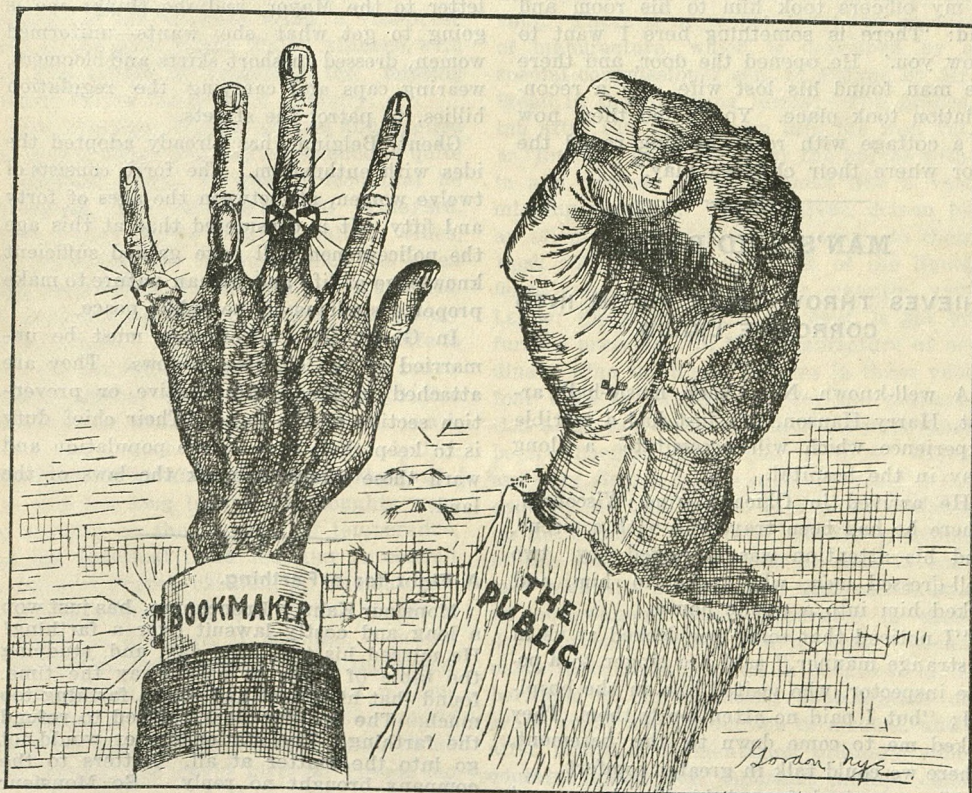
The sea-dog is satisfied, and after unsuccessfully extending another invitation to drink, lurches away.

"Now, Pedro, let's have some music, se vi place. Give us the 'Old Bull and Bush.'"

The Italian's black beady eyes sparkle. He taps the two boys with his fiddle bow, to make sure that they are awake, and begins to saw it off.

In the middle of the melody there is a commotion. The vermillion and heliotrope

Two DIFFERENT Hands



HERE IS THE HAND THAT PRODUCES WITHOUT GETTING MUCH, AND THE HAND THAT GETS MUCH WITHOUT PRODUCING ANYTHING.

admirer of Clara Butt is extremely agitated. She shouts until her wiry voice becomes a shriek. "How dare you use that word here? Keep your mouth shut, you loafer. Yes, you did, you did, you did! You dare to say that again, and I'll smash this—"

It is the sailor again. He has said something entitling him to six months without the option, and the whole company is scandalised. By the bye, when the little barmaid cools off, she philosophically observes that she could understand the sailor saying such things to men, but to say them before ladies—well, he ought to be ashamed of himself. "Let him just do it again!" She wags her head at the very memory.

"There does seem some slight ground for objection," observes one of the company; "he might have waited until he got outside."

"That's exactly what I say," returns the voluble but mollified lady; and there is a murmur of assent, punctuated by a solitary laugh. Austere virtue is enthroned upon every countenance. The sailor appears to be crushed. He staggers up to the same man again, shakes hands a second time, and expresses further hopes as to his "not intruding."

By and bye two other ladies make their appearance through the front door. As the music is still playing, one of them playfully makes her entrance, with a hop and a skip and a double shuffle, in time to the tune. "Now, boys," she says, "Who's got all the money? I'm as dry as Tregear! Thanks, sonny! The long bottle, 'Tilda. Ah, well, a votre sante!"

The drought having broken up, the skipping newcomer turns to the musicians. "Oh, Pedro, do play 'Oh Promise Me'; I just love it."

Pedro says he hasn't got the music. He will play "Finicule, Funicula."

There is a long dispute as to what the tune is to be, until a dashing young blade offers "a bob" for a waltz, and waltz it is.

Like most people when they are about to dance or engage in any other frivolous amusement, each of those in the private bar now puts on an extremely serious countenance. The gentlemen get to dancing holds with the ladies, including the barmaids, and four or five couples are soon revolving with various degrees of unsteadiness. The vermillion and heliotrope one seems charged with quicksilver. "Faster, Pedro, faster!" Pedro rasps away like one in a wood-sawing contest. The boy with the flute looks as if he were trying to blow his face off. "Too slow, Pedro! Faster!" The placid Italian's eyes glisten and his face shows beads of perspiration. "The deux pas, Pedro! Faster!"

Meantime the veteran of seventy sits on a form, hugging a half-empty glass, laughing and chuckling with the delight of childhood.

There are more drinks, more tunes and more dances. The drinks ordered at one minute are whisked away the next before they have been hardly sampled and more are substituted at a rapidly diminishing measure. The bar room is becoming more noisy and smoky. The floor and the bar counter are becoming sodden. Who is paying nobody knows but the barmaid and the man who pays. The veteran stretches himself upon the couch and snores until the ever-watchful vermillion lady punches him in the ribs, and says, "Here, wake up; time to get out of this. Here, get up and go home to your wife."

"You ought-a-bin here last night," confidentially imparts a witless lout, with a hiccup; "we wuz a-darncin' all the time."

The lady who arrived with a hop, step and a jump wants more from the long bottle,

and pleads with another customer to "name it." The sailor approaches her and attempts to pull her away. The woman's face, previously smiling, changes to the expression of a fiend. "Clear out, you gawk," she hisses; "how dare you come near me? You know, I've got no use for you. Didn't I tell you that I would smash your—"

Comedy has changed to tragedy. The woman seems possessed of a scratching devil, and the sailor—he simply pulls the woman by the arm in silence, and with an unflinching determination. He has become sober as if by magic.

"Leave the woman alone," commands a stalwart customer.

"Excuse me, sir," answers the sailor, "this is my wife."—By G.C. in Melbourne "Age."

THE STORY I TOLD THE KING.

By GENERAL BOOTH.

I was obliged to submit to ordeals of cross-examination by three different private secretaries, two majors, and a colonel before I finally stood in the presence of the patriarch. The general was seated on a deal chair, by a pine table, in a bare room at the London headquarters of the Salvation Army.

His white beard flowed down over his frock-coat, almost to his waist; his white hair was as thick as it was when black; his handshake as firm and strong as ever; yet in his face was the pallor of age—old age.

"I talked to the King," he said, referring to his memorable audience at Buckingham Palace, "just as I talk to you or anyone else. I told about a case in which the Army saved a husband and wife, and brought them together after separation in prison. He was a tradesman in good position, and he had married a beautiful woman. They had two pretty children, and were happy. Then something went wrong in his affairs, and instead of turning to God he turned to drink. And so did the wife. Both became drunkards."

"Their home became ruined; the authorities took away their children; the man began beating his wife, and was sent to prison. She was sent to prison, too, and in prison the Army found them. The authorities agreed to release them both on the same day. When the man was released one of my officers took him to his room and said: 'There is something here I want to show you.' He opened the door, and there the man found his lost wife, and a reconciliation took place. You'll find them now in a cottage with roses twining round the door where their children play."

MAN'S ACID BATH.

THIEVES THROW THEIR VICTIM INTO CORROSIVE LIQUID.

A well-known New York music-hall artist, Harry Hanson, has just had a terrible experience which will necessitate a long stay in the hospital.

He arrived in Chicago from Wisconsin, where he had been travelling with a circus, and his attention was attracted by two well-dressed men, who spoke to him, and asked him into a public house.

"I noticed that some men looked at us in a strange manner," said the singer to a police inspector, who visited him in the hospital; "but I paid no attention to them. They asked me to come down to the basement, where we could talk in greater comfort."

"I was seized from behind and my coat stripped from my back. I could feel the thieves taking things out of my trousers

pockets, and attempted to resist. Then I was dragged over the floor for a few feet, and forced to stand still. Then the floor gave way beneath my feet, and I fell into a vat of acid in the cellar.

"The pain was terrible and I screamed, I was pulled out of the vat by the men, and thrown into the street, with my hat and coat gone. I was in terrible pain, and in a few hours, during which I wandered about like a crazy man, my clothes began to fall off."

The police are searching for the thieves.

FIGHT FOR LIFE IN MID-AIR.

MAN ON A LADDER ATTACKED BY A SNAKE.

John Hutchinson, of Trenton, New Jersey, a blaster at the quarries of the county work-house, was at work on a rope ladder 150ft. in the air when he was attacked by an enormous snake which had crawled out from a rock fissure.

Below nearly a hundred workmen and others watched the conflict. Hutchinson had a stick of dynamite in his free hand; he could not drop the dynamite because of the people at the quarry's bottom. As quickly as he dared on the swinging ladder, he put the dynamite in his coat pocket, and drew from it a small steel drill. With this he struck at the snake, which, hissing fiercely, was already close to his head.

The ladder swung under his action and the blow missed. The snake struck in his turn, but as quickly Hutchinson struck again. He hit the snake's head, dazing it. Again and again the drill descended, until the snake, slowly uncoiling from the rope, fell dead in the pit below. The snake was five feet seven and three-quarter inches long.

WHERE POLICEWOMEN ARE A SUCCESS.

A formal petition has been presented to the Mayor of Bayonne by 1000 men and women, asking that a force of policewomen be appointed. Mrs. Goldzier has supplemented the proposition with a very frank letter to the Mayor, and she thinks she is going to get what she wants—uniformed women, dressed in short skirts and bloomers, wearing caps and carrying the regulation billies, to patrol the streets.

Ghent, Belgium, has already adopted the idea with enthusiasm. The force consists of twelve women, all between the ages of forty and fifty. It is considered that at this age the policewomen will have gained sufficient knowledge of life and human nature to make proper custodians of the public peace.

In Ghent the policewomen must be unmarried or else childless widows. They are attached to the administrative or prevention section of the force. Their chief duty is to keep their eyes on the population and warn those likely to break the laws of the land.

A Fight for a Farthing.

Monsieur Kahn, a Frenchman, has just won a long and costly lawsuit over a farthing! He missed his train one day, and, studying the table of fares to pass away the time, found that his ticket had cost a farthing too much. The booking-clerk refused to refund the farthing. The station-master would not go into the matter at all. Letters to the company brought no reply. So Monsieur Kahn determined to fight for it—fought, and won. He got his farthing—but spent £240 in forcing the company to pay it.

"Wine that maketh Glad."

AND ADDETH NO SORROW.

THE DEVIL EXORCISED.

The civilised world has waited long for a suitable substitute for alcoholic drinks, and temperance reformers have mourned over their inability to supply it.

Ever since the principles of total abstinence first came to be promulgated this great lack has been felt. For people must drink something, and wherever and whenever it is proposed to restrict the supply of alcoholic beverages the man who likes his glass of liquor naturally asks what you are going to give him in its place.

There is a public appetite which will not be appeased by libations of ginger-beer, ginger ale, lemonade, and other gaseous mixtures, which have largely to depend on vitriol for their "bite," and which neither quench the thirst nor add nourishment to the system.

Then there is the difficulty which is ever present in the mind, at least, of the vigneron. The juice of the grape has unrivalled virtues, and it has been impossible to convince thousands of people that grapes were not intended by the Creator to supply an ever-present demand for a beverage that should be at once meat and drink.

For these and other reasons the fact has been recognised that a world-wide market was open to anyone who could convert the pure juice of the grape into a palatable, marketable drink, from which the deadly sting of the adder had been eliminated.

At length, however, the secret has been discovered, the devil has been exorcised, and from France, the chief home of the wine industry, comes the solution of this great problem in the form of an unfermented wine, which defies even the criticism of the epicure. Luscious, nutritious, good to look upon, and sparkling like the most approved champagne, this new liquor promises to supply the great lack of centuries, and meet the wishes of the ever-growing army of temperance folk who have too long been deprived of a rational wine which should make glad the heart of man, and add no sorrow.

The deficiency has been met by M. Peyron, the experienced French vigneron, with his famous Mas-de-la-Ville wines, now introduced to Australia for the first time at the instance of Mr. William Winn, a vice-president of the New South Wales Alliance, with the sole object of supplying the missing weapon in the temperance armoury.

How Monsieur Peyron learned and applied the secret which had baffled science is quite a romantic story. It was in 1880 that he purchased the Mas-de-la-Ville Vineyard, which to-day grows nearly a million vines, and yields the new treasure which has given such satisfaction in the temperance world. M. Peyron's earliest ambition was purely philanthropic. He was led with his wife to join the Salvation Army, and, as a consequence, almost with the purchase of this vineyard, he commenced remedial work among the French rural unemployed, by bidding them to go and work in his vineyard.

It was not long before his thoughts were set running on the question of temperance, and his practical mind led him to consult an eminent French chemist, M. Duclaux, one of the secretaries of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, to discover, if possible, a means of preventing the fermentation of the grape, and producing, without the aid of noxious chemicals, a genuine grape wine, wholly free from alcohol. M. Duclaux knew of no such means, and could give M. Peyron no hope of a discovery. It was left to Professor Muller Thurgan, the head of the Swiss Experimental Station "for the culture of fruit, vine and gardens," in Wädenswil, on

the Lake of Zurich, to theoretically solve the problem, and M. Peyron lost no time in turning the theory to practical account. Fermentation not only produces alcohol, but in doing so destroys the sugar and the albumen in the grape. Consequently alcoholic wine is not only open to objection in itself, but it also involves an enormous loss of one of the most valuable foods in the world. Few realise how serious is this loss. Fermenting germs are simple vegetable organisms whose presence in a liquid sets up fermentation, and these germs, with the resulting fermentation, may be checked either by the introduction of chemicals or by subjecting it to certain degrees of heat or cold.

The chief feature in vinous alcoholic fermentation—which is the most important from an economic and industrial point of view, is the conversion of the sugar into alcohol, carbonic acid gas, and glycerine. Since sugar constitutes at least ten per cent. of the grape, and ten million tons of grapes are used annually for wine in France alone, there is an annual loss of a million tons of grape sugar, —a most valuable article of food—in that country alone. Little wonder economists begin to think it might be saved with advantage. Closely allied to the theory of fermentation is the germ theory of disease, and for both of them we are indebted to Pasteur's study of the abstruse problem of the origin of life and his efforts to disprove alleged spontaneous generation. The introduction of aseptic methods, one of the immediate consequences of Pasteur's investigations, popularised by Lord Lister, revolutionised modern surgery as, in the judgment of many, the introduction of anti-toxins has revolutionised medicine. It is not surprising, therefore, to find the principle of sterilisation applied to commerce. The application of the principle to the manufacture of pure and wholesome wine is only what in the natural course of science one might expect.

Many attempts have been made to provide the public with a palatable unfermented wine, but none of the resultant products has approached M. Peyron's wines for flavour. There is no secret about the process of manufacture, which is described by a special commissioner sent to France by Mr. Stead in the following terms:—The grapes, tub after tub, are thrown into the iron vat, or "fouloir," to be cut up by the knives within and crushed by what looks like a vast mincing machine. These knives, driven by an oil motor of eight-horse power, do their work effectually; 93 per cent. of the liquid flows away at once into the gigantic vats below; the remaining 7 per cent. is got by further pressing. In the manufacture of ordinary wine the liquid remains in these vats four days to ferment, but for the preparation of the non-alcoholic wines the juice must be sterilised at once. The "levures," which are very similar to the ordinary yeast cells, exist at the time of the vintage by millions on the skins of the grape, and the crushing of the grapes brings them at once in contact with the sweet juice, that constitutes an environment most favourable to their development. Every hour's delay would mean their multiplication in countless number, and a corresponding consumption of grape sugar and production of alcohol, until after complete fermentation ordinary wine contains about two thousand million cells per quart. The grape juice is, therefore, without delay pumped through an apparatus where it is gently heated to a temperature sufficient to destroy all germs of fermenta-

tion or fungi, but not sufficient to give it the peculiar flavour of a cooked wine, which has no the freshness of the natural product. In the atmosphere saturated with germs of a vineyard, where no doubt there is scarcely a cubic inch of air or a square inch of flooring that does not teem with germs of fermentations, extraordinary care is needed in handling and casking the delicate juice, and many have been the disappointments of all who have tried their hand at the wonderful art before they have been able to evolve practical methods of dealing with so precious and so unstable a liquid. Yet all difficulties have been surmounted, and the Mas-de-la-Ville when bottled, is perfectly free from alcohol, and will, if left intact, keep indefinitely.

It appears upon the market in a most attractive form, and the manner of its entrance into the commercial world is altogether worthy of it. Both taste and colour confirm the assurance that no chemicals of any kind have been used in its making. In substance it is clear and limpid, in colour a beautiful gold; in taste crisp and clean, leaving no disagreeable flavour behind it; sweet, but not too sweet, and, on the other hand, not too acid either. Three kinds of Mas-de-la-Ville tempt us. No. 1 (Chateau Peyron) may be called the ordinary wine of the Temperance public; No. 2 (L'Arlesienne) is the same wine aerated. The gas gives a piquancy to the drink which makes it delightful, and, in summer, very refreshing. Yet a third is the "Grand-Mousseux," or "Mas-de-la-Ville Champagne," a similar wine prepared in 1904 from superior grapes. It is charged with carbonic acid gas at a pressure of eight atmospheres, and offered in a very handsome guise. Of course these wines will be used a great deal for sacramental purposes; but they will be even more valuable for dietetic and medicinal purposes, and already a large number of eminent doctors are bearing testimony to the value of the wine prepared on the Pasteur principle of sterilisation.

The medical value of these pure grape-juice wines has been fully attested. As food, grape sugar ranks very high. In fact, all hydro-carbides (viz., heat and energy producing foods) must first be transformed into grape sugar by digestion before they can be received into the blood current. The natural grape sugar contained in these wines can therefore be assimilated directly into the blood, without any preliminary process of digestion, and can scarcely be over-estimated as a heat or energy producing food. This is of special interest to all athletes, sportsmen, etc., as well as to the general public. For those suffering from various ailments of the digestive organs, these wines constitute an ideal food, inasmuch as they do not necessitate any process of digestion. They are therefore very valuable in cases of fever (especially typhoid fever) and for gastritis, etc. Grape juice has remarkable value for the treatment of various kidney diseases, such as calculi and Bright's disease. The grape cure has, indeed, been known for many years, but it has been hitherto impossible to administer it except during the grape season. These wines make it possible in all seasons and in all places.

A story of extraordinary deafness was unfolded at a recent meeting of a medical society in Philadelphia. An elderly woman, exceedingly hard of hearing, lived near the river. One afternoon a war-ship fired a salute of ten guns. The woman, alone in her little house, waited until the booming ceased. Then she smoothed her dress, brushed back her hair in a quaint manner, and said, sweetly, "Come in."

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CONSTABLE-PREACHER.

POLICE EVANGELIST EMIGRATES TO THE UNITED STATES.

A grey-bearded, white-haired man stood on the deck of the White Star liner "Republic" one day recently as the vessel left its moorings at Liverpool. With him were five sturdy young men and a red-cheeked, fair-haired girl—six of his children.

The father was the policeman-preacher—Francis Curtis—of Willesden Green, who has just retired on a pension, and is now on his way to Providence, Rhode Island, to join two other sons and a daughter, who are in business there.

Mr. Curtis has completed twenty-five years' service as a constable, and was accustomed to combine the work of preaching with his ordinary avocation. When he came off his beat in the evening he would take off his official armlet and address a crowd at some street corner, while on Sundays he would conduct mission services in connection with the Methodist body, of which he was an active member.

On the eve of his departure the children of a Band of Hope in which he was interested presented him with a Bible, while his late comrades in the force gave him a marble clock.

Mr. John Ball, an ex-police constable and an old friend, who saw him off from Euston, told an "Express" representative that "Curtis was a large-hearted, high-spirited, good man."

"He would see men whom he had to take into custody, reason with them, and try to induce them to give up their evil ways," said Mr. Ball.

"He is a man of wide experience and matured judgment. He was twelve years in the Royal Garrison Artillery, and it was while in this position that he met his wife in Canada. She came to London with him, and they are returning to America together."

Naval Diet. At last our sailors are going to be properly fed (says a London paper). It was full time. The monstrosities of naval diet, so casually described by Smollett and Marryat,

have indeed long been viands of the past; but there has been plenty of room for improvement. The matter has at last been approached in the scientific, that is to say, the commonsense spirit. The sea-cook is to be taught the science of his art; and he is to be given the proper apparatus to put that teaching into effect. He is even to be superintended by a qualified missionary clerk.

The inhabitants of our fighting Temeraires and Dreadnoughts, thanks to early cocoa, will no longer confront the first duties of the day on empty stomachs. The human passion for jam is at last to be gratified on board His Majesty's ships, since the investigators have discovered that its gratification conduces to good health and muscular activity. Above all, variety of diet, which is so important as conducing to god spirits as well as to good health, is going to be carefully provided.

JACK'S LITTLE RUSE.

Some years ago a seaman belonging to the Royal Navy, who had just returned from abroad, and whose ship was moored alongside of Portsmouth Dockyard, conceived a plan to smuggle some tobacco out of the gates of that establishment. As every sailor is thoroughly searched before passing out, Jack knew that his only chance was by stratagem. So, loading himself with as much tobacco as he could conveniently carry, he walked boldly up to one of the policemen who were engaged in the searching business, and in an undertone addressed him as follows:—

"I say, chum, will you be on duty to-morrow night?"

"Yes," replied the policeman. "Why?"

"Oh!" whispered Jack, "because I've got a bit of tobacco I want to get out."

"All right," replied the policeman; "go on."

And Jack went on his way rejoicing.

The next night the same policeman saw the sailor coming towards the gates. Jack walked coolly up to be searched, but no tobacco could be found on him. Says the policeman:—

"Where's the tobacco?"

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"Oh!" says Jack, smilingly, "I had it with me last night."

"Go on," says the policeman.

And Jack went on again.

TWO SMART RETORTS.

At a society dinner some years ago the great American humorist had just finished a piquant address when a Mr. Evarts, a lawyer, rose, thrust both his hands down into his trousers pockets, as was his habit, and laughingly remarked—

"Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a professional humorist should be funny?"

Mark Twain waited until the laughter, excited by this sally, had subsided, and then drawled out—

"Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a professional lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets?"

It is said that the roars of laughter which greeted Mark's retort could be heard streets away.

At another dinner party Mark Twain was somewhat strangely involved in a curious wager by a clever move of an ingenious guest—a Mr. Daly—the representative of a notorious city in the States. The wager lay between Mr. Daly and Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain), and was to the effect that who told the biggest lie won. Mr. Daly claimed the right to start, which was readily granted by his opponent, and he spouted forth—"Well, ladies and gentlemen, there was once a gentleman in (mentioning the city he represented) who—

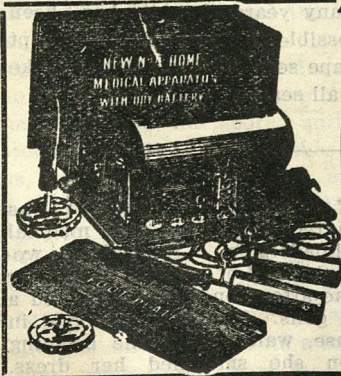
The genial Mark rose at this point, and interrupted with the drawing remark—"Ladies and gentlemen, he has won!"

"Our whole neighbourhood has been stirred up," said the regular reader.

The editor of the country weekly seized his pen. "Tell me about it," he said "What we want is news. What stirred it up?"

"Plowing," said the farmer.

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Talk about People

"Little Bill," the Bishop.

"The smallest, cheeriest, and best-loved Bishop who ever toiled in foreign parts." Thus has the Right Rev. William Gaul, D.D., Bishop of Mashonaland, who has just resigned his See, been described. When the Bishop, who was known to his intimates—and they were many—as "Little Bill," was ordained Bishop of Mashonaland in 1895, he had a very tough job before him, as the country was little known at the time, and the accommodation and methods of transport were primitive in the extreme. It is told of him that coaching once in the Um-tali district he ventured to remonstrate with the Cape-boy driver for ill-treating the mules. The boy thereupon said: "If you were not a Bishop I'd hammer you." His lordship promptly took off his coat, and said: "Now I'm not a Bishop—just try." The result was the discomfiture of the driver. That is the kind of man Bishop Gaul is.

A Famous Hymn Writer.

An influential committee, with the Mayo. of Northampton as chairman, has been formed for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to Miss Hearn, who is known to thousands of persons under her pen name of Marianne Farningham.

"With the exception of one month's serious illness I have never missed a weekly contribution of either prose or verse in the 'Christian World' since it was started fifty years ago," she said recently.

Miss Hearn began life as a school teacher in Northampton, and she has lived there all her life. She was persuaded by her neighbours to take up writing. Later she took to the lecture platform, and both by word of mouth and with her pen she has entertained and helped many thousands of people. She is the author of many famous hymns.

Both her lectures and writing have been marked by a fund of shrewd common sense, keen humour, and occasional sarcasm.

Meat and Poison.

Regardless of the fact that what is one man's meat is another man's poison some of the London papers keep hammering away at the question of a diet which shall answer equally well for us all. One man must dine off larks' tongues ere he can put the finishing touch to that profoundest chapter of philosophy; another makes light of a meal of stewed pokers, then turns off the daintiest love sonnet.

Lord Stuart de Rosethay, when Ambassador to Russia, found his moujiks feasting on frozen fish of dubious age, on grubby toadstools, eggs of unimpeachable antiquity, and oil against which a train would have stuck. He put them on Christian diet, with the result that they began visibly to diminish in bulk and strength, and had to return to the dietary of their own invention.

Some of the pundits of letters have been telling the world their experience at the table.

Mr. E. F. Benson eats what he likes, and is so fit that he defies the specialists to tell upon what he has been browsing.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw is a perfervid vegetarian, yet, on his own confession, finds his diet queerly inflammatory, so that, by some process unknown to the average physiologist, it gets into his head.

He might find his opposite in an old lady who complained to her doctor, "It's of no use your ordering me this, that, or the

other; I can't help it, but everything I eat seems to fly to the stummick!

American Humorist's Motoring Regulations.

Many burlesque amendments to a Bill for the restriction of motoring in the State of Illinois have been introduced by Mr. J. R. Robinson, a farmer, who is considered the humorist of the State Legislature, at Springfield. Two of the amendments read as follows:—

"When a farmer's cart is sighted coming in the 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 farmers wife and children. If this does not avail, the chauffeur is to have the right to wreck the cart and kill the driver.

"All touring cars must change colour with vegetation, according to the season, in order to be rendered as inconspicuous as possible. Carts 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."

Has Two Great Grandfathers.

A grandson of Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., who was recently christened in St. Stephen's chapel at the House of Commons, possesses a record which would be hard to beat. The little one's great-grandfathers are Lord Gwydyr, who is the oldest member of the House of Lords at the age of ninety-seven, and Sir John Banks, K.C.B., who, aged ninety-two, is the oldest physician in Ireland, and was formerly Physician in Ordinary in Ireland to Queen Victoria.

The Tsar's Lost Violin.

The Tsar of Russia is exceedingly musical, and one of his hobbies is to collect famous violins. A curious story is connected with one of his treasures. Some years ago, on visiting his collection, the Tsar was horrified to find that a real Stradivarius was missing, and that a worthless old violin had been put in its place.

Inquiries were set on foot which connected the name of a great dignitary with the sale of the Strad. He, however, denied all knowledge of it, and there was nothing more to be said.

But still the search went on. In every capital in Europe Russian ambassadors set searchers to work wherever violins were likely to be found. Finally an American

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treasury agent, of Berlin, got a clue to the whereabouts of the missing treasure. He traced it to a dealer in the South of France. The man had paid £500 for it. The agent immediately offered him that sum and immunity, and was soon able to carry back the Stradivarius in triumph to St. Petersburg.

The Tsar received his strayed treasure with rapture. Who had stolen it is still unknown. The Tsar made no further inquiries; he preferred now to remain ignorant.

"You told me he was a good ladies' horse," angrily said the man who had made the purchase.

"He was," replied the deacon. "My wife owned him, and she's one of the best women I ever knew."

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Free for selling only 6 articles. We will send solid gold Pin or Ring, or lady's Solid Gold Pendant and necklace or Bangle

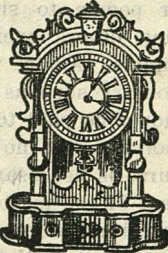
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Larger Sizes2/11 and 3/6 per Bottle
Sample Bottles of Sacramental Chateau-Badet, 1/- each.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1907.

THE GAMBLING SEASON.

The gambling season is again in full blast, occasion being provided by the great Spring race meetings. Sydney has already had its turn, and now the tide has set in towards Melbourne, whither are bent representatives of all classes in the community. The man of means and his women-folk must needs visit the Southern capital year by year, to be seen "on the lawn," and at Government House parties. The shop-assistant and artisan, who, by dint of much scraping have managed to save a few pounds from their never-plentiful earnings, are also in the throng, eager to take a part in the excitement of the hour. Bookmakers, sharpers and thieves are also much in evidence, for "where the carcass is, there will the vultures be gathered together." But the excitement is not confined to those who are able to join the multitudes at Randwick, Caulfield, or Flemington. On the ferry boats, in trams, trains, or omnibuses, one may hear the chances of various performers on the turf eagerly discussed. Go where one will, almost, there are to be seen scores upon scores of young men, cigarette in mouth, scanning the pages of the "sporting" papers for the latest news of morning gallops, scratchings, and so forth, to say nothing of the "tips" given by men who often know no more about the chances of the several horses than any average man in the street. In due course the great newspapers of either city will have something to say upon the deplorable volume of gambling connected with these great "sporting carnivals." This generally happens. But it is only necessary to turn the page to find that these same papers are doing their utmost to feed the fever by reporting at length the full details of the meetings. If one should happen to inquire to what useful end is all the preparation and expenditure of money, he would be told by some that the love of sport is the cause; or, again, others would tell him that the breed of horses is improved by the contests provided on the racecourses. Neither of these answers is true. Almost anybody will admit that if the gambling element were removed, it would be impossible for the horse-racing to continue. No sane person can find any fault whatever with legitimate sport, when recreation and exercise for tired mind and body are meant. It is not sport, however, for people to sit or stand for hours watching others exercise themselves or their animals. Again, it is highly necessary in a country such as this that careful attention should be paid to improving the breed of horses. But no one believes that the racecourse is necessary to this end. The whole fact of the matter is that the racing mania is neither wholesome nor desirable for the community. Nothing

good ever comes of it. Much that is bad, however, is occasioned and fostered. In these circumstances the duty of patriotic citizens is to discountenance the whole business in every suitable way.

THE TOTALISATOR.

Periodically an attempt is made to legalise the use of the totalisator. Prompted, no doubt, by the excitement of the hour, a member of the Legislative Assembly is proposing to introduce a bill with this end in view. It is claimed by the advocates of this device that the betting public must get a "fair deal" when they do their business with the "machine." At the present time, they aver, the chances are all in favour of the bookmakers, who grow wealthy by the losses of the people who go to race meetings. But the gambler will never admit that he parts with his money regretfully. He always maintains that he "puts his little bit on" with a full knowledge of the risks, and with the assurance that he gets the worth of his money in the excitement of seeing his "nag" pass the winning post a "bad last." Of course his statements in this regard are not taken seriously, for it is a well-known fact that unless the ordinary "punter" has got "information," he wants long odds on his "fancy." Then, again, it is urged that, as bookmakers are allowed to bet on the course, what harm can there be in allowing betting per medium of the totalisator? There are several places where the totalisator has been tried, and reports from these agree that the volume of gambling has been very much increased by the innovation. It is not implied that gambling with a bookmaker is less wrong or harmful than gambling with a machine. Facts, however, must be looked at fairly and squarely, and there is no one who is prepared to contend that opportunities for betting should be facilitated. The present system is rotten enough, and does sufficient damage, but it would be little short of madness to substitute for it a thing which would increase the harm. As a sop to the consciences of some tender folk, the sponsor of the new Bill proposes that a percentage of the profits of the totalisator shall be devoted to charity. The proposal is a specious one. In the first place it is intended to provide means to impoverish and ruin the people, and in the second to provide means to take care of them after they are ruined. This is on all fours with a remark made in a Sydney Club by a member who was showing a friend over the new club premises. They passed the drinking bar. "We do a tremendous business here," said the clubman. "Is that so?" replied the visitor. "And what becomes of the profits?" "Oh!" said the former, "the profits go to our 'provident fund.' You see, we let the beggars drink themselves to death, and in doing so provide for their burial as well as their widows and families." The idea of legalising the totalisator has been threshed out many times in this State. It is by no means certain, however, that the new proposal will not receive solid support in Parliament. It is time that the leaders of the movements against such things were stirring themselves, and stirring the public, too, against this newest phase of an old evil.

✦ The Secrets of Success ✦

Young Men in Social Life

(By EDWARD BOK, in "SUCCESSWARD.")

Nothing is more injurious to the chances of a young man in business than an over-indulgence in the pleasures of what, for the want of a better word, we call "society." It is a rough but a true saying that "a man cannot drink whisky and be in business." Perhaps a softer and more refined translation of this is that a man cannot be in society and be in business. This is impossible, and nothing that a young man can bear in mind will stand him to such good account as this fact. No mind can be fresh in the morning that has been kept at a tension the night before by late hours, or been befogged by indulgence in late suppers.

"But," says some young fellow, "what are the social pleasures and indulgences which injuriously affect a young man's success?" Only one general answer can be given, and it is this: any social pleasure or indulgence which affects a young man's health affects his success. Good health is the foundation of all possible success in life; affect the one and you affect the other.

I presume it is safe to say that no single element in social life has injured so many young men as an indulgence in intoxicating liquors. And when I speak of the question of an indulgence in intoxicating liquors, I take it entirely away from any religious or moral standpoint. To me it is not a question of whether it is right or wrong for a young man to indulge in spirituous liquors. It is rather can he do it, than should he do it. It is well rather than it is wrong? I say to him, plainly and directly; he cannot do it. And I say this to every young fellow honestly from my own observation and experience as a mere boy who, when he started out, did not know exactly what position to take in this matter.

Some years ago there was in Brooklyn a boy about sixteen years old who began attending public dinners as a reporter. Wines were then more freely used at dinners than now. The first public dinner he was sent to report was a New England Society banquet. He was extremely anxious to succeed, because it would mean other assignments. He had been brought up in his father's home with wine on the table, because in his native country, Holland, light wine is the common beverage and not an intoxicant. The decision which the young reporter had to make in Brooklyn that night was, therefore, not approached with prejudice. His common sense simply argued it out for him that if he drank liquors his mind might not be so clear to report the speeches he was sent there to take. And so he shielded his wine glasses,—a practice which he has followed ever since.

Now, that young reporter simply argued to himself what was the wisest thing for him to do, and he did it. And that is the way I want every young man to decide this question. Never mind going into the question of whether it is right or wrong. That might lead to controversy or doubt. Simply take the hard, common-sense view of it. The temporary exhilaration which is supposed to come from alcohol either in diffused or concentrated form is unnecessary to a young man in good health. Therefore, it can do him absolutely no good. He does not need it, and not an ounce of better health will come to him by reason of it. But it may do him harm. The chances are that it will. And no young man can afford to take a single risk or chance in the morning of a business career. He needs the unhampered use of all his powers; all his health, all his intellect, and all his manners.

I do not ask him to accept this on any ground but that of expediency. He will see for himself that for every young man

in business who does drink, no matter how moderately, there is some young man of the abstaining kind waiting around the corner for his place, and who will do his work all the better because he does abstain. And employers prefer the abstaining sort. The presidents of the two largest railroads in America have each told me personally within the last year that they will no longer employ any man for any position on their roads who drinks even moderately. And this is growing to be a common custom in all branches of business. Alcohol is becoming more and more each day to be regarded in the business world as a positive detriment to a man's greatest usefulness.

Coming back to the young reporter at that Brooklyn dinner, one of the speeches he was to report at the banquet was that of the President of the United States, and, not being very expert in his stenography, he failed to get a large part of the speech. So, after the dinner was over, he sought the President, explained his plight, and asked the Chief Magistrate if he could give him a printed copy of the speech. The reporter found the eyes of the President curiously fixed upon him, and heard him say: "My boy, can you wait a few minutes? I want to speak to you." Of course, it was very easy for the boy to wait for the President of the United States and he did so. After fifteen minutes the President beckoned the boy reporter to him and said, abruptly:—

"Tell me, why did you refuse wine at the dinner this evening?"

Naturally the reporter was surprised. But he explained the resolution he had made for the first time that evening; whereupon the President, reaching for one of the plate cards on the table, said:—

"I wish you would write your name and address on this card, please." To make a long story short, that young reporter's paper the next day had the only verbatim report of the President's speech, whereas he himself received this note:—

"My dear young friend,—

"I have been telling Mrs. Hayes this morning of what you told me at the dinner last evening, and she was very much interested. She would like to see you, and asks if you will call at where we are stopping in Brooklyn this evening at 8.30. Very faithfully yours,

"RUTHERFORD B. HAYES."

It was a valuable friendship which that young reporter made that evening. Other friendships were constantly made possible to him through it. And it is easy for that young reporter now to look back and trace his starting point of acquaintance and opportunities to that unexpected friendship with the President of the United States and continued by a constant interchange of letters and advice until only a few days before his passing away.

I have told this story chiefly to impress upon young men the fallacy of the idea that a strict adherence to a principle, whether it relates to spirituous liquors or anything else, makes a young man appear rather "babyish," that he is tied to his mother's apron-strings, as it is sometimes called, and in consequence is sometimes a barrier to his social popularity.

In all the nineteen years in which the Brooklyn reporter has since refused to drink liquor at dinners, public or private, he has never found that he lost a single friend by his refusal. A young man who starts out in life with a fixed principle, whether it be that he will not drink, nor smoke, nor indulge in anything which in his heart he feels is not good for him, or in which he does not conscientiously believe, and ad-

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General Manager and Actuary: Secretary: Richard Teece, F.I.A., F.F.A., F.S.S. Robert B. Cameron, Manager Industrial Department: H. W. Apperly. Sydney, 27th September, 1907.

heres to that principle at all times, holds in his hand one of the most powerful elements of success in the world to-day. There is a great deal of common sense abroad in this world of ours, and a young man with a good principle is always safe to depend upon it. The men and women whose friendships are worth having are the men and women who have principles themselves, and respect them in others, especially when they find them in a young man.

Another thing which led me to be abstemious was the damage which I saw wrought by an indulgence in liquor upon some of the finest minds with which it was ever my privilege to come in contact; and I concluded that what had resulted injuriously to others might prove so to me. I have seen, even in my few years of professional life, some of the smartest—yea, brilliant—literary men dethroned from splendid positions owing to nothing else but their indulgence in wines. I have known men with salaries of thousands of dollars per year, occupying positions which hundreds would strive a lifetime to attain, come to beggary from drink. Only recently there applied to me, for any position I could offer him, one of the most brilliant editorial writers in the newspaper profession—a man who, five years ago, easily commanded one hundred dollars for a single article in his special field. That man became so unreliable from drink that editors are now afraid of his articles; and although he can to-day write as forcible editorials as at any time during his life, he sits in a cellar in one of our cities writing newspaper wrappers for one dollar per thousand. And that is only one instance of several I could relate here. I do not hold my friend up as a "terrible example;" he is but a type who convinced me that a clear mind and liquor do not go together.

I know it is said, when one brings up such an instance as this, "Oh well, that man drank to excess. One glass will hurt no one." How do these people know that it will not? One drop of kerosene has been known to throw into flame an almost hopeless fire, and one glass of liquor may fan into flame a smouldering spark hidden away where it was never thought to exist. The spark may be there and it may not. Why take the risk? Liquor to a healthy young man will never do him the least particle of good; it may do him harm. The man for whom I have absolutely no use is the man who is continually asking a young man to "just have a little; one glass, you know." A man who will wittingly urge a young man whom he knows has a principle against liquor is a man for whom a halter is too good.

Then, as I looked around and came to know more of people and things, I found the always unanswerable argument in favour of a young man's abstinence, i.e., that the most successful men in America to-day are those who seldom, if ever, lift a wine-

glass to their lips. Becoming interested in this fact, I had the curiosity to personally inquire into it, and of twenty-eight of the leading business men in the country whose names I selected at random, twenty-two were abstainers. I made up my mind that there was some reason for this. If liquor brought safe pleasures, why did these men abstain from it? If, as some say, it is a stimulant to a busy man, why did not these men, directing the largest business interests in the country, resort to it? And when I saw that these were the men whose opinions in great business matters were accepted by the leading concerns of the world, I concluded that their judgment in the use of liquor would satisfy me. If their judgment in business matters could command the respect and attention of the leaders of trade on both sides of the sea, their decision as to the use of liquor was not apt to be wrong. At least, it was good enough for me.

As opportunities have come to me to go into homes and public places, I find that I do not occupy a solitary position. The tendency to abstain from liquor is growing more and more among young men of to-day. The brightest young men, who are filling positions of power and promise, never touch a drop of beer, wines, or intoxicants of any sort. And the young man who to-day makes up his mind that he will be on the safe side and adhere to strict abstinence will find that he is not alone. He has now the very best element in business and social life in the largest cities of our land with him. He will not be chided for his principle, but through it will command respect.

It will not retard him in commercial success, but prove his surest help.

It will win him no enemies, but bring him the friendship of upright men and good women.

It will ensure him the highest commercial esteem and the brightest social position.

And as it moulds his character in youth, so will it develop him into a successful man and a good citizen.

I know young men are sometimes inclined to believe that abstinence from wines is apt to prove a barrier to their social success. "It looks unsociable," it is claimed. But, all the same, the highest social respect is assured a young man just in proportion as he abstains from wines. An indulgence in intoxicants of any sort has never helped a man to any social position worth the having; on the contrary, it has kept many from attaining a position to which by birth and good breeding and all other qualifications they were entitled. No young man will ever find that the principle of abstinence from liquor is a barrier to any success, social, commercial, or otherwise. On the other hand, it is the one principle in his life which will, in the long run, help him more than any other. And touching the point of etiquette on this question, whether it is in better form in drinking wines at dinner to turn down one's glasses or have them removed, I would say neither. Simply shield the glasses with the hand as the waiter reaches your place at the table with each course of wine. Turning down one's wine-glasses or causing them to be removed from

the table always seems to me to be an unnecessary and rather a disagreeable way of pronouncing one's principles.

A CLEVER TRICK.

"It must be a brave man who gets married after he has been in this business for any length of time," remarked the shop-walker of one of London's biggest drapery shops. "When I think of the things women will do to get new clothes and other articles of wear, it makes me positively ashamed of the sex."

"Perhaps you won't believe me when I tell you that the latest trick of this sort of woman, who must have new things at any risk, is to try on a hat and, by walking to a mirror at some distance from the sales-woman from whom she is buying it, make an attempt to get out of the shop with the new hat on, leaving the old one behind. We have caught any number of them at this game recently, and so we are always on the look-out for them."

DOCTOR'S STUFF.

Some years ago a railway was being made in the West of Scotland, and it was arranged that each of the numerous navvies employed should pay 1d per week to a medical practitioner, so that they might have his services in the event of accident, or medicine in the case of illness.

During the summer and autumn neither illness nor accident occurred.

But, when a severe winter followed, all at once the "navigators" began to call on the doctor for castor-oil.

Each brought his bottle, into which an ounce was poured, until the oil was exhausted, and the doctor was forced to send to town for a further supply.

When that too was getting low, the doctor one day quietly asked a healthy-looking fellow what was wrong with the men that they required so much castor-oil.

"Nothing wrong at all, doctor," he replied, "but we grease our big boots with it."

BAD FOR THE UMPIRE.

Occasionally the young squire of a northern English village condescends to turn out with the local cricket team, and when he does play his bowling is by no means of the genteel, drawing-room order as many a bruised and battered opponent can testify.

Recently a slightly-built county player came to play against the village team, and the squire seemed to set himself deliberately to bowl the "crack" out or injure him—it didn't matter which. He did not bowl the leather, but simply threw it at the poor batsman, who was so badly bruised that he appealed to the umpire for protection.

"I'm sorry, lad, but you must grin and bear it," the umpire answered. "I daren't 'no-ball' him; he's the squire of the village."

MIND IS MONEY

When the thoughts do not flow spontaneously, and you struggle for an hour to do what ought to be done in a minute, you can be sure you are

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and it can only be done through a change in your diet. We have all that can be desired in Foods that build up Brain and Muscle, and all that we ask you to do is to call and inspect them and sample them for yourselves.

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"Squire or no squire, he's a brute!" hotly cried the injured batsman.

"So he is, lad, so he is," agreed the umpire in a cautious whisper; "but I daren't do anything. He's my landlord, and every time I call 'no ball' against him he claps sixpence a week on to my rent."

FOUR HUNDRED MILLION SUBJECTS.

The young Emperor of China is the nominal ruler of the greatest empire in the world. It is almost impossible to fully realise the immense extent of his dominion, although statistics alone are significant enough.

China is the most populous empire on earth. Her millions outnumber the accumulated total of all the nations living under the Union Jack, and exceed the combined population of Europe.

One person out of every four on the earth to-day is Chinese, and for every man, woman and child living in the United Kingdom, ten are living under the government of Peking. The population of China is believed to be four hundred and thirty millions.

IS THE PUREST
AND BEST
WADE'S
CORN FLOUR
ASK YOUR
GROCER FOR IT

ASK FOR
Pearson's
Sand Soap
AND TAKE NO OTHER.

THE PEOPLE versus THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

By JOHN B. FINCH.

No. II.

Attack the Methodist Church and a Methodist defends; attack the Catholic Church and your opponent is proud of being a Catholic; but attack the liquor business and the liquor apologist is, "Just as good a temperance man as you are." Whenever you force the advocates of the dram-shop in this country to first principles, they always disavow their connection with the fruits of the traffic, and preface their statement with, "I am a temperance man." Why do they not say, "I am a beer man; I would rather have a boy who would get drunk; I would rather have a wife that would get drunk?"

Comparisons bring out colours. Compare the traffic with other trades.

I call a clergyman up here to him and say, "You receive money; now, sir, tell the people what you give them for the money they pay you; show them what you give them. Mr. Clergyman, they do not pay you alone for preaching, although it is pleasant and instructive to listen, but a preacher is a teacher, and must be judged by results to be shown by the future as well as the present. They do not pay you to run revivals, though it is a good thing to take the minds of the people away from this world to the future—and let me digress here to say, it has been my experience as a lawyer, that you can collect debts after a revival that were not worth ten cents on the dollar before. The religion of Jesus Christ does make men honest. If a professing Christian is not honest, it is good evidence that he is a religious fraud. A town could afford, for the sake of business alone to run a revival once a year. But, Mr. Clergyman, you are not living for to-day, for to-morrow, for next week, for next year; will you come up here now, and defend your work? We do not want you to defend it by young converts or by middle-aged Christians; we want you to come here by the death-bed of the

Christian and tell us, sir, if you will defend your faith there." He would come and say, "That is the test I want. I do not want you to try Christianity by the Sunshine Christians who work for the Lord on Sunday and the devil the rest of the week; but I desire that Christianity shall be judged by the record and life-work of the people who have loved God and kept his commandments. By that test I am willing the religion of the Master shall be judged." My friend, it matters not how far you may have drifted upon the sea of doubt and unbelief, you must accept such a test, and say to the man of God: "Any person whose teachings make men more honest, develop intelligence and morality, and smooth the pathway to the grave, thereby lighting up the dark future, is entitled to a world's gratitude. You earn your money, stand aside."

We call the school-teacher. "What do you give the people for what you receive? They pay you and they expect that you will return value received. What do you give back?" The teacher would come, and call up the merchant, doctor, lawyer and tradesman he had taught, would say, "That is the result of my work." "Universal education is the foundation of liberty." Then reaching his hand to the teacher of morals—the minister—he would say: "Educated conscientiousness and educated intellect—a dual unit—is the only safe foundation for a government of the people, by the people, and for the people." Let me say to you, if I may say it in a temperance talk, that I believe, in this country, any system of education that does not develop the morals as well as the intellect, is a fraud and a failure. Come with me to the frontier, and I will show you men who are graduates of Eastern colleges, who have fled there to avoid the effect of crimes committed in their former homes. They are vile and devilish. To make a symmetrical man or woman, the moral nature must be developed, side by side with the intellectual, or the student becomes an intellectual monstrosity.

Therefore we say to the teacher, "Take

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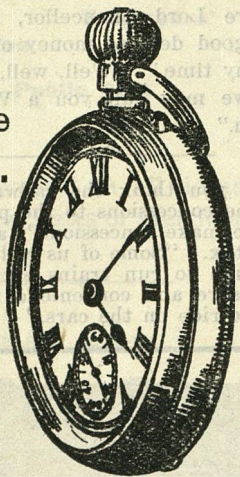
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your place with the world's workers, you fairly earn the compensation they receive."

Now having tested these, we want to test the keeper of the dram-shop in this State by the same standards. "Come up, sir. If the minister is your equal you must get into the same scales of political economy in which we have weighed him. Do not plead the baby act, but come. You dare not come? Do you hesitate? You toil not, neither do you spin, yet you make more money with less brains and capital than any other tradesman. Few workmen can wear such clothes as you do. What are you giving in return for what you get? Come up here, sir; bring a finished specimen of your work; hold it up for the crowd to see, and show us its fine points." Would he come? You could not drive him up here if you put a shotgun behind him. What should he bring? What does the dram-shop manufacture? What has it always manufactured? It has manufactured drunkards, first, last, and all the time. A dram-shop keeper is as distinctly a drunkard-maker as the man who makes shoes is a shoe-maker. That is all he ever did make, that is all he ever will make.

What is the drunkard-maker's defence? You say to him, "You make drunkards." His very first defence is, "I do not sell liquor to drunkards; I do not have them hanging around me." If it is a good thing to make a drunkard, a drunkard must be a good thing after he is made. Suppose, ladies and gentlemen, the minister should come here and give you as a reason why his church should be endorsed, that he did not have any old Christians hanging around his prayer-meetings. Suppose he should say to the young men: "Follow Christ; attend church, Sunday-school, and prayer-meeting regularly for thirty years. By that time it will have made you such a wretch that we will kick you out when you come to church." Would that be a good advertisement for the Christian religion?

Go down the street; a new waggon is standing by the curb; you stop and admire it, and at last you say, "I wonder who made it?" "I did, sir," answers the waggon-maker. "Will you please examine the waggon closely, because we challenge examination." Look at the man. He is dressed in poor clothes, but see how proud he is as he contemplates his finished work. Last year whilst visiting a country fair, together with a friend, I was standing by one of the stock pens, looking at a calf. "I wonder who raised the calf?" said my friend. "I did," answered a farmer standing near by. As the farmer spoke, he straightened up, as much as to say, "I am proud of my work." As you pass along the streets of our cities you frequently see other work nearly finished, sitting on the curb or wallowing in the gutter. Stop and ask: "Whose job is this?" Will the drunkard-maker run out of his factory and say, "I did that work. Look at that nose, face, and mouth. That man once had a face like yours, but I fixed him." The reason why the drunkard makers will not defend their work is, it is indefensible. Can you separate a workman from his chips? If the liquor business is respectable, its products must be respectable. The liquor business has its own record and crimes to meet and defend; this much, no more. These crimes have not been committed in moments of sudden anger and passion, but coolly, deliberately, and wilfully. The cost has been counted, the profits estimated, and the sanction of Government bought by men who know right from wrong, men who are responsible for the acts. They must now receive justice.

The civilised people believe in reaching down into the depths of debauchery and getting hold of the victims of this traffic;

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reaching with tears and prayers, and lifting and holding them up, but after they have helped them out they believe in closing the factory itself, so that other men will not be tempted to ruin. Save the drunkard and prevent drunkenness.

LORD HALSBURY'S LUCKY NUMBER.

If Lord Halsbury, who has just entered upon his eighty-third year, believes in lucky numbers, he has reason to regard five as his own. He was born in 1825, he began his career at the Bar in 1850, he was made a Q.C. in 1865, he was appointed Solicitor-General in 1875, he became Lord Chancellor in 1885, and commenced his third term of office in 1895. Before he became Solicitor-General he was the leader of the South Wales Circuit. In this capacity he once fought very strenuously on behalf of a Welsh public authority, and rather amused his listeners by the ardour with which he identified himself with the interests of the locality. "Come, come," interposed the judge, good-naturedly, "you must not argue too much in that strain. You cannot make yourself out to be a Welshman, you know." "Perhaps not," returned the future Lord Chancellor, "but I have made a good deal of money out of Welshmen in my time." "Well, well," replied the judge, "we may call you a Welshman by extraction."

"Don't you think the railways ought to make some concessions to the people?"

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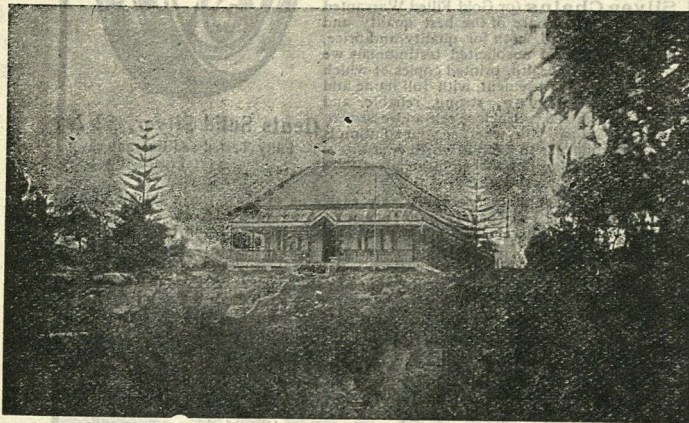
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How the World Moves

Westmorland is the most sparsely populated county in England

A great-grandson of Burns, the poet, is now acting as magistrate in an American police-court.

A hand-whistle has just been produced by a Birmingham firm to carry a distance of two miles.

The Kaiser has just had a sundial erected in his garden, with the inscription, "I count only happy hours."

There have been twenty-seven cases of insanity in the Bavarian Royal Family during the last hundred years.

Lord Rosebery's favourite reading is the poetry of Sir Walter Scott. He always has a volume beneath his pillow.

Over 8,000 gardens are cultivated in connection with Austrian schools, the pupils receiving expert tuition in horticulture.

Swedish doctors do not send bills to their patients, but leave the payment entirely to the generosity of the latter.

In Cape Colony, on wine farms, the practice prevails of paying coloured labourers part of their wages in wine.

The average yearly earnings of all classes of wage-earners in Canada at regular work is £77 for males, and £36 for females.

A new hotel for Europeans has just been erected near Jerusalem. Most of it was built by women, paid at the rate of 5½d a day.

In Vienna there is a highly efficient voluntary street ambulance society. Their services were required last year no fewer than 30,000 times.

For selling coffee "laced" with rum without a license, a coffee-stall keeper near Waterloo Station (London) has been fined £200.

The infant prince of Spain has had his name entered on the roll of a regiment, and he wears its number on his bib. A bed in the barracks is reserved for him as the latest recruit.

At Apl, in the Congo Free State, there is a training-school for elephants. At present twenty-eight of these huge beasts are being taught to carry logs of wood and make themselves useful in other ways.

There are far more sharks in the Mediterranean this year than usual. It is supposed that submarine explosions during the late war between Japan and Russia have driven these fish to seek more peaceful homes.

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.

The affairs of the Japanese Royal Family are conducted by a council consisting of all the adults males of the family. The consent of this council is necessary for all Japan's Royal marriages.

Three of the sixteen medical men who signed the pro-alcohol manifesto some months ago are holders of shares in brewery companies, Mr. Tennyson Smith announced recently to a Birmingham audience.

A Thirsk farm labourer drank two glasses of whisky and then sent for a three-gill bottle, which he emptied in two drinks. He died almost immediately afterward. "I begged and prayed of him when he had drunk half the bottle to let it alone," said a witness at the inquest. "If you ever come across a similar case again you must do more than that," the coroner told him; "you must break the bottle—do anything and everything to prevent it."

Startled at the amount of drinking and gambling that goes on during ocean voyages, Dr. C. M. Sheldon, who has just arrived at New York, declares that if he had the money he would run a temperance liner on which gambling would be strictly prohibited. He thinks it would be successful financially as well as morally.

The last census gave the population of British India as 231,899,507 persons, and of the Native States as 62,461,549 persons. The languages spoken by this vast aggregation of beings enables us to group them into three families; but these three are subdivided, for twenty-three languages attest as many different interests, the chief being Hindi, Bengali, Bihari, and Tamil. The language that is generally accepted, and which "franks" Europeans throughout the Empire, is Hindustani, and this is one of the features of the education of all important Anglo-Indian officials.

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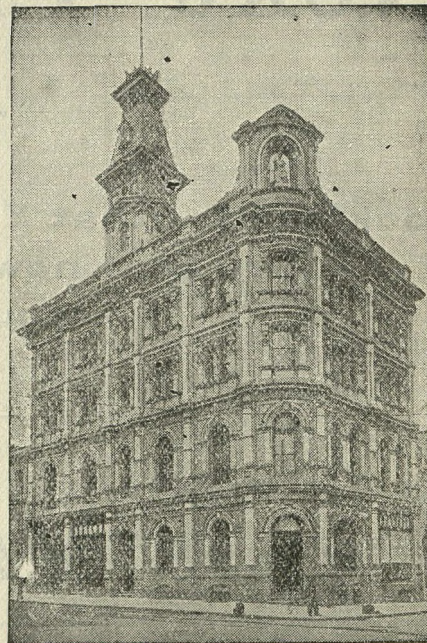
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