

GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

Vol. I.—No. 22.

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1907

Price One Penny

◊◊ A Fence or an Ambulance ◊◊

'Twas a dangerous cliff, as they freely confessed,
Though to walk near its crest was so pleasant;
But over its terrible edge there had slipped
A duke and full many a peasant.
So the people said something would have to be done,
But their projects did not at all tally.
Some said, "Put a fence round the edge of the cliff";
Some, "An ambulance down in the valley."

But the cry for the ambulance carried the day,
For it spread through the neighbouring city.
A fence may be useful or not, it is true,
But each heart became brimful of pity
For those who slipped over that dangerous cliff;
And the dwellers in highway and alley
Gave pounds or gave pence, not to put up a fence,
But an ambulance down in the valley.

"For the cliff is all right, if you're careful," they said:
"And, if folks even slip and are dropping,
It isn't the slipping that hurts them so much
As the shock down below—when they're stopping."
So day after day, as these mishaps occurred,
Quick forth would these rescuers sally
To pick up the victims who fell off the cliff
With their ambulance down in the valley.

Then an old sage remarked: "It's a marvel to me
That people give far more attention
To repairing results than to stopping the cause
When they'd much better aim at prevention.
Let us stop at its source all this mischief," cried he.
"Come, neighbours and friends, let us rally!
If the cliff we will fence, we might almost dispense
With the ambulance down in the valley."

"Oh, he's a fanatic," the others rejoined.
"Dispense with the ambulance? Never!
He'd dispense with all charities too, if he could;
No, no! we'll support them forever!
Aren't we picking up folks just as fast as they fall?
And shall this man dictate to us? Shall he?
Why should people of sense stop to put up a fence
While their ambulance works in the valley?"

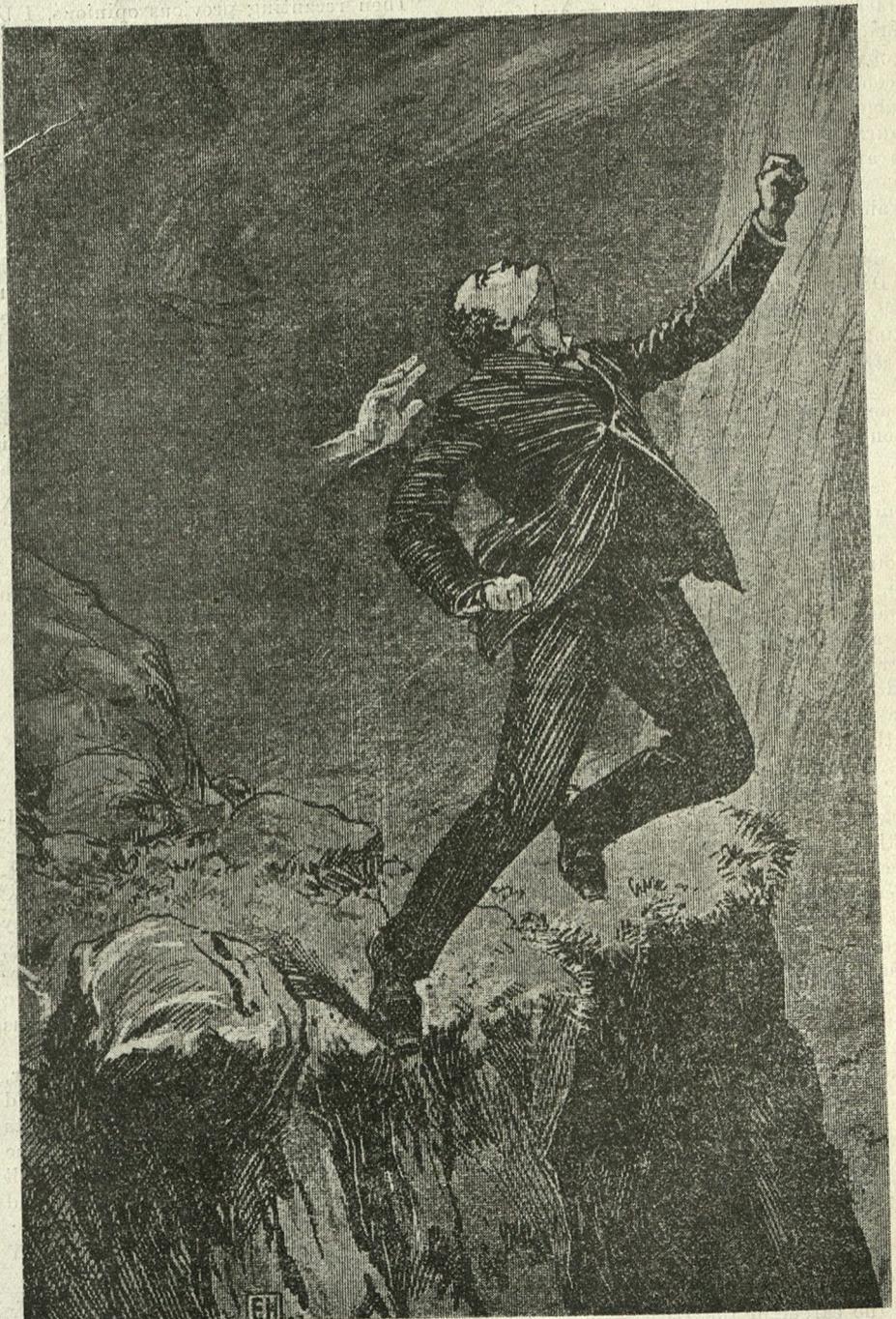
But a sensible few, who are practical, too,
Will not bear with such nonsense much longer:
They believe that prevention is better than cure,
And their party will soon be the stronger.
Encourage them then, with your purse,
voice, and pen,

And (while other philanthropists dally)
They will scorn all pretence, and put a stout fence
On the cliff that hangs over the valley.

Better guide well the young than reclaim them when old;
For the voice of true wisdom is calling,
"To rescue the fallen is good, but 'tis best

To prevent other people from falling."
Better close up the source of temptation and crime
Than deliver from dungeon or galley;
Better put a strong fence round the top of the cliff
Than an ambulance down in the valley.

—Joseph Malins.



WILL YOU, BY VOTING "REDUCTION" OR "CONTINUANCE," PUSH MEN AND WOMEN OVER THE PRECIPICE? OR WILL YOU SAVE THEM BY VOTING NO-LICENSE?

VOTES AND THEIR FRUIT.

By ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"I shall vote for license," said Superintendent Deming. "There is no such a thing as controlling the drinking of liquor; anyone who wants it will have it, license or no license. The city needs the money, and although I am a temperance man, that is the way I shall vote."

"I wonder at your talking in that way when you have boys growing up," someone replied.

"Oh, I keep my boys off the streets; they are either at school or at work, and evenings wife looks out for them. My boys will never fall into the drinking habit. It is the home teaching that makes a good or bad man."

A great deal of this kind of talk by a great many good citizens had its influence and the pretty little Connecticut city voted for license by a large majority.

"Now," said Superintendent Deming, exultantly, "there will be money for city improvements."

The city improvements were not begun, for in three months the hard times came. All the mills were shut down, many places of business were closed, and it was remarked continually that only the liquor saloons remained in full blast.

Superintendent Deming being out of work made the best of the enforced vacation by going to California to visit relatives. Jamie, the twelve-year-old boy, was at school, but for Jack, who was eighteen, active and fond of company, there was nowhere to go outside of home but on the streets.

License had made liquor drinking respectable, and it was sold at drug stores, restaurants, and groceries, as well as at saloons and hotels. The results were everywhere visible; men and boys, and even women and girls, were seen the worse for liquor.

In upon this state of affairs Superintendent Deming, the enthusiastic advocate for license, came unexpectedly one September morning. The streets leading from the railway station to Main-street swarmed with idlers, and, as he passed a foul alleyway, he heard a familiar voice saying in a pleading tone, "Come on, now, Jacky; let's go home. Mother is worried. She don't like to have us boys out over night."

"Shut up! I won't go home," replied a thick, unrecognisable voice. "I'm hungry; I'm going to Luke's."

"Oh, Jacky, come home with me. Mother has breakfast all ready for you. Come right along now," and the brave little pleader took the arm of his brother and guided his uncertain steps up the street.

At a public meeting a few evenings later the father said: "I thought I should die of shame. Then the thought came to me like a flash. 'I ought to be no more ashamed of the legitimate fruit of my ballot for license than of the ballot itself,' and I stepped forward and took my poor son's arm. I am cured. I want no more license. As long as it was somebody else's boy who was tempted I could stand it. When my boy was caught in the net my eyes were opened, and now I will fight against license as hard as I fought for it a year ago. But the evil wrought in a year can never be undone, and the sights every day on the streets of this city should teach every voter to be wise in time."

A CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP'S OATH.

At a great meeting in County Cork, Ireland, Archbishop Ireland said:—"I have studied the career of the Irish people from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I have asked the cause of their misery, and everywhere it was said to me there is but one cause—

drink. I say it with the deepest conviction, after a ministry of forty years spent in America, that if the Irish emigrants coming to us had brought with them the pledge of Father Matthew, and had adhered to it, there would be now in America no element of the population more powerful, more wealthy, more respected than the Irish American people. And when I recall these things—when I remember what ought to have been, and then remember what was the cause of misery, I feel the strongest indignation arising in my soul, and because of my love for the Irish I speak forth anathema to intoxicating drink, and I swear before the living God, so long as my hand can be raised it shall be raised in opposition to intoxicating drink. And so long as my tongue can move it shall be moved in praise of sobriety and in cursing intoxicating liquor."

HOW KIPLING "BECAME A PROHIBITIONIST."

AN OLD STORY WITH A VERY MODERN MEANING.

In his "American Notes," page 121, Rudyard Kipling tells how, in a concert hall in the city of Buffalo, he saw two young men get two girls drunk, and then lead them reeling down a dark street. Mr. Kipling has not been a total abstainer, nor have his writings commended temperance, but of that scene he writes:—

"Then recanting previous opinions, I became a prohibitionist. Better it is that a man should go without his beer in public places, and content himself with swearing at the narrow-mindedness of the majority; better it is to poison the inside with very vile temperance drinks, and to buy lager furtively at back doors, than to bring temptation to the lips of young fools such as the four I had seen. I understand now why the preachers rage against drink. I have said: 'There is no harm in it, taken moderately;' and yet my own demand for beer helped directly to send these two girls reeling down the dark street to—God alone knows what end. If liquor is worth drinking, it is worth a little trouble to come at—such as a man will undergo to compass his own desires. It is not good that we should let it lie before the eyes of children, and I have been a fool in writing to the contrary."

Don't let your demand for strong drink, "to be taken moderately," send any boy or girl in this land to ruin.

"PROHIBITION DOES NOT PROHIBIT."

SO SAY THE LIQUOR-SELLERS.

BUT THEY ARE AFRAID OF PROHIBITION, NOTWITHSTANDING.

The people of New South Wales would attach very little importance to the statements published by the liquor-sellers if they knew how they are worked. For instance, as far back as 1890, letters sent from Nebraska to other American States resulted in replies, in which the following suggestions were made:—

Bowler Bros., brewers, of Worcester, said: "We should advise you not to hold any public meetings, as Prohibitionists won't attend them, and you will have the hall filled with a gang of loafers, which will make you look like State prison birds, and the papers will come out the next day with: 'A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE COMPANY HE KEEPS.'"

Jesse P. Eddy, a Providence rum-seller, wrote: "Don't have any joint discussions: don't have any speeches unless you can get minister to meet minister. . . . Have four or five good writers, and have their articles

published in your papers—if not gratis, pay for them—and send the papers with the articles in to all the voters, far and near. Secure the politicians and wire-pullers to talk against it in every town, dwelling on the expense, increase of taxes, kitchen bar-rooms, attic slums and cellar dives, and the increase of drunkenness caused by Prohibition. . . . Hire politicians to talk privately against this measure. The newspaper is your greatest lever. . . . Get correspondents from Kansas, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Maine (in fact, from every State where it has been tried) to write up its failure. Have this correspondence published in your newspaper (not all in one paper, but from different States in different papers), paying for the publishing of them if required. . . . Of course in publishing these letters, don't give the name of the writer. Use a nom-de-plume. . . . Hire all the ward and town politicians and workers to work for you."

Devereaux and Meserve, wholesale liquor-dealers, of Boston, wrote: "Advocate High License and reach all the politicians and others of influence. Do not think you can silence the pulpit, but you can induce some of them to advocate High License on moral grounds."

POSTMEN WHO CANNOT READ.

Incredible as it sounds to English ears, there is at least one European country in which many of the letter-carriers are unable to read. This is the country over which, in the ordinary course of events, the latest Royal baby will be called upon to reign.

Of the 20,000,000 people inhabiting Spain, only about 35 per cent. can read and write; another 2½ per cent. of the population can read without being able to write, but the remaining 62½ per cent. are quite illiterate. In the South of Spain it is impossible to get a servant who can read and write, and many of the postmen are unable to tell to whom the letters they carry are addressed. They bring a bundle of letters to a house, and the owner looks through them and takes those which are (or which he thinks are) addressed to him. The Spanish postmen are not paid by the State; the recipients of the letters have to remunerate them according to the amount of their correspondence, and each letter costs the addressee at least a half-penny. It is a joke among the easy-going Spaniards that he who treats the postmen best receives the most letters whether they are intended for him or not.

In a population where 65 per cent. are illiterates, and where, out of the remaining 35 per cent., probably one in ten can only read or write very little, it is obvious that the badly-paid and precarious posts in the lower ranks of life are not likely to be filled by the comparative few possessed of these accomplishments; and therein lies the reason for the otherwise inexplicable fact that many of the individuals handling the nation's correspondence cannot read.

A VALUABLE IDEA.

A Jew crossing the Brooklyn Bridge met a friend who said, "Abe, I'll bet you ten dollars that I can tell you exactly what you're thinking about."

"Vell," agreed Abe, producing a greasy bill, "I'll haf to take dot bet. Put up your money."

The friend produced two fives. "Abe," he said, "you are thinking of going over to Brooklyn, buying a small stock of goods, renting a small store, taking out all the fire insurance that you can possibly get, and then burning out. Do I win my bet?"

"Vell," replied Abe, "you don't egsactly vin, but the idea is worth de money. Take id."

Should Women Vote No-License?

A Woman's View

(Special for "Grit.")

I have been asked to write on the subject of the No-License vote, which is the great question for voters to consider before the elections now so near at hand. I have travelled far and lived in many towns and countries governed by widely different political opinions, but in every place, and equally amongst rich and poor, I can speak from personal observation of the enormous amount of suffering caused to countless women and children by the immoderate drinking of members of their families. Unfortunately, it is not necessary to travel from the city or village or country district in which one is born to gain a similar experience.

Every woman knows of very very many instances of wrecked lives and ruined homes from this same cause. When I say ruined homes, I don't mean necessarily, or only, monetarily ruined, but homes where happiness, contentment and sympathy are absent, and where it is often a signal for the children to scatter when the father is heard coming into the house, and the wife's heart to beat with keen anxiety until she finds out "how he is."

I am quite sure that every educated and decently-bred woman feels great, and, at times, an almost heart-breaking sympathy with the sorrows and griefs she sees around her, and were she asked "Will you help to make some warm clothes for these poor children, or some soup or jelly for this sick woman?" she would, and does, gladly sew and cook and do what she can to practically alleviate suffering and want. A woman has only to see, to realise the distress and misery of a fellow-creature, and her quick sympathies make her yearn to help.

THE GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

Now has an opportunity, an enormous opportunity, come to every woman of this State. An opportunity to save fellow women and little children from want, suffering and despair. It is for her by one great combined movement to tremendously lessen perhaps to sweep away, the greatest evil of social life—to remove from the ill-conditioned and undisciplined (either rich or poor) the hourly temptations of our cities. So many people are irresolute and weak, and fear ridicule if they refuse to drink with some acquaintance, although they know that they don't want to drink and can't afford, in justice to their other claims, to drink merely as a social pastime.

There are many young business men who largely patronise the public bars (through the erroneous idea that business cannot be done without "shouting") who would be only too thankful if public houses were closed, and so they could not be expected by a possible customer to waste time, money and brain in shouting drinks. The money thus saved would go to make homes brighter, summer holidays away from crowded cities possible, and all the difference between a constant struggle to make ends meet and a home of comfort with a margin over for the savings bank.

The way we women use our votes means much more than this. In many homes it means saving women and children from actual personal violence, from cruel beatings and lives of hunger and misery too sad for words. How many a man, when before the court for wife-beating or other violence, says as the cause of his degraded conduct, "I'd been drinking and didn't know what I was doing."

MUST WE NOT SAVE HIM?

Mustn't we save him and his unhappy family from stuff that has such a terrible effect?

Must not mothers with bright daughters of their own shudder when they think that their little girl may some day be the care-ridden wife of a man who drinks till he does not know what he is doing? There is nothing that so quickly crowds all joy out of a wife's heart and soul as the wondering uncertainty and dread, all unspoken, "Will he come home sober?"

And there are so many men who would never drink to excess if it were not customary to turn into the nearest bar as soon as they meet an acquaintance and have "a drink," and then sometimes they can't get away, and "a drink" means four or five drinks, and by that time he does not care much what he does. If only the bars were not there to tempt men to such folly! And what folly it is! Men would think it absurd if custom decreed when two acquaintances met, as a sign of bon-comaraderie, one gave the other a shilling and got in exchange two sixpences; but it seems quite wise to go to a third man, a total stranger probably, and give him two shillings for two or three pennyworth of stuff neither wants and which each knows he would be better without. And this the 20th century!

CRUEL AND SELFISH.

There are a few women who, if you speak of this all-important matter, give a giggle and say, "Oh, I won't vote No-License, my husband likes a glass of whisky at night, and other people may look after themselves." How cruel and how selfish! Her vote for No-License won't deprive any man of his beer or his whisky at home when his work is done, but if by her vote the bars are closed it will save many a boy and man and woman from idle drinking, and the associations so far from good that haunt the public house.

The coming election is an occasion when we can do far, far more than making warm clothing for children and soup and jelly for sick women, although these actions are good and noble. We can remove what is the cause in the majority of cases of the children being without proper clothing, and the women wretchedly ill.

Insufficient nourishment, neglect, abuse, and misery, is it any wonder there is sickness?

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

Perhaps we do not fully realise how enormous is a wife's and mother's influence. If the mother laughs a little at the No-License idea, she colours her husband's and her children's thoughts. The little ones particularly feel there is ridicule attached to non-drinking, and if, later on, a son or daughter weakens his brain or diminishes his power for good in this world by immoderate indulgence in drink, it is not a pleasant reflection that his mother was the one who subtly trained his thoughts in the wrong direction. It is so easy to go down, and by no means easy to keep unswervingly on the path of honour and right, even with the intellect clear and bright and strong; but once the brain is clouded, and self-control gone through the fumes of alcohol, the vision is distorted, right and wrong become confused, and acts never contemplated are committed which leave behind them remorse, and, alas, never ending consequences.

We are sometimes confronted by issues that leave us puzzled and in doubt how to act, to do right and to bring about the best results. Happily, in this instance, there can be no doubt. We must do the right by our fellow creatures, the men who are too weak and ignorant, and the women helpless to lift their own lives out of the slough

into which they have fallen, and save others from a like catastrophe.

Our course is clear, and by voting No-License next September we can do a great good the effects of which are absolutely incalculable.

HYPNOTISED JURYMEN.

Strange Charge Against an Alleged Murderer.

The physicians of Chicago are baffled by the extraordinary illness which has attacked a number of men summoned as jurymen in the trial of Herman Billik for the murder of the Vzral family.

One expert who examined the jurors on behalf of the prosecution declares that Billik, who was a professional fortune-teller and "voodoo" doctor, exercised an extraordinary psychic influence over them. Whenever a juror was summoned whom Billik thought was adverse to him he hypnotised him from the dock.

When the trial opened two jurymen were prostrated after being accepted by the Public Prosecutor.

When the court opened on the third morning two other accepted jurymen rushed into the jury box in a condition bordering on hysteria, and begged to be released from the case. A third, who appeared to be very ill, was unable to answer questions put by the judge. He eventually said he felt giddy.

The puzzled judge finally told the jurymen that he was excused, and as he attempted to leave the jury box he fell on the floor, and lay at full length in front of the dock.

Billik smiled grimly. He smiled again when the two following talesmen betrayed great agitation, and begged to be excused.

The Public Prosecutor declares that Billik is able to exert powerful influence over all persons subject to hypnotism. The belief is general that he is hypnotising all the talesmen possible in order to prevent the impannelling of a jury.

BREWER'S BEQUEST FOR TEMPERANCE.

An extraordinary will has been left by Mr. G. B. Schlenk, a wealthy brewer of La Salle, Illinois, U.S.A., who recently died. The document states that the deceased brewer had long been conscious of the evil caused by strong drink, and was desirous, therefore, of remedying some of the wrong which he feared had been caused by his enterprise.

It is therefore directed that his wife and family shall have a bare competence, and his large fortune shall go to the Salvation Army for use in their work of reclaiming drunkards. The family intend to contest the will.

NATIVE WIT.

A Boston lawyer, who brought his wit from his native Dublin, while cross-examining the plaintiff in a divorce trial, brought forth the following:

"You wish to divorce this woman because she drinks?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you drink yourself?"

"That's my business!"—(angrily).

Whereupon the unmoved lawyer asked:

"Have you any other business?"

"Freddy, you shouldn't laugh out loud in the schoolroom," exclaimed the teacher.

"I didn't mean to do it," apologised Freddy. "I was smiling, when all of a sudden the smile busted."

Talk about People

Mme. Butt's Farewell.

Mme. Clara Butt and her husband, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, who have since left for a tour in Australia, received an enthusiastic "send off" at the concert they gave on Saturday afternoon (July 7) when the Albert Hall had scarcely a vacant seat.

After Mme. Clara Butt had sung "O mio Fernando," from "La Favorita," a procession of eight attendants carried up to the platform a collection of floral tributes, ranging from the ordinary bouquet to elaborate devices of horseshoes and harps, and after she had sung with her husband the effective duet from "Nadeshda," another striking floral offering in the form of an "ocean liner," in white and red roses, appeared on the stage.

Mr. Kennerley Rumford sang the "Largo al factotum" from "The Barber of Seville" most effectively, and introduced a characteristic and pleasing new song by Cecil Engelhardt, "Back to Ireland."

President as Haymaker.

In the opinion of the labourers with whom President Roosevelt has been working the pace he set was far too strenuous. In the early portion of his vacation on Sagamore Hill, the President put in some hard work loading hay on a farm.

With the thermometer approaching ninety, and perspiration rolling down his cheeks, the President staggered under monster loads, setting an example to the men which they will never forget. Messengers summoning him to attend to important business of State failed to distract him from his fascinating task.

Finally, when the rustics were dog-tired, Mr. Roosevelt climbed on top of a loaded waggon and drove to the barn, where he worked with undiminished zest in stacking the hay, every now and then urging the labourers to fresh exertions by pricking them with his hayfork.

How Mr. Chamberlain Met His Wife.

Not everyone knows how Mr. Chamberlain met his wife. One day he called on a lady who happened to be giving a girls' luncheon. She went out at once to see him, and laughingly said that if he did not mind being the only man present she would be delighted if he would come into the dining-room, and take the vacant place of one of her young friends who had not come. He was not afraid to face a lot of "American beauties," so he accepted gaily, and the vacant place happened to be next that of Miss Endicott, daughter of the Secretary of War, and one of the greatest belles of the day. The outcome of this was the marriage of the English politician and the "Puritan maid," as she was often called, which turned out to be a very happy one.

A Great Temperance Orator.

Irish questions have been much to the fore of late, and one of the most prominent names in connection with the affairs of the Emerald Isle has been that of Mr. T. W. Russell, who has recently been appointed Vice-president of the Irish Board of Agriculture and Technical Education, in succession to Sir Horace Plunkett.

Mr. Russell has represented South Tyrone in Parliament since 1886, and for five years—from 1895 to 1900—sat on the Treasury Bench as Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board. An Irish Presbyterian, Mr. Russell's impetuous oratory is almost irresistible, and he is one of the most interesting figures in the Legislature. But it is as a temperance advocate that he is best known. He has held secre-

tarial positions with various temperance societies for many years, and when he speaks on the subject nearest his heart he always carries his audience with him.

Militant Abstaining Judge.

Dr. Popert, the Hamburg judge who is well-known for his advocacy of abstinence, has just been elected member of the German Reichstag—the first militant abstainer, as far as has been reported, in that body. This is a presage of the new time in Germany. The fact that in a very few years a powerful body of organised sentiment has been growing up in that land is encouraging. The German Good Templars now number over 30,000, gathered in 1000 lodges, with an additional 10,000 members in young peoples lodges.

Duties Which Peers Must Perform.

Several English dukes have an annual duty to perform in accordance with the patent of their peerages. The Duke of Wellington commemorates the day of the Battle of Waterloo by sending miniature reproductions of the French and English flags to the King. The Duke of Marlborough presents an annual flag to King Edward on the day of the Battle of Blenheim, and the Duke of Hamilton, as Hereditary Keeper of Holyrood Palace, is involved in the duty of sending a fat buck to the Guard of Honour on the occasion of their yearly dinner.

What the King Carries in his Pockets

Like every man who values the look of his clothes, King Edward carries very little in his pockets besides a handkerchief. In his waistcoat pocket he carries a gold pencil-case, a cigar cutter, a little pass-key, a gold watch, carefully regulated by Greenwich time, and half-a-dozen sovereigns. In his coat pocket he carries a tiny notebook, and in winter he puts his gloves in the pocket of his top-coat. The King never carries a cigar-case, except a gold case which holds one cigar, but he almost always has a small box of lozenges. Unlike his nephew, the Kaiser, he never carries a fountain pen in his pocket.

The Terror of Editors.

King Frederick of Denmark is known as the "Terror of Editors," for he has a little way of asking the leading men on the various newspapers to visit him, and catechising them on their views.

On one occasion an unfortunate editor, asked to give his candid opinion on the political situation, delivered an imposing speech setting forth his sentiments.

Then the King took down a news-cutting book from a shelf, and read out two or three leading articles from the man's own paper, expressing diametrically opposite views. They had been written a few years before under other circumstances.

NO-LICENSE SONG.

The Rev. H. Wheen, of Bathurst, recommends the following as an effective No-License song:—

"Vote for the Life-line! with hand quick and strong,

Why do you tarry, my brother, so long
See, he is sinking! O hasten to-day.

And out with the life-boat; away, then,
away!

Vote for the life-line!

Vote for the life-line!

Someone is drifting away.

Vote for the life-line!

Vote for the life-line!

Someone is sinking to-day."

[N.B.—The Life-line is the bottom line on the Ballot-paper.]

DRINK-MADE CRIMINALS.

BY A PRACTISING LAWYER.

(Special to "Grit.")

Whilst erminent judges deplore the curse of drink and publicly state from the Bench that three-fourths of the crime for the committal of which it is their duty to sentence the unfortunates who appear before them in the felon's dock, is due to the liquor traffic, it is reserved for the solicitor, to whom the guilty one comes for advice in the first instance, to know and to realise the full extent of the remorse and shame with which the miserable man, sobered now by the extremity of his misfortune, looks back upon what he has done and gives vent to the hopeless cry, "Oh, God, put back Thy universe, and give me yester day!"

I am sitting in my office one evening when a young man in the prime of life comes in with a friend of his who he asks, I think rather nervously, if he would step outside and leave us together. When we are alone he tells me his story. He is in good employment, the sole support of a devoted mother and sister. He is engaged to be married with the consent and approval of his people to a girl who has given him her whole heart. Yesterday he was loved and respected, and not a cloud seemed to rest upon the horizon of his young life. Yesterday afternoon he had taken part in a football match and had won the plaudits of thousands by his skill and daring at the game. But at night some members of the rival teams had met together at one of the hotels that our laws allow to occupy every street corner in our towns, and there was drinking and argument and quarrelling until, with their brains on fire, some of them rushed out on the footpath.

A man had fallen down, and in the melee, and by accident so he said, he had kicked him,—but, oh, unheard-of misfortune and ill-luck—he had kicked him in the eye, and the eye had burst, and the maimed and unconscious victim had been taken to the hospital where his eye had been removed, and he (my client) had been arrested, and was out on bail. He was committed for trial, as a matter of course, and at the sessions received a sentence of two years' imprisonment.

When the sentence was pronounced a scream rang out from the back of the court, and the girl to whom he was engaged was carried away insensible. His mother, too, broken and bowed down by the awful and unlooked for fate which had overtaken her beloved son, was too ill to leave her bed, and her daughter watched beside her and waited to break the news of the sentence to her already broken heart; and thus one of the victims of King Alcohol passes out of my life.

There is no harvesting machine that can gather up wild oats.

"A Christian country should be no home for brewers and distillers; and till the Churches feel their responsibility, and from the archbishops to the poorest local preacher in a little village, this country can never be truly worthy of being accounted Christian."—Wm. Durban.

"I will not steal a victory," was a motto of a famous ancient warrior. A stolen victory by falsehood, by intrigue, must be fought over. No victory in a moral campaign is worth the powder to win it that is not rightly won. Every step of progress made must be intelligently made, otherwise sooner or later that step must be retraced. That is the unchangeable law of progress."—J. G. Woolley.

There are Courageous Synods

VIEWS OF THE CANTERBURY ANGLICAN SYNOD.

SPEECHES BY BISHOP JULIUS AND SIR JOHN HALL.

The licensing question came before the Anglican Synod on 20th October in the form of a motion proposed by the Rev. Harold Purchas (Mount Somers), who moved: "That, in view of the coming licensing poll, this Synod commends to Church people the adoption of the No-License system as the best available remedy for existing evils." He said that the motion had been drawn up by a conference of clergy, and he had been asked to move it, as he lived in a no-license district. He desired to direct the attention of the Synod to the fact that it should deal only with "available" remedies. State control was not before them, reduction was generally conceded to be an unsatisfactory system, and only the plain issue was left. The new system was a success in his own district. He could not say that there was no drunkenness, for whenever there was a race meeting or a public dinner there would be drunkenness, but he had seen not more than one drunken man in his district since No-License came into force.

The Rev. H. H. Mathias (Rakaia) seconded the motion.

Mr. J. Studholme (Ashburton) said that he lived in the No-License district, and he had come to the conclusion that the district was distinctly improved. No-License had done away with the great evil of "shouting." It had not done away with drunkenness, but in the streets one would not see more than one drunken man where formerly there had been thirty. On sale days it was noticeable on the homeward train journey that men did not make a nuisance of themselves, because they did not have a drop too much. He had thought that under No-License they could not be maintained, but he found the comfort of the hotel which he knew best had been vastly improved. There was sly grog-selling going on; it was hard to say to what extent. He thought, however, that the reports which appeared in the newspapers from time to time were exaggerated. He had been very sceptical indeed of the possibility of No-License being successful, but he had been convinced of the improvement in Ashburton. No-License, perhaps, had hardly had a fair trial yet, but it deserved a trial, and so long as there was no other question before them, the people of Ashburton would undoubtedly prefer No-License to license.

The Rev. E. Whitehouse (Ashburton) said that he was not a prohibitionist, and until he saw the experiment of No-License tried in Ashburton, he was no very ardent advocate of temperance. He confined himself to the social and moral results, and he said unhesitatingly that they were good. Since No-License was adopted, he might have seen one, or at the most two, drunken men in the town. On the whole, he felt that the admirable result of No-License in Ashburton justified him in voting for the motion.

Archdeacon Averill said that the Synod would be looked to for a lead by many people. He had not voted No-License before, but he intended to vote for it next poll. The only chance they had was to sweep away the traffic. Therefore he must vote No-License. He believed that No-License should be tried, if only as an experiment, for only by experiment could they get the best remedy for the evils that existed all too plainly. He wished to say only that his own experience had changed his views, and he

felt it his duty to declare publicly that he would vote No-License.

Rev. T. J. Smythe asked himself: "Does the open bar retard the work of Christ?" and, finding only one answer to that question he voted No-License.

Mr. S. S. Blackburne said that any one listening to the debate must have been impressed with the apparent change of opinion since the subject was last under discussion. He believed that they were inclined to go too fast. It was a fact that No-License had failed in thickly populated districts. He moved as an amendment—"That this Synod gladly recognises that, so far as it has been tried in New Zealand, No-License has been on the whole beneficial, and on that account regards the movement with sympathetic interest, and considers that it may be made serviceable in promoting the cause of temperance in small towns and country districts, where alone it has, as yet, been tried in this country. In view, however, of the fact that when adopted in other countries by a whole State or in large towns it has usually failed and been subsequently abandoned, this Synod cannot recommend No-License as a national system, or as one suited for our principal towns."

Sir John Hall said he had lived a very long time, and had watched the liquor question very closely, and he was bound to say that his conscience would not allow him to vote in the case before them against No-License. Many remedies had been suggested for the evils of drink. Some people were in favour of moral suasion, but had moral suasion decreased drunkenness? Had those engaged in the liquor trade put a stop to the evils as they had been expected to do over and over again? The mind of the people had changed in regard to remedies, and another change had taken place. In the early days of the settlement it was not the young men that drank, but the old men, who had brought their drinking habits with them to the country. They could say with pride that the young people were temperate in the young days, but now, whether from the effects of the South African war, or from some other causes, they must admit that the young men took more to drink. As a magistrate, he had known what poverty and degradation were due to drink, and he knew what need there was for a remedy. A remedy had been tried in New Zealand for some six years, and in all the districts the reports were favourable. That should weigh with them in their decision, and, for his part, he felt bound to vote for the motion.

The Rev. H. H. Mathias said that sly-grog selling was a growth of license, and could not be fairly debited to No-License, for it was the fruits of the license system that made the law-breakers. The illegal trade would decrease, and would disappear as a generation grew up that had not known the license system. It was said that to vote No-License was a confession of weakness, but he believed that it was wisest to confess a weakness that was proved over and over again to exist.

The Bishop said that he desired to express his extreme thankfulness for the change of attitude adopted by the Synod in recent years. He could remember the time when he had stood almost alone on the question of No-License, but he thanked God that many members were now with him. His lordship had held opinions in favour of No-License and had

voted for it for some years. The country was suffering from a very severe cancer, and No-License was a remedy, and a very powerful one. He must do his best for the health of the country, and he intended to promote the cause of No-License in so far as he was able. He might be charged with having spoken little and not gone to meetings, but that was because his days were getting shorter, and he felt that all his time and his power must be given to the furtherance of the Gospel. The Gospel must come first, though there were many social questions of great importance to be considered. So far as No-License was concerned, he must always vote to put temptation out of the way of his brothers and sisters.

Archdeacon Scott said that liberty had been most grossly abused for many hundreds of years, and the time had come to put a curtailment on it. He had been getting firmer on his No-License legs during the debate, though he realised the force of many of the arguments brought against No-License. He felt that there was only one thing to vote for, and that was No-License. He would vote No-License because he thought that the evil traffic must be stopped, and he would support the motion because the Synod's lead should be given to those who wished it.

The Rev. C. W. Carrington said that, like many of those around him, he had sat on the fence and tried to make up his mind but his conscience would not longer stand the strain of allowing wrong to continue. In faith and hope he was prepared to vote No-License. He was not a total abstainer, and he never would be, unless he was compelled to be, but he would do what he believed to be best.

MEDICINE OF THE FUTURE.

In his presidential address at the annual congress of the Royal Institute of Public Health, at Douglas, Isle of Man, Sir James Barr, of Liverpool University, spoke on "Preventive Medicine, the Medicine of the Future." He said if the public were only alive to their own interests they would pay medical men liberally for directing them in the paths of health and in the ways of health, rather than for treating their diseases. Improve the race, then they would be instructed by men rather than pigmies. The medicine of the future would be largely one of prevention of disease and preservation of health.

If need be, he would encourage the military spirit, as but a means of developing the moral and physical grit of the nation. Three years ago the Inter-departmental Committee on Physical Deterioration made their report, and made certain recommendations for improving the race, but they had not received the slightest attention from a beneficent Government. Instead, we were favoured with the prospect of old-age pensions. Regarding the aged, he would put a special tax on millionaires for their support, and personally he would be very pleased to start with the multi-millionaire who introduced an Old Age Pension Bill to the House of Commons. Huge trusts and millionaires were a positive danger to society. The former should be rendered illegal, and every time the latter accumulated a million he should be relieved of half of it.

"Honesty is the best policy," remarked Meandering Mike.

"It sure is for folks like us," answered Plodding Pete. "Our transactions ain't big enough to enable us to hire de best legal talent."

GENIUS A VICTIM.

It is not the rough and uneducated only that the drink demon claims for his victims. From pole to pole of human life he holds his ruthless sway. There is no depth of mortal wickedness he does not plumb, no height of intellect he does not scale. From the maudlin creature in Whitechapel to men of world-wide fame, whose genius has shone starlike in the heaven of lofty thought, no rank or class escapes him. What names on history's dead roll are stained by the vice of drunkenness! Amongst the older poets, Parnell, Cowley, and Prior were slaves of the cup. Addison's powerful brain reeled under the influence of strong drink. Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, was mastered by it. Theodore Hook was wrecked and ruined by his criminal indulgence. Hartley Coleridge, son of the great metaphysician and poet, nephew of Southey, friend and favourite of Wordsworth, possessing something of the genius of each, was reduced to miserable decrepitude by intemperance. The giant memory of Edmund Kean gave way beneath it. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, orator, dramatist, statesman, wit, with gift and faculty almost divine, the friend of princes, the idol of peers, died in a garret, a broken-down, miserable old wretch, the bailiffs waiting only until the breath was out of his storm-beaten body to arrest the corpse—and that was drink!

Charles Lamb's deplorable servitude to the bottle has been told us with a disgusting fidelity by himself. Campbell, whose verse has the ring of the clarion, and the roll of the ocean, was a drunkard. The weird, fantastic genius of Edgar Allan Poe was not proof against the blight—he died mad drunk. Burns, strange mixture of gold and filth, was a "lost laddie" by reason of intemperance—that fatal Globe Tavern brought him to his grave. William Pitt the younger lost his health and strength in dissipation. And Byron, the most famous Englishman of his generation, died in the prime of manhood, alone on a foreign shore, affording one more terrible and tragic proof that a man who sows to the flesh must of the flesh reap corruption.

INVERCARGILL.

RECORD OF A NO-LICENSE YEAR.

(From the "Southland News,"
July 2, 1907.)

The meeting in the Victoria Hall on Monday evening to celebrate the first anniversary of the carrying of No-License in Invercargill was well attended, every seat being occupied. Mr. J. J. Wesney (President of the Southland Reform Council) was the chairman.

Mr. J. S. Baxter (Secretary to the Reform Council) stated that, from every point of view, the town had benefited from the abolition of the hotel bars. It had, he said, been prophesied by advocates of License that property in Invercargill would go down in price, but the fact was that the values had risen, and were still rising at a much greater rate than ever before. In support of this statement, he quoted the remarks made by the Chairman at the annual meeting of the Southland Building Society, which, he pointed out, had never had a more prosperous year than that just ended. During the twelve months, fifty-seven new buildings had been erected in the town, and additions had been made to twenty-nine others, at a total cost of £42,000. Again, the contention that the rates would go up had been falsified. He had ascertained that the general revenue had increased by £1,082, the gasworks receipts by £560, and those in connection with the waterworks by

£413. That business, generally, was in a most flourishing condition, could not, declared he, be denied. Several new establishments had been erected during the year, and, to numbers, extensive additions and improvements had been made. Under License, the rates from sixteen hotels had totalled £612, while under No-License, the aggregate amount was £642. (Hear, hears.) All the hotels had, Mr. Baxter declared, been put to profitable use, and some were bringing in to their owners higher rentals, and were to be enlarged forthwith.

TRUTHS IN LONDON TRAMCARS.

It was a newly-formed Health Crusade Society which took in hand the matter of advertising in tramcars the dangers of drink and a committee of doctors drew up five "texts" to be displayed in sixty of the London City Council cars. The form which they take is that of embossed glass panels, about 26in. by 7in., made of ruby glass, with white lettering. The wording is as follows:

"Great Britain spends in one year £174,475,270 on intoxicating drink."

"It increases the death-rate, ill-health, poverty and crime."

"No one requires alcoholic drink either as food or tonic."

"Intoxicating drink renders those who take it less able to do good work."

"Out of 100,000 non-abstainers, aged 55,382 live to 70 years of age."

"Out of 100,000 abstainers, aged thirty, 55,382 live to 70 years of age."

"Total abstinence lengthens life."

"The use of alcoholic liquor is a most potent and deadly agent of physical deterioration."

INVERCARGILL MINISTERS' ASSOCIATION.

A resolution of great weight was passed in July last after twelve months of No-License in Invercargill:—"At the conclusion of the first year of No-License in the Invercargill electorate, we, as an association, desire to place on record our high appreciation of the many benefits (moral, social, and economic) accruing from the prohibition of the public sale of liquor in our town. We feel sure that the cause of good citizenship has been greatly furthered by the new regime. We anticipate that, under the reign of No-License, this moral and material progress will be maintained in an increasing ratio; and this we the more confidently predict should the glaring anomalies in the present regulations be abolished. We congratulate the Temperance party on the success that has so conspicuously crowned their efforts, and pray that the day will soon come when the surrounding electorates will share the advantages which Invercargill now enjoys.—On behalf of I.M.A., Robt. Ferguson, Minister."

SPIDERS GROWN FOR SCIENCE.

THEIR THREADS NEEDED BY ASTRONOMERS FOR EYE-PIECE DIVISION.

The cultivation of certain species of spiders solely for the fine threads which they weave for scientific uses has an important bearing upon astronomy.

No substitute for the spider's thread has yet been found for bisecting the screw of the micrometer used for determining the positions and motions of the stars. Not only because of the remarkable fineness of the threads are they valuable, but because of their durable qualities.

The threads of certain spiders raised for astronomical purposes withstand changes in temperature, so that often in measuring

sun spots they are uninjured when the heat is so great that the lenses of the micrometer eyepiece are cracked.

Those spider lines are only one-fifth to one-seventh of a thousandth of an inch in diameter, compared with which the threads of the silkworm are large and clumsy.

Each line is made up of several thousands of microscopic streams of fluid. Under the most powerful magnifying glass they appear true and round.

The work of placing these lines in the micrometer requires the delicate touch of experts, who operate with the aid of microscopes which magnify the line a thousand times. The lines are placed parallel with each other, and two one-thousandths of an inch apart.

HOW A WOMAN CAN EARN £600 A YEAR.

Women who seek a profession should consider that of model designer in a dress-maker's establishment. A capable woman can earn as much as £600 a year, and indulge her artistic tastes as freely as she likes, by the study of the antique in jewellery, old prints, and costumes (says a London paper).

Of course, it requires refinement, taste, and knowledge; but these are just what an educated woman might supply. As it is, the post is generally left to men, who beat the women on what might be their own ground.

The craze for old prints and furniture is increasing, prices go higher and higher, the quest for antiquities of every description suffers no abatement, and in woman's dress, especially a new combination of colours, a new style, or new arrangement of laces and velvets is sought after eagerly. To be a model designer means an ideal occupation for a woman with a soul of the artist, and it is extremely lucrative.

How a woman can earn £600 a year.

NOT THE ONLY FOOL.

Shortly after two o'clock one bitter winter morning a physician drove four miles in answer to a telephone call. On his arrival the man who had summoned him said:

"Doctor, I ain't in any particular pain, but somehow or other I've got a feeling that death is nigh."

The doctor felt the man's pulse and listened to his heart.

"Have you made your will?" he asked finally.

The man turned pale.

"Why, no, doctor. At my age—oh, doc, it ain't true, is it? It can't be true—"

"Who's your lawyer?"

"Higginbotham, but—"

"Then you'd better send for him at once."

The patient, white and trembling, went to the phone.

"Who's your pastor?" continued the doctor.

"The Rev. Kellogg M. Brown," mumbled the patient. "But, doctor, do you think—"

"Send for him immediately. Your father, too, should be summoned; also your—"

"Say, doctor, do you really think I'm going to die?" The man began to blubber softly.

The doctor looked at him hard.

"No, I don't," he replied grimly. "There's nothing at all the matter with you. But I'd hate to be the only man you've made a fool of on a night like this."

"Everyone has more or less trouble."

"Yes," answered the observant woman. "If a man can't find anything else to worry him, he goes to a ball game and gets highly indignant at the umpire."

"Grandfather, how have you managed to retain your faith in human nature?"
"My dear, I avoid modern fiction, never go to see a society drama, and read nothing in the newspapers that has a display head over it."

THE TEMPERANCE WORKER AMONG THE PEOPLE.

TESTIMONY OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THE ENEMY.

He was a man of about 70 years of age, "frosty but kindly," and a Temperance worker said to him:—

"Can I sell you any Temperance literature?"

Old Gentleman: "Well, I don't think you can, considering that I'm a publican." (This he said with a merry twinkle in his eye, as though he considered it a good joke.)

Temperance Worker: "A publican! I heard that you were staying at a Temperance hotel, and thought you must be on the side of Temperance."

O. G.: "So I am."

T. W.: "I don't see how you make that out."

O. G.: "Oh, yes, I'm on the side of Temperance all right, or I shouldn't be as hale and hearty as I am, at 70 years of age."

T. W.: "Yes, but then you say you keep a public-house?"

O. G.: "So I do."

T. W.: "And sell strong drink?"

O. G.: "And sell strong drink." And with a quiet smile at the puzzled look of the Temperance worker, he continued: "I never touch the stuff myself; I've seen too much of it; I let the 'other fellow' do that," he explained in a confidential whisper.

T. W.: "But how about your children, didn't they learn to drink?"

O. G.: "No, thank goodness, not one of them touches it; I took good care of that."

T. W.: "How did you manage it?"

O. G.: "How did I manage it? Oh, easily enough. I just built a little cottage a distance from the house, and would not let one of them there boys and girls come next or nigh the bar. My word, if I caught them hanging around listening to the cursing and swearing, it wouldn't be good for them! I'd skin 'em alive! Why, would you believe it, when me and my old woman first took that there pub, we used to say grace at table?"

Here the old gentleman burst out laughing.

"Grace at table! But do you think we could keep that up? Why, no, I should think not! So we built that there cottage, as I was a-saying—and that's how we brought up the children, and there's not one of 'em touches the cursed stuff."

T. W.: "But if you consider it is 'cursed stuff,' as you just called it, why do you sell it at all?"

O. G.: "Why do I sell it?" (in amazement, and then in another confidential whisper)—
"Because there's Money in it."

T. W.: "But if you think it is a wrong sort of trade to be engaged in, why not give it up altogether?"

O. G.: "Because I've been in the trade these thirty years, and if I gave it up, what would I do for a living?"

T. W.: "You could close the liquor bar, but keep on the hotel business."

O. G.: "Oh no, I must go on with it now, and besides I pay the Government £30 a year for the privilege of selling the drink." And with a pleasant "Good-day" he was gone; and the Temperance worker thought to himself:

"The landlord's family was brought up under strict **TOTAL PROHIBITION**, why not the 'other fellow's' family? If it was good for one, wouldn't it be good for the other?"

The old gentleman said he brought his family up easily enough, and why was it? It was because the children were kept from

the drink, and the drink was kept from the children. If we close the liquor bars, and keep the drink away from the children, we would, in time develop into a sober nation.

TO KEEP YOUNG.

REGULARITY AND ABSTINENCE.

Mme. Patti has given as her recipe for retaining youth—"Eat frugally and be scrupulously clean." It may be interesting to collect other testimonies from those who have successfully combated the ravages of time.

General Booth, a grand old man of 79, has given a lengthy explanation of the methods by which he has retained his activity. Here is his advice:—

Eat as little as possible. The average man eats too much. Instead of nourishing his body he overtaxes it, compelling his stomach to digest more food than it has capacity for.

Drink plenty of water in preference to adulterated concoctions. Water is wholesome nourishment.

Take exercise.

Lord Roberts, now in his 75th year, says:

I have kept myself young on purpose. I have not drunk or smoked, and I am really not a day older than after Majuba, in 1880.

"No doctor," is the prescription of Mrs. Honor Coleman, who is now 107. Mrs. Coleman belongs to a remarkably long-lived family. Both her mother and her grandmother were centenarians, and her daughter is nearly 80.

Dr. Clifford has a special prescription. The famous Baptist is 71, and a tremendous worker. He says:—"The more you work, the longer you live."

Sir Lauder Brunton specifies as enemies to continued youthfulness, improper mastication of food, and chills.

Largely open windows are comparatively safe, but a chink through which the air blows is to be carefully avoided. The practice of gobbling food may, to a certain extent, be responsible for the larger proportion of cancer in the stomach which occurs in men more than in women.

Sir James Crichton-Browne has strong theories on the subject. Copybook rules he denounces.

Almost as many men have been killed by the maxim, "Early to bed and early to rise," as by over-eating. Instead of making a man healthy, wealthy, and wise, early rising lowers his vitality and results in brain fag and early decay.

Sir James lays down the following principles for those who would preserve their youth:—

Be moderate.

Do not worry.

Take plenty of sleep.

Take plenty of exercise.

Eat plenty of sugar, rice, peas, fruit, potatoes, bread, and milk.

Eat sparingly of fish and meat.

From these many witnesses one gathers that Crispi was right in finding the secret of long life in "regularity and abstinence." The same view can be gathered from the life of the great German field-marshal, von Moltke, who, at the age of 90, when still possessed of fine intellectual power and remarkable vitality, said that he had managed to live so long and in such excellent health "by great moderation in all things and by regular out-of-door exercise."

Uncle Toby was aghast at finding a strange darkey with his arm around Mandy's waist.

"Mandy, tell dat niggah to take his ahm 'way from round yo' waist," he indignantly commanded.

"Tell him 'yo'self," said Mandy, haughtily. "He's a puffet stranger to me."

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1907.

SPECIAL NO-LICENSE ISSUE OF "GRIT."

The next issue of "Grit" is to be a special No-License number. ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES ARE TO BE PRINTED, and these will be posted to one hundred thousand homes in the State. This event marks an epoch in social reform journalism in New South Wales, if not in Australia. The issue will be profusely illustrated with striking cartoons. The letterpress contains all the latest and most useful information on the Liquor question. An appeal is made to "Grit" readers everywhere to do their utmost to get the special edition into the hands of electors. The putting of a paper such as this into the homes of the people will do much to educate them on the subject, and should help materially to swell the No-License vote.

HOW THE BATTLE GOES.

With polling day in sight the opposing forces in the great No-License battle are working with tremendous vigour and enthusiasm. The friends of the movement for the abolition of the drinking bars are making good progress against extremely heavy odds. The Liquor party have wealth and influence: they are fighting for "vested interests": their campaign is being waged on purely sordid lines. In these circum-

stances the money they are putting into the fight is regarded solely from a commercial point of view, and is looked upon merely as an additional and temporary business expense. The Temperance party, on the other hand, are making real sacrifices for the cause they represent. They are giving time and energy and money to the furthering of their movement. They are not in the fight for the bolstering up of the financial interests of any one section of the community. The battle they are conducting is in the interests of every man and woman and child generally, and particularly those who have been injured by the iniquitous traffic in intoxicants. That the vote for No-License will be a heavy one is now admitted on all hands. But the knowledge of this fact must not be allowed to cause any slackening of effort. Every possible vote must be recorded if right is to be triumphant. Much depends upon the personal canvass during the next fortnight. There are hundreds of ladies and gentlemen engaged on this work throughout the electorates, but there are not nearly enough to cope with the work. It is impossible at this juncture to say which electorates, if any, will carry No-License, nor is there any possibility of forming anything like a correct estimate of the total number of votes expected for No-License. A great final effort is just now needed to crown the work of the campaign. It behoves every "No-Licenser," therefore, to waste no opportunity, but to use every moment available to bring things to a successful issue.

A GOOD MOVE.

It is announced that the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational Churches are uniting for a great demonstration in Sydney, to stir up the public conscience on the Liquor and Gambling questions. This is as it should be. It is a pity, however, that all the Churches are not participating in the meeting. The effect of an united effort such as is proposed must do a great amount of good, and must assist materially in the campaign of right against wrong. The Church has much to gain in every respect from the movement against the allied vices of drinking and gambling. In regard to the liquor traffic it is a well-recognised fact that there is no other one agency which does so much to pull down the work of the Church. Gambling runs liquor very closely for this doubtful distinction. It is not contended that the abolition of these two evils will regenerate the world, but there is not the slightest doubt that their removal would go a very long way towards doing so. Brains muddled by alcohol, and frenzied by the betting craze, are not conducive to good citizenship, nor to the contemplation of things which make for the moral and spiritual welfare of the people. Therefore the action of the Churches named is deserving of the very highest commendation, and it is hoped that the proposed gathering will do much to strengthen the growing feeling against the wrongs attacked.

HOW THE CLUTHA WAS WON.

The first move was in the Catlin's district. Here, some 18 years ago, a few courageous men, moved by the drink misery around them, determined to try whether they could not get elected as a Committee, and so refuse all licenses. Mainly because the all-dominating Drink power scorned their supposedly puny efforts, they were elected, and successfully refused all licenses in the districts of Owaka, Romahapa, and Puerua. One of them, Mr. A. Anderson, of Romahapa (now a flax miller, but then a storekeeper), gave me a history of that time, which briefly ran as follows:—

At first the drink sellers were stunned with surprise and indignation. The next development was that they threatened "to ruin these fanatical fools out of the district," and make it impossible for them to live. They said to Mr. Anderson: "This will be the ruination of you. It will be the worst day's work you ever did." "Instead," says Mr. Anderson, "it turned out the very best day's work I ever did, and making Romahapa sounder and more prosperous was largely the foundation of my fortunes." Boasting of what he would do at the next election, the Romahapa publican put up a large hotel just opposite the door of Mr. Anderson's store, so that he might do his future liquor selling in front of Mr. Anderson's eyes. That hotel is

STILL WITHOUT A LICENSE.

The effect on Mr. Anderson's business (his was the only store in the place) was to nearly treble his turnover, and at the same time reduce his bad debts almost to a disappearing quantity. To hurry on, the electors were so pleased with No-License that they elected the Committee again the following year by a larger majority than ever, and in 1895 the whole electorate, following the fanatical example, voted 1989 for No-License, to 1618 for Continuance. The following table of the voting since then will be of interest to all, especially when it is remembered that since 1899 practically no money has been spent, and no organised work attempted in the electorate of Clutha to advance the No-License cause. The superiority of the "dry" condition and the common sense of the people, have been depended on with admirable results.

	No-License.	Continuance.
1896	1989	1618
1899	2170	1393
	No-Restoration.	Restoration.
1902	2245	1368
1905	2536	1459

Convincing as the above figures are, those for Balclutha itself are more convincing still!

HOW TO VOTE FOR 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

VOTE THUS FOR VICTORY

A Cross in the Bottom Square Counts for Reduction, in the event of No-License not being carried.

PUT NO OTHER MARK ON THE BALLOT PAPER.

The No-License Question

TO THE ELECTORS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—

For the first time in our history you are asked to vote as to the liquor bars. You can keep them open or shut them at your pleasure. It is a new and great privilege only won after a long battle. The wealthy breweries and all other vendors of drink opposed your having this right, but now by the new Liquor Act it is conceded, and you can decide for or against existing public houses. For years bars have been kept open, often forced on unwilling neighbourhoods, and you had no option whatever, but happily times have changed. On the day of the general election this new poll will be taken.

STAND BY THE ACT.

First, stand by the new Act. If any candidate would wish to rob you of your new-born right, or otherwise repeal the Act ruthlessly, vote against him. There should be no surrender on this point. No matter what political party a man may belong to, make the maintenance of the law vital as to your support.

THE NEW RESPONSIBILITY.

But the Local Option poll is a separate matter from the candidates, though at the same time. I ask you to dwell for a moment on your new responsibility as to the liquor bars. There are nearly 4000 of them in the State. You electors can, as I said, now keep them open or shut them at your will. Upon you is the duty of decision. If you vote to keep them open, will you be free from blame if any man becomes drunk at one and then goes home and beats his wife and ill-uses his little children? If you keep them open will your hands be quite clean if there be a brutal fight at one in which some poor fellow becomes maimed for life? If you keep them open will your conscience be easy if some bright young fellow learns to drink there and thus begins the down-grade which ends in a criminal career, and finally breaks his mother's heart? If you keep them open can you rightly say that you have had nothing to do with it if some poor fellow loses his reason by the drink and dies a miserable suicide? Or, once more, with them open will you have no share in the wrong if some fair girl learns in a licensed house to love the intoxicants, and eventually wrecks the lives of a husband and children, and herself fills a drunkard's grave? I ask you to think seriously over these plain questions. Pray about the matter. Above all, remember your responsibility!

THE TEMPTATION.

I ask you to recognise that an open bar is an ever-present temptation to many weak ones. Most of you having no strong desire for liquor cannot realise its force. Think, however, of the brother. Do not forget the other fellow. Remember the sister. A poor drunkard meant much when he told me "I shall vote for No-License, so as to put away the drink that I may be saved from myself."

THE THREE ISSUES.

With this great responsibility, this sacred trust, how will you vote? There are three issues on the ballot paper. The first is continuance, the second Reduction, and the third No-License. If you vote for either of the first two you will help to keep the hundreds of bars wide open with so many doing a deadly work. If you vote for the third you will aid towards closing all. I ask you to vote for the third, and so for No-License. To do so, mark your ballot-paper in the bottom square, and if No-License be not carried the vote will not be

lost but will be counted as for Reduction. You will get the greatest value for your vote and practically give a double vote.

I ask you to cast not only your vote but your personal influence on the side of No-License. All possible aid is needed in the battle. A reason among others is that there are two notable handicaps. One is that a three-fifths majority is needed, and the other that bars will have generally three years' notice. These points make our conflict all the harder, and show the need of energy.

The State is notoriously over-licensed. The feeling is nearly unanimous that there are far too many public houses. But while Reduction will be beneficial, remember that the safest and truest and the ideal is to have none. Every open bar is a temptation to the weak and usually that which spreads moral ruin in many homes.

NO-LICENSE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Are there examples? Yes. Look at New Zealand, where there are six No-License electorates. In each there has been a re-

AN APPEAL TO BOYS.



Say to him: "No, Sir. I don't mean to be one of you. I will sign the Pledge and join the Band of Hope."

markable reduction in the convictions in the courts for drunkenness. For instance, in Clutha for the 3½ years just before No-License there were 130, and in the 3½ years after, when all the bars were shut, only six. In Ashburton the year before there were 91, and in that after they were down to 23. In Oamaru the difference was 156 as against 26. What could be plainer? Do not these figures indicate a magnificent success?

But New Zealand is only the sturdy child compared with Canada. There nearly 2,000,000 people live without liquor bars. In the United States, again, such has been the wonderful progress of recent years that about 30,000,000 of people reside in No-License places, and the movement grows.

OBJECTORS.

I know that it is said by brewers and others that the system fails. They state that people will have the drink, and that sly grog selling takes the place of the open and legal course, and that the evils are as great as ever. This has been proved time after time to be untrue, and cases have been given where towns of the worst type morally have been changed into places of sobriety and true happiness.

I have neither time nor space to again refute these statements, to again slay the slain, and I would merely say, do not the people on the spot know what they are doing? Are not they the best judges of the results? They can vote back the bars, but they rarely do so. Having once won No-Li-

cense, they stand by it for all they are worth. I know that travellers often defame Australia, and cry down its laws, but our people here can discriminate, and they generally know what is good for themselves and what must be maintained. So I argue if there is that failure of No-License that interested parties say, why do not the people repeal the law? They must know its effects. That they uphold it is an incontrovertible answer to our opponents.

MONEY.

Thinking of money, in New Zealand some of the warmest friends of No-License are the storekeepers. Those who were in opposition, since they have tasted the results, have been converted to the principle. They have found that their cash receipts grew in a marked way, and that an era of prosperity set in. Probably there never was an institution more calculated to collect ready cash and send most of it out of a district to buy the drink like the public house. Shut the bar, and it has been found that most of this money has gone directly to the tradespeople. One storekeeper told how bad debts came in that he had written off; men became thrifty when the drink was put away from them. Broadly, put the millions of the drink bill into other channels and business and employment would improve all round.

SOME EVILS.

Again, remember the 20,000 and more convictions for drunkenness in this State every year. We have 58 gaols and scores of lock-ups mainly wanted for the victims of drink. Lunacy, immorality, and pauperism all follow in the wake of alcohol. Wrecked and ruined homes might tell a tale of woe and despair that would bring tears to your eyes, and caused by the same mighty agent—alcohol.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Shall we forget, too, our young people, our sons and daughters? There are the bright young Australians coming on, and we should be careful to remove temptations from their path. The snares and pitfalls of life are far too many, and when the opportunity comes to remove probably the greatest, shall we not at once rise to the occasion and cast it out?

WHAT WILL YOU DO THEN?

In view of all this, what are you going to do with your vote? Can you rightly and conscientiously use it to keep the liquor traffic going? I do not think that you can. I would earnestly plead with you to mark your ballot paper in the bottom square, and so record your vote to save your country from its giant sin of intemperance with its attendant ills. Be a patriot, and work to cast out all that blights and kills, and instead to foster in our land love, joy and peace.

Remember your responsibility. I cannot help reverting to it. This new-born power stands out as marvellously great when we think of its possible consequences to bless or to mar this fair land of ours. With you rests the decision. May you recognise to the full the burden that lies on your shoulders, and vote accordingly. Act as in the sight of God, and as a high-minded and true citizen who loves his country, and I shall not fear the result! The day of the election is near; be ready, be courageous, and do your duty.—I am, Ladies and Gentlemen, your faithful servant,

F. B. BOYCE.

Sydney, 12th August, 1907.

"I am afraid the Czar is going to his doom," said the Russian courtier.
"No," answered the court jester, weeping afresh, "not to his doom, but to his duma."

THE WEDDING PRESENT.

Briggs was going to be married. This in itself was not an event to set the Thames on fire. And as Briggs was doing it of malice prepense, and with his eyes open—for he was a widower—he stood in no need of those condolences, those reassuring slaps on the back which one might administer to the young and untried. No; if Briggs chose to get married a second time, it was his own look out. That wasn't the irritating point about it! though, indeed. . . . Was it not Lord Beaconsfield who remarked that all women should marry, and hardly any men? I presume he would have had but a poor opinion of Briggs. Still, that's not the point, either. I am coming to it—at least, as near as ever it has been possible to come to it. The annoying incident about a man's marriage in this idiotic present day (no joke intended—the subject is too serious) is that it has to be softened to him by the world at large. He must be let down easy upon a stratum of presents. And wedding presents—as Briggs himself once truly remarked when a like disaster overtook his oldest friend—wedding presents are the deuce and all.

Now, Briggs is not my oldest friend. Far from it. But, all the same, it behoved me to give him something; the more so that I had not known him in his pre-existence of connubial felicity. I suspect the people who made him presents on his first marriage must have felt pretty sick at being called on to repeat the operation. But these marrying men are so selfish. . . . Anyhow, I said to Clara, "Look here. What are we to give Briggs?" She, with that finicky attention to detail so characteristic of the female mind, immediately begged the question by responding, "How much do we want to give for it?" I said, "It can run to thirty bob; let's say two quid at the outside." I could see Clara thinking, "That would have bought me a new hat"—you can always notice a peculiar wistful expression about her when hats are in the wind. But very nobly she kept silence, millinerily speaking. She sighed, and sat down, with a bored but resolute air. "Books?" she suggested.

Myself: Oh, books, no. . . . Books are so priggish—so stodgy. . . . Besides, I don't believe Briggs ever looked at a book in his life. And, anyhow, what sort of books would you give him? We can't afford editions de luxe, and we can't give him Sixpenny Classics. And would it be science, or poetry, or novels, or what?

Clara: I've generally noticed that people give nice editions of their own works.

Myself: (witheringly): All right. You cover our own works, and I'll supply the nice editions. No. I've a better notion. China—afternoon tea service or something like that.

Clara: Oh, my dear! Briggs' place is simply choked up with china. You forget, he's been married before. I'd give worlds to have such pretty things as the last Mrs. Briggs. China would be coals to Newcastle. . . . Now, some small silver thing—

Myself: Some small silver—Heavens, Clara, have you forgotten our own presents? Don't you remember the eleven cruet stands and the six sets of napkin rings, and the beastly fish carvers that came by nearly every post? And all the bother we had in swapping them? There's a shop in the city for the express purpose of exchanging wedding silver, only I didn't know of it then—Certainly not. I consider silver a mean, conventional, cheap, and nasty way of evading the problem of what one really ought to give. I thought better of you.

Here I stopped to take breath. "Something really handsome and useful," I continued later. "What, for instance" said Clara, meekly gazing up, with clasped hands.

Myself: Oh, er. . . . Well. . . .

There are so many things—A lamp, for instance. A big handsome lamp.

Clara: Lamps are a horrid bother to clean. And Briggs has electric light. Even in the piano candles. But, of course, I don't say it doesn't look nice, a lamp. It's showy. Anything made of brass or copper is effective—Trays, do you think?

Myself (shouting): Brass and copper are absolutely played out. I wonder you don't suggest Early Victorian glass lustres, or fender stools worked in worsted! Brass and copper are nothing but drugs in the market.

Clara (mildly): Did you say rugs, dear?

Myself: No: Drugs. D-R-U-G-S.

Clara: Oh! Because rugs is a splendid idea. In fact, any sort of furniture is always handy. Chairs—little occasional tables—screens

Myself (driven to desperation): Clara, don't you know by this time that Briggs' flat is so packed with rugs and screens, and tables and chairs, that there isn't room to think? I believe that if anyone added a single iota to that suffocating collection, Briggs would go mad and chuck the whole lot out of the window. Absurd, my dear. Now, what do you say to something made of leather? There's nothing like leather. A leather goods shop will draw most men like a magnet.

Clara: Oh! you mean brush cases, and dressing cases, and that sort of thing. They're very personal, you know, Tom. It's rather like giving somebody soap. You imply that he hasn't got it already. Now, Briggs is forty if he's a day, and he must have got all the leather he can possibly want by this time. Do you think any little article of jewellery—pins, for instance, or studs?

Myself: Pins! Studs! Of course not. That's the bride's business. I notice that she always sheds pins upon the bridegroom with a lavish hand. She may as well do so in this case. You seem very keen on metal, Clara. First it was silver, then it was brass and copper, now it's gold. I wonder you don't say pewter and have done with it.

Clara (joyously): I will say pewter! Nothing could be nicer. And it's not very dear, either.

Myself (gloomily): There's one trifling point against it—though I allow it's not much dearer than silver. That is, that ninety-nine out of a hundred other people will give Briggs pewter, too. Now, I should like our present to be something a bit fresh—something that showed care and consideration—something to stand out of the ruck of other people's presents. In fact, as Billy said the other day, "something unique, if not original." Now, it strikes me that a good picture—

Clara: Oh, Tom! We couldn't afford a good picture. And I shouldn't like to give a cheap one.

Myself: A couple of nice guinea photogravures—

Clara (with deadly calm): Briggs' walls are just papered with photogravures. You can't see the colour of the paper for them.

Myself (very angry): Oh, very well! Have it all your own way. Don't let's send him anything at all. Evidently there's nothing suitable in all creation. You'd better have a new hat instead.

This was unpardonable. I subsequently repented in sackcloth and ashes, and compromised thus: We would put the responsibility of the job on someone else. Clara's brother Tom was famous for his skill in selecting chic gifts. We sent him a cheque for two pounds, and our visiting cards, and besought him to get some suitable offering laid upon the altar of Briggs. Some days later he announced that the present had been duly sent off. But he never mentioned what it was. And now a letter comes from Briggs himself. He says:—"Ever so

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

LOSING MONEY THROUGH WEAK DIGESTION and WRONG FOODS

THIS YOU MUST REMEDY

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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many thanks to you both for your really beautiful present. You could not possibly have sent anything more useful and delightful. Indeed, it is the very thing I was most wanting. And I am sure my wife will be as charmed with it as I am." Superficially, this is all right. But two insidious questions, lurking behind the lines, poke their snaky heads out and hiss at us between their clenched teeth. The first is: Does Briggs acknowledge all his wedding presents in a stereotyped form of words similar to these? It saves a lot of trouble when you can't remember who sent what. (I've "been there," and I know.) The second is: What, what, what, in the name of all that is insoluble, have we unconsciously despatched to Briggs as a wedding present?—"St. James' Budget."

A CUTE PHILANTHROPIST.

In a New York street a waggon loaded with lamp globes collided with a truck and many of the globes were smashed. Considerable sympathy was felt for the driver as he gazed ruefully at the shattered fragments. A benevolent-looking old gentleman eyed him compassionately.

"My poor man," he said, "I suppose you will have to make good this loss out of your own pocket?"

"Yep," was the melancholy reply.

"Well, well," said the philanthropic old gentleman, "hold out your hat—here's a quarter for you; and I dare say some of these other people will give you a helping hand, too."

The driver held out his hat, and several persons hastened to drop coins into it. At last, when the contributions had ceased, he emptied the contents of his hat into his pocket. Then, pointing to the retreating figure of the philanthropist who had started the collection, he observed: "Say, maybe he ain't the wise guy. That's me boss!"

Be up-to-date. Buy "GRIT."

THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

CHAPTER I.

Rellingsford Grammar School is a great pile of buildings overgrown with Virginia creeper, with a large clock-tower built on one wing. Standing to the left, and rather further back, is the school-chapel, where all the boarders and "day boys" assemble in the morning for prayers. Often Sunday morning services are held there, and instead of going to their several churches, the "day boys" often come to listen with their school-fellows to the chaplain, Mr. Sydenham's, preaching.

In the extensive quadrangle stands a large and handsome pump, used mostly to duck unfortunate new boys who chance to tell a tale (only, however, new boys, for the old boys know far too much).

The gymnasium stands on one side of the quadrangle, being barely attached to the main buildings, and is furnished with all the necessary fittings for gymnastics, which afford great amusement to the juniors who frequent the hall seemingly for the express purpose of half strangling themselves in the ropes of the trapeze or breaking their small grimy necks off the vaulting horse.

The whole school stands in about sixteen acres of land, consisting of three tennis-courts, over which look the windows of the biggest dormitories, one very large oval, and one smaller one for the juniors. A long drive approaches the main front, where the doctor, his wife, and lovely little daughter Dorothea live, and the resident masters have their studies.

The corridors now are empty, the quadrangle is deserted, save for old Mike, the gardener, who is engaged sweeping it, and no howling or scuffling breaks the silence, for the boys have not yet returned from the holidays to commence the work of the coming term.

Tuesday morning broke cold and fine in the following week, and as the great clock of the Grammar School chimed the hour of eight, sundry conveyances might have been seen entering the gates and driving up to the large front door. Before the vehicles had fairly stopped, the door opened, and the stately butler was almost upset by the sudden rush of small boys, who precipitated themselves down the steps, all anxiety to greet their youthful and boisterous leader, Pottle, whom they expected to find in the foremost cab.

Charging forward with cries of "Hurrah! Pots for ever!" they suddenly fell back with blanched faces and staring eyes, with the exception of Brinks. This young party, in hot haste to greet his bosom friend "Pots," rushed on, and found himself in the iron embrace of Deene, the awe-inspiring captain, the pride of the whole school. The unfortunate Brinks, wishing the earth would open and swallow him, glanced furtively to each side, but seeing no way of escape, tried to explain; however, the jovial captain put him at his ease with a cheery, "Don't mention it, old fellow!" Turning to the crowd of small boys he wished them a hearty "Good-morning!" and "Plenty of luck in the coming term," then passed on into the great hall by the butler, who bowed and grinned his approval of the handsome boy.

Meanwhile, Pottle and Brinks were being loudly cheered and hustled in by their enthusiastic followers.

By 9.15 that morning the whole five hundred boys had assembled in the old school. Permit me, reader, to introduce you to the chief actors in my story.

First, let us look in at the Headmaster's study, where he, the whole staff of masters,

and Deene, the captain, are deep in discussion of various school matters before the opening of school at 9.30.

The Doctor, as he sits in his arm-chair, gives one the impression that he was once handsome, but the years of responsibility have tended to wrinkle his brow, and tinge his black hair with gray.

At the fireside stands Mr. Wilfred Thompson, commonly known as "Wilfred" among the boys, from his unfortunate habit of pronouncing his r's as w's. He is thin and angular, and strikes one as being delicate. All round the room, talking interestedly, are a dozen or so other masters, amongst whom we see "Mac" (Mr. MacDonald), the "terror for impositions."

Meanwhile all the classes up to IV D. are assembled in the handsome old school hall, lounging, fighting, and scrimmaging, whilst awaiting the ringing of the first bell. The din would have done credit to a pandemonium, at least so it seemed to the small group of new boys who were shrinking farther and farther into a corner, wishing in vain that they were back at their several homes.

Through the window the majority of V a, b, and c, may be seen talking together in groups, or strolling round the quadrangle. Behold! the "blockhead" Kelstaub with his fond compatriot Haust. These two worthies, unprepossessing as they are, being anything but favourites in the school, are left to themselves.

Leaning against the pump, with folded arms and a frown on his face, stands Myers, the Jew, by no means beautiful nor yet beloved.

The remainder of the Fifth stand in a lively group, in the midst of which, on a pile of stones, stands the ecstatic Warren, lecturing with much eloquence and gesticulation on the virtues of the new master, Mr. Lormer, whom he had met unexpectedly in one of the passages.

"By Jove, you chaps!" he is saying, "I happened to be bucking head-first down the corridor, when I butted him right in the—! He merely asked quite quietly, 'Hullo! which do you profess to be, a boy or a goat?' I said simply, 'A goat I thank, sir.'" (Cries of "Quite true!") "Shut-up, there! I was about to say that the new chum, Mr. Lormer, looks just the fellow to blarney. I say! suppose we do a little in the 'stuffing' line this term?"

"Rather!" agree the dispersing chorus.

Meanwhile the Sixth (a, b, and d) in its class-room is discussing the non-arrival of the "Triple Alliance." Many guesses are being hazarded as to the cause; and just as the disagreeable Ramsey, so often a victim to their sport, is muttering something about "Playing some more of their disgusting tricks," a booming thump shakes the door, and a loud "What ho, within!" is followed by the entrance of three boys arm-in-arm, which causes Murray to rise to his feet and proclaim, "Behold, the Triple Alliance in all its glory!" at which the trio bow low amidst hearty welcomes, accompanied by vigorous slaps on the back, and a gentle protestation from Osborne follows "that he, at least, possesses the sense of feeling."

At this moment the school-bell rings, and the Sixth stroll off amid the crowd towards the school-chapel, administering stray cuffs to the turbulent juniors, whose ardour is thereby slightly damped.

As the boys file in, the Sixth seat themselves at the back, while the prefects, viz., Francis, Raysforde, Murray, Graham, Rowe and Bailey, march up to arrange and soothe the scrambling juniors in the front seats.

Prayers being over, the Doctor stood up to address the school. "Boys," he began, "I am very glad to see so many of you back this term, and we, the masters, hope that you intend to work hard as well as to indulge in sports. For, although I am almost

as anxious as you are to beat Felsham, our rival school, at the inter-school sports, etc., I want those boys who are studying for matriculation, scholarships, and other exams., to work with zeal. Boys, I have now much pleasure in introducing to you your new master, Mr. Lormer, who is to take the place of Mr. Black, the instructor of mathematics. (Cheers, for the fellows could not endure even the name of Black.) And we all hope—Is it not so, Mr. MacDonald?—that this term at mathematics, at least some of the boys—with a suspicious twinkle in his eyes—will endeavour to restrain their buoyant spirits—(hear, hear)—so much as not to need excitement of a personal character in school as well as out. Boys will now repair to their several class rooms, and the Senior French for this morning will be held in Mr. MacDonald's class-room. Good-morning now, boys!"

The Sixth, while walking across, amused themselves by jeering at the somewhat dis-comforted "Triple Alliance," who felt with a guilty conscience that part at least of the Doctor's latter admonition was meant for them.

Arrived at their class-room, however, their spirits rose in anticipation of mathematics with the "new chum" next hour. Francis, being in Six D, moved off to the end of the room, while Raysforde and Osborne separated, for they well knew that "Mac" had forbidden them "to be seated side by side," but mentally determining to draw together next hour with Mr. Lormer. Just look at Osborne, as he sits beneath the clock, leaning against the wall with his arms folded. He is very tall and broad-shouldered, nevertheless very lithe, being, in fact, by far and away the best athlete in the whole school. His hair is brown and inclined to be curly. His eyes are also brown and sparkling with suppressed fun and mischief, for although he has reached the age of seventeen, and is manly at that, his love of fun and mischief is constantly asserting itself.

Before turning to Raysforde, however, it may be well to mention that curiously enough, and a fact that many people noticed, the three best chums together through thick and thin are three of the handsomest boys in the school.

Raysforde, meanwhile seated on the opposite side of the room, was debating against contending odds in his own mind the subject of "being good" this term, which point he fully understood depended entirely upon his chums, and glancing round the room, he perceived that Francis at least did not look like it as he sat astride the desk whistling "Little Mary" with great gusto. Though rather more slight, Francis was quite as strong as the others, and, strange to say, he also held a premiership for he was far the best cricketer at the Grammar School. One day while he was batting at a match, a gentleman was heard to remark, "Why, that fellow is just made for cricket." He looks rather pale to-day, having been ill in the holidays, but he usually has a brown and healthy colour. His eyes are deep blue, and he possesses a firm chin, being, however, a slight degree less striking than Raysforde.

While the boys of the Sixth wait rather impatiently for Mr. MacDonald, the Doctor, accompanied by Mr. Lormer, is on his way to the former's study, for Dr. Beauchamp wished to have a "friendly chat" with the new master.

When they were seated the Doctor began to speak. "You know, I suppose Mr. Lormer," he began, "that your work in special, in fact, solely, is in the Fifth and Sixth Forms. Well, before bursting them upon you (as I regret to say I did to Mr. Black, thereby making a mistake, for, not having had a warning, he misunderstood a few of these boys, and they both—boys and

master—had a rather unpleasant time.) I want as it were to touch on some of the boys. In the Fifth Form, for instance, are some boys who are rather backward and slow—for instance Haust and Relstaub—(whose nationality you will be able to gather from their names)—want, as it were, a little pushing on.”

And more he said, which is of little interest to us, but after launching into the Sixth, he ended up by saying, “Also, Mr. Lormer, there are three boys in this class, Osborne, Raysforde, and Francis, who are, I am glad to see, really true and staunch in their friendship for one another; but the two former, who will be most with you, I want to dwell most upon, as Francis is in Six b. Well, these are two of the most spirited boys in the school of Rellingsford, and could hardly live, I believe, without an occasional “lark” (as they say); for instance, you know Mr. Thompson has, I am sorry to say, a great horror of reptiles of any kind, and—with a great effort not to smile—I am seriously afraid the boys are greatly amused at this, and, by way of sport, I suppose (though I fail to see where the sport comes in), last term they brought a small scorpion into the class-room and let it escape ‘accidentally’ by his desk. Well Mr. Thompson—er—was—er—rather distressed. Of course, I duly spoke to Osborne, who was the perpetrator, but I am sorry to say I could hardly refrain from smiling at his look of offended innocence.

“Well, sir, I just have to say that these fellows, who are really clever, if properly manipulated, will work splendidly for you. As I before remarked, I am afraid Mr. Black did not find out the way to manipulate them; but I am sure you will see through their mischief almost at once. Good-morning now, Mr. Lormer, and the second door along the third corridor overlooking the quadrangle is that of the Sixth class-room.”

“Good-morning, Dr. Beauchamp, thank you for the warning, which I shall take heed of; also, believe me, I shall endeavour to the best of my ability to benefit the boys who compose the classes that I am to teach.”

* A union in the friendship of three seniors, viz., Raysforde, Osborne, and Francis.

(To be continued.)

“WE NEVER FORGET.”

In view of the rapid approach of the general elections, it would be well to review the votes given by the present members of Parliament on questions relating to women and the licensing reform, and take the advice given to a party on one occasion by Wendell Phillips. “If you want power in this country, if you want to make yourselves felt . . . write on your banner, so that every political trimmer can read it, so that every politician, no matter how short-sighted he may be, can read it:

“WE NEVER FORGET.”

. . . If there is a division and you throw your vote in the wrong scale, we never forget. You may go down on your knees and say “I am sorry I did the act,” and we will say: “It will avail you in heaven, but on this side of the grave never.”

AN EXPOSURE OF THE RISK OF MODERATE DRINKING.

As a very large proportion of the adult males of New South Wales are moderate drinkers, they ought to read the following actuarial figures as to the results of that

habit on health and longevity. The figures were compiled in the ordinary way of business by Roderick McKenzie Moore, Actuary of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution. They were not compiled to enforce a prohibition argument, but to read before the British Institute of Actuaries, on November 30, 1903. Such surroundings ensure the accuracy of the figures, and this must be accepted without question. The paper opened the eyes of insurance experts the world over. Mr. Moore in his investigations covered 61 years life assurance experience, and dealt with 124,673 individual cases—the abstainers always having been kept separate from the moderate drinkers, and being closely the same in number, age, and social condition. This period is long enough, and the number of cases large enough, for accurate and reliable data to be obtained. All the non-abstainers were good average lives (says Mr. Moore), and no excessive drinkers are included, so the comparison is absolutely fair as between total abstinence and strictly moderate drinking.

Yet what do we find is the appalling result of even this moderate indulgence?

Between the ages of 20 and 30 the deaths of moderate drinkers exceed those of abstainers by 11 per cent. In this first period the drink had not as yet had time to develop its full results.

In the period, age 30 to 40, the deaths of moderates exceed those of total abstainers by 68 per cent. This appears to show that a very large proportion ceased, as time went on, to be moderate in their potations.

During the ages 40 to 50 it was even worse, viz., 74 per cent. excess.

During the ages 50 to 60 the moderates again exceeded the abstainers by 42 per cent., by which time the premature death harvest had been nearly reaped.

Even then the drinkers still held the field from 60 to 70 with an excess of 19 per cent.

These figures have been accepted by British and American life associations, and are absolutely incontrovertible. **THE LAST ARGUMENT AGAINST NO-LICENSE, I.E. THAT A LARGE PROPORTION OF MEN CAN SAFELY INDULGE IN MODERATE DRINKING, IS THUS PULVERISED AND SHATTERED.**

ADVENTURES OF AN HEIRESS.

ABDUCTION FOLLOWS ELOPEMENT.

The romance of an heiress and her penniless lover, their elopement, and a few brief weeks of wedded bliss, have been followed by the abduction of the bride in the paternal motor-car.

Some months have passed since Mlle. Piedallu met Victor Dehaulon near her millionaire father's chateau at Isle-Adam. A friendship sprang up and ripened into love. A few weeks ago, as was related in the “Daily Mail” at the time, the elopement was planned and carried out. Mlle. Piedallu and her governess went shopping in Paris. The girl gave her chaperon the slip and joined her lover, who was waiting in a cab. So deep was the father's anger that he swore to leave the neighbourhood.

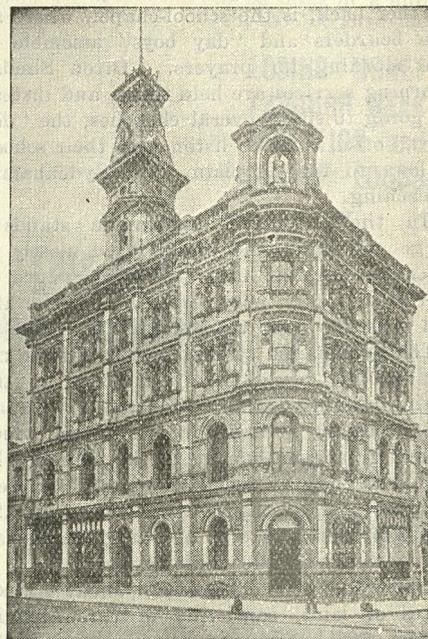
The lovers drove to a railway station and travelled to Ostend. There they took cheap rooms, and Dehaulon obtained work at a well-known hotel. His wife carried his dinner in a bundle through the streets each day.

Neither knew that the millionaire who was searching for them was one of the chief shareholders in the company which owns the hotel where Dehaulon was employed. Dis-

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covery came six weeks ago owing to this fact.

The heiress was carrying her husband's dinner through the streets of Ostend when three men suddenly seized her and placed her in a motor-car waiting by the kerb. Instantly the vehicle, in which the millionaire was sitting, started off and quickly got clear of the town. Dehaulon, alarmed by his wife's non-appearance, ran to their rooms, found them vacant, and learnt what had happened a few days later. Since then he has been searching in vain for his wife.

Now he has instituted proceedings against M. Piedallu for the unlawful seizure and detention of his daughter, who is of age.

DISAPPOINTED.

No amount of persuasion or punishment could keep Johnnie from running away. The excitement of being pursued and of being brought back to a tearful family appealed to his sense of the dramatic and offset the slight discomfort that sometimes followed.

Finally his mother determined upon a new method. She decided, after many misgivings, that the next time Johnnie ran away no notice whatever should be taken of it. He should stay away as long as he pleased and return when he saw fit.

In a few days the youngster again disappeared. His mother was firm in her resolve and no search was made. Great was poor Johnnie's disappointment. He managed to stay away all day, but when it began to grow dark his courage failed and he started for home. He sneaked ignominiously into the kitchen. Nobody spoke to him. Apparently his absence had not been noticed. This was too much. As soon as opportunity offered he remarked casually, “Well, I see you've got the same old cat.”

Smith: “Jackson's pig made another raid on my garden last night.”

Jones: “Ah, I see; another of Bacon's Essays.”

A RAILWAY GRAVEYARD.

There is no weeping in the railway graveyard. No tombstones meet the eye. No human bones are laid to rest under the ground (says the London "Daily News"). You are not warned by printed notices to keep off the grass, for there is no grass; but at the wooden gateway you are solemnly cautioned not to enter except on business.

It is really a cemetery for disused locomotives and antiquated rolling-stock. Unlike other graveyards of its kind at Swindon, Crewe, Derby, and Doncaster, it has sprung into existence through the absorbing power of electricity. The old order has changed with a vengeance, and has given place to the new in quite a revolutionary way. You get a good view of it after you pass Neasden, in one of the fine electric trains of the Metropolitan Railway. Two or three miles of empty trains, whose wheels have not revolved for many months, are lying useless in the great yard of the Neasden railway works. A row of ancient locomotives are awaiting their doom on the scrap heap or the generous offer of some railway.

A walk through the Neasden graveyard brings back memories of the smoke and grime of the Inner Circle before it was transformed into a modern "tube." Somehow you seem to remember Engine No. 44, in its day a triumph of railway mechanism. Now it is a rusty derelict, a mere tank engine, coloured a dark red, with leading bogies, a tall black funnel, and outside cylinders—one of the veterans of the old Underground. In its prime it was cared for as tenderly as any human being. It went to bed regularly every night in its shed, and did its day's work without grumbling. Life has oozed out of its steel veins. It lies in the graveyard surrounded by other veterans—"too old at forty."

Avenues of empty trains—good, well-built rolling-stock—have fallen into disuse because the carriages are old-fashioned and cannot hold up their heads in the fight between steam and electricity. Not simply one carriage here or a guard's van there, but whole rows of set trains. Here is ideal material for a benefactor to start a bungalow town. Several of the trains have already been sold; and ten or twenty more carriages are to be exhumed this week to be reincarnated as cricket pavilions, fowl-houses, and the like. An old song will buy a carriage, and a few pounds will convert it into a decent living room.

You can have one of the trains for a hundred pounds or more. You can take it away, and do what you like with it. The railway company will be glad to see the last of it. Their new electric rolling-stock, which is some of the finest ever built, is gradually being added to to cope with the increased traffic. One of these empty trains would be enough to form the nucleus of a factory if the owner wanted to do the thing cheaply, although the Factory Act inspector might have something to say. Or if Shoreham were to be washed away to-morrow, the bungalow dwellers could come to terms with the railway company for the materials wherewith to build another town.

POLICE REPORT, 1906.

During the nine months ended the 31st March last, 78 cases of drunkenness were before the Invercargill Court, New Zealand, and in all cases but one the supply of liquor was conclusively traced to sources outside the No-License area. During the same period five convictions have been recorded for sly grog selling, resulting in fines totalling £250, and though we have a population of over 18,000 there is no reason to

believe that illicit sales of liquor are at present being carried on to any appreciable extent.—Inspector Mitchell.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. Jenkins.—Many thanks for your letter and good wishes. You are practically correct, as in round figures it would take the whole of the revenue from the railways and tramways in this State to pay the drink bill. A most appalling fact when carefully digested.

J. S. Chick.—The first church was opened for worship in Sydney in 1793. You may take it that the sale of alcoholic beverages commenced with the arrival of the first settlers in 1788.

Scholastic.—The annual expenditure on Education, Science and Art in New South Wales is considerably less than one quarter of the annual expenditure on intoxicants. You will find a comparative table in No. 14, page 7, date of issue, June 27th.

J. S. Meadows.—You ask for "one common-sense argument in favour of No-License." What do you think of the following?—Pullman, U.S.A., a town about the size of Parramatta, has no licensed liquor bar. As a consequence it has no lock-up or gaol, no poor rate, no asylums of any kind, no magistrates, only two policemen, and no criminal statistics to record.

W. Scottern.—Glad to answer your enquiry which will no doubt be useful information to others besides yourself. You can vote at the forthcoming State Election either (a) for continuance of the present number of licenses in any area, (b) for reduction, which, if carried, would close one quarter of the pubs after a certain time, or (c) for No License. In the case of No License, if the necessary majority to carry that reform is not secured, the votes are counted towards reduction, so that No License is the reform ticket every time.

Serious.—No License is no longer a dream of the temperance fanatic, it is an actual possibility in this State, in such areas as realize the responsibility of the forthcoming Election.

W.W.M., Bondi.—No use to "Grit," though we are obliged for your friendly interest displayed by the offer.

Trifle.—Declined with thanks.

F.C.G.—Glad to hear from you again and to know that you intend to follow our advice.

Also Anxious.—You haven't given our remedy a very long trial, have you? If you doubt the result, go at once to your doctor. We don't profess to usurp the functions of the medical profession.

S.I.H.—If the cap fits you are quite welcome to wear it.

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78 Pitt Street

S. HAGUE SMITH, Secretary



SYDNEY

He took a drink of alcohol,
The same was made of wood;
It killed him and embalmed him,
And relieved the neighbourhood.

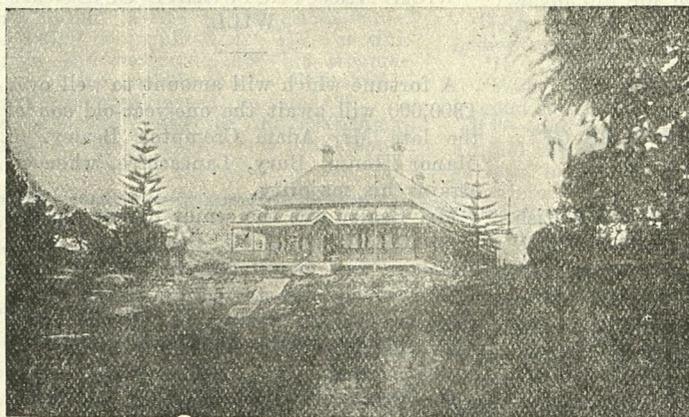
Mistress: "I am very nervous about burglars. Be sure to lock up carefully to-night."

New Maid: "Have no fear, mum. I have nothin' wid me worth takin'."

"Was that decision a case of 'square deal'?" asked one belligerent politician.
"No," answered the other. "It was a case of don't dare squeal."

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About four miles from Manly on the Pittwater Road.

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

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

Arrangements have been made for a duly qualified medical man to visit the Home at regular intervals to examine and prescribe for the patients, if necessary. We are pleased to say that several cases already dealt with have been attended with highly satisfactory results. Copies of Testimonials can be seen on application. All personal applications and correspondence will be treated with the strictest confidence. Write to the Social Secretary, Salvation Army Headquarters, Goulburn Street, Sydney, or direct to the Manager at the Home.

CAMPAIGN NOTES AND NEWS.

Town Hall, September 5th. Don't forget!

A large open-air meeting was held in Richmond on Saturday evening last.

Encouraging reports are still being received from the Northern rivers.

Mrs. Ardill has been holding some successful meetings in Glen Innes and neighbouring towns.

All "No-Licensers" should reserve Thursday, September 5th, for the great Town Hall meeting.

Great enthusiasm at Bathurst. Mr. C. S. Church, of the Alliance staff, will be organising there up to polling day.

Mr. Complin had successful meetings in the north. Last Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday were spent in Maitland district.

Work is going along merrily in Newcastle district. "Bung" has never perviously received such a shaking up in the coal city.

The Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational Churches are to hold a great demonstration against drink and gambling on the 29th instant.

Rev. R. B. S. Hammond left for Cootamundra on Friday last. He spoke in the open air on Saturday evening, and preached to large congregations on Sunday. Monday evening was devoted to a lantern lecture. On Tuesday evening he was at Gundagai, and Young on Wednesday.

Miss Anderson Hughes is at present in Kempsey district. She goes on to Richmond River next week. Miss Hughes has had excellent meetings on the rivers, despite the fact that she has had a severe attack of influenza to contend with.

A strong No-License committee was formed at Rockdale last week. Representatives were present from Arncliffe, Bexley, and Kogarah. They are going into the work heartily.

Bathurst reports: "We held a children's mock election yesterday (7th August), but the weather was intensely wintry. We had, however, 200 people present. Only the children voted. The result, announced by a junior returning officer (amid tremendous applause) was:—For Continuance, 5; Reduction, 4; No-License, 126; informal, 2. We find the children are first-rate advocates and teachers of the elders. 'Grit' is excellent.

The British Medical Journal showed from the unchallenged statistics of the Temperance and General Life Assurance Society in regard to 19,730 persons who aggregated over 900,000 years of life, that total abstainers averaged more than 25 per cent. years of life in excess of the non-abstainers whose sobriety had been assured at the time their application for life insurance was accepted.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

ATTRIBUTED TO LONG HOURS OF WORKING.

A White Paper was issued by the British Board of Trade giving the instances since 1900 of railway accidents in connection with which the Board's Inspectors have represented to the railway companies that the hours of their servants involved in the accidents were unduly long. There were 34 of such instances, five being in Ireland.

The Lancashire and Yorkshire heads the list with nine complaints of unduly long hours; the North Eastern comes next with five instances; the London and North Western and the London, Brighton, and South Coast companies had two each; while the



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Great Eastern, Great Central, Great Northern, London and South Western, Midland, North British, North London, South Eastern, Chester Lines, Glasgow and South Western, and Hull and Barnsley had each one instance.

The influence of long hours of working on accidents—owing, as the inspectors usually say, to less freedom of action and alertness on the part of the men—was particularly illustrated at Goole, where four accidents at different times took place, involving the death of one railway servant and injury to three others. In the fatal case a shunter had worked 14½ hours at the time of the accident. In the next case, at Goole, a porter met with an accident after having been on duty 13½ hours, and in the two subsequent instances, both in 1905, the hours worked by the injured men were 14½ and 16 respectively.

An acting fireman, who was injured at Clapham Junction, on the London and Brighton Line in 1900, had worked 17½ hours. A platelayer, who was killed at Nottingham, on the Great Northern Line, in 1901, had worked 23½ out of a total of 39½ hours, when he was run over by a train and killed.

At Broad Street, on the North London Line, a collision occurred on August 18th, 1904, between two passenger trains, owing to the mistake of a signalman, who, on the three days preceding the accident had worked for 12 hours per day. A passenger train ran into the buffer-stops of the Eastbourne Station of the London and Brighton Company, on January 15th, 1905, and it was found that the driver and fireman had been away from head-quarters at the time for 16½ hours, 12½ of which they had been on their engine.

BABY TO INHERIT £300,000.

RICH MANUFACTURER'S CURIOUS WILL.

A fortune which will amount to well over £300,000 will await the one-year-old son of the late Mr. Adam Crompton Bealey, of Manor House, Bury, Lancashire, when he attains his majority.

Mr. Bealey was the senior partner in the firm of Messrs. A. C. Bealey and Sons, bleachers and manufacturers, of Radcliffe, a firm which was started by Mr. Bealey's ancestors over 230 years ago. He left a fortune which has been valued for probate at £249,855 gross.

Mr. Bealey was twice married, and there were two sons of the first marriage, to each of whom he left £20,000 in trust. There are a number of other legacies, and after providing for these, he left the whole of the residue of his property in trust for his second wife, who is now his widow, and,

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GARDEN HOSE AND ALL REQUIREMENTS FOR SAME.

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subject to her interest, to her sons, who attain majority.

There is only one son by the second marriage, and he is now an infant. It is estimated that, with interest accumulations, he will succeed to at least £300,000 when he reaches the age of twenty-one.

Provision is made in the will that in the event of the child dying before he reaches his majority the fortune shall be divided between Mr. Bealey's other children.

"Why did you send that man, Grafton Grabb, to Senate?"

"Well," answered Farmer Cornstossel, "we kind o' thought it 'ud be cheaper to turn him loose on the national Government, instead of encouraging him to give all his time to the local taxpayers."

"Do you believe that insanity is really on the increase?" asked the student of statistics.

"Not at all," answered the eminent alienist. "We experts have merely become more industrious and discerning."

How the World Moves

Salt is an excellent aid to digestion.

In Spanish bull-rings 2375 bulls are killed yearly, and 3651 horses.

Rice is the most quickly digested of all foods, taking one hour only.

A captain in the English Army gets £212 a year, in the French £120 only.

Three hundred and twenty-five miles in a day is the record for a sailing ship.

Wood yields one-fourth the heat of coal, charcoal about the same heat as coal.

The average rent of a Spanish bull-ring is £1,310. There are 99 in all.

The average depth of peat is twelve feet, yielding 12,000 tons to the acre.

The rural death-rate in England is 16 in every 1000; in towns it is 18.

The dusting of the books in the library of the House of Lords costs £50 a year.

The population of the British Empire is 26 per 100 of the population of the world.

One horse-power means the raising of ten tons a foot in a minute.

The notes of the Bank of England cost exactly one halfpenny each.

England spends annually nearly £20,000,000 in purchasing butter.

Half the Sovereigns of Europe have their clothes made in London.

It is estimated that 3000 marriages are daily performed throughout the world.

There are usually 80 million sovereigns and 45 million half-sovereigns in circulation.

The Albert Hall (London) organ has 111 stops. Next to it comes that of Seville, in Spain, with 110.

One hundred and ninety-four ships are annually burnt at sea; 183 are sunk by collision.

Kangaroos can jump eleven feet in height against a deer's best record of nine feet six inches.

Roughly speaking there are 10,000 waiters in London, of whom 40 per cent. are British.

Thirty-five languages or dialects have been mastered by Christian workers in Western Africa.

LITTLE WIVES ARE GOOD.

I am a little wife, and Jack says I am good. Now, Jack knows everything, and he must be right. Jack stands over six feet. I wonder if all big men are good like Jack. My neighbour, Mrs. Taller, has quite a short, stout husband, and I told her that I thought all big men were good. "Yes," said she, quite coolly, "and if my husband were rolled out lengthwise he would be quite as tall as your Jack." Perhaps men go by weight. Imagine husbands by the pound. That can't be! You can't judge even soap by weight. I know one

tablet of Sunlight Soap is better value than a big bar of common soap. A tablet of Sunlight Soap will do more and better work than a big bar of adulterated soap, and Sunlight Soap does not hurt one's hands as common soaps do.

No, I really don't think we can judge husbands and wives either by measurement or weight. I think it's better to judge men and women by their hearts and heads. It's the stuff they are made of that makes men good, just as Sunlight Soap is good because of the good materials used in its manufacture. 424

The brain of an idiot contains much less phosphorus than that of a person of average mental power.

No tree has yet been measured that is taller than the great eucalyptus in Gippsland, Australia, which is 450ft. high.

Railways in Holland are so carefully managed that the accidental deaths on them average only one a year for the entire country.

A man in China, who killed his father, was executed, and along with him his schoolmaster for not having taught him better.

The Japanese have three different forms of salutation. One is for saluting an inferior, one for saluting an equal, and another for saluting a superior.

It is estimated that the national sport of bull-fighting in Madrid costs every man, woman and child in the capital of Spain at least ten shillings each per annum.

Every able-bodied male in Norway has to serve in the army. The first year he serves fifty-four days, the second twenty-four, and the third year twenty-four. He gets only his board.

There are no undertakers in Japan. When a person dies, it is the custom for his nearest relatives to put him into a coffin and bury him; and the mourning does not begin until after his burial.

In the Forth Bridge there is a horizontal pull of 10,000 tons on the chief spans, and a weight of 100,000 tons on their bases. Half a dozen British ironclads might be hung upon them without causing any undue strain.

A curious character in Paris is a man who makes his living by strolling along the boulevards and making wagers at the cafes that he can answer correctly any question that relates to the history of France. He always wins the bet.

ON THE CONTRARY.

Tactful and delicate, even for a Frenchman, was the reply made by a Parisian who had not found "a life on the ocean wave" all for which one could wish. He was sinking, pale and haggard, into his steamer-chair, when his neighbour cheerily asked, "Have you breakfasted, monsieur?" "No, m'sieur," answered the Frenchman with a wan smile, "I have not breakfasted. On the contrary!"

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PLENTY OF TIME.

A pompous Bishop of Oxford was once stopped on a London street by a ragged urchin.

"Well, my little man, and what can I do for you," inquired the churchman.

"The time o' day, please, your lordship."

With considerable difficulty the portly bishop extracted his timepiece.

"It is exactly half past five, my lad."

"Well," said the boy, setting his feet for a good start, "at 'alf past six you go to 'ell!"—and he was off like a flash and around the corner. The bishop, flushed and furious, his watch dangling from its chain, floundered wildly after him. But as he rounded the corner he ran plump into the outstretched arms of the venerable Bishop of London.

"Oxford, Oxford," remonstrated that surprised dignitary, "why this unseemly haste?"

Puffing, blowing, spluttering, the outraged Bishop gasped out: "That young ragamuffin—I told him it was half past five—and he—er—told me to go to hell at half past six."

"Yes, yes," said the Bishop of London with the suspicion of a twinkle in his kindly old eyes, "but why such haste? You've got almost an hour."

The need of the hour is "GRIT."

Be sure and get it.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

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

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Mr., Mrs. or Miss



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