

GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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THE PARSON LOOKING FOR WORK

(SPECIAL TO "GRIT.")

"I am afraid you are looking for work and praying you won't get it," said the Parson to a man one day, and the man said, "If you had ever looked for work you would know better than to talk like that."

With all the confidence of a man who has never tried, the Parson decided to look for work. Obtaining three months' leave, growing a beard, and habited like a working man, the Parson took a steerage passage to a place where it was not likely anyone would recognise him.

The trip was like a horrible night-mare, the limited space, the motion of the vessel, the filthy talk, the frequent use of liquor, and the general discomfort combined to make the voyage a memory that time has failed to efface.

A WEARY WEEK.

For the first seven days the Parson boarded at 15s. a week and rose at daylight, but he was not wanted at the mines, his clothes were against him in the shops, and not even at the pubs could he get a job.

Managers and bosses eluded him. Others told him to look round again, and planned to be out when he called. Much-pestered men told him to go to the devil.

Then he moved into a hut at 4s. a week, and took in a mate, an old miner, and they put in several tenders for sinking shafts and driving tunnels, but got no replies.

This search for work ceased to be in any way funny, and the Parson longed for a friendly hand and a fair chance to earn a shilling.

He found his way to his own Church, but no one noticed him, and a deeper gloom settled on him.

He sat in billiard rooms, but no one spoke to him, and it seemed as if his only

chance of finding some one to talk with was to go and have a drink.

A JOB AT LAST.

Some thirty men were working in the town quarry, and the Parson tried to get on, and got a curt "No" in answer to his inquiry, "Is there any chance of a job?"

But men were dissatisfied with the work and the pay, and were constantly leaving, so he regularly sought the Boss with the same request. At last the Boss said:

"This is not your line; I can see by your hands you are not used to work. What

can you do?" "Well," said the Parson, "I can do what I am told to do; give me a chance to prove it." "Well, come in the morning," said the Boss.

Next morning the Parson was too excited to eat breakfast, and was early at the quarry, five minutes before starting-time. He felt as he formerly did when sitting in a racing boat waiting for the starter's pistol.

It is impossible to describe the feelings that possessed him when the Boss walked away, saying, "I can't put you on!"

Moved by a desperate impulse, he caught up to the Boss and said, "Look here, if you don't put me on, I lose a job, but you lose your character, because you promised."

The Boss looked at him, and seemed undecided how to treat such a man, and finally said, "You can start after lunch."

THE FIRST HOUR.

The whistle blew, and the Parson stood with his sleeves rolled up, waiting to be told what to do.

"Here, what's your name?" said the Boss, and being told, the Parson started with a heavy pick on the face of the quarry. He felt the Boss was watching him; he knew the man had summed him up as a novice, and in a quarter of an hour he was out of breath and the pick seemed to weigh a hundred-weight.

The man next to him said, "You blank fool, all you have to do here is to keep your back bent; there is no need to slog in as you are doing."

Before half an hour had gone, the Parson began to think he could not hold out. He dare not look behind him. He expected every minute to hear the sharp voice of the Boss, and, finally, he did look and the Boss was nowhere to be seen, and turning to the man, he said,



THE EXEMPTED CLUB.

Where the Policemen cease from Worrying, and the Johnnie is at Rest.

"Where is the Boss?" "I'm blanked if I know; he went away immediately we started work."

So after all he had not been watched, and with a sigh of relief, the Parson began to get his second wind and go slow.

A KIND WORD.

The next day with aching back and tender hands, the Parson set to work.

He was closely questioned. Where did he come from? What had he been doing? How long would he stop there? etc. Skillfully evading the questions, yet gradually being driven into a quarrel, he was unexpectedly delivered from the bully of the gang, by a gigantic but silent man, who slowly straightened himself up and said, "Tell him you're here for the good of your health, and that I told you to say so." The result was magical, he was no longer worried in any way.

A GENEROUS FELLOW.

While trying to fix some rag and liniment on his blistered hands in the lunch-hour, a pleasant-faced man who had been working in the same gang, came over and said, "Look here, mate, this is not in your line. I have a few pounds I could let you have. If you like to take it, you could hang out till you got a job up the town."

The Parson thought that very few things in his experience had ever seemed so kind and so generous, but he could not avail himself of the offer.

NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENCE.

A few letters to the local paper, complaining of the conditions under which the men worked and the rate of pay, stirred up quite a lot of interest, and the Parson greatly enjoyed criticising his own letters, and even more than that, enjoyed the little man who confided to everyone how worried he was because people everywhere believed he had written the letters. He did not seem to be conscious of the fact that he was entirely responsible for the rumour.

It was a very pleasant thing at the end of the second week to draw at the rate of 8s 4d per day instead of the 7s 6d at which he had started.

THE CHURCHES.

The only man in the quarry who was a church-goer was distinguished by his flow of filthy language, and during the month no one came to the quarry, and as far as he discovered no man in the quarry was visited in his hut by the clergy.

The men were kind-hearted, intelligent, and quick to applaud the right, but their neglect of, or contempt for religion was largely the result of the miserable type of Christian among them, and the absence of interest in their souls by their spiritual pastors and masters.

THE ASTONISHED BOSS.

The Parson on his last Saturday night gave an address to a large crowd in the street, and among his hearers was the Boss of the quarry.

He came up at the close, and took off his hat, and said, "Your Reverence, I can never forgive myself, to think of the bad things I've said in front of you." The Parson quietly pointed out that as a rule men did not mind what they said before a great man's servants, but were subdued in the presence of the great man himself, and pointed out that the Boss was ashamed because before the Parson, as a servant of God, he had said wrong things when all the time he had forgotten the unseen Master.

The Boss replied, "I did not think of

that. If your Reverence will take my hand, I will promise never again to outrage my Maker by misusing His Name." The promise was clinched by a hearty handshake.

VALUABLE UMBRELLAS

One curious result of the decrease in the number of whales captured is the increasing value of old umbrellas in which whalebone is used.

So great is the excess of demand over supply, that no manufacturers who use whalebone have any considerable stock in hand. Twenty years ago whalebone could be bought wholesale at from 18s to 22s a pound.

Now the ruling price is at least 40s a pound, and unless whales are caught in larger numbers whalebone will continue to rise in value. Owing to its increased cost, its use is now practically restricted to the manufacture of corsets and whips.

The umbrella with thick whalebone ribs has long since ceased to be manufactured; but, however old, it is readily bought at a



Aged Villager: "Yes, I once rode a bicycle in my young days, but I had to gi' un up."

Tourist: "Why?"

"Villager: 'Well, yer see, th' owner was coming down th' road behind me, and th' policeman 'ad a rope stretched across th' front.'"

good price by manufacturers, who use the whalebone for whip-mending.

It is surprising how many of these umbrellas continue to be offered. People come across them in old garrets and cottages. Recently a man took to a Birmingham firm of whip manufacturers a dingy umbrella with torn silk and a shabby handle.

As the whalebone ribs were in perfect condition, they gave him 7s 6d for it. He had picked it up for 1s in the outhouse of a Welsh farm.

TEETOTAL MEMORIES

An enthusiastic gathering took place to commemorate the seventy-fourth anniversary of the signing of the first pledge by "the men of Preston." A letter of apology for absence was read during the evening from Mr. Wm. Livesey, now in his ninety-first year, son of the late Joseph Livesey, who drew up the original pledge.

A small "museum" of temperance curios was on view, and included a silver medal presented to Mr. Joseph Livesey by Mr. Cadbury at a public meeting held in Birmingham in April, 1836, and a print portrait of Richard Turner, of Preston, who is reputed to be the originator of the word "teetotal."

The story goes that Turner, when the temperance movement began, spoke at a meeting, and said he wanted to be an absolutely "t-total" adjurer of strong drink. His impassioned oratory caused the slight stutter, and a friend of his called out:

"That's it, Dick; you will be a teetotaler!"

A LIKELY PLACE

At the top of a very steep hill not far from Glasgow a cyclist dismounted the other day, and addressed an old fellow who was breaking stones by the roadside.

"Can you tell me where John B—— lives?"

"John B——?" repeated the old fellow. "Don't ken him."

"Why I thought everyone round here knew John," was the rejoinder. "He's a young fellow about my age, and is in this district somewhere. He's a cyclist, and a clever one, too. Why, he must have ridden down this hill scores of times."

"Oh, did he?" returned the old fellow. "Then ye acht tae fin' him at the bottom o' the hill."

"What, at those houses at the bottom there?"

"Naw," was the response. "There's nae hooses, but there's a cemetery."

ARTEMUS WARD AND THE RAILWAY BORE

Mark Twain tells a capital story of Artemus Ward's encounter with a "railway bore"—a species that he particularly detested—who took a seat beside him in a carriage on a journey to Washington. Artemus was engaged in reading and in no mood for conversation. But the bore was not to be balked.

"Say," he remarked to his victim, "do you think Grant'll get the nomination for President?"

Artemus looked up from his book, gazed curiously at the stranger, and said:—

"Grant—Grant—who is Grant?"

Paralysed for a moment, the inquisitor exclaimed:—

"You don't mean to say ye never heard of General U. S. Grant?"

"Never heard of him," answered Artemus, solemnly.

This confession dazed the bore for a few minutes, but he returned to the charge. "They say old Greeley is ag'in' him."

Once more the serious eyes were directed at the bore. "Greeley?" Ward asked. "Old Greeley? I have never heard of him either. It appears to me, sir, that you know more strangers than any man I ever met!"

It took the interlocutor fully ten minutes to recover from his surprise. Meanwhile Artemus was reading from his book. Finally the talkative one could endure it no longer. "Say, you fool, did you ever hear of Adam?" he exclaimed.

"Adam? Adam?" replied Artemus, meditatively. "Wh-what was his other name?"

This closed the conversation.

She: "Would you rather walk or ride there?"

He: "Well, I've been out in the motor car so much lately that I think I'd rather ride for a change."

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

The Cry of the Children

By GEO. R. SIMS, in the London "Tribune."

SECOND ARTICLE.

I did not set out to look for the scenes which I am about to chronicle. Wandering by night to gather facts for a series of articles on certain phases of life in the capital, I had to enter a large number of public-houses, and to remain in them for some considerable time.

It was then that I saw, night after night, and in bar after bar, scenes of cruelty to helpless children, so terrible that I felt to remain silent about them would be an act of passive inhumanity.

Let me frankly acknowledge that these scenes were a revelation to me. I knew that women with infants drank at public-house bars. But I did not know that many of these women were so ignorant of the effects of atmosphere and environment upon the little ones that they would remain for hours with them amid the reek of tobacco-smoke and alcohol.

I did not know that it was a common thing for a woman to force beer and spirits into her baby's mouth.

Let me say at once that I bring no charge of deliberate cruelty against these misguided mothers. Rarely during my wanderings in the Babes' Inferno have I seen an infant roughly used. On the contrary, the great majority of the women were tender and loving to their little ones. The crimes that they commit against humanity and motherhood are crimes of ignorance.

"THE WHITE DEMON."

Some of them at the first whimper of the baby in their arms, though they are standing in places packed with young and middle-aged men, bare their breast and suckle it, speaking softly to it and looking at it with a mother's love beaming in their eyes.

And there are mothers, poor and ill-clad, most of them, who, when they have had glass after glass of the "white demon," and are getting freer of tongue and louder of voice under its influence, still have tender caresses for the poor little mite whose chance of life grows less with every hour it stays in the hot, foul atmosphere.

If you were to tell one of these women that she was slowly murdering the child she hugged to her breast she would be fiercely indignant. To charge her with such a crime would seem to her a foul slander on her Motherhood.

Yet night after night in the poorer and more densely populated districts the public-houses are full of women with babies.

On the coldest night of winter, when a raw, searching wind was blowing, I counted, a few minutes before midnight, at the corner of a busy marketing street, over forty babies in arms. And most of them had just been brought out of one of the three packed public-houses in the immediate neighbourhood.

OLD AND YOUNG.

Let us enter one of these houses and see for ourselves what is happening. It is a rough house, accommodating a rough class. The men and women who frequent it are mostly casual workers, and because their earnings are small, they spend in drink money which would purchase the better food some of them, especially the nursing mothers, badly need.

In this house, at almost any hour of the day or night, you will find a large number of very old women and a large number of very young infants. When mother is at home she brings the baby, when mother is away at work granny brings it. At night mother and granny bring it between them.

It is eleven o'clock on a bitterly cold

Saturday night when we pick our way through a crowd of women to get near the bar. Many of the women are old and grey. They are bare-headed, and as a rule have an old shawl over their shoulders.

They are the grandmothers of the courts and alleys hard by. Their daughters are also bare-headed and shabby-shawled, and most of them carry a poor, thin-faced baby.

What use as things are would it be to try to explain to these poor mothers, seeking in a public-house solace for the gloom and discomfort of their homes, the facts that science has marshalled to strengthen the awful indictment against them of sacrificing the lives of their children to their own enjoyment?

I know that one of the greatest perils to infant life is a sudden change of temperature. Two things from which it is of the first importance that an infant should be protected are excessive heat and excessive cold.

But the poor women who love their babies and yet stand for hours at night with them in a public-house expose them to an atmosphere which even men unused to it find unbearable. And then they take them out into the cold night air, and often stand at a windy street corner gossiping. Ten thousand infants die annually of pneumonia, and ten thousand die annually of bronchitis in England and Wales. Pneumonia is generally the result of exposure to cold. Infancy is a time of fine susceptibility to bodily temperature.

GIN THE FAVOURITE.

In this house, where the old beldames, the middle-aged mothers, and the young mothers may be seen from morning till night, the favourite drink is gin.

"Half a quartern and two out" is the usual order. That means half a quartern of gin and two small glasses into which to pour the spirit.

The atmosphere of the place as we enter it is, to use a colloquialism, "enough to knock you backwards." The din is terrible. To make themselves heard above the coarse oaths of the men, the women scream their confidences to each other.

Besides the unhappy babies who are being poisoned by the foul atmosphere there are a number of little children. You cannot see them at first, because they are squeezed in among the crowd.

Here the drinking of the women is heavy. Some of them bear in their faces the familiar signs of confirmed alcoholism. Yet you may see when your eyes get accustomed to the thick haze of tobacco smoke many of this class suckling their babies.

A baby in the arms of a big drunken-looking woman utters a cry as if in pain. The woman has a glass of beer in her left hand. She fills her mouth with the liquor and squirts it in the crying baby's face.

Another woman with a glass of gin stoops down and puts it to the lips of a little girl of six, and tells her to take a "sup." A grey-haired old grandmother looks on and mumbles with a senile chuckle that the "young 'un don't half like it, and no mistake."

Another woman dips a dirty finger in her gin, and thrusts it into her baby's mouth, repeating the process several times. Her finger is cleaner when she has finished.

THE GIRL-MOTHER AND HER BABY.

A very young mother, more tidily dressed than the majority of the company, has her baby with her at the far end of the bar.

Her husband, a mere lad, is standing beside her.

She is drinking hot gin, and has a glass "crusher." Her husband holds the gin, as she puts the "crusher" in, and from it she drops a little gin into her baby's mouth. The young husband looks on proudly at the little domestic scene.

When the girl-mother has finished her hot gin there is a little drop at the bottom of the glass. She puts the glass to the baby's lips, and empties the liquid gently into its mouth. That which trickles out she wipes back with her finger.

The baby is apparently about four months old.

A little girl of seven standing by her mother, who is drinking hot spirit, pulls the mother's sleeve and asks for a drop. She is told that she may have a taste, and she has it.

In spite of the Child Messenger Act, children, you see, are still supplied with drink in the public-house. The publicans do not sell it to them. The mothers give it to them.

Babies constantly get alcohol. Some of them get a considerable quantity. Sir Thomas Barlow records a case of a baby in the Children's Hospital who died of "gin drinker's liver" before it was a year old.

The scene in the house we have entered has other revolting features which are object-lessons in the "problem" of infant mortality.

There is a danger to grown men and women, we are told, if one of their fellow-citizens spits in the open street.

This is insisted on. There are notices in railway stations and waiting-rooms, in omnibuses and tramcars, warning us of the perils of the practice. In this packed public-house half the company spit, and the floor is filthy.

Yet in the poisoned and polluted atmosphere there are just before midnight a score of babies in their mothers' arms, and eight or nine little children ranging in age from three to ten.

And this is only one house of scores of a similar character into which night after night unweaned infants are brought and kept for hours.

Close by is another house which on Saturday nights is so closely packed that the fringe of the drinking crowd extends through the doors that are set wide.

NOT FIT FOR A DOG.

I have seen when the crush became severe babies passed from hand to hand out of the stifling heat into the arms of their elder sisters, little girls of seven or eight who have been left outside.

I have seen babies fresh from that awful atmosphere nursed in the night-air for over an hour by little, illclad, shivering children while the mothers stayed inside drinking.

If I insist upon this phase of danger to infant life—the sudden changes of temperature—it is because it is one which will come home more readily to the many. Every mother will understand and appreciate what the public-house at night means to the baby in particular.

I have a little dog, a tiny mite who is six months old. Because I love my little dog and it is young and delicate I do not take it out with me after dark. I would not take it into the heated atmosphere of one of these public-houses and then bring it out into the cold night-air because of the risk to its health, perhaps to its life.

But where I would not take my dog the law of England allows mothers to take their babies.

And the law of England allows little children and babies in arms to drink intoxicating liquors in licensed houses till midnight on Saturday, and till half-past twelve on every other week-night.

Talk about People

Mr. W. H. Judkins

Mr. Judkins is one of the best-hated men in Victoria at the present time; and from another quarter the most admired. His recent heroic efforts in the direction of social reform in Victoria have brought him into the front rank of reformers. Though it was in New Zealand that Mr. Judkins graduated as a social reformer, he is a native of Daylesford (Vic.), where he was born on February 26, 1869. His father was a highly respected State school teacher, and an earnest Temperance worker, and is still living in well-earned retirement. Temperance runs in the family blood, for Mr. Judkins' maternal grandfather was a pioneer in the cause in the old country, and received his share of bad eggs and other "rotten" arguments. Some of those thrown at the distinguished grandson, it has been remarked, were so very bad, but they might almost have come from the same hen.

Mr. Judkins was educated with a view to following the teaching profession. At the age of 17 he was placed in charge of a country school near Stawell. He left the State service to take the position of assistant teacher in the Creswick Grammar School. While there he responded to a call to enter the Wesleyan ministry as a probationer. In 1893 he accepted an invitation from the President of the New Zealand Conference to go to that colony. On his arrival there he was stationed at Feilding, a rising borough in the Wellington province. His health broke down, as the result of too great a strain, and a long and serious illness ensued. He was reluctant to abandon the work, but, after going for two years without being able to resume ministerial duty, he resigned, under medical advice.

After the 1896 poll the New Zealand Alliance passed through a crisis. Some of the leaders associated with the Prohibition League felt that the new times demanded new methods and new men, and Mr. Judkins was chosen as the new secretary.

After returning to Victoria he succeeded Dr. Fitchet as Australian editor of the "Review of Reviews." Recently he was elected District Deputy Ruler of the Rechabite Order in Victoria.

The King as Editor

With the consent of King Edward, Mr. Murray will present to the world a selection of the letters written by Queen Victoria between the years 1837 and 1861.

The correspondence will include the letters written by the late Queen to the Prince Consort, and all the writings under her Majesty's signature dealing with the adoption of Free Trade, the Repeal Agitation, the Queen's Marriage, the Indian Mutiny, and many other important historical events.

Although the work is now in type, it will not be published until the autumn, owing to difficulties in connection with the American copyright.

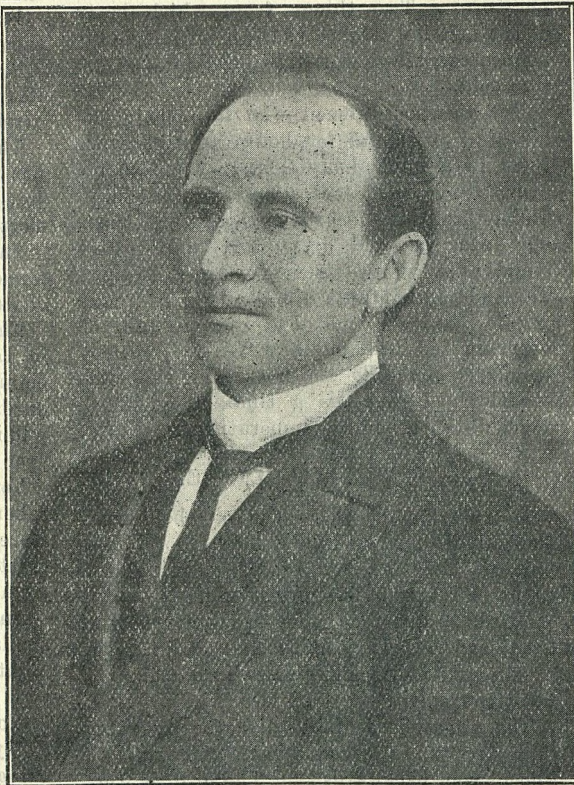
The King has been through the proofs, and has given to Mr. Murray full permission to issue the book. The volume has been edited by Mr. A. Benson and Viscount Esher. Never before in the history of publishing has a British reigning monarch officially sanctioned the production of a book dealing with the correspondence of his predecessor.

The letters which passed between Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort were par-

ticularly interesting. Letters of a very intimate and personal kind, however, will not be included. For instance, the marriage of the late Duke of Cambridge, and matters concerned with the private life of various members of the Royal Family, will not be discussed.

Sir John's Advice

Many years ago the late Sir John Macdonald, as Premier of Canada, was present at a public dinner, at which he was expected to deliver a rather important speech. In the conviviality of the occasion he forgot the more serious duty of the evening, and when, at a late hour, he rose, his speech was by no means so luminous as it might have been. The reporter, knowing that it would not do to print his notes as they stood, called on Sir John the next day and told him that he was not quite sure of



MR. W. H. JUDKINS.

having secured an accurate report. He was invited to read over his notes, but he had not got far when Sir John interrupted him with, "That is not what I said." There was a pause, and Sir John continued: "Let me repeat my remarks." He then walked up and down the room and delivered a most impressive speech in the hearing of the amused reporter, who took down every word as it fell from his lips. Having thanked Sir John for his courtesy, he was taking his leave, when he was recalled to receive this admonition: "Young man, allow me to give you this word of advice—never again attempt to report a public speaker when you are drunk."

The Pugilist's Bumps

Dr. Forbes Winslow, who during the last quarter of a century has been engaged in the principal lunacy investigations in England, is fully convinced that there is a great connection between crime and insanity, and also between the cranium of a criminal and a lunatic.

There is much more in phrenology, he says, than some persons are prepared to admit. Talking of bumps, he tells the story of a man who possessed a considerable number. A friend asked him if he had acquired them from a long course of study.

"No," was the reply, "I acquired them in scraps. I'm a pugilist."

Ambassador Travels "Third"

The simple habits of Mr. Bryce, the new Ambassador to the United States, are the subject of an amusing story. The other week Mr. Bryce was seen to get into a third-class smoking carriage at St. James's Park Station on the Metropolitan Railway, at the very time when the working men were returning home.

The carriage was crowded, and the reek of tobacco was almost overwhelming. But Mr. Bryce made himself quite at home, and proceeded to spread out a number of official papers on his knees. These papers were apparently highly important documents of State, but he was absolutely oblivious to his surroundings, and the working men no doubt came to the conclusion that he was an overworked city clerk sorting his papers on his way home. It seems that Mr. Bryce always travels in this simple way.

One Minute Late

Sir Courtenay Ilbert, the Clerk of the British House of Commons, who was absent at the opening of Parliament, having gone abroad to recruit his health after a severe attack of influenza, is a man of very regular habits, and in the discharge of his multifarious duties in connection with the routine working of the House of Commons, expects from his subordinates the same display of punctuality as he at all times shows himself. He is, however, immensely liked by the officials of the House, with whom his amiable disposition and unfailing courtesy have rendered him extremely popular. He lives in the Speaker's Court, and it is one of his rules to take a walk round Westminster Yard, wet or fine, every morning at 11.15.

On one occasion recently a photographer was to have come to Sir Courtenay at 11 a.m., but was a few minutes late in arriving. As the operator was settling the camera, Sir Courtenay looked impatiently at the clock on the mantelpiece. The photograph was taken just as the clock chimed the quarter, and the operator, seeing that Sir Courtenay looked somewhat disturbed, expressed a hope that he had not detained him too long. "You have," replied the Clerk of the House of Commons, smiling, "detained me just a minute too long." And then, taking up his hat, Sir Courtenay went out for his usual walk.

Mikado and the Camera

The Emperor of Japan is not favourably disposed to photographic likenesses, which explains why so few modern portraits of him are to be seen. When photography first came into fashion in Japan, the Emperor was among the first to sit for his portrait. He was so pleased as a child with the novel picture-taking machine that he could hardly wait till the next day to see the proofs. But when they came to the palace, and the Emperor opened them, he frowned. He looked at them a long time; then, with a sigh, put them down, and said, in a sad voice: "If I am as ugly as this, I will never be photographed again."

Jones (who has missed his golf-ball for the tenth time) to caddy: "What shall I do now?"

Caddy: "Give it a swipe with the bag, mister."

The joke is going the rounds of the press as to the boy's definition of a deficit. "It's what you have got when you haven't got as much as if you hadn't nothin'."

WHY WOMEN "NAG"

A celebrated physician writes the following on nagging women: Nine times out of ten the woman who nags is tired. One time out of ten she is hateful.

The cases that come under the physician's eye are those of the women who are so tired and who have been tired so long that they are suffering from some form of nervous disease. They may think they are only tired, but in fact they are ill, and it is that sort of illness in which the will is weakened and the patients give way to annoyance they would ignore if in a healthy condition.

In such cases the woman often suffers from her nagging more than the husband or children with whom she finds fault. She knows she does it. She does not intend to do it. She suffers in her own self-respect when she does it, and in the depths of her soul she longs for something to stop it. The condition is usually brought on by broken sleep, improper food, want of some other exercise than housekeeping, and of enough out-of-door air and practical objective thinking.

It is often the most unselfish and most affectionate of women who fall into this state. They are too much devoted to their families to give themselves a bicycle, for instance, or enough of any healthy exercise or diversion, enough of afternoon naps perhaps. In such cases the husband is often to blame, because he gives nag for nag instead of looking straight for the fundamental cause of the trouble.

There are many cases where such a woman begins by showing a longing for a little more attention, a little more tenderness, an invitation to a concert, or a cosy little dinner out with her husband.

The man who does not take that as a sign is responsible for pretty much all that follows, and sometimes it amounts to something very like criminal responsibility.

THE DRINK TYRANT

I was called to officiate for a few Sundays at a State reformatory. At a convenient hour in the afternoon the services were held, when over six hundred men filed into the chapel. It was a sight not easily forgotten, when these men in all degrees of sin and guilt, confronted the preacher.

Lest some disturbance might occur, the muscular "keepers," in uniform, were distributed through the assembly. That crowd was a study, and hard was the heart indeed that was not melted to pity as he watched these listeners. A fine organist officiated as accompanist, and the men, led by a large choir from their own numbers, sang lustily the Gospel hymns of the day.

I had occasion to inquire of the musical director (a man who lived outside), concerning the organist, who seemed so familiar with the instrument. He replied, "Oh, he is from the crowd here. He is obliged to live here all of the time, in order to keep sober. He will 'serve time' and be discharged, but the day he goes out he is sure to drink again, and then he is sent back, and goes through the same experience as before." The choirmaster told me that the organist was a fine musician, and could easily command twenty-five dollars a Sunday if he would keep sober and attend to business. "But no, he can't let the stuff alone," continued my informant, "but comes back again and again, and must simply stay here to keep from drinking."

A pitiful story, indeed! Here was this man of sensitive temperament, good face, fine musical parts, but a slave to the appetite for alcoholic drink. He was deprived

of home and family and was held a captive to Satan.

And he was only one of the many of ability scattered through that audience, who, emancipated from the power of the tyrant "drink," could shine in their respective localities, making honourable records, and become a blessing to their families and humanity.

And yet with such examples to warn them, many young men fail to heed the lesson. They rise in their youthful strength and boastfully declare, "I can drink, or I can let it alone!" So they think and say, and they somehow, self-deceived, count themselves safe from an inebriate's doom.

When will young men, and all men, learn that their only safety is in total abstinence from all intoxicating beverages? Thirty years of careful observation and hard work confirm me in this statement. "Touch not, taste not, handle not."—O. W. Scott.

AN ENDLESS TASK

A good Samaritan, passing an apartment-house in the small hours of the morning, noticed a man leaning limply against the doorway.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Drunk?"

"Yep."

"Do you live in this house?"

"Yep."

"Do you want me to help you upstairs?"

"Yep."

With much difficulty he half dragged, half carried the drooping figure up the stairway to the second floor.

"What floor do you live on?" he asked.

"Is this it?"

"Yep."

Rather than face an irate wife who might, perhaps, take him for a companion more at fault than her spouse, he opened the first door he came to and pushed the limp figure in.

The good Samaritan groped his way downstairs again. As he was passing through the vestibule he was able to make out the dim outlines of another man, apparently in worse condition than the first one.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Are you drunk, too?"

"Yep," was the feeble reply.

"Do you live in this house, too?"

"Yep."

"Shall I help you upstairs?"

"Yep."

The good Samaritan pushed, pulled, and carried him to the second floor, where this man also said he lived. He opened the same door and pushed him in.

As he again reached the front door he discerned the shadow of a third man, evidently worse off than either of the other two. He was about to approach him when the object of his solicitude lurched out into the street and threw himself into the arms of a passing policeman.

"For Heaven's sake, off'cer," he gasped, "protect me from that man. He's done nothin' all night long but carry me upstairs 'n throw me down th' elevator shaf'."

Mrs. Brown: "It be very kind of you, doctor, coming so far to see me husband."

Doctor: "Not at all. I have a patient on the way, so I can kill two birds with one stone."

Tommy: "Does your ma hit your foot under the table when you've had enough?"

Johnny: "No; that's when I haven't had enough. When I have she sends for the doctor."

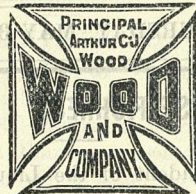
Do you want to borrow on Mortgage? I have money to lend at from five per cent. Wm. Lawson Dash, 108 Pitt-street.—*

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has been stamped upon the careful and painstaking methods unflinchingly adopted by **WOOD & COMPANY**—the Oldest Established and Most Reliable Funeral Directors in N. S. W.—who combine **Personal Attention**—**unequalled Satisfaction** and **Economy** in all cases where their services are engaged.

A large staff of skilled and trusted Employees, combined with magnificent plant of the most modern labor saving machinery, and the finest rolling-stock in the Commonwealth, enables them to conduct the **Highest Grade** of Funeral Work at Ten per cent., lower Rates than any other firm in the State.

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E. N. PARKER, Manager for N.S.W.

GRIT.
A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1907.

SELFISHNESS

The President of the Liquor Trades Defence Union, speaking at a meeting of that body on 9th May, told his audience that "the policy of the prohibitionists was one of selfishness." By way of explanation of this statement he went on to say that the cause of this "selfishness" "was the fact that they (the Temperance party) had no vested interests in the trade." It is something new to hear declarations of this sort. Does the gentleman responsible for them mean to convey that he and his friends are actuated by unselfish motives, because they have vested interests in the man-ruining, home-wrecking, criminal-making business of liquor selling? For cool, unadulterated cheek this deserves first prize. In times past even opponents of the temperance advocates have freely admitted that they are unselfish in their work; that they have no personal ends to serve; that they are in the fight because they honestly believe that to wipe out the drink business would be to take a great step forward socially and morally. It has remained for an official representative of "the trade" to accuse the No-License party of that sin which is the special and peculiar failing of those engaged in his calling. The liquor business is par excellence the one that brings out all that is base and selfish in mankind. Those engaged in it know that every shilling of profit which accrues to them from it is the product of untold misery and anguish and degradation. And yet they come before the people of this State asking that they may be given still further opportunity to ruin and degrade men and women and children. For what? For the "safeguarding of vested interests." No man or woman who desires the greatest good of

this splendid country can give any support to these wreckers of domestic happiness, of brilliant prospects, and of high and noble characters. To seek the good of one's country, and of one's neighbours, is true patriotism, and the true patriot can never be a selfish man or woman.

THE NEW SOUTH WALES ALLIANCE

The annual meeting of the New South Wales Alliance was held on Monday of last week, when the report and balance-sheet were presented to the members. The report, which was a lengthy one, set out the work which had been done during the previous year. Much had been accomplished towards organising the temperance forces of the State for the approaching Local Option Poll, but much still remained to be done. The financial statement, which was presented in a different, though more systematic form than hitherto, showed that the most had been made of the funds placed at the disposal of the Council. There was a deficit in the year's operations of about £30, which may be considered satisfactory when the extra work performed is taken into account. In view of the fact, however, that the Local Option Poll is to be taken in a few weeks' time, it is not comforting to know that the great fighting machine of the Temperance party in New South Wales is not provided with a strong fighting fund to carry on the campaign. The liquor sellers are closing up their ranks and each week they record substantial financial help from various sources: the drink manufacturers of the old country, too, are coming to their aid, and it may be expected that money will be freely lavished in order to defend their unrighteous business. It therefore is the duty of every elector who wants to see this State free of its greatest enemy to come to the aid of the Alliance, so that the work may go on uninterruptedly and successfully.

THE STRENGTH OF BEING CLEAN

Sydney at present has the honour of entertaining, in the person of Dr. Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford University, one of the greatest of America's educationists. He has come to this State, at the invitation of the authorities of Sydney University, to tell something of the progress of educational methods in his own country, and, it is to be hoped, to give a much-needed stimulus to the cause of higher education in New South Wales. The Professor is not a clergyman, but on Sunday night last he delighted a congregation which thronged every part of St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church by his talk on "The Strength of being Clean." He is not an orator: that is, he in no way seeks to play upon the emotions of his hearers: but every word is vital and forceful, and those who had the privilege of listening to his discourse will long remember it. The man who has been acclaimed as a "jolly good fellow," remarked the doctor, finds by-and-by that the men who have followed him him along this track are men who are following drink or gambling. Then he finds

that the women who are associated with these men are worse than they are. Along these ways lies weakness and disaster. To be clean in body and mind is to be strong. Every form of vice is so much taken out of a man's salary. It is taken out of his capacity for work; out of his capacity for effectiveness; and out of his capacity for enjoyment. The greatest joy in life is the conquest of an evil habit. In this fashion did the visitor warn his audience, and particularly the younger portion of it, to eschew those vices which weaken one's moral and mental fibre.

DR. JORDAN ON DRINK AND GAMBLING

Dr. Jordan was particularly strong on the drink question, and quoted his own experience at some length to show that no man is safe who indulges in the intoxicating cup. Scarcely less severe was his indictment of the gambling evil. "I have not been in Australia long," he pursued, "but I have seen the terrible train of evil over the land in the form of gambling." Idleness, sterile emotions (i.e., emotions that end in nothing) and the various forms of lust were all touched upon in a masterly manner. All these vices were supposed by those who practised them to be short cuts to happiness. Reverting once more to the liquor question, he quoted John L. Sullivan, who said, "There is a joy in life, but it is only for the man who has a few 'jolts' of liquor under his belt." "What joy in life is there," asked the professor, "to such a man in the play of children, in the music of the birds, in the mountain streams, or in any of the forms of nature? What does a man in that condition know of philosophy, or poetry, or art, or song?" At the conclusion of the service, the minister of St. Stephen's expressed his own and his congregation's debt of gratitude to the learned lecturer. The tribute was well deserved. Such addresses from such men must have a marked influence upon those who come within range of them. The pity is that men of the stamp of Dr. Jordan are so rare.

MONIED MEN, THE GREATEST OF ALL INEBRIATES

The "gold-cure" has been vaunted for alcoholic inebriety—a moral homoeopathy, forsooth, that makes one almost smile. It is worth while, I think, that poor men should reconsider riches with almost the intent of propagating and encouraging, honourable, sane, and even satisfying poverty. The world is fast becoming a sort of experiment ground for the cornerers of food, the press-gangs of financial specialism, and the veriest viragos of vulgarity. Men doff their hats to-day to Success, and our prisons are peopled with some of that success that has been found out. And it becomes increasingly difficult—I say so who know it for fact—to hold and maintain, pure and unstained, the old code of honour of our fathers in this new world of gold-environed appreciation. The greatest inebriates of the day are the men who are so drunk with success that they never look back to or reflect upon the means that may not have exactly sanctified the end. They only consider the end, but "Finis" is not woven on the tapestry of time by any human fingers, weave they ever so deftly and with gold-thread of the mightiest carat in the weaving!

The First Line of Defence

(SPECIAL TO "GRIT.")

In our modern world of haste, we rush along, only heeding our immediate surroundings. No time have we to look beneath the veneer.



We roll along with the mass, applauding the good and worthy where we meet it, and sympathising with the less worthy only where it happens to cross our track in the fevered rush.

The phrase, "the human race," has a meaning doubly pregnant. Just think of it! The myriads of humans rushing along the track to futurity. Some faltering by the way, and holding out the pleading hand for help.

It is for such that "Grit" entered the arena. It is to fight to improve social conditions so that there will be little if any reason for the faltering.

The chief causes of human retrogression are Drink and Gambling, and the evils following in their trail are but Nature retaliating.

Nature always "makes up," and in most cases the ruin of homes and constitutions, through want of thought and want of self-control, not only affects the drunkard, but the children naturally partake of the physical weaknesses resulting from the parents' weakened bodies.

Just think of it—the child—the innocent scapegoat of the parents' misdeeds. Picture its little life so handicapped. Pity this little victim of cruel social conditions, and just as darkness begets crime, so a weakened body encourages weakness of spirit and disinclination to resist temptation.

Given then good health, a step is won in the path of reform.

One with any heart at all must pity the poor innocent weakling, with its little life-spark battling for existence, within a weakened body.

It pleads for help. The child, the maker of our nation's destiny, calls for assistance, and, many brave spirits hearing, do their best to help the Children's Hospitals.

Of the noble institutions founded for the amelioration of children's illnesses, the Royal Alexandra Hospital stands prominent. This is the only hospital New South Wales

has for children alone. It has been in existence for over 25 years, and during the whole of that time has relied on the charitable public for maintenance. The "Cry of the Child" has not fallen on closed ears. Every intelligent Australian recognises the grave necessity for guarding and preserving the child life of the nation.

In these days, when the want of population stares at us plainly, and fills us with fear in the event of the overflow of the Oriental races, is it not in the care of our children that we must build up our "first line of defence."

It is costing our States a considerable sum of money to induce immigration, and our little ones have been dying at the rate of 200,000 during the past fourteen years for the want of proper treatment.

During 1904 7200 children were treated, and the large majority returned to their parents relieved or quite cured.

Greater help is wanted to meet the ever-growing requirements of the Hospital.

The ailing little ones are amongst our God-given opportunities for doing good. Such a claim as that should need no pressing.

"Grit" desires to see the philanthropic spirit encouraged. We consider that a great step in human reform is won when the child can commence its career laden with good health.

To encourage and fight for human reform, to clear the path of Australian life of those weeds and tentacles that would clog human advance, is our task, hence we welcome as comrades all who join in that great crusade.

The Royal Alexandra Hospital for Sick Children will become a mighty factor in Australian life.

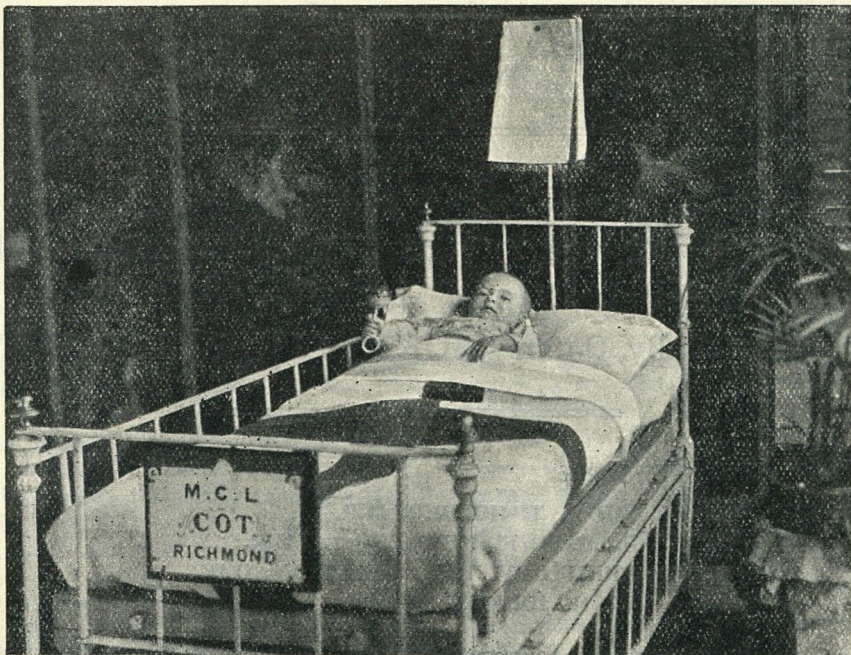
The future of Australia is locked in the grip of the children of this generation—let us give them a fair and square start.

It is our duty to the child to relieve it of any burden undeserved.

It is our duty to the nation to do our best to assist those with us to help it to better things.

It is our duty to futurity—to so fit the younger generation of Australians that their maturity shall lift our country to the grand and high ideal in the world's history that every patriotic Australian desires.

G. T.



AMERICAN MILLIONS

The total wealth of America has recently been estimated at 118,742,306,775dol. The population is said to be 81,256,000 and the average holding of wealth per capita is 1306dol., an increase of 35dol. during the past six years. This is considerably more than the per capita wealth of the United Kingdom, which is estimated at 1035dol. The United States has added more to her wealth in the last decade of the nineteenth century than was accumulated between the discovery of America and the Civil War.

These years of phenomenal hospitality have been years also of unprecedented charity. The total of gifts and bequests in the United States for 1906 was 106,338,000 dol., no items of less than 1000dol. being considered in the estimate. The greatest total in any one year of similar contributions was 122,888,000dol. in 1901. The amount given during the past year to educational institutions was 32,492,000dol.; to charities, 49,897,000dol.; to museums, art galleries, and public improvements, 16,849,000dol., while religious organisations received 5,443,000dol. Such quotations do not include donations of less than a thousand dollars, and represent almost entirely the giving of the wealthier classes.

THE WEALTH OF THE EMPIRE

£970,000,000 WORTH OF COAL IN TEN YEARS.

BURIED TREASURE.

Few people are able to realise the immense wealth which is every year produced from the 11,314,000 square miles which comprise the British Empire. Some remarkable figures, from which some idea of this can be obtained, are to be found in the "Statistical Abstract of the British Empire," just issued in the form of a Yellow-book.

Calculations from the figures contained therein show that within the past ten years the Empire has yielded to its inhabitants the following:—

Coal	£970,000,000
Diamonds	55,000,000
Gold	288,000,000
Silver	10,000,000
Copper	28,000,000
Tin	64,000,000

In addition to these little items, which represent a total wealth of £1,415,000,000, the Empire has also provided within the ten years the following valuable products:—

Pig iron (tons)	95,000,000
Iron ore (tons)	115,000,000
Wheat (bushels)	4,850,000,000
Oats (bushels)	3,400,000,000
Barley (bushels)	970,000,000
Maize (bushels)	370,000,000
Wine (gallons)	110,000,000
Tea (lbs.)	3,600,000,000
Coffee (lbs.)	420,000,000
Raw Sugar (cwts.)	560,000,000
Rubber (lbs.)	103,000,000
Cotton (lbs.)	12,000,000,000

This by no means exhausts the wealth that is produced from and on the land of the Empire. Among its other possessions are:—

Horses	7,000,000
Horned Cattle	119,400,000
Sheep	152,000,000

It is interesting to note that the sheep produce between them 872,000,000lbs. of wool every year.

"Signor Trapezaro's hand slipped last night, and he dropped his wife while they were performing on the high swings."

"What did she do?"

"Sued him for nonsupport."

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

THE LAND PROBLEM

An Irishman, wishing to take a 'homestead' and not knowing just how to go about it, sought information from a friend.

"Mike," he said, "you've taken a homestead, an' I thought maybe ye could tell me th' law concernin' how to go about it."

"Well, Dennis, I don't remimber th' exact wordin' uv th' law, but I can give ye th' manin' uv it. Th' manin' uv it is this: Th' Government is willin' t' bet ye 160 acres uv land agin' 14 dollars thot ye can't live in it five years widout starvin' t' death."

HIS FIRST GHOST STORY

"I confess that the subject of psychical research makes no great appeal to me," Sir William Henry Perkin, the inventor of coal-tar dyes, told some friends in New York recently. "Personally, in the course of a fairly long career, I have heard at first-hand but one ghost story. Its hero was a man whom I may as well call Snooks."

"Snooks, visiting at a country house, was put in the haunted chamber for the night. He said that he did not feel the slightest uneasiness, but nevertheless, just as a matter of precaution, he took to bed with him a revolver of the latest American pattern."

"He slept peacefully enough until the clock struck two, when he awoke with an unpleasant feeling of oppression. He raised his head and peered about him. The room was wanly illuminated by the full moon, and in that weird, bluish light he thought he discerned a small, white hand clasping the rail at the foot of the bed."

"Who's there?" he asked tremulously.

"There was no reply. The small, white hand did not move."

"Who's there?" he repeated. "Answer me or I'll shoot."

"Again there was no reply."

"Snooks cautiously raised himself, took careful aim, and fired."

"From that night on he limped. Shot off two of his toes."

HIS BIRTHMARK

A newly elected Western senator was pounding his desk and waving his arms in an impassioned appeal to the Senate.

"What do you think of him?" whispered Senator Kean, of New Jersey, to the impassive Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania.

"Oh, he can't help it," answered Knox. "It's a birthmark."

"A what?"

"A birthmark," repeated Knox. "His mother was scared by a windmill."

A REASONABLE REQUEST

Any one who has ever travelled on the New York subway, or even in a Sydney railway tram, in rush hours, can easily appreciate the following:—

A little man, wedged into the middle of a car, suddenly thought of pickpockets, and quite as suddenly remembered that he had some money in his overcoat. He plunged his hand into his pocket, and was somewhat shocked upon encountering the fist of a fat fellow-passenger.

"Aha!" snorted the latter. "I caught you that time!"

"Leggo!" snarled the little man. "Leggo my hand!"

"Pickpocket!" hissed the fat man.

"Scoundrel!" retorted the little one.

Just then a tall man in their vicinity glanced up from his paper.

"I'd like to get off here," he drawled, "if you fellows don't mind taking your hands out of my pocket."

EGGS £2 EACH

RAREST SPECIMENS NOW WITHIN THE REACH OF THE ORDINARY COLLECTOR.

Collectors who, ten years ago, had to travel the world in order to obtain specimens of rare eggs may now purchase them for a few shillings from the London dealers.

At one well-known Oxford-street naturalist's a new price list has just been prepared, giving no fewer than 390 varieties of birds' eggs.

The most expensive eggs on sale are those of the rare golden eagle and the swallow-tailed kite, sold at £2 each. Other valuable eggs are those of the McQueen bustard, greater shearwater, western duck, albatross, nutcracker, and Iceland falcon, which range in price from 25s to 14s each.

The industry of birds' egg trading is largely followed now-a-days, and many men make a good income out of it.

Eagle and falcon egg-collecting is attended with many dangers, but it is the most remunerative, yielding an income of £7 to £8 per week during the season.

Teacher: "Tommy, what is 'nutritious' food?"

Tommy: "Something to eat that ain't got no taste to it."

Gyer: "Huggins is a remarkable man."

Myer: "In what way?"

Gyer: "Why, he can wait at the telephone without making pencil marks on the desk pad."

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

Where Shall I Stay in Sydney?

THE N.S.W. ALLIANCE HEADQUARTERS HOTEL

CORNER CASTLEREAGH & PARK STS., SYDNEY



A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL WITHOUT A LIQUOR BAR

Airy, Comfortable Bedrooms, Spacious Reception Rooms.

Good Table. Terms very moderate

For particulars apply to the Secretary

All Profits go to Temperance Propaganda Work

THE NEW SOUTH WALES ALLIANCE

SOCIAL TEA and No-License Rally

SYDNEY TOWN HALL

THURSDAY, 6th JUNE

Tea, 6 p.m. TICKETS, ONE SHILLING

Exhibition of Moving Pictures, 7 p.m. TICKETS FREE

Open Air Meetings, 7 p.m.

No-License Rally, 8 p.m. TICKETS FREE. COLLECTION

SPEAKERS:

SIR F. T. HOLDER, M.P.

F. M. B. FISHER, ESQ., M.H.R.

RIGHT REV. T. E. CLOUSTON, D.D.

W. H. JUDKINS, ESQ.

TEA TICKETS ENTITLE HOLDERS TO RESERVED SEATS AT MOVING PICTURES AND NO-LICENSE RALLY.

MARK TWAIN'S CAVE

"STARVED TO DEATH IN THE INTEREST OF ART."

Continuing his autobiography in the current issue of the "North American Review," Mark Twain lets the public into the secret of the originals of some of the descriptions in his book.

He tells, too, about a wonderful cave.

"Injun Joe, the half-breed, got lost in there once, and would have starved to death if the bats had run out. But there was no chance of that: there were myriads of them. He told me all his story. In the book called 'Tom Sawyer' I starved him entirely to death in the cave, but that was in the interest of art; it never happened. 'General' Gaines, who was our first town drunkard before Jimmy Finn got the place, was lost in there for the space of a week, and finally pushed his handkerchief out of a hole in a hilltop near Saver-ton, several miles down the river from the cave's mouth, and somebody saw it and dug him out.

"There is nothing the matter with his statistics except the handkerchief. I knew him for years, and he hadn't any. But it could have been his nose. That would attract attention."

One reminiscence, of a different kind, "Mark" tells thus:—

"I was always told that I was a sickly and precarious and tiresome and uncertain child, and lived mainly on allopathic medicines during the first seven years of my life. I asked my mother about this, in her old age—she was in her 88th year—and said:—

"I suppose that during all that time you were uneasy about me?"

"Yes, the whole time."

"Afraid I wouldn't live?"

"After a reflective pause—ostensibly to think out the facts—'No, afraid you would.'"

£201,000,000 IN DEATH DUTIES

PROFITABLE SOURCE OF NATIONAL INCOME.

The total British receipts from the death duties for the year which ended on Sunday, March 31, will be between £18,750,000 and £19,000,000, and will thus exceed either of the two largest years hitherto recorded, which were 1899-1900, when the receipt was £18,410,000, and 1901-2, when the total was £18,513,000.

Since the present duties were first imposed by the Finance Act of 1894 they have proved extremely profitable to the State.

The yearly yield varies, but it has shown a steady tendency to rise, and the total result of the twelve years' working of the duties has been the payment for national purposes of £201,000,000, or an average of over £16,000,000 a year.

These duties have a way of surprising Chancellors of the Exchequer by exceeding the estimates. Thus for the current year the duties have yielded over a million and a quarter more than the estimate, while if the total for the twelve years is taken the surplus over Budget estimates has been over £8,500,000.

The number of estates of over £1,000,000 each ranking for duty in the current year has been above the average, but not equal to either of the years 1899-1900 or 1901-2. For the current year the total value of the millionaires' estates on which duty has been paid has been £18,500,000. In 1899-1900 the value was £28,172,899, while in 1901-2 the value was £38,530,000.

A STORY OF PLUCK

The following story is especially characteristic of the courage and determination which won for Admiral Evans of the U.S. Navy, the title of "Fighting Bob." In an attack upon Fort Fisher, says a writer in "Current Literature," Robert—then Midshipman Evans—was shot. He was hit three times before he fell. Then he was shot a fourth time as he lay on the sand, and he saw the sharpshooter getting ready for a fifth shot. Bob felt the proceedings were becoming monotonous, and he addressed a few emphatic remarks to that effect to the sharpshooter. As the remarks seemed insufficient, he did a little sharpshooting himself that ended the matter. But a fate worse than death to Bob soon seemed imminent, for he was taken to the hospital at Norfolk, and he overheard the surgeon in charge say to his assistant, "Take both legs off in the morning." Bob slipped a revolver under his pillow and waited with set teeth for the morning. He was only eighteen, and he felt he had use for those legs. When the assistant came to prepare him for the operation, Bob at first protested earnestly, but in vain. Then he pulled his revolver from under the pillow, and told the doctor that it had six cartridges, and that if anybody entered the place with a case of instruments six men would be killed before the operation began. The legs were saved.

PLAYED ON THEIR FEELINGS

"Do you know, I had a curious experience at the concert the other night," said the gifted amateur tenor. "I sang 'Row, Brothers, Row,' and, would you believe it, the whole audience began to sway back and forward just as though they were pulling at oars?" "Very interesting," remarked the bass: "it reminds me of an incident at a concert where I was singing. I sang 'The Last Post,' and they all began to put imaginary stamps on imaginary letters, and were half-way out at the door making for the nearest pillar-box before they remembered."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Weekly Reader.—It would be no use, and we do not advise you to attempt it.

Loyal.—King Edward VII. was born in 1841, and Queen Alexandra in 1844.

J.G.R. (Goulburn).—Are you not a little bit intolerant? Whilst we claim to be out-and-out advocates of Social Reform, we cannot subscribe to such a sweeping assertion, although we will admit the need for a great alteration.

P.F. (Newcastle).—The Alliance has decided to support only those candidates who are firm on liquor and gambling reform. Better ask for yourself.

Federalist.—This is more a matter for the daily papers, although we agree with your views in the main.

Abstainer.—We don't quite see the force of your question. As we understand it, a total abstainer is one who takes no alcoholic liquors as beverages.

J. Martin.—Many thanks, no use to "Grit."

C.J. (Lewisham).—Yours is a very dangerous line of argument. An action is either right or wrong, and it is only sophistry to claim that because you think an action which is wrong to others is right to you, it is therefore right. Get rid of such notions, and play the game for your own sake.

Colonial

Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Ltd.

CAPITAL, £250,000

DEPARTMENTS:

Fire	Plate Glass	Marine
	Accident	
Fidelity	Employers'	Liability
Guarantee		
	Public Risk	

Insurances accepted in all departments at Lowest Rates of premium.

N. S. W. Branch—

78 Pitt Street

S. HAGUE SMITH,
Secretary

SYDNEY

All Round.—You say you can write a bit, draw a bit, do a bit in the musical line, and several other things, and so propose to teach us how to run "Grit." We commend to your notice the old couplet:

"One thing at a time, and that done well,
Is a very good rule, as many can tell."

Eager.—We are not quite so eager to print you as you are to get into print. The basis of a readable article is not platitudes and vague assertions; as you seem to think. We thank you for your kindly reference to "Grit," which you can help in many other ways, and we hope to have your assistance in securing new readers.

M.M.R.—Idea is not bad, and we will try to make use of it.

T.R.M.—Not suitable; many thanks all the same.

W.A.L.—Drawing would not reproduce.

F. Foote.—Nearly everybody has had your experience for some cause or other. The only way is to take no notice, but steadily adhere to the course you have mapped out, and in time matters will right themselves.

Doubtful.—Everybody can do something to help on the good work. It is individual efforts that produce the sum total of results. Don't be down-hearted, but keep doing all you can and encourage others to do likewise. "Many a mickle makes a muckle."

Record.—No good purpose would be served by looking up such "facts," and so we are sorry we cannot oblige you. You could easily do it yourself by going to the Public Library.

Serial.—We have not room at present. Your other question was answered in a previous issue. Let us know if you did not see it, and we will repeat.

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CAMPAIGN NOTES AND NEWS

Next Thursday—Sydney Town Hall—Don't forget.

The Alliance Conference last week was the most successful ever held in Sydney.

Mr. F. M. B. Fisher conducted several meetings in Newcastle District last week.

Great activity in No-License propaganda is being exhibited on the Northern Rivers.

Rev. Thos. Fee, of New Zealand, had excellent meetings at Balmain on Sunday and Monday last.

The new Electoral Act has been gazetted. Be sure you get enrolled. No electors' rights are needed.

Members of temperance lodges and societies should wear their regalia at the Town Hall meeting on June 6th.

Miss Anderson Hughes has been conducting a successful No-License mission at Junee. She is now in Wagga.

Mr. A. Bruntnell and Mr. W. Anderson, Ms.L.A., spoke to a great open-air meeting in Balmain last Saturday evening.

Old country brewers and distillers, with interests in this State, are said to be forwarding large sums to fight the Temperance party.

Mr. Bruntnell addressed a large gathering at the Presbyterian Hall, Crow's Nest, on Tuesday evening. The Rev. W. H. Ash occupied the chair.

Speaking at the Alliance Conference Mr. F. M. B. Fisher dealt faithfully with the author of a recent pamphlet decrying the New Zealand No-License areas.

The St. George Endeavour Union held a No-License rally in the Methodist Church, Rockdale, on Wednesday evening last week. There was an excellent attendance.

The arrangements for the Alliance tea and No-License rally are almost complete. Every temperance man and woman should take part in this great demonstration.

A second edition of Canon Boyce's pamphlet "Shall I vote for No-License?" is in the press. It will be ready this week. Sixpence a dozen at the Alliance Office.

The gambling gang are very much afraid of letting the public know what alterations they propose in the Gaming Act. They want New South Wales to "buy a pig in a poke."

A splendid open-air meeting was held in Oxford-street last Saturday evening, under the auspices of the Surry Hills No-License Committee. Mr. T. S. Lang was the speaker.

All who intend being present at the Alliance Demonstration in the Town Hall should provide themselves with tickets, which are free. Tea tickets entitle holders to reserved seats.

The speakers at next Thursday's No-License Rally are to be Sir F. T. Holder, M.P., Mr. F. M. B. Fisher, M.H.R. (New Zealand), Rt. Rev. Dr. Clouston (Moderator General of the Presbyterian Church), and Mr. W. H. Judkins.

A speaker at a recent liquor sellers' meeting told with bated breath how the Temperance party were to hold a monster demonstration on June 6th, in the Town Hall, and urged his friends to take steps to hold a counter demonstration.

The Alexandria No-License Committee have already held open-air meetings in every part of the electorate. On Saturday night a man slightly under the influence of drink walked into the ring, and smashed the bottle containing his Sunday beer.

READ THIS

Testimony from a Popular Methodist Minister

EXTRACT FROM WESLEY CHURCH "SIGNAL."

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

REV. F. COLWELL.

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The Secretary of the Liquor Trades Defence Union stated recently that on the basis of the voting at last general election, the No-License party would need to get about 237,000 votes to win. If every church member would vote No-License, this number could easily be passed.

The President of the Liquor Defence Union said the other day that "the policy of the prohibitionist was one of selfishness." He forgets that the first plank in his party's platform is the "safeguarding of vested interests," to give him and his friends wider opportunities to gain gold from the misery of others.

Thus Professor Jordan in his lecture "The Call of the Twentieth Century":—"In the places of drink, in the gambling-houses, about the race-track, and in many still worse places, were the young men the century did not want. There were too many of these. It was fair to say that one-third of the strength of the young manhood of America was lost through drunkenness and vice, and he was told that conditions in Australia were much the same in this regard. It was only the other two-thirds of the century cared for, holding the rest in ruthless scorn."

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

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How the World Moves

A balloon has done the mile in forty seconds.

To every 1,000 males in London there are 1,123 females.

A million matches are used in Europe every twelve minutes.

Lobsters are terrified by thunder, and seek deep water during thunderstorms.

The drink bill of the United Kingdom showed a decrease of £4,819,224 during 1905.

The French farmers are said to make from £200 to £400 a year out of snail farming.

The 21st verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet except the letter "j."

Two rings are employed in the marriage ceremony in the Greek Church—one of gold and the other of silver.

In 300 years Englishmen have grown six inches shorter, on the average, while the women have been increasing in height.

White horses are not now used in the German army, the introduction of smokeless powder having made them too conspicuous.

The Shah of Persia possesses a string of pearls brought up by the divers on the Persian coast, each individual pearl of which is nearly the size of a hazel nut.

Though the Queen is a Dane by birth, and her father was King of Denmark, she spent the whole of her early life in Germany, her father only taking his place as heir to the Danish Throne a few years before her marriage.

Mr. George J. Gould, of New York, has decided to pull down his house at the corner of Fifth Avenue, and build another, which will cost him £2,000,000. The new house, which will be six storeys high, will be built of Indiana limestone.

At the burial of unmarried women in Brazil, the coffin, hearse, and the livery of the driver must be bright scarlet; the four white horses drawing the hearse must be covered with scarlet nets, and scarlet plumes must deck the horses' heads.

To make a piano sound like a banjo, take half of a newspaper or a sheet of tissue paper and place it behind the hammers of a piano—between them and the wires—and then play a tune. You will find the sound of the piano exactly resembles that of a banjo.

The miners of Cornwall are the best customers of our snuff merchants, their consumption being enormous. Nearly 100 tons of snuff—what is known as "violet snuff" is their favourite "sneeze"—will go down to them in a year, all done up in 1 lb. packets.

Much research and investigation warrant the assertion that man is not the only animal subject to dreams. Horses neigh and rear upon their hind legs while fast

TO THICKEN UP WOOLLENS

with rough chemical soaps is quite easy: to keep woollens soft as eiderdown with good Sunlight Laundry Soap is quite as easy.

asleep dogs bark and growl, and in many other ways exhibit all their characteristic passions.

April, June, and December are the principal marrying months in England, and May the poorest of marriage months. Yet in Holland May is the month of all others for marriages. In Russia January and February are the marriage months, and in Norway June and July.

Wood for tennis rackets requires at least five years' seasoning; that is to say, it requires to be kept for five years in the rough timber state before being cut up for use. Wood for pianos is kept, as a rule, for forty years before it is considered in any way in condition to be used.

During the reign of Elizabeth coal was becoming a popular kind of fuel, though a strong prejudice lingered against it, and the Queen prohibited its burning in London during the sitting of Parliament, for it was feared that "the health of the knights of the shires might suffer".

Bishop Thornton told the Preston (Eng.) people that a neighbouring town raised £1,400 at a single football match, while its year's contributions to foreign missions was only £212, and that the United States spent £11,000,000 a year in chewing gum, and only £300,000 in evangelising the world.

The weight of a million sovereigns, newly minted, is 10 tons 14cwt. 15lb. A million pounds' worth of fresh-coined silver pieces of British money weighs over 151 tons 10cwt. These enormous weights and values may be represented by a few pounds of banknotes. It takes 512 notes to weigh a pound.

Near the Tonga Islands, in the Pacific, a fish net which was sunk dropped 23,000 feet below the surface. It took a whole day to sink the net and raise it. Life was found even at that depth, over four miles, where the temperature was just above freezing and the pressure 9,000lb to the square inch.

Twenty years ago, a tall girl was rather remarkable; now it is almost the exception to see a very small one. Fifty years ago a woman was considered tall at five foot seven; now we see them as tall as five foot nine or five foot ten, and think nothing of it. The cause is said to be the better sanitary conditions under which women now live.

—One of the greatest drug stores in the world exists in Moscow, and is 203 years old. Its title is the Old Nikolska Pharmacy and since 1833 it has been in the family of the present proprietors. It is a building of imposing dimensions, with many

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departments, including one of professional education for the staff, which numbers 700 persons. They make up about 2000 prescriptions a day, and so perfect is the organisation that an error is seldom recorded.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad has served notice on its employees that they must be total abstainers from alcoholic drinks or leave the service of the company, and it is quite likely that all the other lines in the United States will adopt the same rule. It is only cumulative evidence that there are enough sober men in the world to do the world's work. The conviction is gaining weight everywhere that the temperance question is not simply moral, but economic, and corporations are now one with the churches in the effort to suppress this great national vice.

Dr. Wilhite, superintendent of the asylum at Dunning, Ill., told a woman's club that of the 1000 insane patients, 600 men and 400 women, alcohol was the cause of insanity in the cases of 10-12 per cent. of the men and 5 per cent. of the women. Of 1000 pauper cases, 800 men and 200 women, 95 per cent. of the men and 59 per cent. of the women have an "alcoholic history," and 44 per cent. and 22 per cent. of the men and women, respectively, of this class drink to excess. Of 1000 tuberculosis patients, 800 men and 200 women, 94 per cent. and 23 per cent. respectively, have an "alcoholic history."

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

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