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A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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THE BLACK STAIN.

SECOND ARTICLE.

IN SOUTH LONDON.

It is a bright autumn morning as I turn into a street of pretty two-storeyed "villa" houses. Each house is as a rule let to two families, a floor to a family.

There are strips of green garden in front of the houses, and the sunflowers in them make a brave show in the sunshine. Most of the doors are open, and through the passages one gets a glimpse of a garden or yard at the back.

Well-arranged, healthy dwellings these, with plenty of light and no sordid note of poverty about them.

Outside one of the houses three little children are playing. Two of them are golden-haired girls.

Let us invite the children to follow us, pass into the house, and close the door. These pretty little girls are so cruelly neglected that the neighbours have cried shame. They are in a foul and verminous state, which must be a ceaseless torture to them. The front room occupied by their parents is nicely furnished. There is a piano, there are pictures, books, ornaments, and all the ordinary signs of a fair income.

Pass from the sitting-room and the note of comfort ceases. The bedroom of the children is a reeking outrage on civilization. The bedding on which the children lie ought to have been destroyed long ago. Yet in this mass of loathsomeness three fair, gentle English children lie night after night. The mother, a young woman, is indignant that her attention should be drawn to the suffering her shameful neglect is inflicting on her little ones. She has her new baby to look after. That is the excuse she urges. But the neglect is of long standing. The condition the children are in and the horrible bedroom prove it.

Let us visit another house not far away. There is every appearance of comfort out-

side it. But let us go in and see if this also is a whited sepulchre.

A spacious sitting-room, with good furniture, a gramophone, pictures, and plenty of ornaments on the sideboard and the mantelshelf.

Here are five children of tender years and a girl of about fifteen. The girl of fifteen is left in sole charge of the children while the mother spends the bulk of her time in the saloon bars of the neighbourhood. The children are verminous and dirty, and are in a low state of health from constant cruel neglect. The kitchen has a bed in it. The floor has not been swept or cleansed for days. The food is on a filthy table. One

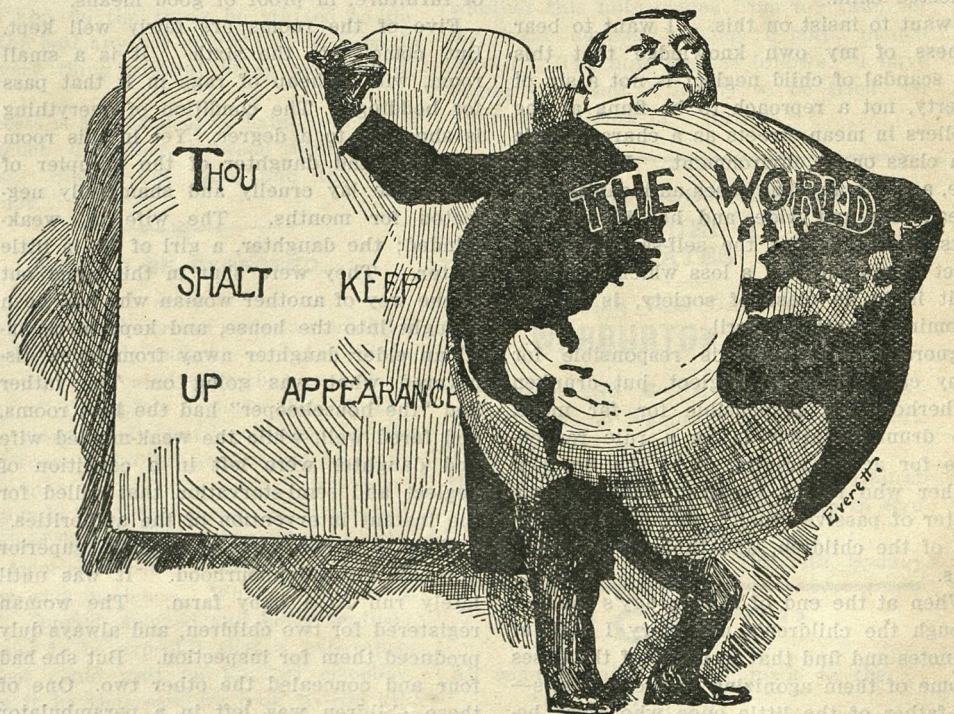
of the children, black with dirt, is eating from a plate on the floor, laying the spoon down now and again on the slimy refuse-strewn boards. One of the girls sobs hysterically when she is spoken to. The children are herded together in pig-sty conditions, but these people have a good-sized house to themselves.

The neglect is cruel, for there is a fair and regular income on which to support the family. The secret of the neglect is that the mother has drowned the maternal instinct in strong waters.

Let us pass to another street. Here are two rooms in which the family life has been broken up by the action of the law. Here

By GEO. R. SIMS.

(Reprinted from the London "Tribune.")



A WORLDLY MIND ISSUES FOR ITSELF AN "ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT."

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until lately lay three children in the last stage of neglect. They lay and starved amid surroundings that are unprintable. When through the action of a poor woman who learnt of their terrible suffering the case was brought to the notice of the National Society, the children had to be moved with the greatest care. Their bodies were covered with running sores, and they were in a state of nervous terror which was heart-breaking to look upon.

Every rag had been taken from them, every bit of furniture had been stripped from the wretched home. Under the horrible sacking that covered the broken iron-framed bedstead on which the whole family of five people slept—or attempted to sleep—nearly a hundred pawn-tickets were found. A neighbour had given one of the unhappy children, a boy, a pair of boots. The father tore them from his feet with brutal violence, pawned them, and spent the proceeds in the public-house next door to the pawnbroker's.

Let us turn down a side street. Here women are standing gossiping at almost every door, and the children play on the pavement. Good, motherly souls are the women at the doors, and the children are merry in their play. But amongst these well-fed, clean, and happy little ones creep now and again, gaunt and hollow-eyed, the tortured children of cruel neglect.

The people of this street are not well to do. The earnings of most of them are precarious. Yet from their own small means they have helped to feed two families of little ones whose parents leave them alone day after day and night after night to suffer and to starve.

The generosity of the poor to the poor is far greater than that of the rich to the poor, for it is always a generosity of self-sacrifice. To soothe the shame that must burn in the cheeks of tender-hearted men and women brought for the first time face to face with the torture of little children in English homes there is this one proud thought. It is the kindly woman neighbour, sometimes the young man neighbour, even in the poorest and roughest districts, who is the first to champion the cause of a cruelly-neglected child.

I want to insist on this. I want to bear witness of my own knowledge that this foul scandal of child neglect is not a sin of poverty, not a reproach to be flung at the dwellers in mean streets as a characteristic of a class or an environment. It is a disease, a crime, in some cases an insanity that spreads far and wide, and has its deepest roots in the loss of the self-sacrificing instinct of motherhood, a loss which, confined as it is to no class of society, is rapidly becoming a national peril.

Ignorant motherhood is responsible for many cases of cruel neglect, but drunken motherhood is responsible for far more. The drunken father is as a rule responsible for active cruelty; it is the drunken mother who is the greatest sinner in the matter of passive cruelty, the shameful neglect of the children, and their home conditions.

When at the end of a long day's journey through the children's purgatory I look at my notes and find that in many of the cases—some of them agonizing in their details—the father of the little ones who were being slowly done to death by shameful neg-

lect was in receipt of good wages or a good salary, I seek, to ease the shock to my own sense of manhood, for an explanation, and I find one.

In the worst cases of cruel and systematic neglect, the cases in which the children of parents earning sufficient for comfort, are left unwashed, untended, and often unfed, with less care bestowed upon the room in which they live than the ordinary person gives to the kennel of his dog or the cage of his bird, the husband's occupation takes him away from home not only during the day, but until a late hour at night.

In these cases where the woman, often through the evil companionship of women living in the buildings or the sub-let houses around her, becomes a lazy, gossiping slattern, an habitual drunkard, there is not the restraining influence of the prospect of the husband's return to the home before the children are stowed away for the night.

Many men see their homes gradually falling into decay; they come home to discomfort and dirt, and they know what it means. But a man who is out all day and all the evening at his work has a difficult task with a drunken wife. Thousands of decent men, through the difficulty of "finding a way out," accept the circumstances that Fate has forced upon them, and in too many instances are dragged down and brutalized by their wretched environment.

Gradually the parental feeling is destroyed. A man who has the stress of his occupation constantly upon him finds it difficult to concentrate his will power upon his domestic circumstances. He is away from his family the greater portion of his time, and he begins at last to thank God for it. As the children become dirty and unpleasant to look upon, he wants to see as little of them as possible. In a sense he resents the feeling forced upon him by the spectacle of their misery; he avoids it, and thus becomes an accomplice in the cruel neglect of his little ones.

But it happens sometimes that the home may be governed by the father, and yet contain a torture chamber.

Here is a house of six rooms, with plenty of furniture, in proof of good means.

Five of the rooms are fairly well kept. But come into the sixth. It is a small room, with a heap of rags in it that pass for bedding. The condition of everything is shocking to a degree. Yet in this room the wife and daughter of the occupier of the house lay cruelly and shamefully neglected for months. The wife is weak-minded; the daughter, a girl of 13, is little better. They were shut in this room out of the way of another woman who had been brought into the house, and kept there until an elder daughter away from home discovered what was going on. The father and "the housekeeper" had the best rooms, and fared well, while the weak-minded wife and daughter were left in a condition of neglect and semi-starvation that called for the instant intervention of the authorities.

Here is a charming house in a superior part of this neighbourhood. It was until lately run as a baby farm. The woman registered for two children, and always duly produced them for inspection. But she had four and concealed the other two. One of these children was left in a perambulator for many days and nights untended and un-

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washed. Another child, although the mother was paying 7s a week for its keep, was left untended until its condition became loathsome. When this child was rescued from the inhuman wretch who was treating it so vilely, it was taken to the house of a widow who offered to look after it.

Let us go and see the little one. It lies in a cradle in a cosy room, happy and smiling. Lifted up, its little face wreathes in baby smiles. It laughs and crows, and is as pretty a child as any mother could wish to have.

Yet when this tortured baby was brought to its new home it was a skeleton. Flesh it had none. To cleanse the poor little mite the woman who took it to nurse had to lay the skin back and wash it in folds.

Let us visit another baby that is being nursed back to health and strength. It is a pretty, plump little creature now, but it was brought to its nurse in such a shocking condition of neglect and starvation that its bones were nearly through its skin, and its poor little body was raw and bleeding. It was rescued from an establishment which was called a "Maternity Home." The babies born in the home could be left in the care of the proprietress. The mother paid, often from scanty means, the weekly sum demanded, or gave a lump sum down.

The Act intended to do away with these "Black Holes of Babydom" is constantly evaded, and the infamous trade in the slow murder of helpless infants still flourishes in our midst.

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OPPOSITE
CHRIST CHURCH

In one of these slaughter-houses for sucklings six little living skeletons were found. One child's arm was broken, and it had been left broken to mend as it could. Another child of eleven months weighed under 8lb.—the normal weight at this age is 18lb.

From the district we are now traversing a girl child of six was a short time ago sent by its mother to a lady who advertised in a well-known ladies' paper that she wished to adopt a little girl.

No money was asked, and the little girl was sent to be "adopted in a Christian home."

The lady who adopted the child wrote to the mother frequently. The child was "God's little angel" and everything that was sweet and lovable.

But one day the mother received a telegram informing her that the child was being sent back in the charge of the guard of a certain train. She was to meet the child at the terminus.

The little girl was handed to her wrapped up in a shawl, and with her head covered by a big hood. When the astonished mother unwrapped the human parcel she discovered that her child was in a terrible state. It had two blackened eyes, its body was covered with bruises, and its right arm was broken.

Here no money had been paid; a girl child of six had been obtained by advertisement in a highly respectable paper, foully ill-treated, and returned in this shocking condition to its mother.

The advertisements of persons who wish to adopt young girl children are no doubt frequently of an honest character. But there lies behind some of the cases that I have investigated not only a story of physical outrage, but a story of moral outrage so unspeakably awful that I dare not even hint at the details in these columns.

Where one child only is taken to nurse, "adopted," or obtained, there is at present no safeguarding by the law. That is a matter which will have to be seriously considered in the framing of the new Children's Bill.

That a woman who adopts a child should be brutally cruel to it is shameful, but it is not so shameful as that little children should be cruelly neglected and left day after day and night after night to lie in unspeakable torture by the mothers who bore them.

I have quoted cases of this phase of the foulest and most cowardly form of inhumanity.

"Isolated cases," the reader exclaims, devoutly hoping that it may be so. Alas! no. In one street alone that I visit in the day's round there are six cases of cruel neglect of little children, and in the majority the mother is the person responsible for the infamy. The number of children concerned in the cases in this one street is twenty.

And in two only of these cases is the actual poverty. In four of them the woman drinks away the money given to her weekly by her husband for the maintenance of the home and family.

She drinks the food from her children's stomachs, the clothes from their backs, and the bed from under them, and night and day, without a pang of shame, she looks upon her children and sees them in a condition which would wring the heart of a female Hottentot.

In some of these homes there are little pictures with Christian texts beneath them on the walls. They are attendance prizes the children have brought home from the Council school.

In the sitting-room of a house in which in a back-room was a horrible bed, on

which three cruelly-neglected, vermin-tortured, half-starved children were sitting, huddled together in wailing misery, I saw a framed picture of the Saviour with the little children gathered around Him. Beneath the picture I read these words: "Feed My lambs."

THE WAY OF THE QUITTER.

The world has little use for a quitter. The fellow who starts and backs out because the creek is up. The fellow that promises to saw wood for you on Wednesday, discovers about nine o'clock there is a screw loose in the end of his saw and sends you word on Saturday that he could not come. The fellow who starts to trim the hedge, blisters his hands and decides to let it go till spring. The boy who goes racing through his school books until he strikes participles and compound fractions, then wants to quit school and get a job. The girl who starts out to be a great musician and learns just enough rag-time to beguile the fancies of some young sap head.

There is a big family of these quitters, but they are all a sorry lot. They never want a job that takes time and patience. With qualifications of a bill poster they would like to earn the salary of a railroad president. Their idol is a job that requires only two hours of easy labour each day, with Saturday and holidays off.

They are clogs in the wheels, broken rails on the road, time killers, patience killers, forever wanting what they have not deserved.

The only people who accomplish things in this world are those who qualify themselves in spite of bad crops, high water and measles.

Who hang on to their work until failure turns to victory, whose courage rises as difficulties thicken, and whose faces are forever toward the rising sun. It was not a bad plan, that of the Indians flinging their boys into the river where they had to swim or drown. The best thing any parent can do for his child is to compel him to finish what he undertakes. Keep him at it, and no matter how much he cries and objects make him do the thing he started to do. And the best any boy or girl can do is to do this very thing without being made to do it.

Success is a good deal in habit. There is not much difference between failure and success. Simply one quits and the other does not.

NOT TO BE EXPECTED.

A well-known American writer automobilized through Scotland, and at a hotel in the highlands was treated with the greatest incivility. "I complain in particular," he said to the manager, "about my waiter in the dining room. The inattention and insolence of this man are insupportable." The manager sought out the waiter, a raw-boned, red-haired highlander. "Dugald," he said, "the American visitor accuses you of inattention and insolence. What have you to say?" Dugald snorted and hotly replied: "It's no' to be expeckit that a self-respectin' Scot could wait on him wi' civeelity. Wasna it he that said we took to the kilt because our feet were too large to get through trousers?"

TAKEN LITERALLY.

"How many seed compartments are there in an apple?" he queried.

No one knew.

"And yet," said the school inspector, "all of you eat many apples in the course

of a year, and see the fruit every day, probably. You must learn to notice the little things in nature."

The talk of the inspector impressed the children, and they earnestly discussed the matter at recess time.

The teacher the next day overheard this conversation in the play-yard. A little girl getting some of her companions around her, gravely said: "Now, children, just s'pose that I'm Mr. Inspector. You've got to know more about common things. If you don't you'll grow up to be fools. Now tell me," she said, looking sternly at a playmate, how many feathers has a hen?"

THE MAYOR EXCEPTED.

From time immemorial there had been a law in Applegate, County Warwick, England, to the effect that the mayor had the best of everything in town, and, for instance, if one should say he had the best coat in the place, he must add the words, "Except the mayor."

One day a stranger came to Applegate and had dinner at the inn. After paying his bill he said to the landlord, "I've had the best dinner in the country."

The Landlord: "Except the mayor."

The Stranger: "Except nothing."

As a result the tourist was called before the magistrate and fined ten pounds for his breaking of the laws of the place. When the man had paid his fine he looked round him and said, slowly, "I'm the biggest fool in the town, except the mayor."

The class in literature was taking up Longfellow.

"Mr. Alfbach," asked the professor, "what can you say about the 'Skeleton in Armour?'"

"He ain't very desirable," answered the captain of the eleven. "What football needs is beef."

"Look here," said the agent, turning to his private secretary, "can you tell me whether this note comes from my tailor or my legal adviser? They're both named Brown." The note was as follows: "I have begun your suit. Ready to be tried on Thursday. Come in. Brown."

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SCHOOL-DAYS OF FAMOUS
ARTISTS.

While there are hundreds of capable artists who never live to realise their ambition to see their work on the Academy walls, there have been many, more favoured by fortune, whose paintings receive the hall-mark of the Royal Academy before they are fully emancipated from the school-room.

The late Sir John Millais was always spoken of as an almost unique example of the precocious artist, but his record was anticipated and quite eclipsed by his great predecessor Sir Edwin Landseer, who had a place in the Academy catalogue when he had barely reached his teens.

As a little boy of four his drawings were the marvel of his family and friends. At South Kensington may be seen clever etchings executed by him at eight, and at the age of ten he was one of the cleverest draughtsmen in England. Three years later at the age of thirteen, a magnificent drawing of a St. Bernard dog was engraved and published by his brother Thomas, and the Academy catalogue of the same year contains the name of "Master E. Landseer, 33 Foley-street," as the painter of two remarkably clever pictures, a "Portrait of a Mule" and "Portraits of a Pointer Bitch and Puppy."

The "Immortal Turner" was little less precocious than "Master Edwin Landseer," and found the Academy portals open to him at the age when his compeers were struggling through the fourth form at Eton or Harrow. When he was a "cheerful, talkative little man of eight, with small blue eyes, a parrot nose, and a fresh complexion," he made an excellent drawing of Margate Church. When he was a boy of twelve and thirteen his drawings were exhibited for sale in his father's shop-window, and he had a ready market for his sketches "for half-a-crown and his supper;" and within a few weeks of completing his fifteenth birthday his name appeared in the Royal Academy catalogue as a painter of "A View of the Archbishop's Palace, Lambeth."

Sir Joshua Reynolds was a clever artist long before he had mastered the mysteries of writing and arithmetic, and at the age of eight made a drawing of the Plympton

Schoolhouse, of which his father was master, and was the talk and wonder of his native district in Devonshire. Long before he had passed his teens he was recognised as an artist of such consummate skill that he would readily have won admission to the Royal Academy, of which many years later he became first president, if it had been in existence in his boyhood.

David Wilkie was equally precocious, for on his own testimony, he "could draw before he could read, and paint before he could spell," and as a tiny schoolboy he used to barter his drawings for marbles and slate-pencils. When he was a youth of eighteen he painted two magnificent pictures "Ceres in Search of Prosperine" and "Diana and Calisto," and won the premium of ten guineas at the Trustees' Academy.

Sir W. C. Ross, as a schoolboy of thirteen, was awarded a prize by the Society of Arts for a very clever sketch, "The Death of Wat Tyler;" and the following year his "Judgment of Solomon" secured the Society's silver medal and a prize of £20.

Sir Charles Barry, the distinguished architect, the designer of the "new palace at Westminster," was only fifteen when his "View of the Interior of Westminster Hall" was seen on the Academy walls. At this time he was a junior apprentice to a firm of architects in Lambeth. It is a little remarkable that Westminster, the place of his birth, should bring him his first recognition of art, and also his greatest triumph a generation later.

Of later artists none has been quite so precocious as the late Sir John E. Millais, who was at nine one of the most promising pupils in Mr. Sass's Academy. As a boy of eleven, in an Eton jacket, he was winning prizes at the Royal Academy Schools; and at seventeen his first exhibited picture, "Pizarro Seizing the Inca of Peru," attracted universal notice and admiration on the Academy walls.

Mr. F. Goodall, R.A., exhibited his first picture, "The Card Players," at the Academy when he was sixteen, and at fifteen had won the "Isis" and the large silver medal of the Society of Arts. But perhaps the most remarkable example of early success in art is that of Henri Edouard Cortes, who won his way into the Paris Salon at the unprecedented age of twelve.

HOMAGE TO WOMEN.

Known as "The League to Respect Women," a body to encourage politeness in France (says the "Daily Mail") has just been formed. One of its founders explains the object thus:—"For many years we Frenchmen have been losing our reputation for politeness to women—in fact, we are no longer as polite to women as are the English, Italians, or Austrians. This is evidenced daily in a hundred little ways. For instance, a Frenchman will seldom, if ever, think of giving up his seat in a tramway-car or omnibus to a woman. It is quite common at a station to see a man elbow his way through a crowd of waiting women to get in front. In railway carriages men will smoke in non-smoking compartments, without asking the permission of the women present. We want, not to go back to the old, somewhat ridiculous, forms of ceremonious politeness, but to keep alive, or rather to revive, something traditional in French courtesy towards women, which is unfortunately fast dying out."

THE SERGEANT'S SOLUTION.

Sergeant Murphy had a squad of recruits on the rifle range. He tried them out on the 500-yard range, but none of them could hit the target. Then he tried them on the 300, 200, and 100-yard ranges, in turn, but with no better success. When they had all missed on the shortest range, he scratched his head and regarded them perplexedly. Suddenly he straightened up.

"Squad, attention!" he commanded. "Fix bayonets! Charge!"

Employer (to new office boy): "Has the cashier told you what you are to do this afternoon?"

Office boy: "Yes, sir; I'm to wake him when I see you coming."

A physician writes to the London "Spectator" that he was recently attending a patient whose husband came to see him concerning her condition and greeted him with the words: "Dr. Irving, do you think there is any need for any unnecessary anxiety about my wife?"

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Talk about People

How Patti Received Her £1000 Fee.

Colonel Mapleson tells a story of the biggest salary he ever paid. The recipient was Mme. Patti. In her contract it was stated that Mme. Patti was to be paid £1000 before each performance, and one evening, said the Colonel, the treasury was a little short of shekels to meet immediate needs. I sent my treasurer to Mme. Patti's dressing-room with £800 and a message to the effect that the remaining £200 would be forthcoming very shortly. Almost immediately I had a visit from Mme. Patti's maid. Carrying a shoe in her hand she observed that her mistress was fully dressed with the exception of one shoe, which she was not inclined to put on until the £200 was handed to her. At that moment my treasurer appeared with the necessary balance, and without delay I wrapped up a sum equivalent to £200, deposited it in Patti's shoe, and sent it to her with my best compliments.

£500 in Twenty Minutes.

It is now forty-seven years ago since Paderewski, the famous pianist, was born in Poland, and in that period he has risen from extreme poverty to great wealth. At one time Paderewski lived in Paris, poor and unknown, and was glad to accept a fee of 100fr. for a private performance at the house of a foreign princess. Even then was shown the pride which has always been his strong characteristic. Declining the princess's offer of a carriage with the words, "My carriage is at the door," he slipped out quietly and walked home. But Paderewski can now afford the aloofness that wealth may bring. His ordinary fee for a performance of twenty minutes is anything over £500. In one short American tour he made £30,000, and in one season of about 100 concerts in large towns he netted £200,000.

Florence Nightingale's Modesty.

The news that the health of Miss Florence Nightingale, "the mother of trained nurses," who is now in her eighty-seventh year, was giving concern to her medical advisers, aroused the sympathy of the English nation. For many years past the lady whose heroic deeds as a nurse during the Crimean War stirred the hearts of the world, and led a grateful country to vote her the sum of £50,000, which she devoted to the founding of a Home for Nurses, has led the life of a recluse. She has always disliked publicity of any kind, and when it was proposed, a short time ago, to place a tablet on the house near Park Lane in which she resided, in honour of her name, Miss Nightingale immediately declared her intention of moving if such an idea should be carried out.

An Everlasting Shirt.

The "Electricity Wizard" has been responsible for many marvellous inventions which have conferred untold benefits upon the world in general. Now and again, however, he has been credited with feats which existed only in the imagination of American journalists. The story of the everlasting shirt is one which Edison is fond of relating. A few years ago a paragraph appeared in an American newspaper to the effect that Edison had invented an ingenious shirt which would last a man twelve months, or longer if he were economical. The front of the shirt, it was said, was made up of 365 very thin layers of certain fibrous material—the composition of which was known only to the inventor—and each morning that the wearer put the gar-

ment on, all he had to do to restore the front to its usual pristine spotlessness was to tear off one of the layers, when he would have practically a new shirt. Mr. Edison himself was declared to wear these shirts, and that he considered them the grandest thing he had yet invented. The story was published in about 500 papers in the States, and the queer part was that many of the readers believed the statements to be true. "Everyone," says Mr. Edison, "seemed to hanker after possessing one of these shirts, and I soon began to receive requests for supplies, varying from one to a hundred dozens, from all parts of the country. Many of the writers enclosed drafts and cheques, and these, of course, had to be returned. Then the story got into the papers of other countries, and every race of people, from Chinamen to South Africans, all seemed desirous of getting some of these shirts. For more than a year orders for the Edison everlasting shirt poured in, until at last the public began to realise that it had been hoaxed, and turned its attention to something else."

A WASP TRAGEDY.

Mark Twain, in "Chapters from My Autobiography," tells this story:—

Jim Wolfe was our long, slim apprentice in my brother's printing-office in Hannibal. He was 17, and yet he was as much as four times as bashful as I was, though I was only 14. He boarded and slept in the house, but he was always tongue-tied in the presence of my sister, and when even my gentle mother spoke to him he could not answer, save in frightened mono-syllables. He would not enter a room where a girl was; nothing could persuade him to do such a thing. Once when he was in our small parlour alone two majestic old maids entered and seated themselves in such a way that Jim could not escape without passing by them. He would as soon have thought of passing one of Harris's plesiosaurians, ninety feet long. I came in presently, was charmed with the situation, and sat down in a corner to watch Jim suffer, and enjoy it. My mother followed a minute later, and sat down with the visitors, and began to talk. Jim sat upright in his chair, and during a quarter of an hour he did not change his position by a shade—neither General Grant nor a bronze image could have maintained that immovable pose more successfully. I mean as to body and limbs; with the face there was a difference. By fleeting revealments of the face I saw that something was happening—something out of the common. There would be a sudden twitch of the muscles of the face, an instant distortion, which in the next instant had passed and left no trace. These twitches gradually grew in frequency, but no muscle outside of the face lost any of its rigidity or betrayed any interest in what was happening to Jim. I mean if something was happening to him, and I knew perfectly well that was the case. At last a pair of tears began to swim slowly down his cheeks amongst the twitches, but Jim sat still and let them run; then I saw his right hand steal along his thigh until half-way to his knee, then take a vigorous grip upon the cloth.

That was a wasp that he was grabbing! A colony of them were climbing up his legs and prospecting around, and every time he winced they stabbed him to the hilt—so for a quarter of an hour one group of excursionists after another climbed up Jim's legs, and resented even the slightest wince or

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squirm that he indulged himself with, in his misery. When the entertainment had become nearly unbearable, he conceived the idea of gripping them between his fingers, and putting them out of commission. He succeeded with many of them, but at great cost, for, as he couldn't see the wasp, he was as likely to take hold of the wrong end of him as he was the right; then the dying wasp gave him a punch to remember the incident by.

If those ladies had stayed all day, and if all the wasps in Missouri had come and climbed up Jim's legs, nobody there would ever have known it but Jim and the wasps and me. There he would have sat until the ladies left.

When they finally went away we went upstairs, and he took his clothes off, and his legs were a picture to look at. They looked as if they were mailed all over with shirt buttons, each with a single red hole in the centre. The pain was intolerable—no, would have been intolerable, but the pain of the presence of those ladies had been so much harder to bear that the pain of the wasps' stings was quite pleasant and enjoyable by comparison.

Jim could never enjoy wasps.

A French artist who recently visited England has a poor opinion of the enlightenment of the British public.

In the British Museum he once overheard two men discussing some Egyptian coins.

"Them there," said the first man, "must be three or four 'undred years old, eh, Bill?"

"Three thousand, more likely," estimated his companion.

"Aw, go on, Bill! Why, we're only in 1907 now!"

WHY WORRY ABOUT YOUR INSURANCES?

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GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

"Grit, clear Grit."—A pure Americanism, standing for pluck, or Energy, or Industry, or all three. Reference is probably had to the sandstones used for grindstones—the more grit they contain the better they wear.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1908.

SQUEEZING THEM OUT.

"Fairplay," the official organ of the Liquor party, describes the new Liquor Act as a mangle, the clergy and the law turning its double handles, and the first to go through the painful process is the publican, and waiting their turn are the brewers, distillers, and wine growers. The picture is suggestive. It is the essence of fairplay to give both sides an innings. In this State for over 100 years the Liquor Trade has done all the mangling, day and night, seven days a week, men, women and children, to the tune of many thousands, have passed through its hands, squeezed out of business, home, and life itself, and no one heeding their cry. The friends of the mangled ones are now taking a hand at the mangle, and are showing a measure of mercy that no one had a right to expect. The manglers are given time to go before the squeezing commences, the crank is so fixed that many can get through the first revolutions without a squeeze, but we warn them the machine will be overhauled some day and made to do its work more speedily and thoroughly. It will avail the manglers whose turn it is to be mangled, nothing that they have produced 9 per cent. of the revenue of

the Commonwealth—this amount is too insignificant to count—nor will it arrest the machine to be told that the sly-grogger is taking their place. He has always existed, side by side with them, and is to be found not in the sparsely licensed suburb, but in the densely licensed city, and the remedy for him is a slight alteration in the machine that will make it possible to squeeze him out also. We doubt not that the machine will be tampered with, and from time to time may even clog, but the oil of public opinion is sure to set it going again, until the last mangler is mangled.

POISONED FOOD.

We take pains, though we might do more so, to prevent the adulteration of food; and seem to forget that it is even more important to keep pure the mental food upon which the young, especially, must grow and form their lives. We must come to a recognition of the facts. We must extend our notion of the inspection of nuisances. It is not only to get rid of cess-pools, to close immoral houses, and to check outward manifestations of vice. There are newspapers and books that are more harmful than pubs. or houses of ill-fame. They debauch and corrupt and win their way by going to people who never would have gone to places of evil repute. A generation which is feeding upon the fleshly-school of fiction, the inconsequent bits and scraps that characterise most weekly papers, is a generation disinclined, and, in fact, incapable of serious and connected thought, and is mentally deficient. It may not reach the asylum, but it certainly will not reach a better goal. We have produced a mental and moral demoralisation in our young: evidence of this is found in the circulation of papers which are absolute poison, and the demand for those novels which are morally and mentally as unwholesome as a cesspool. It is useless to appeal to the press, it only professes to do what pays in cash. It is equally useless to appeal to the Churches; not one-tenth of the people go to them. The only hope is in the home and the school. When the parent, out of love for the offspring, and the schoolmaster, out of pride in the pupil, combine to protest, to educate, and to eliminate, then will dawn a better day, and not till then. Let the reader of this commence by forbidding to their home the poisonous paper, and by poisonous paper we mean the grotesquely silly as well as the viciously evil paper, and patiently inculcate a love for the clean, healthy, humorous literature, of which, thank God, there is so much still within reach.

CHAINED LIGHTNING.

Just now the liquor apologists have their microscopes fixed upon every bit of flotsam that rises to the surface along the current of daily life, and wherever the slightest prospect of success offers they seek to magnify

the straw into a haystack of arguments against the new Liquor Act. Remembering the motive that prompts them it is more amusing than alarming to note how anxious these gentlemen are to pose as philanthropists and social reformers. They have become suddenly alarmed at an imaginary increase in the consumption of methylated spirits and assert that as a consequence of the restricted liquor legislation the people are saturating themselves with methylated spirit prior to a general combustion, and that worst of all, that somewhat mythical if worthy citizen known in the trade as an honest publican, is being robbed of his livelihood by this illegitimate trade. Excise officials and wholesale chemists scout the contention that the community or any considerable section of it is drinking itself to lunacy and death with methylated spirits, or, in fact, that there is any abnormal consumption of that particular form of spirit. Even if it were so the Trade has yet to convince the public that methylated spirit is more deadly than "chained lightning," or any other of the abominable concoctions which official analyses have proved over and over again are retailed at much higher prices over the bars at some allegedly respectable hotels.

INDECENCY IN ART.

A great deal of cant has been preached by artists from time immemorial on the subject of indecency for art's sake, from that more euphonious of texts, "art for art's sake," but most of such sermons are a weak vindication of a doubtful practice from the selfish standpoint of the artist, without any regard to the moral rights of the general public. In New Zealand a magistrate, after taking a week to consider his judgment in the case of an information laid against a local bookseller for selling a copy of the "Lone Hand" magazine containing as its frontispiece a picture alleged to be indecent, has dismissed the summons with the discreetly discriminating observation that "there was clearly some distinction between the selling of a picture in a magazine and the selling of the same on an ordinary postcard. The whole question was one of individual opinion, for the border line between decency and indecency in pictures varied with the view of the individual." Was ever such wisdom and discrimination previously displayed on a judicial bench? Truly in the matter of wisdom Solomon, with all his glory thrown in, was small potatoes compared with the modern magistrate. The informing constable showed an equal amount of obtuseness. Another picture in the same issue of the magazine, in our opinion—and even this discriminating magistrate admits the right of individual opinion—came much nearer to the limits of decency, but it was passed over. A-art from this particular charge, however, what do magazines expect to gain by printing pictures which no decent people would care to exhibit indiscriminately in their homes? Even though such pictures have their admirers, they have also their conscientious objectors, and the moral sensibilities of such have a right to be considered in a respectable public magazine. And what is to be thought of a magistrate who rules that a picture is indecent on a postcard but not in a magazine?

No-License Movement in the Electorates

CONFERENCE AT NORTH SYDNEY.

"Our Work and Our Needs."

JOINT CAMPAIGN IN THE NORTHERN SUBURBS.

"The Northern Suburbs are an ideal locality for an experiment in No-License," said one of the speakers at a conference in St. Peter's Presbyterian Hall, North Sydney, on Tuesday last. And believing that the experiment is practicable and would be successful, the workers in the electorates of St. Leonards, Middle Harbour, Gordon and Lane Cove are combining that they may obtain better results, even the required majority, at the next local option poll.

A discussion took place at a meeting of No-License workers held some time ago on the results of the past election, and what steps could be taken to secure an effective vote, the outcome of which was the appointment of a committee representing the four electorates, to arrange a conference and further the movement where possible.

The conference was held in St. Peter's Hall, Blues Point-road, on Tuesday, 21st instant, and had as its theme "Our Work and our Needs." The afternoon session was chiefly for women, the topics discussed touching more closely their position in the movement. Owing to the oppressive heat the attendance was not equal to expectations. Nevertheless, considerable interest was shown in the subjects, and some very useful suggestions were made, a significant feature of the gathering being the hopeful tone manifest throughout the proceedings. An adjournment was made for tea, which was served in the basement by the lady workers. On re-assembling a large number gathered in the hall, and listened with apparent interest to the several papers. The promoters have every reason for feeling gratified with the conference, and the appointment of a joint committee ensures some practical results from it.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Rev. James Steel read a paper on "Women's Work in the No-License Campaign." He said:—"For the next local option vote the work before us is to curtail the votes for continuance and reduction and to swell the No-License votes. We wish to transfer reductionists to the class of those who vote No-License, and to secure new electors coming to the State and those coming of age for No-License—young men and young women of 18, 19, and 20 years of age in 1907 must be seen to not only that they get on to the rolls, but that they vote for No-License.

"Influence' should be our watchword, and women have their share in this—contracting the habit of talking No-License as opportunity may occur to friends, visitors, tradesmen. A cup of tea tendered on a hot day to gasman, carrier, postman, butcher, etc., may find an opening to introduce the subject, or some other equally well-thought-of means."

EVENING SESSION.

Mr. H. G. Davey (President of the Gordon No-License Committee) was chairman. He offered his congratulations to the workers on their efforts to bring about unity of action, and declared that active use of proper methods would result in a satisfactory vote at the next poll.

ORGANISATION OF LEAGUES.

Mr. George Stevenson, secretary of the

Gordon No-License League, dealt with the question of "Organisation of Leagues and Finance." He struck a hopeful note as to the result of the fight they were engaged in, but a successful result called for more regular methods and more workers. More prayer, too, was necessary, and all should be prepared to be God's instruments in bringing His kingdom among men.

Unity of action was essential. In the Gordon electorate a No-License league had been formed in each polling district, and two delegates from each of these formed a central executive. Any resident could become a member on payment of 1s per annum. With some modifications, according to local conditions, a similar plan could be adopted in other electorates.

In the second place, he would say: Keep away from political parties. Educate the people so that they can vote for No-License and belong to any party. At the same time it was necessary to watch that a member be returned who would not try to diminish the power of the Act.

The financial aspect of the work was important, because so much could be done with money. One penny per month from the 10,250 electorates in 1907 would mean £512 10s per annum, or £1547 10s for three years. Such a sum would provide for the expenses of two organisers and supply ample literature and other accessories. In Gordon an attempt was being made to raise a fund from yearly subscriptions of 1s.

The paper also referred to the qualifications and work of officers, the necessity to have women's committees, personal work and enthusiasm. All these helped to create a public opinion which would be felt by the members for the district, and compel more than one to become No-License men.

CANVASSING.

The paper on "Canvassing," read by Mr. J. C. Warner, of the Lane Cove electorate, emphasised the necessity of thanksgiving for the general results of the local option vote and urged that full advantage should be taken of the opportunities and prospects presenting themselves to do individual work, now, and in the future.

It was urged that "From House to House" should be the motto of the workers in the new campaign. The principles and methods of "Scientific Canvassing," as developed in the Lane Cove and St. Leonards electorates prior to polling day were lucidly explained, and it was insisted upon that this alone is the class of service that will be most effective in the operations of the future. The paper dealt with:—

(1.) Why canvassing should be done, and urged: That it is necessary. That it is a right conferred by the Act. That it is a duty imposed by the facts of the case; and, that it is a responsibility which must not be evaded by the Christian conscience.

The paper also explained: (2.) Who should do this work. Here was a strong appeal for individual service. It was shown that unwillingness to canvass often resulted from diffidence, distrust of self, and an unnecessary fear of human opinion. The demands of canvassing revealed the necessity for ability. Reliability, adaptability and response—ability. It was shown that this service was full of interest and gave good results to the canvasser as well as to the cause.

The paper closed with an answer to the question: (3.) How should canvassing be done? After stating that the best results were of necessity obtained by the best equipped workers, the writer suggested, as an effective equipment:—

Having good humour.

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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 9, at 3 p.m.

Subject: "PERILS TO PROGRESS."

Chairman: Rev. W. G. Taylor.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 10, at 8 p.m.

Subject: "IS NO-LICENSE POSSIBLE, PRACTICABLE, PROFITABLE?"

Chairman: Rev. Canon Boyce.

Questions answered on Monday Night, at close of Address.

Admission to Both Meetings FREE. Collection for Expenses.

Being full of the subject.
Keeping to a few points always.
Having a clear conviction.
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In this way canvassing could be made a most effective machine for securing votes at the polling days of the future.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE CHURCHES.

Rev. W. Woolls Rutledge, in his paper on this subject, said they had not met to discuss the evils of the liquor traffic—they were admitted—they had come together to discuss what could be done, and who was to do it. The greatest obstacle, he said, to the suppression of the traffic was not vested interests, nor the weakness of politicians, nor the power of social custom; but the failure of Christian people to realise their duty in regard to their fellow-men. The liquor question was not one for politicians and philanthropists only, but for Christians, and the Christian Church. Recognising the nature of the drink evil, what should be the attitude of the Church towards the traffic? Not diplomacy, but hostility. If the Christian Churches in the State were to throw themselves heartily and unitedly into the fight, the abolition of the traffic would quickly be achieved.

Dealing with the means by which the Churches might successfully prosecute the work, he said there should be (1) united action on the part of the several Churches; (2) a sense of personal responsibility on the part of individual members. We need to ask ourselves whether our hesitancy to engage in active warfare against evil may not arise from a selfish regard for our own convenience and ease, than of the thousands of victims who daily fall under the hand of the destroyer. The Christian minister can speak with authority, and it is his duty to speak and act. He could repeat without addition the words of the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst in his book on 'Our Fight with Tammany,' as appropriate to the campaign they had entered into. Dr. Parkhurst said of the sermon which inaugurated municipal reform in New York City: "I uttered only 30 minutes of indictment against the blood-sucking scoundrels who are draining the veins of our body municipal, and they were all set wriggling like a lot of muck worms on a hot shovel. I am not such a fool as to suppose that it was the man that said it that did the work; nor that it was what was said that did the work, for it had been said a hundred times before with more thoroughness and detail. It was the pulpit that did the work. Journalistic roasting, these vagabonds will enjoy and grow cool over. But when it is clear that the man who speaks it, is speaking it, not for the purpose of putting money into his own pocket, or power into his party, but is speaking it because it is true, and, in speaking it, appreciates its oracular authority as one commissioned of God to speak it, there is a suggestion of the Judgment Day about it, there is a presentiment of the invisible God back of it, that

knots the stringy conscience of these fellows into contortions of terror." If from every pulpit in this state there went forth a similar indictment of the liquor traffic, the days of its supremacy and even of its existence would be numbered.

They must recognise that the battle was the Lord's and while they fought they must pray and trust. It was well to use other means, but God must not be left out of the count, and success would not be achieved unless they went forward in the name of the Lord of Hosts.

Unless the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed.

Mr. H. Macourt followed with a paper on the same subject. He said the attitude of the Churches could be suitably described in the one word "Diplomatic." Many had to confess to a feeling of disappointment over the tameness of the recent No-License campaign. The absence of enthusiasm was largely due to the fact that many of the Churches held aloof more or less, leaving the temperance army depleted and ragged. Some of the ministers figuratively took off their coats, and were in the field until the poll closed; many others had something else to do, or went over to the enemy.

The attitude of the Churches must be aggression. No sloth, or indifference, or merely philosophic teaching; the Churches must become the springs of social regenerative forces, the visible instruments of which shall be the men and women who say they love God and their neighbour. The ministers and officers must become the teachers and trainers of those who would join in the fight. "Educate! Educate! Educate!" had been given by one worker as a watchword; and that function belonged to the Churches. It was public opinion that determined the fate of most things, and if public opinion was to be strong in the right direction, there must be plainness of teaching, direct denunciation of evil, and enthusiastic practice. The people follow their leaders, and they would rather follow the ministers than the licensed victuallers.

Then the Churches must encourage the workers. Encouragement was necessary to enthusiasm. Let No-License be talked in the pulpit, in the meeting, in the homes, and in the street. It must be made a live question, and therefore must become a common topic. Church people must feed it by talk and persuasion, until the whole of the electors will be afire with a desire either to carry it into effect, or prevent it being agreed to. A strong opposition develops a vigorous attack.

The Church is looked to lead in the campaign, and by education, encouragement and organisation, gather the forces of temperance into one strong and united army, which shall attack until victory is gained.

CONCLUSION.

The topics of the papers and the question generally was then discussed, Revs. W. H. Ash and G. Thompson, Messrs. P. Simpson, J. H. McDonald, J. U. Lane, A. H. Ford, A.

DIET and HEALTH.

Our bodies are built up from the food we eat. There is a constant breaking down of the tissues of the body, every movement of every organ involves waste, and this waste is repaired from our food. Each organ of the body requires its share of nutrition. The brain must be supplied with its portion; the bones, muscles and nerves demand theirs.

IN ORDER TO MAINTAIN HEALTH, A SUFFICIENT SUPPLY OF GOOD NOURISHING FOOD IS NEEDED.

It is a wonderful process that transforms the food into blood, and uses this blood to build up the various parts of the body; but this process is going on continually, supplying with life and strength each nerve, muscle, and tissue. Where wrong habits of diet have been indulged, there should be no delay in reform. When dyspepsia has resulted from abuse of the stomach, efforts should be carefully made to preserve the remaining strength of the vital forces, by removing every overtaxing burden. The stomach may never entirely recover health after long abuse; but a proper course of diet will save further debility, and many will recover more or less fully.

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B. Pursell, G. E. Bodley and G. Stevenson taking part. After several points had been referred to briefly, the question was asked—What is to be the practical result of the conference? On the motion of Mr. G. E. Bodley it was resolved to reappoint the committee, with power to add to their number, for the purpose of forming leagues, and in other ways advancing the movement in the district.

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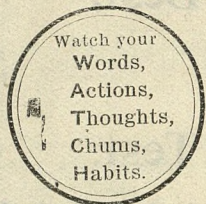


From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(BY UNCLE BARNABAS).

WATCH YOUR "CHUMS."



We have got as far as the letter "C" in this word "Watch". And we have made it stand for Chums, but if you like Companions better, that will do as well, but most of our Seven to Seventeens will I think like the shorter word. All sorts of creatures have their mates. I felt sorry for the big Isabelline bear at the Zoo in his lonely den. He seemed to say to every little boy and girl that threw him cakes, "come down and let me hug you!" The old man monkey—the Orang-outang—had been allowed to have a little Macque to keep him company in his glass house, and great larks they had together.

Little "Mac" would get into a bag and poke his head through a hole so that everybody laughed. Then old man would leap at the sack and out would tumble "Mac" in a great hurry. I noticed how carefully "Mac" watched his big chum.

Most people get into trouble chumming up with someone who is not honest in deed or clean in word and thought. If you were to put six good rosy apples on a shelf along with one that was rotten; you would find in a few days, not six good apples and one bad, and not seven good, but seven bad. If there is one boy or girl in your circle of chums like that rotten apple with a bad heart, you may guess what will happen. Get rid of such a one, and oh! beware lest you yourself be that one. Are you a good "chum," or is someone worse for knowing you? Chums we must have, for even a grizzly and an ape need friends, but let us get chums of the right sort, and let us be chums of the right sort.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES (Jan. 9th.)

1. How many trains? Including the one just arriving from the west as you start there will be fifteen.

2. What is on the clock-face? The thing that most people do not notice is that IV. is always spread out into IIII.

A. Winton of Annandale sent me a neat sketch of the clock-face, and he was too keen to fall into the trap. His clock face correctly indicated IIII, which shows that he keeps his eyes open and not only sees but observes.

SUNDAY PROBLEM (Jan. 9th.)

The queer animal is Leviathan. It is hard to say whether Job means the Whale or the Hippopotamus.

Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

That is the place for letters to Uncle B. Wherever he is, if your letter once gets to Box 390, it will find him. When you are passing the G.P.O. sometime, have a look at "our own box." There came into it a few days ago letters from Arthur Winton, 17 Annandale-st. This is part of his welcome letter: "I read 'Grit' every week and find it very interesting. I will try to help it on as much as I can. I am in upper 5th class. I am 11 years old, and I go to St. Aidan's Church and Sunday School. I am in the choir." There are 8 interesting facts packed into those few lines. This is one of the best letters I have received. I hope you will try for a scholarship, Arthur. Your clock-face and answer to Sunday problem both good.

Kathleen Bartholomew, 39 Phillip-st., City sends correct answers to Sunday problems, Jan. 2nd. 1. Daniel. 2. Buried names.

(The 3rd buried name is Asaph, not Opher.)

A.B.C. FOR THE SEVENS TO TWELVES

(Uncle B. made this up in the train between Parramatta and Springwood. If the metre is a bit jerky, you must blame the puffing Billy. Send me a list of your answers to this A.B.C. before St. Valentine's Day, if you know when that is. If not, ask your grandma!)

- A chops the wood and is sharp as a knife.
- B is the food that is called "staff of life."
- C is baked sweet food. Would you not like a slice?
- D makes our houses and clothes far from nice.
- E is a strong thing sometimes called a horse.
- F is the food that must have parsley sauce.
- G is the lesson about nouns and verbs.
- H is for h—h—; most bitter of herbs.
- I is the liquid into which we dip steel.
- J is the month when the heat we most feel.
- K gives the boys fun, as it flies in the air.
- L is the great game in which ladies may share.
- M is a place where the wheels whizz and whirl.
- N contains glass beads. It is worn by a girl.
- O is a weight. Sixteen make a pound.
- P is the cat's nick-name. She will come at the sound.
- Q is the word that means we must run.
- R is the ball-game that give pic-nickers fun.
- S is the day when we sit in a pew.
- T is the dark hole the train must go through.
- U 's the queer creature that fights for a crown.
- V is a thin curtain our sisters pull down.
- W is noisy but keeps out of sight.
- X is the time when gifts come in the night.
- Y is the day that is only just done.
- Z goes on four legs and those four legs can run.

BIBLE ARITHMETIC FOR SUNDAY.

Opposite the numbers with dotted lines fill in that for which the numbers stand in the chapter referred to.

(Luke 15)	99
(Acts 27)	4
	103
(John 2)	2
	206
(Matthew 4)	40
(Acts 10) 3	246
	82
(John 21)	153
	235
(Mark 6)	50
	185
(Luke 15)	9
(Ps. 150)	176

AWARDS.

THE ACROSTIC.

There were less than ten acrostics sent in, but a small prize will be awarded to Eric Lloyd for his acrostic. Will he please send his address to "Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O."

THE LIMERICK.

There were some good attempts, but the best is the work of Miss Violet Muston, "Willdene," Victoria Avenue, Chatswood, to whom a brooch will be forwarded, with "Grit's" compliments. This is the winning verse:—

A paper I have to submit,
A bright little weekly, called "Grit."
Its object is good,
And I'm sure that you would
Never grudge me the penny for it.

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DRUNKENNESS IN FRANCE.

Alcoholism in France (says the "Hospital") is held to be one of the most terrible scourges of the present day, and is also, apparently, one of the chief causes of death. Two years ago the Academie de Medecine invited members of the medical societies to collect statistics of all deaths in their wards. Mr. Fernet has communicated a summary of these statistics, and finds that during the last fifteen months, among a total of over 1500 deaths, occurring in eleven different hospitals and asylums, alcohol played a part in the cause of death in one-third of the cases. It was the principal cause in one-tenth of the deaths, and it was the accessory cause in more than two-tenths. As the principal fatal manifestations of alcohol are included such affections as delirium tremens, pachymeningitis, haemorrhagica cirrhosis, and cardio-vascular diseases. Conditions in which alcohol played an accessory part to the fatal issue include cases of pneumonia, erysipelas, and other acute infectious diseases. Alcohol showed a still greater influence on mortality in asylums than in the general hospitals. At the Asile Saint Anne 30 out of 63 consecutive deaths were among alcoholics. In asylums generally alcohol was the cause of disease and death in nearly half the male cases, and in one-sixth of the female cases. In view of the recent discussions as to the relation of alcohol to insanity in this country these figures are of especial interest.

HOW TO MANAGE A WIFE.

A great many persons have suggested methods as to the best way to manage a husband, but it remained for a Eureka man to reduce to writing a set of rules for the successful management of a wife. The following rules were handed to a reporter after much persuasion and many promises not to reveal his identity by a business man who claims to have followed them to the letter during the last year, and says they have never been found at fault in a single instance during that time:—

Never contradict her. You are right, of course, nine times out of ten, and she knows it, but to tell her so makes her always unmanageable.

Never oppose her. When she suggests that in the absence of the cook you get up and light the fire do so at once, willingly and cheerfully. If she wishes you to walk the floor with the baby obey with alacrity.

Never deny her. Possibly she will exceed her allowance, but this is always your fault, because you are not man enough to support her.

Never be cross. When you come home at night, having failed once or twice during the day, or been insulted by a total stranger, or with a large, powerful pain in your stomach, laugh it off and conceal your real feelings.

Never tell her the truth. When she asks you how you like her new hat or cloak swear that you think it is the greatest thing for the money you ever saw. When she shows you her new gown be lost in admiration. When she is cross and irritable tell her she is an angel.

Never disagree with her. When she suggests that you have a cold and need a hot mustard plaster grin and bear it. When she

tells you she needs a change tell her you are glad she mentioned it.

Never interrupt her.

This is the only way to manage a wife.

AMERICAN MANNERS.

The principal of a high school in America (says the "St. James' Budget") is trying to teach his pupils how to conduct their love affairs. He begins with an essay on "How to take the heart by storm." This is the most important part of the whole course, and all the rest might be allowed to slide. For if everything that is said of the American girl by her best friends is true, she must have recourse to a good deal of storming before she gets inside the citadel of the young man's heart. One leading sociologist calls her "a cross between a magnified, unmannerly boy and a spoiled, exacting being who only loves herself." Another complains that she is "loud-spoken at dinner and every where else." "Manners makyth man," and woman too—probably woman a good deal more than man—and the high school principal might do worse than preface his course of lectures with a long introduction of the latter theme, otherwise he runs into danger of putting the cart before the horse. Much has been said derogatory to the American man—after marriage. One of our leading suffragists now lecturing in the States calls him a tyrant; others assert that he is too busy collecting the almighty dollar to spend much time over his home; but nobody accuses him of bad manners before marriage. That seems limited at present to one sex.

POISON IN THE BLOOD.

"You smoke 30 cigarettes a day" said a physician to a patient: "yet you don't blame them for your run-down condition."

"Not in the least. I blame my hard work."

The physician shook his head. He smiled in a vexed way. Then he took a leech from a glass jar.

"Let me show you something," he said. "Bare your arm."

The cigarette fiend bared his pale arm, and the other laid the lean, black leech upon it. The leech fell to work busily. Its body began to swell. Then, all of a sudden, a kind of shudder convulsed it, and it fell to the floor dead.

"That is what your blood did to that leech," said the physician. He took up the little corpse between finger and thumb. "Look at it," he said. "Quite dead, you see. You poisoned it."

GRIFFITHS' TEAS

Run First and Best, In Quality They Stand the Test.

"It wasn't a healthy leech in the first place," said the cigarette smoker, sullenly.

"Wasn't healthy, eh? Well, we'll try again."

And the physician clapped two leeches on the young man's thin arm.

"If they both die," said the patient, "I'll swear off—or, at least, I'll cut down my daily allowance from thirty cigarettes to ten."

Even as he spoke the smaller leech shivered and dropped on his knee, dead, and a moment later the larger one fell beside it.

"This is ghastly," said the young man. "I am worse than a pestilence to these leeches."

"It is the empyreumatic oil in your blood," said the medical man. "All cigarette fiends have it. Cease smoking, and this oil will disappear, and you will be no longer deadly to the leech. Furthermore, your appetite will return, you will sleep better, and your muddy colour will clear up. It is not hard work, but hard smoking, that has brought these troubles on you."

"Doctor," said the young man, regarding the three dead leeches thoughtfully, "I half believe you're right."

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Mrs. Stocks, Mr. A. H. Willson, Miss E. Munn, Mrs. Edwards, Miss Linda Murray, Mr. E. C. Mann, Miss Tonie Maclean, Miss Ethel Powell, Mrs. Bowman, Mrs. Hailes, Mrs. Southan, Mr. Wonall, Mr. J. Hobson, Mr. C. Southan, Miss B. Park, Mrs. Manning, Mrs. Rowe, Mrs. Branchaman, Mrs. Chandler, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Black.

N.B.—Will subscribers who do not receive their copy regularly, and on the same day each week, please send us a post-card, and it will be attended to at once.

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"Just throw me a half-dozen of your biggest trout," said the man with the angler's outfit.

"Throw them!" exclaimed the astonished fish dealer.

"That's what I said," replied the party of the first part. "Then I'll go home and tell my wife I caught them. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."

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How the World Moves

With a population of 41,000,000, only 441 Japanese have fortunes of £50,000 or over.

The average life of an American-built ship is only eighteen years, while that of British ships is twenty-six years.

The Emperor of China and the Viceroy of India, between them, govern more than half the population of the world.

Over 30,000 horses are annually slaughtered in Paris for food. The carcase of an average horse yields about 369lb. of meat.

It is estimated that the Kaffirs in the diamond mines at Kimberley, South Africa, steal £250,000 worth of diamonds in a year.

General Booth's latest project is to establish a fleet of Salvation Army steamers to carry the Army's emigrants across the Atlantic.

In the town of Klugenberk, Germany, taxes are unknown, and this year £10 was paid to every citizen from the profits of the municipal brickworks.

A light breeze moves at about five miles an hour; a gale hurries on at the rate of thirty or forty miles; a true storm at fifty; and a hurricane at eighty to a hundred.

Although the sea covers three-fourths of the earth's surface, it does not provide in the same proportion for man's wants. Only about 3 per cent. of the people in the world gain their living directly from the sea.

A church of solid coral is a curiosity of the Isle of Mahe. This island, rising to 3000ft., is the highest of the Seychelles group in the Indian Ocean; its buildings are all of square blocks hewn from massive coral and glisten like white marble.

Women and girls in Austria, by declaration of the Minister of Public Instruction, may now enter the Universities under the same conditions as men, may lecture in hospitals, and be appointed by the professors as assistants.

Paris is noted for the number of its legless cripples, who propel themselves along the street in little box trolleys by means of their arms. This fact has prompted the proprietors of a French sporting journal to organise an international race for legless cripples of both sexes.

The skin of the men and women of some nations is much thicker than that of others, particularly in hot countries. The Central African negro has a skin about half as thick again as that of a European. That of a negro is thickest over the head and back—evidently to form a protection from the sun.

The Korean never cuts his hair or beard. To do so is considered a mark of dishonour to his parents, whom he strongly reverences. Any hairs that may happen to come out, and even the parings of his finger-nails, are carefully saved and put into the coffin with him, in order that he may go back to mother earth intact.

In the Italian army all cavalry regiments are supplied with carrier pigeons, which are used for the transmission of information during all their military manoeuvres in camp. Young cavalry officers go through a course of instruction on the training of pigeons for military purposes at the Pignatelli College.

A strange and comical military body is a troop of cavalry at St. de Moorway, a province on the East Coast of Africa, which is under the rule of the French Governor-General at Madagascar. These soldiers go about their military operations on oxen. The animals are lean creatures, and they move with surprising rapidity.

HIGHLY SPOKEN OF.

On the way to the office of his publishers one crisp fall morning, James Whitcomb Riley met an unusually large number of acquaintances who commented conventionally upon the fine weather. This unremitting applause amused him. When greeted at the office with "Nice day, Mr. Riley," he smiled broadly.

"Yes," he agreed. "Yes, I've heard it very highly spoken of."

HOW HE FOUND HIM.

A certain man, living in a New England village, lost a horse one day, and, failing to find him, went down to the public square and offered a reward of five dollars to whoever could bring him back.

A half-witted fellow, who heard the offer, volunteered to discover the whereabouts of the horse, and, sure enough, he returned in half an hour leading him by his bridle. The owner was surprised at the ease with which his half-witted friend had found the beast, and, on passing the five dollars to him, he asked:

"Tell me, how did you find the horse?"

To which the other made answer:

"Waal, I thought to myself, where would I go if I was a hoss: and I went there, and he had."

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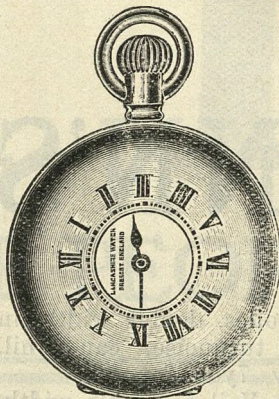
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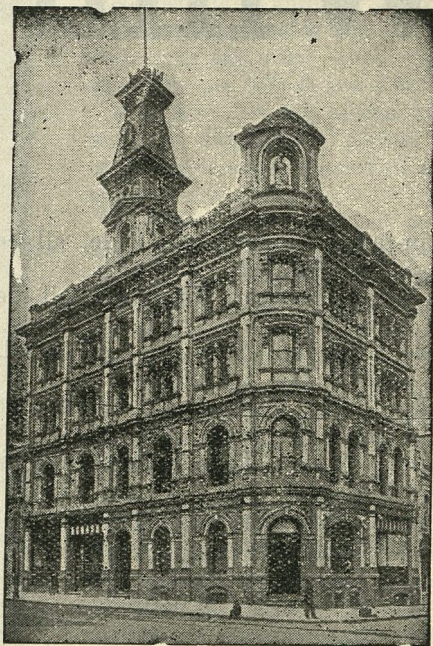
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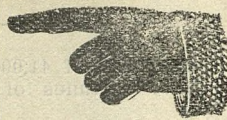
with its joys and sorrows—its successes and its failures—its sunshine and shadows;

1908 HAS COME,

with its hopes and aspirations—its resolutions and its possibilities.

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quality, 7yds. for 6/9.

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Ladies' Lace Elbow Mitts, black or white, 1/-.

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