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GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

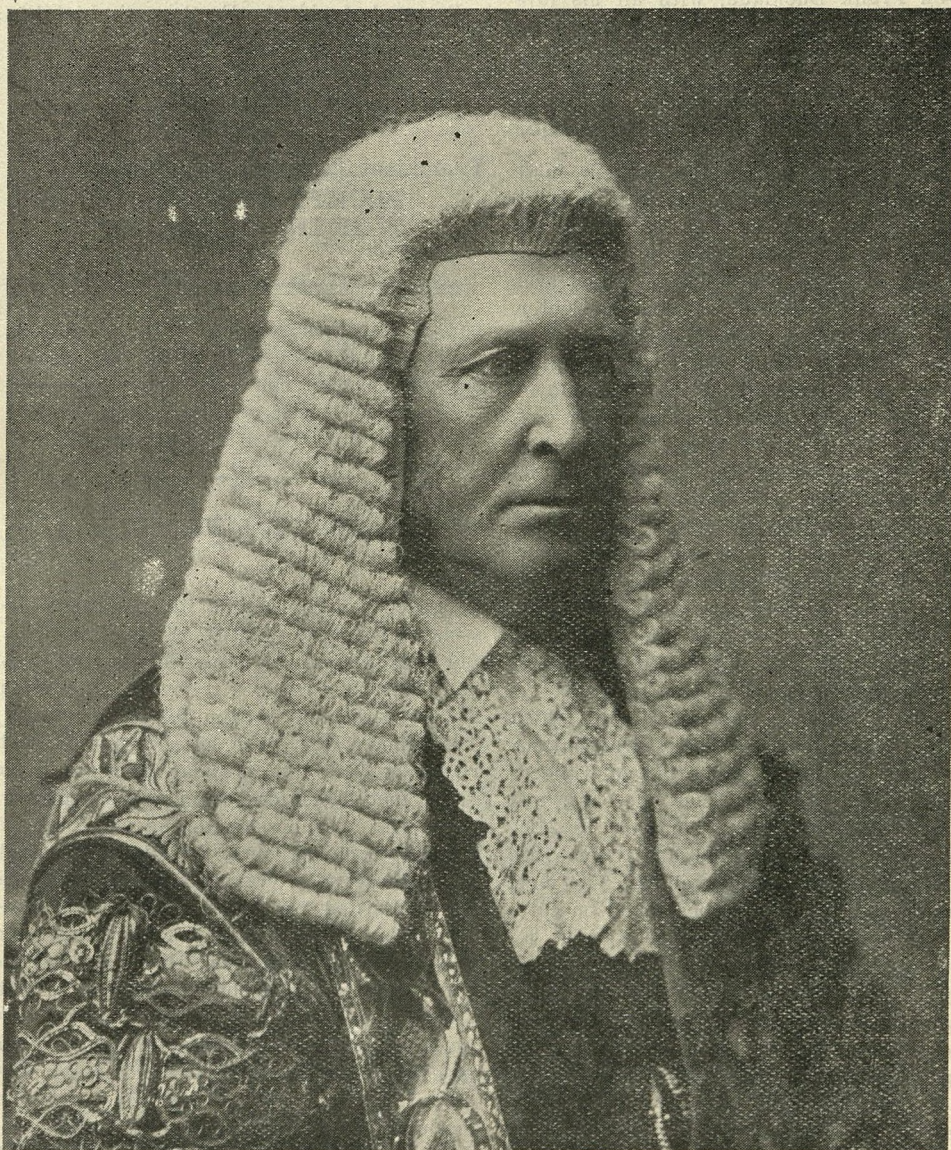
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Price One Penny

A Man of Grit



Mr. JUSTICE OWEN, who has just retired from the Supreme Court Bench, which he adorned for so many years. He has always been recognised as possessing one of the soundest legal minds on the Bench, and being one of the fairest of judges. His fearless conduct as President of the Royal Commission on the Land Scandals showed him to be a man of grit.

THE PEOPLE NEXT DOOR.

By MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

In house-hunting there are more important matters than aspect and health and rental to be considered. Before all these the comfort-seeker should ask the old-time question, "And who is my neighbour?"

The most charming "semi-detached" may lose all its vaunted desirability if there is a teacher of the violin established in the other half, who gives lessons to youthful incompetents at untimely hours.

Or if some budding baritone or bass practises runs and voice—(and wrath)—producing exercises "oft in the stilly night!"

Still worse is the all-penetrating toot of a cornet indifferently played, or the mandoline that jingles music-hall airs when the children are asleep.

The newly-decorated and cosy little flat, that looks so inviting, may become impossible to the brain-worker if the neighbouring tenant makes amateur picture-frames at two o'clock in the morning. Another flitting was caused recently by the coming of a retired naval officer to the suite overhead. Unfortunately he had a wooden leg, and as he walked the quarter-deck untiringly the endless tapping literally got on the brain below, and there was a hasty retreat.

Charles Lamb complained that the sound of a carpenter's hammer on a hot day fretted him into midsummer madness.

Indeed, a "dismal treatise" might be written on the sufferings of literary men under the inflictions of noisy neighbours.

"Why should you complain of a crowing of the cock?" demanded a Chelsea poultry-keeper of the irate Carlyle. "It only crows very occasionally, and doesn't keep on."

"Madam," thundered the Sage, "that is just it. It is the waiting for the next crow that is more than flesh and blood can stand."

Even the gentler Coleridge complained that a certain sylvan garden would be perfect if it were not for "the litter of the rose-leaves and the noise of the nightin-

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gales." How many present-day victims would gladly exchange their noise grievances for such music! Very much depends on the hobbies of the people next door.

In these days of alert County Councils and Boards of Health, offences against social well-being are speedily dealt with. Even in remote country places the "gentleman that pays the rent" may not be kept, as of old, in close proximity to human abodes. But "Cave canem" may be profitably quoted to intending settlers. For the dog, whose bark is worse than his bite when sleep is at stake, still makes night hideous to many a wakeful sufferer.

Still more common is the cat trouble. Most of us have an affection, secret or enthusiastic, for the respectable feline of our own establishment. But when all "good things of day begin to droop and drowse," the disreputable marauders from all the next doors of the neighbourhood sally forth to murder sleep. And sleep is not the only good thing destroyed. What flower-fancier, who potters in his strip of suburban garden, does not sigh for a courageous Chancellor of the Exchequer, who shall signalise his reign and inaugurate Old-Age Pensions by a guinea tax on cats?

And what owner of a pet Persian would object to the highest of high licences for the obnoxious terrier next door? A row of handsome houses was almost depopulated of tenants a few years ago by the advent of a cat-loving lady who bought the middle dwelling and established herself there with thirty-nine cats. Why she limited herself to forty save one nobody could tell. A little trap-door was cut in every room in her house that they might truly have the run of the establishment and of all the adjoining gardens, and they were lavishly catered for by numerous milkmen and fishmongers, who never called for orders in vain. Recourse to law was of no avail, and the neighbours sooner or later departed. Even when all imaginable care had been duly exercised in the choice, new conditions may arise at any moment that may spoil the dwelling place.

A young ladies' school may be opened hard by with six pianos and a maddening succession of scales and "five fingers." Or a church may with infinite gratulation become possessed of a set of bells whose tinnabulations will mark time all day, and disturb with "night's yawning peal" the hours of darkness.

Or a family may move in with eleven ill-trained and naughty children. The doings and darings of such make delightful and very popular reading at Christmas time, but even the genial chronicler of their pranks and pastimes would prefer "a lodge in some vast wilderness" to a tenancy next door to the rioters.

Perhaps noise mattered less in the old sound-proof days when ancient lights and rights were respected, when walls were thick and jerry-builders unknown. Now, neighbours and neighbourhoods change with bewildering rapidity, and the once secluded and stately residence may be assailed with undesirable sights and sounds from some upstart factory adjoining. The select and peaceful boarding-house may lose its clients for the same cause, and whole streets may be regarded askance by reason

of the advent of noisy and odorous motor-cars.

The late genial and lamented naturalist, Frank Buckland, was not, for many and obvious reasons, an ideal neighbour. His house was a zoo in miniature, and when the huge railway van stopped at his door, bringing some more or less departed creature of the deep for preservation, all the neighbouring doors and windows were closed in self-defence.

But there was no whale in sight when, on a fine summer evening, he entertained a party of Zulu guests to dinner. Thinking all men like-minded with himself, he provided a bag full of tame, live snakes as a diversion. During an interval these were brought in and emptied out on the floor. The effect was magical. Zulus have an inherent dread of all the serpent tribe, and the party instantly suspected treachery, and dashed from the room and the house in headlong flight.

And one dusky and bedizened warrior got into the garden, scaled the wall, and clearing the adjoining lawn, sought sanctuary in the quiet drawing-room of another house. Springing through the open window, he gave the ladies sitting there a terrible fright, until they discovered that the intruder's terror was far more abject than their own.

Even Frank Buckland, with all his love of strange happenings, never ventured on the snake experiment again!

DISEASE GERMS AND MICROBES.

A gentleman called at the Pasteur Institute recently to ask for advice as to the treatment of an ugly sore on his cheek. He remarked to the doctor that he must have been cut by a barber's razor which was not clean. "Not at all," replied the doctor, after examining him, "someone kissed you directly after you had shaved." The doctor went on to explain that shaving removes the outer "layer" of the skin which prevents the intrusion of germs through the pores. If microbes were placed on the shaven skin of a rabbit, the animal would receive the microbes into the system through the pores. "In fact," the doctor added, "a newly shaved skin is a door open to the germs of every infectious disease."

How many microbes may infest the coins we handle daily. A patient French savant has counted them, with the following result. The ordinary base coin with which we tip a waiter, or pay a tram fare, contains from 3600 to 11,000 bacteria, gold pieces harbour from 1600 to 3500 microbes, and silver pieces have only from 450 to 2100. The colour also interested him. Some are white, and others golden yellow. The most common species of microbes found on coins are staphylococcus, streptococcus and pyogenes, with now and then a colony of tetanus, tuberculosis or cancer microbes. Yet metals, as a rule, he says, are microbe killers, as these creatures never survive long. The reason why they are so numerous is because their ranks are continually filled up by newcomers as the coins pass from hand to hand. Silver is a real anti-septic, as it kills any microbes which alight on it in a very short time, and, as may be seen from the figures above given, the num-

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ber of microbes found on silver coins is far smaller than on those of gold or copper. Paper money, of course, is the very worst. It has no antiseptic qualities whatever, and microbes simply revel in bank-notes.

A SIMPLE LIFE MENU.

The cult of the simple life is always associated with the practice of vegetarianism. But that the renunciation of fleshly food does not necessarily imply a return to the simple life is witnessed by the following menu. This dinner was given by a perfervid food reformer to a few medical brethren who lately met in conference in a West-country town. As a concession to the weakness of certain disciples, such unhallowed animal products as milk, cream, butter and cheese were admitted for the occasion to the dietary. Here is the Apostolic fare upon which the reformers maintained their energies:—Clear tomato, thick brown haricot, wheat flakes; mock fish and parsley sauce, scalloped salsify; savory raised pie, mushroom pie, protose cutlets and mashed potato, macaroni cheese, baked potatoes, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower au Gratin, stuffed tomatoes; plum tart, pineapple jelly, junket and cream, lemon jelly, fruit salad, cheese; desert—grape juice, lemonade, lime juice, etc.

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THE BLACK STAIN.

THIRD ARTICLE.

IN EAST LONDON.

It is a striking commentary upon our twentieth-century civilization with its emotional altruism and its widespread humanitarian effort that there is no district of the capital, no town large or small in the United Kingdom in which cases of revolting and systematic cruelty to little children cannot be found.

The cases of persistent cruel neglect have a strong family likeness. I have beside me as I write newspaper cuttings with the evidence in a hundred such cases which have been before magistrates during the present year.

The details of the condition of the children are nearly always foully horrible. Many of them have not been washed or tended for weeks. The beds, or rags, or sacking on which the children are compelled to sleep are in the last stage of loathsomeness. Some of the children have been found with their flesh partly eaten away by vermin.

In the majority of cases the person responsible for the cruel treatment of little children is the mother who has denied them the love and the affection and the fostering care that no female beast of the field or the forest denies her young. In many of the cases the woman has been warned again and again by the officers of the N.S.P.C.C. or by the district nurse.

The cruelty in each of the hundred cases was "wilful and persistent." It would not, otherwise, have come before a magistrate and been reported in the Press. If these hundred cases were printed in a book to make the story of a Jungle, in which infernal horrors were endured by innocent English children in English homes, the cry of "sensational exaggeration" would be instantly raised.

But every one is a shorthand report of a trial in open court. The diabolical details have been sworn to, not only by the officers of the society, but by the medical men called in to ease the children's agonies, sometimes to save their lives.

Let me quote one case only, and that in support of my contention that poverty is not the cause of this foul outrage on the first instinct of motherhood. It occurred only a short time ago.

An eight week old infant, under medical treatment, and ordered by the doctor to be kept indoors, was taken by its mother to a fair and kept out till nearly midnight. The mother was afterwards found drunk in a public-house yard, and the officer of the Society who went to rescue the unfortunate child from the mother's house found half a dozen drunken women in the place fighting like wild beasts round the bed on which the dying baby lay. It weighed under 5lb., and died twenty-four hours later in the infirmary. Only two months previously the mother had received £183 compensation for the death of her husband by accident in the course of his employment. Nearly the whole of this sum she had spent on drink with her female boon companions, and the infant at her breast had perished of ill-treatment and starvation in the process.

I have said that these cases have a strong family resemblance. This is so much a fact that long before my

PAINFUL PILGRIMAGE THROUGH CRUELTY LAND

was over I was able to tell, after seeing the children themselves, what to expect on entering the rooms in which they were kenneled, their lot in many instances only to be compared with that of the poor prisoners who, in the dark days of

barbarism, were left to rot in a foul dungeon.

We have visited one part of London—the South. Let us visit another part, the East, and see with our own eyes some of the helpless little victims of parental inhumanity, poor tortured babes who, if they went to Sunday-school, would be taught to sing:

I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,

And made me in these Christian days
A happy Christian child.

Here is a House of Tragedy in the East of London. In one of the rooms not long ago there lived a man, his wife, and five children. The wife was ill and weak, the man was strong and a heavy drinker. The woman died, and the man left her dead on the bed, locked the children in with the body, and went out to drink.

When the woman had been dead two days a rumour of the horrors that were being enacted behind the closed door reached the ears of some neighbours, and a communication was sent to the authorities.

When the room was entered the man was lying drunk on the bed by the side of the dead woman. The children, terrified, dirty, and ravenous for food, were huddled together in a corner. The father had given them no food since the mother died. Night and day the wretched children had clung together in their silent misery, not even daring to cry lest they should be silenced with blows.

The children were fed and washed and looked after, and eventually the man was induced to sign the pledge. He kept it for a month and then he broke out again. When the home was revisited one day the man was found sitting in a corner gnawing a boiled sheep's head. When the children, whom he had again kept without food, driven by their hunger crept near him in the hope of obtaining a morsel of meat, he growled and snarled at them like an angry dog with a bone.

To-day the man is, apparently, again on the road to reformation. He accords us a civil greeting as we enter the room. The children say that he has been kinder and has given them food. If he keeps sober he may yet become a decent father. If he drinks he will again be the wild beast who drove his little children mad with terror in the presence of their dead mother.

The picture is a gruesome one. But it is an actuality of the striking hour.

Within a short walk is another Home of Tragedy, and again it is a tragedy of the drunken father. One room. In this one room a girl of 13, her mind affected by the horrors through which she has passed, lives and sleeps with a brother of fifteen, a sister of six, and her father. The children are ragged, verminous, and emaciated. The mother died a short time ago, and the baby died. The baby before that one died, and the baby before that also. Theirs was the better fate. The life of the children who survived has been a hell upon earth. When the mother's dead body lay in the coffin the man, mad with drink, struck the face of the corpse in the presence of the weeping children. An old grandmother had to stand by the coffin and fight the ruffian to prevent him from "further ill-treating the corpse and pilfering."

The man who had brutally ill-treated and starved his children tried to steal something from the coffin of their dead mother that he could pawn for drink.

Two rooms, five children, father earning good wages, but working in the country. He sends money home regularly. The mother drinks it away as regularly as it comes. The home and the family are in a terrible condition. Two of the children who are of school

By GEO. R. SIMS.

(Reprinted from the London "Tribune.")

age have been excluded. Their condition is loathsome. A pretty little girl of seven has only a few rags on her.

In a single room in the same house is a drinking mother with five children. The condition of the room is indescribable. The hair of a pretty and refined-looking little girl of six is a mass of swarming horror. Her few rags are fastened on her with French nails and a couple of curtain hooks.

A few houses off lives a woman with four children. The children are fairly clean, but they have been for some time under "supervision." Across the eldest boy's face is a red scar. His mother is supposed to have punished him for a boyish offence by striking him across the face with a red-hot poker. The other alleges she only chastised the boy with a rope. He made the mark on his face "hissself."

Here is a room at which a glance is sufficient. It is at the top of the house, and it is an intense relief to get down to the ground floor again, and out through the front door into the street, where there is air of a different quality.

The occupants are a soldier's widow and her four children. A woman who occupies the lower part of the house lets off the upper rooms, and this widow is her tenant. There is a matter of four weeks' rent owing, but she is quite willing to lose that if the widow upstairs will seek shelter elsewhere.

The widow has a pension, which she draws regularly, and she spends the whole of it in drink. The children get nothing but drunken curses.

The pensioned widow's children have been left by her to get into such a condition that two of them are excluded from the school. The widow lives in the beer-house till the last penny of her pension has gone down her throat. The poor woman downstairs, who cannot get her rent, frequently, in the kindness of her heart, gives the children food.

Here is one room occupied by a man, his wife, four children, a black cat, and a canary, which was once yellow, but is now the same colour as the cat.

The man and woman can both earn good money, and do, but they both drink every penny away, and the four children are in a shameful condition of neglect. They are verminous to an extent which must be torture to them, and as black with accumulated dirt as the unfortunate canary.

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"home," there is another mother's baby being "minded" in it.

Again and again in a filthy room crowded with cruelly neglected children I find an extra baby, and I am told by the woman that it is "one I'm minding."

Sometimes I find two babies being taken care of for the day.

The "minding" is, of course, for a consideration, but it is generally done by a cruelly neglected little girl, who has a fretful baby added to her daily burden, and is as a rule as loving and gentle to her little charge as her own mother is indifferent and often cruel to her.

It was in the quarter in which we now are that I found some of the terrible scenes that I attempted to depict in "The Cry of the Children."

The mothers of the homes we have visited are those who, with infants in their arms, pack the public-houses until midnight. How the infants who survive the atmosphere of the Babes' Inferno fare as they pass from infancy to childhood we have seen.

The "East" suggests the Jewish quarter. There is one Jewish case only to visit on the day's round. It is not a bad case. It is one of ignorant treatment for ill-health rather than neglect.

The ill-treatment of children is rare indeed among the Jews. When a case of cruel neglect occurs, such as the one recently reported, the whole community is astonished and distressed. The instinct of family life and the deeply religious view of Motherhood ensure the Jewish children, even in the most crowded slum, the affectionate regard of both parents.

It is the contrast between the condition of the Christian children and the Jewish children inhabiting the same area and living under the same housing conditions that should, if nothing else will, bring this problem of the disregard of the value of child life home to the Christian conscience.

It is a terrible reflection that if the population of this country were not chiefly a Christian population, the society which now protects little children from ill-treatment and cruel neglect, and has its hands full all the year round and in every part of the kingdom, would have very little to do.

It is this damning fact that justifies the title I have given to these articles.

BREWERS AND DISTILLERS AS EMPLOYERS.

It is customary at liquor trade meetings to depict "the trade" as a sort of modern Atlas, holding the industrial world on its broad shoulder. The following obvious facts are ignored:—(1) That money diverted from the drink trade would flow into other channels; (2) that in useful industries it would afford employment, on the average, to at least six times as many persons as producers.

The following are a few comparisons culled from the latest official sources, showing that industries in which less is spent are larger employers than the liquor-makers:—

Victoria.—Distilleries, 74 hands employed; breweries, 1002; clothing, tailoring, 7667, including working proprietors; printing works, 5125, including working proprietors; boot and shoe factories, 5578; woollen mills, 1430; hat and cap factories, 1318; butter factories, 1424.

New South Wales.—Distilleries, 18; breweries, 1028; boot and shoe factories, 4465; saw mills, 3886; clothing, shop, 4152; tailoring, 3036; brick making, 2006; railway workshops and carriage factories, 3902.

South Australia.—Brewers and malsters, 300; boot and shoe factories, 1270; clothing and tailoring, 1928.

Queensland.—Brewers, 384; boot and shoe factories, 1047; saw mills, 1765; printing, 1859.

Western Australia.—Breweries, 488; saw mills, 2765.

Tasmania.—Breweries, 145; jam factories, 596; boot and shoe factories, 332; woollen mills, 236; saw mills, 1011.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE AND THE NO-LICENSE MOVEMENT.

Mrs. A. M. Ford read a paper at the Northern Suburbs Electorates No-License Conference, in which she made the following forcible suggestions:—

1. That an earnest and carefully worded letter or circular be sent to the head of every household in the affiliated electorates,

pointing out the danger of using alcoholic liquors in the home, and asking that for the sake of the children these should not be used as beverages.

2. To make strong representation to the Government to discontinue granting licenses to grocers, restaurant keepers, fruiterers, etc., also to close up the wine shops.

3. That all licensed and recreation clubs be under the same restrictions as hotels; that the licenses be considered and reckoned as hotel licenses, and subject to reduction or abolition as determined by the electors.

4. That the Government be asked to amend the Liquor Act, making it illegal to serve liquor to any person under 21 years of age.

The grounds for such a proposition being that, as persons are not considered to have sufficient discretion to exercise their vote until 21 years of age, it is but fair in like manner to assume they are not sufficiently prepared to withstand the temptations which surround the liquor traffic before attaining that age.

Effort should also be unremittingly made to secure No-License.

It is also suggested—That the Government be desired to have placed in prominent positions in the Public Schools (and private schools should be induced to do so if possible) printed medical and other testimony as to the danger of using alcoholic liquors, and that the teachers be instructed to draw the attention of the scholars, specially to these, and to have regular lessons on temperance for all the school classes inserted in the school curriculum.

That the ministers of Churches visiting the various public schools for religious teaching, give their classes definite temperance instruction at least once a quarter.

That temperance literature suitable for children and young people be circulated free, or as cheaply as possible, the aim being to secure its entrance into every household.

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Talk about People

A Great Canadian Violinist.

The new violinist, Miss Kathleen Parlow, a Canadian girl, only 17 years old, is said to be even more brilliant than Kubelik or Miss Marie Hall. The story of her discovery is interesting. A short time ago Dr. Grosz, a Berlin concert agent, was told by an English friend that he had heard, while passing a house in a London street, a violinist playing with extraordinary skill and feeling. He listened for some time, and became convinced of the genius of the musician. All he could tell Dr. Grosz, however, was that he thought the mysterious violinist was probably a pupil of Professor Auer. Dr. Grosz at once offered a detective £50 if he could find the musician, and in three days he succeeded. Miss Parlow played to Dr. Grosz, and he was so impressed that he offered to bring her out as a solo violinist. Miss Parlow was glad to agree, as her father is dead, and she had been living with her mother in London on very slender means. She has already made several thousands of pounds in Berlin and Copenhagen, where she played before 3000 people, and she is engaged to play at 120 concerts in North and South America at £200 a night.

The Emperor and the Verger.

During one of his visits to England the German Emperor had a curious experience at St. Paul's. One day a distinguished stranger sought out the verger and desired admittance to the crypt, and offered him sixpence.

"You can't go down, sir; service is on."

The distinguished stranger received the refusal with unconcealed surprise. Such a rebuff had seldom come his way.

"I am the German Emperor," he said.

"Sorry you can't go down," was the answer. "Service will be over at such a time, and if you'll come then and look me up I shall be delighted to show you round. As it is, it can't be done at the present moment."

That staunch old man is dead now, and the rules are not so rigidly observed. Certainly there is not a man in the Cathedral who would bar the door against Kaiser William to-day.

Afraid of London.

In view of the fact that Signora Tetrazzini, the "star" which has arisen so suddenly upon the horizon of the London musical world, and whom everyone has been flocking to hear, has been well known in almost every other part of the globe for the past 18 or 20 years, people are asking how it is that London remained unfamiliar with the genius of this prima donna for so long. The real reason is that Tetrazzini has avoided, rather than sought, engagements there, for she confesses that she always felt somewhat apprehensive of English audiences. "I had been told," she says, "that the British public was cold and most difficult to rouse, but now I know how false that impression was. I am more than delighted with England and the English people, and shall always remember with deep gratitude their reception of my efforts on the occasion of my 'debut' there. I do wish, however," the singer added, with a sigh of regret, as though unwilling to say anything against us, "that you would improve your weather. Sometimes I am kept a prisoner all day on account of the bad weather, for I am fearful of catching cold." Tetrazzini is past her first youth, being forty-seven years of age. She has, however,

a charming manner, and anyone would take her for thirty.

Kipling Has no Methods.

"Kipling is the only 'live' poet England ever had," Cecil Rhodes once declared, "and he has done more to awaken the Imperial instinct in the people of the Empire than anyone else." Mr. Kipling laughs at the idea of method in his work. "Method!" he cried once, when questioned on this point, "I have no method in writing. I write when the fit takes me. What method can anyone observe in literary work? When I feel inclined to write, it is quite as difficult to prevent me as it is at other times to make me. I get hold of a good idea, a germ, as it were, and let it simmer quietly in my mind for maybe weeks, and then, suddenly, I sit down and write it out." Often a whole week goes by and Mr. Kipling does not write a single line. Most of his work of late years has been done in South Africa, in the charming old-fashioned cottage on the outskirts of Cape Town, presented to him by Mr. Rhodes.

One of the World's Richest Women.

Although her fortune has been estimated at £3,000,000, the late Baroness A. de Rothschild lived a most simple and unassuming life. The most exquisite dishes were served at her table, but she scarcely touched them. In later years she hardly even made use of her equipages. It was quite a usual thing to see her take the tram which passed her gate, running from Geneva to Versoix. The guards all knew her, and used to point her out sometimes to the other travellers. After she had seen all the splendour which wealth and a high social position can secure, the Baroness seemed to be more convinced than anyone of the vanity of riches and earthly magnificence. Her desire seemed to be to live like the humble, and find peace and happiness in the routine of their ordinary lives.

Fighting Bob.

The man of the moment in the world of navies (Says "M.A.P.") is Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, who is commanding the American Atlantic Squadron on its fateful record cruise to the Pacific. Admiral Evans is the Lord Charles Beresford of the U.S.N. He is just as blunt, outspoken, and sailor-like as Lord Charles, and, like him, he has occasionally run atilt against naval officialdom and inertia. In appearance, however, he is more like General Buller than Lord Charles. He has a good record of active service, as his nickname indicates. He served with distinction in the American Civil War, receiving four very severe rifle shot wounds in the land attack on Fort Fisher. He gained the name of Fighting Bob while in command of the small cruiser Yorktown at Valparaiso, Chili, in 1891, during the period of strained relations between Chili and the United States.

One of Fighting Bob's stories is interesting, in view of the present relations of the United States and Japan and his momentous Pacific cruise. It illustrates how briskly the Japanese assimilate European methods and manners. "When I commanded the 'New York' some years ago," says the Admiral, "I had a Jap. servant, with whom I was specially pleased. He was prompt, remarkably quick to learn, and took such deep interest in everything that sometimes, just to amuse myself, I devoted not a little time to explaining things that he did not seem to understand. A good waiter, too,

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he was. Well, finally, my Jap. disappeared. Some time later, when on the European station, I made a call on a Japanese battleship in the harbour of Marseilles. The captain met us at the gangway and escorted us to his cabin. When we were seated, he suddenly turned, threw off his hat, whipped a napkin over his arm, and said to me, "The Admiral would eat?" "Kato!" I cried, recognising him immediately as my old servant. "The same," he said, bowing. "Captain Kato, of the Mikado's navy, at your service."

When She Sings Best.

In the "Quiver" Mme. Clara Butt writes pleasantly about her life as a singer. "I was about fourteen when my mother sent me to learn the rudiments of singing, so that I might be able to help to amuse her friends when they came to the house. The dolls' day, such as it was, was over. I was stumbling along the pathway which has led me where I now stand. It must be confessed, however, that those first lessons of mine proved somewhat of a weariness to the flesh. My teacher, being herself a soprano, had a rooted idea that I must be the same. Because she managed to 'take' some abnormally high notes she could see no reason why I should not do likewise. It never seemed to dawn on her that I might, by chance, be able to 'take' a few low ones! I love my art, my work, my life, but it is the actual singing I love—the singing—not the power, the excitement, the applause. It is happiness to me to sing anywhere, before anyone, or only to myself alone. Indeed, I am not at all sure that I do not sing my best to the chicks in the nursery. The babies are always overjoyed to have their mother sing them to sleep, and children are truthful, if sometimes rather severe, critics."

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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 13, 1908.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Mr. Ashton, representing the Liquor Defence League in Newcastle, has advertised in the local paper that "a debating class for young men will be held in the Crystal Palace Hotel, J. P. Bonnar, Proprietor, on Thursday nights." We don't wish to be unkind but this is surely like the summer dress in winter—too thin! No trade has done so much to dethrone reason, and to beget the unintelligent, and it is difficult to bring oneself to treat this idea seriously. The proprietor can only offer them "the enemy that can steal away their brains," and any effort to undo with the left hand what the right hand is doing must prove futile. We fear the debating club is only a sprat to catch a mackerel, and must be classed with counter lunches as an effort to increase business. The debating would not be confined to the Crystal Palace Hotel, nor to the members of the club; mother and son, wife and husband, young woman and young man would certainly be stirred to many a debate and to many a tear if this club were to have any success. We write not because we think it necessary to warn the fly about the spider, but rather to let the temperance folk know that the trade is being hard pushed to whip up new business and get its clutches on fresh victims, and also to point out that it is high time the temperance people provided more and better places to meet the natural inclination for recreation and amusement. The

cause that stands for sobriety, reason, and all that is best in manhood must never leave an opening for the enemy to use its weapons—and such a cause has or ought to have the monopoly in debating clubs and kindred methods for holding young fellows together and inspiring them to attain to the highest.

HAVE SHAREHOLDERS A CONSCIENCE?

No dust is so blinding as gold dust, and nothing will protect the heart or conscience from an appeal like a few shares or debentures. Good people whose goodness is only share deep are the greatest enemies to the reform of the Liquor Trade. An individual publican often exerts a genuine influence on the side of moderate drinking. Seeing with his own eyes what it means for one of his neighbours to spend half his wages before going home to his family on Saturday, he will, if he is a good fellow, as of course he often is, turn a too good customer out at an earlier stage of fuddlement than the law in practice demands. But behind the individual publican is the brewery manager, who is no doubt also a good fellow, but who does not actually have to face a drunkenness profit in the process of being earned at the street corner, and who does have to face expectant directors and hungry shareholders—who in their turn, do not have even the manager's contact at second hand with the realities of exploited drunkenness, and who, if their consciences ever trouble them on that score, quiet them by saying that they have an honourable manager whom they completely trust. And then behind the shareholders are the yet less conscience-troubled debenture holders, to the amount of many thousands in one brewery, and their contact with the slum-drunkard is neither at first nor second nor even at third hand, but at fourth hand; they have not even the power to vote at a shareholders' meeting. All along this chain, from the publican backward, the sense of moral responsibility for conduct to imperilled fellow-men weakens from link to link, and all along the same chain the economic impulse to think first and foremost of the profit, the security, becomes stronger and more exclusive. All, or nearly all, the duty of refraining from trading on another man's vice or feebleness is left to be done by the individual publican, while the whole hierarchy of brewery officials demanding high profits, shareholders demanding high dividends, debenture holders demanding high market prices for their stocks, are massed against the publican to discourage or penalise him if he wishes to curtail drinking. When monied people develop a conscience then the world's redemption will be a matter of months not years.

BOYS AT A PREMIUM.

For some past there has been such a demand for boys that business houses have been at their wit's end to secure an adequate supply of this useful commodity. "Boy wanted—one fresh from school preferred," is quite a familiar advertisement in the newspapers, and although the school output each month must be considerable, yet, like Oliver

Twist the cry is still for—"more." A variety of explanations has been made for this remarkable condition of things, but probably the nearest to accuracy is that which points to last year's extraordinary expansion of trade, and the equally extraordinary establishment of industries in the metropolis and its environs. Sydney has been making wonderful progress, and in doing so has absorbed an enormous number of boys of all sorts, shapes and sizes. The Australian boy is somewhat of a conundrum, and not a few lads in their time have many masters. The modern employer likes to "catch them young," for it is easier to bend the green twig to one's own liking, and hence the stereotyped advertisement, "fresh from school." Despite all this, a striking change may be predicted ere long, owing to the restrictions which the new Arbitration law imposes. There is a serious check being placed on boy labor, and this law in conjunction with the Factory Act, must throw a large number of young people on the market. It is quite possible therefore that there will be a reversal of the present order. Instead of billets chasing boys, the boys may yet be seen chasing the billet. The real call is for efficiency, and the lad who is best equipped will stand the best chance presently. The cigarette-loving, work-hating boy will discover that his sins have found him out, and the cleanly, smart, industrious boy will get the place he merits when worth alone becomes the standard for employment.

LABOUR AND THE TOTE.

The Wagga branch of the Political Labour League, according to a report in the daily press, does not concern itself with putting down betting, but desires that a man who puts a "little bit" on a race should have an honest chance of getting his money back plus interest, or of losing it by fair means. It instructed its delegate to the Political Labour Conference to submit a resolution in favour of the legislation of the totalisator, and the speech in which the delegate discharged his function was, we are told, a model of succinct special pleading. The machine was honest, it did not "scratch" a horse, it was neither a welcher nor a balancer; in short, it was the most honest way of betting. There was a very short discussion, as time pressed, and a division being taken the motion was carried by one vote. The most encouraging feature about this decision is the fact that every lady member of the conference voted against it. It is a deplorable state of things when the representatives of the workers can thus be got to endorse gambling by machinery as in any way preferable to gambling per medium of the bookmaker, for as Mr. Mauger so forcefully put it on Sunday, it is just as wrong to get a horse by means of a shilling lottery as to gamble on a tote or Stock Exchange. People who can see any difference and satisfy their consciences that they are improving the morality of betting by shifting the hazard from the bookmaker to the tote need to consult the moral oculist for spectacles. It is a pleasure to find a man like the Postmaster General raising his voice against the gambling evil and warning the workers against one of their worst enemies.

NORTHERN SUBURBS NO-LICENSE CONFERENCE.

In our report of the Conference we regret having omitted to state that the Conference was opened under the Presidency of the Rev. Gustavus Thompson (Manly), who stated that he considered the 1905 Liquor Act to be an outcome of the franchise to the women. He emphasised the importance of this the newest possession of the women of New South Wales, and thought that in not inconsiderable measure this had contributed to make the franchise to women a live question in the Home country. Mr. Thompson concluded by giving a very hearty welcome to those attending the Conference from the four electorates concerned.

PERILS TO PROGRESS

The Totalisator Condemned.

The Rev. W. Woolls Rutledge presided on Sunday afternoon at a meeting in the Central Methodist Mission Hall, and a large audience listened with keen appreciation to an address from the Postmaster-General, Hon. Samuel Mauger, M.H.R. The speaker was frequently applauded.

Mr. Mauger said he was glad to meet a Sydney audience face to face, because he was sure that if they could get to know more of one another by meeting one another, and not simply through the newspapers, there would be a truer federation of heart and life before long throughout Australia.

In speaking about the perils of progress he would just like them to cast their minds back to one or two messages that were received by Dr. Fitchett, the then editor of "The Review of Reviews," in response to his invitation to leaders in pulpit and platform, in the education, scientific and American world, to send messages of hope, inspiration and promise to the new Commonwealth. The editor of the "Spectator" had said: "As to your flocks and herds, ships and commerce, your factories and manufactures, and your general prosperity I have not the faintest doubt, your future is all before you and your success must be great." But said the same writer in the same message, "Man cannot live by bread alone." See to-day that you, amidst all your prosperity, strive to introduce into Australia the highest type of man and woman the world has ever known; that is the end and aim of every Church, every true nation, and every newspaper in a civilised community, to say nothing of a Christian community. If not, they should not exist. He would earnestly recommend every student of sociology and every well-wisher of Australia, to read the prize essay of Mr. G. L. Butcher, of the Commercial Travellers' Association, "Australia To-day." Like the editor of the "Spectator" he has said that the material prosperity of Australia is assured, but he also says that, in the height of her prosperity, there is a danger of her (Australia) missing her higher and better destiny.

What are the perils of progress? Their material prosperity is phenomenal, all over the Commonwealth their gold yield, their stock, and agricultural returns, are in excess of any previous years—they may have distress, their hospitals may be crowded—but that is not because they are a poor community, but because they are an extravagant people and selfish community, and unless they eradicate all that is selfish, and recognise that "Man cannot live by bread alone," they have a grave peril, and it is not only the fat man, but the labouring man, that has to learn the lesson. Why is it there is so much distress, misery, and want of employment, and that the cry of the children is heard in their streets, and what are the hindrances to real progress? Firstly, there is the creeping paralysis of materialism. He used the words advisedly. Men grew prosperous, they grew fat, they grew lazy, they forgot their God, and they forgot His goodness. He did not say that Sydney was worse than Melbourne, but, God knew, both places were bad enough. Last Sunday he counted hundreds of barefooted, ragged, dirty, neglected children in the streets. What about the future prosperity of these children? He traced their environment, and peeped into some of their homes, and found there all that tended to create the bestial and degraded was being fostered. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap." They were sowing the seeds

Labour Party Criticised.

of prostitution and moral degradation, and were allowing the worst phases of slumdom to take root in the cities of Sydney and Melbourne.

There was Sabbath desecration, and he did not wish to be misunderstood, he did not believe in pulling down the blinds on a Sunday and not smiling, but he did believe that the Sabbath was the best day that God had ever given to the working man. Their churches were empty, languishing for funds, their helpers were diminishing, and people had gone over to Sunday card parties, dinner parties, cricket, or football. Do not ask him if it was a sin. He was not prepared to dogmatise. What would Sydney be like with every church closed, every hymn book and Bible burned, and Sydney given up to every pleasure? He would not deprive any single worker in Sydney of all the pleasure that God would have him possess, but they must uproot that creeping paralysis of selfishness that permeated all classes and hindered them from making that progress they desired as a nation.

Another bar to progress was their drinking customs. He was not there to preach a temperance sermon, but he would not be ashamed to do so, for he believed abstinence to be right spiritually morally and physically.

Whether they lapped up their long beers, or whether they did not, did they know that Australia spent 14 millions a year on strong drink? They talked about their churches, charities, hospitals, etc., and with pride about their newspapers being free from graft or corruption, and yet with their churches, charities, post and telegraph offices, and educational moneys, £230,000 more was spent on booze and burst, than makes for the uplifting of mankind. Christian friends, they could not afford that. They talked that they were poor people, and could not pay old age pensions. Mr. Bent at one time reduced old age pensions to 8s per week, while at the same time Victoria was guzzling £3,500,000 per annum in drink.

At Broken Hill, miners produced for this country wealth under conditions that should make them blush. They were short of water there, and their sanitary condition is simply appalling. Whilst at Broken Hill he was told by the resident surgeon at the local hospital that it was crowded with men suffering from typhoid fever. Broken Hill wanted a water supply, and they were afraid to spend a quarter of a million to get it. When they were properly civilized, not to say Christianised, they would gladly vote a million to get Broken Hill a water supply. £40,000 a week was paid in wages there, of which 25 per cent. goes into the public house every week.

The sergeant of police at West Maitland told him that there were 7000 miners at the new mines there, and after every payday, 1 out of every 5 employed never worked the following Monday or Tuesday. If they stayed from home to help their children to beautify their home, or regain their health, well, good luck to them, but when it was that they had drank so much on the Saturday and Sunday that they were not able to work, well, then here was a great hindrance to progress.

The late Professor Leoni Levi, the greatest statistician in the world, made a laborious calculation of the result of the drink traffic upon the worker, which was:—That for every £1 spent upon drink, 6d goes to labour; that for every £1 spent upon other necessary and useful articles, 8s 6d goes for labour. Taking the expenditure in New

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Sydney, 27th September, 1907.

South Wales for the last 10 years as 45 millions upon strong drink, £112,000 has gone to labour each year, or £1,125,000 for the last 10 years. If that 45 millions had been spent upon other useful articles in the homes of Sydney that want furnishing, or in clothing, then they would have the most perfectly clothed city in the world. There was one other bar to progress he wanted to mention, and one that impressed itself upon his mind very much, owing to a vote of the Labour Conference so late as yesterday, when there was a majority vote of 1 for the legalising of the totalisator, which he hoped may yet be reversed. The question of employment was one of vast importance. One reason for there seeing so many unemployed was because there were so many parasites in Australia, and they were not confined to Sydney or Melbourne, but were all over the Commonwealth—parasites in the persons of men who conducted pony races, conducted gambling hells: why, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Some of the best and finest houses in Melbourne belonged to bookmakers, that ought to belong to the people who made the bookmakers. This gambling evil was one of the greatest evils to the progress of Australia that existed. It was more than a canker, it was so deeply rooted and had got into the blood, that it had to be eradicated before a cure could be effected. It was a great foe to the working man, hence it was inexplicable to him that the Labour party should by a majority of one, vote for the legalising of the totalisator.

Why did they not write to Tom Price first? Tom Price was not a conservative, he was the beau ideal of a labour man. He had in his possession a letter from that gentleman, which read:—

"My dear Mauger,—In the name of all that is true, good, and beautiful, fight to the death the legalising of the totalisator in Australia. It has bred bookmakers, ruined women, undermined all that is best in Australia, and if God gives me strength out it goes."

Why did not their Labour leaders send to Tom Price or Mr. Justice Stout, the latter of whom in a private letter to him said that bookmakers had increased and gambling had been intensified.

This gambling evil must be scotched if they wanted Australia to progress. It was carried on at our street corners, factories, newspaper offices, etc. He spoke that which he knew, and testified to that which he had seen. It was undermining all that was noblest and best in Australia, and as a son of Australia he called to them to come and out this evil before it outed them. Mr. Mauger was loudly applauded at the conclusion of his address.

REVOLUTION IN AMERICA.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC DOOMED.

By Dr. W. J. DAWSON.

The title of this brief paper is a little alarming; let me at once reassure my readers that Socialism is not yet triumphant, nor are the Anarchists more than usually aggressive, nor has the President yet become an Emperor, as was recently prophesied by a distinguished publicist. Things are apparently as they were, and yet enormous forces are at work which make for change. These forces are beginning to reveal themselves, and the result is startling.

With social reform is bound up the cause of moral reform, and here the work of evolution is triumphantly evident. I take as my outstanding evidence the rapid and astounding growth of the prohibition movement.

But very slowly the tide of reform has been rising, and here is the amazing result. Six great States—viz., Maine, Kansas, North Dakota, Georgia, Alabama, and Oklahoma—have enacted prohibition laws. In not one of these States is it possible to sell or procure alcoholic liquor. Prohibition in Georgia came as the result of the Atlanta riots. That terrible race war revealed the fact that all the crimes charged against the negro were the result of drink, and the white population, for their own protection, decided that all drink should be banished from the State. But this is not all. In Arkansas 56 out of 75 counties are prohibition; in Iowa, 56 out of 99; in Kentucky, 63 out of 91; in Maryland, 14 out of 23; in Mississippi, 70 out of 77; in North Carolina, 70 out of 97; in West Virginia, 32 out of 55; in Virginia, 72 out of 100; in Texas, 140 out of 243; in Tennessee, the whole State, excepting seven cities and villages. This is by no means a complete list. In some States there are hundreds of towns which have declared for prohibition, as in Indiana, where 710 towns out of 1016 are prohibition. I fear that it is vain to try to bring home to an English reader exactly what this means. I believe I should be well within the mark if I said that in one-half of the entire populated area of the United States the manufacture and sale of liquor is forbidden. Think what it would mean if you drew an equilateral at the Midlands, and prohibited all sale of drink south of Birmingham! This is a truly amazing result, and it is the work of the people themselves led by the Christian Churches.

The immense sweep of the movement, its irresistible advance, has thoroughly alarmed the brewers. A conference of brewers has just been held in New York, in which no pains were taken to conceal this alarm. It was proposed to raise at once a defence fund of six million dollars, though how this fund was to be applied was not stated. It was unanimously resolved that the most disreputable type of saloon must be wiped out, the theory being that the animus against the drink traffic is chiefly centred round the low saloon. No doubt there is some truth in this, but it is by no means the whole truth. All competent observers are aware that the low saloon is but a part of the evil, and not the chief part. Young men are far more often led astray at the bars of fashionable restaurants and hotels than at low saloons. The fact is, the people

are tired of the whole thing. They see that they are not safe under any terms but those of wholesale prohibition. The brewer, as the valiant reformer of the low saloon, cuts a pitiable figure. It is too late in the day, much too late, to try to divert popular condemnation by any such means. The brewers themselves probably know this. They would be far wiser if they kept their six million dollars to provide for an old age of exigency. They have before them the plain prospect of being made to relinquish a business for which the public makes no further demand.

The remarkable feature in the movement, as I have said, is its quietness. There have been no public meetings, there has been no organised agitation. It is only a year ago that I heard a great popular orator speak of 'poor old whisky-soaked Kentucky'; yet today 63 out of 91 counties of Kentucky have declared for prohibition. The change has been effected by a genuine conviction on the part of the people. No doubt, the Church has had much to do with the change, for the Church is almost universally the exponent of total abstinence principles. But the Church has said and done nothing more in the last year than it has said and done in twenty previous years. It is simply a case of good seed springing up after many days, and bearing its hundred-fold harvest. And there is no doubt that the full harvest is far from being reaped yet. What alarms the brewers most is not so much what has been done, as all that is likely to be done in the future. Every day the papers report a fresh batch of towns which have refused to renew liquor licences. In almost every case where the issue has been fairly fought the prohibition party has won. And success breeds success. It is clear that the Christian forces have but to unite themselves in any state or city, and before their verdict the drink traffic will have to cease.

When these facts and figures are thoroughly digested, I think that most people will agree that they merit the phrase "moral revolution." It is not an exaggerated phrase for it represents a change in public opinion and a corresponding change in the national life, which it is impossible to overstate. It is the more remarkable because the American mind is unusually stolid on questions of reform. I could conceive such a revolution as much more likely in England, because England is homogeneous, and therefore it may be kindled into simultaneous heat through all its parts by any public question. But here the conditions are wholly different. A distance equivalent to the breadth of Europe lies between Maine and Kentucky, and a corresponding disparity of thought and life. Each State thinks and acts for itself; it has its own press, its own views of life, and is not influenced by what happens outside itself in the way that Middlesex can be influenced by what happens in Lancashire. Again, in one State the German element predominates, in another the Scandinavian, in another the descendants of Southern slave-holders. Yet this movement is affecting all States alike, and the day seems within measureable distance when a united America will be ready to banish the drink traffic from her shores.

I have always regarded local option as the one just and sensible course in relation to the drink traffic. The people have a right to declare their wishes, and in a land governed by majorities the majority has a right to rule. The American citizen is as little likely to submit to unjust dictation as any man on the face of the globe; but in this matter he is submitting without the least resistance to the will of the majority. The only resisters are the brewers, and they have little public sympathy.

It should be noted, too, that there is no

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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Write for descriptive price lists.

question of compensation. Those who embark in the drink traffic do so at their own risk, with the knowledge that the public which sanctions their trade has the perfect right to withdraw its sanction if it sees fit; and therefore there has been no cry of confiscation and injustice. The saloon-keeper here is not fool enough to make a demand for sympathy which he knows would only provoke ridicule. He submits, and finds some other and more honourable occupation.

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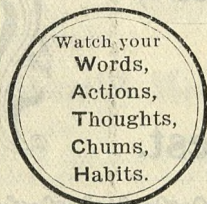
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From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(BY UNCLE BARNABAS).

WATCH YOUR HABITS.



We come to the last of these five points in our New Year's acrostic. A habit is something we have done so often that we can do it without thinking about it. When we eat, we lift our hand to our mouth, and never think of it! We have done it so often that we can do it "like winking." It has become a habit. Some people wind their watch up at bedtime in the same way. They have done it for years, and now do it without thinking.

Now, suppose you do a bad thing, and do it so often that you can do it without even noticing that you are doing it? How terrible! It is just so, that many men come to swear. They can scarcely speak without using bad language.

But suppose you do a good thing, such as speaking the truth so often that you can't help speaking the truth! It has become your habit. That is a splendid thing to happen in the life of any boy or girl. Just as the man we spoke of would never ask, "Shall I wind my watch?" so the boy or girl of truthful habit never asks, "Shall I speak the truth?" It is done without pause or question.

"Watch your habits" means, watch what sort of habits you are forming, for—First, your habits are forming every hour. If you are a bit careless now and then, the habit of carelessness is forming. If you are a cheat in school, or at play, the habit of dishonesty is forming. If you hate nasty talk and fight evil thoughts, the habit of purity is forming. And habits, like those great cable ropes you see at Circular Quay, are formed of the finest threads.

Secondly, your habits will hold you fast when they have formed. A baby's hand might break one fine thread in the cable, but a 10,000-ton "Macedonia" cannot snap the mighty rope that holds her fast. The strands in the rope of habit are thoughts, words and actions. Watch them, for they are forming your habits and your habits you will have to wear through life. The word "habit" means a closely-fitting garment, doesn't it? Just look up the Dictionary and see if this is not so. What sort of clothes would you like your soul to wear for ever? Who does not like clean clothes? Well, let us watch our habits, for they are the clothes of the soul.

SIMPLE DIVISION.

(For the Junior Temperance Meeting.)

An interesting five minutes (as a break in the programme of Band of Hope) may be accounted for by working out on a blackboard the old problem of the Three Barrels. Suppose you state it thus:—Two Bands of Hope went for a picnic, taking with them an eight gallon cask of ginger-beer, which was to be equally divided between the societies. At the ground, however, only two vessels could be found, one holding three gallons and the other five. The question arose, how to divide the precious liquid so that each company might get the four gallons for which it had paid. An enterprising secretary solved the problem thus:—

3-gall.	5-gall.	8-gall.
0	0	8
3	0	5
0	3	5
3	3	2
1	5	2
1	0	7
0	1	7
3	1	4
0	4	4

UNFINISHED BIBLE A B C. (A to L.)

A, A kind of nut (Gen. 43); B, Something we do not go to willingly nor leave willingly (Job 7); C, A prison (Jer. 5); D, Small but precious (Ex. 28); E, Good for food (Job 6); F, Hard as iron (Deut. 8); G, To be looked into (James 1); H, Part of a ship (James 3); I, Found in winter (Ps. 147); J, A very tiny thing (Matt. 5); K, Once made of stone (1 Kings 18); L, Part of a box (2 Kings 12).

Will you finish this alphabet of Bible odds and ends, and send me the result? If your "odds and ends" are good they shall be printed in "Grit." (For X, use Ex., for Z a proper name will do.)

ACROSTIC.

The second letters will make a text.

1. A king in Elijah's time. 2. A father of 12 sons. 3. A woman who lived before the deluge. 4. A king in Daniel's time. 5. A city where Diana was worshipped. 6. A man who wrote many epistles. 7. The first martyr. 8. A young friend of Paul whose grandmother's name we know. 9. The youngest son of the twelve. 10. A man who went to heaven and did not see death. 11. A man who stole and then was stoned. 12. A young man, lame. (Send answers to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.)

ANSWER THIS!

Would you like to have a saloon next door to your home? If not, would you not enjoy doing all you can to have it as far away from your neighbour's house as your own? Do not forget that we are taught in Holy Writ, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." This idea, carried to its logical conclusion, means entire prohibition.

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ALREADY NECESSARY TO ENLARGE THE PREMISES AGAIN

"FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE."

STRANGE WEDDING SERVICES.

By W. A. SOMERSET, in the "New Idea."

"I don't believe such a wedding service ever took place," said the little lady in the corner of the railway carriage. "The thing is a caricature," and she shut a copy of a recent Australian book with a snap.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the tourist, shaking his head; "some queer marriages take place nowadays. It's a subject our friend here should know something about," he added, turning to an elderly man who had been buried in a newspaper, but who pricked up his ears at the sound of the words "marriage service."

"Yes," he said. "I have had some experience in that line. I have joined some hundreds of young Australians 'for better, for worse,' and some old Australians, too, for that matter."

"And some queer ones?" prompted the tourist.

"Yes, yes, some queer ones, remarkably queer ones. I remember an elderly couple coming to me—and, judging by their appearance, I should say they had both been married before. At any rate, when I enquired of the bridegroom what the name of his intended wife was, he exclaimed, 'Blest if I know. Betsy, what's yer name?' It turned out that her name was not Betsy, or anything like it. When I came to that portion of the service where the clergyman joins the hands of the newly-married couple, the man seized the bride's hand and refused to surrender it again, at which the wrath of the woman was greatly excited. She called out quite loudly, so that it could be heard all over the church, 'Drop it! Drop it, drat yer! Will ye drop it!' I had the greatest difficulty in keeping my countenance, especially as the bride glared at her husband during the remainder of the service.

INSULT AND INJURY.

"I have known people refuse to complete their engagements on the day the wedding was to have been held. On one occasion a wedding was fixed for 12 noon, and when I went to the church I found the woman waiting outside, but there was no sign of the man. I waited for some time, and then left, on the understanding that I should be sent for when he arrived. At 2 o'clock she was still waiting. Three o'clock arrived, and then at 4 she came to the vicarage and announced her intention of not waiting any longer, adding that even if the man came then, she would have nothing to do with him. I suggested that some unavoidable accident had probably prevented his coming. She shook her head, and walked away. Next morning she turned up, and informed me that the reason the man had not arrived the day before was that he had married another woman at the same hour he was expected at my church. 'And, my word,' she said bitterly, 'it's the worst day's work he's done for many a long day. I'll make him a sorry man, as sure as I stand here.'

"It seems that the wretched fellow had added insult to injury, and had borrowed her money to buy furniture for the other woman. I saw, later on, by the papers, that

the deserted bride did make it 'warm for him,' for she sued him, not only for breach of promise, but also for the full value of the goods which had been purchased with her money, and won both cases. Whether she ever got her money back I do not know.

"On another occasion, in the same church, the bridegroom, in his nervousness, dropped the ring, and it rolled away. We never found that ring; though everyone, from myself to the happy couple, engaged in a prolonged search under pews and seats, and at last, in desperation, a ring was borrowed from one of the neighbours, and the marriage was concluded.

"Oh! the trouble I have had to get people to sign their names in the right places. On one occasion I had a witness who, in spite of everything I could do or say, would persist in signing the word 'witness.' At last I had to write her name in pencil and get her to ink it over.

"I must not, however, put all the blunders on to the folks about to be married, for I can remember that the first time I ever married anyone, I made the amazing mistake of filling in my own name instead of the bridegroom's.

A PERILOUS JOURNEY.

"Which reminds me that that wedding was probably one of the strangest that ever took place in Australasia. For many years I have merely had to step from the vicarage into the church and perform the ceremony, but this time I had to travel ninety miles each way in an open boat, and it took me a month to get through. I was stationed in the South Seas at the time, and the bridegroom agreed to take me to the prospective bride's place in his boat. It was the hurricane season. The weather was very sultry, and the natives pulled very slowly; so much so, that the bridegroom not only abused them, but at last, in desperation, began to knock them about. I remonstrated, without effect, and the consequence was that things got worse instead of better. The 'boys' pulled so slowly that at nightfall we were still a long way from our destination. During the night they drank up all the water, and consequently the next day the bridegroom and I had only the milk of a few cocoa-nuts to keep us going, and the natives had nothing.

"Towards nightfall we arrived at an island near that on which the prospective bride lived. My companion, before anchoring lowered the small dinghy and pulled me ashore, leaving the crew aboard. We had gone some little distance along the shore when we heard a shout from the big boat, and looking round saw the crew row-

ing away at top speed. My companion commanded, shouted, raved, but to no purpose. The boat disappeared round a corner of the island, and we never caught sight of it again, nor did the native police, who were afterwards sent after the thieves.

"Here was a plight. We were stranded on an island with a channel fully twelve miles across between us and the home of the bride, where the marriage was to take place. After remaining where we were for fully three weeks, during which time the engaged couple exchanged signals of love by means of fires, the bridegroom became desperate, and asked me whether I would risk the passage in the small dinghy. I, too, was getting tired of the situation. So I consented, though I knew there was a certain amount of danger in the proceeding. I do not think I should have agreed so easily had I known what crossing a reef in so tiny a craft meant. It was just like going up the side of a steep hill and then shooting down the other side. A single mis-stroke must have capsized the dinghy, but by keeping strict time and obeying directions I managed my part all right, and at last, after a long pull, we reached the other side of the straits, and the long-delayed marriage was performed.

AN INTERRUPTED SERVICE.

"Now for a back-country experience. I was marrying a couple in a small two-roomed cottage. The room in which the ceremony took place had two doors leading outside. In the very middle of the service, and while the place was thickly packed with as many as could crowd into the room, and even into the adjoining bedroom, a fierce fight arose between four sheep-dogs under the table. In a moment all was confusion; the men swore, the women shrieked, and the bride jumped on to a chair, and altogether there was a babel of sounds for some moments, during which vain efforts were made to separate the dogs. One dog would be seized by the tail and thrown out of the back door, which was at once closed. Then another was chucked out of the front door, until at last all the combatants were turned out. It was impossible to continue the service for some minutes, until some little composure had been restored to the assembled crowd, though I am afraid that the remainder of the service received but little attention from those present.

A QUICK CHANGE.

"On another occasion a couple waited on me, in order to take the necessary affidavit, the evening previous to the marriage. The man was too nervous or too lazy to come in, so he sent the girl in to do what was necessary. The next morning, when I went to

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WILLIAM WHITE

Redfern and Newtown

the church, I found the same man, but not the same girl. I asked what it all meant. 'Oh,' said the girl who was present, 'they had a tiff going home last night, so he's going to marry me.' As, after due inquiry, I found that this was really the case, I had no alternative but to marry them, and I have reason to believe that this hastily conceived marriage turned out happily."

How the World Moves

The only country in the world where the fashions in women's dress do not change is Japan.

It takes about three seconds for a message to go from one end of the Atlantic cable to the other.

The cost of the German Emperor's visit to London and the municipal authorities is estimated at less than £3000.

Among birds the swan lives to be the oldest, in extreme cases reaching 300 years. The falcon has been known to live over 162 years.

The value of all kinds of fish landed in England and Wales in one year is over £7,000,000, and the number of men and boys employed over 40,000.

Putting up telegraph wires on poles costs £31 per mile. Laying the same wire underground will cost more than ten times that sum—about £370 a mile.

Red glass hastens vegetation, while blue glass suppresses it. Sensitive plants, like the mimosa, grow fifteen times higher under red glass than under blue.

Trained falcons, to carry despatches in the time of war, have been tested in the Russian army. Their speed is four times as rapid as that of carrier-pigeons.

The recently-published year's dress bill of one American heiress includes 365 pairs of gloves at 16s 8d, and 150 handkerchiefs at the same price each.

Zinc coffins are largely used in Vienna, but the more expensive ones are made of copper, and cost as much as £500, while a bronze and copper coffin recently made for a Russian archduke cost over £1000.

Metals get tired as well as living things. Telegraph wires are better conductors on Monday than Saturday, on account of their Sunday rest, and a rest of three weeks adds 10 per cent. to the conductivity of a wire.

Mrs. Evans, of Richmond-on-Thames, claims she is the only woman entitled to wear the Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman medals, permission having been granted on the death of her husband, whom she accompanied through the Crimea. She was often under fire.

Water is a nerve food. It has a distinctly soothing effect when sipped gradually, as one can test for oneself. Moreover, the hygienic effects of water are not confined to the female sex, for as a matter of fact, men would be all the better if they imbibed more of it.

The grandest train in the world is the Kaiser's. It cost £200,000, and took three years to build. In the twelve sumptuous saloons are two nursery coaches, a gymnasium, a music-room, and a drawing-room furnished with oil paintings and statuary. The treasure-room with its two safes is burglar-proof.

Picture-books for the benefit of travellers are kept in the Paris police-stations. It frequently occurs that foreigners lose things which they are unable to describe, because of their unfamiliarity with the French language. The picture-books contain representations of various articles, and the inquirer has only to turn the leaves and point out the illustrations which resemble the property he has lost.

Gentleman Lodger: "I say, Mrs. Napper, I don't care for your bacon this morning. It doesn't seem fresh."

Mrs. Napper: "Very strange, sir. The shopman said it was only cured last week."

Gentleman Lodger: "Well, it must have had a relapse."

"Why does time seem to pass so much quicker after we have grown up than in youth?"

"Well, in childhood we never have a note coming due at the bank."

"Among the Quakers," said Miss Wise, "I believe the men wear their hats in church."

"How ridiculous!" exclaimed Miss Giddy. "As if anyone could possibly be interested in men's hats."

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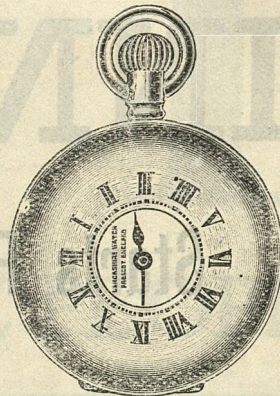
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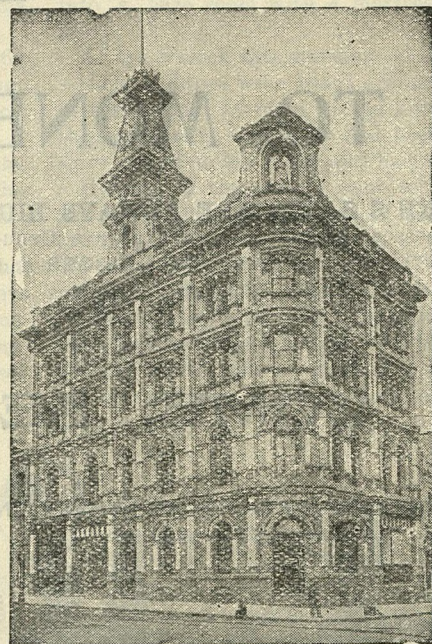
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