

GRIFF.

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❀❀ The Bridge of Sighs ❀❀

The Bridge of Sighs is a bridge in Venice, dating back to 1597. It spans the Rio della Paglia, connects the ducal palace with the prisons, and forms a graceful structure 32 feet above the water, enclosed at the sides and arched overhead. It contains two passages, through which prisoners were led for trial, judgment, or punishment. The name has been immortalised in a poem by Thomas Hood, which is a soliloquy upon "the rarity of Christian charity" for those whose lives have been blighted by the curse of sin.

In a little town by the ocean there lived a little girl, the daughter of a fisherman. She would often clap her little hands at the white-crested waves, she would merrily skip and look for the sweetest flower, the prettiest pebble, and then she would sit down and watch the waves wash her little feet. All the fishermen loved her much, and because of the gold in her hair and the rose in her cheek, they called her their Golden Rosé.

It was many years afterwards that she

stood at the door of her father's cottage. But oh, how changed! The colour had gone out of her cheek, and the light had gone out of her eyes, as she slowly wandered up the old path. Then voices were heard from the cottage, which spoke in anger and in passion. There were words that were hard, and harsh, and cruel, and there were pleading, pitiful sounds. The father spoke: "I know you no more; get away from my sight, where I cannot see you. You have brought sorrow and disgrace upon your parents. You have ruined our lives. You have broken and shattered our hopes. Now go, and never let me see you any more." And then a piteous cry, the slam of a door, and the heart-rending, desperate wail of a mother's intercession; then the shuffling of feet on the little gravel walk.

The next morning they took her body from the sea, and carried her home for burial. She had sinned, but all who knew her in her beautiful youth forgave her then, and wept at her grave.

She had died of a broken heart.

"Love by harsh evidence" had been "thrown from its eminence," and the father left his own child to die.

Oh, how little the world sympathises with the profligate and the drunkard! We pass by on the other side. We forget so easily the Master's ministry to publicans and sinners.

The drunkard has few friends. He is the vagabond of society, one of the unfit. The community pities him, his own friends fear him, and who is to brother him and bring him back to God and manhood? Not the saloon-keeper, for it is his business to keep the manacles upon his soul; nor his associates in sin, for they are perhaps worse than he. It may be your part and my part to touch the broken chord and lead him back.

There are not a few who choose to regard inebriety as a disease, for which medical science can be responsible. This is a favourite theme of the doctrinaire, and perhaps springs from the same humanitarian temper that would explain away all moral delinquency as a physical or mental deformity. Such theories are academic. We prefer to believe that the drunkard is the slave of sin, and that grace alone can restore those who through strong drink are gone out of the way.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

Prisoners of Drink Going Hourly to the Drunkard's Doom.

PITTSBURG RAILWAYS COMPANY

NOTICE TO EMPLOYEES.

April 20th, 1907.

For the betterment of the service and the safety of the public, it will from this date be the policy of this Company to NOT retain in its employ men who use intoxicating liquors or cigarettes, or are in the habit of gambling. While it is the privilege of each individual to eat, drink, and smoke what he pleases, it becomes the duty of this management to have in its service only men of sober and temperate habits, PHYSICALLY and mentally able to perform the duties to which they may be assigned.

JOHN MURPHY,
Gen'l Superintendent.

Approved,
JAMES D. CALLERY, Pres.

When this notice was posted at the barns of the Pittsburg Railways Company, "The Sunday-school Times" asked Superintendent Murphy his reasons for issuing the order. Here is his convincing reply:—

Being an officer of a company that carries—and of course is responsible for the safety of—over 225,000,000 people per year, it becomes my moral and legal as well as my public duty to use all reasonable means to protect the lives and further the comfort of this large number of passengers. Having for some time back noticed that our accidents were increasing, upon investigating the cause I satisfied myself that the standard of our men who did not use liquor or tobacco (the latter in the form of cigarettes) was much above than that of those who used either. I therefore deemed it my duty to abate the evil so far as lay in my power to do so, and tried to uproot it and cast it out through discipline, but found this method inadequate and ineffectual. I then went further, and concluded the desired end could be attained only by removing from the service or refraining from employing all men addicted to the objectionable habits alluded to.

It is my aim and intention to pursue this policy without abatement, since I have by it proved beyond all doubt that it has raised the standard of our men. I have been criticised for the stringency of the order, especially the prohibition of the use of cigarettes; but on the other hand I have the assurance of our division superintendents (of which we have twelve), aided by my own observations that persons addicted to the use of cigarettes, especially young men, are the most careless in their duties and less able to perform them than men using liquor in moderation. I may also mention that in seventeen years' experience as manager of public utility corporations, I have had occasion to promote many of our men from the rank of conductors and motor-men to officers, and in no case has a man using whisky come up to the requirements.—JOHN MURPHY, General Superintendent.

BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER.

Where the Sexes Work and Play in Each Other's Society.

An interesting experiment is being tried at St. George's School, just outside the little Hertfordshire town of Harpenden (Eng.). The school directors are the Co-Educational Public Schools Trust, and their aim, as implied in their title, is the co-education of the sexes.

For their headmaster at Harpenden they have secured the Rev. Cecil Grant, who has had previous experience in a school of a like description. St. George's has been, as a matter of fact, in working order for some little time, but its official opening was delayed in order that its masters and pupils might have an opportunity of settling down in their new surroundings.

There is no suggestion of crank experiment in St. George's. The school-house is beautifully furnished. There is no idea of eliminating the finer feminine susceptibilities of the girls, or of mollicodding the boys. The play-room of the girls is as beautiful and dainty as that of the boys is workmanlike and useful. For the rest they live a common existence. They sit in the same class-rooms and compete in the same forms. They join in games, but it is recognised that girls' cricket is not boys' cricket, and the girls are not asked to play Rugby football. There is a fine swimming bath, and all the other properties of a good public school.

The ages vary from eight to nineteen. Perfect freedom is allowed, and boys and girls may take their country walks together in couples. It is intended that the school shall be like the home of one big family of brothers and sisters.

WONDERS OF SCIENCE

EXHIBITS AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY CONVERSAZIONE.

The conversazione of the Royal Society at Burlington House, London, attracted a large number of scientific men, and many of the objects displayed were of the very highest interest. In the general meeting room Professor Petrie spoke on the arrangement of houses in Ancient Egypt, and Mr. Louis Brennan exhibited and explained the working of his mono-railway, the carriages of which are kept stable by the gyroscope.

By means of an electrically-driven model engine, and a wire rope laid, serpentine fashion, on the platform and on the trestles round the walls of the hall to represent the track, Mr. Brennan showed the practical possibilities of running a train on a single rail. He has already given similar demonstrations at Chatham, and before the Royal Society, but he introduced a new feature by making his engine travel up and down an incline of 1 in 3½.

In this connection it is interesting to learn that the Indian Government has authorised Mr. Brennan to conduct further experiments with a view to the perfection of the mono-rail system for use on the Indian railways. A grant in aid of £6000, together with such assistance as the Chatham dockyards and workshops can afford has been guaranteed. In about eighteen months or two years Mr. Brennan hopes to be able to place a fully-equipped train on a mono-rail, which will test, and, as he believes, prove the engineering and commercial value of the principle he has applied to transport.

Musical Electricity.

There is something weirdly fascinating in touching a button, setting an electric arc light aflame, and then hearing it "sing." The effect may be heightened by touching another button, and still another, producing a different note each time, until a whole octave is completed. Most of us are familiar with the "singing" of a gas-jet which has been turned too high, but a similar and better regulated effect from an arc light is a novelty.

The "musical arc" is, of course, not new to scientists, but even to those familiar with the methods by which this process of governing electric oscillations is obtained, the demonstration was of special interest. For the object of the demonstrator, Mr. W. Duddell, is to show that persistent oscillations are of special use in energising the transmitter in wireless telegraphy, inasmuch as they permit better syntony, or "tuning," to be obtained. This is a very important problem, and it was discussed by many learned

men in the group round the exhibit, while they listened to the singing of the various arcs.

Another display, interesting to those who suffer from sickness at sea, was that of Dr. Otto Schlick, and Messrs. Swan and Hunter, showing how the gyroscope may prevent the rolling of ships. The steadiness obtained by this simple device was quite remarkable, and it was evident that one of the terrors of travel is in a fair way to be removed.

The hopes of those who desire diamonds, but are baffled by their price, were fostered by the photographs, exhibited by the Hon. C. A. Parsons (who applied the steam turbine to marine propulsion), showing diamonds "manufactured" from pure iron in an electric furnace and rapidly cooled.

A NATION OF SMALL HEADS

Diminution in the Size of Hats.

"The average mental capacity of Englishmen is on the wane," Sir James Barr, president of the Liverpool University, declared in his presidential address at the Public Health Congress at Douglas, Isle of Man.

"One of the largest hatmakers in the United Kingdom told me that in the last half-century the average size of hats has diminished a full size.

"An average diminution of three inches in the national brain-box is a fact to give us pause.

"It is not enough," he continued, "to show the public how to get well; we must teach them how to keep well. Undoubtedly the nation with the finest physique will win in the end. Why, then, have we not some system of artificial selection?"

"If our race were physically improved, we should refuse to take pigmies for our preceptors.

"To my mind, the muscular Christian is a man to be admired, and a type which we should aim at preserving and perpetuating.

"The health of a nation is its most valuable asset, and I should like to see every Britisher between twenty and sixty able to handle a rifle and bayonet in defence of the country, if need be. I would encourage the military spirit as a means of developing the physical and moral grit of the nation.

"To provide a nation of strong men and women sanitarians had done a little; politicians nothing. Three years ago an inter-departmental committee on physical deterioration made certain recommendations for improving the race, but they have not received the slightest attention from a beneficent Government. Instead we are favoured with the prospect of old age pensions. If there are twenty or thirty millions to spend, let them save it for mothers and children, whose lives and health are the valuable assets of the nation.

"There is no reason why sickness and death among children should not be reduced by more than 50 per cent. if parents and the State would only take more interest in their health. If we had less cant and hypocrisy about 'the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away,' and a little more genuine Christianity it would be better for society."

To test cocoa, pour a couple of ounces of boiling water over a teaspoonful of the stuff, and let it cool. If it is a good, pure cocoa, you will find the sediment thickish, but a powdery liquid. If it is heavily loaded with starch, however, you will discover a thick, gluey compound, unmistakably starchy, at the bottom of the cup. Dip a small piece of linen into this mess, then iron it out, and any doubts you may possibly have had will at once be dispelled.

The Humour of It

THE PARSON AND THE LIQUOR MAN.

The Liquor Man was on the warpath, and trailing his coat in the most inviting way, and the Parson, being very human, yielded to the temptation, and jumped on it with both feet.

About 50 people were present, and it was decidedly dreary, which must be the Parson's excuse for "chipping in" so often. One young man found the meeting so "dry" that he had to adjourn twice, coming back with an expansive smile and something more than a faint aroma.

I Lay 6 to 4.

The man of the aroma called the odds frequently, and the Parson would have taken him in hundreds but for the Gambling Act. Another unkind friend had followed the Liquor Man's advice to its logical conclusion, and, being decidedly "full," he did not understand what New Zealand had to do with the Dog Act, and finally had to be persuaded to take the fresh air cure. All this, coupled with an uninterested chairman, who, rather than listen to the defence of his trade, amused himself by turning the Liquor Man's notes over and inside out, so that they were to hand at the critical moments, helped to discomfort the Liquor Champion. Finding the lecturer so heavily handicapped, the Parson supplied him with facts and statistics he had either forgotten or never known.

A Bad Backdown.

"I threw out a challenge in the streets of Auckland."

Parson: "You are not game to throw it out here!"

"Well, I defeated a No-License man in Auckland."

Parson: "Do you reiterate the challenge?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then I take you up."

The Liquor Man then appealed to the chairman—"it was not fair to spring it on him in this way. (Laughter.) The reverend gentleman might have a pocket full of names."

A Voice: "He has a head full of them, which is better."

Parson: "Will you meet me at your lecture to-morrow night?"

Amid cries of "6 to 4," an dother encouraging remarks, the matter was left over to the following evening.

I Don't Know.

Liquor Man: "Sly-grog selling has increased tremendously."

Parson: "What were the convictions in New Zealand last year?"

Liquor Man: "I don't know."

Parson: "Well, why don't you talk about something you do know? There were 115, not half as many as in New South Wales."

Liquor Man: "There was a great increase of drunkenness."

Parson: "What was the increase in figures?"

Liquor Man: "I don't know."

Parson: "Well, seeing I am so anxious to help you, I do not mind giving you the information. There was a nett increase of 911 drunks in New Zealand in 1906, and at the same time a decrease of over 60 per cent. in drunks in the No-License areas.—the proportion being 1 drunk to 95 in all New Zealand; 1 drunk to 1962 in No-License Clutha."

Very Awkward.

The Liquor Man: "Statistics are of no value, as the drinking is in secret, and in the homes of the people."

Parson: "Mr. Chairman, if it is secret drinking, how does the speaker come to be in the secret? If it is in the homes, how does the gentleman know, when he has never been in Clutha, Mataura, Bruce, or Ashburton? May I ask who has been pulling the speaker's leg?"

The answer was lost in the laughter of the audience.

A Vote of Thanks.

The Parson moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer for "his great entertainment." The chairman said: "A vote of thanks has been proposed to the lecturer for his educational, eloquent, and entertaining lecture."



WHAT FASHION IS COMING TO! AN EXAMPLE OF THE NEWEST THING IN PARIS HATS.

The Parson protested against the inclusion of the first two words, and so the motion was put without them, and carried amid much merriment.

A Sickly Looking Lot.

A very rotund gentleman said to the Parson, "You would do better if you were not such a sickly, miserable looking lot." To this the Parson replied—"I have not your girth measurement, but I will give you 5 yards in 100, and back myself to win, or if you don't like that, I will take you on wrestling, the best 2 out of 3, any style," but the man with the ample waistcoat was not "having any." It is curious how the Insurance Companies find it worth their while to give special advantages to the same "sickly looking lot." Anyone suffering from depression ought to go and hear the Liquor Man: it is all so irresistibly funny that it will take you out of yourself and do you good.

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

DOOM OF DRUGS.

Professor J. Sims Woodhead, of Cambridge, in an address at the Public Health Congress at Douglas, said that every poison produced its own antibodies in the body, and it was due to these naturally produced agencies that there was ever any recovery from disease.

If they could only discover how to produce this important curative substance—and there seemed every possibility that in time this would be done—in sufficiently large quantities to be transferred from one patient to another, they might arrive at a period when ordinary drugs would scarcely ever be utilised except for the alleviation of symptoms, and diseases which were now considered incurable would be prevented and cured.

Sir James Barr said that the results obtained in connection with the production of antibodies by experiments on guinea-pigs should act as a deterrent on those misguided individuals who were continually demonstrating against vivisection.

ADVICE TO SCHOOLBOYS.

"When I was a boy the failures, the mortifications, the successes, the glories of youth, were scarcely realised by senior onlookers, who spent their lives sitting in judgment on juniors, who spent hours in trying to dodge their masters' verdicts. The seniors might know, the juniors felt; that was the difference of the lines of thought.

"It is one of the many reasons why we seniors should try to capture the vivid imaginations of the young while we train their mental and physical powers. I rejoice in the thought that masters and boys are much nearer in human sympathy than they were sixty years ago.

"Your head has requested me to say something you can remember. I told two brothers at different times—one about to leave Charterhouse, one preparing to go there—that I was coming here, and asked them what I should say to you. Their replies were identical: 'Anything you like, sir; only cut it short.'

"Two days ago I repeated, at Oxford, to the brilliant historian of the Boer war, these candidly expressed views of my young advisers. He replied: 'True, no doubt, but honest, sound advice, however little it may be appreciated by boys at the moment, in after years will bear fruit.'

"My advice, then, in brief is: Let your guiding word be 'Thorough.' In all you do, do it with all your might.

"When construing a passage, easy or difficult, look out every word of the meaning of which you are not certain. In games play your best, not for your own hand, but for your side.

"The cadets I have seen to-day are an object-lesson of duty—boys who give up some time and subordinate their wills for the good of the community.

"I say to you who are prize-winners to-day: Try to live up to the standard you have attained. To the greater number I say: Courage, with steady, sustained work; success will come."

It is suggested that Australia's exhibit at the forthcoming Exhibition in London should be a shearing shed, fully equipped with a team of first-class shearers.

Earl Beauchamp (formerly Governor of New South Wales) has succeeded the late Earl of Liverpool as Lord Steward of the King's Household.

Talk about People

In Cap and Gown.

The English papers give a picturesque account of General Booth's return home from Japan. The General (says one journal) was not present at the beginning, but the air was charged with a curious emotional intensity; a sense of waiting for something to happen was alive in everyone; and presently some dozen of officers, men and women, walked up the long aisle facing the platform, and up the steps to the entrance at the end of it. "All faces were turned to watch them; there was a minute of hushed expectancy, a rustle of movement, then a great shout that swelled to a mighty roar of greeting, a spontaneous uprising, a fluttering of excited hands, and the General was pausing in the doorway—a venerable and noble figure, white-haired, white bearded, in his new Oxford Doctor's cap and brilliant scarlet robe, with the limelight from the gallery shining full upon him.

"He strode alertly along the aisle, and as he mounted to the platform his daughter met him and flung her arms around his neck and kissed him. Then, having stood bareheaded till his people had shouted themselves breathless, he resumed his cap and sat down whilst certain officers who had been with him on his tour told of its success: fiery, earnest men, one of whom affectionately declared that the General was a prophet and a new St. Paul; and there was never a reference to the General but some amongst his people eagerly cried out, 'God bless him!'"

A Famous Cricketing Family.

The missionary world gained much when Mr. C. T. Studd, who recently returned home from China, and his brother "G.B.," decided to work for religion abroad (says "Tit Bits"). But it was a sad loss to cricket. "C. T." was one of the finest all-round cricketers who ever donned flannels. He captained Eton, filled a similar position when he went up to Cambridge, and in 1882 not only headed the University batting averages and compiled five centuries, but scored a century against the Australians when that demon bowler, Spofforth, was mesmerising many first-class English batsmen with the "magic" of his "lightning expresses." Two brothers were associated with Mr. C. T. Studd on the Eton, Cambridge University, and Middlesex cricket fields—"G. B.," afterwards a missionary, and "J. E. K.," now head of the Regent-street Polytechnic.

Muscular Christianity is one of Mr. Studd's pet themes, and he tells how "fitness" once saved his life. He was on a journey in China with his wife and another lady. The ladies were in mule litters, the roads being very bad. One of the muleteers got sulky and refused to proceed. Mr. Studd thereupon put the two ladies on one litter, but the rebellious muleteer endeavoured to prevent them proceeding. "I got in his way," said Mr. Studd, when relating the incident, "and we had a wrestle. Luckily I came out on top, or he would have stabbed me. I twisted my hand in his pigtail till his friends begged him off and promised his good behaviour. I had not done any wrestling, but I was in good training." Mr. Studd, by the way, considers that the Chinese would make good cricketers. When they are building a house they do not trouble to carry the bricks up a ladder. They throw them two at a time, and those above catch them.

Notable English Hostesses.

Countess Beauchamp is one of the political hostesses to be reckoned with (says a London paper), and her entertainment given in honour of the Colonial Premiers and their wives and daughters was among the

most successful during the early days of the season. Countess Grosvenor is her mother, and the Duke of Westminster is her brother. As one of the favourite grandchildren of the late Duke, Lady Beauchamp owns some beautiful jewellery, given to her by her grandfather. She dresses picturesquely rather than in an ultra-fashionable way, and from the day of her wedding has for the most part affected the Empire mode of dress. Her marriage was one of great affection, and has been eminently happy. Lord Beauchamp was for a time Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Colony of New South Wales. He and his wife spend many of their days at their place in the country, Madresfield Court, where the young Princesses of Connaught have often stayed. In the days of her girlhood, as Lady Lettice Grosvenor, Lady Beauchamp was among the friends chosen for the young Princesses, and the friendship has been kept up ever since. Lord and Lady Beauchamp have two sons, Viscount Elmley and the Hon. Hugh Lygon.

A Great Traveller.

The name of Dr. Sven Hedin is inseparably associated in the public mind with the gerat trackless deserts of Asia which he has made it his life-work to explore and map out. Dr. Hedin was born in 1865, and is a son of the Chief Architect of Stockholm. At the age of twenty he set out on his first journey through Persia and Mesopotamia, and since then he has travelled across almost the whole of the interior of Asia at different times, making many important scientific and geographical discoveries.

Ten years ago he was ennobled by the King of Sweden for his services to the nation, and some years later was awarded the Victorian Memorial Medal of the Royal Geographical Society. Dr. Sven Hedin is now conducting explorations in the forbidden land, Tibet, and has passed through country never before traversed by Europeans. He has met with much kindness from the natives, in marked contrast with the treatment meted out to some of the earlier intruders into the Land of the Llamas.

Dr. Hedin's numerous works on his travels have met with a splendid reception, some of them having been published in as many as twelve languages.

One of the Wealthiest Ms.P.

Mr. Robt. Wm. Perks, M.P., who has gone to the United States to discuss with American ministers the establishment of a worldwide Methodist Brotherhood, is well known in many different characters, for, besides being a successful politician, he is a solicitor, a railway director, and an expert engineer. The son of a Wesleyan minister, he early became imbued with a strong religious zeal, and has developed into a first-class lay preacher. For twenty-five years he was a solicitor in partnership with Sir Henry Fowler, and has been interested in a number of important industrial undertakings. In spite of his numerous duties he has always found time to champion the cause of Methodism, and he will ever be gratefully remembered by his co-religionists as a moving spirit in the Twentieth Century Million Fund. He is credited, too, with being one of the wealthiest members of the House of Commons.

The Rev. James Flanagan.

The Rev. James Flanagan, who is about to visit New Zealand, has recently published his new book, "Scenes from my Life," which is attracting very favourable notice from London critics. There are few racier pens than Mr. Flanagan's, and he has an intimate knowledge of the lives

of London workers. Professor Peake, in his introduction, quotes as true of Mr. Flanagan Dido's immortal words:—"My self not unversed in misfortune, I learn to succour the wretched." Professor Peake pays a tribute to the heroic perseverance with which Mr. Flanagan has overcome initial disadvantages of education. "I well remember, when he was my guest ten or eleven years ago, taking him into a bookshop, when he bought the twenty volumes of Meyer's 'Commentary on the New Testament.' . . . That a man with such natural gifts of oratory and humour, such insight into spiritual things, such evangelistic powers, should discipline himself and seek to give depth to his teaching by severe exegetical study seemed to me most commendable. The temptation to do without it was so great." Mr. Flanagan's book is the true record of a life, and its graphic realism is far beyond praise.

Not to be Sold.

The following anecdote aptly illustrates the kindly good nature and tenderness of the President of the United States.

During the 1898 war in Cuba an officer appeared one day at the quarters of the Red Cross Society. He was dressed in khaki uniform, showing hard service, and a bandanna handkerchief, hanging from his hat, protected the back of his head from the sun. The officer was Colonel—now President—Roosevelt.

"I have some men who are ill," said he, "and who refuse to leave the regiment. They need such delicacies as you have here, and I am ready to pay for them out of my own pocket. Can I buy them from the Red Cross?"

"Not for a million," was the answer.

"But my men need these things. I think a great deal of my men. I am proud of them."

"And they are proud of you, colonel. But we can't sell Red Cross supplies."

"Then how can I get them? I must have proper food for my sick men."

"Just ask for them, colonel."

A bright smile lighted the officer's face.

"Oh," said he, "then I do ask for them."

"All right, colonel. What is your list?"

The list included malted milk, condensed milk, oatmeal, cornmeal, canned fruits, dried fruits, rice, tea, chocolate, prepared beefsteak, and vegetables.

"Lend me a sack," said the colonel, "and I'll take them right along."

Then the future President slung the heavy sack over his shoulder, and strode off out of sight through the jungle.

Kissed and Praised by Paderewski.

M. Paderewski has honoured little Max Darewski by accepting from his hands his latest composition, which is dedicated to the "King of Pianists." The youthful composer, with his work tucked under his arm, was introduced to the master at the Salle Erard. Paderewski regarded him with no little curiosity, but his look changed to one of rapt attention as soon as Max played the opening bars of his "Fantaisie Impromptu," an ambitious composition to which he did full justice.

When the concluding notes had been struck Paderewski kissed the performer enthusiastically and said he should be delighted to include the work in his repertoire.

"You are a perfect genius," said he to Max, and then, turning to the boy's father, Professor Darewski, he said: "His touch, phrasing, and expression are perfect. I am amazed at the child's exceptional talent, and I predict for him a brilliant career."

Thus complimented, Max played several other pieces and received from his celebrated auditor a promise of an autographed portrait, and a wish for the best of luck,

VOICE RUINED BY RUM

ALCOHOL CAUSES MANY THROAT AND NOSE DISEASES.

FOE OF ORATOR AND SINGER.

That alcohol is the mortal foe of public speakers and singers is the declaration of Dr. T. D. Crothers, superintendent of Walnut Lodge Hospital of Hartford, U.S.A.

Dr. Crothers, speaking before the Buffalo Academy of Medicine on "The Effects of Spirit and Drug Taking on the Upper Air Passages," summarised in graphic style some of the recent startling conclusions of science as to the effects of liquor upon vocalists and public speakers. He said:—

Recent researches of the physiological action of alcohol on the body have revealed some very startling conclusions and pointed out facts and causes of diseases not recognised before.

"Diseases of the throat and nose are both direct and indirect results of alcohol. The smarting sensation on the throat where spirits are taken comes from the water absorbing properties of alcohol. A drop of alcohol on the hand will produce a chill and when the quantity is larger irritation and inflammation. This is simply its rapid water absorbing properties to every substance it comes in contact with. The throat of all inebriates is diseased, and often this disease extends to the nose. It is bronchial and catarrhal and is recognised by the changed voice and harsh tones.

The flushed face in spirit drinkers is exactly the same condition which occurs in the throat and nose and is congestion of the capillaries and paralysis of the nerves that control them. When this congestion becomes permanent, as seen in some wine and beer drinkers, it is an exact index of the condition of the membranes of the brain, throat, and nose. When the face is pallid and blanched the same thing occurs in the throat and nose. This congestion of these membranes may come from cold and other causes and in a certain number of cases is followed by exhaustion and bronchial troubles.

"When alcohol is taken into the body its first effect is on the circulation of the blood vessels; the vasomotor nerves are paralysed, the blood settles in the finer arteries and veins, and the power of forcing it out is diminished. This occurs most prominently in parts of the body that are rich in blood vessels and nerves; hence the throat and nose are most affected.

"The congested membranes of the moderate or excessive drinker after a time extend down to the vocal cords, and the changes of the voice are among the earliest symptoms of the disease. Catarrhal and bronchial derangements of the throat and nose change the power of articulation and derange the capacity to produce clear vocal sounds.

"The tone of the voice is either sharpened or flattened, and its carrying capacity diminished. Any over-exertion, as in attempts to sing or speak, quickly ends in hoarseness, febleness, and exhaustion.

"The public speaker who uses spirits quickly destroys the quality and tone of his voice. The singer suffers most from the use of spirits and tobacco. Where opium or tobacco are used the tones are flattened, become husky, confused, and articulation has a peculiar muffled sound that experts recognise. If a spirit taker, the sounds of the voice become sharper and more nasal and stridulate, and are explosive and cracked in the tone, starting out on an ascending scale, and dropping precipitously.

"The professional singer who smokes and drinks in so-called moderation has a very short career, and is never able to attain any great efficiency in voice culture. Many good judges are able to discriminate the wine drinker and the tobacco smoker and the user of spirits generally in the tone of voice.

"Oratory can never be developed with any degree of perfection by one who uses spirits and drugs. The early breaking down of the voice in singers and speakers ascribed to other causes is in many cases due to spirits and drugs. Alcohol, acting on the throat and nose, producing chronic inflammatory conditions, quickly destroys the acuteness of smell and taste and later extends to the hearing. Both the moderate and excessive users of spirits have dulled hearing and are bad judges of music and sounds generally, because the tube leading from the mouth to the ear is inflamed.

"Tobacco is one of the most insidious irritants to the throat and nose, particularly in the form of cigarettes. The combustion occurring so near the mouth permits all the poison products to be absorbed and carried to all parts of the body.

"The cumulative effects of these poisons not only destroy the membranes of the upper air passages, but act on the brain centres and the powers of nerve control. The tobacco smoker has paralysed vocal cords. His voice changes, and his power of articulation becomes feebler. The cocaine taker has the most pronounced derangements of the throat and nose."

CURE FOR NAIL-BITERS.

Dr. Didsbury read a paper before the Academy of Medicine, Paris, on the treatment of onychophagy, or nail-biting.

The doctor proposes to employ an ingenious apparatus which is fastened on the lower molars with a band, pressing against the front teeth, and preventing the upper and lower jaws from meeting.

This apparatus can be either fixed or be made removable at will.

INGENIOUS KITES.

Kites shaped like flattened boxes, kites resembling Venetian blinds, kites with multiple wings, and kites of queer oblong shapes, sailed and dipped in the breeze over Chobham Common the other day. Their gyrations were keenly watched by the Hon. C. S. Rolls, Major Baden-Powell, Colonel Capper, and other members of the Aeronautical Society.

A curious kite with a series of short wings, arranged one above another, and flown by Mr. Salmon, acquitted itself best in the light breeze, ascending to an altitude of 3000 feet. Mr. R. M. Balston sent up a huge bird-like kite, which strained so at its wire cable that it broke away and disappeared over a hill, with an assistant in hot pursuit.

Mr. Jose Weiss climbed a neighbouring

hill and sent off several of his bird models—one of which made an excellent flight, skimming through the air with absolute steadiness for nearly a hundred yards.

WOMAN'S ADVANTAGES.

The rise of woman from absolute subjection to a state of practical equality with man, and a thousand facts concerning woman's status under the law in Great Britain, are set forth in an interesting manner in "Every Woman's Own Lawyer," by Mr. Gordon C. Whatcoat, solicitor.

There was a time in England when, if a man carried off the wife of another, his only obligation was that he should, at his own cost, buy the robbed husband another wife. Now a woman may retain and manage her own property. Married women have been given the right to sue on contracts and for debts of their own.

They have this further advantage over men that, while judgments for money due are given against a man personally, who accordingly may be imprisoned if he refuses to pay under the order of a judge, corresponding judgments are only against married women's separate estates (when they have any), and so they are not liable to imprisonment. West End milliners understand this law.

BOY'S FALL FROM AN EXPRESS.

M.P.'s Son Narrowly Escapes Death.

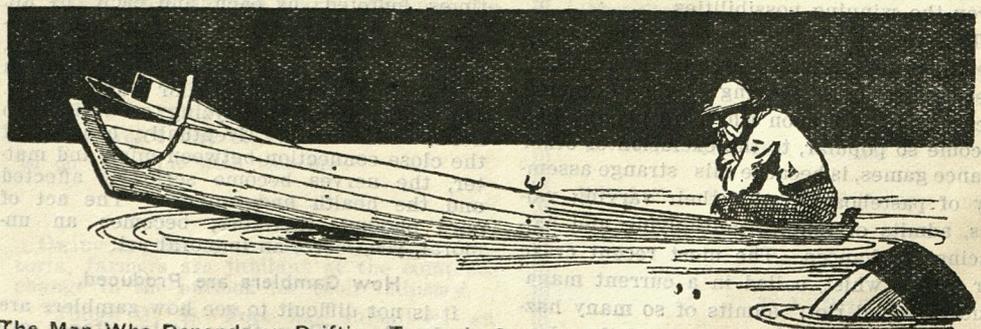
The little son of Mr. J. S. Higham, M.P. for the Sowerby division of Yorkshire, has had a remarkable escape from death. He fell from an express train and sustained severe scalp wounds, but does not appear to have suffered internally.

Mrs. Higham and her son, who is between three and four years of age, were returning to London, accompanied by a maid, by the two o'clock express from Liverpool. At Stafford tea had been put in the carriage, and the door, it is stated, was left unfastened. Soon after leaving Lichfield the little boy, while eating a cake given him by his mother, leaned against the carriage door, which suddenly flew open, and he fell backwards on to the line.

The distracted mother pulled the communication cord, but the train, which was travelling at a speed of about sixty miles an hour, was not brought to a standstill until Tamworth was reached.

Mrs. Higham at once returned to the scene of the accident, but the child had been picked up by a platelayer and conveyed to the village of Whittington, where a motor-car was procured, and the mother and boy were driven to Lichfield, where the boy was taken to a nursing home.

At an inquest recently on the body of Ellen Leigh it was shown that death was due to suffocation. Deceased, who was intoxicated, fell face downwards on a skirt, and could not move.



The Man Who Depends on Drifting Towards Success does not Reckon on the Currents that Set the Other Way.

The Curse of Cards

By DR. HENRY W. STOUGH.

I have searched long and earnestly for a convincing argument against card playing that would appeal to the intelligence and heart of the audiences to whom it has been my privilege to speak.

I have found, as have other religious teachers, grave difficulties in the way of convincing many fair-minded and conscientious people that certain forms of amusement, and especially card playing, are essentially baneful practices. Certain lofty reasons, advanced in the past, from the standpoint of Christian character and influence, have become, to a large degree, hackneyed and "fogeyish" to this smart and not over-spiritual generation. The suggestion that mere "meat eating" should "offend" the weaker brethren makes the average person pity their miserable weakness and instability of character, and arouses a certain feeling of contempt for them. Why should I be deprived of pleasure for that which is inexcusable in others?

The question, therefore, it has seemed to me, must be a deeper one than that of Christian influence, example, or expediency, if it be successfully answered. If a moral basis could be discovered for argument, it might be made convincing and eradicate what many feel to be a crying evil in society. I am quite sure that we shall never be able to guide our young people aright unless we can show them sound reasons for its abandonment and abstinence. The whole question has been so pettifogged that even pastors have been led to condone, if not participate, in the amusement. In this article it is my purpose to submit to the reader the results of the search for such a moral basis as may preclude if proven, the possibility of any person playing cards who endeavours to be thoroughly moral, not to say Christian, in his conduct.

Games Divided.

A fundamental principle must be laid down at the outset with reference to all games, viz., that all games are naturally divided into two classes—games of skill and games of chance. The former are always won by the accuracy of the eye, the training of the nerves and muscles, and the judgment. To this class belong such games as chess, checkers, caroms, crokinole, cricket, croquet, billiards, pool, golf, baseball, football, tennis, and even tiddledywinks. To the other class belong all card games, dice games, and dominoes. Again, the fundamental principle of all games of skill admits no other factor in winning save that of skill, while in chance games the principle admits always varying proportions of skill and an additional element of chance. That is, in the latter class of games, no one can be absolutely sure of winning, however great his skill, because the ever-present element of chance may, at any moment, destroy the winning possibilities.

That the element of chance is the fundamental principle and source of interest and pleasure in card playing is an accepted fact. And the reason why card playing has become so popular, to the exclusion of other chance games, is because this strange assembly of pasteboards, with their varying values, admits of infinite multiplying and balancing of chances. The most recent craze for bridge whist, called in a current magazine "a social riot," admits of so many hazards for winning that the logic of the playing leads almost irresistibly to gambling.

Rational Basis of Conduct.

If we inquire concerning a rational basis of conduct, we will discover that there are four psychological faculties upon which we base all conduct. These are the reason, the conscience, the affections, and the will. They are the four pillars upon which the structure of consciousness rests—the four guides along life's pathway. Any conduct that does not issue from the counsels of these inseparable four faculties becomes either irrational, immoral, fickle, or cruel. Any conduct that eliminates any one of them becomes abnormal and inhuman. The equations suggested will show the inevitable results upon the individual.

Reason plus conscience plus will, minus affection, equal cruel fanaticism.

Reason plus affections plus will, minus conscience, equal moral monstrosity.

Affections plus conscience plus will, minus reason, equal idiocy.

If any of these faculties, therefore, thus set aside, should result in such doctored forms of character, it follows that anything which interferes with their perfect freedom of operation jeopardizes their usefulness and tends to weaken and even to destroy them.

The Assault Upon the Foundation.

Chance is "any event, the manner and time of whose occurrence lies beyond our power of prescience." In every card game chance, by its very nature, assaults all four—the reason, the affections, the conscience and will. For what the reason does not understand, the affections cannot admit to their devotion, the conscience cannot pass upon its moral worth, and the will cannot decide upon its action. These faculties thus bewildered and put in abeyance, so to speak, and "on the stretch," make impossible their free response to the emergency on hand.

For instance, the card player has before him his own "hand," which is the basis for all his "plays." All his faculties are brought to bear upon the problem. Now, in any game of skill, the eye, seeing the issues of the game spread out before it, enables the reason to act wisely and judiciously. In tennis, from the moment that the ball leaves the opponent's racquet, the other player knows exactly what to do, the speed with which to return it, and the place to return it beyond the opponent's reach. In the card game the problem is altogether different. The eye sees the cards before it, but it cannot see what is in the deck nor in the various opponents' hands. So the reason, with only limited and at times very partial facts before it, acts upon a half or smaller fraction of truth and must hazard the rest. The result in the reasoning process is confusion, the unknown and the known facts thrown into a jumble of possibilities, so that the reason, the conscience and the will can only act upon what they know, hoping against hope that what they don't know may be played so successfully with what they do know that they shall win.

As the game progresses this confusion produces a feverish irritation of the whole psychologic nature. This in turn becomes unnatural stimulation, the reason buffeted by the will, the will by the conscience, and the conscience by the affections, and all, at times, buffeted by each, and each by all. Constant playing produces aggravated stimulations which amount to intoxication. This, again, produces enervation and inebriation of the whole intellectual and moral nature. The effect is as paralyzing as whisky to nerve and muscle. Eventually, because of the close connection between mind and matter, the nerves become seriously affected and the health undermined. The act of card playing, therefore, becomes an unmoral, yes, more, an immoral act.

How Gamblers are Produced.

It is not difficult to see how gamblers are produced. When these latter stages are reached through excessive card playing, it

is but a step to gambling. In fact, psychologically, you have already developed the gambling instinct. The pleasureable excitement at last calls for additional stimulation which the presence of the prize or the stake affords. Nor is this all. The game for social enjoyment and the game for money is one and the same game. There are no more nor different elements of chance. In every game of cards, for whatever reason played, the odds of chance exist. In gambling, the player simply puts a commercial value upon them! And why card playing produces three-fourths of the gamblers is as easily explained as the transition from claret to champagne in wine drinking. It is the presence of the alcohol in each which dries the tissues and inflames and excites the nerve centres. The fever of stimulation in card playing cries for more stimulants, which enhanced chances through gambling furnish. Hence, card playing, as a national game has passed from the very simple forms to the most intricate and scientific; from pleasure playing to prize playing, and now to the frightful introduction of bridge whist parlour gambling.

The Menace of Parlour Card Playing.

When one discovers that there is really no essential difference in principle between a card player, howsoever refined, and the lowest gambler, just as there is no difference, save in degree, between a tippler and a gutter drunkard, one is not surprised to hear men, who have tasted of the dregs of the gambler's cup, call the parlour card table "the kindergarten to a gambler's hell." The parlour card table has become a menace to society and the Church, for here, under the guise of respectability and refinement, the innocent are lured. Your boy and mine may take their first lessons in gambling from a decorous deacon who teaches them card playing, while their last are received from the man "all the blood in whose frozen heart could be carried in a bottomless cup." Between the two, to-day, the parlour card table is infinitely more dangerous to the unsophisticated than the gambler's den. Young men do not start in the latter place.

No wonder that a convention of gamblers some years ago is said to have passed a resolution to the effect that above all things they should encourage parlour card playing!

And what folly for parents to introduce it as a salutary expedient for keeping a hold upon their children. Sam Jones said, "you might as well say, 'Give the little pig swill, and when he is a hog, he won't like swill. Create the appetite in the young lad, and you may inflame him with a fire that will only burn out in a hell of remorse.'"

When a census was taken of the gamblers in Chicago some years ago, seven out of ten declared that they began their careers by parlour card playing, and many in Christian homes! It is also easy to see why card-playing church members are rarely prayer-meeting-going and zealous in their work for souls, and why, when a church gets inoculated with the virus, it becomes worldly and dead.

The Bridge Craze.

The present craze for bridge whist has raised a storm of protest from secular as well as religious sources, for prize playing is, in good society, accepted as perfectly proper, and is commonly indulged in. And gambling for silver creamers and silver dollars resolves itself merely into a question of the shape of the silver. A recent magazine article (Broadway, March, 1907), gives a hideous picture of the dissipation which is going through society and the Church to-day, like a virulent, deadly epidemic. "Physicians deplore the craze, claiming that it burdens their hands with hysterical women. Captains of industry say that it is weakening the stamina of the young men of the country who need their strength for work. It is certainly draining the nerves, the purses, the characters of those who have heretofore made up in our land a sane, substantial society. The bars are down, and the social climber can cast aside Church and charity—the open gate of society. Let her hire a professional teacher and learn bridge. The game will ruin her temper, and probably bring on the habit of heavy drinking, but if she can play bridge, she will be one of society's favourites. If bridge, in its present hysterical form, does not really impair a sturdy character, it does encourage the development of every latent evil trait. It may create depravity, but it surely lifts up the veil from it."

THE LICENSED TRADE

THE BEST THAT CAN BE SAID FOR IT.

In chapter four of Mr. Pratt's book under the heading "Prohibitionist Exaggerations," we have a sample of liquor logic, and it is most convincing in the direction in which it is not meant. The solution of the question is only to be arrived at when "all become strictly moderate." The writer, however, fails to tell us what is meant by "moderate" and forgets to add that every drunkard he so sincerely deplores became the outcast he is by trying to follow his advice. Such advice is on a par with the method of "catching sparrows by putting salt on their tails."

Drink and Crime.

As a set-off to the evidence of judges, police magistrates, and governors of gaols, whose names and statements have long been before the public, we have on page 41 the unofficial statement of a nameless clerk in a nameless police court in London.

As against the statements made by chaplains and gaol medical men, we have a quotation from a visiting clergyman, who held some special services in one gaol.

This is followed by quotations from an



THE VACUUM POCKET-PICKER AT WORK.

anonymous correspondent to a paper called the "Tribune." It is really a pitiable plea, and one is only helped to realise the hopelessness of the liquor cause by reading this chapter.

Sir John Macdonell is quoted most unfortunately, for on page 45 the writer says:—"Sir John Macdonell naturally finds that drunkenness is the cause of many crimes, and the accompaniment of many others." The writer then endeavours to forget this, and to find words of Sir John's that may reflect on the strong statements made by people of authority. It is surely unfortunate for the liquor cause that the man they look to to help them "naturally finds" evidence against them.

Insanity.

On page 47 an attempt is made to minimise the part that alcohol plays in producing insanity. One has only to see the evidence against alcohol to be convinced that no special pleading or manipulating of figures can help the liquor trade.

Dr. Shepherd, Medical Superintendent of Colney Hatch Asylum, says:—"40 per cent. of insanity coming under my notice is due to alcoholism."

Dr. Yellowless, of Glamorgan County Asylum, probably the greatest living authority on insanity, says:—"50 per cent. is well within the mark."

Dr. S. A. Tucker, in "Lunacy in Many Lands," printed by the New South Wales

Government, 1887, records particulars of 400 large asylums in different parts of the world. He says:—"Of the causes of insanity, heredity and intemperance take the leading place; and perhaps it would not be unsafe to assume that, in the majority of cases, hereditary insanity has its origin in alcoholism."

In the eight L.C.C. Asylums in London in 1902, one-fifth, or 840 of the insane cases admitted were attributed to intemperance.

Dr. Clouston, the Physician Superintendent of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum, in his last annual report, says:—"Alcoholic insanity was steadily going up. This year no less than 42.3 per cent. of all the men, and 18 per cent. of the women, had excess of alcohol assigned as the cause of their insanity."

Testimony of Experts.

Chapter vi. is devoted to experts and their opinions. And page 69 proclaims a most interesting state of things, viz.:—"The doctors who favour the campaign against alcohol, do so because it is now a popular cry; while those who do not favour the campaign, are mostly reluctant to declare themselves lest they offend temperance patrons." We may expect an emphatic protest from the doctors whose courage on the one hand, and honour on the other, is attacked in this remarkable statement. Among those quoted to support the trade thirteen German doctors are mostly in favour, but we need not waste time on them, for opinions made in Germany will not carry a great deal of weight, since we do not know enough of them to enable us to fix their value. Eleven English doctors are quoted. Most of them are men of a past generation, several of them are dead, none of them have ever claimed distinction for original research in alcohol, and one of them, Sir William Gull, is quoted in spite of the following authentic utterance:—"All alcohol injures the nervous tissues temporarily, if not altogether, and is certainly injurious to health. There is a great deal of injury being done by the use of alcohol to people who are not in the least intemperate; to people supposed to be fairly well. It spoils the health; it spoils the intellect."

History.

Chapters vii., viii., and ix. deal with the history of Liquor Legislation, Tied Houses, and Managed Houses. Every page in these chapters provides an argument to prove the difficulty of controlling the liquor trade, and the trouble that exists when not controlled.

"THE PARSON."

A DIFFICULT TASK.

A new military prison chaplain was recently appointed in a certain town in Scotland, and entering one of the cells on his first round of inspection, he, with much pomposity, thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it:

"Well, sir, do you know who I am."

"No; nor I dinna care," was the nonchalant reply.

"Well, I'm your new chaplain."

"Oh, are ye! Well. I hae heard of you before."

"And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity.

"Well, I heard that the last two kirks you were in you preached them both empty, but ye won't find it such an easy matter to do the same with this one."

Owing to the recent heavy rains in Victoria, farmers are jubilant at the complete change in the outlook for their industry.

Judge J. L. Fort has submitted an amendment to the constitution of Missouri to the legislature, which is intended to bring the State under prohibitory law.

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GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1907.

ANGLICAN SYNOD AND NO-LICENSE

No one has ever given the Anglican Provincial Synod credit for any violent sympathy with aggressive social reform. It was to be expected, however, that at the present crisis the members would give their vote on the side of righteousness and justice. Probably the reverend gentlemen who form that august body have never realised the responsibility which rests upon them, as upon every elector, in connection with the voting on the liquor question. The fact remains that each voter who does not vote for No-License saddles himself or herself with responsibility for all the crime and social disorder which are the offspring of the traffic in strong drink. One speaker at the Synod introduced the Bible wine question; but the question as to whether fermented or unfermented juice of the grape was used at the institution of the Lord's Supper has no bearing whatever upon the present controversy. Another urged that to carry No-License would mean the introduction of sly-grog selling. But if he had troubled at all to investigate the matter, he would have learned that there is a deal of sly-grog selling in licensed districts; quite as much, in fact, as in No-License areas. Liquor advocates of this last-mentioned type take no cognisance whatever of the greatly diminished police court convictions wherever the liquor bars have been abolished. In most cases the convictions

for drunkenness have been reduced to a minimum, and it is a known fact that those which do occur are for the greater part persons who are made drunk in adjacent license districts. Regret must be expressed that representatives of the largest Protestant Church in the State should have given their voices against this great reform. At crises of this sort, the people look to the Church to lead the way, and it need surprise no one if, in view of the ignorance and apathy exhibited by the men who claim to be the moral and spiritual guides of the people, the people themselves do not exhibit that interest in a question which so vitally affects the welfare of every man, woman, and child in the community. An American aphorism has it:—

"The Liquor Traffic WILL kill the Church if it CAN:

The Church CAN kill the Liquor Traffic if it WILL."

In the case under notice the particular Church concerned has refused as a body to use its influence to kill the liquor traffic—those responsible need scarcely wonder at members of their flock being ruined by the demon of strong drink.

CARDINAL MORAN ON DRINK

In view of the studied reticence of the Anglican Bishops on the liquor question, it is interesting to note some strong remarks made a few years ago by Cardinal Moran when delivering the closing address of the Plenary Council of Australasia at St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney. Dealing with social reform questions His Eminence made use of the following striking and forceful words to the members of the Roman Catholic Church:—"In a particular way the fathers of the Council commend the Catholic temperance societies, which are engaged in a holy crusade against intemperance. No vice is so direful in its results as the vice of drunkenness. It brings ruin to innumerable souls. It wrecks countless homes and families; it undermines social peace and happiness; it sets every religious influence at defiance; and would fain pull down God from His throne in the hearts of His children." These are strong words; but they are not a particle too strong when the evils so pointedly referred to are considered. In the face of such a denunciation of the traffic, it is to be wondered that any faithful Christian man or woman could be found to vote for its continuance.

REDUCTION OF LICENSES

Whilst it is desirable that a reduction in the number of liquor licenses should take place if it should prove impossible to carry the larger and more desirable reform of their total extinction, it is a mistake for anyone to advocate reduction at the present juncture. It has been pointed out repeatedly that to vote reduction means to vote for the continuance of the traffic in a slightly modified form. This means that

the destroyer will still be there, and will still be able to lure the young, pure, and virtuous to destruction. Another point which needs to be insistently repeated is that each vote cast for reduction is a further handicap on the carrying of No-License. To abolish all licenses needs a three-fifths majority of All Votes Cast; so that to vote for reduction because one is not sure of carrying the greater issue, makes the latter more difficult of realisation. On the other hand, each vote for No-License will count for reduction if the three-fifths majority be not obtained. Thus the No-License voter gets a double value for his or her vote, and in no way clogs the wheels of reform.

QUOTING THE CONTEXT

A gentleman who is at present lecturing in this State on behalf of the Liquor Trades Defence Union is very fond of endeavouring to bring the No-License party into ridicule by charging them with using quotations without reference to the context. It might be expected that a party which is so anxious for full quotations would carefully observe the rule laid down for other people. A sample of their methods is afforded by a letter from the secretary of the United Licensed Victuallers' Association, which appeared in one of the daily papers of Saturday last. The writer of the letter took to task an American visitor for having referred to the millions of people living under No-License in the United States. To support his case he quoted an article by Mr. E. W. Bennett in the "Nineteenth Century" for January last. He forgot, however, to quote Mr. Bennett's summing up of the case, which, to a very great extent, nullifies his evidence regarding the alleged failure of prohibition in Maine. Concluding the article in question, Mr. Bennett says:—"In summary, then, it is clear that the prohibition law in Maine has certain distinct advantages which cannot be lightly disregarded. To a very large extent it prevents the drink habit being formed amongst the young men who have been decently brought up. It is no longer respectable to drink in public. No self-respecting citizen can possibly provide himself with a casual drink in any Portland street. The business man, clerk, or artisan is not confronted with that fatal facility of procuring liquor which is a curse to England; nor is the ordinary citizen in the course of a walk down the street able to 'warm himself' or 'cool himself' according to the special pretext furnished by the weather. Further, the inducement to drink offered by the pernicious free-lunch system of the American saloons is, of course, non-existent in Maine. The fact that the law is frequently violated is not an absolutely convincing argument against its wisdom. Were this the case there would be a good deal to say against the validity of almost every law, from the Decalogue to bicycle regulations." Such an opinion as the foregoing needs no comment.

THE ENERGETIC AMERICAN GIRL.

Of the twenty-three and a half million women over sixteen years of age in the United States, one out of every five is a worker and a breadwinner. Of 303 occupations in the United States only nine are held solely by males. These remarkable facts are gathered from the recent census, which is as interesting as one of Mr. Gladstone's Budget speeches.

Nothing could more strikingly show the nature and extent of woman's competition in the field of labour. The vast army of female workers is divided into 294 occupations, of which there are 125 occupations employing more than 1000 women. The following table will show the order of their numerical importance:—

Domestic Servants	1,124,383
Farm Labourers	456,405
Dressmakers	338,144
Laundresses	328,935
Teachers	327,206
Farmers	307,706
Textile mill operatives	231,458
Housekeepers	146,929
Saleswomen	142,265
Seamstresses	138,724

These ten classes do not include many of the familiar occupations of women, there being no reference to shorthand writers and typists, factory workers, printers, etc.

The occupations in which women are doing the work of men may be classified as follows:—

Street railway motormen	2
Ocean and river pilots	5
Baggagemen	10
Brakemen	31
Locomotive engineers and firemen ..	45
Switchmen and flagmen	23
Hack drivers	43
Ship carpenters	6
Roofers and slaters	2
Blacksmiths	185
Machinists	508
Boilermakers	8
Charcoal and coke burners	31
Well borers	11

No women are reported as United States soldiers, sailors, or marines, as members of city fire departments, as telegraph or telephone linemen, as apprentices or helpers to roofers and slaters, or as helpers to steam boilermakers, or to brass workers.

White native women form the majority of the workers. Most of them are young women, 68.4 per cent. of them being under thirty-five years of age, and 44.2 per cent. under twenty-five. The male workers, on the other hand, number only 24.7 per cent. under twenty-five. This no doubt indicates that a large number of women workers enter the state of matrimony and cease to be breadwinners. More than half the divorced women were supporting themselves by their own earnings. It has been suggested that the increase of divorce is partly attributable to the more independent economic position of women, as a result of which wives are better able to provide for themselves and less dependent upon their husbands. The figures compiled by the census appear to be consistent with this theory, although they cannot be said to prove it.

NO-LICENSE AND VISITORS.

It is evident that accommodation for visitors to Invercargill (says the "Southland News" of July 2nd) will not suffer through the operation of No-License, as large additions to several hotels are under way or in contemplation. Mr. I. W. Raymond has invited tenders for a three-storey addition to the Railway Hotel, which will include fifteen bedrooms, and it is understood that he intends to add twenty rooms to the Carriers' Arms Hotel. The proprietors of the Criterion private hotel have also arranged for extensive additions, which will include about

a dozen bedrooms. It is not unlikely also that the purchaser of another hotel will, ere long, have additions made.

In the course of his speech at the No-License meeting last night, the Rev. A. Mitchell quoted a few interesting figures, with the object of rebutting any possible contention that Prohibition brought financial loss on the community. At the end of June, 1906, there had been deposited, he said, at the P.O. Savings Bank, Invercargill, £72,000. At the end of the next quarter this total had risen to £82,833; at the end of the March quarter to £87,237; and at the end of the last quarter to £90,990, showing an estimated excess of deposits over withdrawals of £21,081. Referring to the Building Society, he said that its turnover in 1905 had been £102,286; in 1906 £103,564; and in 1907, £145,081.

BRITISH TEMPERANCE.

Professor Woodhead Denounces Alcohol.

Speaking at the annual conference of the British Temperance League, in Preston, Mr. Geo. Toulmin, M.P., said that Mr. McKenna had given him permission to announce that he would go into the subject of



Small Boy (watching the sunset):—"I say, Pa, will it fizzle when it touches the water?"

scientific temperance in day schools in the coming autumn.

With reference to the foreshadowed Licensing Bill, Mr. Toulmin contended that the Temperance Party would have established their case up to the hilt, and he urged all lovers of temperance to make still further efforts to prove the truth of their principles. He pointed out that although the last two years had been the hardest, politically, within recent history, those principles had obtained access to the Government's administrative bodies, where hitherto they had been ignored. He hoped the 20 per cent. of teetotalers in the Navy would soon grow into 75.

A resolution was passed calling upon the War Office to furnish temperance rooms in every regimental branch at home, as was already done in India.

The Rev. J. S. Balmer, of Blackpool, asserted that one-third of the strength of the Army was lost through intoxicating drink. Another delegate quoted Lord Roberts's statement that temperance canteens in In-

dia had added two battalions to the fighting strength. The fact that recently the War Office had entered into a large contract for the supply of intoxicants, made it only fair and equitable, he said, that they should devote some money in providing temperance canteens, which would effect considerable saving in life and money.

At a medical conference held in the afternoon, Dr. Sims Woodhead, Professor of Pathology at Cambridge, contributed a paper on "Alcohol and Health and Disease." He said he did not believe that alcohol was in any way an essential of our modern life, but that it set up diseased conditions, and made people far more liable to take disease.

Its indirect action was proved, by the consensus of opinion among teachers that children from alcoholic homes were invariably more difficult to deal with than those from homes where alcohol was not regularly used. Every year he lived he was the more convinced that alcohol, even in comparatively small quantities, if given regularly, exerted more evil influence on the tissues of the people taking it than upon those who took large quantities for a week and then stopped for a year. Moreover, it produced premature old age, and, therefore, should not be given to old people.

THE ASS WAS MISSING.

An eminent judge used to say that the best retort he ever heard was the reply given to Missing, a well-known barrister at one time. He was defending a prisoner charged with stealing a donkey. The prosecutor had left the animal tied up to a gate, and when he returned, according to his account, it was gone.

Missing was very severe in his examination of the witness, and pressed him closely with question after question.

"Do you mean to say, witness, the donkey was stolen from the gate?"

"I mean to say, sir," said the witness, giving the judge and jury a sly look, at the same time pointing to the counsel, "the ass was missing."

HONEYMOONERS, OF COURSE.

She said something that rubbed him the wrong way. Seeing the look of pique on his face, she cried: "Oh, my darling! I have hurt you!"

"No, my dearest," he replied, gravely. "The hurt I feel is due to the fact that I know it hurts you to feel that you have hurt me!"

"Ah, no! Do not let that hurt you for an instant. My hurt is because I know it hurts you to feel that I have hurt myself by hurting you."

"No, my precious. My hurt is because you are hurt over feeling that I am hurt because you feel that you have hurt me, and are therefore hurt yourself, and—"

Let us leave them, dear reader! They will get over it in time.

NOT TO COME BACK.

Matt W. Ransom, late senator from North Carolina, made politeness a point of conscience. One day he saw the very worst bore of his acquaintance, and, with a short "Howdy-do?" brushed swiftly past. The bore, evidently hurt, proceeded sadly.

Ransom's conscience smote him. After ten steps, he turned, and, with a pleasant smile, called back, "Good-by, Simpkins! I've been thinking a mighty heap about you lately, Simpkins."

The bore's face relaxed. "Aha," he said returning.

Ransom waved him back wildly with both hands, crying, "I've been thinking a mighty heap about you lately, Simpkins, but don't come back, Simpkins, don't come back."

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE

LIFE SPENT IN THE SHADOW OF WRETCHEDNESS.

CHAINED TO LOATHSOMENESS.

In a recent sermon at the Majestic Theatre, New York, Rev. Madison C. Peters took for his theme "The Drinking Man." He said:—

How often you will see your pure-minded girls giving their hands with their hearts in them to men who perhaps love them warmly in return, but whose habits and associations in life are well known to be such that a pure-minded woman ought to shrink from them in horror.

A young woman in a New York police court, standing before the judge, disillusioned, weary and worn by wretchedness and woe, in telling the story of her husband's brutality and neglect, among other things, said: "I knew my husband drank before I married him, and I would like to tell any girl if she thinks she can reform a man by marrying him she is mistaken and had better hang herself. All I want in this great world is a place to work." Cases like this might be multiplied indefinitely from the thousands of police courts throughout the land, pointing out how foolhardy the act to marry a man to mend him or reform him.

There are 18,000 wife desertions every year in Chicago, there were 5825 desertion cases last year in Philadelphia, while the average number of desertions in New York is about 8000 a year, and, according to the testimony of the police magistrates in these and other cities, the cause at the bottom in the majority of cases is drink.

It is all nonsense to say that love is blind—blind to the faults of the one loved. If the man were not deformed, he would not need to be reformed.

If a man will not reform to please his sweetheart, he will never do so to please his wife. Court records show that marriage as a step to man's reform has almost invariably resulted in failure. Women hope that their influence will be greater after marriage than before, and too often find with breaking hearts that it is less. The martyr spirit seldom brings the martyr's reward. If the possession of your love and the hope that you may become his own are not enough to reform him, there is little probability that he will turn from his dissipation after you have surrendered your liberty to him.

The man habituated to evil, yielding to strong drink, governed by selfishness, cannot be a genuine lover. He may make the solemn promise to love, honour and cherish his wife, but a spectre of ominous mien, portending heartache, sorrow, and disaster, follows the hapless woman from the altar to the grave.

I know silly women who imagine a little wickedness is a sort of spice in a young man's life. Mark my words, you will find those habits after the wedding day to be anything but pleasant spice. Love is not only blind, but deaf and dumb in the case of the woman who marries a man to reform him. The risks are great enough for any woman when she marries a man who does not need reforming. If the man reforms before marriage, put him on probation for two years to prove that the reformation is genuine.

Of all the curses ever inflicted on woman and child there is none so unmitigatedly hellish as intemperance. It has nerved the hand that once gave the wedding ring to deal the deadly blow. It has inspired the lips that once spake only of love to pour forth the foulest curses of the pit. It has made children fly from the father's approach

as they would from a devouring monster. If I could gather into my lips the language of angels and consult cherubim and seraphim on forms of forceful speech, I could not express the deep wretchedness of the drunkard's wife. The most terrible punishment spoken of in antiquity was that devised by Mezentius, who sometimes put a person to death by chaining him to a corpse face to face, the putrefaction of which gradually killed the living man. The drunkard's wife is chained in this way to a loathsome horror—chained with no hope of release save that which the grave may bring to one or the other or to both.

Tamerlane asked for 160,000 skulls with which to build a pyramid to his own honour. He got the skulls and built the pyramid, but if the bones of broken-hearted wives could be piled up it would make a pyramid blushing to the very skies. And when these inebriate husbands are fathers, as most of them are, it is impossible to frame a statement of consequences that would give an idea of their enormity—sending out into the world children, hideous caricatures of the living God, who reel through life insane, imbecile, diseased, and depraved, when they should be men and women born in the image of the Father.

BALHAM SUN WORSHIP.

Mysterious and secret rites of a curious London sect, which appears to be a body of sun-worshippers, marked the longest day of the year on Friday, June 21.

This curious body calls itself the "Faithist Community," having its headquarters in a small private house at Ramsden-road, Balham.

This strange sect claims 200 adherents, and holds regular services in the front room of its headquarters on Sundays and Mondays. The rites of the sect follow closely the lines of the worship of the Parsees and Zoroasters. The members worship the light directing their praise, naturally, to the sun as the symbol of all light.

The ceremonies of June 12 were connected with the fact of the sun's attaining its highest altitude in our horizon, and were open only to the members of the Church, who must have signed a declaration of belief.

GENERAL BOOTH'S RETURN.

Great Reception at the Albert Hall.

General Booth had a magnificent reception at the Albert Hall last month, when his followers accorded him a public welcome to signalise his return from Canada and Japan. The interior of the great building was packed from floor to ceiling. The entrance of the Chief of the Staff, who was accompanied by Mrs. Bramwell Booth, and supported by Commissioner and Mrs. Booth Tucker and other leading lights of the Army, created considerable enthusiasm, which was intensified by the singing of "Blessed and Glorious King," and the offering up of prayer by Colonel William Eadie and Mrs. Bramwell Booth.

The dramatic point in the proceedings was reached when, three-quarters of an hour after their commencement, the General, wearing a brilliant scarlet cloak, appeared at the entrance to the main aisle, immediately facing the platform. The audience rose with one accord, all eyes were turned upon him, and the cheering was prolonged and vociferous. The General, evidently delighted with his reception, strode across the hall and mounted the dais with a springy step. Then, taking off his hat, he displayed his flowing snow-white locks, and beneath a flood of lime-

MIND IS MONEY

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light his impressive figure was thrown into relief with striking effect, the applause meanwhile being almost deafening.

In his address, which was delivered with characteristic fire and energy, General Booth expressed his appreciation of the magnificent welcome accorded him. He mentioned incidentally that during the last twenty years he had travelled some 300,000 miles by land and sea, and conducted thousands of meetings in all manner of places without disappointing an audience on more than one or two occasions, or encountering any accident worthy of the name. Coming to his recent journey, he said he had travelled 25,000 miles, held 93 meetings, addressed 140,000 people, seen 2084 persons at the mercy-seat, interviewed 265 press representatives, written 50 articles for the press, and done a considerable amount of correspondence.

In Japan his reception had been in every sense remarkable. The Emperor had given him during an audience the most kindly assurance of his sympathy with Salvation Army work.

Throughout, the General's address, which was of considerable length, was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and when he took his seat the whole audience again rose and cheered vociferously.

WANTED A WIFE.

A bishop at an ordination in Virginia wore a red university hood at the back of his surplice. An old negro was asked how he liked what he had seen and heard.

"I was clean taken by de preachin' of de bishop," he answered. "An' at de same time I felt kinder sorry for him. He ain't got no wimmen to look after him, has he?"

"Why, what do you mean, Sam?" "I noticed, sah, whenever de bishop turned round dat de back of his coat was busted, an' de red undershirt was a-showin' through."

☉☉ A Smoke Night ☉☉

The branch secretary was leaving, as the president said, for "a new sphere"—as most people must admit, a pretty good distance—and it was decided to entertain him at a "smoke night." There was also to be a presentation. The price of tickets, including both, was fixed at half a crown a head. "We had better make it pretty low," the president said, "and then all the members are sure to come in. I know Bumps, the secretary, better than any of you, and I am certain that he would rather have something worth only £5, towards which 200 contributed sixpence each, than something worth £20, given to him by only 40 or 80." Members of the committee exclaimed "Hear, hear" in chorus. They knew that tickets at 10s or 5s apiece would be unsaleable. Bumps would grieve over a dear present, they said. All he thirsted for was good will.

The large dining-room was smartened up for the occasion. Bottles of beer and cordials stood upon the white tables almost as thickly as skittles. Between them were little dishes filled with cubes of bread and cheese, cakes, sandwiches, and raisins. There were glasses filled with cigarettes—sixpence per ounce of 30—saucers filled with tobacco, and as many long clay churchwardens with scarlet mouthpieces as there were chairs. Upon the top table, at which the guest of the evening was to sit, there was a bottle of whisky and a handful of cigars with the labels torn off, in order that they might be of better quality.

The president touches the bell (borrowed from the bar parlour next door). "Gentlemen! will you kindly take your seats!"

Matches strike along the full length of the tables. Each of them is blown out in a cloud of smoke. There is a loud and general demand for corkscrews, the popping of corks and the rattling of glasses.

"When you've done with that corkscrew, waiter!"

"All right, sir, in a moment."

"Hi, Smithson! Some of that lemonade, please!"

"Who says sandwiches—sardines and anchovy?"

The main object of a smoke night being to smoke, the majority of the guests perform like choked-up chimneys. They smoke as they drink, and even as they eat. Bite, gulf, puff! Gulp, puff, bite!

The president carefully moves back his chair (in order that he may not disturb a neat brown paper parcel concealed beneath it), and rises with beaming countenance. He grips a bottle, and batters upon the table.

"Gentlemen!"

"Hush—sh! sh! sh! sh!"

A dozen elderly gentlemen near the top table, who have been silently and critically observing the hilarity of the more youthful, utter, long-drawn out "hush—es," like a flock of geese hissing to protect their goslings. "Hush—sh! sh! sh! sh! sh!"

"Chair!" "Chair!" "Chair!"

"Gentlemen!" (Hear, hear; hear, hear.) "Gentlemen!" (Yah-yah.) The first toast I have to propose this evening is one which I am sure will be received with unbounded enthusiasm in every part of that great—(Great rattling of bottles and tables.) His Majesty, if I may be allowed to state—(Hear, hear)—that is, I may say, I think, without fear of contradiction—(Hear, hear)—the King, I mean, gentlemen—Hear, hear; God bless him!—will be honoured by his loyal subjects who belong to that glorious and great—(great rattling of tables and bottles)—on which the sun has for so long been so unsuccessfully trying to set! (Hear, hear; hear, hear.) With these few remarks, gentlemen, I call upon you to be upstanding, and drink to his Majesty—the King!"

The toast of course is accompanied by "musical honours."

"Gentlemen! While his worship the mayor of Dulltown is collecting his thought for the next toast, I shall call upon our old friend, Mr. Fivah—(Hear, hear; hear, hear)—to favour us with a solo! (Hear, hear.)"

Mr. Fivah, a pale-faced young man with untrimmed hair, stalks in a business-like way to the piano. He whispers to the pianist. The pianist whispers to him. They both look anxious and rummage amongst the music books. The pianist strikes a note very gently as a trial, but Mr. Fivah looks grave and shakes his head. Won't do at all! Heaven only knows what would happen. Finally, when the two have got over their difficulties, Mr. Fivah hastily turns upon the impatient company, clears his throat, looks towards the ceiling, and begins in a slender melancholy tenor—

Tek a pair of sparkling eyes,

Heeden, evah and anon.

E'en a merciful ecclipse—

Do not need their mild sur-pri-se—

Having passed the Rubi-co-o-on,

Tek a pair of ro-osy leeps.

There is a most noisy demand for an encore, but Mr. Fivah merely bows and smiles, although the rattling and the shouting are increased. "It's all right, gentlemen," announces the president, who wishes to be complimentary; "you'll have plenty of Mr. Fivah before we finish. Some of our vocalists are not here, and I will feel compelled to call upon him very frequently."

The tables are silent on the instant.

"Gentlemen! Pray silence for his worship the mayor of Dulltown!"

The mayor of Dulltown is a dignified gentleman, with a sense of decorum cultivated during many years' experience as a shop walker. He is also a gentleman with pretensions to some culture, so that his reception by the audience is subdued and respectful.

"If you are all charged, gentlemen," he observes, "I shall take it as a sine qua non that you wish me to proceed." He says this in an offhand sort of way, as if the gift of foreign tongues were the simplest thing in the whole world. (Hear, hear, yah, yah.)

After a slight scuffling for bottles and corkscrews his worship proceeds. The importance of the toast he is about to propose leads him to wish from the bottom of his heart that it had been entrusted to somebody else. (The company cry, No no, and his worship, overcome with the pride that apes humility, smiles his dissent from the general verdict.) As there are many other gentlemen—more able and eloquent—(No, no)—who desire to speak, his own speech will be a case of multum in parvo. (Great cheering; and a voice: How much by the bottle-sh?) The toast he has the honour to submit is no less important that that of the guest of the evening.

Bottles, plates and glasses bounce and rattle; some of those present wave their paper serviettes, and all assist in some way or other to swell the uproar.

His worship is sure that no better, more genial, more upright, more businesslike, more popular or more admirable character than the guest ever existed. "In fact, gentlemen," he says, "to make it clear to all of you, I will say at once that he is the ne plus ultra." (Tremendous rattling.)

The toast is supported by half a dozen gentlemen, each of whom draws attention to the not too well concealed fact that he is "unaccustomed to public speaking." One of them claims the honour of having known the guest twenty years ago; a second vows that he and the guest went to school together; a third excites tremendous applause by saying that he knew the guest's wife when she wore pinafores; a fourth—a perfect devil of a fellow—convulses the company by describing the occasional hair-raising adventures of the guest and himself, consisting for the most part of going home drunk, and very late; a fifth goes one better by humorously inquiring whether the guest "remembers that time when he would sing Cockles and Mussels, with emphasis on the 'would.'" (Tremendous laughter.)

Last of all comes the chairman. He dives for the brown paper parcel under the chair, while the secretarial guest—who all the time has been wondering what they are going to give him, and hoping it will be of use—resolutely stares into vacancy, as if

the idea of a presentation had never entered his mind.

"Gentlemen!" says the chairman. (Hear, hear. Yah yah.) "On behalf of 73 subscribers, it is my onerous duty to make our esteemed secretary the recipient of a little token of our regard. (Great cheers.) We first of all thought of getting up a purse of sovereigns, in order that our secretary before going away might pay his debt—that is, of course, buy something that he would like. However, on second thoughts we felt that it would be more pleasing to Mr. and Mrs. Bumps if we gave them something they could keep as a memento, and all that sort of thing. (Cheers.) I may state that if we had wished 200 or 300 more people would have been pleased to contribute, but we thought it best to confine the gift to Mr. Bumps's close friends." (Great cheers.)

"My word," whispers young Smith to his neighbour, "we did have a job to get in the money; we made up the last of it only this morning. Some of them owe yet."

"Now, gentlemen, I have the unexampled honour of handing over to Mr. Bumps (he tears off the brown paper), a suitably inscribed, large-sized electroplated jewel case." (The demonstration of enthusiasm is overwhelming. Mr. Bumps casts extremely disappointed looks at the jewel case, but he contrives to smile and to appear as if it were exactly the thing for which he has been hungering since his first birthday.)

"Gentlemen! Charge your glasses to the brim and drink long life to Mr. and Mrs. Bumps—may they live long to cherish the jewel case."

"Mr. and Mrs. Bumps!"

"Mr. and Mrs. Bumps!"

"Mr. Bumpsh! Hiccup!"

"Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!"

"One for Mrs. Bumps! Hooray!"

"Another for the little Bumpses! Hooray!"

The company sing For He's a Jolly Good Fellow. Who can adequately describe the inspiring scene, when Mr. Bumps—holding the large-sized electroplated suitably inscribed jewel case in one hand and regarding it with melting tenderness—rises to respond? He is dumbfounded, overcome, "knocked all of a heap." It is too much. If anybody had told him half an hour ago (when he was straining his neck in an endeavour to peer under the president's chair) that he was to receive this magnificent present, he would have called that person—well, he will not say. (Loud laughter.) What had he done to deserve it? What kindness had anybody received from him? What—did he want with a jewel—that was to say, could anything be more suitable and handsome? He will hand it down to his son, who will pass it on to the grandson, and even to the tenth generation people will look upon this precious heirloom, and think of the good friends who rallied round the original Bumps. (Great cheers.) It is too good to use, and he will not use it. He will keep his jewels somewhere else. (Great cheers, and a laugh.)

At this stage the secretary is "visibly affected," and succumbs, while the rattling and cheering become greater than before.

Ten more toasts are proposed, and each of them is described as "the most important of the evening." Each of them also should have been placed in "abler hands." The decorum of the elderly gentlemen gradually vanishes. One of them consents to sing a song that earlier in the evening would have created a scandal. The chairman and the guest fall upon each other's shoulders, and cry over their school days. The caterer fearful for his crockery, anxiously collects as much of it as there is within reach. The pianist is determined, in the face of considerable opposition, to show that he can sit on the top of the piano, and play Down Amongst the Dead Men with his feet. Glasses crash upon the floor; young Smith vows that Jones has insulted him, and persists in taking off his coat; two or three of the smokers, overcome by the powerful limy churchwardens and the beer, are pulled out and stacked in the corner; and with a bottle in each pocket an elderly gentleman staggers out to go home.

Finally—some shedding tears from the force of their emotion, and others displaying the greatest hilarity—all that are left of them rise, clasp hands, and sing Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot.

Next morning each of them said to the other, "What a glorious time we had last night, eh!" "Glorious! No name for it!" —"Melbourne Argus."

RECORD IN TRAVEL.

A British Officer goes Round the World in Forty Days.

A retired British officer, who is sixty-four years of age, has accomplished the remarkable feat of making the journey round the world in 40 days 19½ hours. The officer in question is Lieut.-Colonel H. Burnley-Campbell, of Ormidale, Argyllshire, who retired from the command of the 6th Dragoon Guards in 1882.

Lieut.-Colonel Burnley-Campbell, who is an alert, wiry man, much resembling Lord Roberts, left Liverpool on May 3, at 7.20 p.m., and arrived in Quebec on May 10, at 3 p.m., leaving two hours later for Vancouver, which was reached on May 14, at 5 a.m. From Vancouver, at 12.30 the same day he started for Japan, and reached Yokohama on May 26, at 5 a.m. The next day, at 7 p.m., he started for Tsaruga, which was reached at 9.30 a.m. on May 28. Thence he made his way to Vladivostok, and across Siberia to Moscow. From there he went on to Warsaw, for Berlin, and from the latter place to Ostend, and thence to Dover, where the journey was completed at 2.50 p.m. on June 13.

Interviewed, Lieut.-Colonel Burnley-Campbell said his journey across Canada and the Pacific Ocean was without event, his first and most stirring experience being gained on the Sea of Japan, between Tsarugo and Vladivostok, where the steamer grounded during a fog. Immediately the captain discovered the predicament of his craft he back-watered, until, with the aid of the rising tide, the vessel floated off. Had he missed his train connection at Vladivostok he would have had to wait for four days.

The journey across the Trans-Siberian Railway occupied fourteen days and nights and was the most irksome part of the journey, owing to the frequent stoppages.

He adopted no special diet, but was most particular to guard against overeating, and also drank very sparingly.

No arrangements were made for special trains or steamers at any part of the journey, and the colonel depended entirely upon the ordinary connections. He admits that he had a great streak of luck all through in finding these connections ready, a thing which might not always occur.

PROFESSOR SIMS WOODHEAD ON ALCOHOL.

At the annual meeting of the British Temperance League, held on June 25, 1907, Professor Sims Woodhead was the chief speaker in connection with a medical conference. His subject was "Alcohol in Health and Disease." The Professor said the physical aspect was by no means the most important, although it was the aspect which appealed to the man in the street. In the course of a disquisition on the medical aspects, Dr. Woodhead denied that alcohol taken in moderation is essential to modern life. The man in perfect health required no alcohol. The danger of alcohol was that it concealed fatigue and want of food, and deluded people into thinking they were working under favourable conditions, when, as a matter of fact, they were using up their tissues and impairing their efficiency. Alcohol taken regularly in small quantities was more damaging to the tissues than large quantities taken at rare periods. Doctors were now finding that alcohol did not produce the effects they imagined, and it was now used, not as formerly to excite, but to benumb the nerves of the patient. "Alcohol," he said, in conclusion, "is one of the most

important factors in making disease worse, setting up diseased conditions, making people far more liable to disease, and far more liable to be killed off by disease."

THE TEMPERANCE WORKER AMONG THE PEOPLE

"GOOD FOR TRADE."

The butcher stood in his shop the other afternoon, meditating about the number of sides of beef and sheep's carcasses he would require for the next day, when along came a temperance worker.

"Are you in favour of No-License?" asked the temperance worker.

"No, not I, indeed!" wrathfully exclaimed the butcher.

"Why not?"

"Why not? Just because the hotelkeepers are my best customers, and if the pubs were all shut up, of course I would lose trade."

"But who said the hotels would all be shut up?"

"Why, everybody does, of course."

"Then everybody who says that has hold of the wrong end of the stick."

(Just then a baker drove up with his cart and entered into the conversation.)

"That's what you teetotal fanatics are driving at—isn't it? To shut 'em all up?"

"Certainly not. All we aim at is to close the liquor bars; the proper hotel business will continue just the same, and it will be a great deal better for trade."

"Better for trade? I don't see how you make that out. Instead of selling so much meat of a morning, I shall only be able to sell a little."

The temperance worker burst out laughing.

Butcher: "What are you laughing at?"

Baker: "I'm sure I don't see anything to laugh at."

Temperance Worker: "Excuse me, but it seems to me such a ridiculous idea—that you will not be able to sell meat and bread."

Why, people must eat wherever they are! It does not matter whether a man is in a hotel or out of it, he must have something to eat;—and the butcher will sell just as much meat, and the baker just as much bread as ever,—indeed, I should say, sell far more—and then the goods would be paid for, which, frequently, is not the case at present. If thousands of working-men bring their wages home of a Saturday, and give them to the wife—instead of spending the money in drink—then anyone with half an eye can see where the money will be spent. There will be a nice roast of beef bought for Sunday's dinner—and paid for, spot cash, no tick—and groceries, and the children will have boots and clothes, and so forth. I tell you, you business people ought to vote solidly for No-License, and you would soon have to enlarge your premises and employ more men."

The butcher and baker were now listening with interest, for this matter seemed to touch their pockets in a way they did not expect.

Baker: "What's them papers you wanted to show us? Let's have a look at them; they might tell us something."

Temperance Worker: "Yes, they will tell you something if you'll let them, and something to your advantage, too. I suppose you have a few bad debts on your books?"

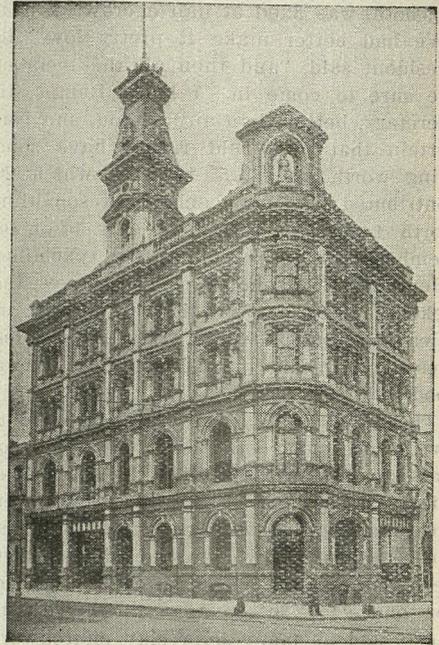
Baker: "Bad debts? My word I have!"

Temperance Worker: "Now, just think a minute. Is it the honest, hard-working sober man who gets on your books, or is it the lazy beer-drinker?"

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Baker: "Why, now I come to think of it, I suppose it's the beer-drinker."

Temperance Worker: "Yes, and the money that ought to have come to you, has been spent in beer and strong drink—Liquor bill last year in New South Wales, £4,531,000; and bread, £2,855,000. Let me advise you to study this question of No-License, and you will see that it is greatly in the interests of tradespeople to close the liquor bars. It means more trade, more prosperity, and more happiness for everybody. But I must pass on, so 'Good day.'"

AN ACCOMMODATING NEGRO.

A Negro preacher, whose supply of hominy and bacon was running low, decided to take radical steps to impress upon his flock the necessity for contributing liberally to the church exchequer. Accordingly, at the close of the sermon, he made an impressive pause, and then proceeded as follows:

"I hab found it necessary, on account ob de astringency ob de hard times, an' de general deficiency ob de circulation mejum in conection wid dis chu'ch, t' introduce ma new ottormatic c'lection box. It is so arranged dat a half dollah or quartah falls on a red plush cushion widout noise; a nickel will ring a small bell distinctly heard by de congregation, an' a suspendah-button, ma fellow-mawtals, will fiah off a pistol; so you will gov'n yo'selves accordingly. Let de c'lection now p'ceed."

Little David had always been regarded by his doting relatives as particularly clever. Still, he rather outdid himself when a rough-looking tramp invaded the yard one afternoon and asked where his father kept his money.

"It's in his vest in the kitchen," replied David.

A few minutes later the tramp came through the kitchen door in a hurry, much battered and torn.

"Smart kid, dat," he muttered, "Never said a word about de old man bein' inside de vest."

DARBY AND JOAN

(It is stated that now that men's club's are open to ladies on certain days, the problem of finding a place where husbands and wives may occasionally meet has been solved.)

I'm a woman of fashion, inspired by a passion

For politics, gambling, and dress,
Theology, too, provided it's new,
Has attractions I'm bound to confess;
Still my duty as wife finds a place in my life,

Though, of course, I don't mangle or scrub;

But I meet my old man (whenever I can)
For a nice tete-a-tete at his club.

We both of us feel the plan is ideal,
And mutual good feeling preserves;
We think it sublime that neither has time
To get on the other one's nerves.

Bi-weekly we chat, and not only that,
We remember our little one, too,
For both of us try, ere the summer goes by,
To meet the dear mite at the Zoo!

—“St. James's Gazette.”

PULPIT MELODRAMA.

Devices to Make Sermons Attractive.

Sermons and services enlivened by all manner of startling devices are being adopted rapidly and in increasing numbers by American clergymen, who are determined to spare no effort to regain for the Church the influence lost by the competition of the press and other forms of popular attraction.

The Rev. Dr. Johnston Myers, Ohio, is the pioneer of the new movement. He announced early in July that the days of the humdrum sermon are over, and immediately took steps to give practical expression to his belief in the necessity of a change of methods. Engaging a brass band for the purpose of attracting a large congregation, he displayed within reach of the pulpit a gigantic American flag disfigured by a big blot artificially attached. Choosing as his subject the “Stainless Flag,” he preached with glowing eloquence on the drink evil, and closed his sermon in highly dramatic fashion by indignantly tearing off the blot amid the applause of his hearers.

The Rev. L. D. Bass, of the Calvary Baptist Church, Cairo, Illinois, was even more melodramatic. He began his Sunday's sermon by a thrilling description of a kiss, dwelling in poetic and fiery terms on the wonderfully magnetic and electric properties of the process of osculation. When his wealth of imagery had reached its height the preacher suddenly dissipated the dreamy languor of his hearers by exclaiming in stentorian tones, “Away with the kissing devil! The kiss is the devil's most cherished and fruitful weapon. It does more to populate hell than whisky, drugs, and all other evils rolled into one. May we be delivered from the kissing devil!” Mr. Bass claims that the sermon was the most theatrically effective he has ever delivered.

POST-CARD CRAZE.

The morning's American mail in 1907 is usually made up like this:

Postal card showing scene in California: “Having fine time.—Bill”.

Postal card with photograph of witness in celebrated trial: “Do you know who this is?—T.”

Postal card asking for a loan.

Postal card announcing an engagement.

Postal card with bill.

Postal card bearing impression of Black Hand.

Postal card in one section; others to come later; all to form a picture of dachshund.

Postal card with photograph of baby: “Isn't he a fine boy.—Bud.”

Two hundred and fifty other postal cards,

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J.S.M., Alexandria.—Electors' Rights are no longer required in the State Elections. If your name is on the Roll you will be allowed to vote. You can see the Roll at the post office for the district where you reside.

Wyandotte.—We hardly know whether to take your question seriously or not. Anyhow, We are not poultry experts even if we do retail “Grit.”

A.D.T.—Certainly you can. What is there to prevent you? Some people have a talent for manufacturing difficulties, and you are perhaps one of them.

W. Mead.—It is the old, old parrot cry. Did you ever know anyone who intended to become a confirmed drunkard? Yet how many do you know who began by taking an odd drink, who now drink to excess? The only safety is in total abstinence, to which No License is the fitting corollary.

Verb Sap.—The term is a contraction of “Verbum Sat Sapienti,” and the meaning, “a word is enough for a wise man.” We hope it will apply in your case.

Gratified.—Every week we hear from someone or somewhere how much “Grit” is appreciated, and naturally such testimony is encouraging. Thank you very much for your good wishes for our continued success.

Yankee.—Sorry we over-looked part of your enquiry. Mark Twain is in his 73rd year.

M.M.—There is a certain improvement manifested, but even now it is not up to standard necessary for publication.

S.L.H.—Sorry we can't see the necessity for what you suggest.

W. Jones.—Perhaps your good intentions might take the form of helping us with our Special Election Number. See page 2 of last issue for details.

Dubious.—The testimony of the Inspector General of Police in his last Annual Report is sufficient “outside” proof that much good has resulted from the new Liquor Act. If you have not read this we advise you to do so, and feel sure you will afterwards decide to help to get the full benefit of the Act by voting for No License.

W.W.M.—We don't think there is any reason to doubt it. At all events, you should have no hesitation under the circumstances.

J. Goodson.—Thank you for your letter. We were rather amused by your illustration, but take it that a compliment was intended.

Nemo.—Queen Victoria died January 22, 1901, and the reign of King Edward VII. of course dates from then, although he was not crowned until August 9, 1902.

Elector.—By all means support the candidate endorsed by the Alliance.

Veto.—Thank you for your offer. The idea is, however, hardly suitable for “Grit.”

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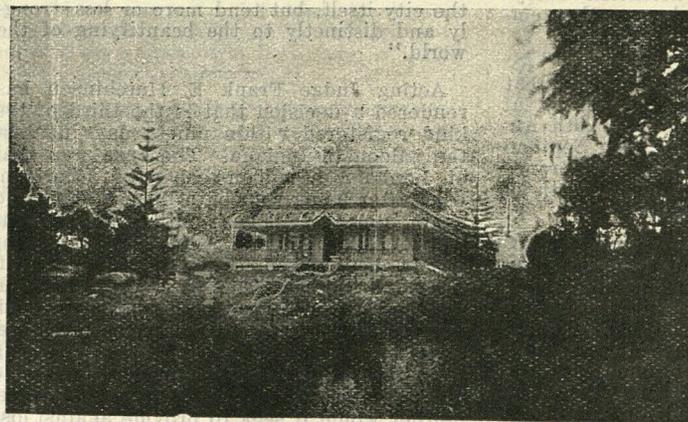
SYDNEY

License.—When you say “you have had nothing to do with water for fifteen years” we hope you don't mean that you have never had a wash for that period? We attribute your present condition to “in spite of” and not “because of” that fact. May we remind you that it is just as forcible to couch a criticism in language less violent than you used. Glad to note that you read “Grit,” and hope to convince you yet.

Tired.—We are tired, also, but not from your cause. Our weariness arises from the fact that some men won't be convinced by plain facts, and you are evidently one of them.

Methodist Book Depot 381 GEORGE ST. SYDNEY (Opp. The Strand).

Temperance Tracts and Temperance Literature. Hoyles' Hymns and Songs for Temperance Societies and Bands of Hope. THE FISK JUBILEE SONGS, 1/-; POSTED 1/2



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THE HOME OF REST is an up-to-date Institution for the reception of the man who has become a slave to alcohol or other drugs.

About four miles from Manly on the Pittwater Road.

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

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

of the patients. Arrangements have been made for a duly qualified medical man to visit the Home at regular intervals to examine and prescribe for the patients, if necessary.

We are pleased to say that several cases already dealt with have been attended with highly satisfactory results. Copies of Testimonials can be seen on application.

All personal applications and correspondence will be treated with the strictest confidence. Write to the Social Secretary, Salvation Army H. adquarters, Goulburn Street, Sydney, or direct to the Manager at the Home.

CAMPAIGN NOTES AND NEWS

Good reports from Southern Districts.

Personal effort is the thing to win with.

Miss Anderson Hughes has been having crowded meetings on the Manning River.

Mr. Finlay Wilson has been engaged to lecture and organize in Sherbrooke Electorate.

Thursday, 29th August; Thursday, 5th September. Keep both these evenings vacant.

Richmond Electorate is still "pegging away." The workers there are enthusiastic and persistent. They deserve success.

The ladies of the W.C.T.U. are canvassing King Electorate. Darling Harbour is being attended to by the C.M. Mission.

The Alliance is to hold several great open-air demonstrations in the Domain on several Sunday afternoons preceding the poll.

At Dubbo the Rev. W. Atkinson replied to Dixon Ward's "arguments," and did it well. A similar duty was performed at Parramatta by the Rev. H. W. Howard.

Alexandria is to have a great No License Demonstration and procession on the Saturday preceding the poll. These should be held in every centre throughout the State.

"Patmos," the No License novel, is having a great sale. It is a 2/6 book, but during the campaign is being sold at 1/6. Send to the Alliance for a copy, and add 3d for postage.

Rev. R. B. S. Hammond conducted a fine meeting at Tenterfield on Thursday evening last. At the end of the present week Mr. Hammond goes on a tour of Southern and Western towns.

A series of midday meetings for city men is being arranged by the Alliance. These meetings will be held up to the time of polling, probably twice a week.

Very encouraging reports are to hand from the Newcastle District. Things are waking up considerably. The liquorites are feeling the pinch and are "hustling" their beery army into something like fighting array.

A good audience assembled on Tuesday evening last week at Redfern Town Hall, to hear a reply to Mr. Dixon Ward. Rev. F. Binns was the principal speaker, and delivered a thoughtful and forceful address.

The Alliance request that orders for leaflets, posters, streamers, and cards, be sent in as early as possible, to prevent delay in despatching. A good stock is on hand and orders will, as far as possible, be despatched on same day as received.

The liquor champion, Mr. Dixon Ward, is still orating nightly in various country towns. He did not stay long in the city. Climate too sultry, probably. But he is receiving an amount of attention everywhere which (to him) has been rather embarrassing than helpful.

The Alliance is arranging for two great No-License demonstrations—the first at the Centenary Hall on Thursday 29th August; the other on Thursday, 5th September. Every member of every temperance organisation should be present at both of these and should wear regalia.

The Alliance have got out some "streamers" for posting on fences, etc., with "Vote for No-License" printed in bold red characters. Price 1s 6d per 100, 10s per 1000. They have also a "How to Vote" card with ballot-paper on one side and "Reasons Why" on the other. Price, 6d per 100; 4s per 1000. Send for samples.

Eight new leaflets will be issued by the Alliance this week. Subjects are: "Instances of No-License," "No-License in New Zealand," "A Publican's Denuncia-



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Famous Tomato Sauce

Unrivalled Worcestershire Sauce

tion," "The City Coroner on Drink," "The Liquor Revenue," "No Compensation," "The Children's Plea," and "To Women Voters." Price 3s 6d per 1000. Send for samples.

Cardinal Gibbons has said: "The great curse of the labouring man is intemperance. It has brought more desolation to the wage earner than strikes, or war, or sickness, or death. It is a more unrelenting tyrant than the grasping monopolist. It has caused little children to be hungry and cold, to grow up among evil associates, to be reared without the knowledge of God. It has broken up more homes and wrecked more lives than any other cause on the face of the earth."

"If the anti-liquor sentiment in this State continues to increase as it has in the last ten years, I predict that Missouri, like Kansas, will be in the prohibition list," declares Major James H. Whitecotton, representative in the State legislature from Monroe County, and former speaker of the House. On May 18, the governor, in his message, urged a law for Local Option by wards in cities of over 25,000 population.

The boards of county commissioners in Morgan and Fountain Counties, in Indiana, in regular monthly session received several applications for saloon licenses, and turned them down unanimously. Each county of Indiana has a board of three county commissioners, which board receives applications for licenses, and heretofore has always granted them, unless there is a remonstrance filed with a majority of voters in a city ward or country township. In these cases there were no such remonstrances, but the commissioners took the high ground that Judges Artman and Christian were right in their decisions, and therefore acted in accordance with this conviction.

Bishop L. B. Wilson, president of the American Anti-Saloon League, says: "Every open saloon in Washington is an encouragement to debauchery in Paris, London, St. Petersburg, Canton, Yokohama, and must bring down the standard of public morality in the lands even less favoured. Every saloon suppressed, every enforcement of ennobling statute, every advance in legislative enactment, must not only beautify the city itself, but tend more or less strongly and distinctly to the beautifying of the world."

Acting Judge Frank E. Hutchinson has rendered a decision that is the third of the kind registered within ninety days against the saloon in Indiana. The case was that of Lanham, a saloon-keeper of Sheridan, who, after being refused a license again and again, appealed his case until it was brought before Judge Artman, who handed it over to Mr. Hutchinson. This judge argued after much the same sort as Judges Christian and Artman in the cases already cited, holding that "the state of Indiana certainly recognises the dangers and evils resulting from the retail liquor business, or it would not pay men to teach the effects of its use, neither would it seek to provide against loss to its citizens by requiring the bond provided for by Section 7297 of Burns' Revised Statutes of Indiana, 1901." The motion of attorneys for the dismissal of the case was therefore sustained.

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THE FITNESS OF THINGS.

Sydney Smith was travelling in a stage-coach in which two army officers were also passengers. As they journeyed they told stories to while away the time. Each officer interlarded his narrative with many oaths suggestive of "the army in Flanders," as was the custom in those days of less delicacy of thought and expression than present times. Sydney Smith drew from his ample stock one of his best, and told it in his best style, interjecting in the middle of the liveliest sentences the words, "shovel, fire-tongs and irons." At the close one of the officers expressed his appreciation of the story, but remarked that he did not see the appositeness of the expression, "shovel, fire-tongs and irons," so frequently used.

"Yes, yes," said Smith, "neither could I see the appropriateness of your many oaths."

It is said that the officers "saw" the fitness of the rebuke, and that for the residue of the journey swearing was under the interdict of good manners.

How the World Moves

A favourite study of the King of Siam is astronomy.

A single ton of steel will make about 10,000 gross of steel pens.

The hide of a cow produces about 35lb. of leather, that of a horse about 18lb.

An ordinary motor omnibus costs between £600 and £800, and its life is about three and a half years.

Although South America has about twice the area of the United States, it has only half the population.

The best cork comes from Algeria. There are two and a half million acres of cork forests in that country.

The heaviest sentence of flogging in the British Navy during the last century is believed to have been 500 lashes.

A herring lives the shortest time of any fish when taken out of water; carp and eels the greatest length of time.

The worn-out uniforms of the British Army, when sold, bring back into the War Office treasury close upon £30,000 a year.

The two deepest water wells in the world are those at Budapest and at St. Louis, U.S.A. The former is 3180ft., the latter 3840ft. deep.

Doctors in Sweden never send bills to their patients, the amount of their remuneration being left entirely to the generosity of the latter.

In the band of the Coldstream Guards there are no fewer than fifteen clarionetists, while there are twenty others who take the cornet, trombone, and trumpet parts.

In Java women and young girls do all the work of porters, carrying heavy loads on their heads with great skill. As soon as a Javanese girl can walk she is taught the art of carrying things in that way.

A train going at a rate of sixty miles an hour can be stopped within 120 yards from the first application of the brake; in doing this, enough power is lost to carry the train fifteen miles over a level surface.

An egg of abnormal size has been laid by a hen belonging to Chief Officer Earwood, of the West Bay Coastguards, Bridport (Eng.). It measured 7 5/8 in. by 6 3/4 in., and weighed slightly less than a quarter of a pound.

In 1802 the greatest vessel afloat, the "Commerce de Marseilles," was but 211ft. 7 in. long, and of 2800 tons, so relatively small, in fact, that three ships of her size could lie ahead of each other alongside the "Oceanic," and the liner would overlap all three by nearly 70ft.

"Coalheavers" is one of the pet nicknames of the Grenadier Guards. This was given them on account of their being allowed at one time to work for private individuals in plain clothes in order to augment their regimental pay.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

All business communications and applications for advertising space should be made to the Business Manager Box No. 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE.

"Grit" will be sent POST FREE for a quarter to any address in the Commonwealth on receipt of postal note or stamps for 1/1 in advance, or twelve months for 4/4.

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Please post me "GRIT" to the following address, for which I enclose the sum of

Mr., Mrs. or Miss

At a cost of 3d.

for soap that big wash was easily done—for it was good Sunlight Laundry Soap.

It has been decided to mount a battery of 4-inch breech-loading quick-firing guns on the British battleships "Temeraire" and "Bellerophon," which are to be launched next August, for torpedo repelling, instead of the 12-pounders carried on the "Dreadnought" for that purpose.

The value of a real old Persian rug lies in the number of hand-made knots to the square inch. A silk rug, which was sold for £5000, and which was catalogued "Middle Persia," was 6ft. 11in. in length, and 4ft. 10in. in width, and contained 780 hand-tied Persian knots to the square inch.

Nearly 8000 school gardens exist in Austria, not including the sister kingdom of Hungary. They are connected with both private and public schools, and are used for purposes of practical instruction in horticulture and tree-growing, and often contain botanical museums and bee-hives.

It is not generally known that the wearing of a Service uniform by a civilian is an offence punishable by law; but this does not apply to stage plays performed in a place that has been duly licensed for theatrical representations. The Act includes any dress having the appearance of uniform.

In the ancient cathedral of Genoa a vase of immense value has been preserved for six centuries. Cut from a single emerald, its principal diameter is 12 3/4 in., and its height 5 3/4 in. It is kept under several locks, the keys of which are in different hands. When shown to the public, it is suspended round the neck of a priest by a cord, and no one else is allowed to touch it.

Since the death of Queen Victoria, the duties of a Maid of Honour have varied considerably. The post is no sinecure, as will be seen by the fact that a Maid of Honour goes on duty as soon as Her Majesty rises, and takes it in turn to be in attendance upon her until she retires at 11.30 or 12 o'clock. Queen Alexandra is content with four Maids of Honour, whereas the late Queen had eight.

The biggest rug ever woven in a single piece has been completed for the lodge-room of the Knights of Pythias, in Hartford, Connecticut. It is 42ft. 6in. long, by 36ft. 6in. wide, and contains 1551 sq. feet, or 172 sq. yards. Some idea of the immensity of its size may be gathered from the fact that if it were cut up it would be sufficient to carpet an ordinary-sized three-storey house, containing drawing-room, dining-room, library, hall, stairways and three bedrooms. It is valued at £1000 and was designed by American artists, and spun, dyed, woven, and finished by American workmen. The design is Oriental, founded on a geometric basis, and of rich, though subdued colouring.

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