

GRIT.

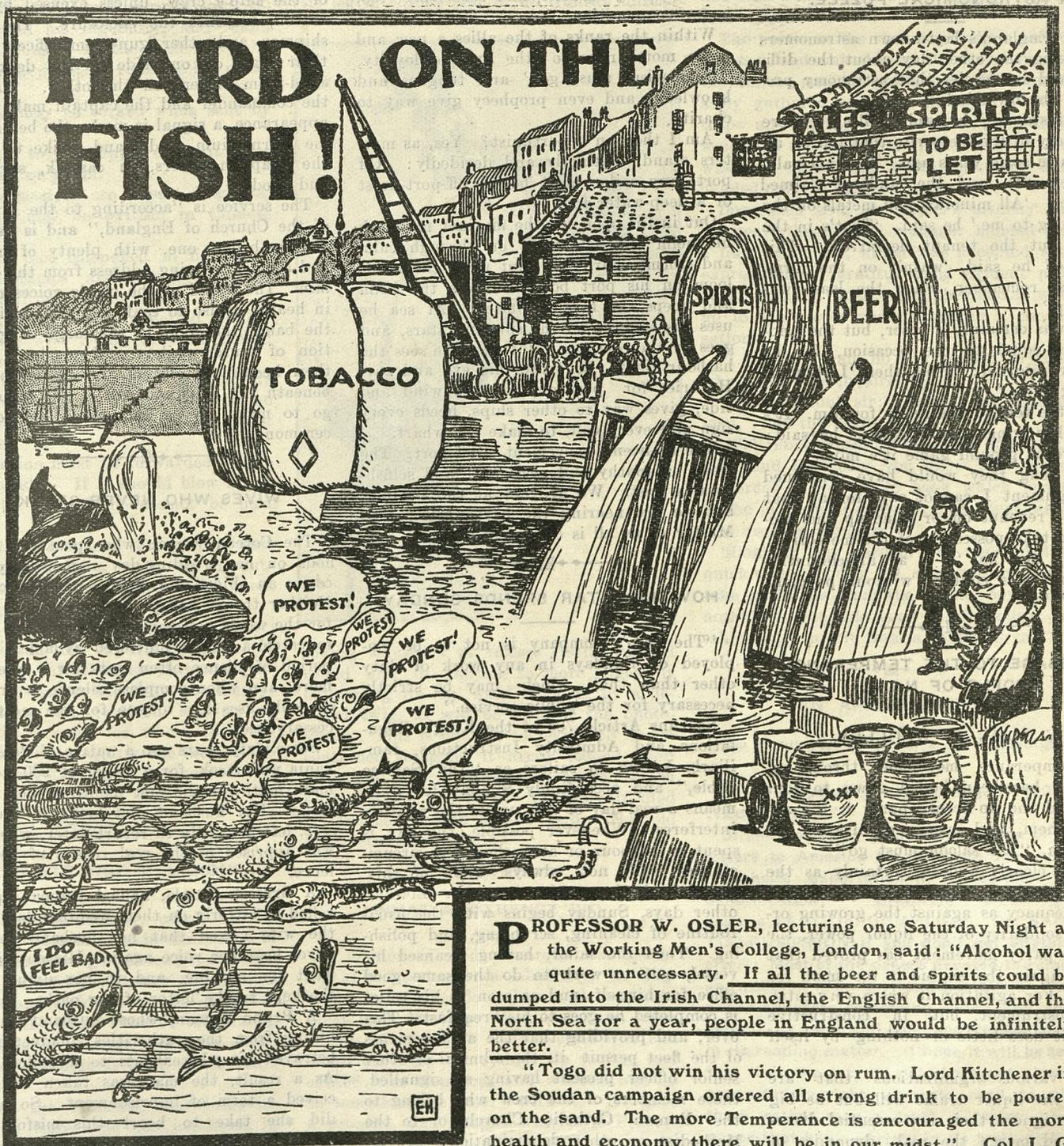
A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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Price One Penny



PROFESSOR W. OSLER, lecturing one Saturday Night at the Working Men's College, London, said: "Alcohol was quite unnecessary. If all the beer and spirits could be dumped into the Irish Channel, the English Channel, and the North Sea for a year, people in England would be infinitely better.

"Togo did not win his victory on rum. Lord Kitchener in the Soudan campaign ordered all strong drink to be poured on the sand. The more Temperance is encouraged the more health and economy there will be in our midst." Col. L. G. Fawkes R.A.

Save Your Money!

Save Your Health!

ORIGIN OF THE TEETOTAL PLEDGE AND ITS FOUNDER.

A touching scene was witnessed at the British Temperance League Conference recently, when William Livesey, eldest son of Joseph Livesey, the founder of the teetotal pledge, attended, and was received by the delegates standing.

Though he will shortly celebrate his ninety-second birthday, the veteran teetotaler mounted the platform unaided, and in a short address expounded the scheme drawn up by his father, seventy-five years ago, for reaching the masses on a gigantic scale. If preachers, he said, were relieved of sermonising on Sundays, and their congregations, after prayer and a short discourse, should go in pairs and visit the drunkards whom they would find with aching heads, the visitation would prevent many of them from going back to the public-houses, when the latter opened at noon. The scheme, he contended, would lengthen the life of the preachers and benefit millions of people. Seventy-five years ago, he declared emphatically, the Preston Temperance Society got its first and greatest impetus from this method of visitation.

AN ASTRONOMICAL PUZZLE.

One of England's best-known astronomers was talking the other day about the difficulties and intricacies that astronomy presents to the lay mind.

"For instance," he said, smiling, "there is the story of the meteorite that fell on an Essex farm some years ago. It was a valuable meteorite, and the landlord claimed it at once. 'All minerals and metals on the land belong to me,' he said. 'That's in the lease.' But the tenant demurred. 'This meteorite,' he said, 'wasn't on the farm, you must remember, when the lease was drawn up.'

"This was certainly a poser, but the landlord was equal to the occasion, for he promptly retorted: 'Well, then, I claim it as flying game.'

"But the tenant was ready for him. 'It's got neither wings nor feathers,' he said; 'therefore as ground game it's mine.'

"How long they would have continued their argument I cannot say, for at that moment a revenue officer came up and proceeded to take possession of the meteorite: 'Because,' said he, 'it is an article introduced into this country without payment of duty.'"

A MESSAGE TO THE TEMPERANCE PEOPLE OF N.S.W.

BY JOHN G. WOOLLEY.

The temperance movement throughout the world has been boiled down to four words, and the no-license party is the author of them, and every organization accepts them, "The saloon must go!"

But, as clearly and as certainly as the personal abstinence movement proved its own inadequacy as against the growing organizing solidarity of the liquor power, the no-license party movement has proved that now and again the engine is too small for the load. For agitation it was a very satisfactory instrument, but in constructive politics, it does little or nothing by itself alone.

If the various organizations that are opposing the liquor traffic will but be big enough to ignore their non-essential divergences, and merge the real dynamics of their possibilities, it is not too much to hope that the next national election may put the reins of federal power into the hands of the Abraham Lincoln of the saloon slavery.

Who is he? I have not an idea. But any one of the men prominently mentioned would answer, if a united and authoritative voting church should give the order.

It is folly to suppose that the leaders of to-day, and the other silent ones upon this subject are friends of the saloon. They love their country and they hate their enemies, but they have been trained in the school of practical politics that goes by votes and not by sentiment, and they think we are too busy fighting each other to support them in a progressive step, or punish them for delay. We must let them know our will, and for that message there is no language but ballots.

Compromise, within the lines of essential principle, is not weakness or wickedness, but reasonableness and effectiveness. Compromise as to details is an intelligent and decent appreciation of the bigness of the problem and the dignity of the actors.

The earnestness of the reformer who denies honest intentions to those who, for the same end, insist upon a different means, has gone too far.

The decent people of this country are resolving into a committee of the whole to shut down the stills and the breweries, and shut up the saloons, and the plain call of reason, and judgment, and conscience, too, is for co-operation.

Within the ranks of the allies a new and noble motto rises to the lips of loyalty, "Dogmatism must go," and tongues and knowledge and even prophecy give way to charity.

Am I then an opportunist? Yes, as matters stand, distinctly and decidedly: Off port, any sailor must be an off-port-unist or a deep-water fool.

Out in the open sea the mariner may lash his helm and sail right on through calm and storm regardless. But when the heads loom on his port bow, he frees the helm and keeps the bridge himself. At sea he uses his sextant on the sun and stars, and goes by the compass. But when he sees the harbour lights, he trusts his eye and ear. He tries for position, studies wind and tide, gives way to other ships, heeds every sign and every call, to make the wharf.

The no-license movement is off port. The ocean of apathy and negligence and selfishness is past. We are not at the landing, but we are nearing the harbour, and the Master of us all is on the bridge.

HOW JACK TAR SPENDS SUNDAY.

"The ship's company is not to be employed on Sundays in any work or duty other than that which may be strictly necessary for the public service."

So runs Article 703 of the King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions, familiarly known to sailors as "the Service Bible," and accordingly Sunday for Jack means a real day of rest unless the weather interferes. Whenever possible, the day is spent in harbour or at anchor, but circumstances will not always allow of this especially if the weather is rough. Like all other days, Sunday begins with the usual routine of cleaning, scrubbing, and polishing. Then the sailor, having cleansed his vessel, sets to work to do the same good office for himself, and as soon as his toilet is completed he goes to his breakfast. This over, and providing that the arrangements of the fleet permit it, the admiral or other senior officer present having so signalled, those members of the crew who belong to the Roman Catholic Church, or to the Methodist or other denominations, are allowed to land and attend a place of worship of their own particular persuasion.

Those remaining on the ship have a general clear-up, and garments are overhauled, creases smoothed out, and buttons

rubbed up until they glitter and shine. At 9.15 the bugle sounds for "Divisions" and "Clear lower deck." Each man hastens to his appointed part of the vessel, and falls in under his own divisional officers—marines, infantry and artillery, on the quarter-deck, bluejackets aft and amidships, and stokers forward. Every man on the ship, with the exception of a few "duty men," is now on deck. Then the captain comes from his apartments, and surrounded by his officers, with frock-coats and glittering swords, he goes "the rounds," accompanied by all the heads of departments, as well as several of their subordinates.

The procession having ended its tour of inspection, the bugler sounds "Dismiss," and the boatswain's mates pipe "Hands rig church." The quarter-deck is converted into a very fair semblance of a church in a remarkable short space of time. It is entirely surrounded by screens of canvas, forms from the mess-deck are arranged for the men, and chairs for the officers. In the centre stands the chaplain's flag-draped reading-desk and harmonium, round which latter are grouped the members of the ship's band.

The sentry on the half-deck then tolls the bell for "church," and all the boys and men of the ship's crew, unless excused by any reason, file into the enclosure. The midshipmen and other gun-room officers take their seats on one side of the deck, the ward-room officers on the other. Lastly, the commander and the captain make their appearance, a signal is made, the bell stops, the harmonium and band strike up, and the chaplain enters, in cassock, surplice, and hood.

The service is "according to the Liturgy of the Church of England," and is usually a very bright one, with plenty of music, and a brief, stirring address from the chaplain. The sound of the men's voices raised in hearty praise to God, and the strains of the band, the sight of the large congregation of sturdy sailors and marines, with their keen-faced officers, united in worship beneath the grim muzzles of the guns, all go to make up a singularly impressive ceremony.

WIVES WHO NEVER SPEAK.

The Korean woman who speaks or even nods on her wedding-day immediately becomes an object of ridicule and loses caste. Neither threat nor prayer must move her, for the whole household is ever on the alert to catch a single muttered syllable. Her period of silence often lasts for a week or more, and when complete silence is broken she only uses her tongue for the most necessary uses.

Some sixty years ago a native of Pennsylvania undertook, for a wager of £30, to remain mute for the first month of her marriage. Her husband, not being in the secret, left her, only to return later, when he was apprised of the real reason of her silence.

A Brussels couple, named Dupont, quarrelled so bitterly on their wedding-day that the wife vowed that her husband should never hear her voice again. His entreaties went for nothing, and to her dying day she kept to the letter of her oath.

A Brunn woman, whose husband was in hiding from the authorities, inadvertently betrayed his whereabouts to a police spy. As a result, the man was taken and received a term of imprisonment. So much did she take to heart this misfortune, brought about by her gossip, that she resolved to remain mute to the end of her life.

The need of the hour is "GRIT." Be sure and get it.

AT THE DENTIST'S.

"Do you give gas here?" asked a wild-looking man who rushed into a dentist's.

"We do," replied the dentist.

"Does it put a fellow to sleep?"

"It does."

"Sound asleep, so you can't wake him up?"

"Yes."

"You could break his jaw or black his eye and he wouldn't feel it?"

"He would know nothing about it."

"How long does he sleep?"

The physical insensibility produced by inhaling the gas lasts a minute, or probably a little less."

"I expect that's long enough. Got it all ready for a fellow to take?"

"Yes. Take a seat in this chair and show me your tooth."

"Tooth nothing!" said the excited caller, beginning rapidly to remove his coat and vest. "I want you to pull a porous plaster off my back."

POST-OFFICE HUMOURS.

A postmaster in a small country town recently exercised his ingenuity, and found vent for his humour at the same time, by posting up a new set of rules in his office. They were:—

Ink bottles may be corked when sent by post.

It is unsafe to post apple or fruit trees with the fruit on them.

As all postmasters are expert linguists, the addresses may be written in Chinese or Hebrew.

Persons are not compelled to lick their own postage-stamps and envelopes; the postmaster will do this for them.

Persons are earnestly requested not to send post-cards with money orders attached as large sums are lost in this way.

It is particularly requested that lovers writing to each other will please confine their gushing rhapsodies to the inside of the envelope.

Nitro-glycerine must be forwarded at the risk of the sender. If it should blow up in the postmaster's hand, he cannot be held responsible.

When watches are sent through the post the sender should put a notice on the outside—the postmasters will then wind them up and keep them in going order.

When sending a money-order in a letter, always write full and explicit directions in the same communication, so that any person getting the letter can draw the money.

When letters are received bearing no direction, the persons for whom they are intended will please signify the fact to the postmaster, that they may at once be forwarded.

LONDON'S STRANGE RELIGIONS.

The Faithist Community, which has established a modest footing in Balham, and whose comprehensive gospel ranges from the creation of man to the "glory and labours of the gods and goddesses of the Etherian Heavens," is the latest addition to the long list of London's strange religious sects, which are now almost as many as the days of the year.

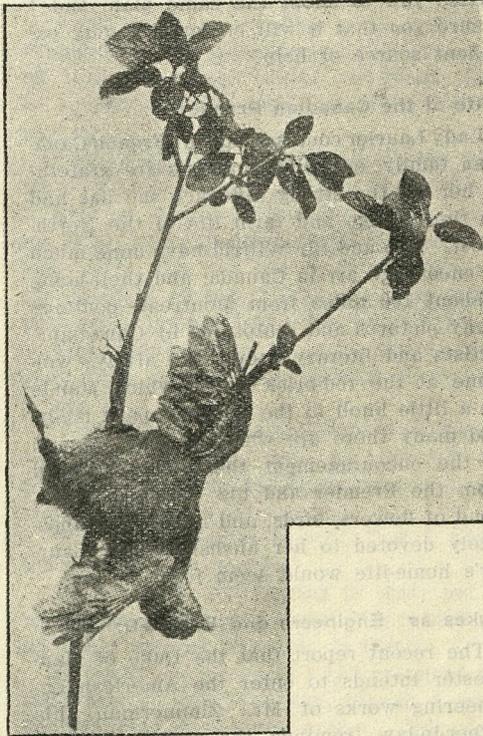
In London the Chinaman burns his incense-stick in more than one joss-house in the East-end; the Mohammedan has his mosques; the Malayan his temple, near St. George's-street East; the Parsees worship the sun in Bloomsbury; the Mormons have a mission in Islington; and in many parts of the Metropolis the Buddhists and

Ancestor-worshippers perform their strange rites.

Of Christian sects in London there are at least 300, including the Cokelers, the disciples of William Sirgood, the Walworth shoemaker; the Peculiar People, who prefer prayers to physicians; the Sandemanians, the followers of Joanna Southcott, the prophetic serving-maid; the Shakers, and the Seventh-Day Baptists.—"Westminster Gazette."

A COUNTRYSIDE TRAGEDY.

The photograph reproduced from "Captain," gives a glimpse of one of the many little woodland tragedies which happen so often and yet are actually seen so rarely. The bird is a fledgling thrush. Probably it had left its nest for the first time. It is usual for the old thrush to take the young ones out and leave them on boughs in the immediate vicinity of the nest in order that they may become accustomed to balancing themselves and to enable them to stretch their wings before attempting flight. Evidently the bird in the picture lost its own balance or, in endeavouring to hop from one twig to another, caught its leg in a fork and in its frantic, unrea-



soning struggles to release itself, twisted round, and, in addition to more hopelessly entangling its leg, fixed its wing by a decayed twig, as will be seen in the photograph. This is not all, for evidently in its continued struggles it firmly lodged itself by means of a third decayed branch which secured it in the back. Probably it died of exhaustion and fright before the old bird returned to it.

WHAT A SIXPENCE DID.

A missionary from Australia was speaking at a meeting at a schoolroom in England, and told about his work and the great need for help. Next morning, when he was at breakfast, a little child who had heard his story came shyly up to him and offered him sixpence, and wanted him to do something "special" with it. He gave a promise, and bought with it a Prayer-book.

After his return to Australia, he was waiting one day in church when he saw a girl peep into the building. He spoke kindly to her, and found that she was a work-house girl sent out from England,

and was going to a farm some twenty miles inland. He gave her the Prayer-book, with the request that she would read it.

Several weeks later a rough-looking man came and asked if he was the parson who had given his servant-girl a Prayer-book. He then said his wife was very ill, and wanted to see the clergyman. Though it was twenty miles away, the clergyman went at once, and ministered to the poor woman. Some little time after this the man again made his appearance, and said he had been talking to his neighbours, and they would build a church at their own expense and with their own labour if the clergyman would conduct the services. The clergyman promised to do so as far as he could, and services are now held in it. This was the outcome of a child's sixpence.

TIPPING THE PORTER.

Not long ago one of the chief of the paid officials—the general manager, so it is said—of a certain important railway alighted at a little junction station away in the heart of the country. The railway dignitary was returning alone from a fishing expedition, and was well burdened with luggage of various kinds.

The porter at the station proved a perfect paragon, and waited upon the traveller with the utmost possible politeness. He immediately gathered together all the traveller's traps and said he would look after them well until the departure of the branch train, when he would see that they were duly handed over to their owner.

Impressed with the porter's alacrity and courtesy, the general manager handed him a fairly good tip, which was accepted with expressions of gratitude and evident pleasure. After a little while the official went up to the porter and introduced a conversation.

"I say, my man, do you happen to know who I am?" he inquired.

"Indeed I don't sir; I haven't the slightest idea," was the ready reply.

"Well, I'm the general manager of this railway, and I suppose you know that there's an order in your rule book which speaks in the plainest possible terms against taking tips from passengers."

"Begging your pardon, sir," responded the quick-witted porter, "it says we are not to take gratuities from the public, but there's nothing in the rule book at all against our taking such a gift from a fellow-servant."

AN APPRECIATION.

206 Pennsylvania Ave., s. c., Washington, D.C.

Sydney, en route, Aug. 11, 1907.

.. Editor "Grit,"—

Sir,—I am using your paper in one of my letters to America to illustrate the negro preacher's exhortation in a sermon on Sanctification: "Brethren, what you need is SANCTIFI-GUMPTION. Get SANC-TIFI-GUMPTION if you don't get anything else." Most of the papers devoted to reform and religion lack "grit and gumption." Your paper suggests something living and energetic in its name and look, and "makes good" in its reading matter. I hope it will be seen that it is the way to get those not already converted to right views to read, to give them rather than a tract, a newsy newspaper that has a variety in its tasty diet. I know of no other temperance paper so well adapted to be the very best when it has capital and constituency enough.

Yours for a "better world," here and now,

WILBUR F. CRAFTS, Ph.D.

Talk about People

The Man Who Rules Australia.

Ask a hundred people who David Syme is, and it is doubtful (says a London paper) if one of them could give you any information about him. Turn to "Who's Who" and you find the bald announcement that he has been proprietor of the "Melbourne Age," for the last fifty years and has written four books. And yet this man, who is frequently referred to as "the King of Australia," wields an influence unequalled, probably, by any other journalist in the world. The son of a Scottish schoolmaster, Mr. Syme, commonly known as "King David," went to Australia for the purpose of engaging in mining enterprise. His brother Ebenezer founded the "Melbourne Age"—one of the most valuable newspaper properties in existence—and after his death David conducted the paper, with the assistance of his nephew, Mr. Joseph Syme. The latter, however, has now retired, and Mr. David Syme is sole proprietor. Mr. Deakin was formerly the chief leader-writer on the "Age," and it is an open secret that he voices the opinions of Mr. Syme. "King David" seldom, if ever, makes a public appearance, and devotes the whole of his time and energies to his journalistic work. His only recreation is farming, and he possesses a herd of 300 cows, of which he is not a little proud.

A Valuable Possession

Among the many valuable presents which King Edward has received is one in connection with which the following story is told:

His Majesty, when Prince of Wales, on alighting from his carriage at the door of a house he was about to visit, observed a blind man and his dog trying to cross the crowded thoroughfare.

Without a moment's hesitation our present King went to the rescue, and successfully piloted the pair through a throng of carriages.

A short time after he received a massive silver inkstand with the following inscription:

"To the Prince of Wales, from one who saw him conduct a blind beggar across the street. In memory of a kind and Christian action!"

The name of the donor has never been discovered, but the anonymous gift is certainly not the least prized of his Majesty's possessions.

Father of the Piano Trade.

Mr. John Brinsmead, the father of the pianoforte trade, and his wife, who are each ninety-two years of age, celebrated their seventieth wedding anniversary on June 3rd. Mr. Brinsmead was born in North Devon on October 13th, 1814, and was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker in Torrington. As soon as his time was out he walked to London, and founded the great house of Brinsmead. On June 3rd, 1837, a few days before the accession of Queen Victoria, he married Miss Susan Brown, daughter of an officer in the 92nd Highlanders. Mr. Brinsmead is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and has been decorated with the Order of Knighthood (Villa Vicoza) by the King of Portugal.

Mr. Carnegie's Mother.

Mr. Carnegie, the well-known millionaire, was first employed as a telegraph messenger in Pittsburg, and he says that one of the most memorable events in his life was when his wages were raised from £2 5s to £2 14s.

He went home one Saturday night and gave his mother the usual £2 5s, and then, later on, he surprised her by giving her 9s more.

"My mother," he said, "was nurse, seamstress, cook, laundress, teacher, angel, and saint, and no servants between."

The Archbishop's Notebook.

On the occasion of a prize-giving, the Archbishop of Canterbury admitted his audience into the secret of his methods of continuing his education.

When at school his master provided the scholars with a book in which to jot down anything they heard or saw, but of which they knew little, so that afterwards they might look it up and thus add to their knowledge.

His Grace said he had found the system a very excellent one indeed, and it would probably surprise his audience to know that he still did it.

"I would not for the world let you see what is in my notebook," his Grace went on, holding up the book, "for if I were to reveal what was in it your astonishment would be very great indeed; but I would advise you to adopt the same plan, and I assure you that it will be found a very excellent source of help."

Wife of the Canadian Premier.

Lady Laurier comes of an old French-Canadian family, and all Canadians are grateful to her for the strong influence she has had on the cottage and farm life of the North-West. She and Sir Wilfrid have done much to encourage art in Canada, and their home—about 100 miles from Montreal—contains many pictures and sculptures by Canadians. Artists and literary people are always welcome at the red-brick house which stands on a little knoll in the midst of park lands, and many there are who feel they owe all to the encouragement they have received from the Premier and his gracious wife. Fond of flowers, birds, and music, and absolutely devoted to her husband, Lady Laurier's home-life would seem ideal.

Dukes as Engineers and Engine-Drivers

The recent report that the Duke of Manchester intends to enter the American engineering works of Mr. Zimmerman, his father-in-law, reminds the writer that, in the Duke of Saragossa, Spain possesses a nobleman whose chief delight is to drive engines. Clad in the ordinary dress of a locomotive engineer, living the same life, and eating the same food as the other drivers, the young Duke of Saragossa drives a train twice a week from Madrid to the French frontier. The charms of wealth, the luxuries of the table, and vast retinues of servants have no attraction for the young nobleman equal to that of the throttle and the rushing air swirling round his flying engine. He did the same thing last summer, and was not found out until he had arranged a race with the express and a motor-cycle ridden by a friend. He mixes as a comrade with the other engineers on the North Spanish Railroad, and lives their life exactly. By the way, how many people know that the Khedive of Egypt has also driven an engine on more than one occasion?

A Singer Athlete.

Few eminent singers are such keen and enthusiastic devotees of outdoor life and exercise as Mr. Kennerley Rumford, who married Mme. Clara Butt seven years ago. His cricket is not of the academic order.

A member of the M.C.C. and the Surrey County Club, he captained annually a side of Americans against a side of painters skippered by Mr. Abbey. At golf his handicap is six, and he is a playing member of several golf clubs. His tennis and racquets are very fair. His chief exploits, however, have been with salmon in Norway. The late Queen Victoria was wont to give him fishing on the Dee when he was commanded to sing at Balmoral.

Mme. Patti's Admirer.

Once in Italy a card was brought to Mme. Patti from a man whose name she did not know, but who was so very anxious to see her that she allowed him to be shown into her room. When the unknown came in, he proved to be a little old man who was quite red and speechless with nervousness. Suddenly Patti noticed smoke coming out of his coat, so without saying a word she seized a glass of water and threw it over him. It turned out that the old man had put his lighted cigar into his pocket when he entered the room, and so had set fire to his coat. "Sir," said Mme. Patti, "I have had many admirers who professed themselves burning with admiration for me, but I have never before met one who went so far as to set himself on fire to prove it."

HOTEL CHAPLAINS.

Unique Office Abolished.

The Hotel Association of New York has abolished the office of hotel chaplain, and the Rev. Henry Marsh Warren, who is credited with marrying more people than any other parson in America, will shortly leave there to study the holy places in Palestine. Henceforth, it is hoped, there will be no more mid-night or early morning weddings on hotel premises, and that the young couples who, on the shortest notice, summoned Mr. Marsh from his slumbers to their hotel to tie the knot, will give more reflection before taking so important a step. Incidentally Mr. Warren surrendered his idea of converting Wall-street by holding noon meetings hard by the curb market, and on returning from the Holy Land will accept the leadership of a mission to fallen women, offered him by two rich ladies in New York, who have promised to finance the scheme. To speak frankly, Mr. Warren was never very enthusiastic about the Wall-street plan, more particularly as the younger class brokers and brokers' clerks seemed disinclined to take him very seriously.

Speaking about his work as hotel chaplain, Mr. Warren denies that marrying all kinds of people at all times of the day and night was such a money-making business as people supposed. "On the contrary," he says, "my bank book will show that the balance is fully £1420 against me during my term as hotel chaplain. I have been called on to give more than I have received. I do not say this in a spirit of regret, but simply to correct a false impression. It is true I have married many people of wealth and prominence, and on the spur of the moment, so to speak. It is also true that I have received many large fees for these ceremonies, but I have married scores without fees to one where a fee was accorded me."

With the disappearance of the unique office of hotel chaplain, and the scandals which it occasionally entailed, an end comes also to the Sunday morning prayer meetings in the hotel coffee-rooms, which Mr. Warren also conducted. In a word, the religion officially supplied by the Hotel Association of New York has gone for good.

Ralph Connor on the 'D.T's.'

A Chapter from the "Sky Pilot."

The spring "round-ups" were all over and Bruce had nothing to do but to loaf about the Stopping Place, drinking old Latour's bad whisky and making himself a nuisance. In vain The Pilot tried to win him with loans of books and magazines and other kindly courtesies. He would be decent for a day and then would break forth in violent argumentation against religion and all who held to it.

"I can't touch him," he said to me, after the service; "he's far too clever, but," and his voice was full of pain, "I'd give something to help him."

"If he doesn't quit his nonsense," I replied, "he'll soon be past helping. He doesn't go out on his range, his few cattle wander everywhere, his shack is in a beastly state, and he himself is going to pieces, miserable fool that he is." For it did seem a shame that a fellow should so throw himself away for nothing.

Within a fortnight we were thinking it out with some intentness. The Noble Seven were to have a great "blow-out" at the Hill brothers' ranch. The Duke had got home from his southern trip a little more weary-looking, and a little more cynical in his smile. The "blow-out" was to be held on Permit Sunday, the alternate to the Preaching Sunday, which was a concession to The Pilot, secured chiefly through the influence of Hi and his baseball nine. It was something to have created the situation involved in the distinction between Preaching and Permit Sundays. Hi put it rather graphically. "The devil takes his innin's one Sunday and The Pilot the next," adding emphatically, "He hain't done much scorin' yit, but my money's on The Pilot, you bet!" Bill was more cautious and preferred to wait developments. And developments were rapid.

The Hill brothers' meet was unusually successful from a social point of view. Several Permits had been requisitioned and whisky and beer abounded. Races all day and poker all night and drinks of various brews both day and night, with varying impromptu diversions, such as shooting the horns off wandering steers—were the social amenities indulged in by the noble company. On Monday evening I rode out to the ranch, urged by Moore, who was anxious that some one should look after Bruce.

"Strike one!" called out Hi, enthusiastically, not approving of Bruce's attitude toward his friend, The Pilot.

"Don't be so acute," said Bruce, after the laugh had passed, "but have a drink."

He was flushed and very shaky and very noisy. The Duke, at the head of the table, looked a little harder than usual, but, though pale, was quite steady. The others were all more or less nerve-broken, and about the room were the signs of a wild night. A bench was upset, while broken bottles and crockery lay strewn about over a floor reeking with filth. The disgust on my face called forth an apology from the younger Hill, who was serving up ham and eggs as best he could to the men lounging about the table.

"It's my housemaid's afternoon out," he explained gravely.

"Gone for a walk in the park," added another.

"Hope Mister Connor will pardon the absence," sneered Bruce, in his most offensive manner.

"Don't mind him," said Hi, under his breath, "the blue devils are runnin' him down."

This became more evident as the evening went on. From hilarity Bruce passed to sullen ferocity, with spasms of nervous terror. Hi's attempts to soothe him finally drove him mad, and he drew his revolver, declaring he could look after himself, in proof of which he began to shoot out the lights.

The men scrambled into safe corners, all but The Duke, who stood quietly by watching Bruce shoot. Then saying:

"Let me have a try, Bruce," he reached across and caught his hand.

"No, you don't," said Bruce, struggling. "No man gets my gun."

He tore madly at the gripping hand with both of his, but in vain, calling out with frightful oaths:

"Let go! let go! I'll kill you! I'll kill you!"

With a furious effort he hurled himself back from the table, dragging The Duke partly across. There was a flash and a report, and Bruce collapsed, The Duke still gripping him. When they lifted him up he was found to have an ugly wound on his arm, the bullet having passed through the fleshy part. I bound it up as best I could, and tried to persuade him to go to bed. But he would go home. Nothing could stop him. Finally The Duke agreed to go with him, and off they set, Bruce loudly protesting that he could get home alone, and did not want any one.

It was a dismal break-up to the meet, and we all went home, feeling rather sick, so that it gave me no pleasure to find Moore waiting in my shack for my report of Bruce. It was quite vain for me to make light of the accident to him. His eyes were wide open with anxious fear when I had done.

"You needn't tell me not to be anxious," he said, "you are anxious yourself. I see it. I feel it."

"Well, there's no use trying to keep things from you," I replied, "but I am only a little anxious. Don't you go beyond me and work yourself up into a fever over it."

"No," he answered quietly, "but I wish his mother were nearer."

"Oh, bosh, it isn't coming to that; but I wish he were in better shape. He is broken up badly without this hole in him."

He would not leave till I had promised to take him up the next day, though I was doubtful enough of his reception. But next day The Duke came down, his black bronco, Jingo, wet with hard riding.

"Better come up, Connor," he said, gravely, "and bring your bromides along. He has had a bad night and morning and fell asleep only before I came away. I expect he'll wake in delirium. It's the whisky more than the bullet. Snakes, you know."

In ten minutes we three were on the trail, for Moore, though not invited, quietly announced his intention to go with us.

"Oh, all right," said The Duke indifferently, "he probably won't recognise you any way."

We rode hard for half an hour till we came within sight of Bruce's shack, which was set back into a little poplar bluff.

"Hold up!" said The Duke. "Was that a shot?" We stood listening. A rifle-shot rang out, and we rode hard. Again The Duke halted us, and there came from the shack the sound of singing. It was an old Scotch tune.

"The twenty-third Psalm," said Moore, in a low voice.

We rode into the bluff, tied up our horses and crept to the back of the shack. Looking through a crack between the logs, I

saw a gruesome thing. Bruce was sitting up in bed with a Winchester rifle across his knees and a belt of cartridges hanging over the post. His bandages were torn off, the blood from his wound was smeared over his bare arms and his pale, ghastly face; his eyes were wild with mad terror, and he was shouting at the top of his voice the words:

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green, He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

Now and then he would stop to say in an awesome whisper, "Come out here, you little devils!" and bang would go his rifle at the stovepipe, which was riddled with holes. Then once more in a loud voice he would hurry to begin the Psalm:

The Lord's my Shepherd.

Nothing that my memory brings to me makes me chill like that picture—the low log shack, now in cheerless disorder; the ghastly object upon the bed in the corner, with blood-smeared face and arms and mad terror in the eyes; the awful cursings and more awful psalm-singing, punctuated by the quick report of the deadly rifle.

For some moments we stood gazing at one another; then The Duke said, in a low, fierce tone, more to himself than to us:

"This is the last. There'll be no more of this cursed folly among the boys."

And I thought it a wise thing in The Pilot that he answered not a word.

"Come in!" he yelled, after waiting for some moments. "Come in! You're the biggest of all the devils. Come on, I'll send you down where you belong. Come, what's keeping you?"

Over the rifle-barrel his eyes gleamed with frenzied delight. We consulted as to a plan.

"I don't relish a bullet much," I said.

"There are pleasanter things," responded The Duke, "and he's a fairly good shot."

Meantime the singing had started again, and, looking through the chink, I saw that Bruce had got his eye on the stovepipe again. While I was looking The Pilot slipped away from us toward the door.

"Come back!" said The Duke, "don't be a fool! Come back, he'll shoot you dead!"

Moore paid no heed to him, but stood waiting at the door. In a few moments Bruce blazed away again at the stovepipe. Immediately The Pilot burst in, calling out eagerly:

"Did you get him?"

"No!" said Bruce, disappointedly, "he dodged like the devil, as of course he ought, you know."

"I'll get him," said Moore. "Smoke him out," proceeding to open the stove door.

"Stop!" screamed Bruce, "don't open that door! It's full, I tell you." Moore paused, "Besides," went on Bruce, "smoke won't touch 'em."

"Oh, that's all right," said Moore, coolly and with admirable quickness, "wood smoke, you know—they can't stand that."

This was apparently a new idea in demonology for Bruce, for he sank back, while Moore lighted the fire and put on the tea-kettle. He looked round for the tea-caddy.

"Up there," said Bruce, forgetting for the moment his devils, and pointing to a quaint old-fashioned tea-caddy upon the shelf.

Moore took it down, turned it in his hands and looked at Bruce.

"Old country, eh?"

"My mother's," said Bruce, soberly.

"I could have sworn it was my aunt's in Balleymena," said Moore. "My aunt lived in a little stone cottage with roses all over the front of it." And on he went into an enthusiastic description of his early home. His voice was full of music, soft and sooth-

ing, and poor Bruce sank back and listened, the glitter fading from his eyes.

The Duke and I looked at each other.

"Not too bad, eh?" said The Duke, after a few moments' silence.

"Let's put up the horses," I suggested. "They won't want us for half an hour."

When we came in, the room had been set in order, the tea-kettle was singing, the bed-clothes straightened out, and Moore had just finished washing the blood stains from Bruce's arms and neck.

"Just in time," he said. "I didn't like to tackle these," pointing to the bandages.

A DORSET COURTSHIP.

Do 'ee zee, my dear, us be slow o' speech these pairts, an' I d'know as it meddn' be better. Ther' be a parlous lot o' talk in the world as volk wishes they hadn't never said ayterwards. P'r'haps we bain't the wuss off ayter all's said an' done.

Lawk-a-massy! A Darset man mayn't say all he do think, but he do al'ays know a purty maid when he do zee one.

Look zee, I be terr'ble glad 'bout some news I hearded from Jarge Melmoth this marnen. Don' know as I on't tell 'ee thease minut. It'l show 'ee what I do mean.

'Tis 'bout a vriend of I—Farmer Vummery, up-along to Catford Carner. It ha' bin on my mind thease many wiks as Vummery warn't bein' looked ayter prapper.

Mrs. Mandy, what keep the dairy, she zee it; but I didn't suspicion she knowed I were hurted 'bout un.

Yes'day marnen Farmer Vummery come down-along to Durdsden arter business, an' in he pops to Mrs. Mandy 'bout the aigs he'd let she hev when her hens woundn't lay.

"Lawk-a-massy, Farmer Vummery!" she say, "you should hev a wife to see to thik zart o' thing—a nice, loven wife as'd look ayter ye prapper!"

"Aw, well, ther' now, Mrs. Mandy, I cain't marry 'ee, z'no."

"Ha, ha, ha, Farmer Vummery! No, 'ee cain't, I tell 'ee. But I got darters."

"Aw, ther' now, hev 'ee? Is't Zally you'r'n thinken upon?"

"Aw, no, Master Vummery. Zally be goin' 'long o' Jarge Melmonth. But ther' be Rosie Ann. She bain't a hangel, I'd 'low, but she be a nice, tidy maid, an' ther' bain't no tantrums to she."

"Aw! an' where be Rosie Ann to, Mrs. Mandy?"

"She be up-over to Miss Squibb; she's got visitors for the season, z'no."

"Well, well—marnen, Mrs. Mandy!"

"Marnen, Farmer Vummery!"

Ther' wadn't another word, look zee, but Vummery walked right up-over to Miss Squibb's, an' ther' was Rosie Ann, a-clean-en brasses at the front door, looken just as sweet as a bit o' pink may, an' her eyes so bright as the brasses she was rubben.

"Marnen, Rosie Ann," says he.

"Marnen, Farmer Vummery," says she.

"I been down-along to your mother," says Farmer Vummery. "She says where you was to."

"Aw," says Rosie Ann, "hev 'ee?"

"I come to see if you'll marry I," says Master Vummery.

"Aw, ther' now, Farmer Vummery," she say, "you do scare I!"

"Well, will 'ee, Rosie Ann?"

"I d'know as I 'on't, Farmer Vummery."

"Well, I come to ax 'ee, do 'ee zee? Bein' as you'm willen, I'll go an' put up the banns. Marnen, Rosie Ann!"

"Marnen, Farmer Vummery!"

An' that's why I be so terr'ble glad this marnen. They two'll make a purty pair; an' when they has the wedden I hope they'll ax I.—By Paul Gran, in the "World and His Wife."

PURVEYORS TO HIS MAJESTY.

As a rule the wares supplied to their Imperial Majesties come from those firms which are appointed "Purveyors to the King," or "To the Queen," but this is not always the case. The mere fact of a Royal personage having bought something at a particular shop does not entitle the tradesman to call himself "Purveyor to his Majesty." The appointment is conferred by a Royal Warrant, duly signed and sealed, and anyone using the title without this authority renders himself liable not only to heavy fines, but to a severe term of imprisonment.

In connection with this an amusing story is told—and told, too, on good authority. According to the tale, King Edward, when Prince of Wales, happened to be out in a raw, damp November fog, and came across a hot-potato man wheeling his barrow along. The Prince was bitterly cold, and, flattering himself that he would not be recognised, bought some hot potatoes. But the man knew him. Next day he paraded the streets with a huge placard affixed to his barrow—"Hot Potato Merchant to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales."

PLENTY OF PURVEYORS.

Of course, a Royal Warrant is immensely useful to a tradesman. It endows him publicly with the stamp of Royal approval; it invests his establishment with a sort of guarantee, not only of respectability, but of fashion. The appointment itself does not carry any particular privileges, except that of being among the firms with which the sovereign is most likely to deal, and that of being allowed to fix up the Royal Arms over the shop. But this is certainly a great boon. It is an advertisement that never fails to attract customers, and gives a general air of stability and reliability to the business. On the death of the sovereign, or of the individual partners or directors of the firm to which it is granted, the warrant becomes void. It is also withdrawn in the case of bankruptcy—of the firm, not the Crown—or even if the firm becomes involved in any questionable dealings or transactions.

The appointment of a shopkeeper as "Purveyor to his Majesty the King" does not imply that the favoured man is the only one of his trade to be so distinguished. The King and Queen have at least a dozen duly appointed silversmiths and jewellers.

Besides "appointed purveyors" in England, Queen Alexandra has a modiste, a hair, a corsetiere, and a glove-maker in Paris, as well as a jeweller in New York. While King Edward has a saddler in Buda-Pesth, a furrier in Quebec, a photographer in Cairo, a biscuit-maker in Florence, and many others.

Another curiosity of Royal purveying is that his Majesty has not only specially appointed veterinary and canine surgeons, but even a horse-knacker, who makes it his business to pu Royal steeds out of their his business to put Royal steeds out of their misery, or destroy any that may be diseased. There are several English firms too, who are appointed purveyors to various foreign Royalties.

GOOD NEWS FROM KANSAS.

Dr. Sheldon says:—When we remember that Kansas is bigger than England, and that over at least five-sixths of the State the police know of no sale of liquor, we begin to realise what a big thing has been done.

Last year there were five towns and cities which were still "wet," where we always had violation of the law winked at by the local authorities. Well, three of them have gone "dry," three which were never "dry" before, and there are only two cities remaining, as far as I know, which are still "wet," where liquor is openly sold.

Junction City, one of the worst towns in the State, is now "dry," so is Pittsburg, and so is Wichita. The brewers have cleared out their property from Wichita, and not a drop of liquor is being sold. They still sell in Atchison and Leavenworth, and they are the only two left.

Both strong pro-slavery towns in the early days of the State.

The slavery towns were generally drink towns, the two bad things went together; and, besides, the newspapers have always been against us in these towns, and they have a good deal of influence.

How it was done.

Last fall we elected a new State Attorney-General, a strong temperance man. He made up his mind to enforce the law. We have a law in Kansas which compels business firms and corporations outside the State, before they can conduct their business in our territory, to apply to the Secretary of State for a charter, for which heavy fees are charged. The brewers of the surrounding States have been buying property in Kansas in order to sell their liquor in violation of the law. They never applied to the Secretary for a charter, knowing he could not legally grant one. They have, however, entered upon business, thus breaking a constitutional law and a State law also. The new Attorney has entered action against them in the Supreme Court, and has secured the confiscation of their property. Three prominent Temperance lawyers have been appointed Receivers of the properties in the three towns, and they have power to seize it, and suppress the sale of liquor wherever they find it. The brewers will probably appeal, but the law is clear.

On the Father's Side.

"Two Mormon boys went to school for the first time out in Utah," relates Congressman J. Adam Bede, "and the teacher asked them their names.

"John and William Smith," the boys replied.

"Ah, then you are brothers! How old are you?"

"Each ten years old, ma'am."

"Indeed! Then you are twins?"

"Please, ma'am," replied one of the boys, "only on our father's side."

"Mother," said little Patsey, "won't ye gimme candy, now?"

"Whisht!" cried his mother, "didn't I tell ye I'd give ye none at all if ye didn't kape quiet?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, the longer ye kape quiet the sooner you'll get it."

An old gentleman of eighty years, having brought to the altar a young damsel of sixteen, the clergyman said to him:

"The font is at the other end of the church."

"What do I want of the font?" inquired the old gentleman.

"I beg your pardon," said the clerical wit. "I thought you had brought this child to be christened."

"THE LICENSED TRADE"

AN INDEPENDENT SURVEY.

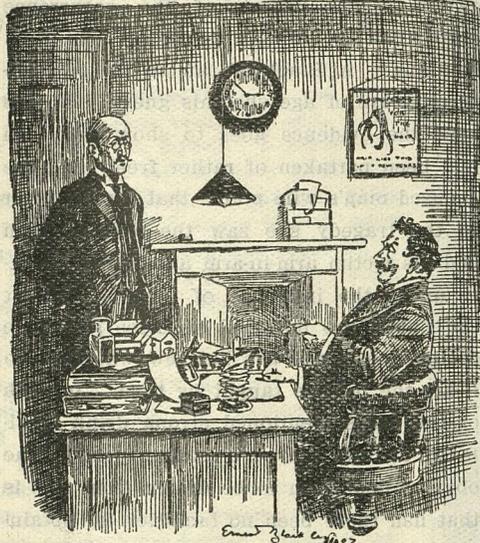
Under the above title a volume of some 300 pages has been issued and has commanded a good deal of attention. The author, E. A. Pratt, is a journalist who has been struck by the fact that nothing has been written in defence of the liquor trade, and he has, therefore, set out with the avowed intention of finding, making, and editing material that might warrant there being shown to this trade "a greater degree of consideration than teetotal extremists are willing to extend."

The book is a clever, readable and ingenious piece of special pleading. The trade are naturally interested in the courageous effort to make out a "case" for them, and the reformers are just as interested to know what can be said for that which they have always so strongly condemned.

The book provides No-License speakers with many arguments, and lays itself open to severe criticism both on account of its evident bias and its numerous contradictions.

On page 4—"because a small proportion of the community suffer from the effects of an undue consumption of alcoholic drinks."

Page 40—"The evils that are really caused by drink are undeniably and deplorably



Proprietor of Patent Hair-Restorer: "Well, Mr. Smith, unless you can remedy that unfortunate baldness of yours, I am afraid we can no longer retain your services."

Mr. Smith: "Very sorry, sir, I'm sure, but I can't help it; I've tried everything."

great." You would almost think the writer a teetotal fanatic when you read on page 30—"Much harm has been done to many individuals by an excessive use of alcohol, and the result has been to bring a vast amount of wretchedness and misery into the world."

Here we have flat contradiction; in the following terms we have evidence of bias: Page 25—"teetotal extremists"; page 40—"so-called temperance advocates"; page 49—"prejudiced temperance advocates."

Such terms used in a contemptuous way, it is needless to say, are not argument.

MATTERS OF HISTORY.

In chapter two we learn that Henry VI. prohibited using hops in beer and that Henry VIII. repeated the prohibition. In those far-off days strong steps were necessary, and the prohibition only emphasises the dangers of the trade in its infancy.

In 1434 an entry in "Mimimenta Academica" of Oxford University says: "Seeing how great evils arise both to the clerks and to the town men of the city of Oxford owing to the negligence and dishonesty of the brewers of ale."

Canterbury College, in 1449, gives evidence of the same trouble. In 1673 a petition contained these words: "To prohibit brandy being sold, to prevent the destruction of his Majesty's subjects, many of whom have been killed by drinking thereof, it not agreeing with their constitution."

In 1724-27 De Foe says, "the coffee-houses are but ale-houses, only they think that the name of coffee-house gives a better air."

All this ancient history only proves that the liquor trade has ever been harmful, unruly, and one that for shame sake goes better under a non-de-guerre.

CHAPTER III.

We have here a plea that mankind is born with a natural craving for occasional stimulants. Of course this is not proved, but is plausibly put forward as true *raison d'être* for the trade in alcoholic drinks.

We are told that we all take one-half per cent. of alcohol in fresh bread; it does not say how much fresh bread, or anything of the vast number who never eat fresh bread. It is more likely to be true that we eat a bushel of dirt in a life time; but we don't want anyone licensed to sell it to us all in one go.

In dealing with national progress, the writer says that if all the prohibitionists said was true we ought long ago to have become a nation of degenerates. There are two things to be said to this: First, what a nation we would have been if our soldiers and sailors, statesmen and men of letters, commercial men and professional men had never dimmed their genius or undermined their physique with alcohol.

Second, the report of the Inter-departmental Committee on physical degeneration shows that if we are not a "nation of degenerates" we are what the Yankee would call "a purty fair imitation." The report says: "In regard to the effects of alcohol upon descendants, anything which devitalises the parent unfavourably affects the offspring, and clinical experience supports this in the lowered height, weight, and impaired general physique of the issue of intemperate parents." So widespread has the degeneracy become, that both the height and chest measurement have been reduced in the British Army to enable it to be recruited. This is one of the things Mr. Pratt forgot to mention, and hoped, no doubt, his reviewers would also forget it.

A great deal is said in this chapter about narcotics. We agree that they are often used by those who take them in place of alcohol now denied to them; that they are harmful goes without saying, and we must not forget the appetite for them is largely a fruit of alcohol.

It is most interesting to know that in prohibition states you can get as much liquor as you want if you know where to go. (Note the "if.") Thousands who have been born in No-License areas grow up never to "know where to go" for it.

The way to minister to this natural craving is to learn to be moderate. And one might well ask what is moderation? And before we start out to learn moderation, what guarantee have we in N.S.W. that we will not become like the 40,000 drunken men and women at present in the State, who started out to learn moderation, and ended in the grip of an almost incurable vice? "THE PARSON."

A TEETOTAL BOROUGH.

Fulham might well claim to be the most teetotal borough in London.

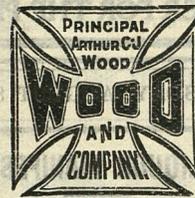
Lady Carlisle pointed out, at a recent meeting of the local branch of the British Women's Temperance Association, that the borough has had five teetotal mayors. In addition to this, sixteen of the councillors are teetotals.

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GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1907.

A LIQUOR MANIFESTO

The United Licensed Victuallers' Association has issued a manifesto to show cause why the people of New South Wales should not abolish liquor bars at the forthcoming local option poll. The public are assured that one of the main objects of the Association is to prevent, or as far as possible, to mitigate the evils arising from the business. This is precisely what the temperance reformers are after. The methods of reform advocated by the opposing forces are, however, widely divergent. The No-License party claim that to secure the elimination of the evils the traffic itself must be killed. The liquor party are desirous of being allowed to push their trade, and compelling the Government to provide homes for the treatment of the men and women who are ruined by it. They say: "Chronic drunkards are of no use to the trade, and publicans would gladly be rid of what is a nuisance and a danger to their business." Just so. But so long as they are permitted to sell intoxicating liquor, just so long will drunkards be made, and it is the rankest hypocrisy for the licensed victuallers to endeavour to blind people to the real issue by whining about the "chronic drunkard," for whom they alone are responsible. The statement so often refuted regarding the failure of No-License is again repeated. The manifesto speaks of "incontrovertible evidence" in the possession of the liquor party, which shows that though in some parts of New Zealand the public sale of drink is prohibited, the general consumption has increased. This has never been denied. But the liquor party has yet to prove that the consumption of strong drink

has increased in the No-License areas. To allege the failure of No-License because drinking in license areas has increased is too puerile to deserve consideration. In speaking of the necessity of reducing the number of licensed houses the Licensed Victuallers' Association becomes hopelessly illogical and ridiculous. They say: "In some districts it must be admitted that there are more licensed houses than are required to meet public necessity. We therefore are at one with those persons who believe that the licensed premises which are proved to be superfluous should be closed, subject to the condition that compensation is paid to the licensee whose business is destroyed, and to owners whose property is reduced in value by the cancellation of a license." In short, the public should close certain places because they are not wanted, and should be made to pay for riding themselves of houses which admittedly do not serve any public convenience or necessity. The whole case as put forth in this manifesto bristles with inaccuracies and misstatements such as those quoted, and should be calculated to do the liquor cause more harm than good by showing the weakness of the defence.

"HE WHO FIGHTS AND RUNS AWAY"

Mr. J. Dixon Ward has been touring New South Wales lately, and has been advertised at various places to tell "the truth about No-License" on behalf of the Liquor Defence Union. The average intelligent individual would imagine that one who poses so theatrically as an apostle of Truth would be prepared to do battle for his side when opportunity offered. When he was at Young Mr. Ward was asked in public if he would meet a representative of the New South Wales Alliance in debate. He accepted. When the time came for him to put his signature to a letter notifying his acceptance of the challenge he declined to do so, on the ground that he had accepted "subject to the approval" of his committee. However, at his dictation, two letters were written, one to the Alliance, the other to the Liquor Union, embodying certain conditions laid down by Mr. Ward, the first of which was that his opponent should be "a man, not a woman." In due course the Alliance communicated with the Liquor Defence Union, notifying the appointment of three gentlemen to confer with a like number of themselves as to the conditions which should govern the debate. Now the Liquor Defence Union has had several tastes of the lash per medium of the press, and, knowing that so far as straightforward argument was concerned, their champion would be at an enormous disadvantage, they pleaded that Mr. Ward's dates were booked for some time ahead, and consequently they could not go any further with the matter at present. In reply the Alliance offered that their representative should meet Mr. Ward on any platform in the State, so that the latter's tours might not be unduly interfered with. But the champions of the people's "liberties" (?) were still unwilling, and so Mr.

Dixon Ward goes on his way, quoting his alleged authorities, and declining to give any data to support his statements. Could anything be more convincing than the foregoing that those who are championing the cause of the liquor traffic have nothing upon which they may base their case? The gentleman referred to above is much given to using the word "lie" when referring to the statements of the No-License party. The advocates of reform are quite willing to meet Mr. Dixon Ward or any other of the protagonists of the liquor interests on the platform. It will then soon be discovered which is the purveyor of lies, and which is the champion of the truth. In such an encounter the "No-Licensers" have nothing to fear, and will never, after having once accepted a challenge, be found skulking behind a miserably lame excuse.

DRINK'S VICTIMS

The past week has added two more revolting crimes to the long list for which the liquor traffic is answerable. At Quirindi a young girl, not out of her teens, was brutally done to death by a mere lad of twenty. The reports of the occurrence state that the alleged murderer had been drinking. At Blackwall, an old man seventy-three years of age shot his guest. In this case the evidence goes to show that rum had been partaken of rather freely and the accused man's wife states that shortly prior to the tragedy she saw the accused man and his victim arm-in-arm apparently slightly under the influence of liquor. Whilst the public are horrified at these gruesome occurrences there are but few who take to heart the lessons taught by them. In each of the cases mentioned strong drink is alleged to have played a leading part. The obvious deduction to be drawn from this is that had there been no facilities for obtaining the drug which has been the cause of two murders, the probability is that the victims might have been living to-day. Yet the liquor dealers come before the electors of this State, asking that votes should be given to allow them to continue their wretched business. It is hardly to be supposed that the relatives and friends of those immediately concerned in these two tragedies will vote for continuance. Why, then, should electors who have the highest good of their fellows at heart, say at the ballot-box that they are prepared to give the traffic responsible for such crimes a longer lease of life?

The National Purity Congress is to be held in Battle Creek, Michigan, October 31 to November 6, 1907. This conference is called by and will be held under the auspices of the National Purity Federation, an association formed by the leaders in purity reform throughout the United States for the purpose of securing the cooperation in a national sense of all societies, national, state, and local, that are striving to promote purity in the life of the individual and in social relations, and of inaugurating such an aggressive, united, forward movement as shall arouse the conscience of our people to the lawful facts relative to organized vice and the deeds of its promoters, and assure to all a high standard of morality and a right knowledge of the pure life.

That Question of Compensation

Judge Guinn writes a Letter.

Vandalia, Ill., November 3, 1906.—
Judge F. M. Guinn, of this city, a leading lawyer and prominent democratic politician, is on the water wagon, and so is making temperance speeches three or four nights a week through Fayette and surrounding counties.

Recently a mail order whisky house sent him a circular soliciting his business, and in reply he sent them a very caustic letter, which has caused much amusement in this section.

"Your favour is before me, and since you address me as your 'kind friend,' and make me so seemingly honorable and fair a proposition, I deem a reply in order.

"First of all, it is due that I say to you that all the orders that I ever planted with you were very promptly filled and the goods ordered came according to your agreement. So in this regard I have no complaint to urge.

"You say in your letter, however, in case you (I) have had any trouble with our goods . . . let us know at once and we will be pleased to fix up any trouble you have had without cost to you.

"Now, gentlemen, for fifteen years just prior to April, A.D. 1901, I was what temperance cranks called a drunkard. I was more or less drunk all that time. I used a large amount, or quantity, of your best brands of liquors, but on the 9th day of April, 1901, I was sitting in my office all alone, one dreary afternoon. I was sick, lonely, and more than ordinarily sad. I began to reason with myself. I knew that whisky had robbed me of every reasonable prospect in life. When I began the habit of using strong drink I was a man of more than ordinary good health, was regarded as a good lawyer and had a large and growing practice, was worth in the neighbourhood of thirty thousand dollars. On that afternoon I was face up against the fact that by reason of strong drink I had lost all of my desirable clients, my money was all gone, I was involved in debt to a hopeless extent, my health was ruined. I thought of my family, they were almost on the verge of want. I had lost the respect of all my friends to a very large degree. There I sat, with a bottle of your best whisky before me (one that was left of my order that you filled about March 28, 1901). I said to myself—it is late in life to do so, but I will quit strong drink—I was a profane man—I said aloud, 'Schweyer and Co., you and your whisky can go to —!' I will never drink another drop of whisky while I live. I am keeping that promise. I may here remark that you folks are the first people who sold me whisky that have ever made inquiry to know if it caused me any trouble—the other fellows did not seem to care whether their liquors caused me any trouble or not.

"Yes, gentlemen, your liquors, even though I always bought the best, as your books will show, caused me more trouble than I could describe to you if I were to write unceasingly for one whole year. They caused me troubles that I would not dare tell about upon paper. I have already told you that your liquors and those of a like character bought from others stole from me my health, wealth, and good opinion of my associates, and left me a perfect wreck. I could not expect of you that you would recompense me for all my troubles and money losses because of the goods you sold me. One hundred thousand dollars would not begin to make recompense for all my troubles. I will leave it to your generosity, seeing that you are anxious to retain my friendship, to say how much you will send me. If you will forward to me

It it a very Hot one, too.

fifty thousand dollars I will take an oath to spend every dollar of it in trying to persuade people never to buy another drop of your best or worst brands of whisky. Messrs. Schweyer and Co., since you are making inquiry of what, if any, trouble your liquors are causing, I am almost sure that investigation will show that your liquors have destroyed thousands of happy homes, and if the graveyards of Illinois could speak, they would tell you a sad story of thousands of good-hearted men who used your brands of liquors to their own destruction. If they could all speak to you at once you would hide your ears and pray for rocks and mountains to fall upon you to hide you from the ghastly faces made hideous by your liquors. I am informed from most reliable sources that ninety per cent. of the three thousand inmates of the two penitentiaries of this State are there because of strong drink. Have you ever tried to find out how many of them used your best brands? Those in charge of the blind, deaf, and dumb, and insane of this State (there are many thousands of them)



This vain cat is trying to catch sight of himself in the mirror.

say that more than half of them came to their lamentable condition from strong drink, either by themselves or their parents. How many representatives have you among these poor unfortunates? I was in Pontiac a short time ago, and while there went out to the State reformatory. I was told there by the keepers of the institution that more than 65 per cent. of the thousand boys there came from a drunkard's home. Wonder how much of your liquors went into these homes? Yes, I am told by preachers, doctors, lawyers, Congressmen, Senators, and by leading men everywhere, that whisky is producing more wrongs in this life than all other things put together. Everywhere you go you find some sad-faced wife or mother who utters a low, sad wail of sorrow because strong drink has bereaved her of a husband, father, or son. All over this land this very minute children are crying for bread because their fathers are drunkards. And they tell me that more than sixty thousand of our citizens of this great commonwealth are marching this very day and year down to a drunkard's grave

and a drunkard's hell. How many of your customers do you suppose are in that procession?

"Now, my friends, these are some of the reasons why I quit patronizing you. If they are not satisfactory and further reasons are demanded, I will gladly give them.

TO SEE THE EDITOR.

An excited looking man called at a newspaper office the other day and announced in determined tones that he wished to see the editor. He was confronted with that long-suffering gentleman. "Look here," he began, blusteringly, "I want to talk to you; I—" "Very good," replied the editor, calmly, "pray come inside." He led him along a passage and down a stair to the printing department, where the big machine was thundering along printing copies of the paper at twenty-thousand an hour, and the noise was simply deafening. "Now, sir," he bawled into his visitor's ear, "what have you got to say?" The interview was extremely brief.

TOO HASTY.

A minister advertised for a gardener who could make himself useful in the house if required, and when he arrived home one evening he found a young man waiting to see him.

"Well," asked the minister, who was much pressed for time, "can you clean boots?"

"I think I could"—looking rather surprised.

"Can you clean windows?"

"I believe so."

"Are you good at working in the garden?"

"Fairly."

"Can you wash dishes and polish silver?"

"Gracious!" exclaimed the young man. "Is it as bad as that?"

"As bad as what?" the minister inquired, somewhat perplexed.

"Well, you see, sir," explained the young man, "I'm going to get married, and I came to ask you to publish the banns—but—"

"Ah! I see—I see!" said the minister, hastily. "Give me the particulars."

A WOMAN WAITS.

For I know that where the lines of the hill curve splendidly to the sea,

In the house where the grey stone gable beyond where the pathway ends,
Night after night, in storm or calm, a woman watches for me

At one of these golden windows that shine like the eyes of friends.

And I know that when I return at last, travel-sullied and vile,

Scoured by the whips of life, broken and wan with years,

The blood will leap to my desolate heart when I see her smile,

And my tear-stained soul shall be cleansed in the healing rain of her tears.

—St. John Lucas, in the "Academy."

AT THE HAGUE.

The nations met to talk of peace and of its many charms,

Each told the rest he thought it best that all lay down their arms,

That spears be beaten into ploughs, war-steeds turned out to grass,

That guns be changed to pipes arranged for water or for gas,

"A worthy deed," they all agreed, "for peace we are athirst."

But each one said he'd wait until the others disarmed first.

—San Francisco "Argonaut."

KING EDWARD'S BOYHOOD

The most dominating personality in the world to-day is unquestionably his Majesty King Edward VII., followed at some distance by the German Emperor and President Roosevelt, of the United States. The First Gentleman of Europe may not be so self-assertive as the ruler of the Empire which Bismarck did so much to consolidate, or possess the oratorical and literary powers which have made Washington's successor loom so large, but that King Edward is the chief actor no one can deny. As a diplomat of the highest order he will assuredly go down to history when the Kaiser's telegrams and the President's gospel of the strenuous life have been forgotten.

Anything and everything connected with the doings of his Majesty are perused with avidity, and Mr. A. M. Broadley's "Boyhood of a Great King" will not fail for readers, nor will those who take up this well-written and admirably-illustrated volume lay it down for want of interest. In a word, it is "alive." The dry-as-dust of detail is subservient to the human side of the subject, although the author has neglected no item which would in any sense serve to elucidate his narrative. Like the late Dr. Mandell Creighton, Bishop of London and Elizabethan scholar, he has tried to write "true history," and admirably succeeded.

In the "Boyhood of a Great King" Mr. Broadley gives us a true insight into the pomp and circumstance which surrounded the birth of Queen Victoria's eldest son, the rigid discipline enacted by Mr. Birch—ominous name—his tutor, and the thousand-and-one events in the youth of so important a person as the heir to the throne of Great Britain. "I do not know how it is," wrote the then Prince of Wales in his copy-book, "that I am ever naughty, for I am much happier when I'm good." An axiom obvious enough, no doubt, to those of us who have played with fire and been burnt, but words of wisdom when they come from a lad of tender years.

"In the opinion of Mr. Birch, as well as in the estimation of Mr. Gibbs (his successor)," says the writer, "the heir-apparent showed an aptness for study and a natural intelligence far above the average possessed by boys of his own age. Gifted with a memory for facts and faces almost phenomenal—a characteristic of the great Napoleon, by the way—"he acquired foreign languages with astonishing rapidity, and his taste for art, in the widest sense of the term, was certainly hereditary. Very few contemporary statesmen can, like King Edward VII., speak and write at least three languages with equal fluency and correctness. His tact also seems to be innate, and his powers as an impromptu speaker have scarcely met with

"The Recognition they Merit."

The illness of the Prince of Wales in 1870, which was followed by the rejoicings of the nation on his recovery and a solemn service in St. Paul's Cathedral, is common knowledge, but "it is not generally known," remarks the author, "that while staying at Osborne in the late autumn of 1849, on the occasion of a 'battue' in the grounds, the Prince of Wales had a narrow escape from a severe and possibly fatal accident. He had, as usual, accompanied Prince Albert, and with the thoughtless impetuosity of the child, ran forward to pick up a bird which had been shot. At that moment a hare which had leaped up a little to the side of the direction the Prince had taken was covered by Lord Canning's gun. Colonel Grey—who, fortunately, saw the Prince's danger—with admirable presence

of mind threw himself alongside of the Prince and received the charge in his coat, which otherwise would have lodged in the Prince's head and face. Lord Canning was so overcome by the accident that he fainted on the spot."

At the time of writing the King is spending a few weeks in France; it can hardly be termed a holiday, for matters of State follow him wherever he goes. It was in August, 1855, that he, in company with his mother and Prince Albert, first visited England's neighbours across the Channel. Napoleon III. was then at the zenith of his power, and a fete of unsurpassed magnificence was given at Versailles in honour of the Royal visitors.

When Royalty travels incognito something usually happens which furnishes materials for a "good story." The year following the future King's visit to France it was decided that he should go on a walking tour in company with Mr. Frederick Gibbs and Colonel Cavendish. They sought accommodation at the Royal Victoria, in sunny Swanage, but on being asked for three beds the landlord replied "that only two were available, and that 'the young gentleman' must put up with a sofa in the corridor." In the course of the night a storm arose which did considerable damage, a large pleasure boat, belonging to a man named Hixson, being dashed to pieces. Before leaving the strangers made many inquiries as to what had happened, and some weeks after a cheque arrived which quite consoled the sufferer for his loss.

"The fortunate Hixson lost no time in rebuilding the damaged craft, which now received the name of the Prince of Wales, and may, it is said, be still seen at Deal.

The King, as becomes the ruler of a maritime people, has always taken the greatest interest in

Ships, Sailors, and the Sea,

and at the tender age of six he was presented with the model of a lifeboat. "She was built of bird's-eye maple, and fitted up with an elegantly carved chair, the seat covered with crimson velvet, the back supported with the Prince of Wales's feathers carved in maple and ornamented with gold; the rowing mat was of the same material as the chair, and there was a footstool of Utrecht velvet. The oars were of mahogany, and very light; the boat was a single rowing skiff, and lined throughout with Captain Light's new patent material, which gives all the buoyancy of a lifeboat. The beautiful specimens of swimming belts and a small lifebuoy were

"Also Presented to the Prince of Wales."

One would like to quote many other good things from this volume, did space admit, Mr. Broadley's concluding words aptly express what most people feel, although perhaps they could not put their thoughts into such dignified language: "That his Majesty occupies the unique position he does at the beginning of the twentieth century is mainly attributable to the wholesome home influences, the practical common sense, and the never-failing solicitude which surrounded the boyhood and moulded the character of the Great King who fortunately guides the destinies of the Empire at one of the most critical periods of our eventful history."

From August 12 Darlinghurst Gaol is to be an institution for the reception, control, and treatment of inebriates, and Biloela will be used for female inebriates only. The people detained will be those who are convicted three times in 12 months of drunkenness, and are brought up the fourth time.

MIND IS MONEY

When the thoughts do not flow spontaneously, and you struggle for an hour to do what ought to be done in a minute, you can be sure you are

LOSING MONEY THROUGH WEAK DIGESTION and WRONG FOODS

THIS YOU MUST REMEDY

and it can only be done through a change in your diet. We have all that can be desired in Foods that build up Brain and Muscle, and all that we ask you to do is to call and inspect them and sample them for yourselves.

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A Very Fine View.

Two smart young Londoners once accosted a respectable-looking shepherd in Argyll with:

"You have a very fine view here—you can see a great way."

"Yu ay, yu ay, a ferry great way."

"Ah! You can see America from here, I presume."

"Farrer than that."

"Farther than that?"

"You jist wait tul the mists gang awa' and you'll see the moon."

A Change of Air.

While waiting for the speaker at a public meeting a pale little man in the audience seemed very nervous. He glanced over his shoulder from time to time and squirmed and shifted about in his seat. At last, unable to stand it any longer, he arose and demanded in a high penetrating voice, "Is there a Christian Scientist in this room?"

A woman at the other side of the hall got up and said, "I am a Christian Scientist."

"Well, then, madam," requested the little man, "would you mind changing seats with me? I'm sitting in a draught."

Ready to Oblige.

"It looks as if it might rain," the young fellow ventured timidly.

"Tain't a-goin' to rain," was the gruff response.

For about a quarter of an hour they sat in silence. Finally the old man's curiosity got the better of him.

"Who are you, anyway?" he growled.

"Newton Brown, sir."

"What! Not old Jake Brown's son?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, well," said Mr. Miller more kindly, "it may rain. It may rain."

"Truth," said the man who quotes, "is at the bottom of the well."

"I suppose so," answered the statesman; "and I suppose it would be equally proper to say that falsehood is a hydrant that anybody can turn on at a moment's notice."

A DEATHBLOW TO BREWERY-COM ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAW IN THE SUNFLOWER STATE.

On the 11th day of April, 1907, F. S. Jackson, Attorney-General of the State of Kansas, filed suits in the state Supreme Court to oust the breweries, foreign corporations, from doing business in the state. This is the most drastic and far-reaching measure that has yet been put in operation against the violation of the law in this state. The brewing companies are corporations, organised under the laws of other states, and cannot do business in Kansas until they have made regular application for and have been granted permission to do business in the state. The breweries existing in violation of the laws of Kansas have not been able to obtain this permission. They then came in without permission, and proceeded to systematically violate the law, to assist others in so doing, and to do everything in their power to bring the prohibitory liquor law into disrepute. They did this by opening saloons with costly fixtures, and by furnishing liquors to law violators, sometimes free, and always on easy terms, and when prosecutions came, they furnished the money for the defence, and employed the ablest legal counsel to be obtained. In doing these things the breweries acquired valuable property. This property has not only been ac-

breaking down the constitution, defying the law and subverting the government of Kansas.

These suits have already caused the breweries to withdraw from the state, and so far as possible to transfer, and dispose of, and secrete, and remove this property for the purpose of getting it beyond the jurisdiction of the court.

It is believed that when the breweries are compelled to leave the state, the small violator of the law will not be so persistent, and will not be so hard to handle.

Grave questions are presented in these suits. The people of any of the states of the American Union conceive that the saloon should be abolished, and enact their idea into constitutional and statutory law which they constantly support at the ballot box. Corporations of other states come in and defy the people, trample the constitution under foot, and violate the law with impunity. This condition must not be permitted to exist; it subverts republican government and destroys the foundations of society. The state is justified in resorting to the most extreme measures to protect herself from this kind of a foe, coming from without her boundaries.

About six months ago, the former attorney-general, C. C. Coleman, began suits in the Supreme Court to enjoin certain cities from indirectly licensing saloons for revenue, and began other suits to remove the mayors of those cities from office for receiving such revenue. These suits remain undetermined, but the effect has been to compel those cities to stop taking revenue from the sale of intoxicating liquors. Prior to the commencement of these last-mentioned suits, the Mayor of Kansas City, Kansas, had been ousted from office for misconduct of the same character.

The spring election for city officers, in almost every instance, resulted in the election of men who are pledged to the rigid

enforcement of the law, and these officers have taken hold of the matter in earnest. There are now but few places in the state where the saloon will not be molested by the local officers.

The future is bright for Kansas. Her people are unalterably opposed to the saloon. The saloon men and their associates have heretofore created the belief that they had control of affairs, and that they could not be shaken off. When the people are aroused, it is seen that the saloon does not have control. There is not now a city-protected saloon in the state, and it is confidently believed that the open violation of the law will be a thing of the past on the first day of January, 1908.

The present movement for the enforcement of the prohibitory liquor law in Kansas has been on for about two years. At its commencement the law was more or less openly violated in about thirty-five counties in the state. The Kansas State Temperance Union then began a vigorous agitation for the enforcement of the law, and as part of its work, put lawyers into the field. These lawyers went into the pulpits on Sunday and into the court rooms during the week, and demonstrated that the law can be enforced in every county and city in the state. The result of this movement is that the state is clean from the extreme west to the border line between Kansas and Missouri. The State Temperance Union has supported every officer, both county and state, in every effort he has made for the enforcement of the law, and has rallied the people to the support of these officers.

Kansas is proving true to her traditions and to her motto, "ad astra per aspera." She may stumble and falter in her progress, but she will finally accomplish her purpose and drive the saloon from out her borders to remain away forever.—"Home Herald."



"Ye-e-s, and if your viskers ver shaved off I'd slap your face."

quired in violation of the corporation laws of the state, but has been constantly used by its owners for the purpose of violating the prohibitory liquor law. The attorney-general takes the position that the state is not bound to protect the breweries in their title to this property, that this property is actually public property, and that the breweries can be compelled to cease doing business within the state.

These ouster, or "quo warranto" proceedings, are brought for the purpose of compelling the breweries to withdraw every part of their business from Kansas, and, incidentally, to take charge of their property in Kansas and distribute it to those legally entitled thereto, or turn it over to the state as public property. These proceedings have caused much discussion among lawyers, and various opinions concerning the status of this property are current. It must be remembered that this property has been acquired by corporations that have not been given permission to do business in the state, and whose business is prohibited by the constitution and laws of the state, and that the property has been acquired and used for the purpose of

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“Im and ‘Er.”

In Life's By-ways.

A little dreaming by the way,
A little toiling day by day;
A little pain, a little strife,
A little joy—and that is life.

Just dreaming, loving, dying, so
The actors in the drama go—
A fitting picture on a wall—
Love, death, the themes, but is that all?
—P. L. Dunbar.

“‘E’d bin a reg’lar customer o’ my ‘bus long afore I know’d ‘er. Every mornin’ at 9.30 sharp as I pulls up at the ‘Baron o’ Beef’ ‘e gets on—allus a front corner seat on top for ‘im, summer and winter alike—unless we ‘ad a real steady down-pour.

“Nice, civil-spoken young gent ‘e were, too—no airs, and no nonsense about ‘im. ‘Mornin’, Bill,’ ses ‘e, every day as ‘e settles down in ‘is corner. And ‘Mornin’, sir,’ ses I. ‘Fine mornin’,’ ses I, ‘or wet,’ as it might be. A threepenny fare ‘e were and w’en ‘e got down at Tottenham Court Road ‘e allus give me ‘is ‘Daily Express.’ One mornin’ I mind as ‘ow my young gentleman didn’t seem to be able to take no hinterest, as you might say, in ‘is ‘Express.’ ‘E’d look first one way, and then t’other—stealthy like, you understand, and then ‘e’d pretend to be that took up with the leading harticle that ‘e’d no time to spare for anything else. W’en we gits to Not-tin’ Ill Gite, ‘is excitement gits summat orful. ‘E settles ‘is ‘at, fidgets wiv ‘is tie, feels to see that ‘is coat collar’s lyin’ down flat, looks at ‘is boots, and then fixes ‘is heye on a young lidy wot goes inside my ‘bus.

I looks round at ‘im, and ‘e catches my heye, and givin’ me ‘is piper, ses, guilty like— “‘Bit of a wind this mornin’, Bill. Think I’ll go downstairs if there’s room.”

“It were a bloomin’ ‘ot summer morn, as one of them poet chaps ses, and not enough wind to move a feather along, and so I were only just in time to stop myself from winkin’ at ‘im. It ain’t a easy job to kid old Bill! ‘Owever, I thanks ‘im for the piper, and down ‘e goes. At Tottenham Court Road they both gits out togever, and I watches ‘em cross over, and go down the Charing Cross-road—‘im takin’ that care of ‘er, and ‘avin’ heyes for nothin’ else, as the sayin’ is.

“Next mornin’, I misses my young gent at the ‘Baron,’ but, ‘arf-way up the ‘ill, ‘oo should I see but ‘im, a ‘urryin’ as if ‘e’d ‘arf a dozen trains to catch at the same time.

“‘Ho!’ ses I to myself, ‘I knows wot you’re hup to,’ ses I; me ‘avin’ been thro’ it myself in my young days.

“Well, nex’ mornin’, ‘e gits in as usual at the ‘Baron.’

“‘Mornin’, sir,’ ses I. ‘Missed you yesterday.’

“‘Yes,’ ses ‘e, carelesslike. ‘Thought I’d walk as far as the Gite—one doesn’t get enough exercise in London, I find.’

“And I coughs and winks to myself. At the Gite ‘e looks out again for the young lady wot is waitin’ there, and wot comes outside this time.

There were a vacant seat next to my young gent, and there they sits, not torkin’ very much, but as ‘appy as a king and queen.

“A very nice young lidy, she were—one o’ them wot allus looks as if they’d jus’ bin unpacked. An’ so it went on. Every day reg’lar she gits on my ‘bus at the Gite, and if there ain’t two vacant seats togever, ‘e weren’t squeamish about arstin’ some gentleman if ‘e’d mind changin’ plices wiv ‘im. And the young lidy would blush that pink and pritty, and pretend she ‘adn’t ‘eard.

“W’en it rained nowadays, no matter ‘ow slight a shower, ‘e allus went hinside.

“I missed ‘em in the winter, w’en it got too cold for the young lidy on top, and for months I never saw either ‘im or ‘er to speak to, except at Chrissmus, w’en ‘e makes a point of comin’ up to wish me the compliments o’ the season, and to give me a Chrissmus Box, for ‘e were never one to forget ‘is old friends, and every day ‘e sent me up the ‘Hexpress’ by Johnson the conductor.

“W’en the spring come round again, hup they both comes houtside—‘im a gettin’ in at the ‘Baron,’ an’ ‘er at the Gite. I found out afterwards as ‘ow ‘e were the heditor of some magazine, and she worked for the sime firm—story-writin’, I suppose.

“Well, the course of true love were runnin’ very nice and smooth, w’en all on a suddint it begins to run crooked, as it were. One mornin’ my young gent gits hup as usual, but ‘is ‘Good-mornin’, Bill,’ sounds very ‘umpy, I thinks to myself.

“I glances at ‘im, casual—‘e ‘adn’t even unfolded ‘is ‘Hexpress,’ and ‘is eyes was starin’ straight in front of ‘im, and seem to be lookin’ at summat as wasn’t there. W’en we gits near the Gite ‘e starts readin’ ‘is piper, in a awful ‘urry, and pretends not to see the young lidy wot, I must say, looks very bad, pore young thing. She gits inside, wivvout lookin’ up, and at Tottenham Court-road she flies out o’ the ‘bus, ‘ails an ‘ansom, and drives off alone.

“‘Wot is to be done?’ I ses, ‘opeless like to my pal Johnson, wot also ‘as ‘is heye upon the young couple.

“‘Ere are these two, ‘im and ‘er, a-breakin’ their ‘earts for each other,’ ses I to ‘im. ‘Leastways, I ‘ope he’s breakin’ ‘is—I’d like to tell ‘im wot I thinks of ‘im if ‘e ain’t playin’ the game by ‘er.’

“‘P’raps it’s ‘er fault,’ ses Johnson foolishly, ‘Wimmin is at the bottom of heverythink,’ ses ‘e.

“‘‘Er fault!’ I echoes derisive, ‘‘er fault!’ and I withers ‘im wiv a look.

“Arter that the young lidy never comes by my ‘bus for some weeks. Once I seed ‘er pretendin’ to be lookin’ in a tailor’s window, so as to miss me, and take the next ‘bus. She were thinner, I thought, and very pale, pore young lidy.

“At last, one wet day—a reg-lar soaker, ‘e gits inside.

“I were just beginnin’ to think it were all hover and that the pretty young lidy’s pink colour would never come back again, w’en I seed ‘er at the Gite. I thought she’d growed even paler and thinner, and all the shine ‘ad gone out o’ ‘er heyes. There was a crowd o’ people waitin’ for the ‘bus—mostly gentlemen.

“I ‘ears Johnson’s voice shoutin’, ‘Room for one inside—honly room for one inside,’ and my heart seems to stand still, to put it poetic—but I ‘ave some faith in Johnson for all ‘is silly nonsense about wimmin—would ‘e be able, I wonders, to see that the young lidy got in?

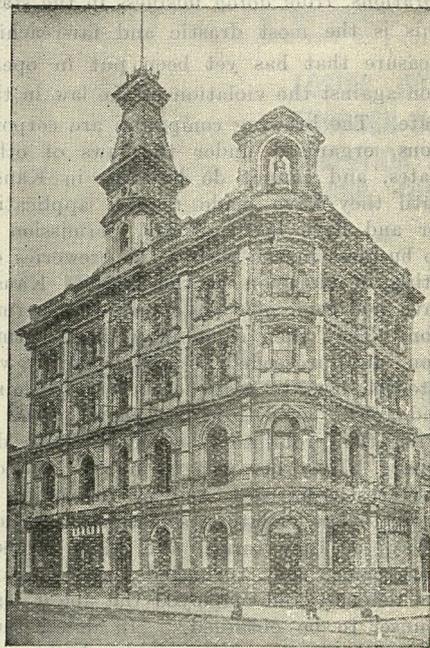
“‘E rings ‘is bell, and hoff we goes. I notice that the young lidy ain’t bin left be’ind, and I wonder wot’s ‘appenin’ down below. For the first time I wouldn’t ha’ minded changin’ places wiv’ Johnson, although it’s a pore job ‘e’d make drivin’ my ‘osses—though I ses it as shouldn’t, p’raps.

“Presently hup pops Johnson, tho’ there weren’t no fares houtside—the weather bein’ sich.

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“‘Well?’ ses I. ‘Is it orl right?’

“‘She’s a-settin’ nex’ ‘im,’ ses Johnson.

“‘‘Ave they made it hup?’ I arst ‘im.

“‘She ses very sorft,’ ses Johnson, ‘but so as I couldn’t ‘elp earin’ when I were arstin’ for the next party’s fare, ‘‘It was all my fault, Jack. Don’t be cross wiv me,’ ses she. And ‘e were so busy tellin’ ‘er ‘e were to blame that I ‘ad to arst ‘im three times for their fares.’

“‘Then it’s orl right?’ ses I. And Johnson winks vulgar, tho’ a well-meanin’ young man.

“‘Not ‘arf!’ ses ‘e.

“They gits out as usual that mornin’ at Tottenham Court-road, and walks away together—‘im a-carryin’ ‘er humbreller, and a-‘oldin’ ‘is own over ‘er.

“Nex’ mornin’ they gits in together at the Gite, and comes outside—front seat.

“‘Mornin’, Bill,’ ses my young gent.

“‘Good mornin’,’ ses the young lidy.

“‘Good mornin’, miss,’ ses I, ‘mornin’, sir. Fine mornin’ arter the rain, sir,’ ses I.

“‘Yes,’ ses ‘e.

“‘Bill,’ ses ‘e, arter a pause.

“‘Sir?’ ses I.

“‘I’m goin’ to be married, Bill,’ ses ‘e.

“‘Bless yer ‘earts, sir, and miss,’ ses I, ‘I could a’ told yer that a long time ago, pardon the liberty, sir,’ ses I, ‘me bein’ one wot knows my plice.’

“And they both shakes ‘ands wiv me.”—Bertha Draffer, in the “Rapid.”

Mrs. Bloer: “My husband fought in the late war. His company was in one engagement and only a remnant of it escaped alive.”

Mrs. Bargainhunt: “Gracious! And you got the remnant!”

"SO THE FOLKS SAY."

By C. B. BESSE.

The curse of the rumshop no mortal can tell, It robs men of Heaven and sends them to hell; And yet there are many, O can it be, pray, Who vote it to license, so the folks say? What, license the grogshop! do the folks say? It lightens their taxes, so some of them think, To license this business of selling strong drink; So, along with the barkeeper multitudes stray, Taking bread from the hungry, so the folks say What, food from the starving! do the folks say?

'Tis a fell institution they each one confess, Cruel wrong in the wine-cup and sorry distress; And yet 'mid their praying for peace day by day, There are those who vote whisky, so the folks say. What, vote with the brewer! do the folks say?

To save men by statute is wrong, some declare, Who'll vote to make legal the work of repair; As though law to save men were worse than to slay, And yet they are good men, so the folks say. What, true-hearted, good men! can the folks say?

There's a time in the future, and soon 'twill be here, When the voter and seller and victim of beer Will have finished life's journey, have spent its brief day, And must stand up together, so the folks say, Face to face with the Master! What will He say?

"Inasmuch as ye did it," what e'er it may be, "To the least of my brethren, ye did it to me"; And by this will He reckon in that judgment day, And not by our praying, so the folks say; By doing and praying! so will all say.

RED RUBBER.

CONGO SENTRY'S FATE FOR NOT BEING EXTORTIONATE.

The Rev. Charles J. Dodds, of the Baptist Missionary Society, Upoto, Upper Congo, giving an account of the present state of affairs in his district, writes:

On March 14 two of our teachers from the Mbangi region came to us with a woman named Mopotu. They told us an awful tale, of which I will try and tell you the gist. This white agent—Jibale is his native name—was at Ngali when the Mbangi and Ndeke people arrived there with their rubber tax. They said that Jibale, before he had examined the rubber, gave orders for the arrest of the chiefs and the sentry in charge of these villages.

The sentry, Masolo by name, was called by Jibale, the agent, who, after venting his wrath upon him (because he had not been so extortionate as some are), ordered the soldiers to put him to death. They said they did not know how to do it. Cartridges must not be used now, it seems, but trust these inhuman fiends to find some brutal way of dispatching their prey. The agent said, "If you don't know how, I will show you." He made two soldiers hold the man's arms while he hammered the man most unmercifully with the butt-end of his gun on his chest, back, and thighs. Thus, Masolo was done to death.

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

W. E. Jones.—The first house was built on the present site of Melbourne in 1835.

W.W. (Lithgow).—Better consult your doctor and get his opinion. Probably you will find that attention to diet and total abstinence will soon work a cure, but he will advise you what to do.

Ambitions.—Too ambitious for "Grit."

Not a Fanatic.—We should have thought you were if you had not told us otherwise. "A fool must follow his natural bent" unless he can find some one patient enough to convince him of his folly, and that is what we are trying to do for you.

All In.—Very glad to hear it.

Gum-sucker.—"Grit" has not been published in vain. Thank you for your letter.

Twice Baffled.—Try again!

DOWIE'S SUCCESSOR.

New Sect whose Adherents Eat but Once a Day.

America's latest religious sect is "The Disciples of the Gift of Tongues," the leader of which is Levi Lupton, who expects to assume Dowie's mantle, and found a new Zion. Lupton's headquarters at present are at Alliance, Ohio, and in compliance with a Heavenly vision he declares he will establish a faith which will spread over the world.

Lupton says he has had revealed to him the rules under which the adherents of the faith shall live. One of these rules limits the faithful to one meal a day, and the converts babble a gibberish invented by Lupton, who claims that it is the tongue of a new nation. The sect is increasing, and converts are even arriving from Europe, whither Lupton sent "disciples" some time ago. "Disciples" have also been sent all over the Union preaching the new religion.

STEALING A TRAIN.

William McCutcheon, known to the police as "Wily Willie," one of the speakers at the criminals' banquet held at Washington recently, stole a train at Bellingham, a suburb of the capital, and disorganised the traffic for over three hours.

When the engine-driver and fireman had gone into the oil-store for a supply of

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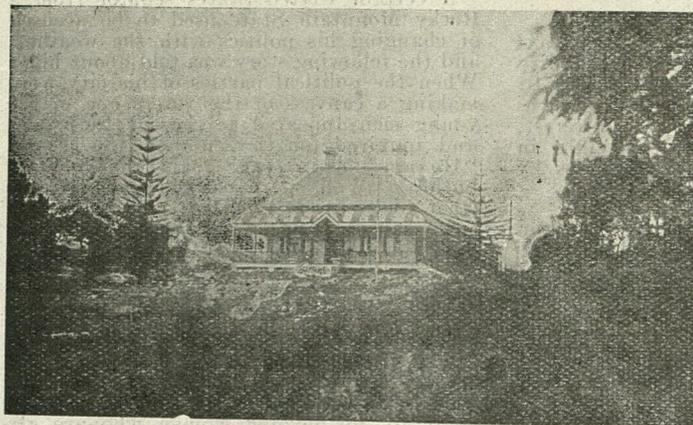
grease, McCutcheon jumped into the cab of the engine, threw open the throttle, and started the train north at a terrific speed.

A train crew followed in a "speeder," until it was discovered that McCutcheon had reversed the train and was returning south. Then the pursuing crew tumbled off the track just in time to save themselves from death.

Eventually McCutcheon stopped the train and was arrested.

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

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

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

CAMPAIGN NOTES AND NEWS

Election Day, Tuesday, 10th September.

Large no-license meeting at Alexandria City Mission on Sunday evening last.

The International Non-Alcoholic Congress meets at Stockholm, Sweden, this month.

Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts and his wife left Sydney for Vancouver on Monday last.

Mr. W. H. Judkins goes to Broken Hill on the 17th instant for a few days' campaigning.

Do not pledge yourself to vote for any man who will not uphold the Liquor and Gambling laws.

Mr. John Complin, of Queensland, is spending this week in the Lismore and Casino districts.

The practice has commenced in a great many of the American theatres of giving away cigarettes between the acts.

Many a man thinks he must be a good deal of a saint because he succeeds in making so many other people miserable.

Mr. J. Marion, G.E.S., will deliver an address in the Sydney School of Arts next Monday evening, in reply to Mr. R. D. Meagher.

Two more drink tragedies last week. One at Quirindi, the other at Blackwall. Vote to make such happenings impossible.

Mr. Bruntnell addressed a splendid meeting on no-license at Leichhardt, on Sunday afternoon, in connection with the Men's Brotherhood.

Mr. Dixon Ward, of liquor defence fame (!), had a warm time at Wellington, and his opponents utterly routed him with questions as to his statements.

Rev. R. B. S. Hammond has gone to Brisbane for a few days. He addresses a meeting at Singleton en route, and will call at Tenterfield on the way back.

Next Saturday evening there will be open air meetings at Newtown Bridge, Ashfield, Summer Hill, Petersham, Auburn, and other places, in favour of no-license.

On Tuesday evening, at Redfern, the no-license party replied to Mr. Dixon Ward's sophistries and mis-statements. Speakers were Rev. F. Binns and Mr. T. S. Lang.

Mrs. Nolan, president of the W.C.T.U., gave an address on no-license, in the Sydney School of Arts, on Monday evening, under the auspices of the Women's Political Education League.

Miss Anderson Hughes opened her final tour on Monday last, at Bulladelah. After working the Manning she goes on to Port Macquarie and Kempsey, finishing the campaign in Richmond electorate.

On May 13, two hundred men, women and children, led by ministers with Bibles in hand, marched to the courthouse at Mays Landing, New Jersey, where the grand jury was about to be convened, and sang and prayed against Sunday liquor selling.

In the suit of Charles F. Smith, a taxpayer of Drayton, Ohio, to test the validity of the Jones Local Option law, Judge U. S. Martin decided that the law is constitutional. This decision is of wide interest, inasmuch as it establishes the right in America to call Local Option elections by petition.

The proposed debate between Mr. Dixon Ward and an Alliance representative is still in the dim distant future. The Liquor Union allege country engagements as a reason for declining to let their man face the music. To this the Alliance have responded by offering to meet him on any platform in the State. It is not expected that Mr. Ward will fight.

The federal grand jury, convened at Jackson, Miss., returned indictments against the Cumberland Telephone Company and its manager, on the charge of taking orders for whisky to be shipped from Vicksburg, and receiving the pay for the liquor. The company is charged with afterward transmitting this money to liquor houses.

READ THIS

Testimony from a Popular Methodist Minister

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

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Music in hotel dining rooms on Sunday is a violation of the law, according to a decision given recently by Chief Justice Bolster, in a test case brought against the members of an orchestra playing at one of the Boston hotels. Judge Bolster fined each member of the orchestra five dollars.

The officers and soldiers at Fort McKinley, in the Philippine Islands, have built a "canteen" of their own devising from which the "can" is barred. The camp contains 5000 soldiers, and the fort is situated in the midst of an 1800-acre reservation which is one of the garden spots of the islands. The conduct of the recreation hall has been put in the hands of the Young Men's Christian Association, and 5000dol. will be spent upon the rooms and grounds.

A certain United States senator from a Rocky Mountain State used to be accused of changing his politics with the weather, and the following story was told about him: When the political parties of his city were making a canvass of the voters one of the young men appeared at the senator's door and inquired for the man of the house. "He am not in, sah," said the coloured butler. "Well, perhaps you can tell me what his politics is," said the young man. "No, sah, I kain't; fo' Heaven I kain't. boss, fer I hain't seed the senator since mawnin'."

The Susan B. Anthony memorial fund of 60,000 dollars has been subscribed, and the cause of woman suffrage will be benefited greatly thereby. The chief purpose of the fund is to pay salaries during the next five years to the devoted women who are giving their entire time to the cause of equal suffrage. The plan for the fund originated in Baltimore fifteen months ago, at the time of the national woman suffrage convention, and within a few months after Miss Anthony's death the committee was organised to raise the necessary money.

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How the World Moves

A submarine cable costs £250 to £350 a mile.

The first typewriter was invented by Henry Mills in 1714.

The first striking clock was made in Persia about 800 A.D.

Thirty-six acres out of every 100 of Russian territory are forest land.

The first gold and silver coins were struck in Argos about 862 B.C.

Out of every hundred lives insured in England only five are those of women.

The Great Western has more stations than any other British railway company.

The first lightning-conductor was invented by an obscure Bohemian monk in 1754.

It is said that pansy-leaves spread among furs and woollens will protect them from moths.

Fire does 2½ times as much damage yearly in the United States as it does in the United Kingdom.

French theatres give 10 per cent. of their incomes to the poor. This gift averages £3,000,000 a year.

Oysters can only live in water that contains at least 37 parts of salt to every 1000 parts of water.

A Russian can plead infancy for a long time, as he does not come of age till he is twenty-six years old.

A Dutch force from Amsterdam, moving upon skates in 1572, utterly defeated a large body of Spaniards.

The largest Druidical circle in England is that at Avebury, in Wiltshire. The main circle is 1400ft. in diameter.

Twenty minutes of rain in a year is sometimes all that Southern Egypt gets, and there is no dew in that country.

In the latter there is every requisite for washing linen. It being equipped with a wringer and a heated place for drying.

In every 100,000 of the general population of England, sixty-seven males are deaf and dumb, and only fifty-three females.

The average elevation of the earth's surface above sea-level is 966ft. Of all the continents, Africa has the greatest average elevation.

The weather is called calm if the air is not moving at more than three miles an hour; thirty-four miles is a strong breeze, forty a gale, seventy-five a storm, and ninety a hurricane.

Every cyclist in Roumania is forced by the authorities to have his name and address not only on the frame of his machine, but also on the lamp-glass, so that it may be read at night.

The term "Admiral" was not heard of in the British Navy before 1300, and the first English seaman to take the title was one Gervase Alard, who was known as "Admiral of the Fleet of the Cinque Ports." The term, however, had been in use in France some years before the date here mentioned.

BABY BY THE OUNCE.

I called to see Mrs. Trueblue to-day. She has a young baby just six months' old. She is bringing it up on the bottle, on a mathematical system. She weighs out:

- So many ounces of water.
- So many ounces of milk.
- So many ounces of patent food.
- So many ounces per bottle.
- So many hours between meals.

Baby may scream with hunger, but the clock decides when baby ought to be hungry, and when the clock has

decided that baby is hungry, how ravenous the poor baby is!

Now I have two babies to feed and I never trouble about ounces or minutes. I just feed them as a mother knows best. Their clothes are kept sweetly clean with good Sunlight Soap, and their bed is kept like a little eider-down nest, sweetly clean and soft with good Sunlight Soap, and they are as happy as any two babies could be. It is good to care for baby's food, but it is equally good to be careful not to use chemical soaps for washing baby's clothes. 426

Bigamists in Hungary are compelled to submit to an odd punishment. The man who has been silly enough to marry two wives is legally forced to live with both of them in the same house.

Rowton House, Whitechapel, may rightly be described as the cheapest hotel in the world. For sixpence you can not only make any use you like of the kitchen, with its numerous utensils, but you have also free access to the lavatories and a laundry.

In the rivalry to make the biggest sausage, some wonderful specimens are being produced by Germans in Pennsylvania. The latest record-breaker is the work of Jacob Ackerman, of Limeport. It is 64ft. 8in. long.

Although seamen have to doff their caps when undergoing inspection on board ship, Marines do not have to do so. The Royal Marines do not uncover their heads as a mark of respect except in the presence of Royalty or at Divine service.

In many countries the rainbow is spoken of as a great bent pump or siphon tube, drawing water from the earth by mechanical means. In parts of Russia, in the Don country, and also in Moscow and vicinity, it is known by a name which is equivalent to "the bent water-pipe."

The earliest standing army in Europe was that of Macedonia, established about 358 B.C. by Philip, father of Alexander the Great. It was the second in the world's history, having preceded only by that of Sesostrius Pharaoh of Egypt, who organised a military caste about 1600 B.C.

The Army of the British Empire, including British, Indian, and Colonial troops, costs more to keep up than that of any other nation in the world. In round numbers France pays twenty-five millions sterling annually for her military defences, Germany thirty millions, Russia the same, and the British Empire thirty-seven millions.

A curious lake is to be found in the island of Kildine, in the North Sea. It is separated from the ocean by a narrow strip of land, and contains salt water under the surface, in which sponges, codfish, and other marine animals flourish. The surface of the water, however, is perfectly fresh, and supports daphnias and other fresh-water creatures.

Unlike ordinary bluejackets, the officers of a warship have to practically feed and clothe themselves when afloat, they being allowed a small sum per diem, which does not cover a quarter of the expenses of living. When they entertain officials or friends, all the expenses come out of their pockets. The ration for every man aboard ship, from the captain downwards, is the same.

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When "La Lutino," a captured French frigate, sank under the waves of the Zuyder Zee a little over a century ago, she took 330 bars of gold down with her, in addition to much silver bullion and £127,000 the pay of the troops in Holland. Within a year of her foundering, £55,000 had been recovered; fifty years or more later she gave up another £50,000; but of the rest of her hoard—she was insured for a round million pounds sterling—the sea still keeps a jealous hold.

A bill has been introduced to make Florida a prohibition State by constitutional amendment, and there is a prospect that it will pass. It would pass by a big majority if it were not for the whisky lobby on the ground fighting for their spoils. This amendment includes alcoholic, distilled, vinous and malt liquors. Many are hard at work for this amendment and will carry it unless the whisky men spend money very freely.

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

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