

GRIFFIN.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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Keep Your Mind Open

In the forest the traveller builds his fire to cook his meals and for night protection from wild beasts. He eats, sleeps and moves on. As he disappears, blinking, brown eyes look at him from the trees. When he is well out of sight the ape family slip down and gather round the fire.

The mother holds the baby monkey close enough, but not too close, as she stretches out her leathery hands to warm them. The father ape stands staring at the flames with their grateful heat. He warms his chest, his hairy knees, and feels dull gratitude.

The flames burn for a while; the wood

that the human traveller piled up is slowly consumed; the fire dies down, smoulders away—even the curling smoke stops.

The monkey family find that they are getting cold. There is no more heat for the out-stretched hand. The father, mother and baby monkey climb into the tree again, cold, and wondering why the fire went out.

It has never occurred to them to put a stick of wood on that fire.



Darwin and other students of animals and of evolution have commented on the fact that no monkey ever knew enough to keep a fire going. In all the history of the world, from the beginning until now, no monkey ever started a fire. No animal but man ever intentionally added a stick to a burning fire, once the fire was started.

The wise men tell us that this is fortunate, for if monkeys had known how to start and feed fires they would have multiplied immensely in numbers, and they would have burned off the forests of the earth before man arrived here to cut them up into warships and houses for his own use.

When Giordano Bruno, great and noble character, was burned alive because he professed and insisted upon the truth, a little child, watching the soldiers piling up the wood that was to burn the brave man, picked up a stick, toddled to the feet of the great martyr and put the stick on the bonfire with the best of intentions.

Bruno, about to die, looked down sorrowfully and kindly upon the child, murmuring "Sancta simplicitas"—"Sacred simplicity."

The act of that child, three or four years old, innocently adding to the bonfire that was to destroy a great man, is absolutely beyond the intellectual power of the wisest monkey, or the most philosophical elephant.

We are apt to sneer contemptuously at this family of monkeys. They do look foolish and pathetic there, with their hands stretched out to the fire dying before their eyes. They seem more foolish when they climb back to shiver in the tree-top after the fire is dead.

But, Are they so very foolish as compared with us?

It is very stupid not to know enough to put a stick of wood on a burning fire. It is a dull mind that cannot protect or better itself with a little brain activity.

(Continued on page 3.)

We Smile Contemptuously at These Ignorant Monkeys, Whose Dull Minds Never Suggested Building a Fire. BUT—

A WARSHIP'S HAUL.

HOW A BRITISH CRUISER CLEVERLY CAPTURED TWO FLOATING "GROG SHOPS."

A NORTH SEA PRIZE.

There are people who imagine that smuggling no longer exists, except on a very petty scale, because cargoes are no longer run into Cornish coves, and the Revenue officers never indulge in desperate fights on Romney Marshes.

Those people are wrong. According to the first published minutes of the evidence taken by the British Public Accounts Committee, smuggling is still practised professionally, and is not confined to the few yards of lace or the box of cigars which the trippers returning from the Continent secrete from the Customs officials.

Last year 3797 smugglers were laid by the heels—not all professionals, of course, but, nevertheless, many who contrived to make a living out of the business. The cost of their capture involved an expenditure of £3000. This represents the rewards given to Customs officers who make seizures of vessels and men—trained experts who, according to the report, "have a nose to nose out smugglers."

In the pages of the report is an interesting account of how two "coopers" were captured in the North Sea. "Coopers," it may be explained, are floating grog shops. They put out usually from Flushing or Rotterdam, and follow the fishing fleets off the Dogger Bank, selling grog and tobacco to the fishermen employed on the coast.

WITHIN THE THREE-MILE LIMIT.

As long as they keep outside the three-mile limit, "coopers" may ply their trade without fear of hindrance. But on the fateful day in question their commercial instincts had overrun their caution.

One of his Majesty's cruisers chanced to appear on the horizon, and the quick eye of the commander at once judged the "coopers" to be on forbidden sea. To make absolutely certain he took bearings, and found they were well within the limit.

It was no use for the "coopers" to crowd on canvas or to try to appear anything else but "grog shops." Besides, the presence of three tons of tobacco on board could not be explained away. They were caught red-handed, so to speak.

The cruiser came right in and brought them into Grimsby—two valuable prizes for the Customs Department. They fetched £230 when sold by auction, and that money, together with £100 in fines from the captains, went to the Crown.

Another big capture this year was the laying by the heels of the Maria, with nearly a ton of tobacco on board.

Tobacco that is seized from smugglers is disposed of in various ways. The Criminal Lunatic Asylum at Broadmoor and other similar places are supplied with cavendish; other brands are sent to horticultural departments to be used for fumigation. The rest is sold, after being ruined for smoking purposes, to be made into insecticides.

SMUGGLED SNUFF DESTROYED.

After tobacco, snuff is smuggled in largest quantities. According to the report of the Accounts Committee, the revenue men seize so much snuff that they have to destroy it.

Another form of revenue fraud, scarcely so exciting perhaps as smuggling, is by the adulteration of imported goods. Some de-

tails of this are embodied in the report of the Government chemist just issued.

In examining 1842 samples of foreign butter it was found that 44.4 per cent. contained boron preservative, and 25.1 per cent. contained added colouring matter. The sources of many of the samples were wrongly described. Certain of the samples obtained from various sources revealed the existence of a "scientific" adulterator, who was prosecuted, but did not appear, his bail of £800 being estreated.

The search for saccharin, which has a high duty of 20s per pound, adds much to the work at the Custom House. There were two prosecutions in this connection, in one of them, where the saccharin was smuggled in hollow table tops, the penalty amounted to £1200 for each of the principal defendants.

Here are some of the prosecutions from the Excise Department alone:

Diluting or adulterating beer.....	180
"Grogging" spirit casks	10
Excess moisture and oil in tobacco	107
Adulterating snuff	1

THE DRINKING HOUSE OVER THE WAY.

The room was cold, cold, so cheerless and bare,
With its rickety table and one broken chair;
With its curtainless window with hardly a pane,
To keep out the snow, the wind and the rain.
A cradle stood empty, pushed up to the wall,
And somehow that seemed the saddest of all.
In the old rusty stove the fire was dead,
There was snow on the floor at the foot of the bed.

And there all alone a pale woman was lying,
You need not look twice to see she was dying;
Dying of want and hunger and cold.
Shall I tell you her story, the story she told?

"No, I'm no better; my cough is so bad,
It's wearing me out, though, and that makes me glad.
For it's wearisome living when one's all alone,
And heaven, they tell me, is just like a home.

Yes, ma'am; I've a husband; he's somewhere about;
I hoped he'd come in 'fore the fire went out.
But I guess he has gone where he's likely to stay—
I mean to the drinking house over the way.

It was not always so, I hope you won't think
Too hard of him, lady; it's only the drink.
I know he's kind-hearted, for, oh, how he cried
For our poor little baby the morning it died.

You see he took sudden and grew very bad,
And we had no doctor, my poor little lad—
For his father had gone, never meaning to stay
I am sure, to the drinking house over the way.

And when he came back 'twas far in the night,
And I was so tired and sick with fright
Of staying so long with my baby alone,
And it cutting my heart with its pitiful moan.

He was cross with the drink; poor fellow, I know
It was not that his baby had bothered him so.
But he swore at the child as panting it lay,
And went back to the drinking house over the way.

I heard the gate slam and my heart seemed to freeze
Like ice in my bosom—and there on my knees,
By the side of the cradle, all shivering I stayed,
I wanted my mother; I cried and I prayed.

The clock it struck two ere my baby was still,
And my thoughts went back to my home on the hill,
Where my happy girlhood had spent its short day,
Far, far from that drinking house over the way.

Could I be that girl—I, the heart-broken wife,
There watching alone, while that dear little life
Was going so fast that I had to bend low
To hear if he breathed—'twas so faint and low?

Yes; it was easy, he just grew more white,
And his eyes opened wider to look for the light
As his father came in; 'twas just break of day,
Came in from the drinking house over the way.

Yes, ma'am, he was sober; at least, mostly, I think,
He often stayed that way to wear off the drink.
And I know he was sorry for what he had done,
For he set a great store by our first little one.

And straight did he come to the cradle-bed where
Our baby lay dead; so pretty and fair
I wondered that I could have wished him to stay
When there was a drinking place over the way.

He stood quite a while; did not understand
You see, till he touched the cold little hand.
Oh, then came the tears, and he shook like a leaf
As he said 'twas the drinking that made all the grief.

The neighbours were kind and the minister came,
And he talked of my seeing my baby again,
And of the bright angels and wondered if they
Could see in that drinking house over the way.

And I thought when my baby was put in the ground,
And the men with their spades were shaping the mound,
If somebody only would help me to save
My husband, who stood by my side at the grave.

If only it were not so handy to drink;
The men that make laws, ma'am, sure didn't think
Of the hearts they would break, of the souls they would slay,
When they licensed that drinking house over the way.

And it's tempting him here, and it's tempting him there,
Four places I've counted in this very square,
Where a man can get whisky by night and by day—
Not to mention the drinking house over the way.

I've been sick ever since and it cannot be long;
Be pitiful, lady, to him when I'm gone.
He wants to do right, but you never can think
How weak a man grows when he's fond of the drink.

There's a verse in the Bible the minister read:
"No drunkard shall enter the kingdom," it said.
And he is my husband, I love him so,
And where I am going I want him to go.

Our baby and I will both want him there.
Don't you think the dear Saviour will answer our prayer?
And, please, when I'm gone ask some one to pray
For him at that drinking house over the way.



Another Man Thought of the Steam Engine, Watching Steaming Kettle. How Many of Us Would Have Got Any Idea from THAT?

But how do we Human beings, on the average stand? Are we so quick at seeing a new truth? Do our minds take new ideas so easily?

Beside the monkey picture we have two small pictures. These two pictures ought to make human beings feel pretty humble.

There is an apple falling from a tree in one picture. Newton, seeing it fall, began to think, and discovered the Law of Gravitation.

Thousands of millions of human beings had seen the apple fall without ever thinking about anything.

Were they so much more brilliant than those monkeys?

One man of genius noticed the power in the steaming kettle. The force of the steam rocked the kettle and lifted the lid. The idea came into this man's mind that, as there was a Power in steam, that steam could be hitched up and made to do the world's work.

That one idea was the basis of the prosperity of human beings. That one idea gave to the human race wealth that can be computed only in hundreds of thousands of millions.

Millions upon millions of human beings had watched the proof of steam's power ever since the first primitive man boiled water in the first fireproof receptacle.

If men could watch steam for twenty-thousand years without ever thinking about using its force, Can we blame the monkeys that have seen fire for a few thousand years without ever thinking about starting a fire or keeping one going?

The greatest quality that a human brain can have is **Receptivity**—the open, impressionable character that makes the new idea welcome and that gives it life.

A majority of human beings are abundantly endowed with the denseness of the monkey kind—gazing, wondering, never creating.

A truth put before humanity is often not accepted except after hundreds of years of fighting and arguing.

The plainest facts create no impression until they have been repeated and fought over and **Forced upon unwilling, dull human minds.**

When Galileo discovered that the earth was round and moved around the sun, turning on its axis, he was called a blasphemous maniac. And he would have been burned if he had not denied on his knees the truth that he had given to the world.

When Harvey announced such a simple, self-evident truth as to the circulation of the blood, he was called a quack and a fool by almost the whole medical profession. It is the fact that no doctor over forty years of age would admit the truth of his discovery. Even the most intelligent human beings denounced as falsehood what every public-school child now knows to be the truth.

When one of humanity's greatest benefactors discovered the use of anaesthetics, making it possible to render the brain unconscious during surgical operations, he was denounced. They couldn't deny the truth of his statement—a whiff of chloroform could prove it. But they called him sacrilegious, on the ground that he was trying to interfere with the will of God. "God," said these blasphemous ignoramuses, "wants human beings to suffer. If you give a man chloroform when you cut off his leg, and spare him the pain, you are thwarting the will of God."

Thus it has ever been in history. The railroad was denounced—first as impossible, and then as dangerous. Illuminating gas, it was said, would blow cities to pieces. Many scientific inventors were denounced as partners of the devil—denounced by the devil's chief partner, Ignorance—and compelled to hide their discoveries.

Are things so much better to-day?

How easy it is to make people understand that they must have free minds, free thought and united, independent action of brain and ballot to protect themselves? How many are able to see the plainest truths in political economy and independent government when put before them?

How many of us can free ourselves from the traditions, the ignorance, the mental dulness that keep us back, just as that poor family of monkeys are kept back by their ignorance more dense?

Let us try to cultivate openness of mind, originality and Receptivity of thought.

Let us be eager for truth, willing to at least listen to it.

Let us keep our minds open, ready to see the truth when it comes.

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

HEROIC DOCTOR.

MARVELLOUS JOURNEY TO SAVE A FRIEND.

A story of marvellous heroism and self-sacrifice has just been reported from India by Sir Francis Younghusband.

The hero—a German physician, Dr. Albert von Lecoq—is to be presented by the Prince of Wales and the Chapter-General of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England with a medal specially struck in gold for life saving on land.

The circumstances are as follow:—

Captain J. D. Shener, of the Royal Garrison Artillery, was travelling in Chinese Turkistan and met Dr. von Lecoq at Kashgar. They agreed to travel back to India together.

Captain Shener was taken ill with enteric fever and pneumonia. Dr. von Lecoq set out for assistance, and had to travel for nine consecutive days, crossing the dreaded Sasser and Murghi Passes.

During that time he lived on flour balls rolled by his servant and then dipped in melted grease.

He had left meat and other stores behind him, with complete disregard of himself,

fearing that Captain Shener would run short.

Dr. von Lecoq, who himself was in poor health, crossed the Sasser and Murghi Passes three times in fourteen days, the third time in a blinding snowstorm. The Sasser Pass is nearly eighteen thousand feet high, and the summit consists of some three miles of perpetual glacier.

"Naturally, I am highly flattered," said Dr. Lecoq, "though I confess I feel that if anyone deserves the medal it is Captain Shener himself, whose performance as a feat of sheer endurance was much more remarkable than mine. I shall never forget his extraordinary exhibition of pluck when he was stricken, up there in the mountains, with a combination of typhoid and pneumonia. In a state of high fever he actually underwent the crossing of the grisly Sirrar Pass in a sitting position on horseback in face of icy winds and a blinding snowstorm. He knew it was our only chance for life, and so tried the impossible, and succeeded."

Dr. Lecoq, who is prominently connected with the Berlin Royal Ethnological Museum, is of Huguenot descent, and cosmopolitan rather than Prussian. He speaks English like an Englishman, his father being an old Winchester boy, and he possesses "a genuine admiration for England."

Captain Shener, states Dr. Lecoq, is a typical Anglo-Indian officer, and a man of immense stature. "A humorous aspect of our adventure," adds the German explorer, "is the fact that the English Plenipotentiary of Kashgar, Mr. George Macartney, whose delighted guest I was for some time, congratulated me before our departure on the fact that I had secured such a man for a comrade as Captain Shener, who would be able to extricate me from all difficulties. As chance had it, the position was reversed."

They stood pensively on the platform of the toy railway station at the beautiful suburb of Bensonville.

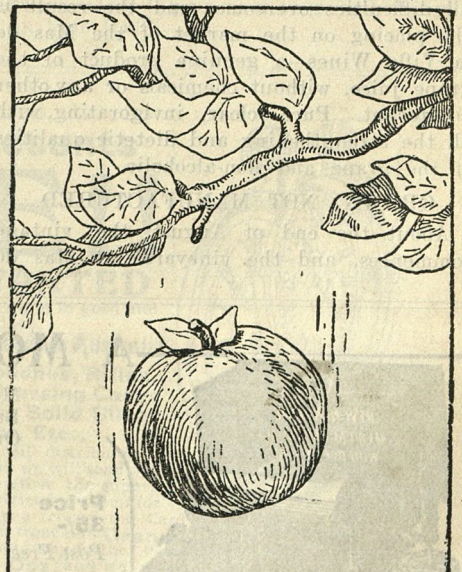
"I understand you clearly," said the victim. "You told me that the property was but a stone's-throw from the station. Where is it?"

"It's just up the road a bit," replied the real estate man.

"But it should be right here. You said a stone's-throw."

"Yes."

"Now, see here, sir," cried the victim testily; "you know well enough that a stone can't throw."



One Man Thought of the Law of Gravitation, Seeing an Apple Fall. How many of Us Would Have Thought of It?

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THE MISSING WEAPON OF THE TEMPERANCE ARMOURY.

It seems that what has so long been searched for and desired in the form of non-alcoholic beverages has come at last, and, judging by appearances, come to stay.

Hailing from one of the most delightful spots in the South of France, close to the old-world town of Arles, situated in the delta formed by the mouth of the Rhone, comes a wine yept Mas de la Ville. This wine, beautiful in colour and taste, is made, like all other wines, from the juice of the grape, but, unlike other wines, it retains all the natural food properties and sugar of the grape, and, again unlike other wines, is non-alcoholic. The difference between alcoholic grape juice and non-alcoholic is after all, very simple; but it took a very long time to discover it. The alcoholic wines are fermented, and the Mas de la Ville are not. Therein lies the great difference.

FERMENTATION PREVENTED.

Fermentation in grape juice is a certain chemical change, due to the action of microscopical germs, in which the grape sugar, a most valuable dietetic article, is transformed into alcohol, the grape juice being allowed to remain in large vats for several days to allow of this process. Many experiments were made by those desirous of producing a wine retaining all the properties of the grape intact, but for a long time with indifferent success. Extracting the alcohol from wine after fermentation was evidently not what was wanted, for this could only result in securing a liquid without grape sugar, and without alcohol, that is, containing neither food nor stimulant, neither "reality" nor "appearance" of sustenance. This eventually led to the conclusion that to prevent alcoholic fermentation the root of the evil itself must be dealt with. This has been accomplished, all difficulties overcome, and the result is the placing on the market of the Mas de la Ville Wines—a genuine product of the grape juice, without chemicals or any other adulterant. Pure, clear, invigorating, with all the strengthening and dietetic qualities of the grape and non-alcoholic.

GROWN, NOT MANUFACTURED.

About the end of August the vintage commences, and the vineyards at Mas de

la Ville present a busy and picturesque spectacle. About 500 acres are under cultivation, yielding an average crop yearly of ten to fifteen million bunches of grapes. "Vendangeurs" as they are called, the grape gatherers, cut the luscious fruit and convey the clusters to large tubs placed on the curiously-shaped waggons of the country. These tubs being full, the waggons, drawn by oxen or mules, are drawn to the great steam-driven crusher. Here the grapes are cut and crushed, and the juice flows down together with the skins and flesh of the grapes. Instead, however, of being allowed to lie there for fermentation, the grape juice is at once, by means of pumps, forced through the sterilising apparatus, where it is gently heated, and the germs it contains are destroyed. This prevents fermentation, and preserves the pure and unadulterated grape juice in its natural and, therefore, normal condition—viz., non-alcoholic. After passing through the process of sterilising the grape juice is then caught in a set of twelve thousand-gallon vats, where it undergoes the clarifying process. After further treatment by cold, produced by a freezing plant, and most careful filtration, it is ready for bottling and storage.

MEDICAL VALUE.

A friend and disciple of the great Pasteur, in discovering this process, has conferred a benefit not only on the Temperance cause, but on all those invalids who need an agreeable beverage which at the same time is an ideal food.

"The British Medical Journal" says of it: "A pure grape juice, analysis showed the absence of alcohol and preservatives; extremely agreeable in flavour."

The "Lancet" says: "Mas de la Ville contains 16.85 solid matter, the bulk of which was grape sugar."

Non-alcoholic wines for dietetic purposes are invaluable, and many eminent physicians have already testified to their value.

OF VALUE TO ATHLETES.

The natural grape sugar contained in this wine can be assimilated directly into the blood, without any preliminary process of digestion, and can scarcely be over-estimated as a heat or energy-producing food.

SUFFERERS FROM INDIGESTION.

This wine constitutes an ideal food, and

those with the weakest digestive organs will find it most agreeable and sustaining. Sample bottles at 1s. may be ordered from the Manager of "Grit," Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

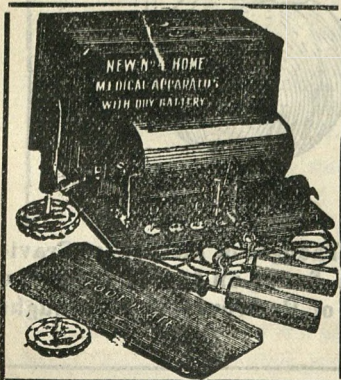
A learned antiquary once had an especially disagreeable experience. Having heard of a coin in the British Museum alleged to be unique, he went to interview the curator. The article was produced, and, while they were jointly examining it, mysteriously vanished. Then the curator looked at the visitor and the visitor at the curator. "There's only one thing for it," said the latter; "we must both be searched." Ringing the bell for an officer, he offered himself first for the ordeal. No result. Now it was the visitor's turn. But that gentleman violently objected, and swore by all that was sacred that no officer should search him. While he was speaking, the curator casually opened a book they had been consulting, and the missing coin dropped out. That ended the matter. "But tell me," queried the functionary, "why you refused to be searched?" "Because if I had been, you would have sent me to gaol," replied the antiquary, taking out of his pocket a coin exactly similar to the "unique" specimen in the Museum.

THE SAME ONE.

"I hate to tell a story," said a well-known actor at a banquet, "because my hearers may have heard it before. It always reminds me of a friend who is deaf, but tries to conceal his deafness. One night at a dinner the host told a story at which everybody roared, and my friend joined in the merriment, though he hadn't heard a word. At the end of the laughter he held up his hand as a sign that he wanted to speak. 'That story,' he began, 'recalls to me another one—.' And then the poor fellow went on and told the very same yarn the host had given only a minute before!"

In England and Wales there are 7371 fishing-boats and 40,000 fishermen engaged in sea fishery. In a year they catch nearly seven million hundredweight of fish.

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This Battery will cure Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Disorders, &c.
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Talk about People

King Edward and the Buttonhole.

King Edward always likes to wear a buttonhole, but he is somewhat catholic in his tastes, and does not favour any one flower. Apart from this, however, His Majesty is very fond of wild flowers, and when on shooting expeditions at Windsor and Sandringham he will often stoop and pluck a delicate white rose which has caught his eye. Honeysuckle, too, often finds its way into the Royal buttonhole, whilst nothing, perhaps, pleases him more than a bunch of fresh primroses.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema's New Picture.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema has surely accomplished a record in picture-painting by depicting no fewer than 2500 figures in his new canvas, "Caracalla and Geta." Perhaps it is not generally known that Sir Lawrence had no thoughts in his young days of being an artist. Or, if he had, his ambition for his son was that he should become a member of one of the learned professions, being a man of the law himself. Sir Lawrence has seemingly given as much time and trouble to the details of "Caracalla and Geta" as he is accustomed to put into whatever subject he is working upon. It is told of him that when painting "Heliogabalus" he used to receive fresh boxes of roses twice a week, so that he literally had a fresh model for almost every blossom depicted on his canvas. He is a pastmaster in detail. Sir Lawrence is a member of any number of foreign Academies, and boasts orders of all kinds.

How "Toby M.P." Won Success.

Mr. H. W. Lucy, the popular "Toby, M.P.," of "Punch," tells this story of how he entered journalism. His parents had wished him to be in commercial life, and if their wish had been fulfilled he says that he would still have been a very indifferent clerk in the hide and valonia business. Young Lucy began to study shorthand, teaching himself Pitman's system, and then looked out for an opening on the newspaper Press. A friend of his, who was an assistant editor of a local daily paper, gave him some trial work to do, and promised him the first vacancy on the staff of reporters. "But I did not sit down till Fortune dropped the promised plums into my mouth," says Mr. Lucy. "I got all the newspapers within reach, searched for advertisements for reporters, answered them day after day, week after week, even month after month, without success. At last a cautious inquiry came. My reply was satisfactory, and I got my chance."

A Guest who "Put his Foot in it."

M. Rodin, the great French sculptor, whose bust of the late Mr. Henley in St. Paul's Cathedral has been so much criticised by some and admired by others, is credited with various peculiarities of which many stories are told in his own country. One of his eccentricities is a strong objection to be waited on at meals by servants, and, in order to humour her husband, Mme. Rodin usually undertakes this duty herself, especially when guests are invited. One day when M. Rodin was entertaining a few of his artist friends, Mme. Rodin as usual played the role of waitress very unobtrusively and effectively. When she had left the room for a few moments, one of the guests, to whom the great sculptor's wife was not personally known, said to his host with great earnestness, "I say, Rodin, what can be your reason for allowing that dreadful looking old woman to prowl about the place? Why don't you get a fresh, good-

looking young housekeeper? This one must give you a fit of melancholy every time you look at her." The other guests, who knew the lady, were aghast at this indiscretion; but M. Rodin, recognising that the remark was made in all innocence, smilingly informed his indiscreet friend that the "dreadful-looking old woman" was his wife; and, by tactfully introducing a discussion on art, set his guests once more at their ease.

Mr. Rufus Isaacs and the Policeman.

The stranger who tries to get into the House of Commons by the members' entrance must be a smart man if he is to deceive the policemen who jealously guard the gates. Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., M.P., recently related how he found "Bobby" too sharp for him when, as a member of the junior Bar, he once marched boldly through Palace Yard, with the idea of reaching the door of the House. He succeeded in getting past the policeman on duty, who, however, detected him a second or two later, and, overtaking him, confronted him with the question, "Excuse me, sir, but are you a member?" Not yet," was the reply, "but I am going to be soon." "I hope you will, sir," said the policeman, "but meanwhile would you mind going round the other way?" "That 'meanwhile,'" added Mr. Isaacs, "lasted twelve years."

A Famous Novelist's Method.

Mr. S. R. Crockett is a very methodical writer. He says: "I think out and plan slowly, often keeping a story months and years in my head without writing a single word, carefully adding, altering, trying this way and that, till I am decently satisfied. Then, when it comes to writing, I put down the first draft rapidly, caring for nothing but continuity of action and swiftness of motion. Generally, the more swiftly at this stage I am able to write, the better pleased I am with the result. If I write slowly the effect is an unsatisfactory patch-work."

Britain's Most Drunken Cities.

The Rev. Dr. Charles Sheldon has concluded his visit to England, and embarked at Southampton for America. Before leaving, he was presented with an illuminated address by the officers of the United Kingdom Alliance, assuring him of their grateful sense of the lasting service rendered to the cause of temperance reform in Great Britain. Mr. Sheldon stated that the Eng-

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lish were more intemperate than Americans, and Glasgow and Edinburgh were worse than London; while, as far as his observation went, Durham was the most intemperate county in England.

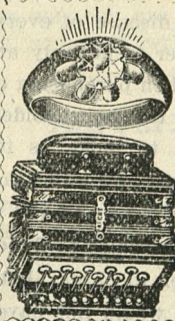
Why Change it?

The minister was writing his sermon for the following Sunday. His little son was a very attentive witness of the proceedings. The minister found it necessary to change several sentences, and would carefully erase and re-write something on nearly every page of the manuscript. Finally the little fellow asked:

"Papa, doesn't God tell you what to say in your sermons?"

"Why, certainly He does, my son."

"Then what do you want to go and change it on Him for?"



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

OCTOBER 17, 1907.

"AN INDUCEMENT TO CUSTOMERS."

Many times when the advocates of No-License have urged the closing of the liquor bars, they have been met with statements to the effect that the drink-sellers did not force men into their establishments. When, in reply, it has been asserted that, although the customers were not forced to drink, every inducement was offered them to do so, the assertion was usually answered with howls of derision from the liquorites. But confirmation of this view now comes from an eminent (!) authority in the person of the President of the United Licensed Victuallers' Association. This gentleman, speaking to a newspaper reporter a few days since, said, inter alia: "At a meeting of hotelkeepers there were one or two of the larger men in the trade who run bottle departments, who said they did not wish to make profit out of their bottled ales and stouts. Their excuse was that this department was an inducement to customers to visit their stores, and that eventually they would reap their profit out of their own particular brands of bottled whiskies, brandies, and other spirits." The temperance party will be duly grateful to Mr. Power for the foregoing admission. It is a powerful argument against the liquor business. Put in other words, his statement amounts to this: the liquor dealers are anxious to get all the business they can; they therefore throw out certain "baits" by which

they may induce the unwary to "come into their parlour." As long as liquor-selling continues, so long will those engaged in the traffic make use of all possible "inducements" to increase the volume of trade. That mentioned above is but one of many. Mention might also be made of the "free" counter lunch, with its salt sausage and meat and salt biscuits. Then there are the barmaids behind the bar, who are there in nine cases out of ten to encourage young fools to hang about the bar. The man in the liquor business is actuated purely by the idea of making money out of it. That he injures his fellows by pushing his trade is the merest incident, which he looks upon as being inseparable from his occupation. But the general body of the people should carefully note all these things, and answer the query as to whether it is in the interests of the community that the publican and his fellows in the liquor business should be allowed to offer "inducements" to their neighbours to enter the bar-room, there to be stripped of money, friends, reputation, occupation, and manhood?

INCREASE IN CANCER.

A cablegram from London last week conveyed information to the effect that Dr. Cooke Adams, reporting to the Chicago Board of Health, contends that statistical investigation made in Great Britain, Europe, and the United States fully corroborate his earlier Australian observations that the great increase in cancer is due to the increased consumption of animal foods, particularly the flesh of diseased animals. This message is full of interest to the people of Australia, who are the greatest meat-eaters in the world. They have been warned in similar strain many times, but apparently the warnings have fallen upon deaf ears. Here in New South Wales there have been statements from time to time as to beasts having been slaughtered and the carcasses sold for human consumption, with the knowledge that they were totally unfit for such purpose. Mr. Upton Sinclair caused a tremendous sensation throughout the world by the revelations contained in his book, but the people have again calmly settled down. It is incumbent upon the Government to see that the meat sold for human consumption is absolutely free from disease of every description. The consumer is entirely at the mercy of the seller. When purchasing other staple articles of diet the householder is generally in a position to judge as to its fitness for food. But with meat the case is different. A beast may have suffered from lumpy jaw, cancer, tuberculosis, fluke, or any of a hundred other diseases; but the purchasers of the flesh would not have the remotest chance of detecting anything wrong with what they ate. The public safety demands that the most rigid rules should govern the slaughtering and selling of meat. Unless this is done, it may be taken for granted that Dr. Cooke Adams or some other scientist will in the near future be under the necessity of uttering still stronger warnings.

OPENING SHOPS ON SUNDAY.

Mr. Levien, one of the "Independents" of the Legislative Assembly, has given notice of intention to move for the introduction of a bill to enable certain shops to be opened on Sunday. It is to be hoped that such a law will never be placed upon the Statute Book of New South Wales. In the first place it would outrage the feelings and beliefs of thousands of people throughout the State who hold that it is wrong to buy and sell on the Sabbath Day. Then, again, there should be no need for any of these places to open their doors for business on that day. The bulk of the people manage their affairs very comfortably under the present condition of things. Confectionery and fruit can quite well be purchased on the preceding day. The shopkeepers themselves purchase in the markets on the Saturday morning, and find themselves able to keep their stock in most cases for several days. Further, the opening of these places would mean the Sunday employment of large numbers of men and women who should on that day be enjoying a rest of body and mind after a week's labours. The proposal to "Continentalise" our Sabbath should receive strenuous opposition from all classes. But more especially should it receive short shrift at the hands of the Labour party, which has constituted itself the guardian of the rights of the workers. If Mr. Levien's bill becomes law it will be only a matter of time till other businesses will want to keep open on Sunday. The final result will be wholesale Sabbath employment, which cannot under any circumstances, or from any point of view, be held to be in the interests of the majority of the people.

ALCOHOL AT THE ISLANDS.

TWO NATIVES KILLED.

In a letter received by the council in Melbourne of the Oba Pentecost and Maewo Inter-denominational Evangelical Mission, Mr. T. J. Purdy, superintendent of Nduindui, on the island of Oba, states that illicit trading on the islands is one of the greatest hindrances to mission work. Traders make about 200 per cent. profit out of the sale of intoxicants to natives, who do not know how to use them. There are scores of cases sold weekly, and those who have participated in drinking, dance and yell almost the whole night through. Some three miles away, at a place called Walaha, two natives have died from injuries received in a drunken fight.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

The Rev. THOMAS SPURGEON writes as follows:—

"I have to thank you for sample of your MasdelaVille. I think this non-alcoholic wine is SIMPLY DELICIOUS, and I confess to being glad that so palatable a beverage has been produced, without alcohol, from the grape. It ought to become very popular with teetotalers. I could wish, too, that wine drinkers would substitute it for the wines they are accustomed to use, though I fear that the lack of alcohol will prejudice them against it. It should have a distinct value for Communion purposes."

The Clergy are earnestly invited to sample this wine.

BUSINESS DONE.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the man in the suit of faded black, "but are you carrying all the life insurance you want?"

"Yes, sir," answered the man at the desk. "I am."

"Can I interest you in a morocco-bound edition of the works of William Makepeace Thackeray?"

"You could not."

"Don't you want a germ-proof filter at your house?"

"I do not."

"Would you be inclined to consider a good second-hand typewriter if you could get it cheap?"

"I have no use for a typewriter."

"Just so. Would an offer to supply you with first-class imported Havana cigars at £2 a hundred appeal to you?"

"Not a pennyworth."

"How would a proposition to sell you a Century Dictionary, slightly shelf-worn, for only £7 10s. strike you?"

"It wouldn't come within forty miles of hitting me."

"That being the case," said the caller, "would you be willing to buy a twopenny box of boot polish just to get rid of me?"

"Great Scott! Yes."

"Thanks. Good day."

WHAT HO! LANDLORD.

A man walked into an hotel the other day, with an enormous bag and a big appetite, and, going into the dining-room, tried for a few minutes to enjoy his dinner. He then broke out with:—

"What ho! landlord! Is there a blacksmith within the precincts of this mighty city?"

Landlord: "Why, yes, of course."

Tragedian: "Then send one hither."

Landlord: "What do you want with a blacksmith in my dining-room?"

Tragedian: "I would have him test his steel and brawny arm by severing in twain this steak from the shoulder of the deceased bovine of many years, and then, for my physical recuperation, I would have him saw, file, and chisel off a few morsels from its hardened bulk, for I would dine the while. I pray thee haste and fetch him quickly. Stay thee! Your bread you can take to a stone quarry for a blast; these biscuits I can, with dexterous art and a glass of water, manage to swallow whole. Go bring the blacksmith. Away!"

The landlord fainted, and awoke almost a raving maniac.

MARY'S BEER MONEY.

Some years ago there resided in Manchester a young calico printer, a capital worker and a most obliging man, but, unhappily, addicted to drink. John, however, got married, much to the thankfulness of his friends, who hoped that through his young wife he might reform.

Shortly after their wedding John said to Mary,

"You're a sober woman, and so I mean to be a sober man. We must agree to take no more, each of us, than one pint of ale per day. For your share I will give you threepence a day, and you can drink it where you please."

Months elapsed, during which John was unable to limit himself to his "one pint." At length came round the young couple's marriage anniversary.

"Now, my dear," said Mary, "We've not had a single holiday since we were wed. Let us have one to-day!"

"With all my heart, girl!" he responded; "and if I only had a spare shilling or two in the world—that public-house

is ruining me—we might take a jaunt to the village and see your mother."

"I will stand treat, John!" said Mary.

"You!" cried the amazed husband. "Have you got a windfall of a fortune, and I never heard of it?"

"I have just had the money for my pint of beer," smiled Mary, joyfully.

"Your what?"

"My pint of beer," she repeated, producing an old stocking which had served for purse, and from which immediately clinked out upon the tablecloth three hundred coins.

"And you have not once tasted it, Mary?" he stuttered, with a flood of tears. "Then I never, never will again."

"By God's grace, John," added the young wife, who was a true Christian, and, gathering up the stocking's contents, she handed him £4 10s.

A memorable day it proved, indeed, the day which fixed the turning-point of John's hitherto wasted life.

A CHILD PREACHER.

Child prodigies there are in plenty in these days. The latest—if prodigy she can be termed—is little Frances Bradley Storr, the twelve-year-old daughter of a Yorkshire labourer and a woman who acts as a police-court missionary at Doncaster.

Frances has been causing a sensation in her native country by preaching to no less than 50,000 people in a month, and moreover "converting," it is claimed, somewhere about four hundred men and women.

Her sermons are said to be marked by "a childlike simplicity," but well thought out and showing great intelligence.

"When in the pulpit the child appears neither precocious nor priggish, but all her utterances are marked by a great sincerity—indeed, her obvious sincerity strikes all her hearers, and in consequence many who 'come to scoff remain to pray,'" says an admirer of her preaching.

But whether Frances is successful as a preacher or not, there can be no doubt that this sort of thing cannot be very good for her.

She seems to have taken the little captive maid of Naaman as her model, for one of her sermons preached at Easton, a village between Middlesbrough and Redcar, was on that subject, her text being taken from 2 Kings v. 3.

Those who have heard the child preach say that her vocabulary and command of language is quite wonderful, especially when one remembers that she has received nothing but the rudiments of an elementary education, and is one of a working-man's family of seven bairns.

Her sermons are extempore; her notes being, as a rule, written on a postcard.

THE PRICE OF BEER.

A meeting of the Belmore branch of the Licensed Victuallers' Association was held at the Prince of Wales Hotel, Haymarket, last week, when a committee was appointed to draw up a code of rules for the government of the branch. The momentous question of fixing the tariff of bottled ale and stout was then considered, and it was resolved to charge 1s 3d a bottle for these liquors. The new rate is to come into operation at once.

The efforts of the No-License party are to be opposed just as strenuously as ever. As certain clauses of the new Liquor Act are said to be too drastic from the hotel-keepers' point of view, the member for the district (Mr. E. W. O'Sullivan) is to be

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General Manager and Actuary: Secretary: Richard Teece, F.I.A., F.F.A., F.S.S. Robert B. Cameron, Manager Industrial Department: H. W. Apperly. Sydney, 27th September, 1907.

asked to have an amending bill introduced into Parliament.

£700 SPENT ON BEER IN SIX MONTHS.

MELBOURNE, Wednesday.

The inquiry concerning the death of Frank Walker, who died suddenly at Hamilton, showed that the cause of death was heart affection, caused by alcoholic poisoning.

The evidence showed that Walker had been drinking heavily. Six months ago his parents left him £700, and he had squandered all except £36. Since April he had spent £500, and £150 of this amount was spent in the last seven weeks. A week before he died he drew his last deposit of £70 from the bank, and only £1 9s. 6d was found in his possession.

THE WINE THAT DOES NOT IN-TOXICATE.

"MAS DE LA VILLE."

A Good, Wholesome, Delicious Drink at last. French Wine without the poison of Alcohol. THE FAMOUS "MAS-DE-LA-VILLE" WINE. Recommended by the Rev. T. Spurgeon and others.

This wonderful Wine is a perfectly natural and, therefore, an ideal drink. The "MAS DE LA VILLE" WINES stand in the same relation to ordinary wines as fresh milk does to sour.

A Sample Bottle for 1/-.

Sold in Three Brands.

Chateau Peyron (white label), Chateau Baret, L'Arlesienne (blue label), Champagne (gold label).

Reputed Pints,1/6 and 1/9 per Bottle
Reputed Quarts,2/6 and 2/9 per Bottle
Larger Sizes,2/11 and 3/6 per Bottle
Sample Bottles,1/6
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AN IDEAL WINE FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

In fermented wine the grape sugar (the best thing in the grape) is consumed by the acid; but in the unfermented, non-alcoholic, French wine, the grape sugar remains.

Order from MANAGER OF "GRIT," Box 390,

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Or at the Alliance Headquarters, or at the Office of the W.C.T.U., Bible House, Pitt-street.

Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand, WINN & CO., Botany Road, Redfern.

"LOW LEVEL" ABSTAINERS.**LONG LIFE v. DRINK.**

Sir James Crichton-Browne, in "The Throne," an English paper, enters the lists against Sir Thomas Whittaker, who claims that insurance figures show that total abstainers benefit in duration of life. Sir James questions whether any strict actuarial comparison, based on full information, has been made between abstaining and non-abstaining members of any insurance company. Further, he does "not believe in the efficacy of scientific bogies," and holds that the "accumulated experience of mankind" is worth more than "a few laboratory experiments." He even ventures to express the opinion that the balance of laboratory experiments vindicates the claim of alcohol to be classed as "a true aliment in health" and an "indispensable remedy in disease." He regards alcohol "as, under proper conditions, a wholesome food, a social cement, and a powerful alleviator of human suffering." But, accepting Sir Thomas Whittaker's figures, Sir James Crichton-Browne says they are just what he would have expected. Total abstainers, he believes, are endowed "with a high degree of viability"—i.e., power of life—of a rather low-level type." They are, Sir Thomas hints, rather dull, phlegmatic, sober-sided sort of people, free from the nervous tension of geniuses, and therefore they live longer. "Genius of any kind has been rarely associated with total abstinence." Most men, he thinks, would not be willing to give up the helpful stimulus and pleasant exhilaration afforded by a moderate use of alcohol, "for the expectation of an extra year in the seventies, could that be assured them." Moderate drinkers, he confesses, are more apt to become immoderate drinkers than are total abstainers, but he awaits accurate information as to the life prospects of those who always remain moderate drinkers, as compared with those of total abstainers. Only one word of comment is necessary on Sir J. Crichton-Browne's article, observes a London paper. It is all merely his own opinion, without a single shred of scientific evidence in support of it.

AN UNFORTUNATE AMBIGUITY.

Parson: "Where is the other man who used to be here as keeper?"
 Park Gatekeeper: "He's dead, sir."
 Parson (with feeling): "Dead! Poor fellow! Joined the great majority—eh?"
 Park Gatekeeper: "Oh, I wouldn't like to say that, sir. He was a good enough man as far as I know."

THE PAPERKIEF

The twentieth century will certainly be noted for the many improvements invented as substitutes for things which our forefathers considered indispensable, and not the least of these are "paperchiefs."

For numberless reasons the handkerchief made of linen and cotton is highly unsuitable for its present purpose. It is a very dangerous bacteria carrier and preserver; it is also expensive, both to buy—if one is particular as to quality—and in the matter of washing.

Now, however, there is no need to continue the use of these handkerchiefs, for in the "paperchief" is found an altogether worthy substitute. They are cheap to buy and cheap to use, for, being practically germ-free to begin with, nasal bacteria are quickly captured and the germ of the common cold is quickly destroyed by burning. They are also very absorbent.

ORIGIN OF EVERYDAY SAYINGS.

Many of our common sayings, so trite and pithy, are used without the least idea from whose mouth or pen they first originated. Probably the works of Shakespeare furnish us with more of these familiar maxims than any other writer, for to him we owe "All is not gold that glitters," "Make a virtue of necessity," "Screw your courage to a sticking place" (not "point"), "They laugh that win," "This is the long and short of it," "Make assurance double sure" (not "doubly"), and "Frailty, thy name is woman."

Sir Edward Coke was of the opinion that "A man's house is his castle." To Milton we owe "The paradise of fools," "Fresh woods and pastures new," and "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

A good deal of so-called slang is classic. "Escape with the skin of my teeth" is from Job. "He is a brick" is from Plutarch. We call a fair and honest man "a square man," but the Greeks describe the same person as "tetragonos"—"a four-cornered man."

TARRED AND FEATHERED.**FEMALE TEMPERANCE TERRORISTS' VEILED CAMPAIGN.**

Extraordinary scenes were witnessed at Bayard, U.S.A., on Saturday night, August 25th, in connection with the inauguration of a campaign against drunkenness. Women met together with their faces heavily veiled, and set out on a round of the saloons. They found seven drunken men, whom they seized and tarred and feathered.

Five of the victims were habitual inebriates, but two were rich and prominent men of the district, to whom such an ordeal was degrading in the extreme. The women have sworn to repeat the treatment on any future offenders against sobriety.

TEETOTAL LIFEBOAT CREW.

At Frinton-on-Sea, last month, The Sailor's Friend, a lifeboat of the Norfolk and Suffolk type, which has been built at a cost of £360 raised by the residents and

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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visitors, was launched by Mrs. James Paxman. A bottle of water was used instead of wine, all the crew being teetotalers.

The boat succeeds one of the same name, which, coxswained by David Cook, has saved nearly thirty lives since 1906. Cook, who is now 67 years of age, and can no longer act as coxswain, has a remarkable record for life-saving, and wears no fewer than five medals.

Kansas Whisky.

A definition of what is alleged to be Kansas whisky has just appeared, which so graphically describes the demon in the ordinary demi-john that it deserves passing on. Here it is: "Kansas whisky is a concoction of rain-water and jag, with about two ounces of knock-out drops to the glass. When you first drink it, it is fire-water and rip-roaring fun; when it gets well soaked in, it is horned toads, dragons and hissing snakes; and when you begin to sober up it is the inside of a calaboose with a dirty wet towel round your head, a nasty feeling in your stomach, the taste of old shoes in your mouth, a painful crack in your belfry, and a despairing wonder as to how you are going to get out and get home without your wife or your best girl getting next."

IS THE PUREST AND BEST
WADE'S CORN FLOUR
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT

ASK FOR
Pearson's Sand Soap
AND TAKE NO OTHER.

A MAN, MY BROTHER!

What man so'er I chance to see
(Amazing thought!) is kin to me.
And, if a man, my brother.

What though in silken raiment fine
His form be clad, while naked mine?
He is a man—my brother.

What though of strange and alien race,
Of unfamiliar form and face?
He is a man—my brother.

What though his hand with crime be red,
His heart a stone, his conscience dead?
He is a man—my brother.

For him the spotless Son of God—
The Perfect Man—our pathway trod
To show Himself our Brother.

Nor walks the earth so vile a wretch
But down to him that love doth stretch
As to an only brother.

—Henry N. Dodge.

HOW SUNDAY IS SPENT IN LONDON.

Selecting Paddington as a typical district, Mr. Stead organised a census of the Sunday frequenters of the public-houses, to supplement the "Daily News's" recent census of London's church-going population. The hold that Christianity has upon the lower middle classes may be inferred from the following results of the Sunday census:—There are 142,690 people in Paddington. Of these 31,331 were found at church, chapel, or meeting-hall, and 122,175 were found in public-houses. From the fact that the men in public-houses exceeded by more than 20,000 the whole of the male residents of Paddington, it must be inferred that many paid more than one visit. There were, in fact, 83,411 male visitors to the public-houses, and only 5999 men at church. Women attending church are more than twice as numerous as men, but of 81,625 women in the district there were found 21,118 visitors to licensed premises. But the worst figures of all are those relating to children under 15 years, for of these less than 7000

were in church, and more than 10,000 were found entering the public-house.

THE PUBLICAN A VICTIM.

The publican was frequently a victim of circumstances, Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., told a Temperance gathering at Seacombe. He perhaps had three or four hundred pounds sunk in the house and had over his head a tremendous loan, imaginary or real, usually more imaginary than real, from the brewers. He was tied to one place for his beer, to somebody else for his spirits, another for his wines, someone else for his tobacco and his sawdust, and at the end of it had to face the public if he did not sell them good stuff. At the slightest sign of independence the brewer foreclosed on the loan and out he went. He was everlastingly a victim to the big brewers, who, however, acted strictly in accordance with law. They were going to see that law altered, and it was about time, too.

Mr. Crooks appealed to his audience to live up to their responsibilities. If they belonged to the class who could walk past a public-house with a "tanner" in their pockets without having a burning desire to turn back and treat themselves for their pluck, they must remember that their job was not finished there—if they could resist temptation it was their bounden duty to remove temptation from their weaker brethren.

"Three days on bread and water!" pronounced the captain, sternly. The prisoner did not flinch. Indeed it seemed that a sigh, as of relief, escaped his pallid lips.

"Captain," the sergeant interposed, "that ain't no punishment for him. He's been a vegetarian ever since the packing-house exposures took place."

"In that case," hissed the captain, "I hereby change his sentence to three days on potted ham, devilled grouse and frankfurters."

"Oh, spare me! Have you no pity?"

And the prisoner, with a heart-rending cry, fell to the floor in a dead faint.

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Owing to the enormous success from an advertising point of view, resulting from our Puzzle Competition, which has brought us into direct touch with thousands of country residents who, being so well satisfied with our Watches, are now regular and valuable customers, we have decided, in order to introduce our new Catalogue into other homes, to further extend our liberal offer and give away another thousand **Solid Silver Watches**, Ladies' and Gents, one to every person sending in the correct answer to the following Puzzle—

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Our Limited Space will only enable us to show you a sample of Thousands of Testimonials we have received.

Dear Sir,—I received the Watch and Chain alright, and was very pleased with it. I should have written before but I was away at the time it came. I am sending for a Gent's Watch and Chain, also another Lady's Watch and Chain like the one you sent; and I have got an order for three more watches as soon as the people see the one I get from you. Yours truly, George Gayford, Mr. G. Gayford, Hapsburg, Isis, via Maryborough, Queensland.

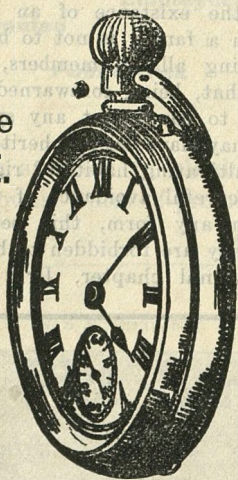
Dear Sir,—I received the Watch last April, it has been keeping very good time ever since, and I am very pleased with it. I have shown it to many friends who think it a very good watch. Enclosed you will find postal notes for another gentleman's silver watch and chain. I remain, yours truly, C. Mengel, Font Hill, Mathinne, Tasmania.

Mr. Arthur Pryme & Co. Dear Sir,—I wrote to you before when I got the watch and chain and told you I was pleased with them. I like the chain very much; the watch goes well. I am sending for a gentleman's watch this time, and chain. Yours truly, Mary Coker, Font Hill, Mathinne, Tasmania. Address "Puzzle Competition"



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ALCOHOL AND THE HUMAN BODY.

In "Alcohol and the Human Body" Sir Victor Horsley and Dr. Mary D. Sturge have produced a book which is remarkable for several reasons. It is the first attempt that has been made in this country (says the "British Medical Journal") to analyse systematically the effect of alcohol upon the different parts of the body. It is written not only for the medical profession but for all who are interested in the subject. Its language is almost free from technical terms (of the few that are used there is a glossary at the end of the book), and yet it gives the results of the most accurate scientific investigations that have been made into the effect of alcohol upon the body. It is essentially a scientific study of the question, and one for which there has been for some time a demand both from the medical profession and the public.

The general trend of medical opinion upon this question is shown by the steady fall in the amount of alcohol used in hospitals during the last forty years. We doubt, however, if the profession as a whole is cognizant of the results obtained from the scientific investigation into the effect of alcohol upon the body. For this reason every medical man should study this book, which is admirably written, arranged, paragraphed, and printed, and is full, from cover to cover, of interesting and instructive facts. It is shown how all life rests upon a cell basis, and how alcohol acts as a narcotic and irritant to the cell protoplasm of the lower forms of animal and vegetable life. The same action obtains in the higher forms, and explains the depressing effect of alcohol upon nervous, muscular, liver, and other tissues.

The effect upon the nervous system (and, of course, through this upon the whole body) is dealt with fully. Professor Kraepelin's experiments are given in detail. Small doses of alcohol lower the quality and speed of the simplest mental work, hamper the function of memory, and have a slowing effect upon the higher powers of the mind—that is, those involving association of ideas and formation of judgments. Kraepelin himself had always shared the popular belief that a small quantity of alcohol had an accelerating effect on the activity of his mind, but when he carried out experiments to test the matter he was astonished to find that he had accomplished the mental operations not more, but less, quickly than before, showing that alcohol had interfered with his power of forming correct judgments.

In the chapter devoted to the neuro-muscular system the experience of military experts is quoted, and amongst them that of Sir Frederick Treves, who, speaking of the relief column that moved on to Ladysmith, says, "In that enormous column of 30,000 the first who dropped out were not the tall men, or the short men, or the big men, or the little men—they were the drinkers, and they dropped out as clearly as if they had been labelled with a big letter on their backs." The chapter on disease and degeneration of the nervous system is most depressing reading. The close connection between alcohol and insanity has been long known, but we do not think that the general public is aware of the large percentage of cases of insanity attributed to alcohol.

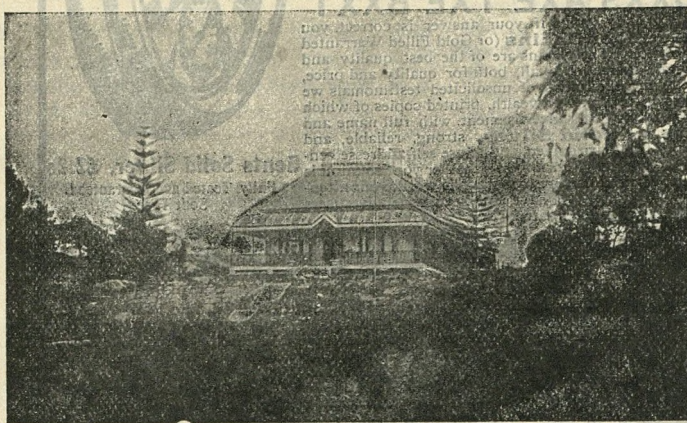
There has been much controversy upon the question whether alcohol may be regarded as a food or not. Because it is oxidized in the body, it is not necessarily a food; some poisons are got rid of by oxidation; it does not produce energy for muscular work; the small amount of heat produced by its oxidation is far outbalanced by the fact that alcohol causes a marked

loss of heat by the skin; it does not help to build up the tissues, and Romeyn has shown that alcohol never diminishes, and often increases, the elimination of nitrogen, thus failing to prevent tissue waste. It does not, then, fulfil any of the functions of a food. As regards its effect upon the heart, direct experiment has shown that alcohol has not the augmenting power usually attributed to it, but that, on the contrary, it slowly depresses the action of the heart muscle, and ultimately partly paralyzes not the muscle only, but also the cardiac nerves.

Other chapters are devoted to a discussion of the effects of alcohol on the digestive system, on the liver and kidney, on the blood and on metabolism. There is a special chapter on the effect of alcohol on the tissues of children and another on the influence of parental alcoholism upon the race. The latter subject is fully dealt with, and its difficulties fairly faced, but we may content ourselves with quoting the concluding paragraph, which seems to sum up the position very justly:

"It must always be borne in mind that the upward trend of evolution is in favour of the effacement of morbid and wrong tendencies; that all things being equal, the good surmounts the evil, and that it is health which strives to have the last word. Hence the existence of an alcoholic tendency in a family is not to be regarded as implicating all its members, but merely means that, being forewarned, they should be able to counteract any special dangers which may have been inherited, by assiduously cultivating habits of right living and by the careful avoidance of the use of alcohol in any form, this being a danger which they are forbidden to brave."

In a final chapter, Dr. Arthur News-



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holme deals with the influence of the drinking of alcoholic beverages on the national health; in it he gives a brief but comprehensive discussion of the statistical evidence as to the deleterious effect of alcoholism on the prospect of longevity.

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How the World Moves

The British Post Office loses about £650,000 a year on telegraphic work, but makes four millions on its postal work.

The most valuable tiger is the Chinese variety, whose skin fetches from £10 to £20.

Sage and rhubarb contain the greatest number of medicinal properties of any plants.

Only 9 per cent. of the soldiers actually engaged in war are killed on the field of battle.

At the Skerryvore lighthouse a force of wind of nearly three tons to the square foot has been registered.

In the United Kingdom there are 3420 persons to ten square miles; in Australia, 13 to ten square miles.

The population of the British Empire consists of 54 millions of white, and 346 millions of coloured, peoples.

Taking all crimes, more are committed in the autumn than during any other of the four seasons of the year.

The population of Ireland has been declining at an average rate of over 20,000 a year during the past ten years.

It is said that only two kinds of birds are absolutely peculiar to Britain. These are the red grouse and the coal tit.

In the Bank of England there are many silver ingots which have lain untouched for nearly two hundred years.

Snuff-taking originated in England from the capture of vast quantities of snuff by Sir George Rooke's expedition to Viego in 1784.

The entire population of the United Kingdom could be placed in Hyde Park, London, and that of the world in the Isle of Wight.

For each patent that lives its full time (fourteen years) money is thrown away on 15.3 voided patents, and 23.2 applications.

It costs about £3000 to patent an invention all over the world. There are sixty-four countries in which an invention can be protected.

There are few curves of less than three eights of a mile upon railways. On British railways curves sharper than of ten chains are rare.

The only difference between black and white pepper is that the former has not been stripped of the outer skin of the berry before grinding.

The Peak Cavern, in Derbyshire, is entered by a natural arch 42ft. high and 120ft. wide, which penetrates the mountain for nearly half a mile.

Great Britain consumes more butter than any other nation. The average per head is 13lb. a year, as against 8lb. in Germany, 4lb. in France, and 2lb. in Russia.

In the Gulf of Mexico there is a calm stretch of water two miles long and three quarters of a mile wide, which is known as the oil spot, and is always placid.

One of the greatest markets in the world for musical instruments is South Africa, which spends on an average £200,000 a year about £100,000 of which goes in pianos.

The black silk handkerchief which blue-jackets wear was first tied round the sailor's throat in mourning for Nelson, and it was never dropped. Similarly the white stripes round the sailor's jumper commemorate the victories of Trafalgar, Copenhagen, and the Nile.

King Edward rules over more Mohammedans than the Sultan of Turkey, over more Hebrews than there are in Palestine, and over more negroes than any Sovereign of Africa.

The shores of the Baltic Sea are the world's principal source of amber. The largest piece ever found weighs 18lb., is valued at £6000, and is now in the Royal Museum in Berlin.

With a view to reducing the rates of the parish, the Lindfield (Eng.) Parish Council goes in for breeding swans. The cygnets are readily bought by large estate owners for ornamental waters at 10s each.

A steeplechase for ladies, held annually in Calcutta, is believed to be the only existing event of its kind. The course is two and a half miles long, with many mud fences, and the prize consists of a handsome cup.

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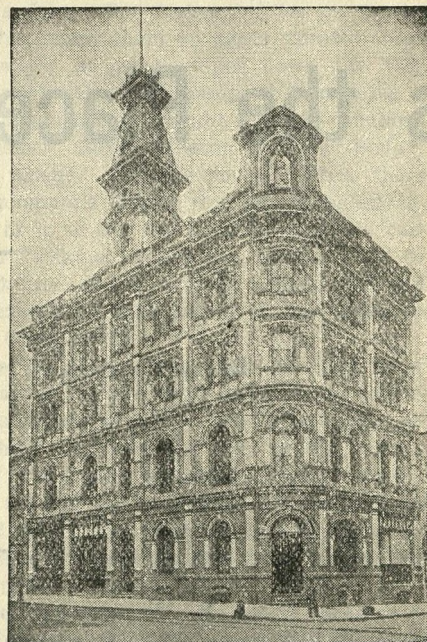
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