

GRIT.

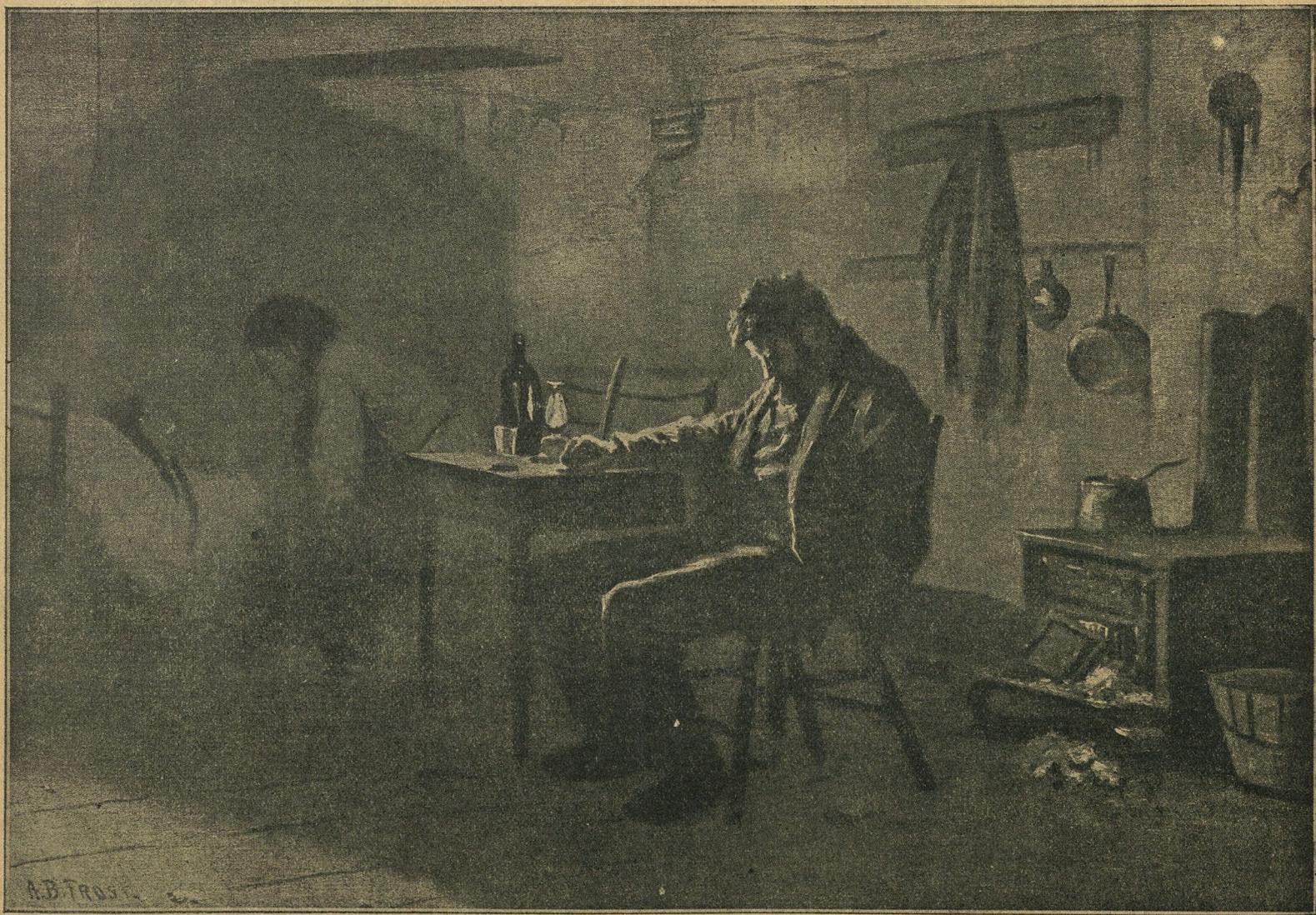
A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Registered at the General Post Office for transmission by Post as a Newspaper.

Vol. I.—No. 3.

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1907

Price One Penny



From "Leslie's Weekly."

THE SHADOW OF THE BOTTLE

"BEER IS BRUTALISING; WINE IMPASSIONS; WHISKY INFURIATES, but eventually unmans."—Dr. Brock, of Leipsic, in "British Medical Journal."

* * * *

"Could the youth, to whom the flavour of his first wine is delicious, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man feels himself GOING DOWN A PRECIPICE with open eyes and a passive will—to see his destruction and to have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it, all the way, emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget a time when it was otherwise—to bear about THE PITEOUS SPECTACLE OF SELF-RUIN!"—Charles Lamb in his "Confessions."

* * * *

THE DRUNKARD'S HOME is the most miserable spot on earth. The Drunkard's wife! Is she a being for him to cherish, watch over, and serve as a sane man finds his happiness in doing? Oh no, a victim to vent all his unleashed and degraded passions on, to cheat, to wheedle, to poison, to make into a penny-earning drudge, and to beget poisoned offspring from.

And how TERRIBLE IN ITS DEPRIVATIONS is the curse entailed by the alcoholized father on such children as the mother's virtue has partially saved, not only the hospitals, but the streets, with their misshapen, malformed and half-limbed, wan-faced, and prematurely old children, bear witness.

The Bottle is the foundation of physical, social and moral death, and ITS SHADOW IS OVER ALL THE LAND.

CALCUTTA SCANDAL

WHOLESALE GAMBLING ALLOWED
AT RECENT VICE-REGAL "FANCY
FETE."

BABY ELEPHANT IN A LUCKY
BAG.

The public mind in Great Britain was very much interested recently by a laconic cablegram from Calcutta, which announced in two lines that Lord Kitchener had won a baby elephant in a "Lucky Bag."

There was a true touch of the gorgeous East about the message. Baby elephants are not often given as prizes at Bazaars in England, and everybody wanted to know more about the stern soldier's playful pet.

London "Truth" contains a long account from their Calcutta correspondent about the whole affair—a "Fancy Fete," which ran for a fortnight in aid of the Minto Nursing Fund and the Calcutta hospitals. The fete was organised by a committee presided over by Lady Minto, the wife of the Viceroy.

"The 'Lucky Bag,' the public were informed, would contain many valuable prizes and it was announced that the chances would be 4 to 1. As a result of these inducements, and the mention of some of the prizes, such as a gig, a cottage piano, and some diamond ornaments given by Lady Minto, 30,000 tickets were sold at a rupee each.

"When the time came for the draw to begin, an immense crowd had gathered round the 'Lucky Bag' tent; soldiers, sailors, and police had to be requisitioned to keep the crowd in order, and a pandemonium ensued. But the public indignation was finally roused by the trumpety nature of the majority of the prizes.

"Every petty tradesman in Calcutta seized the opportunity of obtaining a cheap advertisement by contributing some rubbishy article from his stock-in-trade. Thus, when people went up with twenty tickets, drew nineteen blanks and one prize, and were then solemnly presented with a roll of coloured crinkled paper, a tin of somebody's patent food, or a packet of somebody's cheap cigarettes, they began to feel that they had been hoaxed.

"So much for the 'Lucky Bag.' I now come to what was really a disgraceful feature of the fete. In various parts of the grounds were tents in which roulette, les petits chevaux, and various other kinds of gambling devices were kept in full swing. They proved highly attractive, and the edifying spectacle was provided of poor Indians gambling with their hard-earned rupees for the benefit of the show, which most of these poorer Indians believe, by the way, was really organised in honour of the Amir's visit."

THE RAILROAD BLOOD TAX

NEARLY TWENTY THOUSAND AMERICAN PASSENGERS AND EMPLOYEES
PAID IT IN THREE MONTHS.

The returns of the United States Interstate Commerce Commission show that in the three months ending September 30, 1906, there were 19,850 casualties to passengers and employees, an increase of 2913 over the preceding three months. This does not include accidents to so-called "trespassers" and other outsiders, among whom the mortality is greater than among all other classes combined. In the three months under consideration there were 1891 collisions and 1781 derailments. That is to say, two trains crashed together on an average every hour and nine minutes, and a train ran off the track every hour and

fourteen minutes. Accidents of the former class were due largely to the practise of overworking employees, which Senator La Follette's Hours of Labor Bill is designed to stop; those of the latter to cheap and defective equipment, as well as to undermanned inspecting forces.

A HUSBAND'S HUMOUR

In his own home a man can say as many silly things and crack as many feeble jokes as he likes without the danger of legal restraint. This, in plain English, is the decision given by Judge Keeler, at Cleveland, Ohio, when Mrs. Katherine Gruff appeared and asked the Court to restrain her husband's despicable attempts at humour.

"His silly remarks and stale pointless witticisms drive me to distraction," she said. "The law would not allow him to throw plates at me, and these things he says hurt me much more. Yes, we have lived in the same house, she continued, "since the filing of my divorce petition one week ago, and we eat at the same table. I



VULGAR.

Newsboy.—Wuxtry! Paper, Boss?
Gentleman of Leisure.—None for me; dey has to many o' dese here Help Wanted advertisements.

filed a divorce petition several years ago, but withdrew it. Our present trouble dates back several months, and we have not spoken during that time."

Asked to give a concrete example of her husband's inanity, the suffering wife, replied, "Well, the children commented at the dinner table about the divorce petition No. 2, and my husband said, 'Oh, judge! why did you do it.'"

Judge Keeler said many women were more deserving of compassion, and refused her the order on the ground that a man cannot be restrained from saying silly things in his own home.

"Did you ever speculate?"
"Oh, yes; once I built a handsome house on tips I got from a friend of mine."
"What became of it?"
"Our hotel waiter bought it on tips he got from me."

"Really, Miss Roxley," said Mr. Hunter, "I think you need a husband to help you take care of your property—"

"No, thank you," replied Miss Roxley, promptly. "I don't care to husband my resources in that way."

All Financial Business confidentially arranged by Wm. Lawson Dash, 108 Pitt-street.—*

LARGEST APPETITE IN THE WORLD

THE CHAMPION PEA-EATER.

A Dewsbury man is said to own the largest appetite in the world.

Within the past few days (says the "Daily News" of Feb. 28) he has consumed a meal at which a van horse would have jibbed in despair. He is already well known in the district in which he lives by reason of his past performances, but his latest feat surpasses all his previous conquests.

The contest which has just concluded lasted fourteen days. The condition was that he should eat two peas on the first day, double that number on the second, and continue to double it day after day for fourteen days. The peas which were used for the contest were the ordinary green marrowfats.

During the first week the man simply swallowed them like pills, in the dry state; afterwards they were steeped and boiled. On the tenth day the number was 1024; on the eleventh, 2048; on the twelfth, 4096; on the thirteenth, 8192, and on the fourteenth 16,384.

Owing to a little hitch in the proceedings he refused to consume the total on the last day; but on the thirteenth day he disposed of 8192, which is believed to be a world's record. The only condiment he took was a little pepper.

On the thirteenth day operations were commenced about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. He disposed of 500 without the slightest inconvenience, and calmly rested until seven o'clock in the evening before recommencing operations. At that hour he faced the enormous mass, which filled the largest household bucket, with a determination not to surrender. Just before 11 o'clock he cleared the last of the dishes, and was greeted as the world's champion. During the thirteen days he had eaten 16,383 peas.

The man is prepared to defend his championship against all comers, and there is some talk of a rabbit-eating contest as the result of the pea-eating competition. In the contests which took place simultaneously all the competitors were stopped when they reached 2000 lest the affair should end in a coroner's inquest.

HOODWINKED!

DRINKS IN THE CAPITOL.

It has just been discovered in Washington that a clause, quietly inserted in the Immigration Bill, passed by Congress, to make provision for the settlement of the Japanese difficulty, repeals the existing law which prohibits the sale of liquor in the restaurants either of the Senate or the House of Representatives, or in the grounds of the Capitol.

Members of Congress have been hitherto compelled to keep their own liquor supplies in the committee rooms, and for the last few years this practice has given rise to many complaints among those who wished to have their drink at meal-time.

Poorshot: "I ought to have killed something that time, guide."

Guide: "Yes, you oughter, but both the dogs is hangin' behind."

"Mrs. Gabb: "You look tired, Mrs. Gabb. What is the matter?"

Mrs. Gabb: "Tired! I'm nearly dead. I've sat at my bath-room window every day for hours seven weeks on end, listening to the sounds in the parsonage next door, and I haven't heard a cross word yet."

A Parson's Visit to the Pubs

(SPECIAL FOR "GRIT.")

The parson who visits the pubs must mind the step on the way out, or his visit will be misunderstood.

He must mind his temper when inside as well, or he certainly will be apt to get mixed up until he feels as if he had been taking part in a successful coon hunt in the capacity of the coon. But one runs such risks cheerfully when he remembers the good fellows to be found there and the sad ones waiting in some neglected home.

A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW.

A bright inviting looking place, a sympathetic attendant, and very friendly fellow-customers, and one is not surprised that a man goes there and stays longer than he intended.

The air of welcome, the friendliness, the brightness, all contrast strangely with the average church, very much to the disadvantage of the church.

The conversation is about dogs, so the parson chips in. He explains he does not

fancy dogs, but one evidently fancied him, in fact in a few moments became quite attached to him, and nothing but the failure of a piece of colonial tweed broke this strange attachment.

"Give us your 'and, mister," said a gentleman usually described as "three sheets in the wind"; "I like the cut of yer jib." One never can feel very flattered when thus viewed through the bottom of a tumbler, but we shake hands, in fact we do it several times, and then the jolly good fellow says "Have a drink."

A CASTOR-OIL EACH.

"Well," comes the unexpected reply, "I think I will, thank you. After a careful look at the bottles, the parson discovers they don't keep his special brand, so suggests a move to another place he knows of.

"Don't keep your brand? You must be mighty particular." Then he adds with a knowing wink, "They sell mighty good stuff here."

"Well, come along," says the parson, "it is to be my 'shout.'"

"Where to?" comes from an expectant group. "Why, to the chemist, of course, and we can have a castor-oil each!"

It is astonishing what an explosion such an innocent suggestion caused, and then the parson got in his "funny business."

"Look here, friend, castor-oil never made a man beast enough to go home and black his wife's eye; never lost a man a job, or ruined his character, health and home; and the stuff you want me to take has done all that and much more."

"I say, mate, you have struck a snag, so come off," interjects an onlooker. However, good-fellowship is not so easily baulked and he offers to shout a cigar, but as the parson does not need disinfecting, even this has to be refused, and arrangements are happily made for a future meeting.

A BIT AWKWARD.

A quiet little pub containing a few well-dressed fellows is the next one visited. One young man grows very indignant. "Get out of here," he says, "this is no place for you."

To this, the parson, with a sincere thirst for information, presses the question, "Well if this is no place for a decent fellow, what are you doing here?" Getting no reply, a card of invitation is dropped in his pocket, and others are spoken to.

NOT WANTED.

The parson got into a quiet and interesting talk to an old fellow who was explaining that he had drunk enough beer to float a ship out of dock, when the sharp voice of the landlady broke in with "Get out of here, we don't want any preaching here."

The parson lifted his hat, and explained that he was not preaching, in fact could not do so—had indeed tried, but found he was no good at it; but the lady was not to be calmed.

"Get out, anyhow," she said. The position was getting uncomfortable, when the old man solved the problem by saying, "Here, missus, hold your gab, the gentleman is talking to me," and as good customers are not to be offended, the parson was allowed to stop.

WHAT HE COULD NOT SEE.

A group of seven men and a sudden silence greeted the parson. A poor creature stirred himself to find out what was the matter. Someone told him to keep quiet, it was a parson.

"What," said this poor fellow, "are you Jesus Christ?"

"No," said the parson, and then kindly explained that he was simply a servant and messenger of the Saviour.

"Well, I don't believe in Him. I have never seen Him, and I don't know anyone who has."

"What!" came the question, "don't you believe in what you have not seen?"

"No, I do not, and you can't make me either."

"Ah, well," said the parson, "there is one point on which we will agree: you have never seen your brains, and consequently you don't believe you have any, and I agree with you, so let us shake hands on it." As the man utterly failed to see the point of the remark, the parson gave his attention to some who had not been looking at things quite so intently through the bottom of their "long sleeves."

"GO TO HELL!"

A kindly hand on a man's shoulder was met with the forceful request to "Go to Hell!"

"Well, do you know," said the parson, "it is not so long ago that I cancelled my ticket; in fact, I had made a start and was making a good, and what promised to be a fast trip, when I put back, and have never been sorry for doing so." Then the parson got a hearing as he told how he started that trip, and why he turned back.

On the footpath a man met him. "I say, mister, is what you was saying just now in that pub straight dinkum?" "Certainly." "Then I will quit." This is so evidently sincere that addresses and promises are swapped. And the parson begins to think it is worth while after all.

"WHY?"

"I don't like it," explains one man, "but I like myself so much better after I have taken it."

And one thinks of his sordid life, the memory hung with repulsive pictures that will not be turned to the wall, and one agrees that from his point of view it may be all right, but then it makes others like him so much less, and those others have their claims.

There may be people who believe sincerely in the innocency of the traffic, and this conviction they may sincerely retain. But error, though sincere, is error still.

An evening with the parson on his rounds will convince anyone that regulation does not regulate, and when the pub is, as so frequently notified, "under entirely new management," it is still the same old beer.

She: "You haven't any confidence in either candidate?"

He: "On the contrary, I have confidence in both. I believe all the things they say about each other are absolutely true."

"Yes, miss, those ruins over there are of the great lighthouse—blown down in a single night."

"Goodness gracious! How silly of them to put it in such an exposed position!"

"My dear sir," protested the eminent Senator, "I'll try to take a broad view of every public question."

"I notice you always stand on both sides of it," said the dissatisfied constituent.

Giles: "My wife can drive nails like lightning."

Miles: "You don't mean it!"

Giles: "Sure I do. Lightning, you know, seldom strikes twice in the same place."



Mr. CHARLES M. ALEXANDER,
The world-famous Choir Conductor, who is
to be in Sydney this week.

Talk about People

Is Jack London a Plagiarist?

A writer in the New York "Independent," raises the question whether Jack London is a plagiarist from the well-known missionary, Egerton R. Young. The case is as follows: Mr. Young, who is a missionary to the Indians in the region of Lake Winnipeg, in the Dominion of Canada, published in 1902 a book called "My Dogs in the North Land." In 1903, Jack London published "The Call of the Wild." The similarities are shown in parallel columns, and they are striking enough. The editor of the "Independent" sent the article to Jack London for his observations. He replies: "So far as concerns the source of much of my material in 'The Call of the Wild' being in Egerton R. Young's 'My Dogs in the North Land,' I plead guilty. A couple of years ago, in the course of writing to Mr. Young, I mentioned the same fact, and thanked him for the use his book had been to me." He denies, however, that this is plagiarism. "Fiction writers have always considered actual experiences of life to be a lawful field for exploitation—in fact, every historical novel is a sample of fictional exploitation of published narrative of facts. . . . And so it was with Mr. Young's 'My Dogs in the North Land.' Really, to charge plagiarism in such a case is to misuse the English language. To be correct, 'sources of materials used in the 'Call of the Wild,' should be substituted for plagiarism." Is not this rather lame? (asks a London paper.) This private acknowledgment of obligations to an author is not sufficient. If a private acknowledgment is deserved, a public acknowledgment is much more deserved, and Mr. London would have done himself no harm if he had rendered it.

A Labour Leader on Temperance

Mr. T. Sitch, secretary of the British Chainmakers' Union, gave an interesting address at Christ Church (London) "Men's Own," Cradley Heath, on a recent Sunday afternoon. Speaking from the words "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men," he referred to the recently formed Labour Leaders' Temperance Association. He had joined that association because he had seen the havoc drink had wrought among the members of his union. Nearly all the labour leaders were on the side of temperance, which was a great advance on the attitude of a few years ago. "I fear, however, that gambling is a yet greater evil among the men who work in this trade. I once laid some money on a horse; strange to say the horse won. But I never got my money, for which I have never ceased to thank God." The address made a deep impression among the hundreds of men present. The Rev. A. E. J. Cosson, who presided, said the Labour movement had entered upon a new phase under the guidance of its present leaders.

A Kidnapped 'Cellist

Arnold Trowell, a clever young New Zealand 'cellist, who has won fame all over

Europe, is to make his debut before a London audience this month.

Whether musical critics hail him as a master or not, the sensation-loving public will find him interesting because of the remarkable adventures he has had in his short career.

He is one of twins, his brother Garnet being also a musician. When about nine years old the boys, while touring the bush towns of North Island, New Zealand, were kidnapped by superstitious Maoris, and worshipped as children of the sun god.

The extraordinary heads of golden-auburn hair with which the twins are blessed were the attraction which led the New Zealand natives to depute certain of their warriors to enter at night time the hotel where the boys were sleeping, and carry them from their beds.

The twins were borne off to the native village in the bush, and placed in a specially-prepared hut. The whole tribe was summoned for worship, and during the several days the boys remained in state in the hut they were loaded with attentions and worshipped day and night. So well



Mr. ROBERT HARKNESS,
The Brilliant Bendigo Pianist.

were they cared for, that when a search party discovered them the twins could not hide their disappointment.

Converted on His Bicycle

Mr. Robert Harkness, who accompanies Mr. Alexander to Sydney this week, and returns with him to America on Monday, is a native of Bendigo, a brilliant pianist, and a prolific composer of music that reaches the heart. Mr. Alexander "found" him when he was last in Australia, and musical instinct never served him better, for in finding Mr. Harkness he discovered a treasure. In Melbourne, during the great simultaneous mission, immense audiences quickly discovered his genius as a pianist, and the verdict has since been confirmed by countless audiences in England and America.

His improvisations are a marvel to the ear, and in London many leading musicians attended the revival meetings solely to hear Harkness improvise. Some of the sweetest and best pieces in Mr. Alexander's latest song-book were specially written by Robert Harkness. Since January, 1906, he has composed over 250 pieces. While in Philadelphia he wrote twelve tunes in a single day. One of his most popular melodies was written in Aberdeen, Scotland, for the hymn "Never lose sight of Jesus." It became the favourite English hymn of Evan Roberts throughout the great Welsh revival. Mr. Harkness claims to have been converted after one of the Bendigo meetings at which he had been playing, while riding home on his bicycle.

The Pianist's First Guinea

It is always interesting to know how a celebrity earns his first guinea, and the story of Mr. Mark Hambourg, the celebrated pianist, is worth repeating.

"I was," he relates, only about eight years old at the time. One day I was asked by one of my father's friends to spend an afternoon with his children. I could play fairly well by this time, and was always being worried by people asking me to play 'something.'

"Sure enough, when I went to the little party my hostess asked me to play a piece. I knew I should have to do it in the end, but I determined to hold out as long as I could, and kept on making excuses. At last my host said:

"I will give you a gold piece if you will play.'

"This was more to the point. I went at once to the piano, played, and as soon as I had the gold piece I bade them all a polite good-bye, for already the money was burning a hole in my pocket.

"On my way home, despite my nurse's remonstrances, I spent nearly the whole of the guinea on sweets and toys for myself and my brothers and sisters."

A Sightless Inventor

From his seventeenth to his seventy-third year the late Dr. James Gale lived in a darkened world, yet managed to attain a degree of scholarship rarely reached by those who were more highly favoured by nature. It was after the loss of his sight that his most famous discoveries and inventions fructified. A voltaic battery which cured a millionaire patient brought him a fee of £50,000. His discovery of a means to render gunpowder temporarily non-explosive brought him fame and honour, and he was commanded to appear at Windsor before Queen Victoria.

In a chapter of his autobiography contributed to "M.A.P." last year, he thus related the story: "Whilst I was conducting the experiments, which included stirring up a quantity of gunpowder with a red-hot poker, Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice came into the Orangery. I was much amused at hearing the Princess remark to the Queen in a very audible whisper, 'I thought you told me Mr. Gale was blind. I am sure he isn't. He has beautiful eyes.' 'Hush!' said the Queen, reprovingly, 'Mr. Gale is blind, but pray remember that he is not deaf' "

REWARD FOR BOTH

Dean Hole used to tell of a North-country clergyman's rebuke of certain of his parishioners who rarely, if ever, attended church, thinking they made up for it by the regular attendance of their wives. He related how one of these husbands came to the gate of paradise, and St. Peter, who stood there with the keys, rather roughly inquired:

"Who are you?"

"Oh, St. Peter, I'm Mr. Smith, from Newcastle-on-Tyne!"

"I don't know you."

"I don't know you."

"Oh, if you please, St. Peter, I'm the husband of Mrs. Smith, who went regularly to church, and taught in the Sunday-school, and was kind to the poor!"

"Why did you not do likewise?"

"Oh, St. Peter! I was in business all the week, and very tired on Sunday, and I thought if Mrs. Smith went to church regularly it would do for both of us."

"Your wife," said St. Peter, "was a true, faithful Christian. She came to these gates three years ago, and she has gone in—for both of you!"

Jinks: "Willis calls his wife Birdie."
Jokely: "Making game of her, I see."

ROCKEFELLER'S RICHES

ONLY £60,000,000.

"COMPARATIVELY POOR."

After all, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, whom all good Americans acclaim as the richest man in the world, is "comparatively poor." This time we have the unquestionable authority of Mr. Frederick Gates, who stands high in the councils of the Standard Oil Company, and is the "confidential business representative" of the Standard Oil King, for the statement made to-day that Mr. Rockefeller's wealth cannot exceed a paltry £60,000,000, and that the popular estimate of £200,000,000 is an entire delusion. Mr. Gates, in a semi-official statement, gives certain figures, from which it is evident that Mr. Rockefeller's annual income, "only in his most prosperous years," can exceed between £3,000,000 and £4,000,000.

This announcement shatters the cherished ideal of the great American public, who, despite what they say sometimes, really love



"WITH THE COUNTRY AT THEIR BACK."

their Rockefeller as a man of unexampled achievements, and reduces him to a level of a mere Carnegie, or even a Frederick Weyenhauser, the wealthy timber merchant of the West, who has risen from penury to fabulous wealth, and whose name the average Britisher has probably never heard.

Nevertheless, Mr. Rockefeller is not in immediate want, for a close analysis which has been made of Mr. Gates's figures shows that the American Croesus has a fortune invested at 6 2-3 per cent., which yields him over £10,000 daily. It is a beggarly sum, a mere trifle compared with what we expected, and may dethrone Mr. Rockefeller in popular opinion from the pinnacle which he occupied. It is comforting to know, that his great gifts to education, including the £500,000 lately announced, are well within his income, and that the second generation of the Rockefellers, if the Standard Oil King's fortune remains intact at his death, should have no difficulty in becoming billionaires, and this without practising that thrift and self-denial which Mr. Rockefeller, jun., occasionally preaches, as the leader of a New York Baptist Bible Class.

"Your citizens don't object to big automobiles passing through this settlement, do they?" asked a nervous chauffeur.

"Wal, I should say not," chuckled the big mayor. "It is great sport."

"Ah, I am glad that you think so."

"Yes, we would rather shoot at an automobile any day that we would a common b'ar."

SOCIETY'S SINS

Preaching at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Berkeley-square, London, to a large and fashionable congregation, Father Bernard Vaughan said they were living in a day when the world thought it had made the discovery that there was no such thing as sin.

The astonishing discovery had been made that sin was nothing more than a nervous stricture, or a "growing pain;" while conscience, which reproached men with sin, at worst was only a bad dream, which should be cast off and forgotten in the blessings of the twentieth century. And so, in some of the Churches, we were told that there was no more harm in not attaining to a certain moral standard, than in not reaching a certain artificial line of beauty. How silly and how childish was the world!

After an allusion to certain meannesses and sins of women, the preacher remarked that there were West End ladies who could give points to the West Ham Guardians; and there were firms within a stone's throw of that pulpit who could tell of worse so-

cial crimes than any he had yet referred to. But he was not concerned with them for the moment. What he did denounce as a man, as an Englishman, and as a priest, was the vile competition with France for the lowest birth-rate in Europe, and the emulation with America, the country to discover excuses for throwing off marriages to enter into financial alliances. They might say that such cases were rare. Of course they were rare, but they should not occur at all.

WOMEN AS DIRECTORS

A mining company with a capital amounting to 1,000,000 dollars has been formed in Minneapolis, U.S.A., with the title of the Alaska Garnet Mining and Manufacturing Company. Mrs. M. R. Fowler, of Minneapolis, is the president of the company, and the board of directors is composed entirely of women.

THE MISSIONARY'S MINE

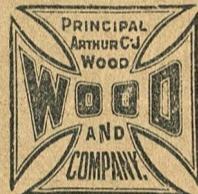
The Kansas (U.S.A.) High Court has decided that a gold mine in the Klondike, discovered by Mr. Peter Anderson, then a missionary attached to the Swedish Missionary Society, belongs to the society, as Mr. Anderson was, at the time he discovered the mine, an employee of the society. Mr. Anderson's profit for the first year amounted to over £20,000, and the mine is still producing a large income.

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GRIT.
A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1907.

"DOWNING THE FADDISTS"

To the man not accustomed to mixing in betting circles, the experience of attending a meeting of gamblers is rather interesting, if not particularly instructive and edifying. If the audience which assembled in the Protestant Hall the other night is any index of the interest in the Sporting League's propaganda, there has been a tremendous "slump" since the meeting held in the Town Hall a few months ago. The crowd was a seedy-looking one. Many of the men kept their hats on throughout the proceedings, and a goodly number of them showed their appreciation of the principles of liberty by spitting on the floor. There were a few ladies present, and it would be interesting to know their opinion on some of the "gamey" remarks made by certain speakers. The speeches were vigorous, and were listened to attentively. Occasionally they were enthusiastically applauded, especially when such terms as "hypocrites," "psalm-singers," "wowsers," "flat-chested snufflebusters," and other choice specimens of gentlemanly English were hurled with malevolent vehemence at those who believe in clean living. One speaker proved conclusively that Stock Exchange gambling is wrong, and that some folk are no better than they ought to be. He failed, however, to show how these facts in any way furnished justification for permitting his friends to fleece their neighbours. One long-haired old gentleman told his listeners that he was a churchman and a good citizen; he was not a gambler; he knew nothing of horse-racing; he was there in quite a disinterested way, to uphold the Englishman's privilege of doing what he liked with his own. With such a glowing recommendation from a gentleman who knew the

speaker so well, the outsider became hopeful of something approaching an unbiased opinion. But disillusionment quickly followed. It transpired that this benevolent-looking and altogether high-minded veteran was formerly "director" of a Pitt-street gaming saloon, which had been closed by the operation of the law against such innocent institutions. On the whole the meeting was merely a demonstration against those men whose aim in public life is to make social conditions cleaner, purer, and sweeter: the men who take cognisance of the claims of their fellows for protection against a horde of despoilers who respect neither age, sex, nor anything else in pursuit of their evil courses.

A GRATIFYING REPORT

The information supplied by the Attorney-General's Department as to the working of the new Liquor Act in certain directions is very gratifying. From time to time opinions have been expressed condemning the Sunday closing clauses of the Act, and asserting that breaches of the law in this respect were more flagrant than ever. The departmental report shows that the number of convictions for Sunday drunkenness in Sydney and suburbs during 1906 showed a decrease of about 77 per cent., as compared with the previous year. This result was obtained, too, in face of the fact that the police were never more vigilant. In regard to the employment of children as messengers for carrying drink, the Department's answer is equally favourable. This will give unbounded satisfaction to all who have deplored the influence of the liquor traffic upon the child-life of Sydney. The publication of these answers must have a very disconcerting effect upon the United Licensed Victuallers' Association, which is demanding alterations of the law to permit of Sunday trading, and to allow of children above fourteen years of age being sent for liquor.

GAMBLERS IN CONFERENCE

Easter has been a season of conference on all sorts of topics of more or less general interest and usefulness. Probably the most unique of these gatherings was that convened by the Sporting League to give the gamblers an opportunity of taking counsel together as to how best to organise their forces against the anti-gaming laws. In the course of his opening address, the chairman remarked that they wanted not to uproot the Gaming law, but to restore it to its original condition. But it was to do away with this original condition that the new law was passed. To yield to the demands of the gamblers would mean to reopen the floodgates of robbery and rascality which were closed on that day which first saw the enforcement of the Act. It is all very well for these gentlemen to prosecute a campaign for the purpose of pulling down certain legislative barriers which have been erected for the benefit of the general public, but they propose nothing better in their place. The resolutions carried at the conference noted are in vague terms, and

give no idea as to what will be done in the event of the success of the League's propaganda. Those who love sport for sport's sake cannot understand why any modification of the law should be necessary in the "interests of true sport, and the safeguarding of all true sportsmen." Does wagering on an event do anything towards improving the physique or character of those engaged in it? Cannot a bowler or a batsman, or a footballer, or any other athlete, perform as well without the knowledge that there is "a pile of money on?" It is absurd for O'Sullivan, Meagher, and Co. to come before the public with such miserable claptrap as is contained in the conference resolutions. No matter how they strive to hide it, the fact remains that their campaign is in the interests of the gambling fraternity and not in the interests of true sport. The law has prevented a lot of sharp-witted parasites from batten- ing upon society, and to go back upon the principles embodied in the Act would simply mean opening up the way for such human sharks to recommence their depredations.

DOCTORS AND DRINK

Owing to the meagreness of details by cable, it is impossible at this juncture to criticise the attitude of the medical men whose manifesto on the liquor question has been published in "The Lancet." Sufficient information is given, however, to show that these gentlemen are very much opposed to the views expressed by Sir Victor Horsley on the subject of alcohol at the recent medical congress in Toronto. But no matter how bitterly hostile they may be to Dr. Horsley's ideas, most people will be inclined to believe that gentleman in preference to the objectors unless they succeed in showing that his contentions were not well-grounded in fact. For instance, Sir Victor told his audience that the amount spent on alcoholic liquors at the present time by seven of the leading London hospitals is but a mere fraction of that spent twenty or thirty years ago by the same institutions. It will take a lot of argument on the part of the pro-liquor medicos to convince the average individual that in the view of the heads of these great medical institutions alcohol does not occupy as prominent a place as a restorative agent as it did a few years back. The opinion has also been expressed that the moderate use of alcohol as an article of diet is usually beneficial in adults. Even if this were true, there would remain the awkward fact that in using alcoholic liquors the consumer always runs enormous risks. Apart from that consideration altogether, however, when it is remembered how great is the havoc wrought by strong drink in all degrees of life, the man or woman who has the highest welfare of his or her fellow-beings at heart will abstain for their sakes. The full text of the manifesto referred to will be awaited with the keenest of interest in this part of the world. It may be taken for granted that Sir Victor Horsley will reply to the objectors and will no doubt be able to fully justify the position he has taken up.

"HELP ME TO SAVE MY SON"

This pathetic letter, which was forwarded to the Prisoners' Aid Association by Captain Neitenstein, was recently received by that gentleman from a mother residing in the country:—

Sir,—Can you advise me or help me to save my son. He is a confirmed drunkard. Possibly he suffers from hereditary taint, as, prior to his birth, we suffered much loss, and his father sought comfort in drink. When he was born, he was a poor, weak infant, and for three years had to be kept asleep on stimulants, so that he might not cry, as crying was likely to bring about strangulation of the bowels, and a dreadful death. He is now 27 years of age, and I have for 12 years fought hard to stop him. A few months ago I played my last part, as I thought a final. I got the P.M. to grant a prohibition order against his being supplied with drink, but now the drink is bought and brought to him in the stables of the hotels, and last night the police locked him up. When he has drink he goes mad, fights everyone he comes in contact with. Only myself dares to remonstrate. I believe his language is terrible, but I never heard him utter a profane word. When sober, he is idle, but good-natured; loves children, will give anything he possesses to the needy; will give mine if he has not his own to give. He is a good scholar, and has keen perceptive faculties. My great dread is that he will kill someone. Oh, Captain Neitenstein, I implore you to take him if possible. I cannot write this morning; the 12 years of misery seem now to have reached the last straw stage. I can bear no more. I live in perpetual fear of what he may do. Is there no help, no hope? Not for my own sake do I plead, but for his respectable, honourable sisters and brothers who have done all they could for him with me, and must with me bear his disgrace. Oh, God help me in this so-called Christian land, where men are licensed to sell murder, robbery, and damnation to whole families through a member or members. Don't throw this aside and think it is only the outcome of excitement, etc. I am shaken to my very centre, but I have been thinking over this since I read of that home for inebriates. I will wait so anxiously for your reply. It will mean so much to me.

HOW THE LIQUOR ACT WORKS

DOES RESTRICTION RESTRICT?

From time to time statements are made by persons of varying degree as to the effect of certain sections of the Liquor (Amendment) Act. The Rev. Canon F. B. Boyce has received the following official replies to a series of questions put by himself to the Attorney-General's Department on this subject:—

Question 1.—What is the effect of the limitation of the number of bars in hotels, more particularly with regard to those formerly kept by loose women?

Answer.—The fact that special application must be made to the Court for permission to have more than one bar, and that all such applications are open to police objection, has had the effect of reducing the number of private bars, and of closing up ALL such bars which were formerly conducted by loose women, or women of doubtful character.

Question 2.—What is the decrease, or otherwise, of convictions for Sunday drunkenness?

Answer.—The convictions for drunkenness on Sundays in 1905 and 1906 were as follows, respectively, viz.:—City, 1149 and 218—decrease, 931. Suburbs 201 and 97—decrease 104.

Question 3.—What is the effect of the

stringent provision of the law prohibiting sale of liquor after 11 o'clock on week nights?

Answer.—The sale of liquor after 11 o'clock on week nights has practically stopped. Much better order prevails late at night, and there is an absence of those men—often in a semi-intoxicated condition—who used to hang about the street corners long after the hotels have closed. They now go to their homes much earlier, and are consequently able to do their work on the following day. Under former conditions they could obtain liquor at almost any hour, and were often unfit to work more than two or three days in the week, the result of the altered conditions being that they have more money now for food and clothing for their families. The closing of the hotels punctually at 11 o'clock has also had the effect of stopping card-playing at hotels late at night, which was a common practice. It is also noticeable that the number of midnight brawls which were common in some localities has considerably decreased.

Question 4.—What are the good effects resulting from the provisions prohibiting chil-



Mr. CHARLES M. ALEXANDER AND HIS MOTHER. (From a photo taken just before Mr. Alexander left America.)

dren from being sent to hotels for liquor.

Answer.—The provisions of the Act prohibiting children from being sent to hotels have had a very beneficial effect. Children were formerly kept from school to run to the hotel for liquor, and were frequently seen sipping it on the way home. This has now been completely done away with, and good results must follow.

Department of the Attorney-General and of Justice,
Sydney, 3rd April, 1907.

MUNICIPAL ENTERPRISE

PETERBOROUGH'S CIVIC CELERY YIELDS £1000 PROFIT.

Peterborough (Eng.) Corporation has struck out a new line in civic enterprise, and for three years has put on the market Corporation celery. Last year excessive supplies caused low prices and spoiled the market, but this year, with less celery being grown, the Corporation has done well, and has cleared a profit of £1,000.

This was obtained from twenty-three acres, which was put under celery, as the civic fathers found themselves with a farm on their hands, and learned that a neighbouring land was making £6 an acre with celery production. Previously the land was under the ordinary farm crops.

Have you money to lend on Mortgage? I will get you six per cent. or more. Wm. Lawson Dash, 108 Pitt-street.—*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

N.A.P.—We regret that you cannot see any necessity for such a paper as "Grit." Did it ever strike you that the inveterate drinker sees no necessity for temperance societies, or the thief for gaols? Possibly you did not realise that your "criticism" was merely "abuse." Send along a subscription for the supply of the paper regularly, and we will soon change your views.

G.J.—The "Rochester" referred to in the article you mention is in England, and not U.S.A.

Well-wisher.—Many thanks for your friendly letter. You can't encourage us more than by recommending "Grit" to all your friends.

S.P.—You say that you have essayed poetry before, and are no novice. We like "essayed" much better than "poetry," which we should call by another name. But don't inflict it on us or any other self-respecting paper. We have plenty to endure.

Statist.—We are not out to answer catch questions as to how many times the letter "I" appears in the Bible, or anywhere else, for that matter. You make very good use of it, by the way, in your enquiry. Any question of real moment we will endeavour to answer for your help or guidance, but your present query does not appeal to us.

X.Y.Z.—Your "humour" is beyond us. Perhaps you are one of those unfortunates who can't help it. If so you have our sincere sympathy, and if you will read "Grit" regularly for a few weeks, we will guarantee an effectual cure.

J. Martin.—Any article will receive careful consideration, and we recommend you to send yours along. Mind you, we don't undertake to use it.

Perplexed.—Do you think it impossible to have "sport" without betting, that you are so perplexed? There are plenty of good sportsmen who are satisfied to play the game for its own sake, and if any sport is no good unless you can have "a little on," we are sorry for the sport. Possibly you are one of those who prate about horse-racing improving the breed of horses, when in reality all you care about is the chance to pick up a few shillings because "Dead-beat" gets in a head in front of "Half-bred." We fancy that your perplexity is only skin deep.

A Friend.—We shall endeavour to follow out your kind suggestion.

HIS ONLY LUCCAGE

A man out-of-work, out-at-elbows, and out at other places as well, was noticed on a railway station by a gentleman who asked him what was the cause of his distress.

"Oh," said the dejected one, "I have lost my luggage."

"Why don't you see the station-master about it?"

"No use," said the man.

"Put it in the hands of the detectives," said the sympathetic friend.

"Not a bit of use," was the reply, "they could do nothing; the cork came out."

DOING LONDON

He was an American in a hurry, and he dashed up in a hansom to the British Museum.

"Have you still got the Elgin marbles?" he asked an astonished official.

"Oh, yes, sir; if you step this way—"

"Never mind. Have you the Assyrian bulls?"

"Oh, yes, sir; we never part with—"

"Hold on a moment. What about those six thousand-year-old human remains—they are not sold, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, sir; if you'll step in—"

"No thanks. I'll take them as per catalogue. Fact is, I've got to do Westminster, St. Paul's, and South Kensington this morning, and the Oxford Colleges this afternoon, Stratford to-morrow, and I sail on Wednesday!"

STORIES FROM REAL LIFE

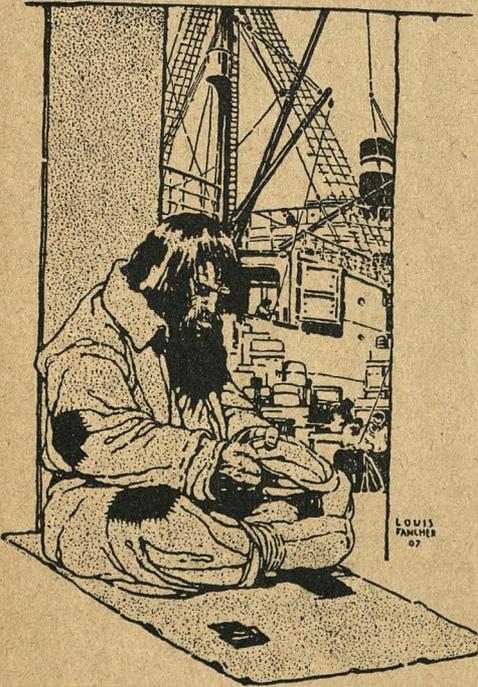
THE BEGGAR.

It happened in St. Petersburg, whither business had taken me. I was making a stay of about six months, and my affairs frequently called me to the docks. There I made the acquaintance of Potomkin. He sat outside the dock-gates, on the bank of the ditch that bordered the road—cross-legged, with palm outstretched, and his ragged shreds of flaxen-coloured hair tumbled over his humped shoulders. His nose was broad-nostrilled as a Cossack's, and his face was hidden with a hairy growth, but his wide, staring blue eyes compelled attention.

The rain was filtering down despondently on the day I first spoke to him. I had passed him several times, ignoring his plea for alms; but once I tossed him a "grevnik"—a little ten-kopeck piece—and he clawed at it eagerly, and called down the blessing of the Virgin on my head, crossing himself vigorously. And ever afterward, when I passed, he lowered his eyes cringingly, and rocked his body to and fro, anticipating further gifts. So I spoke to him:—

"Tell me, old one, why dost thou sit in the rain, and always in the same spot?"

He twisted his mouth into what was meant for a smile. "Da chto," he croaked huskily, "it does not always rain. . . . and the sea-people who come from the ships



have hearts as large as their vessels."

He spoke with an educated tongue, and I looked at him sharply.

"You are not an ordinary beggar," I said.

"I am a beggar!" he replied with a satisfied sigh. "I am like a saint—I sit and receive offerings, and who gives I bless. For two kopecks I will send a prayer to the Mother of God on your behalf."

I gave him five times two kopecks, and passed on, leaving him fulfilling his part of the bargain. After that I conversed with him every day. At first our discourse was limited to ordinary topics; and one day he told me his name—"Potomkin."

"Yes, but your forename?" I ventured.

"Oh—nichevo—nothing—just Potomkin!" he grinned.

Another day he asked carelessly, "You are French?"

"Oh, no!" I said, "I'm an Englishman from London."

"A-a-h!" He drew his breath in with a hiss, and his fingers twitched tremblingly. That was all, but I noticed it, and pondered thereon frequently. Gradually Potomkin became part of my day. I did not reckon it complete unless I had seen him and spoken with him, I became filled with

strange thoughts about him. He was certainly not an ordinary beggar, for he was educated, and in his speech he betrayed his learning. From his conversation, also, I inferred that he was acquainted with Russian literature. Pushkin, Gogol, Lermontof, Dostoyefsky—he had read them all, and even the more modern Gorky. Why should a literary beggar be sitting by the roadside, near the docks? I asked myself.

Once I had occasion to visit the docks after dark. It was the first time I had been there at night, and I was startled to see the dim, huddled figure of Potomkin seated in his usual place.

"Why!" I said, "you here—as late as this?"

His face was white in the moonlight, and he answered simply: "I never leave here—night and day—day and night."

In the cover of the darkness I drew near to him. "Potomkin," I said gently, "Potomkin, tell me why you sit here—tell me who you are—you are not the beggar you appear to be. Why do you sit here?"

He gave a low laugh. "Ah! you Englishman," he whispered, "you have always been sympathetic. I guessed you would find out. . . ."

"We are friends," I argued persuasively, "Who are you?"

"I'm Potomkin," he answered in his old way. "Just Potomkin—and I'm waiting—waiting!"

"For whom?"

"Shall I tell you?" He seemed to be debating the question with himself. "Oh, well—zachem nyet—why not? It is a very short story. I am Potomkin; there used to be a tea merchant of that name in Moscow," he giggled suggestively, "I wonder what's become of him! The merchant had a very beautiful daughter, fair-haired and blue-eyed—like me—Hee! hee!" he chuckled, and swayed himself to and fro, "I get sentimental in the moonlight. Oh! she was a good girl, with the face of an angel and the virtue of a saint, and it was a pleasure to get home after work in the shop and find her waiting. . . . One day the merchant came home and found she was not there. On the table was a letter. She had left and gone away with an officer, who had been a frequent visitor at the house. The merchant found out that they had gone to England. . . . Some day he is bound to come back—they always do, the love for their country is too strong. . . . That is why I wait here—where the ships come in from England. I watch every face that passes."

He laughed softly and slipped his hand beneath his coat; when he withdrew it the blade of a knife glittered in the moonlight, and I rose, fearful, for I deemed him insane.

He pressed the knife to his lips, murmuring: "He will come back. Now you know why I wait; I want to see him who took my daughter from me."

"Potomkin," I said, "it is late, and you are foolish."

"A-ha-a!" he crooned, with a leer on his face, "maybe—maybe. Still. . . I wait."

I went home, resolved to forget all about him, and during the remainder of my stay I did not again visit the docks. Yet Potomkin's face, with the wild, staring eyes was often before me. On the day that I left St. Petersburg I had a chat with MacAllen, the shipping broker in Nikolai-street. "By the way," I said, "that beggar down by the docks is a queer character, isn't he? Never moves from the spot."

"Ah! you've noticed him," answered MacAllen. "He's quite one of the sights of St. Petersburg. He's been there off and on for about fifteen years. Waiting for someone, so the story goes. . . . He went blind two years ago, and the fellow's quite mad. Have a cigarette, old man?"

I drove down to my ship that same evening, and as my droshky passed the huddled figure of the beggar I threw him two silver

Where Shall I Stay in Sydney?

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rubles. He groped after the coins with one hand, crossing himself with the other, and his eyes stared straight at me.

So that the last memory I have of St. Petersburg is of Potomkin, patiently sitting in the evening waiting for his revenge on the man whom he will never be able to see. . . . Perhaps he is waiting still!—Alphonse Courlander in "Everybody's Magazine."

NEWSPAPER JOKES

Here are a few specimens that will show the kind of humour with which editors seek to regale their American readers:—

An Irishman is represented as replying to a teacher who had told him that his charge for tuition was two guineas the first month and one guinea the second. "Then, be jabers, I'll begin the second month now, I will."

In the same was found the following instance of unconscious negro humour. A dark couple, being engaged, are talking over their future life, and Sambo says to Dinah, "Marriage is not all bread an' beer an' kisses, yo' know, my love." "Suttinly not," replied Dinah. "I expect ter git de poker occasionally."

In a more serious periodical was to be found an editor giving advice on how to remove paint. His recipe was, "Sit down on it before it is dry."

Another editor announced without comment that a Harvard professor had made the calculation that if men were really as big as they sometimes feel there would only be room in the United States for two professors, three lawyers, two doctors, and a reporter on a Philadelphia paper.

Do you want to borrow on Mortgage? I have money to lend at from five per cent. Wm. Lawson Dash, 108 Pitt-street.—*

INCREASE OF INTEMPERANCE AMONGST WOMEN

For some time social workers in London have been grievously disturbed over the fateful increase of drinking among women. Woman being the weaker partner in life's business is, as we all know, extremely ingenious. When by inimical chance her ingenuity takes a left-hand turn it not infrequently degenerates into cunning; then by quick stages cunning becomes duplicity. Deception follows as a matter of course. Now a woman is handicapped in many ways. When she takes to drinking, for example, she cannot, if she is married and belongs to the respectable classes, go openly into a public-house. Neither can she go too openly to the wine-cellar at home. But she can and does take counsel with the licensed grocer. The rest is as easy as lying, and generally much more tragic. Nor is the old-fashioned medical practitioner free from blame. In Scotland, which possesses more churches and distilleries than any other country of its size and population in the world, whisky has long held an honoured place in therapeutics. In England the prescription is more commonly a glass of wine. As a rule the doctor does not mean the whisky or the wine to be continued indefinitely; but the patient often acquires a taste for it, and after the doctor has departed, goes on taking "a little just as a medicine, you know."

Is it the office of medicines to destroy homes, fill mad-houses, prisons and paupers' graves? Above all, one may ask, is it meant to alienate husbands? For it is to be observed that while a large percentage of its victims travel by way of the police court, an increasing number, and these of the better class, go annually by way of the Divorce Court. To such things do the drop of whisky and the glass of wine taken as a tonic lead. Moreover, of this system of medicine the Registrar-General tabulates at least one ominous result. We find, for instance, that while in the years 1880-1900 the death rate from intemperance, taking the ratio per million of the population, increased 87 per cent. among men, among women it increased 180 per cent. The Registrar-General is not a sentimentalist; he does not embroider. That is the cold fact he sets forth.

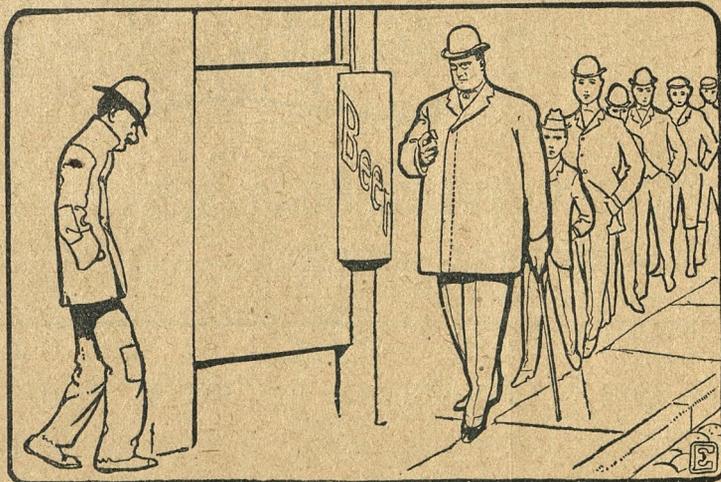
Fortunately the newer school of medical science, represented by such men as Professor Sims Woodhead and Sir Victor Horsley, does not share the exploded superstitions of 50 years ago as to the medicinal value of alcohol, or rather it is emphatic in its warning of danger. Our leading hospitals are therefore substituting milk for brandy and champagne; but unluckily the general practitioner, imbued with antiquated notions, flourishes in Suburbia, and is in almost undisputed possession of our rural districts. Huxley once remarked that "Extinguished theologians lie about the cradle of every science like the strangled snakes about that of Hercules." Is it not high time that science was dealing seriously with a certain school of physicians?—London "Daily Chronicle."

Wm. Thos. Dash, Solicitor and Conveyancer, 108 Pitt-street, Sydney, has trust moneys to lend at five per cent.

AMERICAN POLICE SYSTEM OF BLACKMAIL.

In all big American cities, where politics rule the roost, and respectable citizens hold aloof from public affairs, which is not an uncommon thing in the United States, it is charged that gambling and disorderly house keepers, publicans, and others, pay regular sums to local police captains—police superintendents they would be called in Australia, to secure "protection," or, in other words, freedom to conduct illegal business, and absolute immunity from arrest. The police captains, in a word, blackmail them systematically, it is alleged, and in doing so, only emulate the example of their predecessors, many of whom retire rich, and satisfy the inquiries of their friends by the statement, "Oh! I had some lucky speculations."

This interesting phase of corruption is about to be investigated in an action just entered by a gambling saloon keeper of New Jersey, who is retiring from business, and is suing his police superintendent to recover all the blackmail extracted from him. This keeper comes forth as an advocate of reform, and says that he would not take action if it was only a question of one or



THE RESPONSIBILITY.

The boys follow not the drunkard but the moderate drinker into the saloon.

two captains levying tribute for "protection," but because, he says, it is an organised and recognised system. He repeats the statement, frequently made, that "the captains are not entirely responsible, because they in turn are compelled to pay blackmail"—graft is the American term used here—"to the politicians 'higher up,' who control them." Altogether, astounding revelations are promised if the case is heard, but it is questioned whether it will ever get into court.

In New York, it is admitted, much has been attempted to abolish "graft," but it takes a long time to give the system its death-blow. One newspaper to-day publishes in cold print the names of twenty pickpockets frequenting New York trams, who, it alleges, pay weekly contributions to the New York detectives to be allowed to rob the passengers with impunity. The amazing thing is that the public accepts so damning a statement without a moment's question, apparently regarding it as inevitable.

"In police matters at least," to quote a leading journal there, "we Americans have much to learn from the older civilisations of Europe."

A Baltimore Roman Catholic clergyman has received a medal from the French Academy for a buckle of his invention. His device appears to have been invented because of a moral impulse, since he says: "Desiring to reduce, if not to obviate, the habit of cursing, for a long time I have exerted myself thinking how to improve on the old style of buckle."

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Secretary



SYDNEY

OLD TIME CRICKETER

AN AUSTRALIAN PIONEER.

Mr. George William Wilson, of Lanchester (Eng.), who has just celebrated his golden wedding, has related many interesting reminiscences of cricket as played in the early forties and fifties, to a correspondent of the "Yorkshire Post." He recollects "when the Kennington Oval was a market garden, and the time when round-hand bowling was in its infancy. Old Lilywhite was the first to introduce it, and in those days, if a bowler's arm was above his shoulder, he was no-balled. No pads or gloves were used at this period, and the only person I saw go on the field with pads on his knees was Alfred Mynn, of Kent, for the protection of his knee-caps. In the old days local games never started later than 10 a.m., and the grounds being very poor drawn matches seldom occurred. Two innings were generally played out; a little time between the innings was allowed for refreshments, which consisted usually of bread and cheese and beer, and when the game was over, we mounted the old-fashioned four-wheeled coach, with the old guard behind, playing on an old keyed bugle. These were the grand old days of cricket. In the years 1851-2 I was stationed in Dublin. I played many a game in Phoenix Park against the garrison stationed there. The club had two professionals engaged, of the name of Lawrence and Doyle, I think. At the end of the season when I left Ireland, in 1852, Lawrence went to Australia. Cricket was then being introduced to the Colonies, and Lawrence was, according to my recollection, the pioneer of cricket in Australia." Mr. Wilson, in spite of his eighty odd years, still travels considerable distances on summer Saturday afternoons to witness good local and county cricket matches, and his zeal for the game never wanes.

CAMPAIGN NOTES AND NEWS

Are you on the electoral roll?

A conference of gamblers was held in Sydney during Easter week.

The last published drink bill of the United States totalled £200,000,000.

During 1906 there were 1035 less convictions for Sunday drunkenness in Sydney and suburbs than there were in 1905.

A Maine (U.S.A.) man recently sued another for slander on the ground that the latter called him a rum-seller. He won his case.

The Queensland Methodist Conference has adopted a strongly-worded resolution, advocating liquor law reform on New South Wales lines.

It is understood that the Presbyterian General Assembly, which meets in Sydney next month, will devote a full night to a no-license demonstration.

Do not forget that in voting for NO-License, you vote for Reduction at the same time, as in the event of the former not being carried, your vote counts for the latter.

Dr. Dawson Burns has published his estimate of the drink bill of the United Kingdom for 1906. It shows an average expenditure per head of population of £3 16s 3d.

At the Good Templar session held during Easter week, much stress was laid upon moral suasion as a means to temperance reform. Juvenile work also received earnest attention.

Mr. Lewis Scott (at the gamblers' meeting): "A lot of these men got into Parliament by the colour of their jackets." We have heard sentiments of this sort somewhere before.

Mr. R. D. Meagher says that next election will see a lot of "sanctimonious derelicts" left high and dry. Mr. Meagher ought to know by this time that all political derelicts are not sanctimonious.

"We don't want this country to be governed by a crowd of psalm-singers, or flat-chested snuffbustlers." This is Mr. Alderman Meagher's elegant way of expressing his opinion.

The stocks of the Sporting League are evidently on the downgrade. Their Protestant Hall meeting was poorly attended, compared with the Town Hall meeting of a few months ago.

The Queensland Labour Party is advocating nationalisation of the liquor traffic, "with a view to ultimate total prohibition." Experience shows that the road to prohibition does not lie through State control.

The Attorney-General's Department states that the number of midnight brawls which were common in some localities before the Amending Liquor Act came into force has considerably decreased under the new law.

A clergyman was once heard to say that the drink problem could be solved by keeping the mouth shut. The trouble is that too many people keep their mouth shut after they have solved the problem for themselves.

Miss Anderson Hughes has created a very favourable impression on the Northern Rivers. Her "Congress of Nations" entertainment is described as one of the finest things of the sort ever seen in the district.

A deputation recently waited on Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Home Secretary, to advocate the prohibition of the employment of girls and women as barmaids. Mr. Gladstone replied that he was convinced that the employment of barmaids was open to objections on the grounds of health, Temperance, and morals, and promised to deal with the matter in the forthcoming Licensing Bill.

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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.

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In Canadian cities, like Montreal or Toronto, with its population of a quarter of a million, polling district option is allowed, and a drink map of the city of Toronto shows that large sections of the city are thus wholly cleared of the liquor traffic.

"We are not deeply enamoured with that class known as the clergy. The papers are full of their undignified and unwarranted interference in matters of state," is a statement recently appearing in the "Wine and Spirits News," Columbus, Ohio. This speaks volumes for the kicking-power of the pulpits of America.

Methods of the "Trade."—A meeting was held in Bristol, England, recently for the purpose of urging the desirability of Sunday closing of hotels. A circular was issued by the "trade" organisations requesting their members to attend and take ten or twelve friends with them. There was considerable rowdy opposition as a result. The "Bristol Times" referring to the meeting, said: "The conduct of the opposition, if it means anything to the outside world, means that those who oppose Sunday closing have no argument but noisy violence."

"A drink known as 'orange soda' and sold by an Ironton dealer, was analysed and found to contain 2.25 per cent. of alcohol. The dealer was compelled to pay the Aikin tax. Neither orange nor soda entered into the combination. 'Pear cider' is another beverage which has caused much trouble. The State dairy and food department has unearthed numerous cases." The liquor trade has many pale beverages under fictitious names that it is ready to dress up for quibblers and plant on the shelf of the restaurant or a pharmacy. This is one of a long list.—"Minerva (Ohio) News."

"I have defended forty-one men and women for murder in my life, and nineteen out of twenty of the crimes were caused by

whisky; I have defended lots of other criminal cases in my life, and I am safe in saying that nineteen out of twenty of them were caused by liquor. Whisky is the most demoralising thing in the world. Men do not usually drink it to get into a condition to rob and kill, but when they get it in them they are ready for any sort of devilry that comes to hand." This is the declaration of Col. I. W. Boulware, the eminent jurist, in Fulton (Mo.) Gazette.

The pledge has not been made the weapon of temperance evangelism in America so much as in England. There seems to be a larger emphasis in America upon legislation and prohibitory measures than upon the reclamation of the individual. No doubt the anti-saloon movements of America are seizing the idea nearer its centre than it has yet been conceived in Germany and the United Kingdom. The eradication of the saloon is a root-and-branch method that assures results once it has been made practicable by the support and endorsement of the electorate.

In a recent article in the "Independent Review," Mr. C. H. Roberts says, in regard to Local Option: "I must again reiterate that our case for Local Option does not properly rest on the experience of State Prohibition. Several States which have tried State Prohibition have fallen back instead on the principle of Local Option. That principle has swept east, west, south, and north through the American Union. It is applied with great variety and flexibility of method, "under very different conditions in country districts, but also in towns and cities. It is taken for granted by most Americans as the most reasonable and normal method of dealing with the liquor traffic."

Eight per cent. for your savings is better than three. I will give it you. Wm. Lawson Dash, 108 Pitt-street.—*

How the World Moves

Intoxication while on duty is a misdemeanour for a railroad employe in California, and, if death results, a felony.

A professor at the technical high school in Berlin is reported to have invented a method of producing artificial rubies which it is impossible to distinguish from the genuine. The chief material used is thermite, which is composed largely of aluminum.

The new government of the Transvaal has prohibited the importation and sale of opium for all save medicinal purposes. The importation and sale for those purposes is under strict government supervision. Japan passed a similar law several years ago. China is just now making a move in the same direction.

Secretary Fredericks, of the Kokomo (Ind.) Steel and Iron Company, in the "Indianapolis News," declared that the saloons near their factory cost their company 75,000 dollars a year, "if not more." Let us have a law," he declared, "prohibiting under the severest penalty a saloon in the factory districts."

Herr Dehmel, one of the greatest living German poets of the "modern school," says, "I have attempted several times to write poetry under the influence of liquor, but the next morning it appears to me to be mere word play, monstrous fancies or confused unconscious reminiscences." It is needless to say that Herr Dehmel is now a total abstainer.

Tommy Atkins is changing his habits since the Young Men's Christian Association in England has gone along with him into the summer volunteer camps. Over 4000 of them came to one camp's big tent from sunrise to midnight in one day and on one Sunday wrote 4957 letters and mailed them. A colonel says that now fully two-thirds of his battalion are teetotalers, and attributes the change to the influence of the Association tents.

"For thirty-five years I have been priest and bishop in London, and now I approach my eightieth year, and have learned some lessons, and the fact is this—the chief bar to the workings of the Holy Spirit of God in the souls of men and women is intoxicating liquor. I know of no antagonist to the Good Spirit more direct, more subtle, more stealthy, more ubiquitous than intoxicating drink." These are the words of Cardinal Manning.

Sir William Gull, M.D., is credited with the following significant utterance: "A very large number of people in society are dying day by day, poisoned by alcoholic drinks without knowing it, without being supposed to be poisoned by them. I hardly know any more powerful source of disease than alcoholic drinks. I do not think it is known, but I know alcohol to be a most destructive poison. I say from my experience, that it is the most destructive agent that we are aware of in this country."

A certain author and writer in Chicago, who was accustomed to stimulate a fagged brain with the use of brandy, died a few years ago under peculiarly distressing circumstances. Many newspaper men who are obliged to work very much at high pressure on rush editions are accustomed to keep themselves up with stimulants. The practice is always fatal ultimately to the best results, and the writer who forces himself by such means is doomed to disappointment.

In view of the history of the temperance movement it is difficult to realise that there are those still alive who belonged to the first total abstinence society. Such, however, is the fact. Miss Elizabeth Clarke, of Warrington (England), a lady in her eighty-ninth year, remembers perfectly well the formation of the first society at Stockton Heath, and is still keenly interested in temperance work.

A marriage recently celebrated in Scotland has a curious story attached to it. The bride's father and mother, who have been abstainers for over twenty years, gave as a marriage dowry to their daughter the sum of £120. Every week since they became to-

LOVE PEEPED IN.

It was in a little cottage on Sydney Harbour that Jack and I set up house, and oh, did not love peep in at every window as the sun shone through and we were so happy. It was just one long honeymoon, but week by week I felt the drain of the weekly wash—as I thought. But it was more than the mere wash; I found later that the common laundry soap I used was made from slaughter-house offal that made washing most unhealthy work, and then my hands were being ruined by the chemicals. In fact I was quite laid up.

I am better now and Jack and I are happy as ever. No more "cheap and nasty" soaps for me.

I had to find from experience the folly of chemical soaps; though I ought to have learnt from mother that Sunlight Soap is good for the clothes and good for the hands that wash the clothes. I surely know now Sunlight Soap is the best laundry soap.

I again see love peeping in at the window with every ray of sunlight, and with Sunlight Soap I see love even in the wash tub.

tal abstainers the amount formerly spent in alcoholic liquor had been banked for the little one who caused her parents to take the pledge. The little girl had seen her father slightly inebriated and reproved him for it the next day. The parents have eschewed drink ever since.

Drunkenness has a strong hold upon the great French industrial centres. Against this vice, what can the salaries of women and children do? The woman's labours help the drunken husband on the road to ruin. The child is born with disease in his bones, and with evil example before him. There are manufacturing towns where the women have followed the example of the men, and have added drunkenness to their vices. It is estimated that at Lille, twenty-five out of every one hundred men, and twelve out of every one hundred women are confirmed drunkards.

The Syracuse University distributes yearly about a thousand scholarships, but Chancellor Day has announced that none of these scholarships will be given to students who use tobacco or attend theatres. He declares that, "Young men who can afford to pay for needless luxuries and indulgences can afford to pay for their tuition." He concludes by making this pertinent statement, "The man who uses tobacco is a fool, at least in this particular. He ought to take better care of his nerves and make a cleaner exhibit of himself."

St. Louis, Kansas City, and other cities of Missouri have abolished the Sunday saloon traffic, with notable results. In St. Louis the police court figures show a decrease of 71 per cent. in cases of Sunday drunkenness, and 55 per cent. decrease in the total number of Sunday arrests. Chief of Police Hayes, of Kansas City, declared that the chief results of the first year of Sunday prohibition were a decrease of 80 per cent. in arrests for drunkenness, and 75 per cent. decrease in total number of Sunday arrests. In Omaha, Indianapolis, Louisville, Columbus, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Rochester, Boston, and many other cities, similar results have been obtained.

A cure for the opium habit has at last been reported from China. It is found in a plant ment of Commerce. It is found in a plant which grows wild in the vicinity of Lampur, and its use is said to destroy all appetite for the drug within a week. The leaves of the plants are exposed to the sun for a day after being gathered, and are then chopped fine and roasted, after which a tea is made from them, and the specific is ready for use. In Lampur alone the applicants number two thousand daily, and it is claimed that in the few short weeks since the plant was discovered over 14,000 persons have been cured of the opium smoking habit. So great is the demand for the plant that the natives are asking £2 a picul.

A lady was being assisted in house-clean-

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ing by two men. "These picture-frames should be cleaned," she said. "Yes'm." answered one of the men. "If you could get us some whisky it would be an easy job. It is the finest thing in the world to clean with." "Oh, is it? I will send down a bottle I have upstairs," she replied. The men washed the frames with soap and water and drank the whisky. The frames were bright and glistening, and the lady was pleased. "And so whisky made those frames so clean?" she said. "Yes'm, whisky did it," answered one of the men. "And just to think," said the lady. "I came near throwing the whisky away. I bathed poor Fido with it just before he died, you know."

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

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 Winn's Low Price 9/6</p> <p>LADIES' JACKETS at</p> <p>WINN'S LOW PRICES.
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