

GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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Price One Penny



The Demon that Drives Men to Destruction.

GRIT

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

One Hundred Thousand Homes

SPECIAL ELECTION NUMBER OF "GRIT"

A great enterprise claims your sympathy, and asks your help. Everyone is to have the opportunity of expressing their opinion on the liquor traffic in a few weeks. Amidst many conflicting statements it is very desirable that the people should have before them some authentic facts and authoritative statements, to enable them to vote intelligently. No vote will so seriously affect the people in their homes and in their business as the No-License vote. It has been determined to post not less than

100,000 COPIES OF "GRIT"

to the electors of New South Wales. This will be a special 16-page issue, bright with telling cartoons, and bristling with reliable facts. It will be a costly matter to do this, but no more effective way of reaching the people could be conceived.

We make an earnest appeal to our readers and sympathisers to give or collect money for this purpose, also to volunteer to address wrappers.

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The Liquor Champion at Bay

Challenged and Exposed.

Crushing Reply to Mr. Dixon Ward

By R. B. S. HAMMOND.

The liquor party have a lecturer in the field, and they are to be applauded for their courage, for it needs an immense amount of courage and ability in special pleading to take a brief for alcohol.

Having heard the liquor advocate deliver the same lecture twice, and having before me the reports of the same meeting by two different papers, I hope I shall not do him any injustice in this criticism. Mr. Ward sets out to prove five things.

The paragraphs quoted are the actual words of Mr. Ward.

Anti-Scriptural, therefore Unchristian.

"Ministers and No-License advocates all start out with an extreme bias."

This is not true, for large numbers of them, like J. G. Woolley, J. B. Gough, Francis Murphy, started out in favour of the trade, and drank themselves into degradation before they started the anti-liquor crusade.

If the No-License man is biased, is it not equally true that men born in the trade and financially interested in the trade, are much more likely to be biased?

"He charged ministers with falsifying the Scriptures; they quoted a text without its context, and so perverted the meaning."

We do not need to go into a discussion as to whether wine in our translation always means intoxicating drink, and it certainly does not do so, nor do we need to repeat the texts in question; they all contain a warning against wine, and none of them even hints at licensing wine selling. The whole question is settled for all who accept the Bible as binding on their conduct by the principles laid down in Romans xiv. 21: "It is good not to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor to do anything whereby thy brother stumbleth"; and 1 Corinthians viii. 13, "Wherefore if meat maketh my brother to stumble, I will eat no flesh for evermore, that I make not my brother to stumble."

"The No-License people called themselves the temperance party, but the name was a lie."

Dietetic temperance is the right use of wholesome food and drink, implying total abstinence from everything poisonous or unwholesome; but alcoholic drink is poisonous and unwholesome; therefore the imbibing of such drink is dietetic intemperance. Temperance is not moderation in the use of everything, but only of what is suitable and good.

"A little wine for thy stomach's sake," was of course quoted by the liquor champion. One quite expects him to go on with St. Paul and quote: "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is riot, but be filled with the Spirit." (Ephesians v. 18.) But his knowledge of the Bible is evidently too limited. The recommendation of a little wine for a sick man hardly supplies an argument for licensing the sale of whisky and beer!

The lecturer, presuming on the ignorance of his audience, had the audacity to quote Daniel. In the first chapter of the Book of Daniel, verse 8, Daniel determines not to touch wine, he is remonstrated with, and so asks for a test, and after ten days (verse 15), "their countenances appeared fairer and they were fatter in flesh," and so they were allowed to abstain.

Opposed to the Liberty of the Subject, therefore Undemocratic.

"No-License was entirely undemocratic, in that it proposed that a certain section of the community could take away the rights and privileges of another section of the community."

Democracy means "the government of the

people by the people," or what is generally called majority rule. When the majority find a section of the community at utter variance with the other part, they must decide on the principle of the greatest amount of good for the greatest number.

The new Liquor Act is ultra-democratic, as it provides not merely for a majority, which is all democracy asks, but a two-thirds majority.

"No-License was opposed to the liberty of the subject, and was therefore undesirable."

All liberty has its limitations. When a superior Englishman walking in New York struck an American with his cane on the nose, he did not have time to apologise before he was knocked down. He was most irate, and said he thought he was in the land of liberty, where a man could do as he liked, and go where he liked. The Yankee stopped just long enough to say to him:—"Stranger, kindly remember your liberty ends where my nose begins." And the liberty to sell drink must end when it ruins other people's life, home, and efficiency. It is a wrong use of words. No-License does not interfere with liberty, only with license.

"Where adopted it had proved prejudicial to Public Health."

Mr. Ward's only attempt to prove this extraordinary statement was very disastrous. He said: "There was as much drinking going on now as ever, but with this difference, that, owing to the difficulty in obtaining liquor, more ardent spirits were being consumed than formerly, which, on the authority of medical testimony, was more injurious to health than the lighter beverages."

How does Mr. Ward know there is as much drinking going on as ever? It is not public drinking, for in Maitland, a No-License electorate, I learn from a Parliamentary return presented in 1905:—The consumption of alcohol was:

1900, under License..... 45,716½ gallons
1905, under No-License..... 6,635 gallons

It is not seen in the convictions for drunkenness. In the four No-License areas of Ashburton, Chalmers, Maitland, and Bruce, the convictions for drunkenness in the last year of License were 352, which fell to 116 in the first year of No-License. In Clutha, in 10 years, it fell from 543 to 203.

In fact, while in all New Zealand there is 1 conviction to every 95 people; in No-License Clutha there is only 1 to 1963.

If it is secret drinking in the homes of the people, how does Mr. Ward know? For he has not been in Clutha, Maitland, Bruce, or Ashburton. Mr. Ward ridicules No-License because it is so easy to get drink that as much as ever is consumed, but in this present statement he says: "It is so difficult to get that people resort to ardent spirits."

If it is so difficult, then, the law is a success, and if ardent spirits are so injurious, then Mr. Ward ought to assist to keep them from his fellow men.

In the gaols of New South Wales, with their daily average of nearly 1600 inmates, only £1 19s 10d was spent in 1906 in intoxicating liquor, and there is practically no sickness. The death rate in New South Wales in 1906 was 11.50 per 1000; in the gaols it was 2 per 1000.

Sir Victor Horsley, M.B., F.R.C.S., F.R.S., said on April 27th, 1900, at London: "We can only come to one conclusion, that from a scientific standpoint total abstinence must

be our course, if we are to follow the plain teaching of truth and common sense."

A Challenge.

Mr. Ward stated that in the streets of Auckland he had challenged the No-License party to produce medical evidence in favour of their position, and for every one they named he would name three or four. At North Sydney, on July 24th, I asked Mr. Ward if he would reiterate that challenge, and he did so. I accepted the challenge, and gave my name to the chairman. He said he was not prepared to go on with the matter, as he needed time to look up the names, but promised to be ready the following night at Waverley. On the 25th he explained that he had tried at the office of the L.V.A., and the Liquor Defence League, and also the Public Library, and was unable to find what he wanted, and that he acknowledged he was beaten, and allowed me the point. What else could he do when I had over 16,000 medical men on my side?

"That where adopted it had proved injurious to public morals."

No proof of this statement was made, and no argument advanced in support of it.

In every No-License electorate in New Zealand there has been the same remarkable decrease in crime as in drunkenness.

After two years' trial in Gore we get the following result:—

Last two years of Licenses, 202 convictions for offences other than drunkenness; first two years of No-License, 45 convictions. Thus crime was reduced to less than one-fourth.

Mr. McCauley, when Acting-Comptroller-General of Prisons in New South Wales, said: "Taking it all round, there can be no doubt that drink is responsible for a very large proportion of crime, and where not a direct, it is a large contributing cause."

"That where adopted it would destroy a large amount of capital and throw thousands out of employment."

Mr. John Burns, M.P., pointed out that the liquor trade per million of capital invested gives employment to fewer men than any other trade. Here are the figures:—

Occupation.	Paid in Wages out of each £100 value produced.
Mining	55.0
Shipbuilding	37.0
Railways	30.0
Agriculture	29.0
Brewing	7.5

This, he said, illustrates clearly the supreme folly of buying intoxicants with the idea that their consumption helps trade, or puts a large proportion of money into the pockets of the wage-earners.

No-License would mean an impetus to every trade and a big demand for labour.

All the Great Names on the Pages of History.

Mr. Ward claims them all as drinkers, and could not recall any who were not, but his defective memory played him a trick. We call to mind:—John Bright, Generals Havelock, Grant, Wolseley, and Roberts, Admiral Beresford, Cardinal Manning, General Booth, Abe Lincoln and Garfield.

The No-License party are described as "a certain body organised to deceive and delude."

My answer to that is to challenge Mr. Ward to a public debate, when 1000 keen people will make it impossible to deceive and delude, because they will demand facts and proofs.

And if he meets me I will prove his lecture full of deception, and his opinions to be assertions incapable of proof.

Talk about People

The Gift Hunters.

Amazing disclosures are made by Miss Helen Gould of the extent to which American millionaires are persecuted by the attentions of people whom she euphemistically describes as "gift-hunters." Miss Gould is merely a Lilliputian millionairess, and her sufferings at the hands of begging-letter writers are insignificant compared with those of Mrs. Russell Sage, Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Rockefeller and others, who have been forced in self-protection to organise special staffs of able philanthropists charged with the duty of superintending the business of giving away money.

Yet Miss Gould, if she were to satisfy all the requests that reach her, would require a yearly income of £25,000,000. Her correspondents average three hundred weekly. They ask her everything under the sun, from false teeth, bicycles, and bridal trousseaux to houses and land. According to an amusing tabulated statement she has issued, eleven persons within seven days petitioned her for pianos, and four for gold watches. Others desired sewing machines, and several young ladies thought Miss Gould would like to furnish their bridal clothes, hinting that a dowry would be most acceptable.

A model son wrote in a pious strain requesting £100 to erect a monument to his deceased father, but the most ambitious was a man who needed £200,000 to found a colony in Cuba. Miss Gould explains that it would require £400,000 to satisfy the petitions of a single week, even if she ignored the suggestions of those who say that they have named their daughters after her.

The Mother of the Navy.

This is the term affectionately bestowed upon Miss Agnes Weston by the sailors to whom she has literally devoted her life. About three-and-thirty years ago she gathered round her, in her private house at Devonport, a few sailor boys in whom she took an interest, and from that small beginning have arisen great results, two state-ly "Rests" for sailors in Portsmouth and Devonport bearing witness to her energy. Of the good accomplished by these pleasant homes for bluejackets no words are adequate to describe. By their means hundreds of men have been kept steady for at the "Rests" they can sleep, eat, smoke, bathe, play billiards and enjoy all the journals, magazines, and books. These homes cost £100,000 each to build, and they have housed in one year as many as 220,000 men. Other countries have sent commissions to inspect their excellent arrangements, and all our Royalties take the keenest interest in the "Rests." Miss Agnes Weston is the daughter of a barrister, and is herself an Hon. Doctor of Law, Glasgow University.

Saved His Bacon.

When Lord Dufferin was Governor-General of Canada he examined into certain transcontinental railroad matters and found cause for much condemnation. As a result, in an unguarded moment, he delivered himself of some remarks which, he realised at once, were most undiplomatic. Only one reporter was present, and his lordship at once invited him to a private conference. The newspaper man had written out the speech, having taken it in shorthand. "Let me see your notes and the transcript," said the governor, and, having secured them, he took them into another room, and returned in a few moments, announcing that he had burned them. Of course, the reporter could do nothing, and the Governor-General saved his bacon.

What the Czar is Worth.

According to an account of the Czar's income, published in St. Petersburg, His Majesty receives from the State a civil list amounting to £2,000,000 a year. The Czarina and the Dowager Empress are each in receipt of £25,000 annually, while the Heir Apparent gets £15,000 a year. Each of the other children of the Czar gets £5000 a year. In the time of Alexander I. much ecclesiastical property was seized and made Crown property, the income of which goes now to the Czar. It amounts to £3,000,000 a year. The Czar has still another source of income from the so-called Cabinet property, which includes a territory as large as the whole of France, most of it in Siberia, in which are gold, silver, platinum, copper, and iron mines, which produce a steady income of about £2,000,000 a year. Besides this the Czar possesses a large amount of personal property accumulated by his ancestors.

"Simple Life" in the Kaiser's Army.

Perhaps the most striking figure among the rulers of Europe—certainly one of the most interesting to British readers—is the German Emperor, who has been so much in the public eye of late.

As the head of the greatest military nation, the Kaiser is every inch a soldier. Every day the Emperor takes a ride in the Thiergarten Park at Berlin, and is frequently accompanied by his sons.

The Kaiser's watchword is "Thorough," and he has set himself to realise "the simple life" in the German Army. His Majesty has recently issued a strongly-worded circular to every regiment, laying down his views. He expresses his irritation at the lavish table display he has witnessed in attending regimental luncheons, especially in the matter of wines, and a plainer, though good, bill of fare is suggested.

The Emperor also considers many of the army sports much too expensive, including, it will interest British readers to note, polo.

The Fishmonger's Retort.

Mr. Will Crooks, M.P. for Woolwich, maintains that no man, however bad, is absolutely devoid of humour. Illustrating his meaning, he often relates how, on one occasion when he was called into a tenement, he was told to mind the hole in the floor.

"Why don't you ask the landlord to repair it?" he asked.

"I did tell him about it," answered the woman, in despair, "but he only said, 'What! The floor fallen in? Why, you must have been walking on it.'"

Here is another story which is characteristic of Mr. Crooks.

"Ere!" cried a fish-dealer, holding aloft a haddock, "What price this 'ere 'addick?" "Tuppence," suggested a woman bystander.

"Wot, tuppence! 'Ow would y' like to git a ship an' go out ter sea and fish fer 'addicks to sell for tuppence in foggy weather like this?"

Defying Sleep.

When Robert Lowe was Chancellor of the Exchequer he laid down ninety feet of asphalt, and got himself a pair of roller skates. That was his method of mastering a liver and the fatigues of office.

Earl Spencer, when in Ireland, during the darkest days of his office, found riding fast and far the one thing to relieve his spirits of gloom. Gladstone cut down trees and translated the classics; Lord Randolph Churchill went racing; Sir William Harcourt bought a hunter and never used it.

Palmerston fought his battle against weariness in the very workshop itself. The late Sir James Paget found him at work, standing at a high desk, and told him that he really must take more rest. Pam answered that it was impossible; that it had now become his habit to work while standing. Formerly he had been so overworked that he used to fall asleep while sitting at his table. To conquer this weakness he took to standing, "For," he said, "if I fall down that wakes me."

Paderewski's Way.

Unlike other and less famous musicians, Ignace Jan Paderewski does not literally "tear his hair" in the midst of impassioned interpretations. During the rendering of his soul-moving passages Paderewski sits almost impassive. He does not rock upon his seat, nor nod his head to the rhythm of the music; neither do his hands fly from the keyboard after the style of the third-rate performers.

Paderewski's natural genius for music showed itself at quite an early age. At three he played the piano by ear, his first lessons being received from a strolling fiddler. At 18 he was a professor of music in the Warsaw Conservatoire, and three years later, in 1887, made his debut as a virtuoso in that city.

His first appearance in England was at the St. James's Hall, in 1890, where he received a tremendous ovation.

At one time, while his name was yet unknown to fame, he lived in Paris in a condition of extreme poverty. But the turning-point of his career came when a foreign Princess engaged him for a single performance at a fee of 100 francs. There was a fashionable audience, and Paderewski played his best.

His efforts were successful, and the congratulatory remarks of some members of the audience were crowned by the Princess's request that he should use her carriage to ride home in.

But if Paderewski was poor he was proud. "Madam," he said, "my carriage is at the door." Seizing an opportunity he slipped out of another door and walked home.

£4 800,000 GIFT FOR SHAREHOLDERS

RECORD "MELON CUTTING" FOR INVESTORS.

The Adams Express Company, one of the most important firms of carriers in the United States, announces that it is paying a special dividend of 200 per cent. to its shareholders.

The dividend will be paid in the form of £4,800,000 of Four per Cent. Collateral Trust Bonds, the holder of every £20 share receiving a bond for £40.

This is the largest disbursement of profits by an industrial company ever known in the history of the United States.

A dividend distribution of four per cent. bonds of the value of £2,500,000 was made by the Adams Company in 1898. Therefore the present distribution brings the total return of 300 per cent. to shareholders in nine years, in addition to other dividends ranging from 4 to 12 per cent.

After the 1898 distribution the directors reduced the dividends. The consequence was that there was a rapid accumulation of a surplus, and a year ago discontented shareholders began an agitation with the object of obtaining a greater share of the company's prosperity.

Meantime the dividend was increased, but the shareholders clamoured for more. Hence the directors decided on what Americans call "melon cutting."

"HALF A DOZEN PENNY STAMPS, PLEASE"

A POST-OFFICE STORY.

A gentleman appeared at the counter of a busy London post office and asked for six penny stamps.

The young lady on the other side of the counter was somewhat supercilious, and pretended she had not heard what he said.

She answered pertly, "Please speak up. If everybody talked like you we would never get through our business in this place."

The gentleman smiled as he replied, "Oh, I beg your pardon. But, you know, if everybody talked like you I am afraid the British public would be wanting me to dismiss some thousands of quite presentable young ladies."

"I—I don't understand," she faltered.

"Oh, don't worry," he reassured her.

"But if you care to step round to-morrow morning I will show you how we get through our business in my place."

He handed her his card and continued—"Half-a-dozen penny stamps, please," took them up, and departed.

It was the Postmaster-General. He had only shortly before entered into possession of St. Martin's-le-Grand, and until then was unknown to the young lady clerk.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AT FIRST HAND

ITS SUBLIMITIES, ITS RHE-TORICAL SPLENDOUR.

In his recently-published volume entitled "In Pastures New," Mr. George Ade, the American humorist, represents himself as anxious, on his first visit to England, to find the genuine 24-carat English, and therefore interviews an Englishman of unquestionable birth. The conversation that resulted is of the following type:—

We met. I steadied myself and said, "I'm glad to know you—that is, I am extremely pleased to have the honour of making your acquaintance."

He looked at me with a kindly light in his steel-blue eyes, and, after a short period of deliberation, spoke as follows—"Thanks."

"The international developments of recent years have been such as should properly engender a feeling of the warmest brotherhood between all branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. . . . Do you not agree with me?"

He hesitated for a moment, as if not desiring to commit himself by a hasty and impassioned reply, and then delivered himself as follows—"Quite."

"Therefore, any policy looking toward a severance of friendly relations is unworthy of consideration."

"Rot!" said he.

"As a fair-minded Briton, who is keeping touch with the affairs of the world, may I ask your candid opinion of President Roosevelt?"

After a brief pause he spoke as follows—"Ripping!"

Then we paused. It was really worth a long sea voyage to be permitted to get the English language at first hand; to revel in its unexpected sublimities, and gaze down new and awe-inspiring vistas of rhetorical splendour.

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

A FASHION FROM WAR

THE FLAT WATCH.

When the neat man takes unto himself a watch as thin as parchment he little thinks that that thin watch results from Army regulations. Up to the time of the Allies taking Paris the ordinary watch was convex in shape, and called, from its outline, a "turnip." The officers of the Russian and other armies objected to this, because its bulbous form made the uniform of a man on parade look untidy, whether it were carried in the coat or the fob.

In Paris, however, they found that the watchmakers of the Palais Royal had contrived a chronometer which got over the difficulty. Flat watches were the fashion in Paris. The English, when they appeared in the streets of the French capital, marched in, not in gala dress such as the others wore, but in the raiment which they had worn on campaign. Great was the impression which their habiliments created.

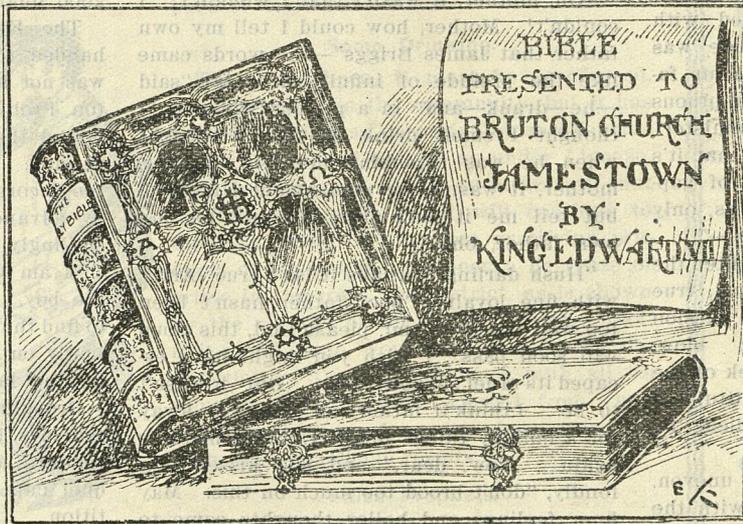
But they at once adopted the smart, flat watch, and brought it back to England for our own manufacturers to copy.

NIGHT POLICE-COURTS

Night police-courts for New York City are assured. While bail is taken at the police stations, not only here but in most American cities and towns, professional bailsmen, working with the police and detectives, who get a liberal percentage for their service, will exist. These bailsmen are privileged "grafters," who extort as much as they can from unfortunate defendants.

There has been no secret about the disgraceful traffic in bail, but differences of opinion existed regarding how best to exterminate it. The police liked the system, because they enrich themselves at the expense of both bailsmen and prisoners. Henceforth, in New York State at least, all persons arrested in the night hours will be brought before a night court immediately, and the professional bondsmen will be frozen out. The police will regret this invasion upon their perquisites, but the reform was bound to come. Without exception, the press praises the establishment of the night courts, and the "New York Times" sums up the universal verdict in declaring that "a source of grave scandals will be removed."

THE KING'S GIFT TO AMERICANS.



The King has presented a Bible to the Church of Bruton, Virginia, U.S.A., now celebrating the landing of the first English Colonists at Jamestown, in 1607. The volume is bound in red Niger leather with fine decorative treatment of interlaced lines in gold. The doublures and fly leaves are of undyed Levant morocco and the clasps are of gold.

CAUTIOUS REPORTING

"My boy," said the editor of the Billsville "Bugle" to the new reporter, "you lack caution. You must learn not to state things as facts until they are proved facts—otherwise you are very apt to get us into libel suits. Do not say, 'the cashier stole the funds'; say 'the cashier who is alleged to have stolen the funds.' That's all now, and—ah—turn in a paragraph about that social last night."

Owing to an influx of visitors, it was late in the afternoon before the genial editor of the "Bugle" caught a glimpse of the great family daily. Half-way down the social column his eyes lit on the following cautious paragraph:—"It is rumoured that a card party was given last night to a number of reputed ladies of the Belleville district. Mrs. Smith, gossip says, was the hostess, and the festivities are reported to have continued until 10.30 in the evening. The reputed hostess insists that coffee and wafers alone were served as refreshments."

"Mrs. Smith claims to be the wife of John Smith, the so-called 'Honest Shoe Man,' of 315 East Street."

Shortly afterwards a whirling mass, claiming to be a reporter on the "Bugle," flew fifteen feet into the street, and landed with what bystanders assert was a dull, sickening thud.

A UNIQUE PARLIAMENT

The new Austro-Hungarian Parliament elected by universal suffrage was opened last month. Though the sitting was formal the galleries were crammed, and everyone of the 516 members was present.

There never was in Europe a Parliament like this. It has no majority in a political sense. It may be called a poor people's Parliament, for the great majority of the members are men whose yearly income does not exceed £125 sterling. There are 106 lawyers, physicians, notaries and officials, forty priests, seven university professors, and a comparatively small number of landowners, merchants and manufacturers. The House bears a thoroughly Democratic character. There are only three or four

aristocratic names. The places which the parties occupied in the House have lost their significance. The Clericals and the anti-Semites, who number 100, occupy the Extreme Left. The 87 German, Czech, Polish and Ruthenian Socialists sit together in the Centre. Near them is the scanty German Progressist party. Then come the various National parties, with the Poles on the Extreme Right.

There are nervous women; there are hyper-nervous women. But women so nervous that the continual rustle of a silk skirt makes them nervous—no, there are no women so nervous as that!

"Your useful knowledge must come from experience."

"Oh, I don't know. How about the woman who pours kerosene from a can into the kitchen range?"

Mark Twain says that some years ago, in the South, he met an old coloured man who claimed he knew George Washington. "I asked him," relates the humorist, "if he was on the boat when George Washington crossed the Delaware, and he instantly replied:

"Why, massa, I steered dat boat."
"Well," said I, "do you remember when George took the hack at the cherry tree?"
"He looked worried for a minute, and then, with a beaming smile, said:
"Why, shuah, massa; I dun drove dat hack myself."

"The Sins of the Father"

By MARGARET I. HOLLIDAY (Author of "Australian Methodist Idylls.")

(SPECIAL FOR "GRIT.")

"I tell you it's a lie!" The words seemed to quiver with passionate emotion.

Pulses quickened with excitement, nerves thrilled with anticipation, eyes grew wide with questioning wonder, as, all ears, comments, surmises, the elder boys of the Drayton Public School eagerly closed round James Briggs and Harry McKellar.

The real cause of umbrage lay in the fact that Harry McKellar, the "son of the manse," had that day scored top marks in the mathematical exam.

Which was gall and wormwood to James Briggs, whose father was "mine host" of the Commercial Hotel. And James Briggs' name was one to conjure with in the fighting arena. He was as well known for his strength of muscle, as for his power to lancinate with venomous comments.

The boys formed a telling violence of contrast as they stood there that afternoon. In the eyes of the minister's son was an anguish of humiliation, while tears hot and smarting were bravely held at bay. His face was white to the lips, his sparse figure had grown almost rigid.

James Briggs' face was distorted with passion, his eyes blazed, his attitude was flouting as he repeated gibingly, "Your father does drink, and"—with a contemptuous stress on the words—"he's—a—minister! And I'll fight you if you say again that it's a lie. Why," turning to the circle of gaping onlookers, "look here, you fellows, only last night I served his father with—"

"I say again it's a big lie!" prevented the story being told in its entirety. And, true to his word, James Briggs let his passion loose, and, with a stinging blow, printed a deep red flush on the cheek of the boy whose every element of being titulated with allegiance to the man he called "father."

From the start the fight was uneven. What chance, though he wrestled with the courage of despair, had the finely-moulded lad against him whose fighting lust had always held free license? Blow after blow was rained, punctuated with "It's a lie, is it?" till, weakened almost to faintness, and sick and sore at heart, Harry McKellar fell to the ground, while James Briggs stood over him and gave as his parting shot, "Your father does drink. He does, I say, and—he's—a—minister!"

Bruised in body, shamed in soul, staggered with grief, and with a great longing to escape from himself, the boy crept home, all the flush gone from out of his scholastic achievement, all the joy out of his victory.

Father and son met at tea that night, and the man's tones held incredulity and disgust as he questioned, "Have you been fighting, Harry?"

The boy's face twitched with sudden dread as he said low and hurriedly, "Yes, father!"

"Didn't I forbid you to fight?" The voice was hard and incisive now. A swift frown of annoyance rested on the face.

"Yes, father!"

"And you deliberately disobeyed! Why did you fight?"

There was no answer though the boy trembled and shook in every limb.

For a moment the father stood irresolute, his eyes full of impatient light, then his lips tightened as he said, "I'll give you one more chance, Harry. And if you don't tell me, I'll thrash the stubbornness out of you. Now, why did you fight?"

"Father!" the words came appealingly, "I can't tell you, I really can't! Don't ask

me, dear father. I can't tell you, oh I can't!"

"You mean you won't," said the man, thickly.

Then the father, whom his son had honoured with an honour beyond words, thrashed his boy—the boy who only that day had brought lustre on his name—till the lad fell almost senseless at his feet.

With quivering flesh, and heart ploughed deep, and with untimely experiences sweeping across his soul, the boy threw himself on his bed, the dumb misery ever deepening in his eyes, while hard, choking sobs shook him from head to foot.

With a tremor of sympathy on every feature, his mother came quietly to his bedside, and, putting her hand with a caressing touch on the bonny hair, she said, while all the motherhood within her yearned over her boy, "Harry."

"Harry, my dear lad, why did you anger father? You'll feel better, laddie, if you just open your heart to mother. Why, didn't you say what you had been fighting about?"

"Oh, mother, it wasn't that I wouldn't! I couldn't! Mother, how could I tell my own father that James Briggs"—the words came like the prelude of infinite despair—"said—he—drank—and" in a piteous whisper, "I thought I smelt drink on father to-night when he was thrashing me. Oh, mother, mother, it wasn't the punishment I minded, but tell me it isn't true, it can't be, my own father, oh—"

"Hush darling, perhaps it isn't true. And," with fine loyalty, "poor father hasn't been too well lately. And, please God, this cloud will soon pass. I wish you might have escaped its cruel shadow, dear. But it wasn't to be. I think if father and you went away for a holiday things might right themselves again. Now, dear," and she kissed him fondly, "don't brood too much on this. May finer feelings and holier thoughts come to you. Just let us ask God's guidance. He alone can help."

Then two forms knelt beside the little bed, and two white human faces were raised heavenward, in pleading supplication that the standard-bearer of the living God might be sanctified with the unction of the Holy Ghost, and made more than conqueror at the peril points of life.

And God, who sits on the Throne of the Heavens, looked down and saw how yet the children of men licensed the selling of that hell fire, which makes the passional elements run riot in the Temple of the Holy Ghost, and robs life of all its fulness.

And as the Omniscient Eye looked down the years it saw how, owing to multiplied opportunities for satisfying the vices of the flesh, the man failed to withstand the currents of his times, and to breast the waves of environment, and hopes were postponed, promises broken, virility sapped, till, like a derelict in the backwash of time, the erstwhile ambassador of God Himself, was swept on to the rocks of eternity.

And the loyal wife cauterised with shame, underwent her baptism of sorrow, till all stains and stabs were hidden in the mantle and drapery of the grave.

And the lad with the vintage of manhood upon him, and wonderful inherent potentialities, and curious dreams of the imagination, lived on, saw his purposes thwarted, his programmes broken, his goal abandoned as he entered the lists of common toil and fought his battles, and bore his crosses,

trying to remove the blot from a tarnished name, and to lift it up to honour again.

Surely the times are sobbing and sighing for holier things, and appealing in tocsin notes to the men and women of this generation, to their patriotism, courage, conscience, conviction, to vote "No License," and clutch the drink demon by the throat, and bear opinions to a safer height! that hope may be rekindled in the world, and for our boys and girls God may make divinely real the highest forms of their ideal.

THE KING'S ADVICE TO A BOY

"DRINK NOTHING TOO STRONG."

A COLLEGE CUP.

The King visited Wellington College recently and opened a new hall, and also unveiled a memorial tablet to old Wellingtonians who fell in the South African war.

In the course of the opening ceremony his Majesty presented a prize cup to H. Brougham, the head boy, to whom he expressed the hope that "nothing too strong" would be drunk out of it.

H. Brougham was first called up to receive the King's gold medal for all-round good qualities.

The King paused for the medal to be handed to him for presentation, and as it was not forthcoming he turned to Sir Dighton Probyn, who shook his head and intimated that the medal was not in his possession. As no one on the platform had the decoration, the King relieved the tension by advancing a step towards the boy and smilingly gripping him by the hand.

"I am very pleased," his Majesty said to the boy. "It is a great satisfaction to me to find that you possess such qualifications as justly entitle you to a medal, which will be coming later."

Brougham, loudly cheered by the other scholars, then retired, but was asked to step forward a second time to receive the racquet cup won in the public schools competition.

The King, who still appeared greatly amused, then handed the cup to the boy, with the words:—

"I hope you will drink nothing out of it too strong."

His Majesty, who was accompanied by the Queen, motored to the college from Buckingham Palace, and the Prince and Princess of Wales journeyed by motor-car from Frogmore. A special train from Charing Cross took down a large company, including the Duke of Connaught, president of the Board of Governors, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Duke and Duchess of Wellington.

"You promised to love, honour, and obey," said the husband.

"Well, I don't love. I can't honour, and I won't obey," was the response.

"You go at once and buy that new hat," he rejoined, thus at one stroke demolishing all her theories.

After years of effort the scientist was certain that Mars was wigwagging.

An expert in the code was summoned hastily, while the throng waited breathlessly.

The silence was broken as the expert read: "Your canal looks to us like 30 cents."

Among the public printer's order abolishing all mirrors from the establishment, the poet-smith of the Philadelphia Public Ledger thus laments:

No mirrors in the print-shop now;

Oh dark and cruel fate!

Must all the women working there

Go forth in fear and deep despair,

Lest hats be not on straight?

HOW OUR MOON WAS BORN

IF THERE HAD BEEN NO MOON!

The theory is now generally accepted that the moon originally was part of the earth, and had been separated from it by centrifugal force. If this is true we owe much more to the moon than we have ever placed to her credit, points out Professor William H. Pickering, in "Harper's." We owe not only the tides, but the fact that the surface of the earth is not totally covered by water.

The moon was born in this way:

As a part of the earth's crust near the present islands of New Zealand began to rise, in obedience to the centrifugal force developed by the earth's rotation, the crust on the opposite side cracked and split in two, forming the bed of the Atlantic Ocean.

Before the crack could widen more than two thousand miles the pull became so intense that a huge, roughly circular piece, forming nearly three-quarters of the earth's whole crust, was taken out of the middle and carried away to form the moon.

This left a continent on each side of the Pacific. Thus the Atlantic bed was formed only a few moments before that of the Pacific, and the necessity for two chief oceans instead of one is made fairly apparent.



The Vacuum Cleaner: "Mary, I love yer. Will yer be mine?"
Mary: "Lor! Mr. Binks, you appear to have a great attraction for me."

It seems almost impossible to imagine this throwing out of an area covering an ocean-bed to form a new planet, this transportation of two continents through thousands of miles in the space of a few minutes:

Yet to the great celestial forces, whose effects we see in daily operation in the heavens above us, not only such a result as this, but even the crushing and utter annihilation of our tiny earth, would be a mere bagatelle—an affair that might be accomplished in a few seconds. Even the flash of our funeral pyre would hardly be noticed from the nearest star.

Owing our continents and ocean-beds to the moon, our debt becomes very great:

If the moon had not been formed at all, or if it had carried away the whole of the terrestrial crust, our earth would then have been completely enveloped in its oceans, as may be the case with the planet Venus at the present time.

Our race could then hardly have advanced beyond the intelligence of the present deep-sea fish.

If, on the other hand, the moon had been of but a fraction of its present bulk, or if it had been a little larger than it is, our continents would have been greatly diminished in area, and our numbers decimated, or our lands over-populated.

THE "OAMARU MAIL" ON A YEAR OF NO-LICENSE IN OAMARU.

Oamaru has now completed its first year under No-License, and we have no hesitation in affirming our conviction that the results have been eminently satisfactory, and that, too, despite the fact that the conditions were not favourable to the complete success of the experiment. No-License could not, indeed, have had a severer test than it has received during its initial year. Not only did the exhibition at Christchurch cause a heavy drain upon the pockets of the people and lead to the diversion of much money from ordinary channels, but the occurrence of a drought of unusual severity necessarily entailed the practice of economy upon country residents, with a consequent loss of support to the tradespeople of the town. If, then, business has not been quite so brisk during the past three or four months as might have been desired, the causes have in no way been associated with No-License, and it may reasonably be claimed by the advocates of the great social reform that No-License has really had a minimising effect upon the adverse influences of the drought and the Exhibition, in that money which would, under ordinary circumstances, have been wasted on drink, has been available for the support of legitimate trade.

Some Drinking.

There has been, it must be confessed, some drinking in the community, but it has not been either so extensive or so offensive in its nature and results as under License, and there is good reason to anticipate that as time passes the habit will continue to diminish. One of the most gratifying products of No-License has been a decrease of crime in the town and district, as is shown by the records of the Court, and that fact, if it stood alone, would suffice to justify the abolition of the sale of liquor with all its allurements. Indeed, viewed from any standpoint, the reform has been attended with only beneficial results.

False Prophets.

Most certainly the town has not suffered from the manifold ills that the advocates of License predicted would follow the carrying of No-License. The finances of the borough have not been crippled, as we were told they would be if the hotels were closed. Notwithstanding the reductions made in the assessment of hotel properties, there has been a material increase in the town valuation, with every appearance that it will next year show a further advance, and that the Borough Council will then be able to make a reduction in the rates. Again, the consumption of gas, which we were assured would be prejudicially affected, has increased, and the Council have been enabled to reduce the cost to consumers. The work of town improvement has gone on uninterruptedly, and, in short, turn in any direction we may, we fail to discover anything that is calculated to discount in any degree the satisfaction experienced at the result of the first year's trial of No-License.

"Yes," remarked Farmer Cornrossel, "my boy Josh gets a good deal o' fun out o' automobilin."
"But he doesn't own a machine."
"Of course not. He's one o' the county constables."

A Scottish minister, taking his walk early in the morning, found one of his parishioners recumbent in a ditch.

"Where have you been the night, Andrew?" asked the minister.
"Weel, I dinna richtly ken," answered the prostrate one, "whether it was a wedding or a funeral, but whichever it was, it was a most extraordinary success."

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GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1907.

A WRIGGLER PAR EXCELLENCE

Mr. Dixon Ward, who is being boomed by the Liquor Defence Union as their platform champion, has been talking to Sydney audiences during the past week. The gatherings, almost without exception, have been small; and it cannot be said, even by the greatest stretch of imagination, that what has been lacking in quantity has been made up for by quality. For the greater part, Mr. Ward's listeners were a striking comment upon the trade which it is his business to bolster up. At one meeting there was an unusually large percentage of supporters "under the influence," and one had to be removed for abusing the lecturer for an alleged reticence regarding what he (Mr. Ward) "would do if he were elected." Several No-License enthusiasts attended some of the meetings, and were the means of causing Mr. Dixon Ward some uncomfortable moments by pertinent interjections and questions. The lecturer was telling with great "gusto" how he had challenged a New Zealand temperance advocate on the question of alcohol and health, and had undertaken to produce three medical authorities in favour of alcohol for each one brought forward against it. "Do you reiterate that challenge?" promptly interjected one of his opponents. "Most certainly," was the reply. "Then I'll take you up at once," came the ready response. But Mr. Ward was not ready to go on at once, and wriggled out of his dilemma by promising his adversary that he would make good his challenge the following evening. The next night found them face to face

again, but the disturber of the liquor advocate's peace was not to be gratified, as Mr. Ward had "not had time" to consult his authorities. The same wriggling and fencing took place over every question asked, and although Mr. Ward sought over and over again to impress his audiences that he was there to give them the truth, his stock-in-trade seemed woefully deficient. But all this merely goes to show how poor a case the liquor party has to place before the electors. Whenever a No-License lecturer stands upon the platform, authorities for statements are readily given, and discussion is freely invited. Not so with the drink-sellers. Their plan is to get hold of a muzzled audience if they can, and to pour their sophistries and perversions of fact into willing ears. The fact is that they have not a single sound argument in favour of their miserable business. The trade in intoxicants is always a dishonourable one, and it is useless to expect honourable and straightforward tactics from those who are fighting for its perpetuation.

THE WOMEN'S VOTE

The chairman at a liquor defence meeting last week denounced the granting of the vote to women. This is not the first time that this has been done, and it is well that all women should be made cognisant of the fact that the Liquor Defence Union has no sympathy with their enjoyment of political rights. But why should the drink-sellers object to women having a vote? They continually claim that thousands of widows and orphans would lose all they have in the world if No-License were carried. They also assert that there are large numbers of women who would lose their employment if the liquor business were shut up. Why, then, should all these be debarred the right to vote on a question so closely affecting them? The attitude of the liquorites on this matter reveals the hollowness of their contentions. They know perfectly well that there are few respectable wives and mothers and sisters but recognise the dangers of the present system. They know also that the bulk of the suffering and shame caused by their unrighteous traffic falls upon the weaker sex. The knowledge of these facts makes their own consciences condemn them, and they realise that no woman who values the happiness of her loved ones and herself could vote for the continuance of the liquor traffic. It is to the women of the State that reformers must look at the present crisis. Every woman who has made up her mind on this great and important issue should become a missionary to all her friends and neighbours, and should not rest until each of them has promised to come out on polling day to vote for No-License.

THE BICYCLE RIDE FROM PERTH TO SYDNEY.

An Athlete on Total Abstinence.

The great pluck and stamina of the over-landing cyclist, Mr. Francis Birtles, who has just completed his ride from Perth to Syd-

ney, has created the admiration of all sportsmen throughout Australia, and it was the privilege of a special hon. agent of the Alliance to meet Mr. Birtles (after having covered 4000 miles on his machine), looking quite fresh and fit for a like distance.

Mr. Birtles is 25 years of age, 5ft. 8½ in. in height, and is a fine stamp of an athlete. He is an artist by profession, and sketched a great deal of the country through which he toured, and which ought to prove valuable in showing the topographical aspect of the West Australian desert.

Mr. Birtles, in answer to questions, said: Both my parents are teetotallers, and I am also a life-long abstainer and non-smoker. I believe that all athletes are better to leave alcohol alone altogether; and for long distance cycling, where great stamina and endurance are required, I am quite certain that, all other things being equal, the teetotaller is the far better man, and is bound to come out on top. Smoking is also essentially bad, and breaks the wind, and should be absolutely abstained from by athletes desiring to reach their best form.

Crossing the 2000 miles of desert between Perth and Adelaide, Mr. Birtles endured great hardships, but showed his indomitable courage by pushing through. His bicycle, with accessories, weighed 120lb.—a great weight to propel over a trackless waste. His drink was principally water, and the foods taken were mostly concentrated. Occasionally he shot a cockatoo or a half-starved rabbit.

It is quite probable that shortly more will be heard of Mr. Birtles in the cycling world, and we would wish him every success.

TWENTY THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

1. That work is only a means, character is the end.
2. That sincerity is the foundation of all honest work.
3. That you label your own work.
4. That no one can hold you down if you are determined to succeed.
5. That every man is destined to do something worth while.
6. That most people judge you by first impression.
7. That few men succeed until they try.
8. That hard work is no small part of genius.
9. That the only way to keep your credit good is by paying your debts.
10. That it is easier to do good work than poor.
11. That the more difficult things are to accomplish, the more worth while.
12. That a sensible employer is more anxious to push you ahead than to hold you down.
13. That you are one link in a great chain.
14. That rules are necessary to a business, as laws are for right government.
15. That you can't learn everything in a day.
16. That the fact that you are being employed is a promise of good work.
17. That your employer often appreciates your work but does not find time to tell you so.
18. That only cowards are afraid to venture.
19. That it pays to dress well, even in business.
20. That every man thinks if he were the employer he would act differently.

"Did you ever sell your vote?" asked the impertinent friend.
"Never," said Senator Sorghum. "A single vote is of no consequence these days. You've got to contract to deliver them in bunches."

Food or Poison?

Much interest has been aroused by a manifesto issued recently in the 'Lancet' concerning the food value of alcohol.

The manifesto, which was signed by Dr. T. McCall Anderson, Regius Professor of Medicine in Glasgow University, and by fifteen other well-known medical men, stated that:

We are convinced of the correctness of the opinion so long and generally held, that in disease alcohol is a rapid and trustworthy restorative. In many cases it may truly be described as life-preserving.

Further: As an article of diet we hold that the universal belief of civilised mankind that the moderate use of alcoholic beverages is, for adults, usually beneficial, is amply justified.

In reply to this the Medical Press gave publicity to a manifesto, signed by Sir Frederick Treves and eleven other medical men, in which it was stated:

We strongly believe that alcohol is unnecessary as an article of consumption in the case of healthy men and women, and that its general use could be discontinued without detriment to the world's welfare.

Further, believing as we do that alcohol is one of the most fruitful sources of poverty, disease, and crime, we are pleased to add that it is now sparingly employed as a remedy by the majority of medical men.

The majority of correspondents who have since written upon the subject are against the 'Lancet' manifesto.

Dr. Yorke Davies writes in the 'Express':

In my opinion alcohol is the greatest curse that has ever been inflicted on man, and for every one life that it saves it kills hundreds.

Speaking from long experience of the effects of stimulants in disease, my opinion is that they are absolutely useless. One cup of strong beef essence or Bovril is more valuable than the same amount of brandy, and they are stimulant and food combined.

There may be cases of sudden cardiac failure where alcohol may tide the sufferer over a crisis, but it only acts as does the spur to the jaded horse.

I may say that during my life I have seen a number of cases where drinking habits have been due to wine given in the first instance for some reason or other in illness, where beef tea would have been better than all the alcohol under the sun.

How many homes have been wrecked by this curse, and how much misery has it not brought to the victim and offspring?

Alcohol has no value as a food. Of course, I mean pure alcohol; as in the case of beer and wines, if it has any dietetic value, it is due to the sugar and starch it contains.

In the 'Daily Mail' Dr. Burton-Brown writes:

It is a physiological fact that alcohol in conditions of fatigue acts as a restorative. But under normal conditions, where no fatigue is present, such facts as we are in possession of demonstrate that the use of alcohol induces a condition of fatigue.

A naval surgeon informed me lately of some experiments he had made in this connection. Taking fresh, untired men he found that a tot of spirits in a very few minutes considerably reduced the rapidity and also the accuracy of their signalling.

So also in Mosso's laboratory in Turin, experiments with the ergograph proved that quite a small quantity of alcohol considerably reduced the total amount of work which could be performed by a single finger contracting against a weight, i.e., the total amount of work performed by a single set of muscles, if taken by the subject at the beginning of the experiment, but if taken when the condition of fatigue had been induced, it acted as a restorative, and rendered more work possible.

Another correspondent writes in the 'Tribune':

Dr. Haigh has dealt with the question of alcohol in a way that any intelligent layman can understand for himself. In his book, 'Diet and Food,' he puts the mat-

ter in a nutshell: "A food introduces force from without; a stimulant calls out force already in the body, and athletes know they must not take stimulants till near the end of the race, for when once their final reserves have been called out and used, collapse results.

On the other hand, if milk instead of alcohol is taken, there is an access of strength, and this is experienced with each fresh supply. Here, then, is a fundamental distinction between food and stimulant.

Again, it has been truly said that the man who relies upon stimulants for strength is lost, for he is drawing upon a reserve fund which is not completely replaced, and physiological bankruptcy must inevitably come. Few of us, indeed, have not had experience of some poor wretch a 'physiological bankrupt' from alcoholic stimulation.

ICELAND AND MORTALITY.

It is pleasant reading to students of those social problems which clamour for solution, to learn that the almost unknown Iceland enjoys "an astonishing freedom from crime



The Little Girl (after making a careful inspection of the curate): "What a funny collar you've got on. It hasn't got any button."

The Curate: "Er—well, you see, my dear, it fastens at the back."

The Little Girl: "Well, you haven't got any buttons on your waistcoat."

The Curate: "Oh, yes, I have. It fastens down the side, you see."

The Little Girl: "Can you dress yourself?"

a remarkably good home-life, and a high state of sobriety," but one would expect no less than these in this country of total abstainers, for, according to "Ram's Horn," not a drop of liquor is made on the island, nor will they permit any to be imported. In "this precious stone, set in the silver sea," among "this happy breed of men," "there is no gaol, no penitentiary, no court, and—only one policeman! There is not an illiterate on the island, and not a child of ten years unable to read, the system of public schools being perfect. Juvenile smoking is prohibited, and the social evil is said to be unknown within its bounds."

"Your sentence is to be suspended," began the merciful court.

"Ef I'd knowed chicken stealing was a hanging offence, I wouldn't have stole," murmured the terrified prisoner.

WHY YOU SHOULD DRINK DEEPLY WATER MORE IMPORTANT THAN FOOD.

Few people know that fluid in the way of water and other harmless beverages is of even more importance in the preservation of health than the food they eat; indeed, food would be of no use, nor could it be assimilated by the system, nor would it nourish or maintain the tissues, if it were not for the assistance of water (says Dr. N. E. Yorke-Davies, in the 'Gentleman's Magazine').

This is the vehicle which enables the food that maintains life to pass into the tissues through the organs which deal with it. To begin with, we can live longer without food than we can without fluid. In extreme emergency human and animal life may be carried on without solid sustenance for a period of forty or fifty days, but if all fluid is withheld it has been proved that about a fortnight would be the limit.

This fact illustrates how important fluid is in the operations of life, and how important it is to the continued maintenance of health.

WHAT WATER DOES

Now, water to the kidneys is as important as air to the lungs, and just as the more pure air inhaled by the lungs the better the health, so the more water taken to flush the blood of impurities by the aid of the kidneys and skin, the better for health in every way.

The lay reader may ask what fluid does that it should be so important. I may point out that it does this: it enables the blood, more particularly by the action of the kidneys and the skin, to carry out of the system the refuse of food that is not used in the operations of life.

By flushing the blood it enables it to wash away as it passes through the body the waste of different tissues that have done their work in the process of life and the everlasting change that is going on in the body from the cradle to the grave. These have become effete matters, and when retained in the blood lead to very many forms of ill-health.

THE IMPORTANCE OF DRINKING AT MEALS

It is simply amusing to me, who daily deal with ailments arising from improper food taken, and to excess of fluid in the shape of wine, beer, etc., to observe the ignorance that exists as to the relative merits of food and fluid in relation to health and long life.

It is by no means unusual for patients to come, say, for the treatment of gout, which is entirely due to improper food and insufficient and injurious liquids in the way of alcohol in its different forms, who have been frightened by some ignorant adviser who has told them that it is injurious to drink at meals; that drinking at meals leads to obesity and indigestion, and other ailments of mal-nutrition or over-nutrition.

It is a dangerous fallacy, for I might go so far as to say that any one having a tendency to gout, or the gouty diathesis, is simply courting disaster by limiting fluid and that he or she cannot drink too much harmless fluid; indeed, the amount may be unlimited with benefit to the gouty.

In their case, to dissolve the uric acid in the system in such a way that the kidneys can eliminate it, two hundred thousand times its weight in fluid is essential. The retention there of this poison is incompatible with health, as it leads to gout in all its protean forms.

Lady: "And it was impossible for you to rescue your friend from the cannibals?"

African Traveller: "Unfortunately! When I arrived he had already been stricken off the menu card."

What it is to be a Real Man

By Mr. WILL CROOKS, M.P.

If you are hard up for a subject, you generally talk about the utter failure of Christianity. It is an excellent subject. You can pick out all the men who said they were Christians, and what they did, and find a subject to write about for years. I remember on one of our Sunday afternoons we had a very famous orator, and someone came along with stories of the crimes committed by Christian men. "Now what have you got to say to that?" He said: "I think they were a bad lot."

But that does not shake my faith in Christianity in the least. I wonder how we should get on when we are run down. I am talking not of the man who gives way to violence on a Saturday night, but the man who is quite tired and done up and discontented with the world, and perhaps is unfortunate in regard to matters over which he has no control; because if we had plenty to eat and drink, and houses fit to live in, we should have only the sort of suffering and sorrow which we were born to, which is enough to put up with. And even were it so, I would say to the man or the woman, "What do you do when you feel discontented with the world? When life does not seem worth living, what do you do?" What will they tell you? "Oh, I just go away quietly and I have ten minutes with my Maker."

How is it that after that ten minutes we come out and all the world seems brighter to us? How is it we are able to stand up against all the trouble, even if the churches are all wrong and the chapels are all wrong? Somehow we get a little comfort out of it. If the individual will remember that the church depends upon himself and herself, he would not be blaming the church, but blaming himself for not being a better man, or she would be blaming herself for not being a better woman.

Many and many have gone into the public-house to go in for a little secret drinking, without letting their friends know of it. And the end of it is that they have been detained in the workhouse and observation ward, and then have been transferred to the lunatic asylum.

It wants a bit of pluck to say "No, thank you" sometimes. But, after all, it only lasts a minute, and if you feel the temptation too strong, you can get outside. Now, in all reverence, I wish to say that we are not all able to resist temptation. Do not let us be foolish about it. I shall say some pretty stiff things in a minute or two about that. But if you fathers will only say to the children when you get home that if there is a time—and there are many such times—in which temptation is irresistible, or seems to be so, and you want for something you know is wrong, and it becomes your master, and you say, "What odds after all; who knows?" remember that there is no man punished so badly as the man can punish himself. I would go through a thousand things publicly, and it would not hurt me so much and I should not be half as unhappy as in doing that. If you will only teach the youngsters to say, and you may say it yourself: "If you see it is getting a little too much for you, say the Lord's Prayer. Get down to 'Lead us not into temptation,' and the moment you arrive there the temptation disappears." How is that, if there is nothing in it? How is it that we all feel better for having resisted temptation?

And I say the same to the young man, to the young married man. You know what you promised the girl, you know how perfect a man you were, you know that nothing could possibly go wrong with you.

Now, a little while afterwards, it worries you to do certain things. You do not see why you should go to market on Saturday night and help carry the things home. You say "There ain't nothing in it." Perhaps not, but you waited round the corner for hours for the girl before you were married, while she was marketing. But you say, "It is not manly." It was not manly before, but you did it. Why do you not want to carry the basket now? Because your mates will see you? I say, let them look.

Why, I am not ashamed to carry the basket now, and I am a Member of Parliament. You see it is manly to act up to your word, it does not make any difference whether you are young, or whether you are old. I often wonder how many of our poor women who give way to drink can trace their descent to the neglect of the man who married them. It is hard, and you wonder why you are burdened with her. But after all, a good deal of it lies at your own doors. We took the weaker side and we should have helped to strengthen her, we should have tried to share her joys as well as her sorrows. We ought not to leave all the burden upon her back.

Many a woman has broken down because of the early neglect at a time when she ought to have been built up, when it would have been manly to have put up with a little trouble. Don't you want to giggle when you see a man nursing a baby in long clothes? But what are you giggling at? I carried a baby in long clothes up the stairs of Shadwell Station two or three weeks ago because the poor woman was struggling along and it was too much for her. I said, "Here, I am used to that sort of job, hand it over." My wife heard of it before I got home, and she said to those who told her, "Well, if the woman did not thank him I shall when he comes home." What a fool I did look clambering up the stairs with a woman's baby in long clothes! I do not think so. What do I care about what people think? I satisfied myself by doing what evidently wanted doing. What was there unmanly about it?

Let my last words to you be: Nothing is too small in this world of ours which goes to make for brightness, happiness, and comfort, and a little more of God's heaven on earth. Nothing can be too small for a man to do. It cannot sap your manhood, but it can increase it, and as your little children are dear to you, so all little children might be dear to you. It is impossible to improve men and women—I do not believe that—but even if you accept that, it is not impossible to give better chances to the little ones who are growing up to be men. Do it.

HINTS FOR ELECTORS

A DEPARTMENTAL LEAFLET.

REVISION COURT LISTS.

The Electoral Department finds that considerable confusion exists in the public mind as to the changes brought about by the new Act, and the Chief Secretary (Mr. Waddell) has caused the issue throughout the State of 100,000 leaflets for the information of electors, which read:—

"ARE YOU ON THE ROLL?"

How to Proceed so that you can Vote.

"The paper called the 'elector's right' is not now needed. It is, in fact, useless, and may be destroyed, but you should take care that your name is on the electoral roll.

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.

The Address is

THE SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD CAFE

Royal Chambers

45 Hunter Street, Sydney

PRICE LISTS ON APPLICATION

PHONE 4179

"If your name is not on the roll for the electorate in which you live, and you do not apply in time for it to be put there (viz., not later than 18 days prior to polling-day), you cannot vote at the approaching election.

"If your name is not on the roll, ask at the post-office or police station for a printed form so that you can apply to have your name added.

"You must send the form to the Registrar for your polling-place at once.

The Form to Use.

"If your name is not on any roll, apply on the form marked 'electoral claim.'

"Apply on form 'application for transfer' if you desire transfer from one district to another.

"If you desire to change from one polling place to another in the same district, apply on the form so headed.

WHERE TO VOTE.

"Vote at the polling-place for which your name is enrolled if possible. If unable to do so, you may vote at any other polling-place for the same district on making a declaration on form 9, that you have not already voted.

"You cannot vote by post."

The following directions to electors will be found of interest:—

"If your name does not appear on the electoral list for the district for which you are qualified, fill up form 16 (application for name to be added to list), which form you may obtain at any post-office or police station.

"Your qualification for enrolment must be certified to (on the form) by a member of the police force, but if it is inconvenient for you to leave your application at the police station for this purpose, post it to the Registrar of the district, who will see that

this matter is attended to. Applications must be lodged seven days before Revision Court.

"If this procedure is taken by you, and you are qualified, your name will be enrolled at the Revision Court.

"The Revision Courts are being held on various dates, starting on the 19th instant, and finishing, with one exception, on the 9th proximo.

"After the Revision Courts are over, and until the writs for the general election are issued, you will still have an opportunity for enrolment. Form 16 (application for name to be added to list) will then be obsolete, and schedule 5 (electoral claim), schedule 6 (application to transfer), and form 5 (application to change from one polling-place to another in the same district) will then come into use. These forms are also to be obtained at any post-office or police station.

"If your name does not appear on the roll for any electorate, fill up an 'electoral claim' form.

"If you are enrolled for a district, but have removed to another for more than one month, fill up an 'application to transfer' form.

"If you desire to change your enrolment to another polling-place within the same district, fill up form 6.

"These forms, before being forwarded to the Registrar of the district, must be witnessed by any elector who is able to certify to the correctness of the statements contained therein.

"To be qualified for enrolment in a district, you must (provided you have resided continuously in New South Wales for one year) have resided therein for three months, but you may obtain a transfer from one district to another after residing for one month in the new district. Should the writs for the elections issue before you are qualified to transfer to the new district, you are entitled to vote for the old district."

Why He Kept Away.

A Scottish parish minister met the laird's gamekeeper one day, and said to him:

"I say, Davidson, why is it I never see you in church?"

"Well, sir," replied Davidson, "I don't want to hurt the attendance."

"Hurt the attendance! What do you mean?" asked the minister in surprise.

"Well, sir, you see," replied the gamekeeper, "there are about a dozen men in the parish that go to church when I'm not there who would go poaching if I went to church."

A Pretty Name.

A Nottingham clergyman, in baptising a baby, paused in the midst of the service to inquire the name of the infant, to which the mother, with a profound curtsy, replied:

"Shady, sir, if you please."

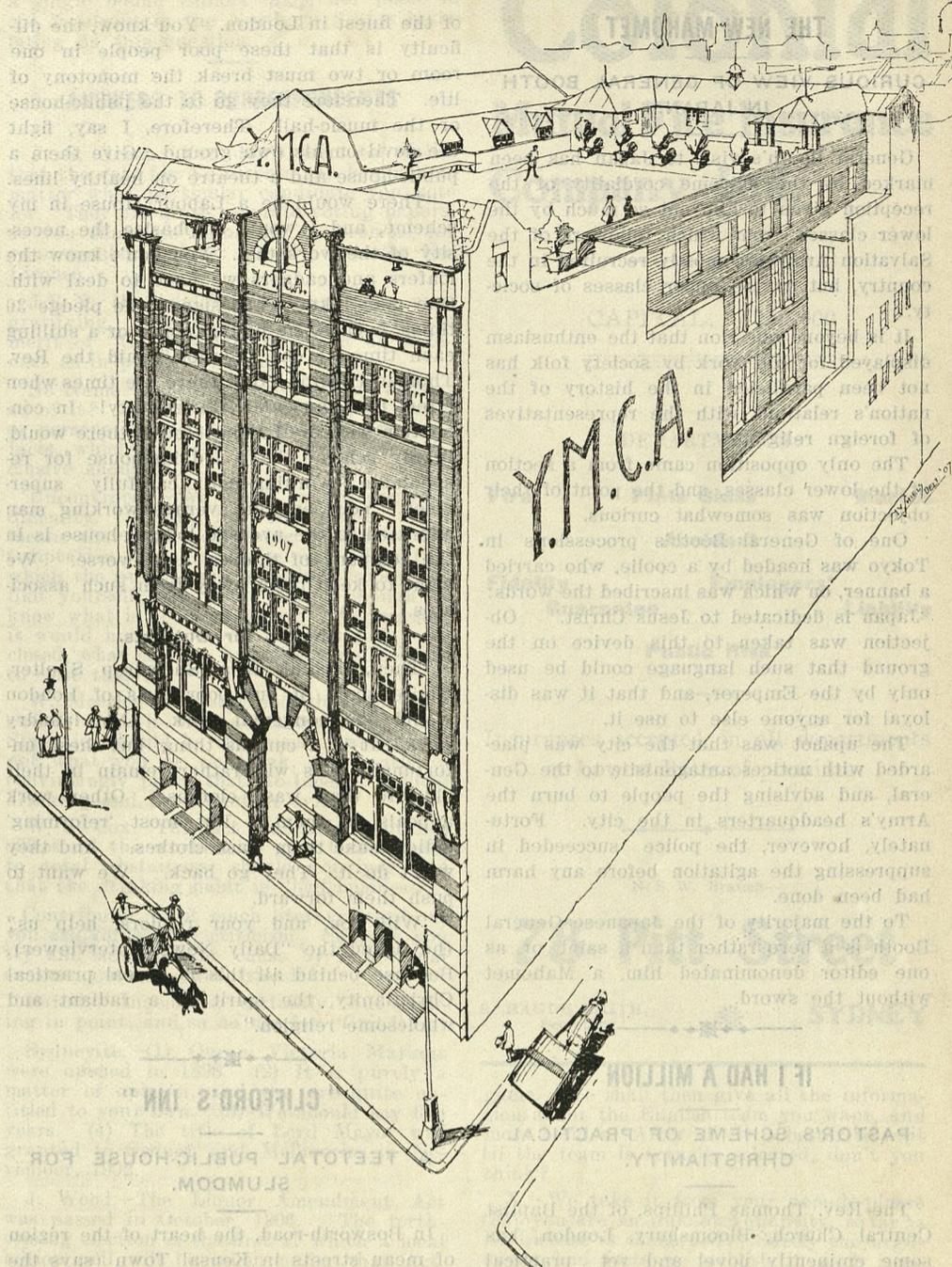
"Shady!" replied the minister. "Then it's a boy, and you mean Shadrach—eh?"

"No; please your reverence, it's a girl."

"And pray," asked the inquisitive pastor, "how happened you to call the child by such a strange name?"

"Why, sir," responded the woman, "if you must know, our name is Bower, and my husband said as how he should like her to be called Shady, because Shady Bower sounds so pretty!"

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



SYDNEY Y.M.C.A. NEW BUILDING.

NO-LICENSE IN INVERCARGILL.

The "Southland News" (N.Z.) of 2nd July, 1907, contains a report of a meeting to celebrate the first anniversary of the coming into operation of No-License. The chairman, Mr. J. S. Baxter, in the course of a lengthy address, stated that during the year just closed the prophecy that the rates would suffer by the carrying of No-License had not been justified. He had ascertained that the general revenue had increased by £1082, the gasworks receipts by £560, and those in connection with the waterworks by £413. Under License, the rates from sixteen hotels had totalled £612, while under No-License the aggregate amount was £642. All the hotels had been put to profitable use, and some were bringing in to their owners higher rentals and were to be enlarged forthwith.

The report of the police force was presented to the House of Representatives by the Minister for Justice on the afternoon of July 9th. The following remarks by Inspector Mitchell of Invercargill have a direct bearing upon the question of No-License in that city:—"No-License obtained in the Invercargill licensing district on 1st July last (1906), consequent upon which (a) brewery depots were established at Waikivi on the margin of the No-License area, at which youths and men purchase beer in two-gallon and five-gallon kegs, oftentimes when not in a fit state to be supplied. It is by no means an uncommon sight to see

numbers of young fellows collected round a keg at the roadside or in an adjoining paddock, some of them showing signs of excessive drinking, and yet the police are helpless to control such sales, the vendors being subjected to no restriction. (b) The locker system came into existence at four establishments here. This system, as carried on, is, I think, an undoubted evasion of the law. The closing of the open bar has materially improved order and conduct in the streets, and, to my knowledge, many homes that formerly knew misery through its existence, now enjoy happiness and content. At the same time, the consumption of liquor in Southland, as shown in the customs return, has not decreased. During the nine months ended the 31st March last, 78 cases of drunkenness were before the Invercargill Court, and in all cases but one the supply of liquor was conclusively traced to sources outside the No-License area:—Bluff, by rail 17 miles; Woodlands, by rail 12 miles; Wallacetown by road or rail 5 miles, and Waikivi depots, by road 3 miles—so that it will be readily seen that the facilities for obtaining liquor are numerous, and prevent No-License receiving a fair trial. During the same period, five convictions have been recorded for sly-grog selling, resulting in fines totalling £250, and though we have a population of over 3000 there is no reason to believe that illicit sales of liquor are at present being carried on to any appreciable extent."

THE NEW MAHOMET

CURIOUS VIEW OF GENERAL BOOTH IN JAPAN.

General Booth's visit to Japan has been marked by the extreme cordiality of the reception given to him not so much by the lower classes, from which followers of the Salvation Army are mostly recruited in the country, but by the upper classes of society.

It is beyond question that the enthusiasm displayed for his work by society folk has not been paralleled in the history of the nation's relations with the representatives of foreign religions.

The only opposition came from a section of the lower classes, and the point of their objection was somewhat curious.

One of General Booth's processions in Tokyo was headed by a coolie, who carried a banner, on which was inscribed the words: "Japan is dedicated to Jesus Christ." Objection was taken to this device on the ground that such language could be used only by the Emperor, and that it was disloyal for anyone else to use it.

The upshot was that the city was placarded with notices antagonistic to the General, and advising the people to burn the Army's headquarters in the city. Fortunately, however, the police succeeded in suppressing the agitation before any harm had been done.

To the majority of the Japanese General Booth is a hero rather than a saint, or, as one editor denominated him, a Mahomet without the sword.

IF I HAD A MILLION

PASTOR'S SCHEME OF PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

The Rev. Thomas Phillips, of the Baptist Central Church, Bloomsbury, London, has some eminently novel and yet practical views of how he should dispose of his money were he a millionaire.

"I would build a church, just about here in Central London; a church with cushioned seats, and the best music one could desire, and no pew rents."

"Don't you think that the cushioned seats might conduce to sleep?"

"That would entirely depend on the preacher," said Mr. Phillips, with a sly twinkle in his eye. "Then I would have Hospitality Hall, open day and night, attached to the church. A really hospitable hall, where everyone stranded should be cared for and generally looked after."

"Then there should be a children's paradise; where the little urchins who play in the slums of Bloomsbury might delight in games amid flowers and pleasant surroundings."

"Don't you think the flowers would disappear very quickly?" asked the questioner.

"I have faith in human nature. Trust it, and you are trusted. Well, then, the Hall of Promise, for young men and girls, to be a home and a centre of industry. I don't quite like the 'Hall of Promise'—I want a better title."

"Sounds a little 'goody-goody?' Possibly. But we must be hospitable to goody-goodism, as well as to dare-devilism," said the outspoken pastor. "Then I would have a People's University, running college lectures for struggling men and women on University College lines."

A Model Public-house.

"And I would have a public-house. Yes, a model public-house, which should be one

of the finest in London. You know, the difficulty is that these poor people in one room or two must break the monotony of life. Therefore they go to the public-house or the music-hall. Therefore, I say, fight the devil on his own ground. Give them a public-house and a theatre on healthy lines.

"There would be a Labour House in my scheme, and I would emphasise the necessity of the work test. You don't know the loafers and cadgers we have to deal with. One man I know has signed the pledge 30 times, because he had sixpence or a shilling each time. I can tell you," said the Rev. Thomas Phillips, "that there are times when I feel like 'muscular' Christianity! In connection with my Labour House, there would, in my scheme, be a lodging-house for respectable working-men; carefully supervised. You see, the average working man admitted to the average lodging-house is in the company of thieves, and—worse. We want to keep them away from such associates."

Shelter for Outcasts.

"Then, I think of a Snowdrop Shelter, where some of our poor girls of London would find congenial work. Not laundry work. It is a curious thing, but these unfortunate girls will rather remain in their old life than wash clothes. Other work appeals to them. But most 'reforming' ladies make them wash clothes. And they won't do it. They go back. We want to push them forward."

"Will you, and your readers, help us? (he asked the "Daily News" interviewer). Because behind all this is a real practical Christianity, the spirit of a radiant and wholesome religion."

"CLIFFORD'S INN"

A TEETOTAL PUBLIC-HOUSE FOR SLUMDOM.

In Bosworth-road, the heart of the region of mean streets in Kensal Town (says the London "Daily News"), the foundation-stones of a teetotal public-house have just been laid. By way of commemorating the jubilee of Dr. Clifford's ministry the congregation of Westbourne Park Chapel are contributing a sum towards the cost of the building, which is to be run on hard-and-fast teetotal lines and be made self-supporting. There are to be club rooms for men, women, and boys, a reading room, a recreation room and a billiard table, a large refreshment room, a kitchen, and an apartment set aside for the management. Dr. Clifford himself laid one of the foundation-stones on behalf of the Bosworth Temperance Club, who own the new inn. The secretary states that he will be glad to receive any gifts, from "dishcloths up to a full-sized billiard table."

To understand what a blessing "Clifford's Inn" will prove in this grimy slum you must pay a visit to Bosworth-road. A short street of houses that have seen better days, it reeks of human poverty, misery, and despair. It is buttressed at one end by a public-house, to compete with which fairly and openly is one of the intentions of "Clifford's Inn;" at the other there stands the Church of Our Lady of Holy Souls. The new red-brick hall of the Bosworth Mission, one of the settlements of the Westbourne Park Chapel, relieves the gloom of the intervening dwellings. There is little else in the street besides poverty—one or two shops where the people get their groceries and coals, and that is all.

Yet not quite all. Ill-clad, unwashed children roam about. It is one of London's boasts that, however poor her children may

Where Shall I Stay in Sydney?

THE N.S.W. ALLIANCE HEADQUARTERS HOTEL

CORNER CASTLEREAGH & PARK STS., SYDNEY



A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL WITHOUT A LIQUOR BAR

Airy, Comfortable Bedrooms, Spacious Reception Rooms.

Good Table, Terms very moderate

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be, the parents nearly always can afford to provide them with shoes and stockings. The sight of barefooted children, common in provincial cities like Liverpool and Manchester is rare in London, but not so rare in Bosworth-road. There the children yesterday were paddling in the rain puddles, playing cricket and marbles in their bare feet in the road and on the pavement and sitting playing cards with penny packs on the doorsteps. A pedlar passed through the street selling halfpenny hats made from old wall paper. The children gathered round him, and those whose mothers would not give them a halfpenny to buy a hat ran indoors and presently came out again with their little arms full of old beer bottles, which the pedlar accepted in the place of coin.

Through the windows, some of them broken, many of them patched up with paper, peered the worn, pinched faces of old women and those in ill-health. There must be few streets so full of squalor. No men were to be seen. They were at work—or idling in other streets.

As I passed one nouse more poverty-stricken than the rest, where a little child was playing with clay balls on the steps, I heard a woman's voice say, "You must be drunk. Come in at once, or I'll kill you." She was speaking to the child—her own child.

On the opposite side of the street, behind a wooden hoarding, the bricklayers' trowel could be heard at work upon raising the structure of "Clifford's Inn."

The pampered spaniel rode by in an automobile.

"That's what I call cruelty to animals," remarked a mongrel of the streets. "That fat dog never knew the joy of fighting over a bone in his life."

HOW THE BATTLE GOES

No less than twenty-six indictments, including 217 counts, were returned against Rockford (Ill.) saloons, on charges made by five minors, who, it seems, have been making the "rounds," and getting all the liquor necessary for the quenching of their thirsts.

A large number of the prominent citizens and residents of Japan have signed Dr. Wilbur F. Craft's petition, "to prohibit the sale of opium and all intoxicants to all uncivilised races." The petition was previously received by the American and European governments.

The saloon-keepers of Chicago recently held a banquet at the Sherman House, to which a number of leading reformers were invited. The association has a membership of 3800, the majority of whom, themselves being judges, are opposed to having women in saloons or selling liquor to drunkards or minors.

An active campaign against Sunday liquor selling in Atlantic City, N.J., has been inaugurated by the ministers and the Reform League. Public sentiment in that city is thoroughly aroused to the necessity of having the law enforced. Not only has the liquor been sold on Sunday, but it has been distributed among minors. Nearly fifty offenders against the statute have been already cited.

A merchant at Owensboro, Ky., who was one of the most active workers in the recent local option contest, arose at a meeting, held just after the announcement of the defeat, and said: "This morning when I went to my store, I found it decorated with streamers of crape, and an insulting note was pinned with it. Just thirty years ago to-day there was crape on my father's door, and he had gone to a drunkard's grave. Can you blame me for advocating prohibition?"

The Rev. Dr. C. A. Fulton, of the First Baptist Church, Syracuse, New York, and L. W. Dygert, a lawyer, were mobbed by a crowd of 200 men and boys in North Salina street on the afternoon of April 21. The two men have been conducting a campaign to keep saloons closed on Sunday. They have been attacked and threatened on several occasions, and made targets for stones and other missiles. Dygert, on this occasion, was struck on the head, and Doctor Fulton was badly lacerated about the head and face.

"The prohibitionists have captured a large part of the country, and they will soon vote us out of the rest, if we do not make some decided changes in the goods we sell and the way we buy them," is the startling wail of a confidential letter to the "trade," dated April 15, 1907, and just sent out to their members by the St. Louis Wholesale Liquor Association. "We have unwittingly sold this accursed poison to the youth and the flower of our manhood, many of whom have been crazed, have lost their manhood, their honour, and their all, because they drank it. Their mothers, their sisters, their fathers, their brothers and their parents are driving us retailers out of business. The only salvation left for the liquor business lies in a firm resolve on the part of all retailers to be sure that they sell nothing but the purest and best goods that can be had for their money."

Illinois has secured a State Local Option Bill. It provides that one-fourth of the legal voters of any township, city, incorporated town or village may petition for the resubmission of the saloon question. This vote becomes operative within thirty days after it has been held. If the voters of the locality vote against saloons, the dramshops go out of business, are paid a rebate to cover the value of their unexpired license, and the question of having saloons may not be submitted again for eighteen months. Selling liquor in anti-saloon territory is made punishable by a fine of from 20dol. to 100dol., or imprisonment for thirty days for the first offence, and a second offence carries a gaol sentence with a larger fine. Superintendent James K. Shields, head of the Illinois League, says of the measure: "It is a great victory. And when I say that I speak plain truth. When the Berry bill is placed on the statute books of Illinois, we shall have secured, after six years' fight, more local option than the State of Ohio

has gotten in fourteen years of continued effort. The people of Illinois should be happy over the outcome of this battle. At a single bound Illinois takes her place in the forefront in the Northern States legislating on this question."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. S. Green.—You don't seem to realise that the vote for No-License can be given no matter what particular candidate you vote for. They are quite separate voting papers, so you can vote according to promise for your member and yet record a vote for No-License.

J.R.N. (Rockdale).—Your praise is very gratifying. So you think that the literary merit of "Grit" should secure it an audience as in point of fact it is doing.

No Name.—Why no name, are you ashamed of it? We have carefully avoided abuse or personalities, confining ourselves to hard facts, which we venture to think are conclusive enough.

Unconvinced.—We really cannot see your difficulty. Voting for No-License only means that you are helping to remove the temptation to indiscriminate drinking, which the public-house affords to those who like yourself, are not "strong enough to know what is good for them." As you say, it would not affect you if every pub were closed, what is there to prevent you helping to close them?

W. Meath.—It is easy enough to convince oneself were it only a matter of opinion. Statistics should be the basis of argument, not what you or we think, and statistics convincingly prove that No-License reduces drinking and its attendant evils.

W. J. Cox.—The fact that Life Insurance offices all the world over give better rates to total abstainers, should convince you that the drinking habit is "bad business."

Contributor.—Not much literary merit, as you ask for candid criticism. Suppose you try and advance the cause by a personal canvass amongst your friends!

Parody.—Ingenious, certainly, but lacking in point, and so no use for "Grit."

Sydneyite.—(1) Queen Victoria Markets were opened in 1898. (2) It is purely a matter of opinion, and you are quite entitled to your own. (3) We should say five years. (4) The title of Lord Mayor was granted to Sydney and Melbourne in November, 1902.

J. Wood.—The Liquor Amendment Act was passed in October, 1905. The forthcoming election is the first at which a local option poll will be taken under that Act. Celebrate the fact by voting for No-License.

Cricketer.—We cordially agree with all you say, and when the elections are over we hope to devote a little space to the

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S. HAGUE SMITH, Secretary



SYDNEY

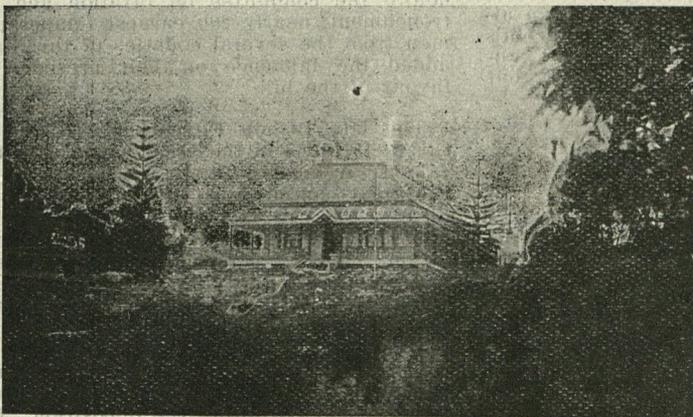
game. We shall then give all the information about the English team you want, and more besides. After all, it is better to wait til the team is actually selected, don't you think?

X.—We take it from your nom-de-plume that you are an unknown quantity, so far as No-License is concerned? Surely the arguments and facts we publish in each issue are convincing enough to anyone with an open mind?

J.S.T.—Declined with many thanks and a certain amount of regret.

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

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



THE SALVATION ARMY Home of Rest FOR INEBRIATES

TELEPHONE 25 MANLY

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

About four miles from Manly on the Pittwater Road. Ample provision is made to supply the best of food suitable for patients.

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

of the patients. Arrangements have been made for a duly qualified medical man to visit the Home at regular intervals to examine and prescribe for the patients, if necessary. We are pleased to say that several cases already dealt with have been attended with highly satisfactory results. Copies of Testimonials can be seen on application. All personal applications and correspondence will be treated with the strictest confidence. Write to the Social Secretary, Salvation Army Headquarters, Goulburn Street, Sydney, or direct to the Manager at the Home.

CAMPAIGN NOTES AND NEWS

Polling Day in sight: Close up the ranks.

Strong work going forward at Leichhardt.

A branch of the N.S.W. Alliance is being formed at Camden.

A No-License committee has been formed at Abbotsford, Burwood electorate.

Good meeting for No-License at Bondi Junction on Tuesday of last week.

Mr. Bruntnell addressed a good No-License meeting at Alexandria last week.

A No-License committee for Paddington and Woollahra was formed during the past week.

Promises of support in the Alexandria fight are reaching Mr. Bruntnell from all sources.

It is understood that the date of the elections has been definitely fixed for September 10.

Mr. John Complin, of the Queensland Alliance, will lecture in New South Wales during August.

The American national convention of the W.C.T.U. will be held at Nashville, Tennessee, November 8 to 13.

Deputation to the Attorney-General on Monday last regarding appointment of scrutineers for local option poll.

Rev. R. B. S. Hammond leaves for a few days in Brisbane at the end of this week. He will visit Tenterfield and Singleton also.

Strenuous efforts are being made to defeat Dr. Arthur at Middle Harbour. To replace the doctor at this juncture would be bad for the country.

Miss K. E. Isitt, of Wellington, N.Z., who has been prominent in the No-License fight in the Dominion, has been spending a brief holiday in Sydney.

Miss Hughes' mission at Wollongong, a great success. The Illawarra tour will conclude this week. Next week Miss Hughes goes to Gloucester electorate.

A strong feature of Mr. Dixon Ward's addresses is the manner in which he refers to "certain" persons and places, but which he will not name when challenged to do so.

The Liquor Defence Union has refused to sanction the proposed debate between Mr. Dixon Ward and a representative of the Alliance. It is a poor cause that is not worth defending.

One of the liquor orators during the last week denounced the women's vote, and a few moments later was deploring the fact that he and his fellow reactionaries could not get women to come and listen to them.

Mr. Dixon Ward has been quoting an alleged declaration of Abraham Lincoln's against prohibition. Pressed for his authority, he gave the name of a book, but on examination said book was found to be minus the quotation. Verb. sap.

"Munsey's Magazine" will not, in the future, accept advertising contracts for whisky, beer, or wine, and no more objectionable medical advertising will be seen in its columns.

American "Bar and Buffet," in its issue for March, says, editorially, "Nine out of every ten reform movements which are directed against the saloonists of this country originate in the church, or among church workers."

Oklahoma will vote on constitutional prohibition Tuesday, August 6, next, and the Prohibitionists are already in the midst of a great campaign. The first notable national leader to be called into the territory for the canvass is the Hon. J. G. Woolley, Prohibition candidate for President in 1900.

READ THIS

Testimony from a Popular Methodist Minister

EXTRACT FROM WESLEY CHURCH "SIGNAL."

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

Rev. F. COLWELL.

NOTE

Every Artificial Set of Teeth fitted by me is a pleasure to the Patient. Once give me your support, and I will take care not to lose your patronage. My Patients, combined with Good Workmanship, have been my best advertising medium during the past, and, indeed, have been the important factors in the growth of my Successful Practice.

Nitrous Oxide Gas Administered Daily
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Pure Gold Fillings from 15s. each

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Celebrated Pickles

Famous Tomato Sauce

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It will be a great campaign, and can have but one result.

Sunday closing of saloons, dance halls, race courses, theatres, merry-go-rounds and places of business throughout Idaho was enforced May 12th. Cigar stands, drug stores, soda fountains, news stands and restaurants are exempted, but all other places must remain closed. Officers failing to report violations will be heavily fined.

The first prohibition bill introduced in the New York Legislature in sixty years has just been submitted to the Senate by Francis H. Gates. Mr. Gates was re-elected on a prohibition platform, and was endorsed at the last election by the Democrats and Independent Republicans. At the hearing before the committee on taxation and retrenchment, nearly 200 earnest temperance men from the several counties of the State added the influence of their presence in favour of the bill.

The late Bishop Fitzgerald was one of God's stalwarts in the great battle with the saloon. A comparatively recent appeal to the great church he so faithfully served indicates the courage and faith with which he fought in the great campaign for prohibition: "We are persuaded that, before she can accomplish the great mission to which we believe God has called her, she (the church) must take a much longer step in advance, and strike far heavier blows. Her forces must be thoroughly and permanently organised, and, combined with kindred forces, must constitute the opposition. The foes of the saloon must unite against its friends. The issue must be fairly joined. The saloon has long carried the black flag. Henceforth the Church and her allies in this particular warfare must carry it, too. The battle must be desperately fought, and the field of battle must be the field of politics."

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How the World Moves

The empty head never is hungry.

The love without branches is without roots.

Living heartily is one secret of living happily.

The only evil that can harm us is the evil we love.

The man who is steadfast is not going to stick fast.

The weapon of malice always goes off at the wrong end.

The critic is the last to discover his own crookedness.

The man who faces both ways never sees much any way.

The fairest flowers of joy spring from the soil of sacrifice.

It never hurts your grip on a doctrine to lay hold of a duty.

The man who lives with God does not have to advertise the fact.

You cannot bear the fruits of heaven if you live in the clouds of hatred.

There is no particular virtue in a keen appreciation of the vices of others.

It's always the short-winded man who does the loudest shouting at a footrace.

About one in five of the men of the Merchant Service is unable to swim.

The British Post Office employs 200,000 persons, of whom 50,000 are women.

There are sixty-eight tunnels on the canals of Great Britain.

A hen lays 36,000 eggs, a sole 1,000,000, a sturgeon 3,000,000.

The Turkish Bath was introduced into England about fifty years ago.

All South American theatres have galleries, to which ladies only are admitted.

You often can lead with the silken cord of love when all the cables of logic would fail.

The buildings of the Seraglio at Constantinople can accommodate 20,000 people with ease.

An eagle can live twenty-eight days without food, while a condor is said to be easily able to fast for forty days.

The number of horses in Europe available for military purposes is reckoned at about thirty-nine millions.

There are too many people trying to clean up the world by scalding their neighbours.

A review of life reveals that the things we most regretted at the time are the ones to which we owe most now.

Monday was a bright day

for the laundry was easy with good Sunlight Laundry Soap.

The bodyguards of all European Sovereigns consist of men chosen for their fine physique and great strength.

There is a good deal of difference between believing what we are told about the Father in Heaven, and believing what He tells us.

A memorial to the Cape Field Artillerymen who fell in the South African War was recently unveiled at St. George's Cathedral, Cape Town.

At Bicker, South Lincolnshire, out of a population of just over 600 there are thirty-four widows living in the parish, but only seven widowers.

Wages are rising in Japan; but even skilled hands rarely get more than two shillings a day. Twenty years ago the average was sixpence a day.

The British manoeuvre issue of camp kettles—viz., one for every twenty-four men—will be restricted to cases where troops are encamped for periods of fourteen days and upwards.

A marine-store dealer in England may not buy of any person apparently less than sixteen years old, nor cut any rope more than five fathoms long without an order from a magistrate.

A man named Transier, of Bennington, Kansas, has been fined and ordered by the magistrate to remain in bed for seven days for intoxication. A policeman escorted him to his home and put him to bed.

It has been decided to continue giving short weekly health lectures to British recruits at regimental depots. The lectures are to be on the lines of the "Health Memoranda for Soldiers."

Provision is to be made in battleships and first-class cruisers for a medical store. A print of the general arrangement to be followed has been circulated, and new ships building are to be fitted at once.

One of the prettiest pleasure-gardens on a small scale is that on the flat roof of a house owned by a Kentish lady. Tall hollyhocks and foxgloves, roses of hardy kinds, and lots of more lowly blossoms make the place a paradise throughout the summer.

During the time the battleship "Exmouth" has been in dockyard hands at Portsmouth, her wireless equipment has been brought up to date by the installation of high power instruments, and the provision of a wireless room on the after bridge.

The Lord Mayor of London's "kingdom" extends far beyond the City walls, for he

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has the uncontrolled conservancy of the River Thames, and the waters of the Medway from Oxford on the west to Rochester on the east; and he can summon his courts when and where he will.

During the last twelve years the annual amount of gold used in filling teeth has amounted to £300,000, which being multiplied by twelve will give £3,600,000. Probably one-third of this gold is now reposing in the church-yards of the country, rendering them more valuable than many a paying gold-mine of to-day.

The Kaiser has received many legacies from his subjects. A Munich testator once bequeathed £5000 to him "as a humble subject's mark of appreciation of the splendid monarchical and statesmanlike qualities which His Majesty had displayed, and to signify dissent from the criticisms which are from time to time levelled against him."

One of the most terrible mining disasters in Wales was the outcome of a ludicrous and trivial incident. A collier, chancing to slip, fell down and grazed one of his legs. In a fit of anger caused by the pain, he struck a pony standing near a smart blow on the nose. The pony kicked out, and, striking a safety-lamp, smashed it, exposing the naked flame, which, coming in contact with fire-damp, caused a terrible explosion, in which more than a hundred lives were lost.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

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

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DRESS GOODS GOING AT BANKRUPT BARGAIN PRICES.
 HEAVY LIGHT GREY TWEED 54 in. wide, occasional flake, very effective, and smart; worth 2s 11d yard.
 BANKRUPT BARGAIN RUSH, 10½d yd.
 HEAVY GREY and FAWN HERRING-BONE TWEED, 54in. wide; worth 3s 11d.
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 HEAVY ROUGH SERGE, Light and Mid Brown, Royal Peacock, Grey, Reseda worth 4s 6d, for 2s 3d.
 COLOURED MOIRE SKIRTING, over yard wide, in Navy, Emerald, Cerise, Peacock; worth 10½d.
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 BEAUTIFUL BLACK MOIRE SKIRTING, over yard wide; worth 1s 6d.
 BANKRUPT BARGAIN RUSH, 9½d yd.
 CREAM BEARSKIN, 50in wide, good quality; worth 5s 6d,
 BANKRUPT BARGAIN RUSH, 2s 11d dozen.
 ALL-WOOL FRENCH FLANNELS; worth 1s 9d,
 BARGAIN RUSH PRICE, 7½d yd.

FANCY BLOUSING FLANNELETTES. Piles and piles of them; worth 5½d yd.
 BANKRUPT BARGAIN RUSH, 2s 11d dozen.
HEAPS AND HEAPS OF OTHER WONDERFUL BARGAINS FOR THRIFTY THOUSANDS.

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 WHITE CALICO, from 1s 11d doz.
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 BLEACHED ROLLER TOWELLING, 2½d yard.
 STRIPED GALATEA 4½d yard.
 TABLE DAMASK From 8½d yard.
 WHITE BLANKETS From 3s 11d pair.
 FLANNELETTE Rugs, from 1s 6d each.
 LADIES' WALKING SKIRTS, from 2s 11d.
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LADIES' BLACK LEATHER BELTS, half-price, 4½d.
LADIES' SILVER TINSEL BELTS, worth 1s 9d; 11½d.
LADIES' GOLD TINSEL BELTS, half-price, 7½d.
MEN'S MERINO UNDERSHIRTS, ... 1s.
MEN'S MERINO UNDERPANTS, ... 1s.
MEN'S CREAM SWEATERS, 1s 6d.
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MEN'S HARVARD SHIRTS, Collar and Pockets, 1s 6d.
BOYS' SPECKLED STRAW BOATERS, 1d
MEN'S CUBA OR BLACK TERAI HATS, 2s 11d.
MEN'S HARD BLK FELT HATS, 3s 11d.
MEN'S DUNGAREE TROUSERS, 1s 11d
BOYS' SAILOR SUITS 2s 6d.
BOYS' REEFER JACKETS 2s 6d.
MEN'S TWEED SUITS 12s 6d.
MEN'S CARDIGAN VESTS 3s 6d.
DOUBLE-WIDTH PURE INDIGO SERGE, for Men's Suits—worth 7s 11d, for 5s 6d; worth 10s 6d, for 6s 11d.

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