

GRIFF

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The Deadly Cigarette

"Coffin Nails" ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

It is a sad commentary upon our boasted progress and enlightened civilisation that so many children are exposed to evil influences, and subject to most pernicious practices. If we fail to save the children we shall certainly lose the State. Our first duty is to expose, denounce, and penalise those whose trade prospers by fastening a vicious habit on the young.

That the cigarette habit is both harmful and extensive we will clearly show.

Dr. Pope, Professor of Hygiene of the Health Society, London, says:—"Nothing can be more pernicious for growing youths than the use of tobacco in any form."

If the public-house is "the Devil's Church," then the cigarette clique is Satan's Sunday School. Not only are both his

"Not Mannish, but Monkeyish"

Church and Sunday School crowded, but the one is the training ground for the other. In America the cigarette is familiarly known as a "coffin nail," or "the devil's kindling wood." As a rule the cigarettes are made of poor tobacco, so doctored and drugged as to make them seductive. Frequently they are soaked in or sprinkled with opium water. Apart, however, from this, a cigarette contains enough nicotine to kill two frogs, and a thread dipped in this oil of nicotine, and drawn through a wound, made by a needle in an animal, would kill it in seven minutes.

The journal "Science" says:—"Nicotine is one of the most powerful nerve poisons known. It destroys life, not by attacking a few, but all the functions essential to it, beginning at the centre, the heart. There

is no substance known that can counteract its effects."

Leeches, when applied to persistent cigarette smokers drop off dead, distinct traces of the dangerous empyreumatic oil given off by tobacco being found in them.

Professor Lattin says:—"Tobacco in any form is bad, but in the cigarette there are five poisons. There is the oil in the paper, the oil of nicotine, saltpetre to preserve it, opium to make it mild, and the oil in the flavouring."

One pound of tobacco contains 380 grains of nicotine, and one-tenth of a grain will kill a dog in three minutes.

If a man were to smoke one pipe of tobacco, with ice in his mouth, the nicotine would rapidly settle on the ice and cause almost instantaneous death. One has only to look down the list of the champions who will not smoke to be assured of the wisdom of leaving it alone.

CHAMPIONS.

Prince Ranjitsinhji, the famous batsman, says:—"Let the cigarette alone." Montague Holbein, the swimmer; Edward Hanlan, the sculler; Dr. Carver, the celebrated marksman; Dr. W. G. Grace, the world's greatest batsman; Weston, the pedestrian; J. H. Taylor, the golf champion; Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer, cycling record breaker; C. W. Miller, who won the six days' bicycle race in New York; Sandow, the strong man; Selous, the hunter; Burnham, the scout; the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, and Dr. Nansen, the famous Arctic explorer, all united to warn against tobacco, especially the cigarette. Individual instances of bodily longevity and excellence of character on the part of smokers no more justify their practice than the survival of a number of Crimean veterans proves that it was good for human beings to face all the deadly horrors of that campaign.

GROWTH OF THE EVIL.

From the American trade journal "Tobacco" we glean the following astonishing figures:—

In 1897 the production reached 4,153,252,470. This vicious gluttony aroused the Legislature, and laws were enacted to limit the output. These were ineffective so long as the tax remained at 2s per 1000.



TRAPPED!

Yes, this is a boy, not a rat or a rabbit;
He is caught fast and sure in a trap called habit.
'Twas easy to enter, and pleasant, no doubt;
Now he can't join the game—'tis too hard to get out.

In June, 1898, came an increase of another 2s per 1000, and in three years 1,476,629,098 cigarettes were clipped from the record. In spite of legislation, active crusade, and the refusal of many business companies to give employment to the cigarette smokers, the output in 1905 was 3,500,000,000. The American Tobacco Trust shamelessly claim in one year to have made a clear profit of £80,000 from cigarettes alone. One-half of the tobacco which the people of the United Kingdom pay duty on is manufactured into fifteen billion cigarettes annually. If these were placed in two-ton waggons they would cover end to end over 35 miles. They are dispensed by 284,000 places licensed to do so. The cigarette manufacturer may endow colleges, but he cannot wash from his hands the blood of the cigarette suicides; he may establish an institution to discipline the minds of the unfortunate youths, but he cannot restore to normal condition the brains of those whom the physicians report "insane from cigarette smoking."

No less an authority than Dr. Forbes Winslow has said:—"Cigarette smoking is one of the chief causes of insanity. I cannot understand why it is not in the tabulated form of causes."

FRANCE LEADS THE WAY.

The students of the Science and Art Schools in Paris were subject to an inquiry which produced the following significant facts. Of the first 20 in the examinations 6 smoked and 14 did not. Of the 20 who stood lowest, 17 smoked and 3 did not. Since then smoking has been forbidden by the Minister of Public Instruction.

A BRASS MONKEY.

A tobacconist, for advertising purposes, kept a brass monkey that was so arranged that, when wound up, it could smoke a cigar, drawing in and puffing out the smoke. The works stopped on one occasion, and the monkey was taken apart to discover the cause, when the works were found to be clogged and in a filthy condition.

Query.—If tobacco smoke will stop the works of a brass monkey, what will it do for you?

SERMON TO MILLIONAIRES.

DR. INGRAM'S POPULARITY.

Dr. Winnington-Ingram, the Bishop of London, visited Wall-street on September 26th, and in Trinity Church, before a congregation consisting of eminent financiers, stockbrokers, ladies of fashion, and stenographers (as the cable briefly reported) preached a sermon which will ever be memorable in the history of the oldest and wealthiest church corporation of New York.

Without the slightest attempt at oratory, but with no mincing of words, the bishop dwelt on the evils arising from unscrupulous exploitation of the powers of money. If the world is to be saved from the brooding discontent of Socialism, every man must regard himself as the steward, not the owner, of the capital under his control.

The sermon was delivered with such simple earnestness that it was impossible for any of the great Trust magnates and stockbrokers in the congregation to take offence. But the fact that this week, in the appointment of a receivership for the Interborough Metropolitan Railways, one of the gravest financial scandals ever heard of in New York came to light, lent irresistible import to the bishop's words.

He had travelled to New York on a private yacht from Great Neck, Long Island, and driven immediately to Trinity Church at the head of Wall-street, which was packed with sightseers anxious to catch a

glimpse of the democratic bishop. The symbolic insignificance of the sacred edifice, whose lofty spire seems quite diminutive beside the forty-story commercial palaces near by, must have forcibly impressed the bishop's mind. The church was crammed to its utmost capacity, while thousands outside were unable to gain admission.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan and many other notable figures in the financial world, though pewholders, had to content themselves with standing room, and so great was the crush that many ladies fainted. Taking as his text the words in the Gospel of St. Luke, "Render an account of thy stewardship," the bishop drew an effective picture of his home at Fulham Palace, and said he would be regarded as a madman if he called that palace his own. Similarly millionaires were madmen who considered themselves the owners and not the trustees of capital. Neglect of this elementary Christian truth, the Bishop observed, was the cause of all social evils from which London and New York were suffering. "No man who is really a Christian would soil his hands with one dollar the possession of which he could not justify in the sight of Heaven."

After the sermon the bishop was besieged by reporters, anxious to question him on Socialism, Christian Science, and other topics, but he sent word that he was terribly fatigued and suffering from indigestion, and would be obliged if they postponed the interviewing till his second visit to New York on his return from Virginia. He willingly posed, however, outside the church for photographers before driving to luncheon with the rector of Trinity Church, Dr. Dix. Early in the afternoon the bishop rejoined the steam yacht and returned to Great Neck, where he is the guest of Mr. Silas McBee, the editor of the "Churchman."

ARE WE GROWING MADDER?

ENGLISH EXPERIENCE.

"Are we growing madder?" asks the "London Daily Chronicle" in a headline placed over one of its leading articles. It is not to the "Chronicle's" views on preferential trade and the Australian tariff that the question refers, but to the problem presented by the annual report of the Lunacy Commissioners, who state (without attempting to discriminate as to degrees of madness in the fiscal controversy) that there are now in England and Wales 123,988 lunatics, the total showing an increase of 200 on that recorded at the beginning of last year. No account is taken of the hundreds, possibly thousands, of more or less insane persons who receive private treatment and escape official notice.

Of the certified lunatics, who belong mainly to the poorer classes, there has been a perplexing multiplication for many years, and only within the last decade has the ratio shown any tendency to decline. Since 1859, when the total for England and Wales was 36,762, the steady increase to 123,988 has been equivalent to 237.2 per cent. The estimated increase of the general population in the same interval has been 77.5 per cent. Insanity and poverty are always conspicuously associated in these periodical statistics.

Those who keep a wondering eye on England's unique economic system will perhaps not be surprised to learn that the principal industrial centres are the largest contributors to the lunatic asylum population, and it will be noted in the last quinquennial return that more than 200 persons are described as having lost their reason through "privation and starvation." Some of these belong, no doubt, to the self-respecting and

more sensitive section of the poor, who would suffer the bitterest pangs of hunger rather than appeal for parish relief. There are many such among the artisan class, as was shown by the pitiful enclosures made by district visitors in Lancashire during the great depression in the cotton trade a few years ago.

Among the various scheduled causes of insanity, "intemperance" and "hereditary influence" have the largest totals attributed to them. If, however, some of the medical and philanthropic theorists were right, the cases due to intemperance would now be rapidly decreasing, as the English people consume much less alcohol than they did up to a few years ago. In confessing to some doubt as to the actual proportion of "occurring" insanity represented in the statistics, the Lunacy Commissioners remark that early treatment of the insane appears to be more fully carried out than in former days, and there is evidence that such treatment is often effective in preventing recurrence of the disorder. The latter point is worth noting in connection with the provision for the insane in Australia.

THE PARISH CLERK'S ADDRESS.

Churches and public houses are often found to be in close proximity. In this connection the following amusing story is told by a new vicar who had come into a town and was seeking the whereabouts of his new church and vicarage.

Inquiring of a native where the vicarage was situated, the vicar received the reply: "Opposite the Lion and Key."

"And where is the church?"

"Opposite the Oliver Twist."

"And can you tell me where the churchwarden lives?"

"Oh, yes; his house is opposite the Lord Clyde."

This was confusing enough, but the climax was reached when the reverend gentleman inquired for the parish clerk and was told that he lived opposite the Two Blackbirds.

A LOCK NO ONE CAN OPEN.

In 1810 a blacksmith went to Vienna and locked an iron band around a tree with a padlock. What he did with the key no one knows to this day. There is a mirthful legend to the effect that he carelessly threw it into the air, and that it never came down again. At any rate, the key could not be found, and the Austrian Government offered a prize of five hundred ducats to anyone who could make a key that would turn the bolt in the lock without breaking it.

Many have tried to win the prize, but nobody has won it. Eventually it became the practice among the contestants to drive a nail in the tree, and the heads of some of the nails bear the initials of those who drove them.

The practice of driving nails into the tree sealed its fate. The lower part of the tree, in a few years, assumed the appearance of a solid mass of iron. One spring the leaves failed to come out, and later a summer storm blew the top away.

The historic stump was cut off and placed on a pedestal at one of the prominent street corners in Vienna. At the same time the iron band was cut in two, and put around the stump to hold it in its niche, leaving the padlock in its original position. And there the old stump stands to this day, an object both of the curiosity of tourists and the veneration of the residents of Vienna. Incidentally, a street, Stock im Eisen—"Stick in Iron"—has been named after the stump.

"DAVE."

By "ZACK," in "Life is Life."

Sprawling down one hill and half-way up another was a little village; at the corner of its main street stood the White Lion Inn. The sun poured yellow light through the bar windows on to the sanded floor, and on the figures of two men who sat talking at a table.

"I tell you he's sweet on my cousin Phoebe, curse him," exclaimed the younger man, bringing his fist down on the table.

"And what's that got to say to it?" replied the other, in a slow, heavy voice. "Josh Tuckett 'ull never see no darter o' his married to a drunkard."

"Dave ain't no drunkard; he takes his glass and goes out. Dang him, I wish he wor."

The elder man leant forward and caught hold of the button of his companion's coat.

"Answer me this, Tummas Rod," he said, "didn't his father die o' drink?"

"Ay, sure."

"And his grandfather afore him?"

"Ay, certain."

"Bain't his three brothers lying in the churchyard at this very minnit reg'lar soaking the place wi' spirits; the grass niver grewed casual over their graves the same as it did over t'other folks?"

"What's that got to do wi' Dave?"

"Why, begore, he'll come to the like sooner or later, mark my words if he don't. He's a drunkard now—at heart. Scores o' times I've reckoned to hear his throat split and crack when the drink dizzles down it."

A heavy flush rose to Rod's face. "And may it; the sooner the better," he said.

"You and he wor thick enough as boys," replied the old man, rising, and regarding him curiously.

Rod turned away and went back to the bar. "Didn't I tell 'ee that he be sweet on my cousin and her on him," he answered in a sullen voice.

There was a sound of footsteps, and Dave entered, the old man taking his departure at the same time. Rod glanced with quick scrutiny at the newcomer's gaunt but boyish face, as, dropping his bag of tools, he flung sixpence on the counter.

"A half-and-half, Tom," he said. "Ma throat ba reg'lar dring'd (squeezed up) wi' thirst."

The flush on Rod's face receded, leaving it ash-grey. He filled a small glass to the brim with spirits, and pushed it across the bar. Dave swallowed the contents at a gulp, and stood, fingering the glass nervously.

"Take another nip," said Rod.

"Naw, wan ba anuff, thank 'ee."

"Come, I'll stand yer."

Dave's thin white face reddened. "I dursn't," he said, turning away and picking up his bag of tools.

The innkeeper burst into a rough laugh. "You puts me in mind of a maid before her first kiss, terrible afraid, but wonderful willing," he replied. "Come," he urged, unsteadily, "drink me success to something I've set my mind on."

There was silence a moment. "Ba it zummat pertikler speshil?" Dave asked at length.

"I told 'ee I'd set my mind on it."

"Drink ba kindiddling temptsome," Dave muttered, half to himself, as he watched Rod fill two glasses with spirits. "Wull," he added, gulping down the spirits with feverish impatience, "may 'ee git wat 'ee want and more."

Rod looked at him a moment, his lips twitching: "To the damnation of Dave Vlint,

body and soul!" he exclaimed, and draining his glass, flung it across the bar at the wall opposite. For a moment the two men regarded each other in silence; then Dave turned on his heel, halted a moment at the door, and glanced back—"Did 'ee mean they wuds?" he said.

"Twor nort but a bit o' fun," Rod answered, forcing a laugh.

"Ther ain't nort speshil vantysheeny (showy) in sich jokes," replied Dave, and going out he left Rod alone. He made his way through the street, and up the hill behind the village, where the pine-trees stood massing themselves against the blue sky-like heavy blue-green clouds. Leaving the road, he entered the wood by a footpath. It was autumn; the ground was strewn with cones; overhead the wind soughed with the sound of the sea. Standing beside a broken stile was a girl; her chestnut hair, escaping from the kerchief that bound it, rippled and curled about her neck and forehead. Dave started when he saw her, and advanced more slowly. She came towards him and they stood together: she was not tall, "about as high as his heart."

"Wat's come to 'ee, Dave!" she exclaimed, in a soft, guttural voice; "it's dree weeks since you've bin a-nigh me."

He was silent, averting his eyes as if he were afraid to look into hers.

"You made me love 'ee, you made me love 'ee," she burst out, her voice trembling; "and now—"

"Phoebe, lass, 'tis better that I bide away."

"You shud 'ave thought o' that afore," she said, bitterly.

"Aye, sartin I shud."

She caught hold of the two lapels of his coat—"Dave, Dave," she cried, "you don't love me arter all; and you swore me true down by the Wishing Well."

"I didn't love 'ee then the zame as I do now by a deal," he answered, taking her hands in his.

"Oh, lad, I can't fathom 'ee," she said, with a sob.

"Sweetheart, 'tis the drink I'm afeard of; 'twull have me wan day like it did my vather and brothers afore me."

"But I bain't afeard."

"I might be cruel hard upon 'ee, lass," he said, pressing her hands tight against his broad chest. "A man can't answer for his-sulf when the drink's upon him."

Her dark grey eyes filled with tears. "But I bean't afeard, Dave," she reiterated. "I bean't afeard."

He looked at her with great tenderness.

"I dursn't, dear heart; I dursn't," he said, and his voice shook.

"Ther wud ba the times atween whiles," she urged.

Turning from her, he caught hold of a tree-bough and steadied himself. "Lass, lass, don't put me in mind o' 'em."

"You ain't loving me the zame as you did, or 'ee wudn't need no minding," she exclaimed, brokenly. "And I ain't fallen off in looks." She came round the tree, stood in front of him, and unbinding her kerchief, shook her thick chestnut hair about her shoulders. "See, Dave," she continued, "it's vine and long for all it loses in the curl; and my voot, too, Dave,"—she kicked off her shoe—"tis wonderful arched, and a deal smaller than the young ladies' up to the great House. My arms, Dave,"—she slipped back her sleeve—"they might be a chile's, they're that bedimpled."

Stopping abruptly, she burst into tears,—

"Oh, lad, lad," she sobbed, "you bain't looking, you bain't looking."

He let go the branch of the tree, took her in his arms, and drew her close up against his breast. He put back her head with gentle force, and kissed her mouth and eyes, her throat and bosom. As they stood molten in one mould, there came down the wind the sound of children's laughter: hearing it, the man and woman fell trembling, then apart.

They stood staring at each other like two people guilty of a crime.

"There ba them that might ba born arter us," he said hoarsely.

She watched the sudden hardening of his mouth. "Must us mind on 'em?" she pleaded—"must us mind on 'em?"

"I cud niver fo'ce no chile o' ours to bear wat I've bin fo'ced to bear," he answered; "twad ba devil's wark—I cudn't do it."

Her face grew white and hopeless. "I can't feel for the childer, I ain't no mother yet," she said, brokenly.

Desire shook him: he looked at her slight form that seemed to tremble into womanhood before his eyes; then, with an abrupt cry, he turned and left her.

She flung herself down and wept,—through the trees her wailing followed him, yet his heart cried out so loudly that he knew not if the wailing came from her lips or his own. Long he wandered in the wood, but when night fell returned again to his cottage. Pushing open the door, the moonlight streaming in after him, he entered the small kitchen. On the table, the cork withdrawn, was a bottle of spirits,—the air reeked with the smell of it. He did not know whose hand had placed the bottle there, but his harsh thirst demanded slaking, and forced him forward. Clutching at his throat, striving to tear the thirst from it, he advanced—the bottle glistening in the moonlight, looking as if it were alive. He cast an agonised glance round the walls, seeking help from familiar things, and his eyes fell on his gun. A sob of relief broke from him; he took down the gun, loaded it hurriedly, the smell of the spirits dripping on to his lips, he licking it down. He snatched the bottle from the table, shouldered his gun, and went out,—up through the woods, past the broken stile, where the coarse grass lay pressed close to the earth and Phoebe had flung herself down and wept. With averted face he passed the spot, and entered deep into the heart of the wood. At last he stopped; about him the trees grew close and thick, no eye but God's could see his shame. He leant his gun up against a branch; the moonlight edged itself between the trees, and he held the bottle up to it.

"So yer have got the best o' me at last," he said,—"yer have got the best o' me at last."

The bottle glistened; he brought it nearer his lips, his thirst pressed for quenching, the thirst that he would slake before he shot himself.

"Yer smiling devil," he burst out, with sudden fierceness, "yer reckon to catch me, do 'ee. No, yer don't. Ill die wy'out tasting 'ee," and he dashed the bottle into fragments at his feet. A moment later he had flung himself upon the ground, striving to lick up the spirits with his tongue.

"Dog that I ba, dog that I ba," he sobbed. "No better than a dog—no better than a dog."

Sick with shame and horror, he regained his feet: he took a piece of cord from his pocket, made a loop in it, attaching one end to the trigger of the gun. He pressed the cold steel barrel up against his hot beating heart, and placed his foot in the loop. "A dog's death for a dog," he muttered.

YOUR NEXT WEEK'S GROCERIES.

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The moonlight shone on him, on the gun, and on the broken bottle at his feet: the glistening glass attracted him and he stared at it, fresh thoughts crowding his brain. A tremor ran through him: raising his eyes, he fixed them on the moonlit heavens and grey wind-spun clouds. "Ther ba zommat in me a'zide the dog," he said slowly. "Ay, begore, I'll live game, I'll zee it droo," and drawing himself together, he turned his face once more on life.

CURE OF INEBRIATES.

IMPORTANT CLAIM BY A DOCTOR AT NOTTINGHAM.

DRINK CRAVING REMOVED.

A remarkable claim has been made by Dr. J. S. Bolton, of Nottingham, a well-known Midland practitioner.

Addressing the National Executive of the British Women's Temperance Association Conference at Nottingham the doctor declared that he had discovered a "certain cure" for inebriates. Published details of treatments by strychnine, he said had set him thinking.

He experimented on a willing patient, who had injections morning and evening, and took a bitter tonic when the desire for alcohol came. After three or four days he stopped all alcohol drinking.

Following experiments in many other cases, Dr. Bolton said he established the fact that hypodermic injections of atropine would remove the drink craving. Injections of strychnine would restore to health in an incredibly short time.

The remedy was open for every doctor to use. He had many cases, and had treated them successfully.

The failure of public institutions to deal with inebriates, in his view, arose from the fact that patients were in almost a hopeless condition before sent away to a home, whereas his own method could be applied to early cases.

HUMANITY COLLEGE.

GENERAL BOOTH WANTS MONEY TO HEAL BROKEN HEARTS.

General Booth, addressing a meeting of the Canadian Club at St. John (New Brun-

swick), said he had a scheme in his head for the establishment of what for want of a better name he would call a "University of Humanity." It should have two head institutions, one on either side of the Atlantic, with affiliated colleges in every land, where students would be taught how to alleviate the miseries of the people.

There were colleges of all kinds in existence for the higher classes, but he wanted a university for men and women to deal with broken hearts, and to teach people how to reclaim the criminal and the drunkard, and to rescue the children of the daughters of shame and all miserable creatures of the human race. The scheme would require a large amount of money, but he trusted that the millionaires would come and say, "General, you shall have it."

CHILD ORGANIST.

CONDUCTED SERVICES AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.

Right away in the south of England, almost as far as you can go, lies the little village of Sennen. It is also known as the "First and Last Village in England," situated as it is within one mile of Land's End. This little village, perched up on the magnificent cliffs, lays claim to many unique possessions of which no other village can boast, such as the First and Last inn, hotel, post office, and church in England. Its latest celebrity is the youngest girl organist in the kingdom. To little Amy Trewern belongs the distinction of presiding over the musical portions of the services held in the old church of her birthplace. Thirteen years old only was she when she first mounted the high stool in front of the organ and triumphantly piloted the choir through the intricacies of response, hymn and psalm.

Although from her birth she has always been passionately fond of music, little Amy had only been learning the organ for six months before her opportunity came.

Amy Trewern (says a English paper) is a very unassuming and domesticated little maiden. She possesses a remarkable mastery over the organ and a very firm and sympathetic touch. Although she is devoted to her music and travels twenty miles every week for her lessons, she can milk a cow, make butter, and carry eggs to market with any experienced farmer's wife. Now that she has left school she helps her busy mother and

looks after her small brother during the day. In between times she steals away to practise in her beloved church. The evenings are usually spent at the harmonium in her own raftered home.

The musical ideals of little Amy Trewern do not end at the organ stool in Sennen church. She hopes to be able to do bigger things than that. At present she is looking forward to playing on the wonderful organ on St. Michael's Mount, and perhaps one day she will possess a piano of her very own.

It must not be thought that the office of organist at Sennen church is a sinecure just because it lies buried away at Land's End. The services are choral, and held on week days as well as Sundays, and then, in addition to the usual offices there are choir practices and the Sunday school. In the summer, too, the place is crowded with visitors.

MANX PUBLIC-HOUSES.

ACT FOR EARLIER CLOSING TO BE PROMULGATED.

Fourteen Acts passed by the Manx Legislature have just been returned to Lord Raglan, who will appoint a day early in October for their promulgation from Tynwald Hill.

The most important Act provides for the closing of public-houses throughout the island from October 1st to April 13th at 10 p.m. In the towns at present houses remain open until 11 p.m. every week-day, except Saturday, when they close at 10 p.m. From May 1st to October 1st public-houses in Douglas, Ramsay, Peel, Castletown, and Port Erin will be allowed to remain open till 11 p.m. In the country they must close at 10 p.m., as in winter.

QUAKER HUMOUR.

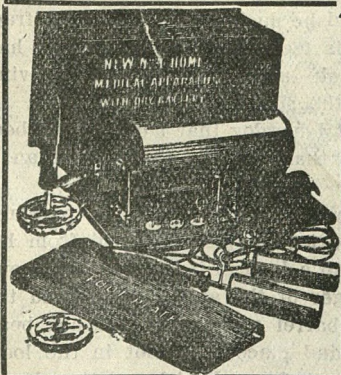
A pleasant story is that of the Quaker hatter to whom an apparently clod-pated countryman offered fifteen shillings for a new beaver.

"As I live," said the Quaker, "I cannot afford to let thee have it at that price."

"As you live, very likely not," replied the would-be purchaser; "but live more moderately, and be hanged to you!"

"Friend," said the Quaker, "thou mayest have this hat for nothing."

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King Edward carries at one end of his gold albert a gold key which opens his private writing desk, and there is no duplicate. All State papers, however, are kept in despatch-boxes until transferred to the safes in the secretariat, and of these the keys are kept by Lord Knollys. When His Majesty has quitted his personal apartment, no servant is allowed to enter until an assistant secretary has destroyed the contents of the waste-basket, the blotting-pads, and even the printed wrappers of newspapers received from every capital in Europe.

Oldest Scottish Peer.

The venerable Earl of Wemyss, who has just entered on his eighty-ninth year, was born in the last years of the Regency, and has therefore lived in the reigns of five English sovereigns. He is, or course, easily the oldest of Scottish peers. In spite of his years Lord Wemyss is wonderfully active. He shoots and fishes with all the zest of a man half his age, and lately he has taken up motoring. He still speaks frequently in the House of Lords, especially on military subjects, on which, as patriarch of the volunteer movement and founder of the Elcho Memorial, he is well qualified to discourse.

Matheson Lang as "John Storm."

Mr. Matheson Lang who plays John Storm in "The Christian" at the Lyceum Theatre, London, is a son of the manse, as they say in Scotland. His father is the Rev. Gavin Lang, one of the most popular Presbyterian ministers in Inverness. When the Bensonians played in Inverness Mr. Matheson Lang, who was for some years a member of Mr. Benson's company, used to receive a Highland welcome from his own and his father's friends. He is a cousin of the Bishop of Stepney, Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, whose father is the Very Rev. Dr. Marshall Lang, the Principal of Aberdeen University. A London paper thinks it appropriate, therefore, that Mr. Matheson Lang should play the part of the Rev. John Storm.

Pushing a Barrow to Fortune.

Less than forty years ago Harris Lebus was an apprentice in a little cabinet-maker's shop in the East end of London. When he died a month ago he was worth several hundred thousand pounds. When in his apprenticeship Mr. Lebus used to cart on a little barrow small desks, for sale to the trade. At the time of his death he was the largest wholesale furniture maker in the United Kingdom, with factories at Tottenham employing more than 3000 hands, and large showrooms and offices at Nos. 62-72 Tabernacle-street. A year or two ago he furnished the new wing of the Tottenham, now the Prince of Wales's, hospital; and he was mainly responsible for the vogue of "fumed oak."

Mr. Lebus, who was born in Hull, used to say that he was "proud of being an English Jew," and he was a patron of many Hebrew institutions. He took a keen interest in the welfare of his workmen, and as one of them said:—"Many of us went to him for advice. He believed in sharing his pleasures with us whenever possible."

The Army Favourite.

The British Army could not have had a more popular "chief" than Sir John French, who has just taken over the post of Inspector-General in succession to the Duke of Connaught. Sir John was originally intended for the Church, but at an early age he entered the Navy; but before

long he left the sea and joined the 8th Hussars, but only remained with them twelve days when he transferred into the 19th, then under the command of that brilliant cavalry officer, Colonel Barrow, who was killed at Suakim. General French's popularity with the troops has been earned by little episodes of kindness at different times. One instance will suffice. During the war he was going round the camp one night when he met two privates from a camp some miles distant who had lost their way. "Got a smoke on you?" one of them asked him. He emptied his cigarette case into their hands, piloted them to their camp, and said good-night. Just as he was going away, the light of a lamp fell on his face and he was recognised. The soldiers started in horror. "Gadd, it's the General!" ejaculated one.

An Explorer's Private Museum.

The miscellaneous objects which have been collected by Mr. Harry de Windt, the intrepid traveller, who has just started on a reindeer trip in the Laplands, form a somewhat gruesome private museum. A Buddhist praying wheel, the skull of a Dyak warrior, Dyak shields adorned with hair from the scalps of enemies, daggers and spears in abundance, a Russian convict's dress, a set of chains which once hung from the legs and arms of a Siberian prisoner, and a genuine English cat-o'-nine-tails are amongst the most curious objects. In spite of the hundred and one perils through which he has passed, Mr. de Windt considers that his narrowest escape from death occurred when many years ago he fell into the Thames at Boulter's Lock. He could not swim and was nearly drowned. Within a week Mr. de Windt was an expert swimmer.

A "Fresh-Air Bishop."

The Bishop of London is a strong advocate of the open-air life. In spite of his heavy duties he manages to spend a few hours on the golf links every week, and often plays tennis for an hour before dinner. Moreover, he never lets a year pass without going into camp for a day or two with the London Rifle Brigade, of which corps he is the chaplain. Not only, however, does the Bishop spend as much time as possible out of doors, but he counsels everyone else to do the same. A short time ago he went to visit one of his clergymen who, it was feared, was suffering from consumption. The Bishop looked at him and said, "Consumption? Nonsense! What you should do is to get away from your

Four Reasons



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- The finest rolling stock extant.
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These four potent reasons combined with **PERSONAL** attention explain why we conduct more high grade funeral work at **TEN PER CENT** lower rates than any other firm.

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Funeral Directors,
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Head Office and Mortuary Chapel:—

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TELEPHONE 726, &c.

slums for an hour or two every day. Get a bicycle and use it." The parish, however, was a very poor one, and the cash was not available for a bicycle, and so much was hinted to the Bishop. A few days afterwards a handsome new bicycle arrived at the vicar's house, with nothing whatever to denote where it had come from. There is more than a suspicion, however, that the Bishop knows something about it.

A Church for Children.

A church for children under twelve has been established by the Rev. George Denyer, vicar of Christ Church, Blackburn (Eng.). It will be officered entirely by boys, and there will be a choir of girls. Two services will be held every Sunday.

FREE JEWELLERY.

We make you a present of either a Watch and Chain, Solid Gold Ring, Solid Gold Brooch, Curb Bangle, &c., for selling articles of Jewellery, at 1s. each, worth 2s.

We receive hundreds of testimonials daily.

We send your present by return post. We have no further claim on you after you receive your present, and you are at liberty to sell your present if you wish.

Free for selling only 3 articles we will send you your choice of any articles picked from our Catalogue of novelties which we send with the jewellery.

Free £2 The party selling the 12 articles in the shortest time is entitled to 2 Sovereigns besides his, or her other present.

WRITE TO-DAY. GOODS SENT TO-MORROW. If you are unable to sell these useful and artistic articles of jewellery, we will make you a handsome present for your trouble.

Our only Address: **British Jewellery Co., 975 George-st., Sydney.**

Free for selling 12 articles of jewellery. We send you a Solid Reliable Watch and Handsome Double Albert or a solid Gold Brooch & Bangle or our "Challenge" Clock, perfect timekeeper, ornamental and useful.

Free for selling only 6 articles. We will send solid gold Pin or Ring, or lady's Solid Gold Pendant and necklet or Bangle.

Send us your Name & Address

WHY WORRY ABOUT YOUR INSURANCES?

"THE INSURANCE INTERESTS of a Business House are IMMENSELY Important, and should be looked after by a TRAINED PERSON."

—Extract from Report of Special Committee on Insurance Settlements incident to the SAN FRANCISCO FIRE.

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(Established 1886)

INSURANCE BROKERS AND SUPERVISORS

105 Pitt Street, Sydney,
and at Brisbane.

Over 5 Millions of Insurances supervised annually by A. B. PURSELL & Co.

We look after the Insurances of many of the leading Merchants and Manufacturers. Small as well as large Insurances supervised without charge.

Amongst our numerous clients we may mention as references the following:—

Anthony Hordern & Sons; John Keep & Sons, Ltd.; Elliott Bros., Ltd.; Farmer & Company, Ltd.

Anthony Hordern & Sons publicly thanked A. B. P. & Co. in the 4 Sydney Dailies after their great fire for the way they looked after their **Insurances**.

GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1907.

INEBRIATE HOMES.

There are probably not less than 40,000 people in New South Wales who are fit subjects for such treatment as would save them from alcohol, and yet we have no inebriate homes, and one cannot help asking if there are so many needing treatment why does the Government wait?

In England there are, besides two State Reformatories, about 25 "retreats," and half a dozen certified reformatories.

The London County Council purchased 374 acres, with two mansions on it, for £13,000 in 1899, and spent another £7000 to fit it to accommodate 30 patients. This was opened for women in 1900.

The demand for additional space compelled them at a cost of £23,000, to provide room for 80 more patients. This is only a sample of what is being done elsewhere, and an evidence of the growth of humanity in politics.

We are, however, often lavish in one direction, and parsimonious in another, penny wise in our cures, and pound foolish in our prevention of social ills. Side by side with the Reformatory, must go instruction in public schools, and restrictive legislation. We commend the Government for making a strong and up-to-date move in connection with habitual drunks, but we urge it to go much further and establish a reforma-

tory for those in the earlier stages of alcoholism.

Many thousands have been spent on Rabbit Island, and yet the place has been left unfinished, and the money wasted.

It is all very well to assert that inebriety is a disease; to let it stop at that is surely criminal.

We must ask what is its source, and what is its character?

We spend a few thousands exterminating plague rats because they spread a disease; in the name of common sense let the Government spend a few thousands exterminating the liquor licenses; they are more productive of disease than plague rates.

The character of alcoholism makes it necessary to provide a remedy that shall be physical, moral, and social.

Drug cures, being only physical, have a long list of failure. Moral efforts have been defeated because they were incomplete, and to combine these with social improvements is absolutely necessary to success.

The inebriate will tell you, "I will if I can," and you may urge "he can if he will," the fact is "he cannot will." How to restore this will-power is, then, the problem which underlies the therapeutics of inebriety.

We all know how—

"distemper'd nerves
Infect the thoughts; the languor of the frame
Depresses the soul's vigour."

Therefore, let us use every means known to medical science to bring the physically abnormal or subnormal up to normal, and then we must proceed on the moral plane if we are to reconstruct character, and not merely regulate conduct. The after care of such a patient demands a social condition from which we have removed all inducement or incitement to the old habit.

When we think of the thousands squandered by the intemperate members of wealthy families, as well as poor ones, we wonder if it would not be possible to obtain money from the wealthy who have suffered, and a thank-offering from those who have not suffered, to enable us to start a home for the most pitiable of all diseased people, the alcoholic? We will wait with some anxiety to hear from those who would unite for such a purpose.

LIQUOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

Whether it be on private hoardings, Government trams, railway stations, or daily papers, the Liquor Trade has the best of the space to advertise its poisons. The advertisements are always deceptive, though sometimes suggestive. "Black and White Wins," is the legend beneath two greyhounds chasing a small hare, leaving the readers to surmise the torture and death of the hare, when the dog representing "Black and White" (Whisky) wins. "Hospitality" is to be found represented by a waiter offering on a tray another brand of whisky, and we turn from the hoarding and find a picture in real life of "Pressing hospitality," as two policemen take a drunk off for seven days to a comfortable cell in H.M. Gaol. Many hoardings, by

picture, tell us that "They are all on the favourite," and no one knows better than the sporting crowd in the picture, that many a favourite has collapsed, and the No-License vote at the late election, in spite of an immense handicap, ran the old favourite so close that many former supporters have already begun to "hedge," in view of the next trial at the polls.

But the deception of the advertisement is nothing compared to the deception practised by those papers which draw many hundreds a year from the "trade," and in return misrepresent the cause of No-License, and play the part of the man who said:—

I'm a very great Temperance Man,
But the Liquor Trade I will not ban,
For it might be right, and it might be wrong,
And that is the burden of all my song.

A paper pretending to advocate the cause of working men, and yet advertising over 100 hotels in each issue, can hardly be expected to reform the working man's greatest enemy, viz., "the Trade."

It only remains for the public to demand a paper free from liquor advertisements—if the No-License voters would do so they would get such a paper. In the meantime we claim the support of all who sympathise with our endeavour to honestly and fearlessly educate on this and kindred subjects.

MONTE CARLO.

Monte Carlo is the gambling centre of the world, a place of great natural beauty, and yet second to no place in the world as a monument of sorrow.

Gambling is essentially selfish, and the motive for the various restrictions observed in the Casino, and the provisions made for the unfortunate victims is not altruism, but serpent like wisdom.

In Monte Carlo no boys are employed. The male attendants all look over 30 years of age; of women, there are only three attendants in the ladies' cloak room, and they are all past middle age. No visitor, male or female, under twenty-one is permitted across the door of the gaming rooms, even when accompanied by, or at the urgent request of parents.

The gaming rooms pay all the taxes, all the cost of government, all the judges and army; maintain the roads, streets and lighting; education is free, there are no rates.

The gaming rooms pay the hotel bills of any who have been injudiciously reckless, and provide them with a second-class ticket home, and all needful expenses for the journey. The Casino also has as her pensioners, those who have lost their all.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor is responsible for the statement that the founder of the gambling rooms pays the salary of a bishop, and has built at his own cost a cathedral.

That the church should be a sleeping partner in the Casino, and where there is no Casino should adopt its methods is on a par with her connection with the Liquor Trade, and explains her lack of power to win and hold the masses. That gambling is wrong no enlightened Christian can deny, and the church that gives office to the gambler, and accepts his bribe, may well listen to the message to the church at Ephesus:—

"Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen: and repent and do the first works; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent."

The Non Smoker



The Smoker



SKETCH DRAWN
by
Major-General
R. BADEN POWELL

With the ball at his feet.

With his brain in a cloud.

POPULAR TRAGEDY

ACT I.

Little boy,
Cigarette;
Puff or two,—
Sick, regret!

ACT II.

Tries again,
Not so sick;
Tickled now;
"Learned the trick!"

ACT III.

Boy grows thin,
Awful pale!
"Doctor, quick,"—
Mother's wail.

ACT IV.

Doctor comes,
Shakes his head;
Undertaker—
Tommy dead.

MORAL:

Little boys,
Who want to live,
To cigarettes,
Wide berth must give.

£100 FOR NON-SMOKING.

Mr. E. H. Harriman, one of the best-known American financiers, is a firm believer in the benefits of total abstinence, not only from alcoholic drinks, but from smoking. In his opinion no man who smokes can possibly preserve his nerve, and accordingly, when he engaged a chauffeur to drive his motor-car, Mr. Harriman stipulated that he should not indulge in the weed while in his employment.

As an inducement to the chauffeur to abstain from smoking, the financier made him a gift of five hundred dollars, or more than a hundred pounds of British money, on his promising faithfully to carry out his employer's wishes in this respect.

THE HORSEWHIP ON "AFFINITIES."

Interviewed on the case of Mr. Earle, whose wife is seeking divorce in order that he may marry his "affinity," and on other cases, the Rev. Dr. Aked, the pastor of Mr. Rockefeller's church, said:—

"It is difficult for me to believe that there is such a thing as an 'affinity wave' passing over the community. Unhappy marriages and open and shameless immorality are not new. I am no believer in lynch law. You must not start out to physic wrong by wrong. But one begins to feel that a horsewhip would supply the most appropriate comment on the maudlin text. Every one of these affinity incidents gives a slap in the face to civilisation."

PATTI SINGS FOR CHARITY.

Mdme. Adelina Patti recently gave a morning concert at Swansea in aid of Swansea hospital. She sang six times, three being encores, including "Home, Sweet Home" and "Comin' Thro' the Rye."

During the singing of the former, which

TO THOSE WHO RECEIVE "GRIT."

Will you please note that the red cross beside this notice means that your subscription is now overdue. We shall be glad if you will send us a remittance. If not inconvenient, it would save trouble if you paid for the twelve months, viz., 5s. Postal notes are the best means for settling this matter.

Address—THE MANAGER,

Box 390 G.P.O., Sydney.

was rendered as effectively as ever, the audience were in tears.

The mayor said it was the tenth occasion that the hospital had been assisted by the baroness, and she had been the means of contributing by her wonderful voice £4,000.

Mdme. Patti was assisted by Mdme. Ada Crossley, the Misses Clara and Marianne Eissler, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. David Hughes.

SIGNS OF LONG LIFE.

DOCTOR'S WAY OF GUESSING WHETHER A PERSON WILL REACH OLD AGE.

"In the medical world," said a well known veteran doctor, "it is a generally accepted fact that every person bears physical indications of his prospects of a long or short life.

"A long-lived person may be distinguished from a short-lived person at sight. In many instances a physician may look at the hand of a patient and tell whether he or she will live or not.

"The primary conditions of longevity are that the heart, lungs and digestive organs, as well as the brain, should be large. If these organs are large the trunk will be long and the limbs comparatively short. The person will appear tall in sitting and short in standing. The hand will have a long and somewhat heavy palm and short fingers.

"The brain will be deeply seated, as shown by the orifice of the ear being low. The blue or brown hazel eye, as showing an intermission of temperament, is a favourable indication.

"The nostrils, if large, open, and free, indicate large lungs. A pinched and half-closed nostril indicates small or weak lungs. These are general points of distinction, but, of course, subject to the usual individual exceptions."

PRESIDENTIAL COCKTAILS.

The Presidential cocktail story, which has sent the whole United States into laughter, has had an amusing sequel. President Roosevelt was recently a guest of Vice-President Fairbanks, in Indianapolis. According to one of the pungent paragraphs, for which his country is so famous, the President chaffed Mr. Fairbanks for neglecting to start luncheon with the customary cocktails, whereupon the oversight was promptly remedied, and everyone was happy. This story, it seems, owed its appearance to the Methodist Bishop Berry, who was reported to have related it, and

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Head Office: 87 PITT ST., SYDNEY.

Accumulated Funds - £22,500,000
Annual Income - £2,900,000.

Policies effected in this office prove an excellent investment. Most Economical Management. Unequalled Bonuses.

CASH BONUS DIVIDED FOR ONE YEAR,
1906, £664,693.

Every participating Policyholder shares in the distribution of the profits each year.

ASSURANCES CAN BE EFFECTED FOR SUMS RANGING FROM £5 TO £10,000.

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

reproved Mr. Roosevelt, more in sorrow than in anger. Mr. Secretary Loeb straightway denied that the President gave any hint that cocktails were desirable, and now the good bishop, while admitting that he saw forty cocktails on the table, declares that he never dreamed of impeaching President Roosevelt. Finally comes the offending reporter, with an affidavit swearing that he and others heard the prelate fix the responsibility upon White House. There the matter for the moment ends, with the American public mischievously inclined to believe the word of the journalist before that of the bishop.

One of the greatest victories for the Ohio Anti-Saloon League in its history was that at East Liverpool. The city has 22,000 people, and it will be closed against the liquor interests for two years.

THE WINE THAT DOES NOT INTOXICATE.

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

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

Chateau Peyron (white label), Chateau Badet, L'Arlesienne (blue label), Champagne (gold label).
Reputed Pints, 1/6 and 1/9 per Bottle
Reputed Quarts, 2/6 and 2/9 per Bottle
Larger Sizes, 2/11 and 3/6 per Bottle
Sample Bottles of Sacramental Chateau-Badet, 1/- each.
Champagne, 2/6 and 3/9 per Bottle.

AN IDEAL WINE FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

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

Order from MANAGER OF "GRIT,"
BOX 390, G.P.O., SYDNEY

at the Alliance Headquarters, or at the Office of the W.C.T.U., 242 Pitt-street.

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

A WITTY DIVINE'S STORIES.

Some excellent and amusing stories are told by Dr. W. W. Tulloch in "Sermons and Stray Papers," by "A.K.H.B.," a volume to which Dr. Tulloch contributes a biographical sketch of the witty divine. A youthful preacher was walking home from church with a venerable elder. The former in an evil moment, said:—"That was a fine text I had to-day." Whereupon the elder, with much impatience, replied, "Oh, yes; there was naething the matter with the text!"

Old Dr. Muir, "kirking" the Glasgow Town Council, prayed, "Lord have mercy upon the magistrates of Glasgow, such as they are. Make them wiser and better." And when the town clerk called to say that the magistrates were much aggrieved at being prayed for in such a fashion, the answer was instant:—"Dr. Muir's compliments to the Lord Provost, and he is very sorry to find that his prayer has not been answered."

Long ago, to use the Lord's prayer condemned a young parson. It was "not sound." It was a "form." In that lamentable day a youth went to preach for fine old Dr. Gilchrist on the Canongate, in Edinburgh. "We always say the Lord's Prayer here," said the venerable father in the vestry. The poor youth looked unhappy. Much evil might come upon him for so doing. And, with a discomfited countenance, he said, "Must I give the Lord's Prayer?" "Not at all, said old Gilchrist, 'not at all, if you can give us anything better!'"

A good man, the head of a Roman Catholic College, was walking home in the failing light when he beheld in the middle of the road a dark object in the snow. Drawing near, he found a little cobbler from the neighbouring hamlet lying unconsciously drunk. The Jesuit could not leave him to perish. So with difficulty he raised him from the ground, and with great difficulty he managed to steer the helpless fellow-mortal to his home, half a mile off. Though unconscious at starting, he had partly regained his senses when he reached his own door, and he uttered some words of thanks. The good-natured priest said: "Maybe you had not be so ceevil if ye kenned who I am." But the answer was ready. Not without dignity the half-articulate cobbler replied: "Ou, ay, I ken ye fine. Ye're a Cawth'lic priest. But I'm a man above a' prejudice!"

THE PAINTER'S INSPIRATION.

One of the world's greatest artists was J. James Tissot. His paintings illustrating the life of Christ have identified his name so closely with sacred art that one can hardly think of him without recalling some scene of the New Testament to which his brush has not given a visual reality. But fifteen years ago his subjects were of a different nature.

At that time Tissot was a butterfly of Fashion. To paint a pretty woman dressed

in the style of the hour was the height of his ambition. He studied society women assiduously, and became their pet.

One day he visited one of the churches in Paris to make studies for a picture. He was preparing a series of paintings representing "The Parisian Women," in which the fashionable flirt of the weekday was to pose as the religious devotee on Sunday.

The emotional music, the soft light, the impressive service in the solemn church—these stirred the soul of the artist to a new devotion, and before him appeared a vision.

The ruins of a great castle seemed to rise before him. The walls were standing in part, but the roof had fallen in, and the debris littered the ground. A peasant and his wife strayed over the blocks of crumbling stone, and seated themselves on one of the fallen columns. The man cast hopelessly upon the ground the little bundle that contained all their earthly possessions.

But as they sat there despondent, a wondrous Being, Who needed no introduction, came towards them. Seating Himself at the man's side, He leaned His head upon the peasant's shoulder, seeming to say, with bleeding hands outstretched:

"See! If you have been miserable, I have been more miserable; if you have suffered much, I have suffered more."

The artist saw in this vision what seemed to him a solution of the problems of modern life. Art, science, culture—all had failed to prevent misery and poverty. The only help and hope for the downtrodden and oppressed was in acceptance of the teachings of Him who had borne their sorrows, and Whose life had been given to uplift the souls of men.

When the painter left the church the vision he had seen followed him to his gay studio, where he tried in vain to paint the frivolous and ephemeral pictures to which he had formerly devoted himself. Restless, unhappy, and unable longer to find pleasure in an occupation which heretofore had claimed all his interest and attention, he fell seriously ill.

Upon his recovery he began at once to paint his vision of "Christ, the Consoler," in order that he might get it out of his mind and be free to return to his old work. But as he painted, the dignity and grandeur of his subject impressed him more and more. He became impatient to know the true Christ and to delineate Him to the world. He abandoned his old life, and went to Palestine, there to study the life of the people and the surroundings amid which the deeds of the Master were wrought.

He lived there over ten years, and Christendom has received, as the result of that inspiration, the most wonderful pictures of Jesus and His Apostles that have ever been produced. Their power lies not alone in their fidelity to details and their material accuracy, but even more in the spirit which speaks through them. To Tissot was revealed the secret that before one can make others acquainted with Christ he must first know Him himself.

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 LAFE

Royal Chambers

45 Hunter Street, Sydney

PRICE LISTS ON APPLICATION

PHONE 417.

NOT HIS LITTLE BOY.

An iron hoop bounced through the railings and played havoc with the kitchen window. With a fighting look in her eye the lady of the house awaited the appearance of the hoop's owner. Presently he came.

FIRE INSURANCE.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE.

Established 1809.

Paid up Capital and Fire Funds, £3,650,000;

Total Funds, £17,800,000

NEW SOUTH WALES FIRE BRANCH.

LOCAL BOARD: MARK S. HILDON, Esq;

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All Classes of Fire Insurance.

Country Agents Required.

GEO. S. ARTHUR,

Resident Secretary,

64 Pitt-street, Sydney.

IS THE PUREST
AND BEST

**WADE'S
CORN FLOUR**

ASK YOUR
GROCER FOR IT

ASK FOR

**Pearson's
Sand Soap**

AND TAKE NO OTHER.

SWEETS AND ALCOHOL.

Bakers and confectioners claim that sweet eating among adults, which they state is rapidly on the increase, is likely to stop the consumption of alcohol, as the persons who drink heavily cannot eat sweets because they have a natural revulsion for them. Reversely, it is stated, that people who acquire a taste for sweets are not likely to become victims to alcohol excess, because they have a natural antipathy to spirits. An Exhibitor at the Bakers' and Confectioners' Exhibition told a "Daily Mail" representative that chocolate is the finest "pick-me-up" between meals, and that many men always carry a packet in their waistcoat pockets. He further stated that the annual import of chocolate is now over ten million pounds, and that the duty paid upon it amounts to upwards of £80,000.

MORAL ICEBERGS.

During the old anti-slavery struggle a gentleman was once engaged in an interview with the celebrated William Wilberforce. In the course of the conversation he said:

"You know, Mr. Wilberforce, I entertain the greatest respect for your motives, but you are too hot, altogether too hot!"

To this Mr. Wilberforce, looking him straight in the face, replied:

"I have to be hot; there are so many moral icebergs around me to melt."

Don't be a "moral iceberg."

A DOG STORY.

Mr. Marcus Stevenson, a veterinary surgeon, of Highgate, London, tells an interesting story of canine sagacity. One evening a gentleman took a beautiful Japanese collie dog, which was suffering from a serious and painful affection of the left ear, to Mr. Stevenson's surgery. Mr. Stevenson operated on the animal, which was then taken

by its master to his home, over a mile away. On the following evening the dog found its way unaccompanied to the surgery, and, as soon as the door was opened, jumped up on the operating-table and waited until the veterinary surgeon could attend to it. Mr. Stevenson examined its ear, and poured in some lotion, and the dog immediately left and went home. Several evenings afterwards, punctually at 8 o'clock, the dog visited the surgery in the same manner, and submitted to the same process, which, says Mr. Stevenson, must have been a painful one and has then gone home again.

TEMPERANCE AND CHEAP EXCURSIONS.

The temperance movement can claim to have given the world one of its greatest pleasures, that of cheap excursions. Mr. G. A. Sekon, who is the editor of the "Railway Magazine," reminds us that the first cheap trips by railway were devised simply to enable teetotalers to attend temperance meetings.

"In 1841 a wood-turner of Leicester—Thomas Cook—walked fifteen miles to Market Harborough to attend a temperance meeting. The thought occurred to him, "Why not travel by train?" A temperance meeting was to be held at Loughborough in a few days, so Thomas Cook proposed to the directors of the Midland Counties Railway a special train. He guaranteed sufficient passengers, and on the 5th of July, 1841, set out from Leicester to Loughborough with his first personally conducted tour, 750 passengers travelling by the train."

Munich's Graveyard.

Munich is to have one of the most beautiful graveyards in Germany. The city has purchased about 300 acres of romantic forest land about five miles from its borders, which will be used as a cemetery. It will be the first forest graveyard in Germany, and it is to be so used that its idyllic character will be preserved.

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

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

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

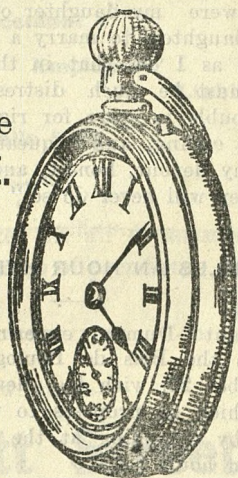
Mr. Arthur Pryme & Co. Dear Sir,—I wrote to you before when I got the watch and chain and told you I was pleased with them. I like the chain very much; the watch goes well. I am sending for a gentleman's watch this time, and chain. Yours truly, Mary Coker, Font Hill, Mathinna, Tasmania. Address "Puzzle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



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THIRSTY WEATHER.

The vicar of an East End (London) church, who takes great interest in the welfare of his working-class flock, came across one of them the other day, a purveyor in the fried fish and baked potato business.

"Well, Blobbs, and how is business lately? Doing well in the fried fish line?"

"Yes, sir, glad to say things is a bit flourishing since I took my brother into partnership."

"Your brother? Oh, I see. He's a great help, I suppose, with the stall?" queried the vicar.

"No, sir. He works distinct; but it's this way. Yer see, he runs a ginger-beer stall at the other end o' the road to me, and when the factory hands come to me for fried fish and taters I sprinkle so much salt on it that by the time they walk to the other end o' the road they're so thirsty that they buy up all his ginger-beer. Nothing like co-operation, sir."

THE APPEARANCE OF EVIL.

A certain Midland gentleman had been waiting the appearance of a lady upon whom he had called. As she entered the room he remarked with a grimace:

"Madam, why don't you avoid even the appearance of evil?"

"Whatever do you mean?" she inquired, with surprise.

"I observe that on your sideboard you have several decanters, and that each of them is half filled with what appears to be ardent spirits."

"Nothing of the kind, my dear sir. The bottles look so pretty on the sideboard, that I just filled them half-way with some floor-stain and furniture polish—just for appearances."

"That's why I'm cautioning you, madam. Feeling a trifle weak and faint, I helped myself to a dose from the big bottle in the middle."

A ROYAL MISTAKE.

Has anyone ever wondered why the number four is invariably written as IIII. on the dials of clocks, while everywhere else in Roman characters it appears as IV.?

About 1370, Henry Vick, one of the first makers of clocks, produced an elaborate clock much resembling those of to day, and gave it to Charles V. of France, who was called the Wise. Charles was not a learned man; was proud and inordinately sensitive on some subjects. He accepted the clock and shortly afterwards Vick appeared at the court to see how the timepiece was running.

"Yes," said the King, "the clock runs well." But being anxious to find some fault with a thing he knew nothing about, he continued: "The only trouble is that you have got the figures on the dial wrong."

"In what respect, your Majesty?" asked Vick.

"Why, stupid," replied the King, "that four should be four ones."

"I think your Majesty is wrong," said Vick.

"I am never wrong!" thundered the monarch. "Take it away and correct the error."

Vick took the clock, and, not daring to disobey his royal patron, changed the Roman numerals IV. to IIII., and to this day the change remains.

The Connecticut Temperance Union and the other reform organisations of that state have been able to defeat the "Open Sunday" bill, which was recently introduced in the General Assembly.

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SEQUEL TO A CURIOUS WILL.

The announcement was made of the marriage recently at Christ Church, Westminster, of the Rev. Watkins Grubb to Mary Pauline, daughter of the late Thomas Bevan, J.P., D.L., of Stone Park, Kent. Mr. Bevan, who was formerly of the firm of Knight, Bevan and Sturge, of the Northfleet Cement Works, sometime Liberal M.P. for Greenwich, and Sheriff of London in 1878-9, and a member of the Society of Friends, died on the 1st of March last and left estate of the gross value of £383,191, with net personalty £376,862. He bequeathed £5000 to his "most capable and esteemed valet," £7000 to the manager of the Northfleet Works, and £40,000 of stock in trust for his daughter, the above-mentioned Mary Pauline.

His will contains the following clause:—"Convinced as I am that it is impossible in these present times for a man possessed of the combination of the quality of straightforwardness with ordinary intellectual qualifications to make the solemn declaration required at Ordination, which requires him to affirm, for example, his belief in the historical accuracy of the Book of Genesis, including the history, circumstances, and account of Noah's Ark, and that the writers of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John were more than feeble and fallible, who often did injustice to the Greatest of Men, as, for instance, when two of them attributed to Him the expectation that figs were to be found in Judea before Easter and a curse for Him being hungry to a figtree because there were none—I should regard with the gravest misgiving were my daughter or either of my grand-daughters to marry a clergyman, believing, as I do, that in the near future there must be much distress, uneasiness, and trouble in store for rightminded men of that calling, and bequeath to each of them my devout, honest, and earnest hope that they will never do so."

60 MILES AN HOUR HYDROPLANE.

M. Santos-Dumont experimented on the lake in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, on September 23, with his new hydroplane, with which he proposes to win a bet of £2000 by travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

The hydroplane, which is called the Santos-Dumont No. 18, is a curious-looking apparatus composed of three cigar-shaped bulbs, the centre one of which is thirty-five feet long, and the other two about four feet long. The three bulbs are filled with compressed air and protected by wood and steel. M. Santos-Dumont sits on a sort of saddle at the back of the large bulb.

The entire apparatus as at present constructed only weight 120 lbs., but it will be heavier when the 120-h.p. motor is fitted, although this will be made wonderfully light.

M. Malecot's aeroplane, the Malecot No. 1, was smashed to pieces at Meaux this morning. M. Malecot was not hurt, but it will cost him £3200 to replace his machine.

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The National Educational Association, in executive session at Los Angeles last month, appointed a committee to seek the co-operation of the various organisations for the promotion of education throughout the world. It is possible that a world organisation may result from this movement.

How the World Moves

In 100 crimes, 48 are the work of habitual criminals.

It is not possible to distinguish with the naked eye more than 3000 stars.

By the aid of the microphone it is actually possible to hear some plants growing.

Last year 29,000,000 gallons of water were used to quench outbreaks of fire in London.

The temper of fine-edged surgical instruments is gradually destroyed by exposure to bright light.

Mark Twain's latest toast is "To the ladies—second only to the Press in the dissemination of news."

Physicians and druggists in France cannot collect their bills if they allow them to stand over for two years.

Nearly half the crew of a modern war-vessel are composed of the men connected with the engineering department.

Scientists say that a vegetarian's heart beats on an average twelve times less in a minute than the heart of a flesh-eater.

An Esperanto church has been established in Constantinople. Its object is to afford facilities for worship to visitors of all nations.

The Empress of China, the Sultan of Morocco, the Khedive of Egypt, and the Ameer of Afghanistan all maintain official astrologers.

Although the sergeant-major of an infantry battalion wears a sword, he is only allowed to draw it at the ceremony of "trooping the colour."

The goats which produce the milk for the famous Roquefort cheese hardly ever drink water, obtaining all the moisture they require from the herbage.

A Hindu barrister thus addressed the Bombay court the other day: "My client is sick, and he has sent me to say that he is lying, and cannot come."

The Rhodesian Government is making a determined effort to stamp out rabies amongst the native dogs, and has just imported 20,000 muzzles.

The diamond does not appear to have been esteemed by men of the earliest times. These gems have not been found in the ruins of Nineveh or in the Etruscan sepulchres.

There has just died in Edinburgh Mr. George Croal, who was one of the party to whom Sir Walter Scott made his first open avowal of his authorship of the Waverley novels.

Experiments are now being made in Paris with sheets of steel as paving. They are laid on a bed of cement, like wood paving, and the results are declared to be satisfactory.

Every man-of-war has a police department, consisting of the master-at-arms and the ship's corporals. These men have to see to the general maintenance of order and discipline among the men.

An interesting form of museum is being planned for Bremen. In a public park old peasant houses are to be dotted about, each containing a collection of antiquities dealing with the history of the town.

If sunk to a depth of 200ft. in the sea, a piece of cork will not rise to the surface again, owing to the enormous pressure of the water. At any less depth it will usually work its way back to the surface.

Nicola Tesla, the famous inventor, never looks at a daily paper till he dines in the evening. Then he has all the leading papers of the day stacked beside him, and he dashes through them between courses. He always dines alone.

Although all old British battleships were elaborately-carved figure-heads on their bows, modern vessels are not allowed any such sort of decoration, by virtue of an order of the Admiralty issued about twelve years ago.

When a new battleship is proposed it is first modelled in paraffin wax, and then submitted to a series of tests in the naval testing tank at Portsmouth. This tank is 400ft. in length, and 20ft. wide. The models range from 12ft. to 24ft. in length, and after they have served their purpose they are invariably melted down again.

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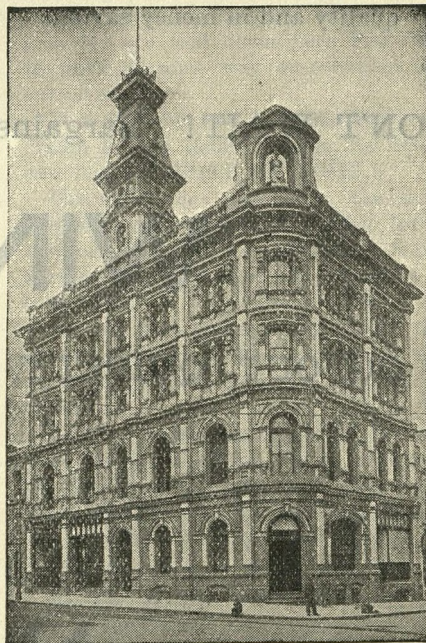
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