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GRIFF.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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The Habits that Hold Us

You've seen elephants tied in the circus or the menagerie. Around one hind leg there is a big strap or chain, very powerful, fastened to a ring in the wall, or to a stake in the ground.

The elephant thus stands swinging his head, usually with the captive foot tilted backward. That is his life and he gets used to it.

He gets so thoroughly used to it, after a while, that it is not necessary to bind him with real iron chains at all.

In India thousands of elephants are employed in the army, in agriculture, lumbering, etc. The mahouts who care for the

big beasts have great respect for them, and they also understand the elephants' weaknesses. Long ago one of these Indian elephant keepers, who had mislaid the chain to tether his elephant, thought he'd try an experiment. He took a handful of straw, fashioned it into a rope, tied that around the elephant's leg, and waited to see what would happen.

The slightest pull of the big foot would have broken the flimsy binding. But the elephant never tried to break it.

He said to himself in his big heavy head, "Here I am tied up, as usual. There's no escape. I must stand here until the thing that controls me comes to untie me in the morning."



All the elephant-keepers know now that you can tie an elephant with a wisp of straw just as well as with a chain strong enough to hold a hundred elephants.

If the average human being should see a big elephant tied with straw, reaching his trunk forward eagerly, never realizing that he could break his bonds, the human being would smile at the poor elephant and pity his ignorance.

What would the elephant think if he could see the average human being, also fastened tight by his hands of straw?

What about the habits that hold us and that we imagine to be too strong to be broken?"

How many of us are tied up and made wretched by any of a dozen foolish, harmful habits, that spoil our lives? We have been tied up for a long time, and like the foolish elephant, with the straw around his leg, we think we are tied for ever.

Any one of us could break away, tear himself free. With one honest effort, if he would make that effort.

All that we need is one effort, one wrench, to be free.

But ninety-nine out of a hundred of us stand still, tied fast, hopeless, resigned, through habit.

Habit is a powerful master, powerful chiefly because we won't fight against him. Some time ago, an elephant in a great American zoological garden had been vicious and had been chained fast to one spot so that he couldn't move at all. He was denied the relative liberty of the ordinary captive elephant. All four of his legs were tied. After a while his viciousness passed away with early youth. The keeper removed the chains that held his legs, that he might be free to walk around his cage.

But the elephant did not stir. He looked down as the chains were removed. His legs were free. But he would not use them. Habit was too strong. He had stood still too long, and he would not move.

Don't wait until you have grown accustomed to chains. Beware of Habit—move on before you get tied down.

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A SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

STRIKING GROWTH OF PROHIBITION MOVEMENT.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16th.

The remarkable growth of the prohibition movement in the Southern States has already been mentioned in your columns. That this movement is not sectional, but is a veritable national revolution, has now become apparent to the general public and more especially to the liquor dealers, who are greatly alarmed. One of the organs of the liquor trade is calling for a drastic regulation of the saloon business as the only resort of the dealers in the effort to avoid being legislated entirely out of business.

The revolution is not as patent in most of the larger cities of the country, particularly in the North. In Chicago, however, prohibition is gaining ground rapidly. The City Council has just voted to establish prohibition in the south-western section, nearly a square mile in extent. More than half of the city has abolished the saloon.

It is noteworthy that in many parts of the country business men of prominence support the anti-saloon movement because it tends to more efficiency among the working classes. The anti-saloon crusaders are appealing to reason rather than emotion. They show the merchants and the manufacturers that the saloons hurt them financially. For instance, in one Indiana town a steel company estimated that the saloons near its plant cost it £15,000 a year. It is therefore supporting a law prohibiting saloons in factory districts.

The movement is quite different in character from that which placed Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, and a few other States on a prohibition basis many years ago. Then it was an emotional, semi-religious crusade against the drink evil. It had its reaction. The pendulum is swinging in the prohibition direction again because of the more common-sense propaganda. The movement is all the stronger because it is working through the municipalities and counties, rather than through the State as a unit. We consequently find a State gradually growing "dry." Kentucky, the State famed for whisky drinkers, is practically on a prohibition basis as the result of the elections last week. Of the ninety-six counties in Tennessee only five tolerate the sale of liquor; in Alabama forty-one of the sixty-seven counties are "dry;" in North Carolina sixty-two out of ninety-seven. In the Southern States the liquor-sellers have been driven out of 981 counties, and are permitted to do business only in 275.

The revolution has been a slow process and seems to have a character which indicates that the conditions of things are altered permanently.—"London Tribune."

HEALTH OF THE ARMY.

MORE TEMPERANCE AND SANITATION.

Surgeon-General Sir Alfred Keogh, Director General of the Army Medical Service, in his annual report to the Secretary of State for War, gives an informative statement upon the health of the British Army at home and abroad during 1906. In drafting the report, a new system has been adopted by which the military stations are divided into five groups: the United Kingdom, the Mediterranean Basin, South Africa, India, and the smaller stations scattered throughout the world.

The admissions to hospital have fallen

steadily during the past sixteen years from nearly 1060 per 1000 of strength to fewer than 600, some cases in the 1000 being treated more than once. To a certain extent, this has been due to the introduction of the system of treating a considerable number of the slighter cases of disease or injury as out-patients, but the fall began some years before the introduction of this system. All diseases have shared in the general reduction.

"It is probable," Sir Alfred Keogh states, "that one great cause of this is the increase of temperance in the Army during late years, but the greater proportion of the improvements may fairly be attributed to improved sanitation, both as regards the housing and clothing of troops, and also as regards increased knowledge of how to combat disease, not only on the part of the medical department, but that of the Army in general."

Taking all diseases the United States Army heads the list with the enormous admission rate of 1250 per 1000, the French, German, and Austrian armies are all above 600; the British Army serving in the United Kingdom comes fifth, and lowest of all is the Russian army, with 324 admissions per 1000. As regards death rates the American army leads with a ratio of 6.14 per 1000; the British and French armies come next with a figure about half of America's, while the German army is the lowest of all. These figures, are, however, subject to certain explanations and reservations which are set out in the report.

The following table applies to the British troops during 1906:—

1906.	Ratio per 1,000 of Strength.				
	Admitted.	Died.	Sent home as Invalids.	Discharged as Invalids.	Constantly non-effective from sickness.
Troops serving.					
United Kingdom	466.7	2.92	—	14.40	24.86
Mediterranean	515.5	4.07	25.65	9.89	33.99
S. Africa	422.1	4.28	13.44	7.39	27.69
Other Stations	693.3	6.38	32.70	10.31	43.21
India	871.0	10.81	25.37	9.39	51.47
On board Ship	761.5	3.90	—	—	—

South Africa takes the first place for healthiness of all foreign groups, while India is the highest both in death rate and constant inefficiency due to sickness.

THE SHORTHAND DICKENS WROTE.

The 38th chapter of "David Copperfield" gives an account of how David mastered the art of shorthand and his experiences, as there recounted, may be accepted as a more or less true account of the experiences of Dickens himself when he had put his back to the hard task in order to qualify himself for the position of a reporter on a London newspaper. This, then, is what we read in that 38th chapter:—

I bought an approved scheme of the noble art and mystery of stenography (which cost me ten and sixpence), and plunged into a sea of perplexity which brought me, in a few weeks, to the confines of distraction. The changes that were rung upon dots, which in such a position meant such a thing, and in such another position something else, entirely different; the wonderful vagaries that were played by circles; the unaccountable consequences that resulted from marks like flies' legs; the tremendous effect of a curve in the wrong place, not only troubled my waking hours, but re-appeared before me in my sleep. When I had groped my way, blindly, through these difficulties, and had mastered the alphabet, which was an Egyptian Temple in itself, there then appeared a

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procession of new horrors, called arbitrary characters; the most despotic characters I have ever known; who insisted, for instance, that a thing like the beginning of a cobweb meant "expectation," and that a pen-and-ink sky-rocket stood for "disadvantageous." When I had fixed these wretches in my mind, I found that they had driven everything else out of it; then, beginning again, I forgot them; while I was picking them up I dropped the other fragments of the system; in short, it was almost heart-breaking.

How many who have wrestled with the art can corroborate the experiences of Charles Dickens! His picture of his struggle vividly recalls to mind the early stenographic struggles of many another.

A coloured preacher, possibly posing as a higher critic, startled his dusky congregation with the announcement: "Bredren, all de great men ob de Bible war coloured men. Maffew, he war a coloured man—so many coloured men named Maffew, dat shows Maffew was a coloured man; and Peter wot hear dat ar rooster crow two times; Peter war a coloured man." At this juncture an auditor arose and said, "Hold on dar, Mars Preacher; Peter war not a coloured man. Peter bin a coloured man, dat ar rooster neber crow two times."

Mark Twain tells of a man who, when he came home drunk, explained to his wife that his condition was due to the fact that he had mixed his drinks. "John," his wife advised, "when you have drunk all the whisky you want, you ought to ask for sarsaparilla."

"Yes," retorted her husband, "but when I have all the whisky I want I can't say sarsaparilla."

POWER LOT

"What we got here?" queried Belcher, in his tones of cheerful thunder. "Pair o' han'some, han'painted half-tint, full-tone, storm rubbers. Waltham movement, wheelbarrow action, warranted not ter run down at the toe—new when they was first made. Start 'em up, somebody. Information from the weather bureau states 't the sun is goin' ter set to-night, same as usual, no pos'ponement on account o' this auction. Wake up, you folks thar', or the foolish virgins 'll git their ile-cans filled an' ketch ye nappin'. Now look here, what 'm I bid? No lampblack an' sugar in them rubbers—their's straight gum—the kind mother use' ter wear—what me an' little brother use' ter take holt, me at the toe an' him at the heel, an' stretch clean acrost the kitchen floor—but when one eend let go, then look out! Holes in 'em? Sure. A hole in each one to put yer foot into. Pass 'em 'round an' see if ye can find any more.

"Whilst the rubbers is goin' 'round what 'm I bid on this beautiful asbestos pad?"

"Tain't a pad," interposed a scornful feminine voice; "it's a tea-stand."

"S-s-sh," pleaded the powerful Belcher; "she's a-goin' as a pad. Five cent—six cent—and knocked down to Sammy Pine—at six cent—as a pad. You'll be all right next winter, Sammy; the' won't no wind peel through you.

"Hurry up with them rubbers. Mis' Bowles wants time to borrow Mis' Henfry's glasses an' take a look. All right, then. What we got here? Spat for turnin' griddle-cakes an' spankin' the young ones, turn an' turn about. What 'm I bid? One cent—two cent—two cent—an' gone to Ephri'm Horn at two cent. Good f'r you, Ephri'm. Ye get squeezed dry on yer taxes every year, thirty cent for yer poll, an' thirty-three cent f'r yer 'sessment an' prop'ty tax; but, by Gum, ye got a cheap griddle-spat ter make up for it. Now all ye want is a good-sized mess o' young ones ter spank, Ephri'm, elset that spat 'll be layin' idle half the time.

"What ye doin' with them rubbers? Mis' Bowles is inspectin' of 'em?—wal', all right. Now, look a-here. Jest lift yer eyes to this interestin' fine-tooth comb. This 'ere comb's got a history ef we was a mind ter look into it, an' spite o' the years she's seen an' 'er many wanderin's, she's jist as keen as ever—this old comb is—for followin' and pursuin'—whatever ought ter be pursued. Why, she'd make tracks anywhar's, straight hair or curly, Chineese, Japanee, Squ-gee, or Feejee. Mister Hilton, drop them infant cherribs an' yer bokays a minute, an' step down here, please, an' show 'em what this 'ere heirloom, sooveneer, Philadelphia, centennial, fine-tooth comb can do to'ds surveyin' a road through them extry-ply, three-strand, warranted five hundred yards to a spool, silk-wove, cotton-back, plush-finish, goldin' locks o' yourn."

The multitude laughed, and Rob laughed gayest of all. (It was a long time since Rob had been at a theatre.) The little girls mounted on his shoulders laughed and crowed in sympathy.

"Challenge not accepted," shouted Belcher victoriously. "Merits o' the article proved. What 'm I bid? One cent—one cent—one cent—an' gone to Ephri'm Horn—at one cent. All right, Ephri'm, only don't lose sight o' yer taxes whilst ye're layin' in this 'ere charmin' mess o' curios. Duty first, Ephri'm, an' dude afterwards.

"Heave them rubbers over here. Split in the sides? They done it laughin' then.

Who wants a happy, cheerful, tickle-ye-ribs, consolin' pair o' rubbers 't have split their sides a-laughin'? Joy for the wounded spirit, sunshine f'r rainy days, hope when the flour-barrel's low, faith when the sink-spout is clogged, peace when the pig gets ketched in the fence—what 'm I bid? What? What? Ye don't want 'em, eh? Ye want ter go 'round low-sperrited with a mug on ye like a kite too heavy geared ter wobble up off the 'arth, eh? No bid at all f'r these 'ere smilin', beckonin', welcome-all, weddin'-bell peal, orange peel, cherry pie, cream tart, layer-cake rubbers, eh? 'T's enough ter make a man weep, ef he didn't have these rubbers right afore him splittin' their sides a-laughin'; I'll keep these 'ere consolers right afore me f'r the present whilst I rummage around here an' find somethin' fit ter put up for sech a raft o' owls as you be to bid on.

"Here ye are. Jest what ye're achin' for. Here's somethin' next thing to a caskit—here's a enlarged photergraph all framed in pine-needles o' old Sol Sloper himself, gran' father, as ye all know, to the man what's havin' this auction. Look at them featur's, will ye? Ef ye want ter fill yer house with melancholly here's somethin' 't 'll stock ye up, parlour, settin'-room, anty-room, kitchen, attic, cellar, hen-coop, an' enough left to go under the bed. He screwed a lot o' money out er poor folks in his day, old Sol did, an' that 'ar mouth o' his'n 'll put ye in mind o' the stummickache an' the hole in yer pocket every time ye look at it. An' as f'r that 'ar nose o' his'n—"

"Belay thar'," cried a voice.

"What's up, Sol?" said the auctioneer firmly.

"Lay that picter aside. 'T got inter the mess by mistake."

"Some old tricks," sighed Belcher reminiscently; "old Sol was allas pokin' his nose in whar' there was a penny to be made. But I'll lay him to one side. It's my rewel to speak well o' them that passed on, however pizen-mean they was; an' 'tain't reely the respec'ful caper ter auction off yer family art gall'ry, Sol, though I don't wonder at yer not wantin' ter take that ol' life-size presenterment o' misery an' gloom along with yer on the boat; no knowin' when ye might strike bottom—"

"It got in thar' by mistake, I say. Hustle up with yer business, Belcher. I hired ye to auction off, not ter stand thar' an' parley-voo."

"Now, Sol, ef it hadn't been f'r my parley-voo, keepin' folks good-natered an' blindin' of 'em to the wuthlessness o' the goods, you'd 'a' had the durndest mess o' ruck here ter load up an' pitch over into the dump; an' my conscience, 'stead o' bein' heavy an' deceitful, 'd 'a' been as light-hearted as these ol' gigglin' rubbers—"

"Say, you go ahead with yer work ef you want yer pay."

"Correct. The sun has laid her pink-ruffled, rosy-fluted nightcap onto the pillar o' rest all ready to put on the minute she's set the buckwheat cakes to raise, an' the codfish to soak, an' wound the clock, an' turned in. Pigs is squalin' from the pen, cows is mooin' from the pastur'. Hand me over that thar' bedquilt; let's heave the rest o' this tangled, loonatic-asylum, crow's-nest lot o' truck into 'er, an' call it a mess. Here we be—a whole quilt full. What 'm I bid? Sight unseen—treasures o' the mine, gems o' the ocean, products o' man's inventive natur' the world over—swell-bodied

pickle dish, Aunt Lucindy's hymn-book, crock o' tallow fat, tin lantern with one hinge on, fact'ry-turned butter print representin' five mice an' a dung-shovel, cullender f'r strainin' squash with the bottom right handy to it all ready to be soddered in, harf a spoonholder patterned arfter the tower o' Babble, lot o' little pieces choice imported East Chelsy china jest fit ter milk the ducks into—all here—an' I ain't begun ter name 'em. Start 'er up, somebody. What 'm I bid? Seven cent—ten cent—my kingdom come, you folks want the 'arth for nothin'?

"Jest let me show ye—take this 'ere quilt full, an' tie 'er up, so fashion, an' when ye git 'er home, nail 'er up to the beam, an' stan' off an' strike 'er with a mawlet, an' she'll make a rattle that 'ud stop the yop of a whole houseful o' bawlin' babies an' put 'em ter sleep in no time. What 'm I bid for this 'ere 'riginal, long-pendulum, gigan-tical, cyclone-avalanche, dynamite, thunder an' lightnin', Niagry baby-rattler? Twelve cent—thirteen cent—fifteen cent—fifteen cent—fifteen—an' gone—to Mis' Homer Millet—at fifteen cent. An' well done, say I. Now then, meetin's broke up. Thank ye for yer kind attention. Farewell. Adew—an' all the rest o' the s'ciety trimmin's."—S. P. Greene.

DECIDEDLY NEW.

An elderly woman entered a shop and asked to be shown some tablecloths. The salesman brought a pile and showed them to her, but she said she had seen those elsewhere—nothing suited her.

"Haven't you something new?" she asked.

The man then brought another pile and showed them to her.

"These are the newest patterns," he said. "You will notice that the edge runs right round the border and the centre is in the middle."

"Dear me, yes! I will take half a dozen of them."

A DOUBLE SOMERSAULT.

The late Governor Parsons, of Alabama, was one of those few Southerners who espoused the Union cause during the civil war. After the establishment of peace he was rewarded for his fidelity by being made provisional governor of his State.

At the time of succession, however, he was a member of the Alabama Legislature, and, to the indignation of his Southern friends, who had elected him to office, he voted against secession.

Soon afterwards he wrote his wife that, as his supply of shirts was exhausted, he desired her to send him more as soon as possible. Mrs. Parsons, a zealous Southerner, answered in a note remarkable for its brevity and point. Without prelude or formality she wrote:

"You have turned your coat; you may turn your shirt."

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HOW SUSAN OUTWITTED THE TAVERN-KEEPER.

When Jim Simpson and Susan Saville were married they had as nice a wedding as any working people could possibly need wish to have.

They were a happy couple, and seemed well suited to each other. For a while, after they had become husband and wife, they got on fairly well together.

But somehow Jim seemed to lose his love for his home, and became a regular attendant at the White Lion, a public house in the town. In this place a good deal of his hard-earned money went, as well as a good deal of his time.

Poor Susy, as he called her, was very sad about this, and cast about in her mind for some way of keeping him from the White Lion. At length, she went for advice to a good man in the town where she lived.

Entering his house, she said to the good man:

"I have come to ask if you can tell me how to cure my husband of his love for the public house."

"Sit down," said the man, "and tell me all about it." Whereupon she told her story, and then the following dialogue took place:

"How long have you been married?"

"About eighteen months."

"Do you work at the mill?"

"Yes. I didn't for a while after we were first married. But he brings me so little money now that I am forced to go back to work."

"Then when do you do your house-cleaning, and your washing, and all the other work of your home?"

"Well, sir, I have to do it at night when I get home from the mill."

"I suppose that is the time when your husband should be at home. But, like most men, he does not care to be about when washing and cleaning and housework are all going on; so he goes to the White Lion, where there is a good fire, cheerful companions, and a smiling landlady to welcome him."

"My good woman, you have missed your way. But I am glad you have come to ask for my advice. Now, if I give you my counsel, will you strictly carry it out?"

She promised that she would, and I suppose most people know that the poet was right who said:

"When she will, she will,

You may depend on't;

And when she won't, she won't,

And there's an end on't."

He then proceeded to give her the following advice:

"When you leave this house, instead of going to the mill for this afternoon, go straight home. Then set to work and clean the place, and make it look smart. Be very particular about the doorstep. Then, when the place is done up as nice as you can make it, clean yourself, and smarten up, like you used to do when your husband came courting you."

"Have a good fire, with the teapot on the hob, and put your husband's slippers on the fender. If you have a nice white tablecloth put it on the table, and the best teacups as well."

"Get out your old wedding-dress and put it on, and when Jim comes home, be sure that you are sitting on that side of the hearth which is opposite the door, so that as soon as he gets in he can see you."

She stared at the gentleman who gave her this advice, and thought it a strange receipt to cure a drinking husband. But she had promised, and she went home to keep her word. To the letter she carried out the instructions given her, and at the time she expected Jim to arrive she sat there like a queen waiting for the king to approach.

It so happened that on that particular night Jim had to take part in a raffle for a goose. As soon as he left work he went with all haste to his home to clean himself and get off to the White Lion.

When he reached his cottage, and saw the doorstep spotlessly clean, he looked up at the number to see if he had made a mistake and come to the wrong house.

Assured on that point he pushed open the door, took a big stride over the step, went in, and shut the door.

When he saw his wife and the place, and all the rest of it, he was greatly bewildered. The effect upon him was marvellous, as well it might be.

When he had stared at his wife for a little while, as she sat smiling upon him, as she used to do in those other days before they were married, he said:

"Susan, what does all this mean?"

Then, with a winsome smile, she replied:

"It means, Jim, that I am going to stop at home and look after my house and myself

and my husband more than I have done lately."

Unable to restrain himself he rushed forward, put his arms around her neck, and kissed her, and said:

"God bless you, Susan! You do all that, and I will give up going to the White Lion and will look after you."

And he did.—Dr. Leach.

CHILDREN'S DEFINITIONS.

Many children are so crammed with everything that they really know nothing.

In proof of this, read these veritable specimens of definitions, written by public-school children:—

"Stability is taking care of a stable."

"A mosquito is the child of black and white parents."

"Monastery is the place for monsters."

"Tocsin is something to do with getting drunk."

"Expostulation is to have the smallpox."

"Cannibal is two brothers who killed each other in the Bible."

"Anatomy is the human body, which consists of three parts, the head, the chest, and the stummick. The head contains the eyes and brains, if any. The chest contains the lungs and a piece of the liver. The stummick is devoted to the bowels, of which there are five, a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y."

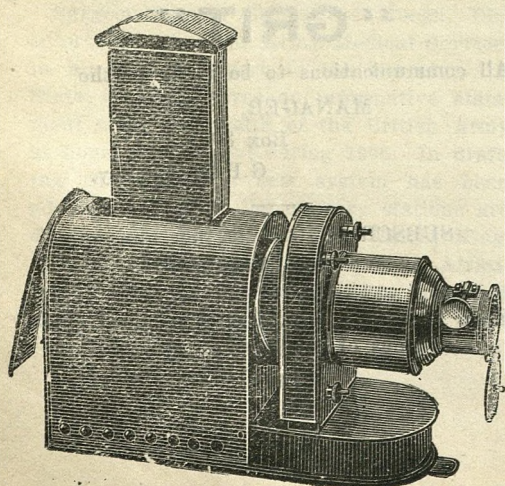
JUST AS HE WAS.

A Richmond minister not long ago was asked to perform a marriage ceremony for a young negro couple. As he had employed the groom for a year or two, he consented, knowing what prestige would come to the couple by reason of having been married by a white minister. At the appointed time the happy pair arrived and the ceremony proceeded.

"Do you take this man for better or for worse?" the minister asked.

For all her shyness, the bride spoke up bravely:

"No, sah, I don't. Ah'll take him jes like he is. If he was to get any better, I's 'fraid he'd die; an' if he was ter get any worse, ah'd kill him myself."



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Talk about People

A Millionaire Journalist.

There has lately been in London one of the world's most enterprising journalists, and, with perhaps one exception, the richest. And yet, fifty years ago, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer landed in New York a friendless alien. He was a farm hand, stoker, and coachman before he became a reporter on a German paper in New York. St. Louis witnessed his first success in proprietorship, and then he obtained the "World," now a mammoth daily journal, with a Sunday edition containing almost as much printed matter as the Bible, for something under half a million dollars, speedily transforming it into a profit-making concern, yielding an income of one and a quarter million dollars a year. Mr. Pulitzer may not be quite so rich as Mr. W. R. Hearst, America's other millionaire newspaper owner and journalist, but he is not a whit less enterprising. He has just given a million dollars to establish a school of journalism, and owns four palatial American homes, in not one of which does he spend more than six weeks of the year.

Herr Harden's Amazing Career.

Herr Harden, who has been lately convicted in the Berlin libel case, has crowded many extraordinary incidents into his forty-six years of life. Domestic troubles parted his mother and father, the latter being a wealthy merchant. Young Harden loved his mother and ran away from his father, who caused him to be brought back by the police. In spite of this the boy ran away again on his fourteenth birthday, tramped several hundred miles to Berlin, and slept many nights under hedges and hayricks, and on the benches in the Berlin parks. Ultimately he joined a theatrical touring company and changed his name, so that his father, who had again evoked the aid of the police, should not trace him. During the next four years Harden underwent many sufferings and privations. His employment as an actor was intermittent, and he often went without food for days. He has never quite recovered from the effects of the period of starvation through which he then passed. Ultimately he attracted notice as a writer, and founded the "Zukunft," a paper which gained its first prominence through espousing the cause of the late Prince Bismarck after his dismissal from office by the Kaiser. Bismarck became very friendly with Harden, who was a frequent visitor at the statesman's country house at Friedrichsruh.

The G.O.M. of the Salvation Army.

There is no more ardent disciple of the simple life than General Booth, whose health has been causing so much anxiety of late. He neither smokes nor drinks, and for several years he has been practically a vegetarian, not as a matter of principle, but because he finds that it suits him. He always, if possible, takes a short rest after midday dinner, but apart from this siesta the old General is constantly at work from eight in the morning till about eleven at night. While, however, he lives a life of Spartan simplicity, the General devotes a certain amount of attention to personal details, which would surprise some. He is careful that his clothes are dry, and that he does not stand in a draught while speaking at his meetings. An assistant has travelled with him for many years, who sees to it that when the General goes on the platform the conditions are right in all respects. General Booth has learned by experience that it is the little trials and nerve

strains that take more out of him than the big efforts.

London's Lord Mayor.

It is not generally known that, with the exception of the King, the Lord Mayor of London is the only person in the realm who is privileged to visit the Tower of London at any hour of the day or night. Outside the City boundaries the Lord Mayor ranks as an Earl and takes precedence as such, but inside he takes precedence over all mankind, save and except his Sovereign. He is also a judge, and is included in the Royal Commissions. At the Coronation of a King or Queen it is the Lord Mayor who has to act as chief butler, a not very arduous office, and one which is amply rewarded by the exceedingly handsome cup of wrought gold which constitutes his private and personal perquisite. Behind the Lord Mayor's chair at State banquets there stands an official in sporting costume, and wearing on his head a jockey's cap. None other in England can command the attendance of this officer. He is the "common hunt," a relic of the old privilege of the citizens of London, granted to them by Henry I., to hunt Middlesex and Surrey, and as far away as the Chiltern Hills.

Dr. Dawson Burns Honoured.

Dr. Dawson Burns's life-work in the Temperance cause, begun sixty-nine years ago, was recognised in London last month, by a presentation from a number of his friends and fellow-workers. In the Temperance Permanent Building Society's board-room Dr. Burns was presented with a cheque for over 500 guineas, and an address referring to his services in the press, on the platform, and in the pulpit. Sir. T. Vezey Strong presided, and referred to Dr. Burns's work in connection with the London Temperance Hospital, which he initiated thirty-six years ago. Dr. Burns, he added, had been the friend of every section of Temperance advocates. After the presentation had been made by Mr. John Kempster, J.P., Dr. Burns replied in a vigorous speech, full of delightful reminiscences of former temperance leaders. Dr. Burns (now a hearty old man, with a strong, clear voice, and evidently an unclouded intellect) signed the pledge in his father's chapel at the age of ten. At thirteen he was a member of a "youths' temperance society," the author of a tract, and a budding orator. "We 'were' orators in those days," he added. "We were thoroughly in earnest, and we only admitted adults on condition that they behaved themselves." In a newspaper report of one of those juvenile meetings he remembered reading, "D. Burns rose to speak. He confined himself to replying to objections." "That," said Dr. Burns, "is what I have been doing ever since." He concluded by assuring his hearers that he still stood by his old belief that the root idea of the temperance cause is the unfitness of alcohol for the human system, and therefore their only policy was to get rid of this unfit thing as soon as they could. The meeting closed with a hearty tribute from Canon Barker.

"What little boy can tell me the difference between the 'quick' and the 'dead'?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

Willie waved his hand frantically.

"Well, Willie?"

"Please, ma'am, the 'quick' are the ones that get out of the way of automobiles; the ones that don't are the 'dead.'"

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Reporter: "Uncle, to what do you attribute your long life?"

Oldest Inhabitant: "I don't know yit, young feller. They's several of these patent medicine companies that's dickerin' with me."

The professor of natural history was dwelling (figuratively speaking, that is) upon the anatomical structure of the cow.

"You are probably aware," he remarked, "that the cow has five stomachs, by means of which—"

Here a young lady who had evidently not heard this piece of information before, turned to a fellow-student next her.

"Gracious," she exclaimed, in awestruck tones. "Just suppose the poor thing got seasick!"

"I don't want to be too hard on this dangerous contrivance of yours," said Lincoln Beachy, the aeronaut, in criticising the airship of a rival. "It's a bad affair from every standpoint, but I'm willing to let it down as easy as the man did the careless barber."

"The barber had evidently been out late the night before, for his hand was shaky and he cut his patron's cheek four times. After each offence he said, as he sponged off the blood, 'Oh, dear me, how careless!' and let it go at that."

"The patron said nothing, but when the shave was over he went to the water-cooler and filled his mouth with water. Then, with tightly compressed lips, he shook his head from side to side, and tossed it up and down."

"What's the matter? Toothache?" asked the barber.

"Oh, no," replied the customer. "I just wanted to see if my face would still hold water."

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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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, JANUARY 16, 1908.

DISQUIETING FIGURES.

In spite of all the new legislation, the progress of education, and the efforts to bring about moral reformation, the record of last year, as submitted by the Superintendent of the Metropolitan Police, is very sad reading. There was an increase of 47 in the number of unnatural deaths, the total being 1167; there were 101 deaths from intemperance during the year, being an increase of 7. Amongst offences showing an increase in 1907 were:—Drunkenness, 757; riotous or indecent behaviour, 143; common assault, 110; assaulting and resisting the police, 65; bad language, 63; breaking and entering, 60; and breaches of the Inebriates Act, 23.

One cannot help asking: Are we civilized, let alone Christian? And, again, what is mostly responsible for all this? Is there a remedy? These questions must be forced on the public mind, and we must never rest until by experiment we have found the way to right the wrong. We need to encourage the enthusiast, it is the quality most needed, and has an honourable history. We must welcome criticism, for only by correction have perfect things ever been evolved.

We surely will strive for the unity that is seen when the vastly different instruments of the orchestra unite and produce a grand harmony. In the plan that will be successful in lessening the ills under which we groan, there is room for both prevention and cure, and for many different methods and different opinions. We will best achieve this unity when we become generous enough to impute good motives, and to appreciate all efforts made toward that end to which we are striving.

THE NEGLECTED RICH.

Perhaps no class of people are so neglected and so poor as the people with plenty of money, the people miscalled rich. The Rev. J. H. Jowett, of Birmingham, thus expressed his difficulty in dealing with the rich:—"I am greatly depressed by the weariness of the rich, I sometimes think the rich are the most neglected people in the modern Christian Church. That is not the popular charge against ministers. We are told that we are always knocking at the rich man's door; but, even in our very presence the rich man may be the most neglected soul. There is something about the wealthy classes that too often strikes the Lord's minister dumb. I don't find it easy to speak to a rich man about his soul, or to rebuke him, and take him away to the central well of truth in Jesus Christ." Socialism has its roots deeply embedded in the vulgar, heartless, sensual display of wealth. It is from the economic wickedness and moral insensibilities of monied people that Socialism is finding its most forcible arguments and most telling illustrations. But the remedy is not in Socialism, this does not get at the heart of things. If the same effort was made to "save" the rich as is often made to "save" the poor, great results would follow. The only difference between the rich and the poor is that the rich have more power to gratify their evil nature, and more ways of avoiding the consequences. One might argue from this that the rich need salvation even more than the poor, and the day must surely come when some brave, great, good man will become a missionary to the poor rich people. The task is so Herculean that no wonder men shrink from it, for the selfishness, meanness, and callousness of the monied people are greater barriers to salvation and reformation than the more showy and animal vices of the poor. The salvation of the rich is the remedy for most of the industrial troubles, and more than anything else will calm the social unrest of the day.

"SCEPTRES IN TRUNKS."

Shakespeare has encouraged us to look for "tongues in trees," and "sermons in stones," but a new delight is just now offering across the Pacific. Great excitement is reported as prevailing just now in certain American circles through the announcement of a patriotic American writer that there are quite a large number of eligible young royal princes in Europe going a-begging. They

are, of course, as a contemporary observes, expected to marry sooner or later, but the matrimonial market is like all others in conforming to the laws of supply and demand. There is a shortage in the supply of marriageable princesses just now. There are not enough to go round, and, as a consequence, many of the princes of the sovereign houses of Europe are confronted by the alternative of either remaining single or marrying out of their rank. So this is where the beautiful girl of comparatively humble origin comes in. The American writer urges her not to suppose the sceptre dangling above her head to be out of her reach. "The great Napoleon," he remarks in a rather striking passage, "used to assert that every French soldier carried in his knapsack the baton of a field-marshal, meaning that it depended on himself to rise from the ranks to the highest position in the army. In the same way, every American girl may be said to carry a European sceptre in her Saratoga trunk." A "Saratoga" trunk, by the way, is the box the American girl generally carries her clothes in when she travels. Gladstone bags are quite old-fashioned ideas across the water.

ORGANISED LABOUR DECLARES AGAINST LIQUOR.

The Anti-Liquor Crusade moves apace, and in the right direction. Everywhere working men and women are beginning to think on this question. An important step has just been taken by organised labour in America, in a declaration against the necessity of beer for the worker. At the Illinois Federation of Labour, which met late in October at Rockford, Ill., more than sixty per cent. of the delegates voted in favour of abolishing, by State law, the sale of liquor. A resolution presented by J. C. Loftus, of Chicago, which demanded that the State legislature enact laws discontinuing the sale of intoxicants, was reported on favourably by the committee to which it had been referred, and the resolution was endorsed by the federation body, and passed on to the incoming executive committee for action. Mr. Loftus was formerly the editor of the "Crisis," a reform weekly paper, and he is politically prominent in the fourteenth ward of Chicago, having been a recent nominee for Congress. Mr. Loftus' resolution was signed by Thomas Burke, of the United Mine Workers of America and right-hand man of President John Mitchell. The discussion of the subject brought out the fact that there is a widespread sentiment among trades unionists in favour of alcoholic prohibition. That this action has been taken by the labour organisation of so important a state as Illinois, representing nearly half a million union workingmen, is regarded locally as a sign of the times not to be overestimated, being as it is the most drastic action ever taken by any labour body in any State. That the resolution was a sincere avowal of the Federation's views of the situation cannot be denied. The Rockford Liquor Men's Association had donated several barrels of beer for use at the "smoker" given toward the latter part of the convention, but after the passage of Mr. Loftus' resolution, they withdrew their gift, which goes to show the view taken in the matter by the liquor interests. Mr. Loftus, being a man of wide experience, knows the injury derived from alcoholic license by the labouring people. May this prohibition sentiment in labour circles sweep through the army of labour, not only in America, but in Australia, and right round the world.

Pledge-Signing at Melbourne City Police Court

(Special for "Grit.")

"This is the golden chance of my life," was the loud declaration of a first offender—charged with being drunk at the Melbourne City Police Court.

"He has signed the pledge for life," broke in Mr. King, Secretary of the Total Abstinence Society.

"Then we'll give you a chance," said the magistrate, "but remember if you come back here, having broken your pledge, you'll be more severely dealt with next time."

"It's the golden chance of my life, and I intend to take it," said the well-meaning and now truly penitent drunk, as he hurried from the Court.

Every morning at 8.30, Mr. Nicol or Mr. King go to the City Watchhouse, interview the drunks there, and secure pledges for six months, twelve months, or life, for those willing to sign. The men sign on the distinct understanding that if the offence is repeated, the sentence will be more severe than otherwise—thus providing an incentive to sobriety, and a restriction in the hour of temptation.

The question as to how the system works out to the ultimate good of the drunks is one that is being anxiously watched. It is gratifying to know that after three months' trial Mr. Cresswell, the City Magistrate, expresses his entire satisfaction with it. Moreover, many of those who sign have been visited, and are doing well, keeping their pledges. It is further proposed to hold a weekly meeting with the ex-drunks, and thus help and encourage them. Several have broken the pledge, with the result that, when brought up again, they have been fined £1, or seven days in gaol. Should, however, they come up again, that is the third time, they have another opportunity to sign, but are given to understand that the future punishment will be even more severe.

On the morning of my visit to the Court 18 had signed. Altogether the weekly average is about 65, and up to the present no less than 750 men and women have signed.

The magistrate asked a poor fellow how he came to break his pledge. "Just weak-

ness," he replied. "Well, we must keep our promise, £1 or seven days. A man like you should never touch it," continued the P.M., 'because once you take a drink, you cannot stop. Total abstinence is the only safe plan for you.'

"Martin Fitzgerald, charged with being drunk, how do you plead?" asked the sergeant controlling the charge-sheet. "Well yer worship, this is all a misunderstanding." "All right, call the arresting constable, and we'll hear what he has to say." The constable told how poor Martin was kicked out of the Britannia Hotel, very drunk. "Have you any question to ask the constable?" "No, sir, all he says is quite true. I came down from Gippsland with me cheque, and passed it over to the landlady, who said, 'Let Martin Fitzgerald have what he wants.' But the landlord didn't seem to understand and kicked me out, and so the constable just lifted me clean out of the hands of the publican. I was drunk, I don't ask for clemency, but make it as light as ye can, and I'll not trouble ye again for a long time." (Laughter.)

A man and his wife followed; both signed and were discharged. Then a girl of 19. Young, old, middle-aged, on they came, a dejected, degraded, motley procession. Here and there were those who appeared respectable—just starting. Three were sentenced to terms from three months to twelve months, for being habitual drunkards. One lady declared that three months would enable her to get free from the effects of drink and then she would start afresh.

The system is bringing the Temperance workers into direct touch with the worst class of drinkers, and also with those just commencing, and while it cannot be expected with such material that a high percentage of reformations is likely, judging by the visible results up to the present, the society is greatly encouraged.

The difficulty in following up the work by visitation is great, as the men change their addresses so often—oftener than they change their shirts. All is being done that can be done, and magistrates, police officers and press favourably view the new department.

JAMES MARION.

THE PLEDGE CARD.

POLICE COURT.

Charge.....

I HEREBY FREELY AND VOLUNTARILY SIGN THE FOLLOWING PLEDGE.

I will abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors of every kind and character for the period of..... from date..... day of190..

Signed

..... Witness.

If, by releasing me from punishment this day, the opportunity be given me by the Magistrates of the abovenamed Court to become a sober and better citizen, I undertake to faithfully keep this pledge.

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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.

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

Sydney, 27th September, 1907.

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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.

Champagne2/6 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 microbe, but in the unfermented, non-alcoholic, French wine, the grape sugar remains.

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THEODORE'S BUNCH OF KEYS.

Mother had lost the key of her trunk, and was trying to find a new one to fit the lock. Theodore stood by, watching her as she tried different keys in turn, until finally one was found that opened it like magic.

Soon after, Theodore was trying to button his coat in a great hurry to go to the play. But the top button seemed hard to fasten, and though he tugged, fretted, and pulled, he could not manage it. "You haven't tried the right key, Theodore," said mother.

"Why, what key could work this?" exclaimed the little boy, stopping in surprise.

"Suppose you try how the 'patient' key would work there," suggested mother.

And, sure enough, with just a little quiet patience the button was fastened.

Later in the afternoon Theodore came running in again, looking quite vexed. He hardly liked to tell mother the trouble, but at last it came out that he and some of the other boys had disagreed over what they should play.

Mother was quiet for a little while, then she said, thoughtfully, "I wonder how the 'unselfish key' would work there."

Theodore was puzzled for a moment, and then a bright look of understanding came into his face, and with a smile he went out to play again.

Before bedtime Theodore found another chance to try the magic power of one of mother's useful "keys." It was just about his little brother Ted's sleepy time, and the wee man was inclined to be cross and unreasonable. But Theodore remembered what a small boy Ted was, and didn't answer him back. So, as it always takes "two to make a quarrel," of course there could not be one that time.

When nurse came in to carry Ted off to bed, mother said softly to Theodore, "The key of 'silence' was useful that time, wasn't it, dear? You will soon have quite a bunch of keys to carry about with you, son, and you will often find them useful."

HE KNEW HIS MAN.

Shortly after Raymond Hitchcock made his first big hit in New York, Eddie Foy, who was also playing in town, happened to be passing Daly's Theatre, and paused to look at the pictures of Hitchcock and his company that adorned the entrance. Near the pictures was a billboard covered with laudatory extracts from newspaper criticisms of the show.

When Foy had moodily read to the bottom of the list, he turned to an unobtrusive young man who had been watching him out of the corner of his eye.

"Say, have you seen this show?" he asked.

"Sure," replied the young man.

"Any good? How's this guy Hitchcock, anyhow?"

"Any good?" repeated the young man pityingly. "Why, say, he's the best in the business. He's got all these other would-be side-ticklers lashed to the mast. He's a scream. Never laughed so much at any one in all my life."

"Is he as good as Foy?" ventured Foy hopefully.

"As good as Foy!" The young man's scorn was superb. "Why, this Hitchcock has got that Foy person looking like a gloom. They're not in the same class. Hitchcock's funny. A man with feelings can't compare them. I'm sorry you asked me, I feel so strongly about it."

Eddie looked at him very sternly, and then, in the hollow tones of a tragedian, he said:—

"I am Foy."

"I know you are," said the young man cheerfully. "I'm Hitchcock!"

UNCERTAIN TEMPERATURE.

"When I was a boy in Adams county, Judge Blank was taken very ill. The doctor called regularly, but the Judge kept getting worse, and finally the crisis came.

"The morning after the crisis, the doctor rang the Judge's bell at sunrise.

"I hope your master's temperature is lower than it was last evening?" he said to the butler anxiously.

"I'm not so sure about that," the man answered. "He died, sir, in the night."

TIME TO GO.

"Speakin' of fertile soil," said the Kansan, when the others had had their say, "I never saw a place where melons grewed like they used to out in my part of the country. The first season I planted 'em I thought my fortune was sure made. However, I didn't harvest one."

He waited for queries, but his friends knew him, and he was forced to continue unurged:

"The vines grewed so fast that they wore out the melons draggin' 'em round. However, the second year my two little boys made up their minds to get a taste of one anyhow, so they took turns carryin' one along with the vine and—"

But his companions had already started toward the door.

CALLED OFF.

A dignified, middle-aged gentleman was trying to read in a crowded railroad train. Among the passengers was a lady with a very sprightly little blue-eyed girl, with golden hair and an inquisitive tongue. She asked the dignified gentleman numerous questions, played with his watch-chain, and endeavoured to determine by means of the buttons on his waistcoat whether he was

DIET and HEALTH.

Our bodies are built up from the food we eat. There is a constant breaking down of the tissues of the body, every movement of every organ involves waste, and this waste is repaired from our food. Each organ of the body requires its share of nutrition. The brain must be supplied with its portion; the bones, muscles and nerves demand theirs.

IN ORDER TO MAINTAIN HEALTH, A SUFFICIENT SUPPLY OF GOOD NOURISHING FOOD IS NEEDED.

It is a wonderful process that transforms the food into blood, and uses this blood to build up the various parts of the body; but this process is going on continually, supplying with life and strength each nerve, muscle, and tissue. Where wrong habits of diet have been indulged, there should be no delay in reform. When dyspepsia has resulted from abuse of the stomach, efforts should be carefully made to preserve the remaining strength of the vital forces, by removing every overtaking burden. The stomach may never entirely recover health after long abuse; but a proper course of diet will save further debility, and many will recover more or less fully.

The Sanitarium
Health Food Cafe

supplies the food that repairs the waste tissue.

Address: ROYAL CHAMBERS,

45 Hunter Street, City.

Write for descriptive price lists.

rich man, poor man, beggar man, or thief.

The mother fairly beamed upon him. He was becoming nervous, and turning to the lady said:—

"Madam, what do you call this sweet little child?"

"Ethel," replied the mother with a smile.

"Please call her then."

FIRE INSURANCE.

NORTH BRITISH AND

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Established 1809.

Paid up Capital and Fire Funds, £3,650,000;
Total Funds, £17,800,000.

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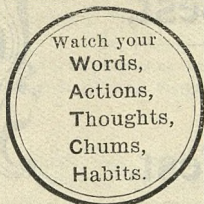
64 Pitt-street, Sydney.



From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(BY UNCLE BARNABAS).



WATCH YOUR ACTIONS!

What is the meaning of the Latin "ago?" Yes! "I do, or perform." Actions are deeds, the things we do. Watch them! The little ones as well as the big ones. To point a finger is an action, just as much an action as to command H.M.S. "Challenger," or to forecast to-morrow's weather. Now, you all know that if the weather-man at Sydney Observatory said, "Anything will do!" we should soon have a lot of people in trouble, for sailors, farmers, picnickers, cricketers, and others, take great notice of the way he points his finger, whether to stormy, change, or set fair. So, if the Commander of the war-ship signalled anything, saying "It does not matter how I do it!" there would soon be a big row among the fleet.

Well, have you ever heard of the boy who killed a baby by pointing his finger? A father in great trouble, was looking for the doctor to come to his sick child. He asked a lad, "Where does Doctor So-and-so live?" The lad thought it would be fine fun to send him a mile out of his way, so he pointed down the wrong street, and said, "There!" When the doctor was found, the poor baby was nearly dead.

Our actions are tell-tale, for "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right."

Can you fill in the missing vowels: "—CT—NS SP—K L—D—R TH—N W—RDS?" If you pick up a copy-book and find on every page four dirty finger-marks and one big black thumb-mark, you don't need Solomon to help you to know what the boy or girl who owns that book is like. Watch your actions, your own actions, mind, not other people's; and don't have anything to do with "It-doesn't-matter," "It's-good-enough," and "There's-no-need-to-be-too-particular."

ANSWERS.

How many words can be made out of SLTNIE, using all letters for each?—Uncle B's. result: Silent, Tinsel, Linest, Listen, Inlets, Enlist. (Dec. 26.)

BURIED N.T. NAMES. (Dec. 26.)

1, Peter; 2, James; 3, Andrew; 4, Demas; 5, Pilate; 6, Hermes; 7, Timotheus; 8, Titus; 9, Philemon; 10, Onesimus; 11, Annas, Anna; 12, Barnabas; 13, Matthew; 14, Stephen.

SOME PECULIAR MULTIPLICATION SUMS.

Let me know what answers you get to the following:—

123456789 x 45	987654321 x 45.
123456789 x 54.	987654321 x 54.
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FOR SUNDAY.

ANIMALS AND A TREE.

1. A creeping thing mentioned in Psalm 105.
2. A bird in Isaiah 40.
3. A bird described as "silly" in Hosea 7.
4. An animal greatly honoured (John 12).
5. The animal that Abraham killed (Genesis 22).

(The first letters give the name of a well-known Bible tree.)

TWELVE THINGS.

Someone has suggested twelve things every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not every girl can learn to play or sing, or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within everybody's reach: Shut the door, and shut it softly. Keep your room in tasteful order. Have an hour for rising and arise. Learn to make bread as well as cake. Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours. Always know where your things are. Never let a day pass without doing something to make someone comfortable. Never come to breakfast untidily dressed

SOUVENIR OF FIRST LOCAL OPTION POLL.

According to promise, the N.S.W. Alliance have prepared a splendid souvenir of the first Local Option poll taken under the new Liquor Act in the State. The souvenir, which is very nicely got up, has a photo of the Executive of the Alliance in the centre, and in the two top corners special attention is given to those electorates which polled over a fifty per cent. vote. It also contains the whole of the figures for each electorate in the State, and the percentage vote. Printed on a good card, it is suitable for hanging up, or even framing, and one should be secured by every temperance worker in the State as a memento of this great effort.

The General Secretary of the Alliance would like to make it clear that all those who have subscribed to the "Victory" fund not less than one shilling, are entitled to a souvenir, and can have the same by forwarding the address and postage to the N.S.W. Alliance Office. In addition to this, all persons who were present at the harbour excursion in connection with the thanksgiving meeting, are also entitled to a souvenir, and the same are now ready at the Alliance Office.

Single copies of the souvenir can be had by any person for 3d. each (not including postage), whilst per dozen they can be supplied at 2s, with postage added. As the supply is limited, orders should be sent in quickly.

The old housekeeper met the master at the door.

"If you please, sir, the cat has had chickens."

"Nonsense," he laughed. "You mean kittens, Mary. Cats don't have chickens."

"Well," inquired Mary, "was them chickens that you brought home last night?"

"Why, they were chickens, of course."

"Jus' so, sir. Well, the cat's had 'em."

A good story is told at the expense of a man, who once suddenly evinced a great interest in nautical matters, and who in some manner, despite his inexperience in this regard, was made the commodore of a yacht club, where the financier spends a short vacation each summer.

One day, it is said, the newly-fledged yachtsman shouted to an officer of a certain craft, "Have you weighed anchor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then," thundered the new commodore, "why don't you announce the weight?"

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GOOD CUP OF TEA AT ANY HOUR.

ALREADY NECESSARY TO ENLARGE THE PREMISES AGAIN

AN HOUR IN A DANCE HOUSE.

It would be hard to find any door that opens more widely to the pit than the door of the "dance house." Vile men, lewd women, cut-throats, sharpers, gaol-birds, drunken sailors, men of all nations and colours, make up the motley crowd. And yet even in these deep and muddy waters God's fishers of men toil to win the perishing; nor are their toils in vain.

In his book, "Six Years with William Taylor," Mr. Krauser tells a little of his experience in a Valparaiso dance house:—

A rum-seller was brought to God one night; and another promised to give up his dance house. However, a week after that, I found him still engaged in the same business, and I waited for the usual dancing evening, on Thursday, when I expected to have an opportunity to speak to such people. The dancing-room was crowded. Natives and foreigners were present—mechanics and seamen.

When I came in the rum-seller tried to avoid me, but I walked right up to him, and asked his permission to read, sing and pray with the crowd. He looked desperate, and said:—

"Oh, please let us alone here! This is no place for meetings now, and if you attempt to disturb the dance you'll get killed here to-night." The crowd looked to be a rather wild sort. There were many intoxicated seamen, behaving themselves more like brutes than like human beings. The rum-seller himself thought he had a rough set there that night, and he called my attention to the fact.

"Now, you know very well I don't mind that, and if you just consent, it will be all right. Don't you pity these poor fellows?" I went on to say, "And haven't you done harm enough in this place? How can you dare turn me away like that? I've got more right here than you, and more right than the devil who damns these souls to hell. God wants to save these harlots, gamblers, blasphemers, and drunkards; yes, God wants to save you, too. Are you not ashamed to send me away? Now, come, my good friend, let me shake your strong hand. Just see these hard hands! Ah, yes, you used to work once with these strong hands, and in the sweat of your brow, and bread tasted sweet then; but oh, to-day it is so very different, and so much different now from the days when you were quite a little boy, and your dear mother used to take you up on her lap, and fold your little hands. They were clean then, and innocent, and she taught you to pray 'Our Father, which art in heaven.'" I looked at him, and tried to catch his eye. The poor fellow was quite broken up now, and he gently said:—

"Go on, Mr. Krauser, I know you are right; I can't refuse you."

Thankful to my Redeemer, and my soul filled with wondrous love, I turned toward the assembly, and began singing a hymn. They instantly stopped the music and the dancing, and the deafening noise ceased. For a few moments they were awestruck, and stood staring at me; but then a drunken sailor broke the silence, and breaking out in curses, advanced toward me and caught my arm, and like a rag he began whirling me round in the middle of the room, and then, with an oath, he let me go suddenly, and I shot across the hall into the next corner, and landed squarely on a chair. Everybody was in an uproar of laughter, and they thought it was great fun, and now they watched me to see what I would do next. But I did not stir. I felt

as sweet as ever, and remaining right where I was, comfortably seated on a chair, and, finishing the hymn, I opened the Bible, which had not fallen from my grasp in the unsought-for exercise, and was about to commence to read.

Again there were a few seconds of silence, but now my friend got fairly mad, and, coming toward me to get hold of me once more, he was confronted by another seaman, who placed himself at that instant between me and the assailant. Clenching his big fist, he shouted:

"Who dares touch this man, has to come this way first! Don't you know he is a minister? Now, dare if you will! I don't think it will do us any harm to listen to what he will say."

I arose now, and said to the two men before me: "I am glad to see you are both so courageous, and I'm sure you won't be afraid if I now tell you what God says about poor sinners in this book, and how He loves them. Just sit down, all of you, and then I'll go on." Everybody obeyed, and a pin might have been heard to fall on the floor.

"Now, let's have a hymn; I know sailor-boys like to sing. Let's have a sailors' hymn—Sankey's old hymn—'Pull for the Shore, Sailor, Pull for the Shore!'" The whole crowd joined in, and the voices were strong and clear. Then I told them of Jesus and His love, and I told them of a young man who used to visit here, and whom some of them knew, and said:

"Now you don't know what has become of poor Wickliff. I'll tell you. I met him at the hospital the other day, and now he's dead. I watched him pass over the river; but he didn't talk any more as he used to. You know how he often attended our meetings down in the room, and wouldn't give up his sins; he didn't want to give you up, and he kept on sticking to you, and got drunk with you nearly every night, until you saw him walk about like a shadow, dirty and sick, and you deserted him, and tried to forget him.

"But Wickliff told me his story before he died. He raised himself up in his bed, and told me to come up closer. He said: 'Mr. Krauser, I am going to die, and I am only twenty-two years old.' He hid his face in his hands, and then wept bitterly. What do you suppose the poor boy remembered? I think his lost young life rose up before him. He then bent over me and whispered, 'My mother!' Ah, that was it. 'My mother!' he repeated, and then tears choked his voice. My boys, do you remember a mother to-night? I wonder whether Wickliff's mother ever prayed with him. That was just what was the matter. He went on then, and said: 'My mother used to pray for me. I could not stand it, and I ran away. But I wrote her I would send her money, for I knew she depended on me for a living. I never sent her any. I spent it all in drink, and now I am here dying. I have killed myself.' He hid his face again and cried.

GRIFFITHS' TEAS

Run First and Best, In Quality They Stand the Test.

"I told Wickliff about Jesus, and I saw how he stretched out his feeble hands, and cried: 'O, Jesus, save me, a poor sinner; don't let me die and be lost!' God answered his prayer before he passed away, and he said, when he could scarcely whisper, 'Jesus, blessed Jesus! Yes, Jesus saves me now!' Only one bitter thought rose up once more. He said: 'Only twenty-two years—all lost!' Then he passed over. God has taken him; you will never see him more unless you prepare for heaven. God save you all. Let us pray, and get down on our knees, and you cry out to God to have mercy on you, miserable sinners. You will die in your sins if you don't."

There were no dry eyes in that strange assembly, and while I prayed many sighs and groans were heard, and then many came down to the meeting-room with me when I quitted the place, and some there found the Saviour. Two days after this meeting the dance house was no more; and visiting the boiler-works soon after, and while among the workmen distributing tracts, whom should I find but my tall American, who kept that dance house!

I took him by the hand, and, looking straight at him, asked: "And how tastes the bread now?" "Oh, much sweeter, really, I assure you." "Have you given your heart to Jesus?" "No, but I hope to find him yet."

GWINE TO COURT.

On Monday morning some time ago two coloured women happened to be sitting next each other in a U street car, when one of them turned in surprise, and looking her companion up and down, said:

"Law, Ma'y Jane, is dat you? What in de name er gracious is you all dressed up so fine fer so soon in de mornin'?"

"T'se gwine to co't," she proudly replied.

"Gwine ter co't? Is you ben en got inter a fight?"

"No, indeed. I don' neber git in no 'sputes en quar'ls."

"Den is you ben cotch' takin' anything?"

"Me cotch' takin' anything! No, indeed. I don' never lay my han's on nothin' don' b'long ter me."

"Den what you gwine ter co't fer?"

"T'se gwine ter git a divo'ce fum Jim."

"Git a divo'ce fum Jim! Why, what is Jim done? Is he beat you?"

"Jim beat me! No, indeed! Dat he ain't. Jim ain't neber spuck a cross word ter me in his whole life."

"Den, don't he s'po't you?"

"Jim s'po't me! I reckon Jim do. He cum home de minute he gits his wagins en lays 'em all ret in my lap. S'po't me! why, 'Liza, Jim would tek his shirt off'n his back ter gib it ter me."

"Den in de name er goodness, Ma'y Jane, what is yer gwine ter git a divo'ce fum Jim fer?"

"Well, 'Liza, I tell you de trufe—I jes' nacherly los' my tas'e fer Jim."

How the World Moves

There are no newsboys in Spain; women sell newspapers in the streets.

An orange tree in full bearing has been known to produce 15,000 oranges.

Two locomotive engines could pass each other in any one of the four funnels of the "Mauretania."

The calculation has been made that, on an average, English princesses marry at about the age of twenty-two.

Returns of the Railway Clearing House show that 1000 parcels a day are lost on the railways of the United Kingdom.

In the production of beautiful fans France is without a rival, and every country in which women dress well imports fans from France.

The length of a peeress's train varies with her rank. A duchess may have her train 3yds. long, a marchioness 2½yds., while countesses are limited to 2yds.

Engaged girls in Denmark sometimes wear a plain gold ring on the third finger of the left hand. When they get married the ring is moved to the third finger of the right hand.

Barent Volinski, a Jew residing in New York, is 105 years old. He was married twice and has twenty-seven children, and they, with his grandchildren and great-grandchildren, number ninety-two.

A well-known officer of the Royal Army Medical Corps is reported to have proved that cold tea is capable of destroying the microbe of typhoid fever (*bacillus typhosus*) within twenty-four hours.

Red seems to be the most popular of national colours, if flags may be used as criterions. Of the twenty-five leading national flags, nineteen have red in them. The same cannot be said of any other colour.

What is reported to be the largest apple tree in the United States is in the garden of Mr. Charles Waterhouse, at Southington, Connecticut. It has yielded fifty bushels of apples this season, and the upper branches are still bearing fruit.

The largest waggon in the world has been shipped to Nome, Alaska, for the Pioneer Mining Company. It is over 26ft. long, and 7ft. high from the axle. The wheels are 10ft. in diameter, and are fitted with iron tyres 1½ft. in width.

Courted for Nearly Half a Century.—A Swiss couple have recently married after a courtship of forty-five years. They became engaged in their teens, but the young man vowed to make £10,000 before asking the young lady to marry him. While he was making this pile in America nearly 3000 love-letters passed.

Names of Danish Kings.—Denmark's kings for centuries have all been named Christian or Frederick. It is the law that Christian must be succeeded by Frederick, and Frederick by Christian. To attain this every Danish prince, no matter what other names he may receive, always includes Christian and Frederick among them.

A Powerful Jaw.—A man named Reuter, who lives in a village near Chicago, is known as the iron-jawed wonder. Taking a plank about 4ft. in length, he gets two strong men to hold it while he drives a 10in. steel spike to a good depth. Putting a small piece of chamois around the neck of the spike, he grips it with his teeth, and slowly but surely the spike comes out.

Friend: "Business seems to continue good with you."

Street Car Magnate: "Yes, most of our passengers continue to hang on."

Grump: "Do you call this steak fit for a Christian to eat?"

Waiter: "We ain't anxious about the religion of our customers, boss."

A visitor to Dublin was asked by a car-driver if he wanted a car. "No," said he; "I am able to walk." "May yer honour long be able but seldom willing!" was the witty rejoinder.

Josh Billings says in his "Lecter": "Rats originally came from Norway, and nobody would have cared if they had originally stayed there." A lady friend remarks that they still show their gnaw-away origin.

"To be successful in politics," said the young man, "I suppose you have to keep your wits together at all times."

"Well," replied the old politician, "that's not so important as keeping your lips together at the right time."

"One day I was addressing some Stamford school chaps on the subject of bees, and, turning to a bright-looking little chap, I said:

"With what part of the body does a bee buzz, Jacob?"

"Jacob answered confidently but ignorantly, launching a tremendous nature fake:

"Its buzzum, sir," he said."

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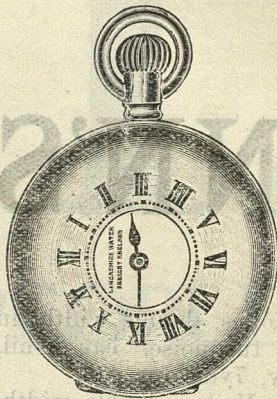
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with its joys and sorrows—its successes and its failures—its sunshine and shadows;

1908 HAS COME,

with its hopes and aspirations—its resolutions and its possibilities.

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Check Cotton Voiles, double width, in pink, sky, turquoise, eau-de-nil, brown, navy, 7yds. for 4/3.

Matchbox Check Voiles, double width, in helio, fawn, sky, and grey grounds; also herringbone striped tweed effects, in grey, reseda, pink, and fawn, 7yds. for 4/3.

Chiffon Voiles, double width, in fashionable block and line stripes, good

quality, 7yds. for 6/9.
36in. Black Glace Silk, worth 3/11, for 2/9 yd.

Silk and Cotton Striped Zephyrs, all wanted colours, big variety of stripes, worth 10½d, for 6¾d yd. Striped Sicilians, very scarce and much admired material for dresses and skirts, in black, navy, and brown, worth 2/6, for 1/9 yd.

Grafton Voiles and Radium Lawns, Latest stripe designs, 5½d, 6½d, 7¾d yd.

Beautiful Blouse Lengths, exquisitely embroidered and low-priced. Worth 4/11, for 2/11; worth 6/6, for 3/11; worth 7/6, for 4/11.

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Satin-faced Ribbon, 5in. wide, all colours, 3¾d yd.

Glace Silk Ribbon, 4in. wide, all colours, 4¾d yd.

Floral Ribbon, 5in. wide, 9¾d yd.; 7½in. wide, 1/3 yd.

Ladies' Lisle Gloves, all wanted colours, 6½d pr.

Ladies' White Lace Elbow Gloves, 9½d.

Ladies' Lisle Elbow Gloves, beaver or white, 1/- pr.

Ladies' White Kid Gloves, 3-button, black stitching, 1/6.

Ladies' Fawn Suede Gloves, 3-button, 1/9.

Child's Lisle Gloves, all colours, 3½d pr.

Ladies' Lace Elbow Mitts, black or white, 1/-.

Ladies' Fancy Parasols, 2/6.

Children's Fancy Parasols, 9d and 1/-.

Ladies' Floral Sunshades, 3/11.

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Beautiful Guipure Plastrons, worth 7½d, for 4½d; worth 9½d for 6d; worth 1/-, for 6½d; worth 1/6, for 8½d.

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