

GRIFF.

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Why Labour Ms.P. Get On.

By H. K. HOWELL, LL.D.

Youthful impressions are often the deepest, and in the romantic careers of British Labour legislators it is instructive to note how many of them have been largely influenced by early training in the Sunday School and in habits of temperance.

Mr. A. H. Gill, member for Bolton, regards his life-long total abstinence as one of the most helpful factors of his career. As a child of six, when he was earning a few pence by selling newspapers in the streets, he was an enthusiastic teetotaler;

ness, who, when quite a boy, was strongly impressed by the degradation and misery caused by drink, and resolutely set himself to fight it.

"My teetotalism," he says, "has been of great help to me in life. It has given me



CHILDREN'S NO-LICENSE DEMONSTRATION—SECTION OF THE MASS MEETING IN THE SYDNEY DOMAIN, SHOWING ONE OF THE THREE PLATFORMS.

In an eloquent and touching tribute to his mother, Mr. Will Crooks says:—

"I owe it to her wise training that I have been a teetotaler all my life. I owe it to her that I was saved from becoming a little wastrel on the streets; for, as a Christian woman, she kept me at the Sunday School and took me regularly to the Congregational Church where I had been baptised."

and it was a proud day for him when he became a full-fledged member of the Band of Hope. When he was fifteen he was promoted to the honourable post of secretary; and he says, "This work had a definite influence for good on my career, for I have been a total abstainer ever since."

Equally decided is the testimony of Mr. Charles Duncan, M.P. for Barrow-in-Fur-

influence among working-men, for they respect a teetotaler, and like to feel that their interests are being looked after by one who can be relied upon to keep a clear head."

Mr. D. J. Shackleton, member for Clitheroe, has been a life-long abstainer and a non-smoker; although, as he says, "I am not blindly prejudiced against those who use

wine and tobacco in moderation. At the same time, it has never been demonstrated that a healthy man requires either the stimulating effects of the former or the soothing influences of the latter. To be a teetotaler is half the battle toward winning the respect and confidence of the working-man."

Mr. Arthur Henderson is equally ardent in his advocacy of temperance.

"Time was," he says, "when a teetotaler was looked upon as a chap of no pluck, a molly-coddle sort of fellow; but that idea has long since been exploded, and to-day I have no hesitation in saying that the best credentials to the respect of one's fellows and to influence over them is the 'Blue Ribbon.' I will also say this, and I say it with all the emphasis that I can command, that the working-man who is a total abstainer stands a far better chance of getting on than even the most temperate and moderate of drinkers."

And similar evidences might be largely multiplied, for it is a significant fact that, with very few exceptions, the British Labour members are almost all life-long abstainers, and attribute to this fact much of the success they have attained in life.

Very many of them, too, have been closely identified from their early years with the Sunday School and with Church work. Mr. John Johnson, M.P. for Gateshead, always declares that he got his first "lift up" when he became a Primitive Methodist as a lad of fifteen.

"I simply cannot," he says, "over-estimate the influence for good the Primitive Methodists I met had upon me. I found their teaching the strongest possible incentive to trying to improve myself, not only mentally, but morally. Altogether, what I am to-day I owe to Primitive Methodism." As a very young man he became a lay preacher; and in the pulpit developed that gift of speech which has done him and the cause he champions such excellent service.

Mr. John Wilson, who represents Mid-Durham in Parliament, received his first impetus in the Sunday School, his connection with which had a romantic beginning. He was working with another boy in a seam, half-way down a coal-mine, and his companion was just about to step into the cage to go to the top, when the engineer, mistaking the signal, began to hoist away.

"My companion," says Mr. Wilson, "would have been dashed to the bottom had I not managed to catch hold of his coat and drag him into safety. His parents were very grateful to me, took me to live with them, introduced me to the Sunday School, and generally put me on the right path."

Mr. Arthur Henderson owes much, in addition to his teetotalism, to his training in a Wesleyan Sunday School, and to his work as a local preacher.

"This work," he says, "undoubtedly had a great influence on my career, not only as a factor in the strengthening and development of my moral character, but in fitting me for the public life I was destined to lead."

Mr. William Brace, (South Glamorgan-shire) has for many years of his life been an enthusiastic Sunday School teacher and lay-preacher; indeed, it is one of the chief regrets of his life that he did not qualify for the ministry.

Mr. J. W. Taylor, M.P. for Chester-le-Street, Durham, acknowledges that his great ambition as a youth was to go on the stage; "but," he continues, "I used the good singing voice which nature has given me, not in comic opera, or on the music-hall stage, but in Sunday School and in the praise of the Lord." He, too, has for many

years been a most welcome preacher in Primitive Methodist pulpits.

Mr. Walton Hudson, M.P. for Newcastle-on-Tyne, owes a great debt of gratitude to the Sunday School in which he received much of his education; and Mr. G. J. Wardle was for many years a Sunday School teacher and lay-preacher, until a throat trouble compelled him to abandon the work he loved.

It is interesting to note that the present House of Commons includes more preachers than any of its predecessors since the British Parliament was cradled; and at least forty of the present legislators in the Lower House have aired their eloquence in the pulpit, generally in an amateur capacity.

SIX HONEST MEN.

One dark, gloomy day a well-known literary light (right name, Sydney Porter; write name, O. Henry) brightened our office with this little ray of sunshine:

An effeminate young man daintily placed two cents on a drug-store counter and asked the clerk for a stamp. The clerk tore off one and slid it over to him. The young man drew an envelope from his pocket.

"Would you mind licking it for me and placing it on here?" he lisped.

"Sure," said the clerk, as he started to stamp the letter.

"Oh, stay!" cautioned the young man in great alarm. "Not that way, I beg of you. Kindly place the stamp with the top toward the outer edge of the envelope."

"Sure," said the obliging clerk. "But what in thunder's that for?"

"Why, you see," confided the youth blushing, "I'm a student in the Cosmopolitan Correspondence School and that's our college yell."

This pleased us so that we printed it in "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree," for June, giving Mr. Porter due credit for it under his write name. To show our appreciation further, we mailed him a cheque for 1.98 dollars, having deducted two cents, the price of the stamp referred to above, from our regular rate for such material.

The rest of the story is best told in the following letter to Mr. Ridgway from Mr. Robert H. Davis, who does ground-and-lofty thinking for an esteemed contemporary:

May 16, 1907.

Mr. E. J. Ridgway,
Everybody's Magazine,
Manhattan.

My dear Ridgway: The enclosed cheque for 1.98 dollars, drawn to the order of Sydney Porter and issued from your counting-room in payment of one joke ostensibly emanating from the said Porter, is herewith returned to you uncollected.

You will observe that this cheque contains seven indorsements, all of which is bound to fill you with wonderment—stupefaction, perhaps—that the cheque is not yet cashed.

The situation is this: Porter permitted the joke to escape in "Everybody's" office. It was printed in "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree," and payment was promptly made. Porter, having received the joke originally from Richard Duffy, sent the cheque on to Duffy. Duffy, affected by the unprecedented Porterism, indorsed it over to the writer, through whom it came to Duffy. The writer, greatly affected by the tidal wave of punctiliousness that seemed to have submerged Porter and Duffy, reluctantly passed it along to Bannister Merwin. And then the torrent of conscientiousness backed up, seeking its true source. From Merwin it went to Troy Kinney, from Troy Kinney to Alice Duer Miller, from Alice Duer Miller to Hamilton King. King affixed his signature and burst into tears. At this juncture all efforts to find the missing link failed.

The problem has become an issue. Perhaps governments may be drawn into it. Who can tell?

Somewhere the all-unconscious author of this classic may be in absolute want. It is not improbable that the 1.98 dollars will save him from going to work. The sires of some of our very best jokes are in need of

money most of the time. The waif must be brought back to its parent. It is your duty to set the wheels of your vast machine in motion to stir the pulse of the people and straighten this thing out.

No man has ever yet got on the trail of a joke and brought up anywhere in particular. Perhaps a corporation would succeed.

I speak for the six gentlemen and the one lady of record, who will be obliged if you will exhaust all honorable means to put the blame where it belongs, and to balm some willing hand with 1.98 dollars, which each and every one of us has possessed with momentary joy and reluctantly released.

Very truly yours,

R. H. DAVIS.

Let Diogenes anchor his tub in literary circles and behold—not one honest man, but six honest men and one honest woman! We take this occasion publicly to place on record our firm belief that even had the cheque called for the full 2 dollars, the result would have been the same.

But the great question still remains to be answered. Who is the man who told the joke to the man who told it to the man who told it to Mr. King? And who told it to that man? Wanted: information leading to the discovery of that man or his heirs. In the meantime we are holding 1.98 dollars in trust.

CAUSE AND RESULT.

(By J. M. CAMERON.)

About half a century ago there lived in a quiet glen in Perthshire, Scotland, John R., a first-class mechanic, handy at any kind of work, either in wood or iron. He was a regular church-goer, a great controversialist on knotty points of theology, and, on the whole, a man much respected in the community.

The market-town was about three or four miles away, and it was a common thing for him to leave his work, and, from sheer force of habit, even when he had nothing special calling him there, to go to market every Thursday.

In his workshop J. R. had a turning lathe, which was driven by waterpower, and he was known to be an expert at the art of turning. Usually he worked in his factory all alone. One day, getting home from market about mid-afternoon, he took off some of his good clothes, but did not exchange all, nor did he take off his tie and collar, but went to his shop, turned on the water, and started the lathe. The older people who read this will remember when it was all the fashion to wear a black silk tie of exquisite quality with long ends hanging down in front. Such a tie my friend wore on that day. Unfortunately it was common for almost all who went to market to visit the tavern and partake more or less of liquor. So J. R. had done that day, and, although he was not intoxicated, he had been drinking and was not so clear in his head nor so steady on his feet as he should have been. What was the result? Stooping forward and pressing the turning chisel up against the wood which he was fashioning, while it was rapidly revolving in the lathe, the long ends of his silken tie were caught, and some time afterwards he was found, the machine still going, and he was drawn up close to the revolving wheel and strangled, his eyes starting almost from their sockets.

"Papa," said small Elmer, "I know why some pistols are called horse pistols."

"Well, my boy, why are they so called?" asked his father.

"Because they kick," replied the little philosopher.

Landlady: "I'm sorry to say, sir, that the coffee is exhausted."

Lodger: "I'm not surprised. It has been so very weak lately."

What will Take the Place?

MARY WOOD-ALLEN, M.D.

In spite of the efforts of scientists, who have studied the effect of alcohol upon the human body, to spread that knowledge among the people generally, there still remain many who imagine alcohol to be an efficient medicine, especially in cases of fainting or collapse, and who, desiring not to use it, ask earnestly what will take its place.

So great is the faith of the people in the efficacy of alcohol, that even temperance reformers have been known to keep the brandy bottle in the medicine chest, believing that there was no remedy that would take its place in a sudden emergency. They knew it to be a poison, but many accepted remedies are also poisons,—such as scrychnine, belladonna, aconite—and if these are worthy of a place in the home medicine cabinet, why should alcohol be tabooed?

More Apparent than Real.

The medical profession by prescribing alcohol, has helped to maintain the general faith in its efficacy, and in cases of fainting, shock, or collapse, the minds of the doctors, as well as the laity, turn at once to alcohol as a quick restorer of life. Its



CHILDREN'S NO-LICENSE DEMONSTRATION PROCESSION PASSING HYDE PARK.

action seems so prompt and efficacious, that it is not strange if frightened and bewildered friends grasp at that remedy which has been so universally endorsed and apparently with such good reason. To refuse to employ it seems almost like the drowning man's refusing to grasp the hand held out to save him because that hand was stained with crime.

If we could, in some way, be made to know, that the good effects of alcohol are more apparent than real, we would have less hesitancy in refusing its aid. If the hand held out to the drowning man offered only a pretence of assistance, it would not seem so unwise to refuse its proffer of help.

What Actually Happens.

Let us consider the physical condition of the person who is in a state of fainting, collapse, or shock, and then we will better understand what remedies are applicable, taking for our guide only the visible symptoms.

We see at once that there is a cessation of normal functions. There is a small pulse, coldness, loss of speech, or of entire consciousness. The friends are alarmed, for it

seems to them as if immediate death were portending, and the impulse is to do something, to give something that shall quickly call the vital forces into activity, and so restore the individual to his normal state.

Alcohol is given under the supposition that it increases the vital force, and it almost seems as if it really did. The heart begins to beat and consciousness returns. Well, then, has not alcohol been beneficial?

It has seemed to help the heart, but what has been its real action? Its apparent benefit has been the result of its paralysing influence. The nerves that regulate the rhythm of the heart have lost their power, and the heart beats faster but wildly and with diminished force. Its capacity for work is lessened, so that Dr. Kellogg is surely justified in his statement that "In cases of heart failure or collapse alcohol does far more harm than good."

No Real Danger.

The reason we rush for alcohol is that we are in too big a hurry; we are too anxious; we have too little faith in nature. The statement of the most competent physicians is that in ninety-five cases out of

around the patient, and hot water or hot milk given to drink. The sudden quick application of heat over the heart will often start it beating with more vigour. Ammonia is a very volatile stimulant, and can be administered in the form of the old-fashioned smelling salts, though care must be taken not to hold the salts for too long a time to the nose, as inflammation of the nose and throat might result. Aqua ammonia may be given internally, eight or ten drops in a half cup of hot water.

Do Not Forget.

During the collapsed state there has been a stoppage of vital activity. It should be remembered that when the vital forces begin to rally there will be what is called a reaction, which will be indicated by a feverish condition. If alcohol has been administered, this reaction will be greater than is normal or desirable. It will be evident, therefore that the remedy has brought about a condition which is injurious, or which may even be seriously harmful.

The fact that some railroad companies have sent out directions to their employees not to give alcohol in any form to persons suffering from shock resulting from injuries, indicates that the true effects of alcohol are beginning to be understood.

In cases of hemorrhage from any cause, alcohol is especially dangerous because of its paralysing effects on the nerves which govern the calibre of the blood vessels.

One thought I desire especially to emphasise is that drugs never cure disease. All that they can do is in some way to arouse the vital powers to activity, and if these powers can be induced to act without drugs, the patient is so much the better off, because he does not afterwards have to get rid of the drug, or overcome its poisonous effects.

GYMNASTICS FOR THE DRUNK.

POLICE SURGEON'S TEST PROBABLY TOO DIFFICULT FOR THE SOBER.

It would appear that only a trained gymnast is safe when tests for drunkenness are going on at Shepherd's Bush. At any rate, this is suggested by evidence offered at West London recently, when George Richard Banham, 28, a chaffeur, of 26a Clarges-street, Piccadilly, was charged with being drunk while in charge of a motor-car. A constable said the defendant's car collided with a brewer's dray in Shepherd's Bush-road on Friday night, and witness, thinking he was drunk, took him to the station. There he was seen by Dr. Barnes, the police surgeon, who certified that he was "drunk, and unfit to drive a motor-car." Forty minutes later he was seen by another doctor—Dr. Martin, called at his own request, who certified that he "was recovering from being under the influence of drink."

In answer to Mr. Pierron, for the defence, the officer said both doctors applied the same tests to the defendant, making him walk along a line, etc.

Mr. Pierron: They asked him to sit on the floor, put his hands behind his back, and then get up without touching anything? Yes.

And he said he could not do that whether he was drunk or sober?—Yes.

Mr. Pierron: Do you think you could do it?—I've never tried—it's doubtful.

Mr. Pierron: I am sure I couldn't do it.

The defendant denied the charge, and said he had driven a party from Goodwood races that day, and all he had to drink was a glass of champagne and a couple of "small Bass's. He was remanded on his own recognisances for the attendance of a witness.

Talk about People

Carnegie's Big Gift.

Having given away several fortunes for free libraries for the people, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the Scottish-American manufacturer, who now resides at Skibo Castle, Sutherland has turned his attention to the King's Hospital Fund.

It was announced last month that the Bank of England has received from Mr. Andrew Carnegie the munificent donation of £100,000 for the King Edward's Hospital Fund for London.

The gift is made unconditionally. Mr. Carnegie expresses the desire that it should be used as seems best, adding, however, "the more strenuously for reform the better."

Visitors of the Duchess.

The Duchess of Marlborough has abandoned her proposed trip to the United States this autumn in order to further several pet schemes in her slum work, one of which is to equip a home where the wives of prisoners may obtain work in sewing and washing. The Duchess intends to have them trained to do the best laundering and fine sewing, and hopes to induce her friends to send their work to her home.

"I have secured a house adjoining a day nursery, which I established for the children of prisoners, and it will be equipped and in working order in the next two months.

"When finished I hope to have the two homes dedicated by the Bishop of London. This work is worthy and interesting. I spend part of every day here, so I cannot go to the United States now, when there is all this work and the women to be attended to. I do not leave any of these things to others; I attend to all myself."

The Salvation Army's Energetic General.

At seventy-eight years of age General Booth takes no exercise except on the platform. When at home he rises every morning at six, prepares and drinks a cup of strong tea, and sits down to the labours of the day. He has no desk, and writes with a quill pen in a small, firm, and rapid hand. No fresh venture or change in the Salvation Army can proceed without his consent, and, as he is ever planning new schemes and enters into the most trifling details of matters laid before him, his daily task is anything but small. At eight o'clock he breakfasts. This meal he likes to eat in solitude. Before this hour early trains have brought officers with documents for him to sign, or requests for instructions, and the most important of these he considers whilst at his frugal repast. Immediately after breakfast—which usually lasts twenty minutes—the General being a rapid eater—the household is summoned to prayers.

Fifty Years of Cricket.

It is just fifty years since Mr. W. G. Grace made his first bow to the world of cricketers. "Then," he says, "I began playing for the West Gloucestershire Club, in which my father was the leading spirit. Of course, I used to go in last; and if I got a run or two I thought I was very lucky. As early as 1857 I played three or four innings for the West Gloucestershire Club. I was then only a boy of nine, and I couldn't be expected to do very much against the elevens we played, which were composed of grown-up men." Two years later, while still only eleven, this phenomenal boy was holding his own with the best gentlemen cricketers of the time, "many of them Varsity men and capital players." In one match in the year 1860 he went in eighth and added thirty-five before stumps were drawn. "My father and mother were

delighted," he recalls, "and both were very proud next day when I carried my score on to fifty-one."

Lord Ashton's Vast Income.

Lord Ashton is one of the wealthiest men in the peerage, deriving an immense income, reputed to be £250,000 a year, from the carpet and linoleum works established by his father at Lancaster. His peerage is a creation of Mr. Gladstone's, and he has helped the Liberal Party very materially in Lancashire, for it is said that a few years ago he paid the election expenses of all his party candidates in the county who needed such aid. He has given very generously, too, of his fortune to schemes for the benefit of the town of Lancaster, where his thousands of workers live. Lord Ashton has no son to succeed him, so that his daughter, who is married to the Hon. William Peel, eldest son of Viscount Peel, may be looked upon as one of our great heiresses. On her marriage her father settled £30,000 a year upon her.

Kisses as Counsel's Fees.

Like Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Stanley Weyman, and other popular authors, Sir W. S. Gilbert can look back on several unprofitable years in wig and gown. "I don't suppose," Sir William confesses, "that I got more than a dozen briefs altogether, and some of them were purely honorary. My first client was a Frenchman, who was charged with some offence or other—I forget what. Somehow I managed to pull him through, and his delight was so exuberant that he rewarded my advocacy with two hearty salutes, one on each cheek, before the whole Court, and that was the only fee I got from him. Another client, a lady charged with picking pockets, was not equally grateful, for all the fee I got from her was one of her boots, which she hurled—happily with poor aim—at my head as she left the dock."

Dr. F. H. Cowen and "The Better Land."

Dr. F. H. Cowen, the famous composer, was a young man of only twenty-five when he wrote the music of "The Better Land"; he is now over fifty. During the intervening years he has written much beautiful music, but it is doubtful whether anything from his pen has obtained the world-wide renown of this simple ballad. It was written in an hour or two on the suggestion of the late Mme. Antoinette Sterling. Dr. Cowen was calling one day upon the popular vocalist, when she read Mrs. Hemans's poem to him, saying she thought it would make a beautiful song for her. When the score was sent to her next morning, Mme. Sterling liked it so much that she offered to buy the copyright from the composer—an unusual course for a singer to take; but to this Dr. Cowen, fortunately for himself, would not agree.

Rector's Round-the-World Tour.

The well-known and popular rector of All Souls' Church, Langham Place, London—the Rev. F. S. Webster—has recently started off on a tour round the world.

Mr. Webster is one of a deputation of two sent by the Keswick Missionary Council to attend four missionary conventions in China, at the request of the English missionaries in that country.

The rector intends to travel by way of Siberia, and will probably return through Japan, Vancouver, Quebec and Liverpool, so that he will practically "put a girdle round the globe."

Our readers will remember that the Rev.

F. S. Webster is one of the founders of the Semi-Teetotal League, and he is also (what is perhaps less generally known) the brother of Lord Alverstone, the Lord Chief Justice, who was Sir Richard Webster.

The Baby of the English Team.

Mr. J. N. Crawford, the Surrey cricketer who was picked to play against the South Africans, and who is coming to Australia, is the greatest young cricketer we have had for at least twenty years. He comes of a cricketing family, V. F. S. and R. T. Crawford, of Leicestershire, being his brothers, while his father, the Rev. J. C. Crawford, chaplain of Cane Hill Asylum, played for the Kent eleven years ago. He first played for Surrey when he was seventeen, scoring 54 in his first innings.

Why the Young Man Was Simple.

Many stories have been told concerning Count Constantine Nigra, the famous Italian diplomatist, who died a few days ago, but none of them are so interesting as that which tells of the manner in which he first entered upon a diplomatic career. Count Nigra was originally a minor official at Piedmont, his chief occupation being to arrange the books and documents in the registry. One evening Count Cavour asked the director of the registry if he could lend him one of his clerks to accompany him to Paris. "The only one I have," said the director, "is the young man at the top of the ladder; he is, however, very simple and inexperienced." "That does not matter at all," said Cavour; "the stupider the better." Nigra travelled with Cavour to Paris as his secretary. After some days Cavour said: "To-night I must compose a Note to the Powers; it will, however, be late when I return, but you must remain up for me." Upon Cavour's return he found the Note already written. He read it as composed by Nigra without altering it. "This is well, young man," he said; "but how is it that you were described to me as simple?" Nigra answered, "Excellency, no one has hitherto demanded any intelligence from me." Cavour said, "You have a decided talent for diplomacy, and I shall keep you in my service."

Mr. Choate's Latest Story.

Mr. Joseph Choate, the famous American lawyer, has added another good story to his already large store. It concerns an incident which happened when he was acting as United States Ambassador to Great Britain. "There was a certain club," he says, "which did not permit gambling or tipping of servants. Four members, at a loss one night for something to do, decided to have a quiet game of bridge—a small game—half a crown a hundred, or something of the sort. So they sought out a secluded corner and fell to. Soon, though, they noticed one of the club waiters hovering around them, casting stern and suspicious glances at their table. He was a veteran waiter, a club landmark, and they grew a little alarmed. He might tell. Finally they called the man over. 'Joseph,' said one of the men, a well-known General, 'what you suspect is true. We are gambling. And we want you to keep mum. After all, Joseph, you have been with the club a good while, and I don't suppose this is the first time you have seen the rules broken.' 'General,' said Joseph, quietly, 'I have served the club forty-seven years, and I have seen, sir, every rule broken but one.' 'And what one is that?' 'The one, sir, against tipping the club waiters.' Joseph then had the pleasure of seeing that rule broken too."

The Young Man at His Worst

By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON.

At what age is a young man most foolish? It is difficult for a grown man to form a good opinion of a young man's worst age, because a full-grown man only mixes with full-grown men, and because, during youth, youths go about only with youths of their own age. Consider, for example, the vast difference between Sixteen and Eighteen. Sixteen thinks Eighteen an ass—a stuck-up ass; Eighteen thinks Sixteen an ass—a silly young ass.

They are both right.

We may start at between sixteen and seventeen to search for a young man's worst age. That is the period at which he begins to resent being called a boy—in itself a sign that at this age he is peculiarly obnoxious. He usually leaves school at about this time, buys an unnecessary razor and a painful collar, and learns to hate himself when he blushes—a habit to which he is prone.

Sixteen is at war with the world. He resents the gross familiarity of "kids" of fifteen and loathes the superciliousness of sidey hounds of eighteen.

He is uncivil to the kids, because he wishes to keep them in their place, and to the sidey hounds because he wants to show them that he is as good a man as they, despite the fact that, owing to his father's brutal nature, he still has to do his smoking behind a hedge. He has no ideas upon any subject under the sun, and the book-knowledge that he has learnt at school he keeps carefully veiled under the pretence that he has "forgotten all that long ago." He is not really a young man at all, but you have to count him because he has left school—or is just leaving school—and is beginning to be "asked out."

We come to Eighteen. Eighteen is far cleverer than he ever again will be until he is about twenty-seven. He is not really qualified to teach his grandmother how to suck eggs, but he thinks that what he does not know is not worth knowing, and (provided you have a sufficiently thick skin) that is a supremely delightful state of mind. As a rule Eighteen has a thick skin. It is a merciful provision of nature that so often goes with a thick head.

He has a quick eye for a pretty face, and he likes its owner to be some years older than himself; a flirtation with a woman of thirty appears to Eighteen to have a dash of dark wickedness about it, and when there is anything mildly wicked going around Eighteen is always there or thereabouts. He prefers it in that way.

Unlike Sixteen, Eighteen has ideas on every subject under the sun. If he always thought the precise opposite to what he says, and if he always did exactly the reverse of what he advises, he would be a remarkably clever young man.

Nineteen, far from having a thick skin, is abnormally sensitive. The person who dares to hint that he is not a man is his enemy for life. His personal appearance is to him a matter of continual vexation and a source of infinite pain. He is not necessarily foppish, but he is at the age when deportment is ruled by hide-bound laws—to break any one of which is to put yourself outside the pale of decent society.

Thus he would far sooner put a rope around his neck than a turn-down collar; to go to a meeting of any kind at which he is the only man with a tail-coat, or the only man without a tail-coat, throws him into an ecstasy of anguish. He imagines, in fine, that the eyes of the whole world are upon him, ready and longing to break into sparkles of mirth at his first step from what he considers the orthodox.

Nineteen is growing every minute of the day, with the consequence that he is for ever looking back in horror at what with perfect

aplomb he did half-an-hour earlier. He does one thing to-day, supremely confident that it is brave and swagger, and to-morrow shudders at the recollection of it and wonders how on earth he could have done such a thing. His life, in its way, is as terrible as that of Sixteen.

Twenty, Twenty-one, Two, Three, and Four are much of a muchness. They are more bearable than their brothers of nineteen and younger, because they have become accustomed to being young men and have learned to conduct themselves with more or less seemliness. The condition of young manhood is rather like the sensations of an Englishman putting on kilts for the first time. He is awkward and awful until he becomes accustomed to the feeling.

Young men are awkward and awful until they become accustomed to being young men. With a little patience and making of allowances they are then bearable, but it is a bright and happy day for them and for all who know them when they shake off the young man characteristics and begin to develop sense.

My own conclusion is that there is no worst age for a young man. He is always worst. He is "a hobbledehoy" twixt a man and a boy, and that settles him.

A TOUCHING DOG STORY.

The following touching dog story appears in the "Animals' Friend":—

A dog was sold by a collier for money to feed his starving family, and the new owner, who had taken the dog to his home by train, found it impossible to keep him from moping.

One day the two went for a walk. Observing the dog's sadness, the new owner sat down and looked into his face. "Tim," said he, pointing westward, "you are a long, long way from your old home, and if the distance were not so great I would release you and give you free leave to return to the friends you love." To his astonishment the dog got up, wagged his tail, barked, and showed a new joy in his eyes. Next he came and licked his master's hand, trotted off a little way, turned around, gave a joyous bark, then made off at a trot in the direction that had been pointed out. It was in vain to shout and whistle. The dog disappeared over the horizon, and was seen no more.

About three weeks after a letter came from a friend living near the collier, stating that as he was passing his house the man had stopped him and said that Tim had come home again. Seeing that he was doubted, the man invited him in, and there was Tim lying at the feet of a sick child. The dog had been hers, and after its loss she pined so much that the doctor gave up hope of her life. But one day she cried for joy, for Tim, just able to crawl, returned to her. The poor creature was lifted to her bed, and from that moment she grew better. The father said he would never part with the dog again. It is pleasant to know that the new owner did not require it, but forgave the debt, and added something else besides.

THE NEED OF THE HOUR.

Great is our heritage of hope, and great The obligation of our civic fate. Fling forth the triple-coloured flag to dare The bright, untravelled highways of the air.

Blow the undaunted bugle, blow, and yet Let not the boast betray us to forget, For there are high adventures for this hour,

Tourneys to test the sinews of our power.



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BRANCHES ALL SUBURBS.

For we must parry—as the years increase—
The hazards of success, the risks of peace!

What need we, then, to guard and keep us whole?
What do we need to prop the state? We need

The fine audacities of honest deed;
The homely, old integrities of soul;
The swift temerities that take the part
Of outcast Right—the wisdom of the heart.

Brave hopes that Mammon never can detain,
Nor sully with his gainless clutch for gain.

We need the Cromwell fire to make us feel
The public honour or the public trust
To be a thing as sacred and august
As some white altar where the angels kneel.

We need the faith to go a path untrod,
The power to be alone and vote with God.

—Edwin Markham.

THE CURSE OF THE LYGONS.

Earl Beauchamp was at one time another man who was not expected to marry, but in his case it was the family curse which made him chary of embarking on the venture. At least, that is what he used to tell people.

The wealth of the Lygons, tradition says, came from the spoils of the Church, and the Church, as it has done in other historic cases, retaliated by affixing a ban to the plundered money. In this particular case the curse was that no eldest son of an eldest son should ever be lord of Madresfield Court, the Lygons' family seat.

The late earl was, of course, a second son, but the present earl is his eldest; therefore, of course, the curse will fall, if it does fall, upon his firstborn, Viscount Elmley, who is now four years old.

Our Opium Trade,

And What the British Government is Doing to End It.

There seems to be a very wide spread impression that the movement against the opium traffic is making satisfactory progress, and that the connection of our country with this evil trade will soon be ended. There would, indeed, be cause for national rejoicing if this were so; but it is very far otherwise.

WHAT ARE THE FACTS?

We cannot have a better authority than the Right Hon. John Morley, the Secretary of State for India. What does he say? On the 26th of February, in answer to Sir Henry Cotton's question—whether he could give any indication of the amount of the reduction of the area of the cultivation of poppy which is likely to be affected next year—Mr. Morley said:—

"It has been decided to restrict the area next year to 562,500 acres. In the current year the area is 595,500 acres. For the five preceding years it averaged 605,000 acres."

Mr. Morley's statement lacks nothing in clearness: the acreage under poppy cultivation for the five previous years averaged 605,000 acres; the area for next year (April 1st, 1907, to March 31st, 1908) will be 562,500; the extent of the reduction will therefore be 42,500 acres.* Viewed by itself, a large area certainly; but viewed in comparison with the 562,500 remaining under poppy, what does it show? It shows that after an annual reduction at this rate for 14 years we should not have fully cleared the area, but should even then have 10,000 acres under poppy cultivation.

But 14 years is the full lifetime of two Administrations. If the present Government should continue in office for its full time—say, six years longer—how would the acreage under poppy stand then? At the rate of reduction Mr. Morley has announced for next year, we should have, six years hence, 350,000 acres under the poppy.

What can be said for such a reduction as that?

"Well, it's a beginning." Yes, it is; and a very sorry beginning.

What will the Government of China think of it? The Government of China will think of the 562,500 acres still left under the poppy, and will know where the produce of that great area will chiefly go.

In view of the recent condemnation of the trade by the House of Commons; in view of the resolute determination of China to stop the use of opium; in view of his own speech last May, what can Mr. Morley himself think of such a reduction?

What can the Prime Minister and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and the other members of the Government think of it?

What can the Christian men and women of Great Britain think of it?

What can the electorates of Great Britain think of it?

Many of them know that in former years the following and other members of the present Government declared by their vote

*Mr. Morley stated last December that the number of chests of opium in store was 76,059. The number of chests for export was fixed in 1901 at 48,000. The enormous reserve stock therefore represented an ample supply for export for a year and a-half—a sufficient reason—apart from other considerations, for reducing the area.

The difficulties in the way of the immediate suppression of the opium traffic are not ignored; they are freely admitted; but the difference between its abolition by what is called "a stroke of the pen" and the suppression of one 14th next year, is the difference between men solemnly in earnest in the cause of humanity and justice, and men who do not adequately realise the suffering, the sin, and the national dishonour consequent on each year's maintenance of the odious traffic.

"that the system by which the Indian opium revenue is raised is morally indefensible": The Lord Chancellor (Lord Loreborn—Sir Robert Reid), the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Asquith), the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (Sir Edward Grey), the Secretary of State for the Home Department (Mr. H. Gladstone), the Secretary of State for India (Mr. John Morley), the President of the Board of Trade (Mr. Lloyd-George), the Chief Secretary for Ireland (Mr. A. Birrell).

What can these and other members of the Government think of the enormous area still under the poppy, and of this inadequate reduction for next year?

Will they say, "We admit the morally indefensible character of the opium trade, and we know that we are responsible for what is done in India, but we cannot govern India without the revenue from the opium traffic?"

Will they and their colleagues say:—

"We know that we are the rulers of a nation with wealth and Empire such as nation never had. Our national revenue exceeds £140,000,000. A single penny in the pound income tax produces more than £2,500,000. Our territory is more than 11,000,000 square miles; but before the world we declare that we cannot afford to give up the revenue of about £3,000,000 obtained from a traffic which is ruining millions of the people of China and of the East. We hope to do without it—but give us time; we may by our delay be alienating the Government and people of China; we may be ruining the prospects of British commerce with China; we may be incurring the scorn of the civilised world—but give us time?"

This is practically the position taken by the British Government. But people who judge by a different standard want to know if we are to leave off wrong-doing by instalments extending over 14 years. They put the case thus: "If a thief proposed to become honest bit by bit and asked for ten years in which to complete the reformation, what should we say?"†

A reading correspondent of the "Christian Union" writes:—

"I was thankful for the slight step taken by the Government in the right direction last spring, but felt it was utterly inadequate. God says to us, 'Cease to do evil, learn to do well'; and we say, through our rulers, to the victim of our covetousness and now the active participant in sin, 'if you take steps for your own deliverance from the toils in which we have bound you, we will consider what we can do not to make it impossible for you to get relief.' That, or even less than that, seems all that we have said at present. I sometimes think that God will not allow us to gain relief from our internal troubles, e.g., intemperance, etc., while this national iniquity is continued."

Another correspondent writes:—

"With what warranty can the English people look for God's blessing—on measures brought forward by their own representatives for their deliverance from many inequalities—while they coldly ignore this unparalleled sin towards China? Financial considerations can be pleaded for its continuance only under the implicit assumption that England's trust is in Mammon."

These are the views of tens of thousands of the Christian people of Great Britain and Ireland, and no Government, however large its majority, can afford to disregard them.

The British Government has to choose between an unworthy policy, full of danger to itself, and to the best interests of the Empire, or a course of action that would give it an immortality of honour.

The people of Great Britain have to choose—and that choice with all that it involves, is nothing less than between God and Mammon.

The issues involved by the prolongation of our opium traffic are awfully solemn. We have it on the authority of the Government of China that 125,000,000 of the Chinese are addicted to the opium habit. What this means of human misery for even one year no words can tell.

No legislation the Government can undertake, however beneficent, can balance the inhumanity and injustice of needless delay in suppressing our opium traffic.

If Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Morley—who, by their official position, are chiefly responsible—would resolve that this hideous traffic shall cease at the earliest moment possible, they would have the thanks, not only of the nation, but of China, and of the whole civilised world. The reproach of this sin would be wiped away, and in a thousand ways we should speedily see how true it is that "Righteousness exalteth a nation."

Who will not pray that they and their colleagues may rise to the height of their great opportunity?—B. Broomhall.

A QUIANT BOY.

Once upon a time two lads in the north of England heard a bellman announce a teetotal meeting. This was a new thing. "Let us go and hear all about it," said the lads; so they went off to the meeting.

The speaker was a plain, homely, but persuasive man. The lads were convinced under his words, and signed the pledge. One of them went home, and told his mother what he had done; she called him "stupid." When he went to his work, he told the men what he had done; and they said, in return, that he would soon be dead. Men could not live without beer, that was certain; and the sooner he took his beer, the better.

But he kept his pledge, and thought. Remembering that the paupers in the workhouse had no beer, he started off, saw the master, and solemnly asked him whether the paupers died when they got no beer? The master laughed, and told him that people came there through drinking beer, and did not die, so far as he knew, when they could not get it.

"Ah," said the men, "It's no use talking; you'll die if you don't take beer."

The inquiring youth was not going to be beaten. Off he started to the gaol one day, and craved permission to see the governor. When he did so, he quietly asked him how many prisoners died through not having beer. The governor was much interested in the lad, inquired his reason for asking such a curious question, and ended by taking the boy over the prison, relating to him the dreadful histories of some of the prisoners, and advised him to keep his pledge. He also gave the lad a good dinner, and sent him away with a glad heart. That was forty years ago, and the lad is to this day a staunch teetotaler.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

Several persons, among them a Quaker, were crossing the Alleghany Mountains in a stage-coach. A lively discussion arose on the subject of temperance and the liquor traffic.

One of the company remained silent. After enduring it as long as he could, he said:

"Gentlemen, I want you to understand that I am a liquor dealer. I keep a public-house at ———; but I would have you to know that I have a license, and keep a decent house. I don't keep loafers and loungers about my place, and when a man has

enough he can get no more at my bar; I sell to decent people, and do a respectable business."

He thought he had put a quietus on the subject, and that no answer could be given.

Not so. The Quaker said:

"Friend, that is the worst part of thy business. If thee would sell to drunkards and loafers, thee would help to kill off the race, and society would be rid of them. But thee takes the young, the poor, the innocent, and the unsuspecting, making drunkards and loafers of them. When their character and money are all gone thee kicks them out, and turns them over to other shops to finish off; and thee ensnares others and sends them on the same road to ruin."

WHY I AM AGAINST LIQUOR.

By WILFRED T. GRENFELL, M.D.

Dr. Grenfell, the medical missionary to the fishermen of the Labrador coast, gives strong reasons for his uncompromising enmity to drink:

The reasons why I have no use for alcoholic beverages on sea or on shore are so numerous that it would be impossible to detail them all. My standpoint is simply that liquor is unnecessary and bad. It is a help only to thieves and robbers, and I have seen them use it over and over again as a means to lure the fisherman and sailor to his destruction. Saloons and haunts of vice swarm around most seaports, and it is as easy for the liquor sellers to prey on the newly landed sailor, with his pocket full of money, his generous and simple nature, and his lack of friends in a strange place, as it is for any other vultures to prey on carrion.

How many times have I seen our poor fellows robbed of their money, of their self-respect, and even of their lives by the liquor-seller. Alcohol is not now allowed to be sold on any part of the coast on which we are working, but so surely as it comes, and an illicit sale begins, one sees its evil results as quickly as if, instead of alcohol, it had been the germ of diphtheria or small-pox. Lying at my anchors in Labrador harbours, women have come off to the ship after dark, secretly, for fear of being seen, to ask me for God's sake to try and prevent its being sold near them, as their sons and husbands were being debauched, and even their girls were in danger of worse than death.

I have seen it come among the Eskimos. It kills our natives as arsenic kills flies, and it robs them of everything that would differentiate them as human beings from the beasts.

Why don't I want to see liquor used at sea? Because when I go down for a watch below, I want to feel that the man at the wheel sees only one light when there is only one light to see; that when the safety of the ship and all it carries depends on the cool head, the instant resolve, and the steady hand of the helmsman, there is not standing there in place of the man, the poor, debased creature that all the world has seen alcohol create—even out of such gifted men as Burns and Coleridge and hosts of others.

I have seen ships lost through collision because the captain has been taking a "little alcohol." I have had to tell a woman that she was a widow, and that her children were fatherless, because her husband, gentle and loving and clean-living, had been tempted to take "a drop of alcohol" at sea, and had fallen over the side, drunk, and gone out into a drunkard's eternity. I have had to clothe children, and feed them when reduced to starvation, because alcohol had robbed them of a natural protector and all the necessities of life. I have had to visit in prison the victims of crime, caused as directly in honest men by alcohol as a burn is caused by falling into the fire.

Why do I not want alcohol as a beverage in a country where cold is extreme, exposure is constant, and physical conditions are full of hardship? Simply because I have seen men go down in the struggle for want of that natural strength which alcohol alone had robbed them of. The fishermen that I live among are my friends, and I love them as my brothers, and I do not think I am unnecessarily prejudiced or bigoted when I say that alcohol is inadvisable, after one has seen it robbing his best friends of strength, honour, reason, kindness, love, money, and even life.

During twenty years' experience on the sea and on the snow in winter—an experience coming after an upbringing in soft places—I have found that alcohol has been entirely unnecessary for myself. I have been doctoring sick men and women of every kind, and I have found that I can use other drugs of which we know the exact action, and which we can control absolutely with greater accuracy in cases of necessity for stimulating the heart. I contend we can get just as good results without it, and I always fear its power to create a desire for I have known no set of men happier and enjoying their lives more than the crews of my own vessel, and the many, many fishermen. It is not necessary for happiness, for men who, like ourselves, neither touch, taste, nor handle it.

I have seen men robbed in many ways, but they have been able, by the help of God, to wipe out any lasting results of such transient losses. But the robberies of alcohol are irremediable. I buried in a lonely grave on a projecting promontory, far down the coast of Labrador, a young girl of eighteen. She was someone's daughter and someone's sister. I had taken her aboard our little hospital ship for the last week of her life. She should have been alive to-day, but she had no desire to live. All that could possibly make life worth living for her had been robbed from her through the means of alcohol, and she could not face the home-going again.

If I ever have the opportunity given to me to say a word at any time or in any place which could help to inhibit the use of alcohol as a beverage, so long as I can stand upon my feet I shall be proud to get up and speak it.

FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS.

Some years ago a well-known minister was called to visit a member of his flock. It was a woman, and she was very ill indeed—so ill that for a long time her life was in extreme danger. There was little hope of her recovery.

She was not quite out of danger when the pastor visited her on the occasion here recorded.

When the visit was about to end she detained the pastor for a few minutes in such a way as to make it evident that some heavy sorrow pressed her.

At length she began by begging the minister most earnestly to try and do something to save her husband from ruin. Then she told him the following story:—

It appeared that some three weeks after her first illness her husband came home drunk, and in his mad intoxication turned her out of doors, with her infant, clad only in their night-dresses. The night was cold and wet, and she sought shelter with a neighbour. The shock was more than her frame could bear, and she went to bed with the long illness from which she was then recovering.

The man's name was on the books as a member of the church of which that minister had taken charge only a few months before.

He was greatly shocked at the revelation,

and felt humbled and disgraced. It was evident to him that something must be done, and that soon. But the question was what? What could he do? What should he do? He could exercise discipline upon that man and cut him off. His offence seemed to deserve nothing less.

The pastor went home to think and pray. That evening he asked himself what would his Lord do in such a case? He remembered how He had acted in the case of the erring, sinning woman brought into His presence by the Pharisees, and he recollected the words of Paul as we have them in Gal. vi. 1 in the Revised Version: "Brethren, even if a man be overtaken in any trespass, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in a spirit of meekness."

He resolved to see the erring brother, and, in Christ's name, seek to restore him. He found the man at home in a sullen mood, and apparently annoyed at the minister's presence, and unwilling to converse. It seemed as if he imagined that the man of God had come to rebuke him for his sin, and tell him that he was expelled from membership.

It was not long ere the minister was speaking to him in plain but firm and brotherly tones about his offences, and pointing out that his only chance of safety lay in total abstinence and Divine grace to enable him to keep his pledge, and thus master the liquor which had evidently, up to this point, mastered him.

Lifting his bent head, and looking across the table at the pastor, the man said, in a most bitter tone:

"I suppose, sir, you take an occasional glass of wine?"

"No, I do not," said the pastor.

"Did you ever do so?"

"Yes."

"Did it ever get the mastery of you?"

"No, never."

"Then why did you give it up?"

Fixing his eyes straight on the man the minister answered:

"I gave it up entirely for the sake of others. I ceased to take it that I might all the better help to save such men as you whom it had mastered."

It was enough. The shot had taken effect. The arrow had found its target. The blow had gone straight home. The Spirit of God was at work. The hard heart was softened, and the stubborn will was bent.

Those two men knelt together on that kitchen floor. Many years have passed since then. Both men are still living, both men are still abstainers, and both men are trying to live Christian lives and to tread in His footsteps who said:

"The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

OUR NEIGHBOUR.

He had a kind informal way
Of dropping in as he went by,
To ask how we had passed the night,
Or just to know the reason why
His friend had not attended post:
To share with us a bit of news;
To see our "Little Man's" new pets;
To help dispel a comrade's blues.

No wonder that we miss him now,
When he no longer passes by,
No more dispenses friendly news,
Or gives his ready sympathy.
No wonder that our eyes grow dim;
No wonder that we long to hear
A portion of the grief and loss
His sorrowing wife and children share.

'Twere passing strange did we not feel
An added impulse toward some deed
Of kindness unto a friend,
Of sympathy to those in need;
More readily stretch forth a hand;
More quickly hear the helpless cry
In memory of our neighbour, friend,
Who oft dropped in when going by.

—Gazelle Stevens Sharp.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1907.

A MAGNIFICENT VICTORY.

The results of the first Local Option poll are not yet complete, but the figures available fully justify the temperance party in claiming a magnificent victory. In this issue will be found a tabulated list of returns up to the time of going to press. It will be seen on reference to this that only nine electorates have so far carried continuance, 49 have carried reduction, whilst 32 have yet to send in full returns. Keen disappointment has been expressed in many quarters that no place has succeeded in carrying No-License, but when the magnitude of the task is considered, there should be no despair. Those electorates which have gone so close to the ideal deserve the warmest congratulations on their successful work. For a time it looked as though Gloucester was to have the honour of being the "Clutha" of New South Wales, but late returns have shown this to be unlikely. Richmond went very near closing the bars, being only a few votes short of the requisite three-fifths majority. For this achievement the lion's share of the credit is due to Mr. H. G. Payne, who has done yeoman service. Rous, Bathurst, Petersham, Burwood, and Gordon all did well, and with a continuance of their splendid organisation during the next three years, should win easily in 1910. Allowrie was indeed unfortunate. This electorate has been looked upon all along by those who knew it as one of the most likely to carry No-License. Fortune, however, seemed against it. There was no Parliamentary contest: a fact in itself sufficient to make the task of getting a large

poll a difficult one. Then the day of polling was ushered in with a howling gale, which blew without abatement over the greater part of the electorate during the day, and prevented very many voters from going to the poll. The surprise of the poll was the way in which the two Barrier electorates voted. This is the more remarkable when it is remembered that a few weeks since Mr. Judkins was refused a hearing in Broken Hill. The liquor party has been making a deal of capital out of the fact that the city electorates voted for continuance. But the decision in these places did not surprise those responsible for the organisation of the forces. There was practically no work done in these localities on behalf of No-License. It is very certain, however, that the vote for No-License would have been materially increased if it had been possible to educate the people on the subject. The total of 141,840 votes for No-License has far exceeded the most sanguine anticipations of those engaged in the fight, and they have every cause to go on with the work with increased vigour.

THE LESSONS OF THE POLL.

The greatest lesson taught by the campaign just closed is that in a good cause close and persistent organisation must win. In those places where there was a band of men and women who were prepared to give time and money to the endeavour to gain No-License the result of the poll has been satisfactory. It is true that in no electorate was the organisation perfect; but it is also true that those in authority made the very best use of the means at their disposal. The part that literature played in the fight was no mean one. The leaflets which were prepared by the Alliance were of inestimable value, touching as they did almost every phase of the subject. Another useful little bit of printed matter was the card which was got out instructing people how to vote. This was distributed at many polling booths, and there is little doubt that a large number of votes were gained by this means. One other thing which stands out prominently is the fact that the divisions allotted to the several organisers were much too large, and resulted in many places being altogether neglected. This was particularly the case in regard to the metropolitan division, where one man was supposed to organise no fewer than 39 electorates, besides attending to other onerous duties. To be effective, any future scheme should provide that these divisions should be made very much smaller, so that the work may be done more efficiently. Mention must also be made of the good accomplished by the circulation of "GRIT." Since its first publication at the beginning of April last, there have been over 200,000 copies of this paper sent into the homes of the people. That the work thus done has been appreciated is evidenced by the number of encouraging and congratulatory messages that have reached the proprietors. Taken all in all, the work of the campaign has been

well done, and too much praise cannot be given to those self-sacrificing men and women who worked early and late to bring about such gratifying results.

THE GENERAL ELECTIONS.

The elections have robbed the temperance party of many staunch friends in the Parliament. Without a doubt some of these men have suffered for their adherence to principle and right. They deserve, and most assuredly have, the deepest sympathy of all those who favour righteous government. The liquor party announced months ago that no effort would be spared to oust these gentlemen, and their efforts have been only too successful. The liquorites, however, could not have achieved this result single-handed. They chose to throw the weight of their influence into the scale with other reactionary forces, and thus gained the desired end. The punishment of these men for doing right should warn reformers that they must put all other considerations than those of high moral character aside when giving their support to candidates. If they do not, the enemies of right will take advantage of their apathy to foist upon the people some men whom the great majority of the voters could not welcome in their own homes. Character and ability are far above any considerations of party. A righteous man will do right irrespective of party; but an unrighteous man can never be depended upon in a crisis.

QUACKS AND THEIR NOSTRUMS.

Quite a little storm was raised in the House of Representatives the other day over the publication of Mr. O. C. Beale's report on patent medicines. One of the speakers went so far as to say that the publication of the document in question was a menace to the morals of the community. No opinion on this score can be offered by those who have not had an opportunity of perusing the report. It must be said, however, that it is time that steps were taken by those in power to prevent the exploitation of the public by the quacks who spend huge sums to advertise articles which in reality do more harm than good. It is not generally known how largely alcohol enters into the composition of some of these so-called medicines. One American production which has been very largely advertised in this State has more alcohol in it than many intoxicating beverages. Then there are others which have had an enormous popularity and sale, which have been proved upon analysis to contain nothing which could by any means be calculated to assist the sufferers whose ailments they are supposed to remove. But patent medicines are not the only dangers in this connection. The country is infested with charlatans who live upon the credulity of their dupes. These men (and women too) charge enormous fees for their advice and medicine, and too often lay themselves out to bring their "patients" back to them again and again. It is the duty of the Government to investigate these matters, and to use stringent measures to protect the public from the wiles of all those who live upon the misfortunes and deficiencies of others.

Local Option Poll Returns

Electorate.	Electors on Roll.	Votes Recorded.			Inf.	P.C. of Votes for N.-L.	Result	Electorate.	Electors on Roll.	Votes Recorded.			Inf.	P.C. of Votes for N.-L.	Result
		Con.	Red.	N.-L.						Con.	Red.	N.-L.			
ALBURY	6971	1556	640	1741	..	44.221	Red.	LANE COVE	10335	2186	1156	2628	..	37.704	Red.
ALEXANDRIA	8978	2874	1144	2100	110	34.324	Red.	LEICHHARDT	10332	3326	1470	3052	..	38.761	Red.
*ALLOWRIE	6872	817	185	1638	..	62.045	Red.	LIVERP'L PLAINS	7461	No Returns.			..		
ANNANDALE	9687	2460	1247	2703	..	42.168	Red.	THE MACQUARIE	9231	2897	757	2826	..	43.643	Red.
ARMIDALE	8570	2499	888	1303	..	00.000	Inc.	MAITLAND	7679	1912	551	1872	..	43.183	Red.
ASHBURNHAM	7791	2447	588	2257	..	42.649	Red.	MARRICKVILLE	9407	2591	877	2604	..	42.885	Red.
ASHFIELD	9670	2247	1081	2885	32	46.434	Red.	MIDDLE H'BOUR	12038	3528	1992	3218	..	36.747	Red.
BALMAIN	8168	2517	1364	1792	276	30.122	Red.	MONARO	5970	1370	327	1072	..	38.714	Red.
BATHURST	7051	2039	576	2355	..	47.384	Red.	MUDGE	7963	3213	968	1210	..	22.065	Con.
BEGA	7384	No Returns.			..			THE MURRAY	6820	343	115	223	..		Inc.
BELMORE	8068	3038	817	884	..	18.653	Con.	THE MUR'GEE	10309	3778	970	1800	..		Inc.
BELUBULA	7858	No Returns.			..			THE NAMOI	7350	No Returns.			..		
BINGARA	8761	No Returns.			..			NEWCASTLE	7375	2189	868	2049	..	40.129	Red.
BLAYNEY	7267	2183	518	2268	..	45.642	Red.	NEWTOWN	9169	No Returns.			..		
BOTANY	9203	2964	1173	2066	..	33.306	Red.	NORTH'BLAND	12256	559	67	784	..		Inc.
BROKEN HILL	8021	1818	113	2087	..	51.491	Red.	ORANGE	7687	1474	382	1852	..		Inc.
BURRANGONG	8213	888	89	733	..		Inc.	PADDINGTON	9365	2411	1512	1307	..	24.990	Red.
BURWOOD	9881	2345	1443	3242	..	46.116	Red.	PARRAMATTA	8046	1781	1083	2814	..	47.798	Red.
CAMDEN	7458	1735	996	1687	..	38.184	Red.	PETERSHAM	9011	1413	1127	2954	149	53.767	Red.
CAMPERDOWN	9101	No Returns.			..			PHILLIP	8579	3291	1187	1341	..	23.045	Con.
CANTERBURY	11478	2768	1295	3399	..		Inc.	PYRMONT	7073	2405	757	923	..	22.592	Con.
THE CAST'REAGH	8030	766	205	472	..		Inc.	QUEANBEYAN	6302	1977	796	1443	..	34.226	Red.
THE CLARENCE	7117	1395	399	1104	..	38.129	Red.	REDFERN	8646	2725	1372	1698	..	29.301	Red.
THE CLYDE	5303	301	85	171	..		Inc.	RALEIGH	8160	962	230	627	..		Inc.
COBAR	8224	No Returns.			..			RANDWICK	9288	1932	1051	1544	..	34.106	Red.
COOTAMUNDRA	8110	No Returns.			..			THE RICHMOND	7439	1775	288	2986	..	59.144	Red.
COROWA	7685	No Returns.			..			ROUS	10039	2267	525	3654	..		Inc.
THE DARLING	5689	267	129	124	..		Inc.	ROZELLE	8964	2971	1191	2222	..	34.805	Red.
DARLING H'BOUR	7190	2692	816	877	425	20.	Con.	SHERBROOKE	8100	1664	797	2549	..	50.807	Red.
DARLINGHURST	8246	2140	1486	861	..	19.188	Red.	SINGLETON	6113	1820	710	1204	..	33.244	Red.
DENILQUIN	6472	1437	573	886	..		Inc.	ST. GEORGE	10564	2486	1132	3214	..	47.043	Red.
DURHAM	6566	No Returns.			..			ST. LEONARDS	9113	2565	1862	1867	..	29.663	Red.
THE GLEBE	9319	2968	1366	1606	..	27.037	Red.	STURT	8172	1655	101	2339	..	57.118	Red.
GLOUCESTER	7645	1875	312	3042	..		Inc.	SURRY HILLS	9056	3151	1328	1341	..	23.041	Con.
GORDON	9729	2482	984	3837	..	52.540	Red.	TAMWORTH	7860	2411	711	1480	..	32.159	Con.
GOUGH	8282	2479	608	2098	..	40.462	Red.	TENTERFIELD	9076	No Returns.			..		
GOULBURN	7877	2215	469	2428	..	47.495	Red.	UPPER HUNTER	7028	No Returns.			..		
GRANVILLE	7795	1688	857	2371	..	48.230	Red.	WARATAH	7437	1730	234	2017	..	40.617	Red.
THE GWYDIR	7241	No Returns.			..			WAVERLEY	10792	3042	2046	2492	..	32.876	Red.
HARTLEY	10266	2768	658	2244	..		Inc.	WICKHAM	9037	2803	794	2858	..	44.275	Red.
HASTINGS AND								WOLLONDILLY	7589	1406	777	1939	..	47.040	Red.
MACLEAY	7321	1557	208	2163	..		Inc.	WOLLONGONG	8875	2777	609	2352	..	40.989	Red.
THE HAWK'BURY	8257	2194	1037	2085	..	39.221	Red.	WOOLLAHRA	8185	1771	1325	1241	..	28.614	Red.
KAHIBAH	7216	1503	114	1647	..	50.462	Red.	WYNYARD	6522	638	52	519	..		Inc.
KING	7862	2663	1109	903	..	19.315	Con.	YASS	7417	2774	571	1668	..	33.273	Con.
THE LACHLAN	7849	No Returns.			..										

SUMMARY.

Votes for Continuance	160,665	Electorates carried Continuance	9
Votes for Reduction	60,240	Electorates carried Reduction	49
Votes for No-License	141,840	Electorates carried No-License	0

There are still 32 electorates for which the returns are incomplete.

* Allowrie electorate obtained a three-fifths majority for No-License, but failed to carry it owing to the votes for that issue not totalling 30 per cent. of the electors on the roll.

ABBREVIATIONS.

Con., Continuance. Red., Reduction. N.L., No-License. Inc., Incomplete.

PAINTING BY THE ACRE.

£50,000 A YEAR TO PAINT THE ATLANTIC LINERS.

Under ordinary circumstances the ships of the largest and most carefully-managed lines are painted at the end of every voyage. Every time a Cunarder, for instance, arrives in port she is repainted. This is no light task, for every inch of the vessel's outside area above the water-line—sides, deck works, and funnels—from stem to stern is carefully gone over by an army of painters. The area thus covered is about 2½ acres.

Curiously enough, the funnels are regarded as the most important item of the whole undertaking, as these great pipes are sus-

ceptible to injury and must be carefully handled. On no account is any hammering or pounding allowed, and the men work from stagings suspended from a rail on the top of the mouth of the huge funnel. The old paint and dirt are carefully scraped and scaled off before the actual painting begins.

There are now 120 large passenger ships constantly crossing the Atlantic. Assuming that the average area of each ship is 2½ acres, and that each vessel is painted, say, ten times in one season, we have an area to be covered with paint of 2,700 acres every year. Such a job, requiring the services of nearly 100 men working steadily, would cost about £50,000. Although this seems an immense sum to spend upon paint alone, it is essential to keep the vessels in spick-and-span condition.

ISLINGTON AND OLD AGE.

A census was taken recently of the St. John's-road Workhouse, Islington (Eng.), from which it appeared that the number of inmates was 1613, and of these 1150 were over sixty years of age. The particulars are:—

Between 60 and 70	468
Between 70 and 80	511
Between 80 and 90	159
Between 90 and 100	11

There was also an inmate named Robert Thomas, aged 101.

When marching, soldiers take 75 steps per minute; quick marching, 108; and in charging, 150 steps.

SOCIETY NEWS IN THE FAR WEST

The "Bingville Bugle" does not claim to have the biggest circulation in the world, but it is a very go-ahead and enterprising journal for all that. Here are some items from the "Bugle's" society column:—

"Miss Amelia Tucker, our society queen, is laid up temporarily with toothache. She would have it pulled if it wasn't so painful."

"Cy Hoskins is painting his buggy. Well, the buggy needs it—it hasn't been painted since Cy got it 14 years ago."

"It is reported that Miss Tabitha Jones will be married soon. Who the unfortunate party was we did not learn."

"A stranger whose name we did not discover passed through our midst one day last week, which day we forget."

"Lem Brown, our carpenter, is making plans for a hen-house for Deacon Andrews. Lem makes all his own architectural plans."

"Mrs. Samantha Deevers is still on the sick list, but she is not quite as bad as usual."

"Jaspar Hawkins brought 13 dozen eggs to Hen Weathersby's store last Monday. How's that for eggs?"

"Doc Livermore has traded his old white mare for a roan horse with Pete Ankrum of Snake Bend. Let us hope that the roan can travel faster than the white mare. Otherwise many of Doc's patients will be deceased before he reaches them."

"Bill Hepburn, our stalwart and artistic blacksmith, was incapacitated for work on Monday and Tuesday of last week. Bill went to the Co. seat Saturday, and it usually takes him two or three days to get over it."

"Harve Hines, our tonsorial barber, says that work in his line has begun to slack up. Harve says in order to introduce shaving and haircutting to those who are not familiar with it he will cut hair for 15c. and shave for 8c. until further notice. Here is a chance to get your hair cut or shaved at a bargain. (Adv.)"

"Rev. Moore, our beloved pastor of the Bingville church, will preach a sermon next Sunday morning from the text, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' We understand the pastor's flock is back 200dols. on his salary."

"Lafe Packard's bunion is troubling him so of late that he can't get his boot on his right foot, and so he wears one boot and an old carpet slipper. Lafe can allus tell by his bunion when it is a-going to rain a day or two in advance, and people have got so in the habit of depending on him to tell them about what kind of weather we are going to have that now it makes him madder'n a wet hen to be asked if it's agoing to rain."

"Dave White, our enterprising undertaker, says business is very dull, and that unless he can get something to do in his line he is going to move to some other town. What are we going to do about this? We ought to be willing to make some sacrifices of some kind rather than to lose Dave."

TROUSERS AS "HEIRLOOM."

A reading lesson was taking place in the school-room, and when Willie Smith's turn came to spell out his paragraph, he stumbled over the word "heirloom."

The kindly teacher put him right as to the pronunciation of the word.

After a pause a small hand shot up, and a young voice asked:

"P-p-please, teacher, what is the meaning of 'heirloom'?" inquired that hopeful and somewhat inquisitive youth.

"Oh, Tommy," was the reply, "I am glad to see you take such an interest in your lesson! 'Heirloom' means something that is

handed down from father to son—in other words, a relic."

"Oh," replied Tommy, thoughtfully, "that's the funniest name I ever heard for a pair of trousers."

GIRL'S STRIKING TEMPERANCE LESSON.

A young woman was the means of driving home a forcible lesson to a large crowd of rough folks whose ways showed little regard for temperance principles.

It happened recently during an open-air meeting at Clapton, one of the north-eastern suburbs of London. Several valiant Christian workers were striving hard to reach the hearts of the people who stood around, and to deliver the message of the Gospel with which they had been entrusted.

A crowd of men, most of them carrying beer-cans, took vulgar delight in making fun of the workers as they gave their testimony. As the meeting proceeded, and the interruptions continued, a noble girl was fired with an inspiration and silenced the disturbers in a striking manner.

She raised tenderly in her arms one of the many children who were standing round, destitute of the ordinary comforts of life, and with a loud but pathetically pleading voice she demanded:

"What publican has got this child's boots? What publican's child is wearing this child's coat?"

Her reproof was smart and practical, and it had its effect.

Instantly the jeering crowd of men gave up their troublesome antics, and gave heed to the sober, honest words of the workers, who had come out to reclaim them. No doubt the young woman's novel plea was the most effectual temperance sermon they had ever heard.

THE KAISER'S TELEPHONE CONVERSATIONS.

The German Emperor saves a great deal of time by the use of the telephone. It appears that he has in his study an apparatus which, both technically and artistically, is of special design, and that hardly a day goes by without his making use of it. When he rings up any of his Ministers or officers he does not make a reply to the customary question, "Who are you?" but assumes he will be recognised by his voice and manner of address, which, we are told, is invariably the case.

Hunting friends and commanding generals far away in the provinces often hear the diaphragm vibrating to the familiar Imperial tones, but His Majesty employs the instrument most constantly for conversations with the Empress. When they are separated from one another, which very frequently is the case, not a day is allowed to pass without his discussing family matters with her over the wire. Like a business man unexpectedly detained in the city, he always apprises her by this means whenever anything occurs to delay his return home.

Needless to say, the curious or importunate would search in vain for the Emperor's number in the telephone book.

SHE LOVED MUCH.

The spectacle of a thin, careworn mother, faded and bent from her daily drudgery at the washboard, shielding her fifteen-year-old son who had beaten her unmercifully, neighbours say, was presented recently in the Juvenile Court, Chicago, before Judge Mack.

James Hill, 6416 Madison avenue, was the alleged culprit, and his mother, Mrs. Nora Hill, stood beside him when his case was

MIND IS MONEY

When the thoughts do not flow spontaneously, and you struggle for an hour to do what ought to be done in a minute, you can be sure you are

LOSING MONEY THROUGH WEAK DIGESTION and WRONG FOODS

THIS YOU

MUST REMEDY

and it can only be done through a change in your diet. We have all that can be desired in Foods that build up Brain and Muscle, and all that we ask you to do is to call and inspect them and sample them for yourselves.

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called. He was accused of being an incorrigible, and a letter from a neighbour characterized him as a boy who was thoroughly bad, and who had beaten his mother when she refused him money.

"Is this true?" Judge Mack demanded.

"No; 'taint so," replied the boy, doggedly.

"Oh, no, no, no!" the mother added hastily.

Nevertheless, the letter carried considerable weight with the court. It stated that he smoked cigarettes, chewed tobacco, swore desperately, and beat his mother in the house and on the street. It stated that she had condemned herself to a life of drudgery to support him. The case was one of the most pathetic in the history of the court. It was the story of wounded love, loving despite sacrifice and suffering, and ready to love unto the end.

A NEW HOME.

In the city of Leeds, England, there lived a man who was debased by drink and sin. As is often the case, his wife and children were the worst sufferers. He made his home a hell. The poor bairns would fly at his approach, for he knocked them about terribly, and led them an awful life.

One night he went to a mission, and God shook him as He did the gaoler of old. Sin gave place to Jesus Christ, and what a change! His children regarded him with wide-eyed amazement. A kind father was a new relation altogether.

A few days after his conversion they were sitting around the fire singing hymns, when suddenly his little girl looked up into his face and asked, "Father, is this Heaven?" Poor bairn! It was Heaven to her, and will be to many another, if Jesus comes into heart and home.

THE SOBER MIND.

John Gilpin, we are assured, had a frugal mind, even when on pleasure bent, but by the same testimony it is not as certain that he possessed a sober mind.

Professor Jordan has lately been bearing witness to the fact that the call to-day is for men of sober mind, not men of sober judgment simply, but men of sober habits.

The strenuous life of this twentieth century demands the best, and the best results of heart and nerve and brain and muscle, can only be achieved by paying the best attention to those centres of physical, mental, and moral activity—by the cultivation, that is, of the best manner of living, so that the finest and best forces of our natures may be conserved and appropriated to the highest service.

Happily for the prospects of the race there is a ready response to this world-wide call, alike for sober and sober-minded men. Everywhere young men are recognising more and more that the race is to the sober, if not always to the swift, and that correspondingly the man whose intemperate desires burn out the oil of energy at an alarming, wasteful pace, and all the time render him fitful and unreliable for life's pressing and exhausting duties, must be left behind in the struggle for existence, and handicapped to the point of losing the race for ambition's goal.

The last twenty or thirty years has witnessed marvellous improvement in the development of sober habits, whether among professional or working men. It might almost be asserted that, by the natural process of evolution, the Anglo-Saxon, and, indeed, all other civilised races, are gradually eschewing habits of intemperance, and cultivating sobriety. A comparison of the conditions prevailing a quarter of a century ago, with those of to-day, strikingly illustrates this fact.

Take the literary and journalistic profession, in which we are naturally most interested, and with which we are most conversant. Has it ever been suggested to our minds how terrible have been the ravages of drink among Australian journalists, poets and men of letters?

Many of the brightest stars in our literary firmament have been blotted out by this dark cloud. There has been a never-ending procession of these drink-victims to the grave and one shrinks from recalling even a few of the more notable examples, whose lives have been summarily ended and their careers blighted by this one evil.

Twenty-five years ago a sober journalist was the exception. The fallacy was rife that exhilarating liquors were a necessity, and produced the best literary results. Without unduly parading the private history of some of the leading newspaper offices, one can recall the time when sub-editors regularly kept a bottle of whisky in the cupboard, and a glass at their elbows, for replenishment at frequent intervals the night through; of "readers" who were scarcely ever sober in the strict sense of the word; of reporters who imbibed from morning till night, and rarely went to bed sober; of compositors who drank their week's wages away between Saturday and Monday, and who never returned to their "case" while the price of a drink was left to them.

Many stories could be related where the round of neighbouring "pubs" had to be made in the early hours of the morning to collect machine hands before the paper could be printed. On the country papers these irregularities showed themselves in even acuter and more chronic forms, and sober staffs lived at magnificent distances apart.

Most frightful of all to contemplate is the roll of besotted men who have gone

down to beggary, starvation, and a drunkard's grave, through this drink-habit. The list of such men as could be named from any one of the principal Sydney or Melbourne newspaper offices, is appalling—men of brilliant parts, great expectations, and occupying high and honourable positions.

But all that has changed for the better. The sober journalist is now the rule instead of the exception. Insobriety is no longer tolerated on the daily press.

The demand is for men of sober habits and sober minds, and one is proud to bear testimony to the fact that to-day there is no more sober class of men in the community than the men who retail the news of the world for our information and delectation, and who, moreover, help to mould public opinion through the great press organs of this country.

Journalism has evolved from a drunken to a sober profession, and who shall say that the change is not for the better for all concerned?—From "Men," the organ of the Y.M.C.A.

THE "GAMBLAH" FROM CHICAGO

Here is a story that comes all the way from Florida, a State that overflows with darkies. There was a small church wretchedly out of repair, with a terribly leaky roof, and the negro pastor fervently prayed for funds to make repairs. A collection was started. One brother put in ten cents.

"Ten cents from Brudder Jones. De Lord bless Brudder Jones."

Then a quarter of a dollar was received. "Brudder Johnson a quartah. De Lord bless Brudder Johnson."

The collector reached a gambler who happened to go into the church out of curiosity to witness a darky service, and who had had a big winning night. He put a twenty-dollar note into the hat.

The almost breathless collector said: "Wha's de name, sah?"

"Never mind the name, I am a gambler from Chicago."

"Gamblah from Chicago, twenty dollahs," shouted the collector.

The pastor rolled his eyes up, and raising his hands, said, with his voice choking with emotion: "Twenty dollahs gamblah from Chicago. May de good Lo'd bless and prosper de noble gamblah from Chicago."

THE HERITAGE.

In a recent sermon preached by Gipsy Smith at the Majestic Theatre in New York, he made the following statement:

"On the other side of the ocean, just before I left home last September, a mother suddenly came into a room where there was a little boy six or seven years old, and found that little boy trying to kill a baby two years old with a pair of scissors, and she said to the child, 'What are you doing?' and he said, 'I want to kill him.'"

"It frightened the mother and she talked to the father about it, and the father took him to a doctor, and he took him to a specialist, and the specialist was my friend. He examined the child thoroughly and said to him, 'Why did you want to kill the baby? It does not hurt you.' And the boy replied, 'I want to kill somebody all the time.' And the doctor turned to the father and said, 'Are you a drinking man?' The father said, 'Well, I do drink, it is true; but I don't often drink to excess.' The doctor replied, 'Well, you drink. That boy will kill somebody some day. It is in his blood, and your drinking habit is the cause of it.'"

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

BOOKS WORTH BUYING.

"The Citizen of To-morrow," a handbook on social questions. This is a most valuable book, and very readable. 2/6.

"Our Industrial Outcasts." Seven up-to-date papers and important themes. 2/-.

"The Social Mission of the Church." A series of addresses by the acknowledged leaders of the day. 4/-.

"Alcohol: Its Place and Power in Legislation," by Robinson Souttar, M.A., D.C.L. Most concise, readable, and useful, in fact, indispensable to all reformers. 3/6.

"The Ethics of Temperance," by A. E. Garvie. A small but valuable handbook.

"Alcoholism," by Dr. Sullivan, Medical Officer in H.M. Prison service. This book breaks new ground, and is a thoughtful and honest contribution on a great question. 5/-.

"The Psychology of Alcoholism," by G. B. Cutten, B.D., M.A., Ph.D. Only just published, and commanding wide recognition. 5/-.

"The Bitter Cry of the Children," by John Spargo. Sad, appallingly sad, a book everyone should read. 8/-.

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LOST LICENSES

In the House of Lords last month, before the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Halsbury and Lords Ashbourne, Macnaghten, James of Hereford, and Atkinson, the arguments in the case of the King v. Woodhouse and others, ex parte Ryder and others, were concluded, and judgment was given. This case, or rather these cases, for there were two, were taken as test cases, and the result affected five other public-houses which were fully licensed, and four other beer-houses, in all of which the divisional Court had discharged the rules that had been obtained requiring the Licensing Justices to consider again their report on these eleven licensed premises to the Compensation authority.

The facts involved were complicated, but, shortly, it appeared that the Leeds Corporation had acquired some 36 licenses and decided to abandon a number of these. Caretakers, however, were put in by the corporation, not to do business, but to safeguard the licenses if compensation could not be obtained for surrender. The brewers and publicans, however, objected to the compensation fund being applied in these cases, and the corporation replied that they had bought the property with the ratepayers' money and were not justified in extinguishing the licenses without compensation.

It was in this state of things that the renewal of these licenses was applied for. The justices referred them to the compensation authority, with a report that, in their opinion, they were redundant. The compensation authority had therefore either to give compensation or to differ from the report, and confirm, in that case, the provisional license. They adopted the former course. The objectors thereupon obtained the rules, contending that the report was the result of a "hole and corner" bargain, and that the justices had not exercised a bona fide discretion in the matter.

The Divisional Court discharged the rules. The Court of Appeal upheld the contention of the objectors, and made the rules absolute, and it was from that order making the rules absolute that this appeal was brought.

Without calling on the appellants to reply,

The Lord Chancellor, in giving judgment, said there was no ground for interfering with the justices. In his opinion it was an attempt, and a sensible attempt, by the corporation to suppress these houses on terms of compensation. The respondents, representing certain gentlemen in Leeds, objected to this arrangement, because in the circumstances they said that no compensation was payable under the Act. He moved that the decision of the Court of Appeal should be reversed.

The other noble and learned lords concurred.

On the motion of the Lord Chancellor, the appeal was allowed, with costs, and the that the decision of the Court of Appeal discharged.

138 OFFERS OF MARRIAGE.

William Voigt, the criminal hero of the famous Kopenick adventure, has a pleasant future before him when he is released from prison in 1910.

The committee which was formed last winter to promote his welfare announces that sufficient subscriptions have been received to give him a freehold residence, a workshop for his cobbling, and a pension. Moreover, no fewer than 138 women have written offering to marry him. The majority of the ladies are German, but two American girls and one English widow are amongst the number.

CHARGE AGAINST Ms.P.

Speaking at a demonstration of South Wales branches of the independent Labour party at Porthcawl, Mr. T. F. Richards (Lab., Wolverhampton) said that some newspapers had "got the hump" because of Mr. Pete Curran's allegations as to inebriety among Members of Parliament.

What Mr. Curran said was quite true. One of the members referred to represented an important constituency. (Shouts of "Name.") He would not name him there under any conditions. It was a burning shame that a leader of men should constantly go to the House of Commons under the influence of drink, and if he did not stop it he (Mr. Richards) would name him.

NO FATTED CALF FOR HIM.

Two old cronies met the other day and began discussing some of their mutual acquaintances. The conversation turned to Farmer Macdonald.

"Him!" contemptuously exclaimed crony No. 1; "he's the meanest man in all Scotland."

"How's that, Donald?" queried crony No. 2, who had never heard anything very mean laid to the farmer's charge.

"Well, it's like this," answered Donald. "Ten years ago he sent his son out wi' a tin bucket to milk the cow. The son and the bucket did not come back, and naething was heard about the lad until the ither morning when he knocked at his father's door. As a peace-offering he brocht the auld man a suit of claes, a gold watch, and a good grey mare."

"Then," interrupted crony No. 2, "I suppose Macdonald wad kill the fatted calf?"

"Not he," was the reply. "He said, 'Lad, very things will do very weel, but where's the tin bucket that you took awa' wi' you?'"

TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.

UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE CAMPAIGN.

Mr. Lloyd-George will occupy the chair at the annual meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance, which is to be held at Manchester in the autumn. This will be the first occasion on which a Cabinet Minister has presided over this gathering.

This event will mark the inauguration of an extensive autumn and winter campaign in England and Wales in favour of the views of the Alliance. A large number of members of Parliament will take part in the various meetings at which the aims of the Alliance in regard to temperance reform will be specially enforced.

The culminating point in the crusade will be a vast demonstration in London on the eve of the opening of the next Session of Parliament. This, of course, is in view of the fact that a Licensing Bill is to be one of the chief features in next year's legislative programme.

COSTLY COFFINS.

A well-known American millionaire is reported to have expended £20,000 on a coffin. This is thought to be the record in this form of post-mortem extravagance. Several coffins, however, have been known to cost over £1,000, and not many years ago a lady buried her husband in a coffin made of elaborately carved mahogany, with gold fittings and silk lining, the whole costing £4,000. In another case a lady directed that an electric light should be kept burning in her tomb, and another inside her coffin,

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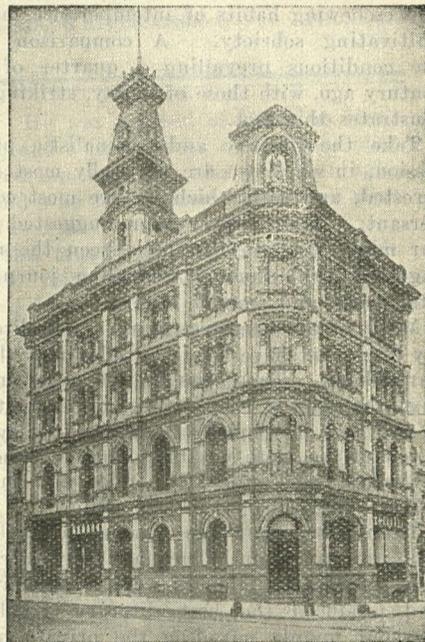
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at an annual cost of £100. Li Hung Chang's coffin is said to have cost £13,000, and to have been profusely embellished with gold figures and clusters of precious stones.

"Yes," said the woman of the house, "my husband has some old garments which he has told me to give away, but they are much too small for you."

"They'll fit me all right after to-day, ma'am," rejoined Wareham Long, with much earnestness. "I've had two square meals since mornin', an' that aint likely to happen ag'in for a year."

BOOKS WORTH READING.

No one can hope to read all that is being thrust on them in these days, hence the value of a good recommendation. It does not take as long to read a good book as a had one, and since they are both to be had in abundance, it will save time and much mental damage if we only read what has been sufficiently well recommended.

TWO BOOKS OF GREAT INTEREST.

"Down in Water Street," by S. H. Hadley. This is a simple, artless narrative of an absorbingly interesting work. It contains touches of fine humour and delicate pathos. Very few novels have the power to retain your interest and stir your sympathies like this record of sixteen years' work among the outcasts of New York. Mr. Hadley describes himself in these words:—"After my father died, I went to study medicine under a medical man who, though brilliant, was a drunkard. What I did not know before he taught me. I soon got into trouble through drink and had to clear out; in fact, I kept on clearing out for some years afterwards in pretty much the same way from every place that I settled in. I became a professional gambler. For 15 years I rarely went to bed sober." The story of his conversion and his work is not only interesting, but is of great evidential value. The story of Mr. Hadley's life is equally interesting. Our copy is from the Methodist Book Depot.

WILSON CARLISLE.

The sixpenny book is one of the wonders of the 20th century, and one of the best things in this cheap edition is the Life and Work of Wilson Carlisle, the founder of the Church Army. A man of wonderful gifts, he has put them to the best use. In the early days, when the Skeleton Army was created to oppose all open-air evangelistic work, the argument most often resorted to was an egg, and, with age, and from a steady hand, it was very effective. But Mr. Carlisle never lost his temper, when a more than usually fragrant egg broke all over him, he sniffed, and remarked with a smile, "From all indications that fellow is better outside than in."

On another occasion a bag of flour preceded the egg, and, with his usual good humour, he gravely thanked them for their contributions to his larder, but said his wife preferred him carrying them home in a basket, to wearing them home on his clothes. This book is of interest to all, but of special value to all Christian workers. Our copy is from the Methodist Book Depot.

BIRDS TAKE PART IN A CHURCH SERVICE.

In Trinity Methodist Church, Toronto, the coming of summer was this year celebrated by a novel service, in which birds and blooms played a conspicuous part. The altar was filled with the sprays of apple-blossoms and carnations, roses, and other flowers, while suspended from the gallery were seven cages, each containing the favourite songster from some member's home, lent for the occasion. When the members of the congregation entered they were greeted by a chorus from these pet canaries, and the singing scarcely ceased for a moment during the whole service.

"Say, mamma," queried four-year-old Johnny, who had been detailed to look after the baby, "was everybody little once?" "Yes, dear," was the reply. "Then who took care of 'em?" asked the small martyr.

SHALL I BET?

"YES!"—shout many Bookmakers:—"for we live on the losses."

"NO!"—cry half a million of fathers, mothers, sisters, wives:—"that's how the misery of our homes began."

"YES!"—whispers Covetousness:—"You may win money more quickly than by working."

"NO!"—answers Prudence:—"very few win in the long run."

"YES!"—urges Selfishness:—"You will have easy times if you are lucky."

"NO!"—replies Conscience:—"others would suffer for your ease; you may drug me for a while, but there will be remorse afterwards."

"YES!"—says the Sporting Newspapers:—"you will buy us more eagerly."

"NO!"—rejoins Duty:—"you will neglect me and employ your thoughts elsewhere."

"YES!"—laughs the Publican:—"betting men are my best customers."

"NO!"—murmurs the Savings Bank:—"they seldom patronise me for long."

"YES!"—votes the Tipster:—"what shall we do without you?"

"NO!"—sighs the Prison Governor:—"my gaol is too full already."

"YES!"—mutters the Devil:—"it is a short cut in my direction."

"NO!"—commands your Maker:—"Do as you would be done by. Be honest."

HOW DO YOU SEE?

Two boys went to gather grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said, "I am better to-day." The other said, "I was worse yesterday."

When it rains, one man says, "This will make mud"; another, "This will lay the dust."

Two boys examined a bush. One observed that it had a thorn; the other that it had a rose.

Two little children looked through coloured

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glasses, and one said, "The world is blue"; and the other said, "It is bright."

Two boys having a bee, one got honey; the other got stung. The first called it a honey bee; the other a stinging bee.

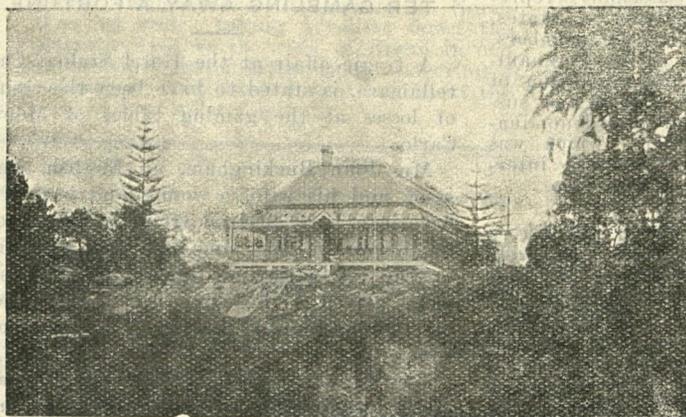
"I am glad," says one, "that I am alive." "I am sorry I must die," says another.

"I am glad," says one, "that it is no worse." "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better."

One says, "Our good is mixed with evil." Another says, "Our evil is mixed with good."

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

of the patients. Arrangements have been made for a duly qualified medical man to visit the Home at regular intervals to examine and prescribe for the patient, if necessary.

We are pleased to say that several cases already dealt with have been attended with highly satisfactory results. Copies of Testimonials can be seen on application.

All personal applications and correspondence will be treated with the strictest confidence. Write to the Social Secretary, Salvation Army Headquarters, Goulburn Street, Sydney, or direct to the Manager at the Home.

CAMPAIGN NOTES AND NEWS

A great victory.

Enormous poll for No-License and reduction.

For the first time the temperance party has discovered its own strength.

Next poll should see No-License carried in a number of places.

South Carolina will probably pass a rigid prohibitory law next winter. The next governor is almost certain to be a Prohibitionist.

Quite a number of the No-License committees have announced their intention of keeping the organisation going throughout the next three years. This should be done in every place.

Heinrich Charles, the well-known editor of "Nationale Prosperitat," New York, is "boosting" a campaign of education in favour of temperance among the German residents of the United States.

The tardy manner in which the local option polls are being declared is extraordinary. The Government should be stirred up on the matter, in order that the same thing may not occur in the future.

Polling day was conspicuous for good order and quiet. This was due to the shutting of the pubs. Referring to the shutting of the liquor bars, one humorist, with prophetic instinct, said that they "were closed owing to death in the family."

Governor Broward of Florida is a Prohibitionist. Florida narrowly escaped a prohibition amendment to her constitution last month. Thirty-five votes were cast in favour of it at the last reading, but forty-two were necessary to secure for the measure a three-fifths vote.

Wendell Phillips: "No one supposes that law can make men temperate, but law can shut up these bars and dram shops, which facilitate and feed intemperance, which double our taxes, treble the peril to property and life, and make the masses tools in the hands of designing men to undermine and cripple law."

A bill has been passed by the State of Illinois, enacting that every person who shall manufacture, sell, or give away any cigarette containing any substance deleterious to health, including tobacco, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding 100 dollars, or by imprisonment in the county gaol for a period not to exceed thirty days.

Helen W. Gougar, the well-known temperance leader and lecturer, died recently of heart failure at Lafayette, Indiana. At one time there was talk of nominating Mrs. Gougar for president or vice-president on the Prohibition ticket, but she never was a candidate. She was the author of "Forty Thousand miles of World Wandering," "Strange Incidents in One Life," "Two Little Paupers" and "The Traffic in Poison."

The national Baptist anniversary meetings in Washington, D.C., completed the first definite organization of the denomination under the name of the Baptists of North America, and this great assembly, representing churches in twenty-seven states, with a constituency of 2,000,000 members, thus signalized its historic action by unanimously adopting as the first resolution of the new body a motion to endorse and sustain the movement for an interdenominational temperance federation, which was formally proposed at the Pittsburg interdenominational temperance conference.

The results of the local option poll were a great surprise to most people. Scarcely anyone expected so great a number of votes in favour of No-License. Compared with New Zealand, the State has done remarkably well. Most of the organisers who have been in the country returned to town at the end of last week. Miss Anderson Hughes left for Adelaide on Sunday evening. Mr. Payne returned home to Melbourne on Monday night, and Mrs. Stead left by boat on Tuesday. Mr. Nicholls had to leave in response to an urgent cable before polling day.

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Robert B. Eleazar, secretary of the Anti-Saloon League of Clarksville, Tenn., corrects a statement in which Tennessee was quoted as having fourteen towns and cities with saloons. "Your figures were correct a few months ago," he says, "but heavy inroads were made on the traffic last winter, leaving to the saloons only three cities and one small town in the entire state. This means that ninety-two of our ninety-six counties are 'dry,' and that eighty-nine per cent. of our population lives in prohibition territory. When the next Legislature meets we expect to revise the record still further in the same direction."

Rev. J. Primrose and Rev. A. F. Berkstresser, of Frontenac, Kansas, temperance crusaders, who had been arrested on a charge of selling liquor, were attacked and severely beaten by twenty saloon sympathizers, a short time ago, after being released from gaol. One man struck Rev. Mr. Primrose in the mouth with a heavy stick, and both ministers were knocked down and kicked in the face. When they finally escaped, both were cut and bruised so badly that blood ran from wounds in their faces. They had been buying liquor in Frontenac saloons for evidence against the keepers, and were arrested on charges trumped up by the saloon-keepers.

The question of the ownership of the parish churches, parsonages (conventos) and cemeteries in the Philippines has not yet been settled. There have been half a dozen cases heard and there are nearly a hundred more to be tried. The taking of evidence is finished in the suits brought by the Roman Catholic Church against seventeen municipalities in the province of Illocos Norte. A dozen cases will be tried in Rizal province soon, and others are instituted. The question involved is, whether the church property in the Philippines, valued at about 100,000,000 dollars (gold), passed over to the government of the United States from the crown of Spain, or did it pass over to the Roman Catholic church?

VICTIMS OF MONTE CARLO.

HUSBAND AND WIFE TAKE POISON AFTER GAMBLING AWAY A FORTUNE.

A tragic affair at the Hotel Stabia, Castellamare, is stated to have been the result of losses at the gaming tables of Monte Carlo.

Mr. John Buckingham, an English engineer, and his wife, a young and beautiful American lady, arrived from New York on the Riviera a short time ago, and, ensnared by the fascination of the Monte Carlo saloon, played night after night until they had gambled away the whole of their fortune.

Leaving the scene of their ruin, they arrived at the Hotel Stabia, Castellamare, where they decided to commit suicide by poison. They procured a quantity of arsenic and laudanum, and, when discovered by the hotel authorities on Wednesday, Mrs.

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Buckingham was dead and her husband was very ill.

His life was saved by the efforts of the doctors who were summoned, but he is distracted with grief and remorse. He refuses food, and declares that he is determined to join his wife. He has been sent to Naples Asylum, where he is watched night and day.

He had, it was alleged, already made two attempts at suicide by jumping from a window.

Thomas B. Reed once went into an unfamiliar barber shop to be shaved. When the negro barber had about finished, he began to try to sell a hair tonic. "Hair purty thin, sah," he said, fingering the two or three stray locks that fringed Mr. Reed's bald pate. "Been that way long, sah?"

"I was born that way," replied Reed. "Afterward I enjoyed a brief period of hirsute efflorescence, but it did not endure."

The barber gasped and said no more. Later someone told him he had shaved the Speaker. "Speakah!" he exclaimed. "Don't I know dat? I should say he was a speakah, sure 'nuf!"

How the World Moves

London's population increases by 70,000 each year.

Only one woman in a hundred insures her life.

The death-rate in British prisons is eight per 1000.

The average loss of life in mines is one in 602 persons.

Sixteen people travel third-class to one first-class in London.

Many first-class English professional football players earn £4 a week.

A pound of sheep's wool produces one square yard of cloth.

Two-thirds of the population of the Channel Islands are females.

American women are growing taller, while the men are getting shorter.

There are more than 3000 animals in the Zoological Gardens of London.

Three out of every 135 English-speaking people have red hair.

In all countries more marriages take place in June than in any other month.

The deepest ocean sounding yet recorded (27,930 ft.) was obtained off the Kurile Islands, north of Japan.

In making gold threads for embroidery it has been found that 6oz. of gold can be drawn into 200 miles of wire.

The Archbishop of Canterbury takes rank immediately after members of the Royal Family, and before every other peer.

Not quite 2,000 persons are living who possess British orders of knighthood; or, roughly speaking, only about one in 28,000 of the population.

Of the thirty-eight Sultans who have ruled the Ottoman Empire since the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, thirty-four have died violent deaths.

In 1504 ale was sold in England at 3d. a gallon, and it was about twenty years after that hops were introduced. When the word "beer" was first used is uncertain.

The average walker wears away two inches of shoe leather in a year. A pair of boots that would "last a life-time" would, consequently, have to be provided with soles from eight to nine feet thick.

The Norfolk regiment have the nickname of the "Holy Boys." This is on account of the men having been reported to have sold their Bibles during the Peninsular War in order to buy liquor.

Drums, which are now used throughout the British Army, were first introduced into Europe by the Saracens. The fife was introduced into the English Army by the Duke of Cumberland in 1745. The Guards were the first corps to adopt it.

The largest volcano in the world is at Mauna Loa, in the Sandwich Islands. The crater is twenty miles in diameter, and the stream of lava flowing from it is fifty miles long, and in places four miles wide.

All the wars of Napoleon Bonaparte cost his country £255,000,000, while the wars of Louis Napoleon cost France £442,000,000. The former made the enemy pay most of the expense; the expense of the wars waged by the latter was borne by France.

A photograph of President Roosevelt which is being exhibited at Lansing, Michigan, is claimed to be the largest in the world. It is an enlargement on bromide paper, and measures 17ft. by 12ft. The picture cost £40.

Probably the greatest number of wild geese ever seen at once flew over the town of Lewiston, Illinois, a short time ago. Their number was estimated at between 14,000 and 15,000, and for nearly half an hour the sky was quite black with them.

A Kaffir woman has been appointed nurse at Butterworth Hospital, Cape Colony, after a three years' course of training at the Lovedale Native Institute. She is the first coloured woman to hold such an appointment.

Many parts of the veldt of Cape Colony are now overrun by a yellow-flowered plant, three feet high, which makes its appearance only once in a certain number of years, and is regarded as a harbinger of more prosperous times.

The cultivation of rubber is now being taught in the schools of West Africa. Every village is obliged to plant a certain number of acres in rubber trees. In the Congo State 12,500,000 rubber trees have been planted.

Signallers, transport men, pioneers, tailors, bootmakers, servants, waiters, etc., are known in the Army under the title of "regimental loafers." These men are, as a rule, among the busiest men in the regiment, and, therefore, the appellation is, to say the least, unmerited.

Vast quantities of flowers are gathered for perfumery purposes. Each year it is estimated that 1860 tons of orange flowers are used, besides 930 tons of roses, 150 tons each of violets and jasmynes, 75 tons of tuberose, 30 tons of cassia, and 15 tons of jonquils.

In Persia, among the aristocracy, a visitor sends notice an hour or two before calling, and gives a day's notice if the visit is one of great importance. He is met by servants before he reaches the house, and other considerations are shown him, according to relative rank. The left, and not the right, is considered the position of honour.

Saturn, which shines as a yellow star of the first magnitude, is nearing the earth, and will be at his least distance in September, some 760,000,000 miles, or nearly twenty times as far off as Mars at his nearest approach quite recently. When near the earth, as at present, a small glass will show the planet's rings and belts.

The most wonderful bird flight noted is the migratory achievement of the Virginia plover, which leaves its haunts in North America and, taking a course down the Atlantic, reaches the coast of Brazil in one unbroken flight of fifteen hours, covering a distance of over three thousand miles at the rate of four miles a minute.

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Thursday afternoon in the vessels of His Majesty's Navy is usually a holiday for the bluejackets, and is known as "make and mend clothes day." If Jack has no clothes to mend or make—for he is practically his own tailor—he lies about on the fo'castle and smokes, chats, or reads. "Ropeyarn Sunday" is another name for Thursday afternoon.

There is said to be a snake in Oregon called the stupefied snake, which is one of the most interesting species of the family. This snake has a head at each end, and runs either way. One head is about one-fourth as large as the other. It is of a yellowish colour. It generally lies in a loop, and is frequently observed running in an apparently stupefied condition on a rock or log.

With the exception of nesting birds, few wild animals perish in a forest fire. They have instinctive knowledge of it long before it reaches them, and fly to swamps and large rivers. They can generally outrun the flames. Human lives have sometimes been saved by horses instinctively seeking refuge in water.

The average notion of a Maid of Honour is a person who has very little to do, with very high pay, and, generally, a very good time. This is incorrect, as average notions usually are. A Maid of Honour is a person who has about two hours of the day to herself, who is paid £300 a year, and who earns every penny of that sum.

If the actual rate of increase and present economic conditions of life should continue, the population of England and Wales will have doubled itself by the year 1936, and 50,000,000 of human beings will be massed within the streets and lanes of twenty overgrown cities, at the head of which will stand a Babylon of which the world has never dreamed.

Many of the fruits and vegetables now eaten in England were almost unknown to our forefathers. Not until Henry VIII's time were raspberries, or strawberries, or cherries grown in England, and we do not read of the turnip, cauliflower, and quince being cultivated before the sixteenth century, or the carrot before the seventeenth century.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

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

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