

GRIIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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Price One Penny

Be a Man—Not a Monkey!

This picture is especially for those beginning life.

The best thing in the world is ORIGINALITY. The ONLY thing that has ever

made a man or a woman really great is ORIGINALITY.

Any kind of a REAL man or woman, doing as well as possible, acting naturally,

is entitled to respect, and MAY amount to something.

But no kind of imitation can possibly be worth much. The imitation at best gives a feeble, faint and valueless reminder of something else. And whether it be a piece of glass imitating a diamond, or a human being wasting its time and chances imitating some other human being, it is a distressing, disappointing thing to look at.

The monkey in this picture would be thoroughly entitled to respect if he were acting naturally, climbing his tree, grabbing coconuts from difficult branches, or making faces and chattering to scare a snake away from its young ones. Thus occupied, he would be a useful member of animal society, not at all to be laughed at.

But dressed up to look like a man he is only ludicrous and contemptible. And imitating a man, with knife or fork, or cigarette, or gesture, he is only a spoiled monkey, and no man at all.

This picture is intended to attract attention, and to make our young people do their own thinking. One thought that starts and grows in your own mind is worth a dozen that you absorb ready made.

We hope that this picture will make those beginning their life work think earnestly about the power of originality as a developing force in life.

Think over all the great men and women that you have read about, and you will see that it was something inside themselves, something belonging to them alone, that made them worth while.

Naturally, every boy and girl should study great figures in history. There is inspiration in them. Every young man should have his mind filled with memories of courage, intellect and power of all kinds, exceptionally developed in exceptional human beings.

It is well to study and understand the character of Napoleon. But it is extremely foolish to pull one lock of hair down over your forehead, stick your hand in between the buttons of your coat, as Napoleon does



IMITATION may be the sincerest flattery, it certainly is the death-blow to originality. Better be a small original than a large-imitation.

LIGHT RUNNING NEW HOME SEWING MACHINES

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in the picture, AND THEN IMAGINE THAT YOU ARE SOMETHING BECAUSE YOU ARE IMITATING NAPOLEON.

An artist should study the extraordinary colouring and drawing of such a man as Rembrandt. He should study the works of all the great painters, he should take into his brain all kinds of achievements in art. AND THEN BE CONTENT TO GIVE TO THE WORLD THE BEST THAT IS IN HIM WITHOUT IMITATING ANYBODY.

Nature with human beings and animals works in this way. She compels us to observe, select, study, see, absorb, and then to give out something of our own.

The industrious hen picks up worms and seeds and pieces of gravel and many other things, and then she gives to the world AN EGG. You wouldn't think very much of her if she handed you back a few little pebbles, and worms, and seeds, would you?

Shakespeare absorbed the plots of stories from Italy, such as the story of Romeo and Juliet. From a German source he got the story of King Lear. From up in the North he got the old idea of Hamlet.

But did HE imitate any of the men whose works he read and absorbed? Not a bit of it. When he had finished studying the others HE GAVE TO THE WORLD SHAKESPEARE, AND THAT CONSTITUTES HIS GREATNESS.

Study, think, work. Do your best. Work from the inside, use your own feelings and thoughts. Don't be an imitation, or a reproduction, or a feeble reflection.

Be YOURSELF, the best that you can be, and be satisfied with that. Avoid the mannerisms of others. Avoid expressing your ideas in the foolish slang of the day, which is only imitation and mental laziness.

And, young boys, we advise you especially not to imitate the foolishness of grown-up men. Don't think you make yourself a man by imitating one who smokes, or drinks, or uses bad language.

To all our readers we say, remember that what makes a man great is INVISIBLE to your eyes. You cannot possibly see the things that give a man his power. It wasn't the way Napoleon stood with his hand in his waistcoat that enabled him to beat the Austrians in Italy. And it wasn't the lock of hair pulled down on his forehead that enabled him to write the marvellous letters of instruction that he sent to his relatives and to his marshals.

The man who succeeds gets his success from something that goes on inside of his head, beyond your sight and beyond your hearing.

And if you succeed you must owe the success to something going on in YOUR head in exactly the same way. Be yourself in thought and action.

WHEN WILLIE HURRIES.

(As related by Little Rowland.)

My brother Willie he
Just always lags
And drags—
He's slow as he can be,
And mamma has to say:
"Come, Willie, hurry, pray!"
Whenever she
Wants him to help, 'cause he's so slow—
But oh,
You ought to hear him when
He says his prayers at night!
I tell you, then
He hustles up, all right
And nearly fore I get
To where it says to let
"Thy will be done"—both starting
even, too—
He's thru.

"What's the horizon for, Willie?"
"Why—er—the horizon keeps the sea from sloppin' over into the sky."

LONDON'S LIFE IN FIGURES.

AGES AT WHICH MEN AND WOMEN MOST FREQUENTLY MARRY.

SOME YOUNG COUPLES.

From a return just issued by the London County Council it would appear that the most popular marrying age among men is twenty-five, for during the past year 12,958 men who had reached the quarter-century entered the matrimonial state, while they were closely run by 12,735 at the age of twenty-one.

With women twenty-one is the favourite period, for 15,848 went to the altar at that age, and at twenty-five there were 9,508, while two girls of fifteen and two of sixteen each married men of fifty-five. One girl of fifteen also married a bachelor of twenty-five, and another one of thirty.

At the age of sixteen, thirteen girls and two boys entered into matrimony; at seventeen the figures were 122 and six respectively. At sixty, five spinsters took husbands, while there were two bachelors at that age and two at sixty-five who got married. Altogether there were 34,931 marriages between spinsters and bachelors.

The unions of bachelors and widows totalled 1477, widowers and spinsters 2099, widowers and widows 1151, making a grand total of 39,658 marriages.

Of the ceremonies 26,343 took place in the Established Church, 1529 in the Roman Catholic, 1887 in Nonconformist chapels, 831 in register offices, seven were Quaker, and 1521 Jewish.

Other interesting facts in the return are that, in 1905, the births in the county of London totalled 126,559, of these 64,149 being males and 62,410 females, Stepney heading the list with 10,744 births and Stoke Newington being last with 1078.

Based on the increases or decreases in population between 1891 and 1901, it is estimated the present population of Greater London is 7,217,939, and of the administrative county 4,758,217, compared with 6,606,163 and 4,544,870 respectively at the census of 1901.

Deaths for a year totalled 16,629. Drink killed 498, there were 513 suicides and 53 homicides but only seven executions.

PUBLICANS AT BAY.

REPUDIATING AN ATTACK.

Correspondence has passed between Mr. H. George Robinson, secretary and manager of the Licensed Victuallers' Defence League of England and Wales, and the Rev. F. B. Meyer, the popular Free Church Minister. Writing to Mr. Meyer on October 2, Mr. Robinson stated that the general Council of the league, at its autumn sitting in Carnarvon, had its attention drawn to a portion of Mr. Meyer's address at Leicester recently, in which he referred in offensive and opprobrious terms to the influence of publicans, saying, "I regard the betting tout, the publican, and the keeper of the immoral house as the bandits of the present day." Mr. Robinson informed Mr. Meyer that his council did not object to plain, straightforward, honest criticism of their own conduct or of their trade. They did not object to any allegations, inferences, innuendoes, or direct assertions used, perhaps, by a brilliant orator in a combative mood to leave a durable impression on his hearers, but which were absolutely devoid of truth, and obviously set at naught the sublimest of all human virtues—honour and probity—in individual actions.

"It is," said Mr. Robinson, "your position as a man eminent in your profession, learned as a divine, and as a famous teacher

of the Christian faith, that compels the council to ask you for a recantation of the scurrilous inference. Is it decent to hold up to opprobrium reputable tradesmen? Is it at all consistent with your own sacred calling as a minister of Christ? Evil speaking, lying, and slandering equally with hatred, malice and all uncharitableness should be carefully eschewed, seeing that they are contrary to the laws of God, and subversive of every moral attribute of man."

The Rev. F. B. Meyer, in a reply, dated from the Memorial Hall, London, October 16, says:—

"I gather that your council has taken offence at my comparison between publicans and the bandits of the parable, who stripped the traveller of his clothing, wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. I acknowledge this comparison is a pretty severe one, and that, as we all have to live together in this small island, we should avoid needless causes of offence. And I wish also to assure you that I have no personal quarrel or grudge against any individual publican. But, after 40 years' work among the people, I must beg to be forgiven for thinking that the publichouses in the midst of our working class communities have much the same effect upon them as the presence of the bandits on the road between Jerusalem and Jericho had on the man in the parable."

Mr. Meyer goes on to recount evils which he ascribes to the drink traffic—ill-clad men, women and children, personal injuries, and children overlain by drunken parents being mentioned. Mr. Meyer, in conclusion, says:—

"I notice that you speak of honour and probity as the sublimest of all human virtues. May I ask you to add another, pity or humanity?"

"Let me again assure you that I am not actuated by any personal ill-feeling or bitterness, but the gravest concern for the wholesale havoc which is to be traced to publichouses and publichouse keepers."

THE BIGGEST WEDDING EVER KNOWN.

The biggest wedding ever known in history was when Alexander the Great and over ten thousand of his soldiers took part in a wedding in the Court of Darius, King of Persia, after the latter's conquest by Alexander. Twenty thousand two hundred and two persons were made husbands and wives in one ceremony.

After conquering King Darius, Alexander determined to wed Statira, daughter of the conquered King, and issued a decree that on that occasion a hundred of his chief officers should marry a hundred women from the noblest Persian and Median families. He further stipulated that ten thousand of his Greek soldiers should take to wife ten thousand Asiatic women.

For this purpose a vast pavilion was erected, the pillars being sixty feet high. One hundred gorgeous chambers adjoined this for the hundred noble bridegrooms, while for the ten thousand soldiers an outer court was enclosed. Outside of this tables were spread for the multitude.

Each pair had seats, and ranged themselves in a semicircle round the Royal throne. As it would have taken several weeks for the few priests to have married this vast number of couples had the ceremony been performed in the ordinary way, Alexander invented a simple way out of the difficulty. He gave his hand to Statira and kissed her, and all the remaining bridegrooms did the same to the women beside them; and thus ended the ceremony that united the greatest number of people at one time ever known.

Then occurred a five days' festival, which for grandeur and magnificence never has since been equalled.

SPENDTHRIFTS

(By T. C. BRIDGES, in "Chambers's Journal.")

The American watering-place Newport is known as the town of millionaires, and it is the thing for all the wealthiest New Yorkers to have a house there. Now, New York hostesses are bitterly jealous of one another's claims to social supremacy, and the result has been that when a number of these millionaires' wives find themselves cheek by jowl in Little Newport the rivalry becomes intensified to an unheard-of degree. In a recent novel there was a delicious description of guests at a Newport house shrimping in an artificial lagoon for sham oysters with real pearls in them. Fiction here hardly outstrips fact, for American papers are full of descriptions of tramp dinners, snake weddings, appendicitis suppers, and every freak entertainment which the mind of the money-mad can possibly conceive of.

The amounts lavished on performances of this kind are almost incredible. Sums which would build a steam yacht or purchase a twelve-inch gun are flung away upon a single evening's amusement. On all the magnificent mansions in Newport the most splendid is Beaulieu, the home of young Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. The brilliant idea occurred to this lady to give, at a private entertainment, the play "Wild Rose," then drawing large audiences at the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York. To enable her to do this, it was necessary, first, to buy up every seat in the theatre for that particular night, to pay the expenses of the whole company—more than one hundred in number—from New York to Newport, and to erect a temporary theatre in the Beaulieu grounds. Five hundred guests were asked, and afterwards a dance was given on a floor laid upon the lawn. The grounds were turned into a fairyland by the lavish use of electric lights and flowers; there were three bands, and a supper of unparalleled perfection. No outsider knows precisely what the bill was, but five thousand pounds was the lowest estimate.

Mrs. Vanderbilt got something for her money. Her guests all vowed they had had a "perfectly lovely" time; and as no one but royalty had previously given a "command performance," she herself gained enormous social prestige. But not the most distorted imagination can conceive that the guests at a certain Californian supper, which certainly cost a great deal more than Mrs. Vanderbilt's entertainment, got any good out of it. The supper was given by a young millionaire (who shall be nameless) to his bachelor friends on the eve of his marriage. By way of showing his contempt for mere money, he ended the supper by jerking the cloth off the table, and sending a costly dessert service to smithereens on the floor. Not to be left behind, a guest jumped upon the table and pulled the chandelier out by the roots. Then the fun became fast and furious. Some flung full bottles of champagne at the mirrors; others ripped the carpets and broke up the furniture, which they then proceeded to make a bonfire of. Everything they could lay their hands on was piled on the fire, including costly ornaments and even their host's wardrobe. Finally, having practically wrecked the whole house, they all had a bath in champagne. How well and happy they must have felt the next day!

The ordinary evening parties of London's smart set make money run like water. It is nothing nowadays to pay the principal singer at a musical "at home" three hundred pounds for singing a couple of songs, a second will get a cheque for fifty pounds, and a popular actor twenty-five pounds for a short recitation. Flowers, too, cost for-

tunes. At one such entertainment last summer the whole house was decorated with masses of orchids—purple, cream, scarlet and white. The bill for flowers alone was four hundred and eleven pounds; and within the next day or two four hundred and eleven pounds' worth of orchids were swept out and carried away in the corporation dustcart.

For another entertainment—a dinner-party merely—the flowers cost three hundred and eighty-three pounds. They consisted of pale-pink roses of a special kind and lilies of the valley. These roses cost a trifle of half-a-crown a bloom, and the lilies of the valley were one shilling a spray.

For food alone the sums expended are almost incredible. The great idea of the smart-set hostess is to feed her guests upon delicacies as entirely out of season as possible. There are dishes of December green peas at seven-and-six a spoonful, asparagus at half-a-crown a stick, winter strawberries at two guineas a pound, and marvellous peaches at a sovereign apiece. Another enormously costly dish in great favour just now with those who have more money than they know what to do with is truite au bleu. To secure the absolute perfection of flavour it is essential that the trout shall be alive when they reach the hands of the cook. The fish must therefore be brought, in special tanks laden upon special trucks, from the river to the kitchen, and the water must be kept constantly aerated, or the fish will die. A single dish of truite au bleu may very well cost twenty pounds. Quails stuffed with ortolans, Chinese birds' nest soup, and kangaroo-tail soup are other items of the modern millionaire menu. Lucullus spent a sum equal to seventeen hundred pounds of our money on a single meal. It is confidently affirmed that a London hostess recently entertained sixteen people to a dinner which cost for food alone thirty guineas a head. The salaries paid to the men who prepare the food are equally beyond reason. Plenty of chefs in private houses receive from eight hundred pounds to fifteen hundred pounds a year, and such men are, as a rule, extravagant to a degree.

Mr. Charles Fleischman, an American millionaire, is himself the architect of his own fortune; but, unlike most of his countrymen, he has retired to a country house in the Catskills to enjoy his wealth. Being devoted to the American national game, he keeps a dozen of the best baseball-players in the country at his house, pays them thumping salaries, and treats them like princes; and when he feels in need of a little recreation, asks them to play before him on one of the several excellent grounds which he has made near his house.

It occurred to another of these money-kings, Stephen S. Marchand by name, to distinguish himself from other men by the possession of the most beautiful bed-chamber—it would be profanation to call it a bedroom—in the world. So in his new house he had a first-floor room constructed, elliptical in shape, seventy-six feet long and twenty-two feet wide. The walls he had panelled with costly carved woods at the trifling cost of twelve thousand eight hundred pounds. The panels were hung with purple and gold Genoese velvet at seven pounds fifteen shillings a yard. There are twenty-eight panels, and for each ten yards of velvet were used. To adorn the ceiling special artists were brought from Paris, and these decorations cost nearly four thousand pounds. The chairs are of solid carved ivory, with ebony and gold inlay; the chimney-piece cost twelve hundred and thirty pounds; the washstand, seven hun-

dred and ten pounds; one cheval-glass, seven hundred and thirty pounds; and other furniture in proportion! But the crowning glory of this amazing apartment is the bed. This, like the chairs, is of ivory and ebony, marvellously carved; and it is said that in order to procure a tusk large enough to form its head a special expedition was sent to Africa at a cost of four thousand pounds. The carving employed the time of four skilled artists for two years, and the bill for the bed alone reached a total of thirty-eight thousand pounds. The completed room represents an outlay of one hundred and ninety-three thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds, or, say, an income of about ten thousand pounds a year.

A popular craze of the day is the lavishing of small fortunes on pets. Gold collars studded with precious stones are clasped round the necks of lap-dogs, and a San Francisco lady's cat named Beauty walked abroad adorned with diamond earrings and a gold necklace. Parisian-cut garments and dainty manure sets are provided for the delectation of these pampered pets. Pet dogs have their travelling costumes, their nightshirts, their boots, and monogrammed handkerchiefs. When washed, yolk of egg is used instead of soap, lest their tender skins be irritated, and when one of these poor little brutes becomes ill through overfeeding, its dainty appetite is tempted with chicken, partridge, and sweetbreads served on silver dishes.

The record in wasteful expenditure of this kind was probably reached by the American lady who owned three pet dogs known as the Bat-eared Babies, and valued at two thousand five hundred pounds apiece. They had a special maid to look after them, and a footman to exercise them. The former received seventy-five pounds a year, and the latter the comfortable salary of one hundred pounds. The clothing of each dog costs one hundred pounds a year, and for their food the bill was ten shillings a day. The owner of these dogs had a miniature of them painted by the famous animal artist Mrs. J. C. Chandler, which was set in a gold frame surrounded by diamonds and pearls.

The wife of a Chicago millionaire has a small factory at work for her distilling scent from a certain variety of water lily. It takes many tons of these lilies to make a four-ounce bottle of the perfume, which is valued at the incredible sum of twenty-five pounds a drop. In February last a young man crossing the Atlantic in the Kaiser Wilhelm II. distributed six hundred pounds in tips among the stewards. One got five pounds for bringing up a cup of coffee, another four pounds for opening a bottle of wine.

Lord John Russell was not tactful. On one occasion he took the Duchess of Inverness down to dinner, and, after he had sat down for a minute, he jumped up and went to the opposite side of the table and sat by the Duchess of St. Albans. His wife asked him afterward why he had done it. He replied, "I should have been ill if I had sat with my back to that great fire."

"I hope," said Lady John, "you gave your reason to the Duchess of Inverness."

"No," he said, "I didn't; but I told the Duchess of St. Albans!"

While an old-fashioned merchant was looking over an order made out by his new-fashioned clerk, he glanced up over his spectacles, and said:

"James, I see you have spelled shugar without 'h.'"

"Yes, sir; that's the proper way. It's 's-u-g-a-r,' not 's-h-u-g-a-r.'"

"But I have spelled it with an 'h' for these thirty years; but mebbe you're right, mebbe you're right, for since they've got to putting glucose in it, it isn't real sugar. My, my! how things do change!"

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THE ADVANTAGES OF LAW.

The unhappy prisoner was consulting with his attorney.

"What will you do?" asked the prisoner. "We will first attempt to have the indictment nollied."

"And then, if that fails?"

"Then we will demur to the indictment."

"Then what?"

"Then we will take a change of venue."

"Then?"

"Make affidavit for continuance."

"And then?"

"Take another on the ground of not being able to get service on important witnesses."

"Well, what then?"

"If all these fail we will then go to trial."

"What will be the defence?"

"First emotional insanity."

"If that don't work?"

"Then we'll switch to justifiable homicide."

"But if that fails?"

"Well, we'll ask for a new trial."

"If we don't get it?"

"Appeal the case."

"If it goes against us?"

"Take it to the Supreme Court."

"And then?"

"Then ye'll have to petition the Governor for a pardon."

"But if that fails?"

"Then we'll have to make it a political issue."

"But if even that is useless?"

"Well, by that time your great-grandchildren will be doddering around with old age, and you'll be long past taking any interest in the case. I tell you our methods of legal procedure are wonderful, sir; wonderful."

FAREWELL, LITTLE LAD!

FOR THE PUBLIC.

Seated at my desk in the office of the superintendent one day in the late fall, I was strangely attracted by the earnest voice of a little lad pleading for the required "permit" to allow him to leave school and go to work.

Kindly Mr. A—questioned, and shook his head in doubt.

"Are you fourteen? What room are you in? I do not seem able to place you, my boy," quietly urged the busy man, with a glance at the pile of reports awaiting a coming board meeting.

Never shall I forget the manly little fellow as he drew himself up to full height. "Yes, sir; I've just turned my birthday, and we've only been here a month. Here's mother's letter. You see, sir, I don't want to leave school, but I've got to help mother."

No wonder the childish voice had called me from dead pages—such tones of earnest determination, longing, hope, and confidence; such a power for help. One knew the manhood within that heart was born.

He stood with his old cap in one rough little hand, the fingers of the other just touching the desk as he anxiously leaned forward to watch the face of the man who could write the precious paper. The blue, blue eyes, so full of earnest purpose, the soft Saxon hair, the flush of anxiety, the firm turn of the baby lips; and more than all to be remembered, that spirit of determination to "help" which seemed to envelope him and stamp him as the child to be our ideal citizen.

But no! Listen:

Slowly the superintendent read, half aloud, the broken lines—"The children are sick and the father earns so little—I am sorry to take the boy from school but I cannot meet the winter without him. He wishes to help me. He is a good boy, they will give him work. Please let him have the paper."

"Are you sure you can get work?" asked the quiet voice, with an inflection which made me see he longed to put off the writing of this "permit"—permission to change this child among children, to a wage-earner among men.

Again the eager boyish tones, grown quite business-like now: "Yes, the Boss said to bring the paper and I could go to work tomorrow morning."

"Where?"

"Down at The Works."

"Yes, and a tough lot" growled the helpless teacher.

I saw his hand tremble as he still glanced at the letter.

"The children are sick and the father earns so little."

"A tough lot," "a tough lot," the typewriter seemed to say as the permit was clicked off to the growing joy in the eyes of our little pleader.

As he passed me at the door holding fast the paper he had won—his right to lay his brave young life upon the altar of duty—his passport into the army from which there is no discharge—he lifted his glad eyes to mine and read the mother love I know they held.

Farewell, little lad! After to-morrow's sun has set, you will be no more. Across the borderland of childhood let me cry—Farewell, Little Lad!

—Florence Stolze Curtis.

QUIT KNOCKING.

FOR THE PUBLIC.

What's the use of knocking always?
Tell me, pray,
What's the use of knocking someone
Everyday?

Let the other man alone;
For your own sins try atone.
Drop your hammer in a sewer;
Do not groan.

When you see a man who's tipsy,
Lend a hand;
Do not push him in the gutter
Where he'd land.
If a brother has a "skate,"
He'll pay for it soon or late.
Put your hammer in the stove—
Its proper fate.

If the lady's not a lady,
What's the use
Of your crushing her beneath
The more abuse?
She's the one her sin has hurt;
You're not grovelling in the dirt.
Drop your hammer; you'll find good
If you're alert.

Do you think that you are all
That you should be?
Why is it your own faults
You cannot see,
While the other fellow's soul
Looks to you as black as coal?
Chuck the hammer; try his virtues
To extol.

Turn the spot-light on yourself
Some quiet day,
Then you'll find the hammer business
Doesn't pay.
Let the guiltless one alone—
Bruise his brother with a stone.
Drop that hammer in an alley,
Then atone.

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Talk about People

Dr. Aked Wrathful.

Dr. Aked of New York still continues to vow vengeance against the English papers, which he declares have the impudence to call him "Rockefeller's chaplain." "An American journalist can tell an astounding lie," he says, "but there is often a touch of humour in his falsehood. I am already enough of an American to feel deeper contempt for the mean, sneaking, venomous lies of the British Press."

Dr. Aked says that thousands of beggars in all parts of the globe who appear to think that he has free access to the Standard Oil millions, are deluging him with letters daily, particularly from England. Hundreds arrive in registered envelopes in order to ensure his receiving them. The other day he asked the New York post office to deliver him no more. In consequence he had now lost a bank-book which had been sent as a registered packet from London. Most of the appeals were addressed, "Dear Brother in Christ." One was from an English judge asking for a mere half-million to endow a college in India.

Captain Watt of the "Lusitania."

Captain Watt, who commands the leviathan liner "Lusitania," is, needless to say, an exceptionally able navigator. He is not, perhaps, quite so well known as some Atlantic captains who have won popularity amongst passengers on account of their affableness; for Captain Watt maintains that the captain's place is on the bridge, not in the saloon, and he believes that he best serves their interest by ensuring the safety of the passengers rather than by looking after their entertainment. A story is told of Captain Watt, who was being plied with all sorts of questions regarding the ship's progress by a too inquisitive passenger. "How far are we off land this morning, captain?" he inquired. "Three miles—that is all," replied the captain. "But I can't see it," put in the persistent passenger. "Because you are looking the wrong way. You must look down there," and he pointed significantly to the water.

A Pawky Scotsman.

A great traveller, Dr. Lees, has been in every capital in Europe. At Jerusalem he met a Jew who could speak Gaelic as well as he could himself, this son of Judea having acquired a knowledge of the language through coming into contact in early years with a colony of Highlanders in Canada.

When in Salt Lake City Dr. Lees visited the great Mormon Tabernacle, and there met the ubiquitous Scotsman. He was an official connected with the Tabernacle, and his speech betrayed his nationality. To the minister of St. Giles's he admitted that he belonged to Paisley, and that while in Scotland he was connected with the "auld Kirk."

"That," said Dr. Lees, "is also the church to which I belong, and I am extremely surprised to see you here."

"Ah, weel," replied the pawky Scot, "the 'auld Kirk' is a guid kirk, but it has na the privileeges that we hae here!"

British Prime Minister's Post-Office.

During the Parliamentary recess the little wayside post-office of Meigle is one of the most important, though, perhaps, among the least imposing of such Government buildings in the United Kingdom. Meigle is the post town for Belmont Castle, and through its humble country post-office are delivered the mail bags with budgets of important State documents. While the Prime Minister is in residence at Belmont Castle an extraordinary tax might be ex-

pected on the post-office staff, but Sir Henry keeps his own post-runner, who may be seen carrying the letters strapped to his back, and almost hidden from view in the mass of correspondence with which he is burdened.

A Great Surgeon's Tenderness.

The following story illustrates the great tenderness often unconsciously displayed by the late Sir William MacCormac. At the time of the Franco-Prussian war he had been working for many hours among the wounded, and at last, almost exhausted, asked an attendant to bring him a glass of fresh water. Fresh water was a rarity just then, but the attendant, after some trouble, procured a small quantity in an old cup. Just as he handed it to Dr MacCormac, the latter was attracted by the groans of a "franc-tireur," who lay near by horribly wounded by a piece of shell. Suddenly he walked over and put the cup to the wounded soldier's lips. "He cannot live an hour," protested an assistant surgeon; "it was foolish to do that." "It is never foolish to help a dying man," responded Sir William.

The Czar's Thrones.

It is difficult to say how many thrones the Russian Emperor has. The three chief ones are those at the Imperial Palace and the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, and in the Kremlin at Moscow. This last was a present to the Czar Alexis in 1660 from the Shah of Persia. It is entirely covered with thick plates of gold set with precious stones and alternating with plaques of ivory, chiselled in high relief. The fact and date of the presentation are recorded in an inscription on the back of the throne. Just above are glistening double-headed eagles of Russia, with angels on either side supporting the Imperial crown. In the Imperial Palace at St. Petersburg the throne stands in an alcove of the marble throne room, with a wide stretching canopy with thick gold cords and deep fringes of gold embroidery. On the curtains behind are embroidered the arms of the Romanoffs surmounted by the crown, with a curious star-shaped border all round. Three wide steps lead up to the throne.

Versatility of the Kaiser.

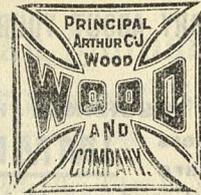
The Kaiser has given his views about street architecture to a Berlin sculptor, who recently received an order for a new statue to be raised in the Tiergarten. According to his Majesty, the general appearance of the streets of most modern cities is far too monotonous to be pleasing. The sky line is in most cases far too even. It should be broken up more by irregular roofs.

Nor does he like the modern way of building houses flush with the street. Small gardens in front are often delightful and restful for the eyes. Even the slight alleviation of area railings is preferable to the existing gauntness. Architects also should study colour and diversify their facades. The Kaiser mentioned two cities as examples of what he would like to see—the Bavarian Nuremberg and the English Chester.

Then, according to the Kaiser, there should be a picturesque extension of the commercial life of a city into its streets. He thinks the police are far too rigorous in this respect. He would like to see traders trading in the public streets. He would, above all, like to see artisans at work in front of their shops, just as they worked in the olden days.

He is also an advocate of drinking foun-

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tains in every street and public place, with copious streams of pure water. Nothing enriches a street vista so much as an ornamental drinking fountain. The Kaiser would also like to see an extension of arcades and galleries, the galleries connecting main streets, instead of the unpleasant narrow lanes so common in all great modern cities.

The Owner of Many Palaces.

Kaiser Wilhelm is the owner of many dwellings, his palaces and castles numbering no fewer than six-and fifty. Among the most beautiful of them is Wilhelmshohe, surrounded by magnificent gardens laid out with flowering shrubs, fountains and green vistas, with a well-wooded park beyond. At Wilhelmshohe Napoleon the Third found himself a prisoner after Sedan. The castle and surroundings were greatly admired by King Edward during his visit this summer to the Emperor of Germany. The Kaiser will assuredly find no difficulty in providing his lengthy family of sons with residences, for, in addition to all these many castles and palaces, he owns nearly a hundred landed estates. He shows decided preference for some of his palaces, while others are hardly even visited.

The star boarder was leaving, and the landlady, in consternation at losing so bright a luminary from the lights that daily enriched her board, pleaded for the reason of the departure. The star boarder explained.

"Madam, if you must know, I will tell you," he said. "I do not mind roast beef on Sunday—in fact, I very much like it—and I don't object to having that same article hamburgered on Tuesday; I do not disdain it made into croquettes on Wednesday, or hash on Thursday or Friday, but when it comes to putting raisins into the remains on Saturday and calling the result pudding, madam, I protest!"

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GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1907.

HAPLESS CHILDREN.

Child life, as seen in the Children's Police Court, is unspeakably sad, and it will be a surprise to many to know how busy they are at this Court, which is held at Paddington. Here the child is seen suffering because of its criminal parent, and to such this Police Court is the gateway to better things. From the squalor and neglect of that which has been their only home, to the Government Cottage Homes at Mittagong and Pennant Hills, where there are some 90 boys and 200 girls, is a change which they are quick to appreciate. Dr. Mackellar is largely responsible for this, and the State owes him a debt of gratitude which like many other of its debts no one bothers very much about.

The growing volume of business done at the Children's Court is alarming. In the first six months some 728 cases were dealt with; it grew in the second period of six months to 952, and in the last six, ending June 30, it had reached the startling number of 1520. Whether the child is suffering from a criminal parent, or from a criminal instinct, it is a wise thing to deal with the matter in a separate court, and the results of the present common-sense treatment are most encouraging. It has been said that if you are going to do anything for the average man you have to begin before he is a man; and if you are going to

do anything for the average slum child it is imperative to begin before the criminal parent or the criminal instinct has become sufficiently prominent to attract the eyes of the law.

In Melbourne, private enterprise has secured a farm for such boys, and we intend to move persistently forward until we have a "Grit" farm for boys, where besides being trained for usefulness in life, they may gain an impetus towards heaven. We shall be glad to hear from those who sympathise with such a scheme. The first man we want to hear from is the one who will give us a farm, or place it at our disposal rent free for five years.

DRASTIC LEGISLATION.

Once again New Zealand takes the lead in remedial legislation. Last week the Gaming and Lotteries Act Amendment Bill was passed by the House of Representatives. It contains clauses to prevent the sale of Tattersall's tickets within the Dominion, the publication of betting tips, totalisator dividends, or betting odds, and reduces totalisator permits by one-sixth. All this is in the right direction, and shows that public sentiment in New Zealand is growing towards the prohibition of licensed gambling, as of licensed liquor-selling. It is only a matter of time when the Commonwealth will follow suit. The clause in regard to the reduction of the totalisator permits is significant, in view of all that has been trumpeted by certain of the betting fraternity as to the claims of this legalised gambling machine to consideration in preference to the more obnoxious bookmaker. New Zealand evidently wants less totalisator, which means the evil needs restricting. In time she will go for the irreducible minimum, and run these machines off the race-course.

SOUNDLY HUMANE AND ECONOMIC.

The "Daily Telegraph" comments adversely on the decision given by Mr. Justice Pring last week on the clause in the new Liquor Act which empowers magistrates to issue orders prohibiting publicans from selling drink to certain individuals. The case in question was that of a country hotel-keeper who appealed against a conviction by the local bench under this section in face of the defence that the person supplying the liquor did not know the man against whom the order was in force. The appellant contended that knowledge of the identity of the prohibited drinker was necessary to render a publican liable for supplying him. It was ruled, however, that the Act does not require such knowledge. Referring to the provision under which prohibition orders are issued the judge held that "if it were a sufficient defence for a publican to swear that he did not know the man to whom he sold liquor, the section would be futile, since a person would only need to go where he was unknown to buy without difficulty."

It is contended that the punishment of the publican "who innocently sells drink to

a man whom he does not know that he is forbidden to serve," does not meet the case, since the prohibited person can still go where he is unknown, and get his "illegal nobbler." Says this contemporary, "even if every publican in the country knew every man against whom magisterial interdicts were in force, there would still be nothing to prevent the outlaw under the Liquor Act from ordering a couple of gallons from the grocer in somebody else's name, or sending another man to get him a bottle from the nearest public-house. All this provision succeeds in doing is to create an artificial crime which publicans may apparently commit without being aware of it. No man should be put in that position." The same argument might be used in defence of the man who takes the responsibility of "receiving" or buying stolen goods. The law makes it one of the penalties of the publican's trade, and is more concerned in protecting the public than the publican. It is framed on the humane and sound economic principle of making it difficult instead of easy for alcoholics to obtain liquor. Experience, moreover, has shown that it is the drink victim who needs protecting, for the publicans as a class have never been over-scrupulous on the point of either supplying liquor continuously to persons until they become drunk, or after they are drunk.

RATIONAL COSTUME.

It is positively refreshing, with the temperature at melting point, to read of the attack recently made in England on men's dress by Mr. Louis N. Parker, the famous organiser of pageants. When opening an exhibition of dress in London last month, he declared, what most of us believe to be true, if we do not act upon it, that the dress of mere man, "when he is not playing games or soldiering, is an eyesore, from his horrible hat to his ghastly boots." Let men go back to the beautiful clothes of old, urges this champion of rational reform. Let them wear rich velvets, heavy brocades, snowy frills, and, above all, feathers. The instinct for feathers was strong in all men. No sooner did a prosperous stockbroker or an eminent solicitor cross the Swiss frontier than he bought a green Tyrolean hat, with a sort of Prince of Wales's plume sticking up behind, and at once he was transfigured. Mr. Parker went on to exhort "Angelina" to insist that "Edwin's" clothes should be more beautiful. If the husband paid for the wife's bonnet, why should not the wife trim the husband's hat? Abolish the stove-pipe, the bowler, the frock-coat, the stiff shirt-front, the high collar, the so-called evening dress—reform them all; give men something flowing, which either concealed or displayed, as each individual case might require, men's curves, and, above all, something with colour in it. It was nonsense to say that the climate was against bright colours. The natural Englishman revelled in gay clothes. The universities owed their popularity chiefly to their blazers. Joseph had a coat of many colours. But now Joseph and all his brethren were doomed to black. They went to a christening in black, to church, to weddings, to funerals in black, to a dinner, a theatre, a ball, a supper, all, indiscriminately, in black. Could it be wondered that crime was on the increase and lunatic asylums were gorged? Even the "Lancet" contends that the choice of a sombre hue is totally opposed to scientific indications.

RELIGION AND BUSINESS.

CONFIDING AUSTRALIANS.

Some curious descriptive details of one of the American fancy religions which have secured converts from Australia are given in a handful of official papers received by the Victorian Agent-General from the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (writes the London correspondent of the Melbourne "Argus"). The correspondence begins with a despatch from Mr. T. Erskine, acting British consul at Chicago, who states that a Mr. W. L. Cleveland, a native of Victoria, and his wife, have applied at the consulate for repatriation to Australia. They had been for a time members of a sect called the "Israelites," "The House of David," and "The Flying Rollers." (Mr. Erskine seems to have been unable to make a choice between these different titles, but the Foreign Secretary, after a study of the facts, shows a preference for "Flying Rollers"). The sect has its headquarters at Benton Harbour, in the State of Michigan, and apparently a condition of joining it is that all the worldly goods of converts are placed in the names of Benjamin and Mary Purnell, who exercise supreme authority over the community. The converts are, moreover, obliged to enter into an undertaking that, on leaving the sect for any cause, they forfeit all right to the recovery of any of their property, and in this way anyone who withdraws is reduced to a state of destitution.

Mr. Erskine was so far impressed by what he had heard from the stranded Victorians that he consulted the Government authorities of Michigan, and gathered that a considerable number of British subjects were in the community. He decided to see how the religion worked, and to ascertain whether anything could be done to safeguard the rights of the Britishers, and accordingly visited Benton Harbour, accompanied by Mr. H. Chase, the Deputy Attorney-General of the State. There was an interesting and rather comic interview between them and the heads of the community, who had the assistance of a lawyer. "We carefully went into their charter and by-laws," says Mr. Erskine, "and asked many questions as to their methods of management. They refused to give us accurate information as to the number of members, or details as to many things, claiming that they never counted the numbers, as David was cursed for trying to number the Israelites; but we discovered that about 380 are living in the community, of whom about 90 came from Australia and 30 from Great Britain." After describing the businesslike arrangement made by the Purnells with regard to the property of converts, he proceeds:—"The people of the community are fed and clothed, but in return must work, as directed, in the laundry, printing-house, tailor's shop, or as carpenters, builders or labourers on 900 acres of farming land which they occupy either in fee simple or on lease, but no wages are paid to them, nor do they have any voice in the election of officers or in the management of the society, which is entirely in the hands of Benjamin and Mary and the officers appointed by the former. The people are vegetarians, leave their hair uncut, and all except the officers—who are well dressed and wear a good deal of jewellery—are clad in the plainest and cheapest clothing, generally home made."

After a long discussion, Mr. Chase told Benjamin Purnell that he was carrying on his undertaking contrary to the charter under which the community was organised, and that legal proceedings would be taken against him if he did not alter his ways in the course of a few weeks. Effective legal action will, however, apparently be

attended with difficulties, as the adherents of the new religion "dare not talk to outsiders or among themselves for fear of being reported and blamed in the weekly meeting." But there is no doubt about the commercial success of "Benjamin and Mary." The property they hold, Mr. Erskine states, "is valued at about £60,000—all accumulated in the last three or four years—and it is a serious question for the community as to their rights, especially for any who are discontented; while, if the community should collapse, the British members will be like the Clevelands, if unable to work, a public burden, and will ask repatriation." He concludes his report with a request for instructions as to what shall be done for the Clevelands. The Foreign Secretary sends the question on to Mr. Taverner, and Mr. Taverner, in turn, is forwarding it on to Mr. Bent.

THE ALCOHOLIC HOME.

"There is no doubt whatever that the drinking habits of the nation, and especially of the women of the nation, are doing more harm to our financial and social position than is any depression in trade or other economic causes. Alcoholism in women is a fertile cause of prematurity, of imbecility, idiocy, and lunacy among their children. . . . Further than this, an enormous proportion of the unemployed, the unemployable, and the derelict are men and women who have been born and bred in alcoholic homes, and who are in the greatest number of cases the offspring of alcoholic mothers," writes Dr. Mary Scharlieb, in the "British Journal of Inebriety."

"It is difficult for people who have always lived in clean, comfortable, well-ordered homes to imagine the absolute misery of what has been called 'the alcoholic home.' Imagine the condition of things where one or both parents have fallen under the slavery of alcohol. If it be the father only, the home will be necessarily poor and pinched, bare of necessary furniture, without adequate light and warmth, and the food will be insufficient both in amount and quality. Too often, also, with an alcoholic father, the poor children are terrified witnesses of scenes of violence, and run very serious risk of physical injury; but even in these deplorable circumstances the poor little home may be clean, and economy and thrift on the part of the mother may do all that is possible to enable sixpence to do the work of a shilling; but in the case of the home where the mother is alcoholic, no matter whether the father is so or not, the condition is much more miserable. It does not need much imagination to bring before our mind's eye a picture of such a home—a home that is never clean, that is never tidy, where nothing is put into its place, where nothing can be found when it is wanted, and where things in general are misused and made to do work for which they were never intended.

"The misery and discomfort of the home where the mother is a drunkard is absolute; by the very nature of the case the want of thrift, of order and of cleanliness permeates every nook and corner of the place, and is evidenced in all the relations of life. The alcoholic mother is bound to be a bad manager; the money that is given to her by her husband for household expenses is consumed in the gin shop, and consequently the lighting and warming of the home suffer, together with the quality of the food purchased. Not only so, but there is no successful effort to get the utmost value out of money or provisions. The table is spread with a dirty, tumbled cloth, the crockery is cracked, broken and dirty, and the food, such as it is, is spoiled in the cooking. The woman does not pur-

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Sydney, 27th September, 1907.

chase necessary clothes either for herself or her children; they are all dressed in rags, dirty and untidy. Strings and buttons, conspicuous by their absence, are ill-replaced by pins. Even if the outer clothes are just sufficient to enable the children to be admitted to school, the underclothing is very deficient, and, needless to say, very dirty. Such an unfortunate mother has either no knowledge of the laws of hygiene, or has not the necessary energy and will to obey them. The children's skins are dirty, their hair uncared for, and too often the condition is what is described under the school returns as 'verminous.'

"This is a most inadequate presentment of the physical conditions of the alcoholic home, but the moral aspect is still more terrible and horrifying. Under the physical conditions described it is scarcely pos-

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sible for the children to grow up healthy and strong, but under the moral conditions it is still more difficult for them to develop into God-fearing and self-respecting citizens; for the alcoholic mother, although in her better moments she may be loving and tender-hearted, is so frequently possessed by the demon of drink that all reticence, decency and practical care of her children are in abeyance; the home is filled with a perpetual atmosphere of quarrelling, evil words and blows; in too many instances—is an atmosphere of lies and of dishonesty.”

PUZZLING PAPA.

The scene was the dining-room on Sunday, and the whole family was assembled at mid-day dinner.

The meat had been removed and the children had already had a second helping of pudding, when Elsie said:

“May I have some more currant tart, please?”

“No, dear,” said her father. I think you’ve had enough for to-day.”

Elsie waited a moment, then she asked again somewhat querulously:

“Please, Papa, can’t I have a piece more currant tart?”

“No, dear,” replied her father. “I have already told you you’ve had enough.”

“Inen, papa,” she exclaimed, with a bright look in her eyes, ‘why do we so often sing that favourite hymn of yours where it says: ‘Feed me till I want no more?’”

THE MORMON BIBLE.

The original manuscript of the “Book of the Mormons” was the work of its chief founder, and for safety’s sake is deposited in the bank vault in Richmond, Montana.

It was written as far back as 1829, and contains about 350,000 words, and is old and yellow with age, while the ink has turned to a very brown tint.

For a good many years past, so the story runs, the Elders of the Mormon Church have tried their hardest to get hold of it, but so far they have not yet been successful in securing it. The huge sum of £20,000 was once offered for it, which offer, however was politely but firmly refused.

The custodian of this valuable manuscript at that time was one of the founders of the Church. He positively declined to give it up because he thought that the Utah branch of the Church desired to place in it a clause that would authorise and sanction the practice of polygamy, which seems to suggest that the original creed of the Mormons did not include a right to more than one wife.

It was written at the dictation of the founder of the Church, and is now possessed by a retired merchant who was one of the three witnesses of the writing of it. It is composed of 600 large sheets of linen paper, of foolscap size, and is in small writing on both sides of the paper.

INTREPID EXPLORERS.

A message has been received by the British Royal Geographical Society from Dawson City, in the Yukon territory, bearing the signatures of Captain Elinar Mikkelsen and Mr. Ernest de K. Leffingwell, the joint leaders of the Arctic expedition.

Captain Mikkelsen and Mr. Leffingwell, who, with a third member of the expedition, undertook a journey of exploration over the ice of the Beaufort Sea, the unexplored region to the west of the Parry Archipelago, report that their sledge trip covered a distance of 500 miles.

They believe that they twice crossed the edge of the continental shelf, beyond which there is little chance that land will be found rising from the depths of the great Polar ocean.

Soundings taken at a distance of fifty miles from the coast failed to find bottom at a depth of 340 fathoms—the extreme length, it may be supposed, of the sounding line carried by the explorers.

Though their ship, the *Duchess of Bedford*, has been lost, the intrepid explorers have no intention of abandoning the expedition, but hope to resume their explorations and scientific studies in the Beaufort Sea region in the spring of next year.

THE CHEERING CUP.

In the matter of tea-drinking Britain easily leads the way. Every year her people consume over 200,000,000 pounds. Russia comes next, with half that amount; then come the United States, Australia, Canada, Holland, Germany, and France, in that order.

In the matter of tea production, India and Assam now lead the way, with over 208,049,000 pounds a year; China is the runner-up, with 193,467,000 pounds; then comes Ceylon, with 149,227,000 pounds; Japan, with 68,359,000 pounds; and Java, with 23,595,000 pounds.

The exhilarating effect of a cup of tea is largely due to its action on the heart, and very little harm results, provided the tea has not been doctored with injurious colouring matter, as is all too frequently done.

AN OBJECTION TO TROUSERS.

When the modern garment known as trousers first began to supersede breeches at the commencement of the nineteenth century, the religious world and the fashionable were most determined in their opposition. A clause in the original trust deed, dated 1820, of a Sheffield Non-conformist chapel provided that “under no circumstances whatever shall any preacher be allowed to occupy the pulpit who wears trousers.”

But this was not all. Some doubts were expressed in many quarters concerning the question whether a man could be religious and appear in trousers. One of the founders of the Primitive Methodist body re-

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marked to a colleague in the ministry “that trousers-wearing So-and-so will never get to heaven.” And a famous Methodist minister, twice president of the conference (born in 1765, died in 1850), could not be induced to adopt trousers.

The only place where the old-fashioned but picturesque breeches still hold their own, is at the Levees held by his Majesty, where trousers are not permitted to be worn.

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The Massacre of the Children

MEDICINES AND FOODS FOR INFANTS.

It has been computed that for some years over 9000 children that might reasonably be expected have not been arriving in New South Wales. The larger number of these have been deliberately prevented by selfish people unwilling to bear the responsibility of parentage: on the other hand, a not inconsiderable number were murdered before their arrival. Those people and papers who are an incentive as well as a party to this by their advertisements, must be brought to face the fact that they are criminal accessories in murder, and when the evil is more generally called by its right name, the first step will have been taken to overcome it.

There is, however, another aspect of the child murder problem on which we may speak more freely. For years past nearly 4000 children per annum under 12 months of age die in New South Wales.

THE CAUSES OF PREVENTABLE INFANTILE MORTALITY.

The New South Wales Royal Commission, I, p. 39, says there is a want of knowledge of the proper modes of rearing infants, exemplified by:—

(a) Prevailing and erroneous belief that the artificial feeding of infants is as good as suckling.

(b) Ignorance of the proper mode of artificial feeding.

(c) Ignorance of the physiological needs of infants.

(d) The prevalence of the use of noxious drugs.

(e) The prevalence of the use of sterilised food.

(f) Erroneous belief that infants may be separated from their mothers without injury to the infants.

(g) Injurious quality of proprietary and other artificial foods often recklessly advertised.

We cannot hope in this brief article to do more than awaken concern and inquiry, and also, on all these points, clearly indicate some of the most dangerous enemies to child life.

DEATH BY DRUGS.

Soothing syrups are extensively advertised, and many mothers, ignorant of their danger, use them. The "Morning Advertiser," March 10, 1906, in its report of a coroner's case, says:—"Over 15000 babies are done to death every year by this so-called 'Mother's Friend,' which was eminently adapted to increase infant mortality." At Baltimore, 18th December, 1905, a child under four months of age was killed by the use of "Kopp's Baby's Friend." The State Attorney published the following statement:—"I call the attention of the mothers of this city to the verdict of the coroner's jury. The evidence before that body showed that there was no way to account for the death of the baby unless the ten drops of the medicine administered to it contained morphia sufficient to kill the child. This case emphasises the necessity of the refusal by the public to use any remedy not prescribed by a practising physician." The mother had not only innocently but affectionately given the child the stuff. Dr. John S. Fulton, Secretary of the State Board of Health in connection with the same case:—"All patent medicines are not in themselves dangerous in composition, but they are in the fact that they persuade a man to prescribe for some disease he thinks he has, and there is great danger in this. Patent medicines teach people to drug themselves." They are using

something they do not know the power of, to meet a disease they do not know the nature of, and it is the wildest kind of gambling. Dr. David Streett says:—"All baby remedies, such as soothing syrups and other medicines that are sold already prepared, contain more or less poison. I do not know of one exception."

ACETANILIDE FOR BABIES.

There are several acetanilide powders and tablets on the market. They are advertised as "safe and harmless." In a letter dated December 20th, 1906, addressed to Mr. O. C. Beale, Dr. Burnett Ham, Commissioner of Public Health, Queensland, says:—"Re Acetanilide for Babies.—I think there can be little doubt that this drug, also known as anti-febrin, should NOT, under any circumstances, be given to babies."

In all secret nostrums the contents are variable, and do vary widely. The proprietors can do what they like, and what they seemingly like to do is to change the poisons from time to time.

Those mothers who give medicines which they find induce sleep, might reasonably be expected to inquire what causes the sleep, and what harm may follow. The drugs that cause the sleep are poisonous and dangerous, and their use is criminal, whether the person is ignorant or not of their nature.

THE INFATUATION FOR QUACKERY.

Something more than toleration, almost an affection, for shams, is shown in the encouragement given to every kind of imposture and quackery. These things are welcomed by the papers because of the space they take, and the price they pay. We find in one of the ordinary issues of a Sydney daily of the date on which this is written, there are 49 quacks and shams advertised in about 3½ columns. In a country newspaper there are not so many, but the space taken is even greater.

The impudence of some reaches the sublime. They never know failure, they can cure anything, they are quite harmless. Worried and ignorant mothers think it so cheap, and are quite prepared to try what they fondly believe will not do any harm.

A mother once said to the writer:—"The doctor has been, but I do not think he knows what is the matter; don't you think I had better use some of the stuff so much advertised?" I pointed out that if the doctor, after his training and personally having seen the child, did not know, then how much less likely was the thing prescribed by a person who had never qualified, and never seen the child, to do good. But all in vain, the faked testimonials, the self-assertive infallibility prevailed, and the quack nostrum was tried. The child did not live, but the friends blamed the doctor, and were quite satisfied if they had only tried the "miraculous cure all" sooner, all would have been well.

PREDIGESTED FOOD FOR INFANTS.

These are seen in every chemist's shop, and often in storekeepers' general stock. There is no test, check, or inspection of these things, nor is it anybody's business to trouble about the stuff at all.

Dr. Boardman Reed, in "Diseases of the Stomach and Intestines," page 347, calls many of these well-advertised foods "Pharmaceutical Monstrosities," proving they contain things which mutually destroy each other, and cannot possibly be of any benefit. It is a pity we are not able to reprint an article in the "Journal of the A.M.A.,"

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FRESH SUPPLIES of CHEAP EDITIONS OF POPULAR BOOKS.

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THE CHILD, THE WISE MAN, AND
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GOD AND THE ANT.
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WALKER-STREET, CASINO,

Best One Shilling Meal out of Sydney.

Beds and Bedrooms not to be surpassed.

TERMS: 4s. per day, or £1 per week.

GOOD CUP OF TEA AT ANY HOUR.

ALREADY NECESSARY TO ENLARGE
THE PREMISES AGAIN.

February 9th, 1907, page 533, on "The digestive impossibilities." But perhaps we have said enough to warn mothers and put them on their guard.

The World's Saviour said, and with all emphasis, that he who would outrage little children ought to be drowned for a certainty. With the Christ innocence, decency, truth, motherhood, were primal necessities to the world He sought to save. We will show ourselves His followers by defending this position.

WHY HE NEVER GOT ABOVE A LITTLE BUSINESS

He did not know how to advertise.
He did not keep up with the times.
He tried to do everything himself.
He tried to save by hiring cheap help.
His word could not be depended upon.
He looked upon system as useless red-tape.

He strangled his progress by cheese-paring economy.

He did not have the ability to multiply himself in others.

He did not think it worth while to look after little things.

He ruined his capacity for larger things by burying himself in detail.

He never learned that it is the liberal policy that wins in business building.

His first successes made him over-confident, and he got a "swelled head."

His styles were always a little off. His goods always a little out of date.

He thought he could save the money which his competitors spent for advertising.

He thought it was nonsense to pay as large salaries to buyers as his competitors did; but they got his customers.

He did not appreciate the value of good taste in a buyer, but thought what he saved on his salary was clear gain.

He was always running his business down. With him times were hard and money tight; business only just "so-so."

He was pessimistic, and all his employees caught the contagion, making the whole atmosphere of his establishment depressing.

He put men at the head of departments or in posts of responsibility who lacked executive ability and the qualities of leadership.

He could plan, but could not execute, and he did not know human nature well enough to surround himself with efficient lieutenants.

He did not think it worth while to compare his business with that of his more successful competitors, or to study their methods.

He did not buy with his customers' needs in view, but bought the things which he liked the best himself, or which he thought would bring the largest profits.—"Success Magazine."

POWERFUL DROPS OF WATER.

A drop of water, even three or four drops, falling on the head seems a thing unworthy of attention; nevertheless in China a slow and continuous dropping of water on the head has been found to be a method of torture under which the most hardened criminal abjectly howls for mercy.

When a professor in the Sorbonne stated this to his class the other day one of the students laughed incredulously, and said it would take a good deal of that sort of thing to affect him.

The professor assured him that even one quart of water dropped slowly on to his hand would be beyond his endurance. He agreed to experiment.

A quart measure filled with water was brought in, a microscopic hole was bored in

the bottom, and the performance began, the professor counting.

During the first hundred drops the student made airy remarks. With the second hundred he began to look less cheerful, then gradually all his talk died away, and his face took on a haggard, tortured expression. With the third hundred the hand began to swell and look red. The pain increased to torture. Finally the skin broke.

At the four hundred and twentieth drop the sceptic acknowledged his doubts vanished and begged for mercy. He could bear no more.

A SMALL BOY'S REASONING.

A bright boy, who had been taught the nature of strong drink and promised to shun it, one day visited a rich uncle who was not a teetotaler. The uncle offered the boy a glass of wine, which he declined. Wishing to see how far he could be tempted, he urged the boy to drink, and finally offered him the gift of a watch if he would drink. The boy declined, saying: "Please don't tempt me; if I keep a teetotaler I can some day buy a watch of my own, but if I drink and take your watch, I may later have to pawn it to get bread."

A LAWYER'S ADVICE.

"See here," said the client, "I want you to tell me what to do. There is a fence between Jones' garden and mine. He thinks it is on his land; I think it's on mine, and we have got into a quarrel about it. Now if you were in my place what would you do?" "Well, my dear sir," said the lawyer, "if I were in your place, I would call on Jones, smoke a cigar with him, and settle the thing in a friendly fashion; but as I am not in your place, I would advise you to stand no nonsense. Stick up for your rights; go to law, by all means; show that scoundrel Jones that you are not to be tyrannised over by a man such as he. That's my advice to you—as a lawyer."

THE TERCENTENARY OF FORKS.

In this year occurs the tercentenary of the first introduction of forks into everyday life in England. To refuse to touch one's meat with one's fingers was considered by a certain divine of the Elizabethan days to be 'an insult to Providence.' Prejudice was strong against the innovation.

The Court of Queen Elizabeth certainly boasted of several choice varieties of forks, made "of christall, garnished with golde sleightly," and otherwise of rare ornamentation. But it was not until 1607, when Conyat, the traveller and observer of polite manners, returning from Italy—which country was then considered the glass of fashion and the mould of form—wrote in defence of what he called "this forked cutting of meat," that the upper classes awoke to the consideration of forks as indispensable to the appointment of the table.

The Perfection of the Tea Blender

Griffiths' Teas

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THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

We scoff at the man who is playing
To the gallery day after day;
We sneer at the glib politician
Who starts after office that way.
We hear him addressing "the people,"
And some turn from the scene in disgust;
But the gallery cheers and elects him,
And in him reposes its trust.

We laugh at the best selling novel,
We smile at the tawdry romance,
But the gallery gladly accepts them
And gives to our books not a glance.
We merely eke out an existence,
While he who produces the trash
Is placidly living in splendour,
And calmly securing the cash.

The player has learned that he triumphs
If the gallery deigns to applaud,
And he knows that he fails if his acting
Has not stirred the heart of the god.
We madly go chasing the rainbow,
And babble of art, in our pride,
While the ones who are steadily pleasing
The galleries push us aside.

The decision of the American tariff experts that frogs, are poultry, reminds one of that experience of Buckland, the English naturalist, with a railway ticket-seller. Having been forced to pay for his monkey as a dog, Buckland drew a turtle from his pocket and asked if he must pay on that, too.

"No," replied the ticket-seller, after gravely inspecting the turtle, "that's a hin-seck."

"GRIT"

All communications to be made to the
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Box 390,
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SUBSCRIPTION: 5/- per annum,
Post Free.

Keep yourself informed on the moral questions of the day by taking
"GRIT."

How the World Moves

The machinery of a 10,000-ton battleship weighs 1400 tons.

More fires break out in Hamburg than in any other city.

The Kaiser has sausages for breakfast nearly every morning.

The Army Medical Department comprises over 3000 officers and men.

Berlin has more policemen in proportion to its population than London.

The new sea-going torpedo destroyers are of 790 tons, and cost £143,000 each.

The Scots Greys possess more captured flags than any other British regiment.

Algerian vineyards produce more grapes per acre than those of any other country.

A brick house of average material and workmanship will last one hundred years.

The "Dreadnought's" 12in. guns are half as powerful again as the old type of 12in. guns.

The population of the prairie districts of Canada has doubled within the last five years.

President Fallieres owns extensive vineyards, which bring him a substantial income.

On his Dalmeny estate Lord Rosebery has an extensive farm for experimental purposes.

Probably the largest wheat-field in the world is in Argentina. It is 66,720 acres in extent.

Electricity is being more and more extensively used as the motive power in English coal-mines.

Twenty-five years ago medical practitioners used twenty times as many leeches as they do now.

The Life Guards cost more than any British regiment to clothe, and the West Indian Regiment the least.

In 1840 the average warship carried 46 guns. In 1890 the average had fallen to four per ship. It is now rising again.

Samuel Evans, a private in the 2nd Foot, died at Plymouth in 1809, having lived for sixteen days after being shot through the heart.

The custom of breaking a bottle of wine over a ship's bows when she is being launched, and of naming her, dates back to about 1810.

In 1557 surgeons were first regularly appointed for the Ordnance Service, and since then they have always accompanied our armies in the field.

The guns at Waterloo were heard at Dover, 180 miles away; and the Jubilee guns at Spithead, in 1897, were heard at Bridgwater 100 miles as the crow flies.

The West Essex Yeomanry were disbanded on March 31, 1877. The regiment was raised in 1831; but at its last inspection in 1876, only forty-six paraded, hence its disbandment.

In 1891 the most powerful marine engines were those of the "Empress of India." They were 30,000 horse-power, or only half the power of the new Cunarders, the "Mauretania" and "Lusitania."

About two in every hundred of our soldiers and sailors are invalided yearly. The death-rate is less than one per cent. in all armies but the Austrian, and in all navies except the Russian and Austrian.

The purchase system in the British Army was first regularly recognised in the first year of Queen Anne's reign, 1702. The average cost of an ensigncy was £450, of a captaincy £1,800. The system was finally abolished in 1871.

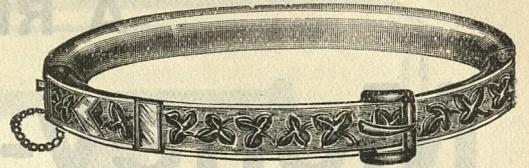
The king of naval guns is the 12in. for it fires the enormous 4ft. shell, which the Russians, during the late war, christened the "portmanteau." It pierces heavy armour at a battle range of 7000 yards, and does terrible execution.

The Royal Militia of Guernsey is the oldest military organisation in the world. The system of "compulsory militia service" in force in Guernsey to-day is a survival of the feudal system. Since the thirteenth century, every male inhabitant of the island has been held liable to serve.

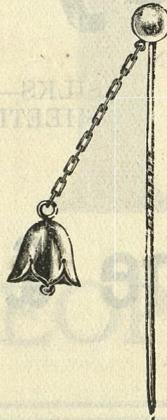
The duty of the Inspector-General of Ordnance is to see that the Army is well supplied with all articles of equipment and war material, such as guns, armour, ammunition. He also has to look after all stores and magazines, and to generally see that a good supply of fighting material is constantly on hand.

Instances have occurred showing the great power displayed by tree roots. Vine roots have been seen actually forcing their way through a brick itself, and when one considers the soft and brittle nature of a vine root, or any other root, it is difficult to believe that they possess such resistive force. Roots thus penetrated a wall 14ft. thick, going through the joints, and finally striking earth in a garden border outside the viney.

XMAS PRESENTS.



9ct. Gold Bangles, 30/- 35/- 40/- 50/- &c.



Gold Charm and Pin, From 2/6 and 5/-

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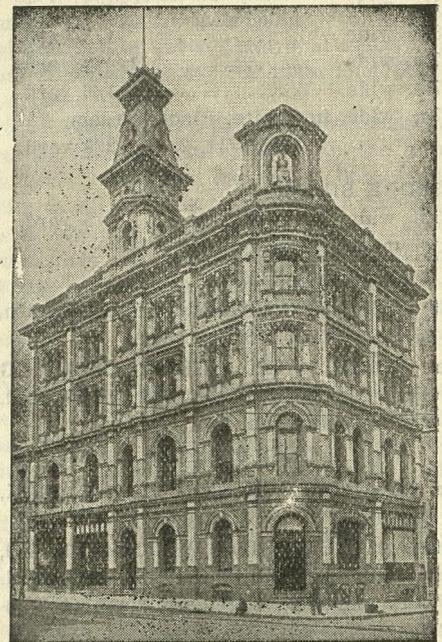
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These Bargains are yours if you come speedily—

JAPANESE SILKS, WHITE, BLACK, AND ALL COLOURS.

- 20in wide 8¼d yard.
- 21in. wide 10¼d yard.
- 23in. wide 1/3 yard.
- 27in. wide 1/4½ yard.
- 27in. wide 1/6 yard.
- 27in. wide, in White, Black, Cream,
1/9, 1/11, 2/4½, 2/9 yard.

TUSSORE SILKS,

- 23in. wide 1/3 yard.

27IN. TUSSORE SILKS,

- 1/6, 1/8, 1/9, 1/11.

34-35 TUSSORE SILKS, Fine, Bright Finish,
1/11, 2/3, 2/6, 2/9.

21in. FANCY LINED CHECK BLOUSING SILK, in Grey, Beautifully Embossed, Brilliant Grounds, 1/6 yard.

ALL LESS 2/- in the £.

23in. FANCY BLOCK STRIPE, JAP. SILK, Sky and Pink, 2/3 yard.

19-20in. STRIPED SILK WEFT ZEPHYRS, in Pink, Sky, Nil, Turquoise, 8¼d yard. Very popular; excellent Washing Fabrics.

COLORED MOUSSELINE LOUISINE and PALETTE SILKS, 20in. wide; worth 2/11 for 1/11.

LESS 2/- IN THE £.

20in. SPUN WASHING BLOUSING SILK, White Ground, Navy and Black Line Checks; worth 2/9 for 1/9.

LESS 2/- IN THE £.

All other SILKS, SATINS, not mentioned are subject to the same Discount of 2/- in the £, with the exception of our 36in. BLACK GLACE SILK; worth 4/6 at 2/11, and BLACK MERVEILLEUX SILK; worth 1/6 for 1/1½d.

WHITE HONEYCOMB QUILTS, at WINN'S LOW PRICES, less 2/- in the £ Discount.

SINGLE BED QUILTS, 1/11, 2/3, 2/6, 2/9, 3/3, 4/3, less 2/- in the £.

THREE-QUARTER BED QUILTS, 2/11, 3/3, 4/6, 5/9, 5/11, 6/11, less 2/- in the £.

DOUBLE BED QUILTS, 3/11, 4/6, 5/3, 5/9, 6/9, 7/6, less 2/- in the £.

LARGE DOUBLE BED QUILTS, 4/11, 5/9, 6/6, 8/6, 10/11, 14/6, less 2/- in the £.

COLORED QUILTS, less 2/- in the £—Single Bed from 1/11, Three-Quarter from 2/6, Double Bed from 3/3, Large Double Bed from 3/11, less 2/- in the £.

TOWELS. TOWELS.

Less 2/- in the £.

White Turkish, 16 x 33, 4¼d; 19 x 37, 6d; 20 x 39, 7¼d; 23 x 46, 8½d; 22 x 45, 10½d; 23 x 56, 1/-; 22 x 60, 1/3; 26 x 60, 1/4½; and all less 2/- in the £.

Brown Turkish Towels, less 2/- in the £, 15 x 32, 3¼d; 17 x 38, 5d; 16 x 34, 5¼d; 18 x 42, 6½d; 18 x 44, 7½d; 21 x 42, 8½d; 20 x 59, 9d; 22 x 46, 1/-; less 2/- in the £.

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- 54 in., 8½ yd.
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- 80in. 1/- yd.
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REAL TORCHON LACE, selected patterns, desirable designs, all less 2/- in the £ discount, 1in., worth 2¼d, going at 2d yd; 1½in., worth 3½d, going at 2¾d yd.; 2in., worth 4d, going at 3½d yd.; 2½in., worth 4½d, going at 3¾d yd.; 2¾in., worth 5½d, going at 4¼d; 3in., worth 7¼d, going at 6½d yd.; 4¼in., worth 8¼d, going at 7½d yd.; 5in., worth 1/-, going at 10½d yd.; and less 2/- in the £ discount.

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1in. wide, worth 3¼d, going at 2¾d yd.; 2¼in. wide, worth 4¼d, going at 3¾d yd.; 3in. wide, worth 6¼d, going at 4½d yd.; 4in. wide, worth 7¼d, going at 6½ yd.; less 2/- in the £ discount.

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