

# GRIT.

## A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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### At the Sign of the Rattlesnake

By S. B. McMANUS.

My friend, John Dolliver, cowboy, better known as Dolly Dolliver, told me this story one winter's night, as we sat in his snug log cabin built in the side of a steep divide, and fronting towards the high hills to the east, with the Bad River tearing and cursing along with its first embargo of thin winter ice and slush that had been broken up, and set in angry motion by the January thaw.

It was a wierd, wild night, dark as a moonless and starless sky could make it, with one solid, black cloud overlaying it from horizon to horizon. No thunder, no lightning, no noise to shatter a stillness that was keenly oppressive, save now and then the sharp, chiseling yelp of a coyote, attracted close to the cabin by the light from the one window, or the dismal howl of a Buffalo wolf from a nearby river cliff, answered and answered again from near and far, the uncanny sound travelling its way, as answering cock crows at dawn.

It was a night for just such a story as he told me, which I shall give with but indifferent fidelity as he told it to me.

"If ever there was an apology or excuse for a saloon existing, it was for 'The Sign of the Rattlesnake,' owned by some Eastern capitalist and operated by 'Handsome' Charley Mayer, an ex-round-up man, and his brother Robert, at Coyote Butte. Lonesome place? Lonesome isn't the name for it. You think my shack a little retired, but this is a town for cheerfulness and for stir and vivacity, compared to that locality. It was as if God had gathered up all the solitude He had left when He made the world, and dumped it right down here and washed His hands clean of it and called it Coyote Butte.

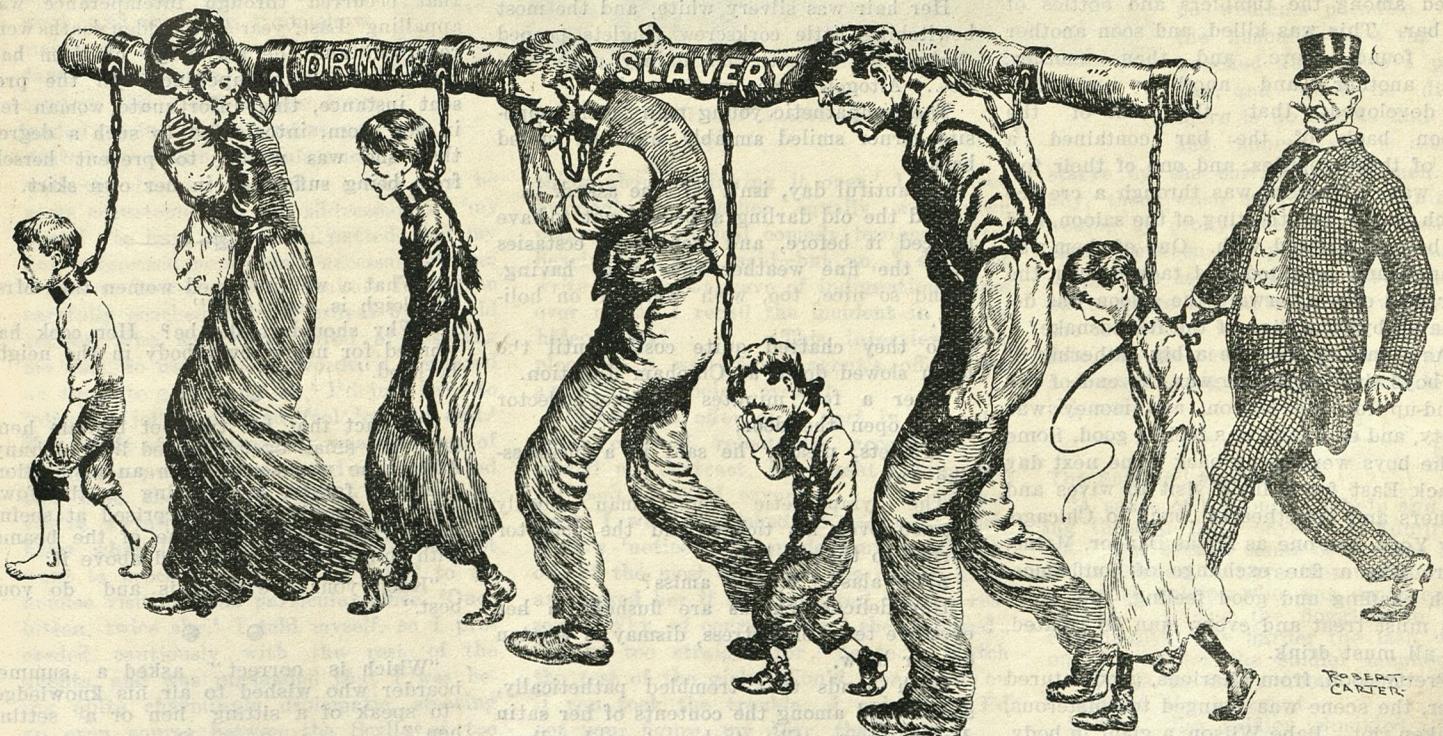
A little to the south were the Bad Lands. These are the hell of the earth, if ever a hell was made of sky and rock; a place to unnerve the strongest man and make a baby out of the bravest. Many tourists come this way during the summer season, and this was one of the principal reasons for the existence of 'The Sign of the Rattlesnake.' In the hunting season many came from afar to try their Winchesters and test their courage in combat with the great sil-

ver-tips, whose lairs and dens have been here unmolested for a thousand years, and will be, I take it, for a thousand more.

"It was from the 'Rattlesnake' that a splendid young fellow from the East—a man who had already made his mark in the world—went out, full of foolish brag and bad whisky, that 'Handsome' Charley had poured for him in order to nerve him to cross swords, as it were, with one of these monster brutes. With discretion and precaution thrown to the winds, all too soon he found an antagonist worthy of his steel.

"He was picking his way without care, laughing and jesting with his guide, who, like himself, was half intoxicated, when in a sudden turn in the narrow cliff-pass, a monster silver-tip fell upon him, throwing him violently to the ground. He was stunned but not greatly hurt, and in an instant he had regained his besotted senses, and fully realised his awful situation.

"The huge brute stood over him, almost in the act of crushing his skull between the jaws of her foaming, dripping mouth. It was then the guide fired and his life was saved, but saved for a worse fate than death. He was led back to 'The Sign of the Rattlesnake' in a dazed, helpless condition, only recovering from this to become



The Liquor Party are crying out for Compensation in view of No-License. "Treat us as the slave-owners of America were treated when slavery was abolished," they say.

The question is, Who should be compensated—the unfortunate victims of the traffic, as depicted above, or the gentleman with the whip who is already paid liberally for his services?

a raving maniac. The awful fright had bereft him of his senses, and after the lapse of a few months he died, leaving a broken-hearted mother, and a father bereft of the pride and the idol of his life.

"This is only one little episode that 'The Sign of the Rattlesnake' is responsible for; there are many others equally sad and thrilling that must wait another telling.

"The Rattlesnake Saloon,' as it was commonly spoken of, had become a rendezvous for ranchmen and cowboys for a radius of fifty miles. Here at least they could forget the terrible sense of loneliness and isolation that made home intolerable.

"You don't know what it is not to have company—to live as if you were dead and buried, and no tombstone on your grave. Not many of these men meant to be bad; they were good at heart, but circumstances seemed to be against them. Not all of them came to drink and carouse and quarrel, and go away with empty purses and befuddled brains. To some there was another motive, more powerful than the well-stocked bar.

"Opening from the saloon was a door that swung in upon a clean, dainty room, where 'Handsome' Charley Mayers' wife and little girl lived—the only woman and baby for many, many miles; and more than once a lonesome, homesick fellow had been known to ride his broncho a day's journey just to get a glimpse of them. And this was a bit of heaven to the boys. They were hungry for home and the better things of life. They didn't intend to be bad, and it was because things had been made easier for them to be bad, rather than good and decent, that they were in this way.

"It would almost make a man cry to see how hungry they were to even touch the little one, to hold her in their arms a minute and smooth her hair or touch her baby cheeks. They were something sacred to the boys—this woman and baby girl—and their names were spoken almost with reverence.

"And 'Handsome' Charley loved his wife and little one with a love that sometimes seemed too great.

"There was a big gathering of the boys at 'The Rattlesnake.' Why called 'The Rattlesnake?' The answer would be almost a whole story in itself. But, without going into particulars, in the early days of the saloon, a monster rattlesnake was found coiled among the tumblers and bottles of the bar. This was killed, and soon another was found there, and then another, and another, and another, and then it developed that the wall of the saloon back of the bar contained a den of these reptiles, and one of their former ways of egress was through a crevice which, in the constructing of the saloon, had not been interfered with. One of them was skinned and mounted and tacked over the door, and ever afterward the saloon was designated by 'The Sign of the Rattlesnake.'

"As I said, there was a big gathering of the boys that night. It was the end of the round-up for the season, and money was plenty, and everyone was feeling good. Some of the boys were going back home next day—back East for a little visit to wives and mothers and sweethearts. . . back to Chicago, New York, and one as far as Bangor, Maine. There was a fine exchange of confidence, much chaffing and good feeling, and every man must treat and every man be treated, and all must drink.

"Pretty soon, from hilarious, good-natured cheer, the scene was changed to boisterous, drunken riot. Babe Wilson, a giant in body, but with a heart of gold, who would swear at a man who would use oaths, and knock a man down for saying or even hinting a mean thing about a woman, became profane

and obscene. The boys tried to stop him, but could not. Then a bullet from 'Handsome' Charley's revolver crashed through his brain, and he dropped dead against the door leading into the room where the mother and baby were.

"There was a cry from both—a woman's frightened scream, and a baby's awakening, one and then more and more shots from the liquor madmen who saw their dead friend in the doorway, over whose dead body the fear-paralysed woman had stepped with her child in her arms, in order to reach the side of her husband. No one living can tell how it all happened, but when the smoke had cleared away two more dead bodies lay upon the floor—Charley Mayers and his wife.

"It was a scene never to be effaced from one's memory, and I shall never forget the cry of the baby—motherless and fatherless in an instant—too young to realise this, but old enough for a baby's pitiful grief and sorrow. We sent the baby to its mother's folks, with a thousand dollars pinned in the pocket of her little dress. We could not do much; we all felt sorry, and it was all too bad.

"But this was the end of 'The Rattlesnake' saloon. Not a man who was there that night ever went near it again, until the Government put a post-office in it, and then we made the other room into a Sunday School room for the few children who are now here, and it is always open for preaching, when anyone comes along who can do that sort of thing.

"Say, friend, that was a mournful sound we just heard; it came from a cavern across the creek. It was the cry of a lynx, but it sounded like the scream of a woman. It is an uncanny night, and my story has not been a cheerful one.

### THE LOST RAILWAY TICKET

She was a sweet old thing, and she sat in the right-hand corner of the carriage, facing the engine.

An umbrella with a curved silver-handle was guarded by one frail hand, and about the fingers of the other she had twined the ribbons of the black satin Dorothy-bag which lay on her lap.

Her hair was silvery white, and the most bewitching little corkscrew ringlets peeped coyly from beneath her dainty poke bonnet. Altogether she was adorable.

The sympathetic young man in the opposite corner smiled amiably, and she smiled back.

"Beautiful day, isn't it?" he asked.

And the old darling appeared not to have noticed it before, and went into ecstasies over the fine weather they were having. "And so nice, too, with everyone on holiday."

So they chatted quite cosily until the train slowed down at Clapham Junction.

After a few minutes a ticket-collector threw open the door.

"Tickets, please," he said in a business-like way.

The sympathetic young man meekly handed over his ticket, and the collector turned to the old lady.

Alas, alas! What's amiss?

Her delicate cheeks are flushed, in her eyes are tears of distress, dismay is written on her brow.

With hands that trembled pathetically, she hunted among the contents of her satin Dorothy-bag. She took out a handkerchief, a purse, a pair of mitts, a button-hook, a bunch of keys, two safety-pins, a pair of spectacles in a case, and a paper bag containing jujubes. She even turned

the Dorothy-bag inside out and shook it reproachfully.

The ticket had vanished.

The collector watched the proceedings in a stolid calm. The whole train waited in an ominous silence.

Pale and woe-begone, the old lady looked at the ticket-collector, and the collector looked at the old lady.

"You'll have to pay," he began. Then the official reserve broke down, and he positively smiled:

"Why, your ticket's in your mouth, ma'am!"

Blushing in a pretty confusion, she handed him her ticket, murmuring gentle, incoherent words of apology.

"Right away!" he shouted, the guard whistled, the train slid out.

In a minute or two the old lady had recovered her composure.

"I fear your memory is going," said the sympathetic young man.

She smiled—such a sweet smile.

"Oh, dear no. I have an excellent memory," she told him sedately. "You see, it was a week-end ticket, and it expired yesterday, so I thought it best to soak off the date!"—By J. S. W. in the "World and His Wife."

### WOMAN'S REMARKABLE DEATH

#### SUFFOCATED BY HER SKIRT.

#### THE CORONER ON INTEMPERANCE.

#### 600 SUDDEN DEATHS IN 1906.

An inquest concerning the death of a single woman, Ellen Leigh, was held by the City Coroner on July 17.

Georgina Wilson, a lodging-house keeper at 8 Shepherd-street, Darlington, said that the deceased, who lodged there, was of intemperate habits, and suffered from rheumatism and pains in the heart. On Saturday night she came home under the influence of liquor, and witness heard her snoring in her room. On the following morning witness found her lying dead on the floor with her face buried in a skirt. The skirt had been hanging on the door, and the deceased had apparently clutched at it, and fell face downwards on it.

The Coroner, in recording a verdict of accidental death, said the number of deaths that occurred through intemperance was appalling. Last year 600 sudden deaths were reported, and the majority of them had resulted from intemperance. In the present instance, this unfortunate woman fell in her room, intoxicated to such a degree that she was unable to prevent herself from being suffocated in her own skirt.

"What a well-informed woman that Mrs. Wadleigh is, isn't she?"

"Why shouldn't she be? Her cook has worked for nearly everybody in the neighborhood."

The fact that his two pet bantam hens laid very small eggs troubled little Johnny. At last he was seized with an inspiration. Johnny's father, upon going to the fowl-run one morning, was surprised at seeing an ostrich egg tied to one of the beams, with this injunction chalked above it:

"Keep your eye on this and do your best."

"Which is correct," asked a summer boarder who wished to air his knowledge, "to speak of a sitting hen or a setting hen?"

"I don't know," replied the farmer's wife, "and, what's more, I don't care. But there's one thing I would like to know: when a hen cackles, has she been laying, or is she lying?"

## AN ACTRESS ON STAGE MORALITY

"For six long years I foolishly imagined that a woman might earn an honest living in a calling known as the 'dramatic profession.' Little by little, however, has it been borne in upon me that even to make sufficient to live upon is an utter impossibility, that is, if one still wishes to retain one's self-respect."

So "An Actress" affirms in the "Grand Magazine" for June. The writer, who describes herself as "a country squire's daughter," goes on to say:—"To achieve any manner of real success in an art which still means so much to some of us is only for the infinitesimal minority, including the women who have money, and can afford to run a theatre for themselves, or those who marry managers or actor-managers. The vast majority of the others who succeed have to pay a heavy price for their laurels, promotion, more often than not, being at the cost of all a true woman holds most dear."

"It lies with the public to perform the operation of amputating the diseased limb which is crippling dramatic art, by insisting that the boards of our theatres shall be trodden by actresses, not by women whose real profession is illegal by Act of Parliament, who parade the stage but for the advancement of their own unavowable ends, and for the sordid gain of unscrupulous managers. . . . In case that no one can believe that things are so bad as I shall presently show, I am ready to stake my reputation that any six actresses what one might term 'straight women,' picked at random from London and the provinces, would relate practically the same tale as my own. . . ."

"Through the instrumentality of the actor who had given me my first start, and, indeed, whose own company it was, I . . . joined a Shakespearean company for a tour of six months at a salary of £1 per week. I rejoined for another tour, with the rise of 5s per week, and that sum I somehow managed to put by for rainy days, which were not long in coming. The end of the tour landed me in London, and necessitated my making acquaintance with the dramatic agents. I very soon became accustomed to be addressed as 'my dear,' to have my cheeks patted, and my hands squeezed more than is necessary for an ordinary 'how-do-you-do shake.' I had been carefully coached in this ordeal by an old actress, who was never tired of assuring me that, to use her own words, if I wanted an agent to get me a 'job,' I'd just have to 'play up jolly well and fool 'em no end.' The result of this teaching was that one of these men put his arm round me and kissed me, with the remark, 'Come, little girl, you're awfully slow, you know,' before I knew what had happened. As I did not want to proceed any quicker, I had to renounce visiting that particular office. 'Once bitten, twice shy,' I told myself, so I proceeded cautiously with the rest of the agents, and was persuaded that I was being quite charmingly diplomatic, steering an even course between the Scylla of too much reserve and the Charybdis of unseemly familiarity. It was therefore doubly a blow to my pride when I was quite politely asked to 'go down to Brighton for a week-end, and then I'll be able to fix you up a nice engagement when we come back.'"

"In desperation I at length bethought

me that I had a voice of sorts, and I determined to try and get something to do in musical comedy. I obtained several appointments to see some of the biggest managers in this peculiar branch of the profession.

"Yes, that's all right," said one of the leading men, after hearing me sing; 'now what about the men? How many stalls can you fill?'

"My face betraying my ignorance or astonishment, he explained without any unnecessary circumlocution: 'Now, my dear, it's no good our humbugging each other. I depend upon my chorus to help to fill my theatre. You must know that. It's useless your coming to me unless you can make yourself agreeable.'

"The plain words look innocent enough as I write them down, but the tone in which they were spoken gave them a hateful significance that brought a hot flush of shame to my brow, and, murmuring some-



## THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

thing about 'thinking it over,' I departed hurriedly. Another equally well-known manager in musical comedy business, after hearing me sing, said—but no, I dare not write it, a great wave of indignation comes over me as I recall the incident in all its hideousness! . . . This interview took place in a well-known agent's office, the agent himself being present.

"When the offer of a part in a pantomime came I reluctantly accepted, and signed my contract, the agent taking ten per cent. of all I earned. . . . After a week I was astonished to receive a fortnight's 'notice.' I confided my trouble to one of the most decent of the chorus girls, and asked her if she could tell me the reason. 'Why, of course I can,' she answered; 'you're too straight for "panto." Watch the rest of the girls. You'd soon catch on if you took the trouble. I only wish I'd got your figure, my dear, that's all.'

"And I did watch, and saw the 'nods and becks and wreathed smiles' to mysterious beings in the circle and stalls. I found that the supper invitations were accepted, likewise the escort home, with results satisfactory to all concerned, for the same men came night after night to the theatre. I

found that I was the only one who failed to 'play up' in this game, and recognised the fact that my place could be better filled by someone else who would."

## STRANGE WOOING CUSTOMS

Among a certain tribe in Scythia a maiden's status in married life depended on her muscle, and was all settled in advance. When a lover made overtures for her hand he had to engage her in single combat. If he was victor he led her off her master and monarch for life. If he was vanquished she led him off, her husband slave.

If this type of equal rights, this fighting chance, is not satisfactory to the women, they might visit the Ukrain, where, as a quaint chronicler tells us, the dear sisters have a fearsome power in their hands. "When a young woman falls in love with a man she goes to his father's house and reveals her passion in most pathetic eloquence, promising rigid obedience if he will take her to wife. Should the stubborn creature offer any excuse, she tells him she will never leave the house till he surrenders. Then she takes up her lodgings and remains there, and a game of endurance begins. If he continues obstinate his case becomes really distressing, for the Church is on her side, and to turn her out would provoke all her kindred to avenge her honour. The poor fellow must take her or fly until she is otherwise disposed of. The Lapland sister is approached by proxies and presents. Brandy ranks above diamonds, and ceremonies are opened with a high old Arctic spree. The "lady" never appears in the early part of the negotiations, but when she is finally introduced and acquainted with the situation, she can either consent by silence or close all negotiations by dashing the suitor's gifts to the ground.

In Greenland married life is no woman's paradise. While the husband lives the wife is knocked about like a punching bag, and when he dies, and there is no one to find her fish and raiment, she is allowed to starve by the chivalric gentlemen. Naturally, then, when some ardent swain comes wooing by proxy, and the negotiations are closed between the parents, she has to be dragged to her new abode. Often the doomed creature attempts to starve herself in the mountains when she first learns of her fate, but she never fails to cut off her hair, a despairing sign that she wants to die so old maid.

## The Soldier Laughed.

"A sense of humour is a help and a blessing through life," says Rear-Admiral Buhler. "But even a sense of humour may exist in excess. I have in mind the case of a British soldier who was sentenced to be flogged. During the flogging he laughed continually. The harder the lash was laid on, the harder the soldier laughed.

"'Wot's so funny about bein' flogged?'" demanded the sergeant.

"'Why,' the soldier chuckled, 'I'm the wrong man.'"

"What's all the row over on the next block?" a reporter asked of a policeman.

"Aw, only a wooden wedding."

"A wooden wedding?"

"Sure. A couple of Poles is gettin' married."

## Talk about People

### The Present Duke of Wellington

The present Duke of Wellington is a far less-talked-about man than his famous predecessor. For one thing there is no Waterloo to be fought and no Napoleon to be beaten just now; and, for another, he is the most retiring of men.

Of course, he is—or, rather, was—a soldier, holding the rank of Lieutenant Colonel of the Grenadier Guards. He made himself extremely popular with his brother officers while in the army, and since his retirement, has kept up a keen and constant interest in matters military. He is President of the National Service League, and a vehement advocate of conscription; but he is happiest in the country hunting and shooting, and out of the way of everybody.

Some time ago it was suggested that he should be offered a Colonial Governorship, but apparently the quiet life of a country squire appeals to him vastly more than the cares of Government. Society would probably see nothing at all of him were not the duchess a popular and enthusiastic hostess.

In any gathering the Duchess of Wellington is a conspicuous figure. Tall, grave, and dignified, generally dressed in black, she always displays a marked individuality. She often wears a kind of bonnet, invented by herself. It takes the form of a close-fitting black toque, slightly pointed in front and tied under the chin with black ribbons—something like a nurse's cap in appearance. They have four sons, two of whom served in the South African War, and two daughters.

### A Link with the Past

An interesting fact came to light the other day about the Wellington family. For some reason or other one of those gentlemen who delight in hunting up musty old records was delving into some papers concerning the "Iron Duke."

It has usually been said that the great general's name was originally Arthur Wellesley; but this is not quite correct. The inscriptions on the tombs of his ancestors, in Westmeath, make them, not Wellesleys, but Wesleys; and in the debates and proceedings with which the duke was connected when a member of the Irish House of Commons, his name is recorded as Arthur Wesley. As a matter of fact, he did not assume the name of Wellesley until he obtained the colonelcy of his regiment. And the indefatigable parchment examiner, after going through all this very carefully, got on the track of something else, and presently announced that there wasn't the slightest doubt that the famous evangelists, John and Charles Wesley, belong to the same family, which is an interesting link with the past of one of England's greatest men.

### Lady Henry Somerset's Life Work

It was mainly due to Lady Henry Somerset, who has earned world-wide fame as a temperance advocate, and who has just announced her intention of retiring into private life, that the Homes for Inebriates were established to which magistrates now send habitual drunkards, instead of sentencing them to a term of imprisonment. Lady Henry Somerset has always looked upon drunkenness as a disease, and not a crime. Hence the reason why she founded her Farm for Women Inebriates at Duxhurst, where habitual female drunkards live amid charming surroundings in delightful cottages, and occupy their time and thought with interesting outdoor occupations. Something like 80 per cent. of the women who have undergone Lady Henry

Somerset's treatment for intemperance have afterwards led sober and respectable lives—a splendid tribute, surely, to the efficacy of her ladyship's methods.

### Clergyman's Strange Experience

The Right Rev. Dr. Chadwick, the Protestant Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, in a speech at the Synod of the Irish Protestant Church, referred to the story of a pickpocket having been found dead with the watch in his hand of the clergyman who had come to attend him. This story is not only well known, but true. The clergyman in whose experience this strange incident occurred was the late Rev. W. H. White, Chaplain of the Savoy and Chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Mr. Speaker Brand. Mr. White was aroused in the small hours of the morning from his sleep by a sick call when, very early in his ministry, he was a curate in



THE PRESENT DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

a Brighton parish. He was summoned to a very bad quarter of the town and was brought to the bedside of a man who was rapidly sinking, amid surroundings of destitution and squalor. The man passed away while Mr. White was offering up prayers on his behalf, and Mr. White, on arising from his knees, discovered to his astonishment that his watch had been removed from his pocket and was held tightly in the grasp of the dead man.

### Needless Cruelty.

Queen Alexandra confesses that when young she could never reconcile herself to the Latin language. Her Majesty was very strictly brought up, and her likes and dislikes, as regards her studies, were not often consulted.

The Queen—Princess Alexandra then—had a worthy old pastor as tutor, a man deeply learned in the classics.

"You say that it is wrong to speak badly about the dead, don't you?" once said the Princess to her old master.

"Yes, very wrong indeed," was the reply.

"The Latin language is dead, isn't it?" again asked the inquisitive Princess.

"Yes, it is dead. Why?" queried the pastor.

"Oh," replied the Princess, "I was going to say something about it, that's all." And then, with a pathetic little sigh: "Oh, I do think it's cruel not to let the dead rest!"

### A Temperance Apostle.

Francis Murphy, the "Apostle of Temperance," has retired from active campaigning. According to messages received from his home in Los Angeles, he is almost blind. A short time ago he had to be led home from a public hall on the outskirts of that city. The same night, according to the information received here, Mr. Murphy dictated a statement in which he said, with tears streaming down his face, "My eyesight is leaving me; I am done." Mr. Murphy is now seventy-one years old. He has been prominent in the temperance field for thirty-six years. In that time he addressed more than twenty-five thousand meetings in America and abroad. According to the statistics of temperance organisations, he persuaded fully twelve million persons to sign the pledge.

### Kipling's Conversion.

It is said that Rudyard Kipling, the great English literary genius, at one time believed in the inalienable right of the individual to exercise self-control and self-regulation on the liquor question, but was converted to prohibition by witnessing the leading of two young girls to ruin through drink, after which he wrote as follows: "Then, recanting previous opinions, I became a prohibitionist. Better is it that a man should go without his beer in public places and content himself with swearing at the narrow-mindedness of the majority; better it is to poison the inside with very vile temperance drinks and to buy lager furtively at back doors than to bring temptation to the lips of young fools such as the four I had seen. I understand now why preachers rage against drink. I have said there is no harm in it, taken moderately; and yet my own demand for beer helped directly to send those two girls reeling down a back street to—God alone knows what end."

### A History Written on a Newsagent's Counter

Until he died a few days ago, few people south of the Tweed had heard of John Mackintosh, LL.D., of Aberdeen. Yet he was one of the most remarkable men Scotland has produced within the last century. The son of a Banffshire crofter, Mackintosh had little opportunity for education; but he produced one of the most brilliant histories of Scotland ever written. At ten years of age he was taken from school to tend cattle on the hillside, and it was while he was a cowherd that he acquired a taste for reading. Deciding to abandon this calling, he resolved to learn the trade of a shoemaker, and for fourteen years he earned his living at the cobbler's "last." But he had still a thirst for knowledge, and read omnivorously. Tiring of cobbling, Mackintosh next became a policeman, and ultimately opened a small newsagent's shop in humble premises next door to the house in which Byron lived while in Aberdeen. Here on the counter during his spare hours he wrote his great work, the "History of Civilisation in Scotland." The task occupied nineteen years, and surely never was book written under such conditions. Mr. Mackintosh preferred the morning sunlight to the midnight oil. He was usually up at five o'clock, and at once commenced work on his "History," with his shop counter as his desk.

Cittiman: "Look here, sir; didn't you warrant the horse you sold me yesterday to be without a fault?"

David Scarum: "Yes, ain't he?"

Cittiman: "No, sir; he is not; he interferes."

David Scarum: "Wal, I don't see as you hev any reason for complainin' about that. He don't interfere with anybody but himself, does he?"

**NURSING AND DRINK**

**A WOMAN'S QUESTION.**

Mr. J. G. Woolley said with considerable force in one of his public lectures, "Drink is a showy sin," and he aptly illustrated his point, but after all, that is not the whole truth. An iceberg is a showy thing, yet by far the greater part of it is hidden under the water.

Prof. G. Bunge, M.D., Ph.D., with the assistance of over one hundred medical men, has in the last 30 years made an exhaustive study of what he calls "the phenomena of deterioration."

Among the animals that suckle the young there is a great difference in the milk, the quicker the growth of the suckling, the richer the milk in those ingredients which specially serve towards the building up of the tissues.

Since the human suckling is the slowest in growth, the human milk is poorest in albumen but is far richer in the so-called lactic acid, the chief agent in building up the brain.

This means the milk of one species cannot be substituted for that of another without injury to the offspring, i.e., the milk of the cow cannot supply the place of human milk.

No infant is ever fully and properly fostered unless carried at the breast by its own mother. In London alone, it has been proved that the mortality among infants under a year old who have been fed on cow's milk is six times as great as among those nursed at the breast.

**WHY INCAPABLE OF NURSING.**

Women may, for convenience or through ignorance or because of their occupation, be non-nursing mothers, but the greater number of women who do not give their children the breast are physically incapable of doing so. From among 1600 families, the most evident fact was that the incapability of nursing was hereditary, and very common.

There is a very striking deduction to be drawn from the following table:—

The Father.	Mother and Daughter both able to Nurse.	Mother able, Daughter unable to Nurse.
Not Habitual Drinker ...	52.3 of the cases ...	11.1
Habitual and Moderate ...	38.1 " ...	11.1
Habitual and Immoderate ...	6.9 " ...	35.7
Confirmed Drunkard ...	2.6 " ...	42.2

**CHRONIC POISONING BY ALCOHOL.**

The drinking of the father is evidently the main cause of the inability of nursing in the daughter.

In order that the effect of alcoholism alone may be clearly seen, all those families have here been omitted in whom either of the parents was a sufferer from any chronic ailment.

Consumption of Alcohol by the Father.	Daughters capable of Nursing.
Not Habitual Drinkers ...	91.5 of the cases
Habitual and Moderate ...	88.0 "
Habitual and Immoderate ...	31.4 "
Confirmed Drunkards ...	10.0 "

That the inability to nurse is only one symptom of general degeneration is evident from the mental ailments, the disposition to infectious diseases, more especially tuberculosis, and the decay of teeth in those unable to nurse.

The Professor sums up the results of his statistical researches in the following words: "The daughter of the drinker is rarely, if ever, able to nurse her children, and the capability is irrecoverably lost to all future generations.

"The children are insufficiently nourished and the work of deterioration goes on, leading at length, after endless suffering, to the ultimate decay of the race."

**WHAT THE WOMEN CAN DO.**

It is a poor kind of woman who does not grow enthusiastic over her baby, and the community is looking to this maternal instinct to beget the interest and courage which will compel the woman to unite to work and vote for No-License.

The strength of the nation has ever been in its women, their love, patience, goodness, and power of self-sacrifice have ever been behind the noblest doings of men.

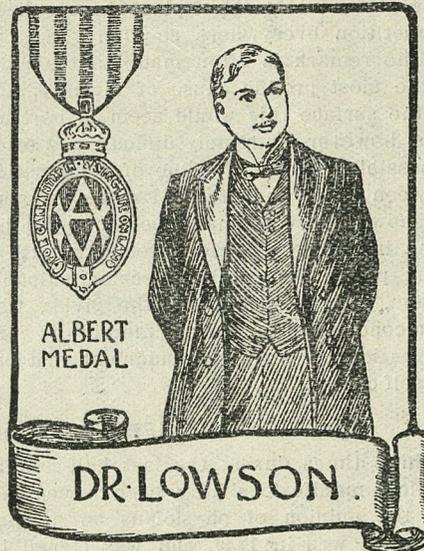
Mothers, for the sake of your sons. Wives, for the sake of your husbands, and your unborn children. Women of New South Wales, for the sake of God, home, and humanity, vote No-License!

**A HERO DOCTOR**

**HULL MEDICAL MAN DIES A MARTYR TO DUTY.**

Dr. Lowson, of Hull, who died in a London nursing home recently, has had a distinguished career, and was one of the most skilful surgeons in the country.

While in practice in Huddersfield, he was called upon to perform an operation of tracheotomy for diphtheria. The tube suddenly became blocked, and with no thought for himself, Dr. Lowson at once sucked the wound and rescued the patient



from imminent death. Within a few days he was himself stricken with the disease, and owing to serious complications which it left behind he was incapacitated from work for a year. For his noble act he received the Albert Medal.

The illness which resulted in his death commenced through blood poisoning, caused by pricking his finger whilst performing an operation for appendicitis without a fee.

**SCHOOL FOR MOTHERS**

A school for nursing mothers on the lines of the famous one at Ghent will shortly be opened in London. Mothers and girls will be taught how a baby should be clothed, fed, washed, and tended in small ailments, the babies themselves being used in giving object lessons. Among the novel features of the school will be:—Weighing machines for periodically weighing mothers and babies. The twopenny banana box adapted for a cradle. A doll dressed in a model set of clothes. Demonstrations showing how to cut out baby clothes and put them together. Pictorial illustrations and demonstrations of domestic information. Cards of instructions for mothers. Lantern lectures on baby culture. Social gatherings to talk over experiences. Charts, illustrations and demonstrations of foods and food values, and the economical purchase and preparation of nourishing foods. Dinners for underfed

nursing mothers will be provided for a small sum, and a bureau for fathers will include a register for investigation and advice.

**MR. DOOLEY ON DRINK**

Dhrink niver made a man betther, but it has made many a man think he was betther. A little iv it lifts ye out iv the mud where chances has thrown ye; a little more makes ye think th' stains on ye'er coat are eppylets; a little more dhrops ye back in-to th' mud again. . . . No, sir, I wud-dent care a sthraw iv all the dhrink in the wurruld was dumped tomorrah into the Atlantic Ocean, although f'r a week or two after it was I'd have to get me a divin' suit if I wanted to see annything iv me frinds.

**MONOPOLY VALUE**

Mr. E. North Buxton, writing as chairman of one of the greatest and best-known brewing firms, has provided us with certain figures which indicate the enormous value of the monopoly which a license offers. He states that his own firm either owns or holds mortgages on licensed premises of which the monopoly value alone, apart from the value of site and buildings, is approximately £3,000,000. He estimates that the total value of all licences in England and Wales, in excess of the value of site and buildings, is no less than £150,000,000. What does this monopoly value represent, and how did it grow up?

**PREMIER CARRUTHERS ON DRINK AND GAMBLING**

The great contributing factors to the production of inmates of their gaols and lunatic asylums were those vices which were associated with the drink traffic, and with the extravagance of gambling. He ventured to say that the result of the legislation that the Government had passed on these two matters would reduce the cost of the gaols, benevolent asylums, and lunatic Asylums—Premier Carruthers.

**THE EMPIRE OF BUSINESS**

"The first most seductive peril, and the destroyer of most young men, is the drinking of liquor. I say to you that you are more likely to fail in your career from acquiring the habit of drinking liquor than from any of all the other temptations likely to assail you. You may yield to almost any other temptation and reform—may brace up, and if not recover lost ground, at least remain in the race, and secure and maintain a respectable position. But from the insane thirst for liquor escape is almost impossible. I have known but few exceptions to the rule."—Carnegie.

**The Real Trouble.**

The poultry editor of the "Buckeye County Gazette" received this letter from a poetical summer cottager:

"Dear Editor: What shall I do? Each morn when I visit my hen-house I find two or three fowls on their backs, their feet sticking straight up and their souls wandering through fields Elysian. What is the matter?—

"Yours in trouble,  
"\_\_\_\_\_"

The prosaic editor replied by return mail:

"Dear Friend: The principal trouble with your hens seems to be that they are dead. There isn't much that you can do, as they will probably be that way for some time.

"Yours respfply,  
"The Editor."

# Why Men Go Wrong

## AND WOMEN TOO

DRINK IN RELATION TO CRIME.

THE STORY OF THE GAOLS.

PART III.

### SEVENTEEN PER CENT. OF LUNACY CASES.

"It is the same experience the world over, though in some cases the percentage is more and in others less," observed Dr. Sinclair, the Inspector-General for Insane. "The percentage of cases of insanity due to drink in this State is from 15 to 17. Then there is a certain other large class where health has broken down through drink and insanity follows. They are not included in the 17 per cent. We find that it is not so easy to obtain information from friends here as to the antecedents of patients as it is in older and more settled countries, such as England. In England the percentage of insanity from intemperance is 23 males and 10 females. That is the average for five years. The percentage of patients the cause of whose insanity is unknown is 26 with us. In England it is only 17. If we were able to obtain information as readily as is possible in England, the chances are the percentage of 'unknowns' would decrease, and the 'knowns' increase, and probably a good percentage of them would have to be classed under intemperance. Then, again, there is the number of patients admitted at the Reception House for Insane. Last year there were 721 cases under treatment. The large majority of those—perhaps two-thirds—were suffering from temporary insanity due to drink; but they don't cost the country much, as they are not detained for long. It is something in favour of this State that alcoholics are not as numerous as in England. It shows that the conditions of life are better and that we are a more temperate people. The American figures are much the same as ours—about 15 per cent."

### NOT A CAUSE OF INSANITY PER SE.

Dr. W. Chisholm Ross, lecturer in insanity at the University of Sydney, and for some years the medical superintendent at Callan Park, holds rather pronounced views on this question. "I don't think that drink per se will cause insanity," he remarked. "I'll tell you why—a person who drinks unduly is not of a sound mind to begin with. Then there is the quality of drink. I should say that there are not more than six per cent. of patients in the hospital at any time through drink. Alcohol is more often an effect than a cause of insanity. Alcohol in health must be regarded as a luxury rather than a necessity, and a source of weakness rather than of strength for the purposes of sustained work. Its value is that of a physical stimulant and alterative, but above all of a sedative, and in the excessive pressure and wear and tear of modern life, it is undeniably useful in easing fatigue, soothing worry, dispelling anxiety, and cheering moods of depression. Briefly defined from a physiological point of view, stimulants are 'agents which temporarily quicken some functional or trophic process.' The most important relations of alcohol are to mental disorders, and it has been truly said that there is hardly any form of insanity which cannot be to some extent caused at least by its toxic use.

"The continued abuse of alcoholic stimulants confers, unfortunately, certain hereditary defects, as too often seen in the lowered vitality, stunted growth, mental and moral obliquity, various interferences with

the special sense functions, and even sterility, with the perhaps fortunate result that within a few generations the family becomes extinct, or consists of members physically and mentally incapable of holding their own in the battle of life. Among the clinical aspects of alcoholism we find, apart from ordinary drunkenness, (1) delirium tremens, a true, though usually ephemeral insanity; (2) chronic alcoholic insanity, evidenced in the three great divisions of insanity, namely, mania, melancholia, dementia Paranoialike forms, pseudo G.P., epileptic. The point medico legally is not infrequently raised as to what part alcohol plays as a direct factor in the causation of insanity. While it is quite certain that it plays a very important part, it is extremely probable that alcohol per se, as I have said, is rarely a cause. It requires in effect some predisposition before alcohol becomes a potent assistant. But in these days of stress, owing to the demands of modern civilisation, it is more likely to have a baneful effect on the too common overstrung nervous systems of those who, apart from any direct nervous heredity, have to maintain their place in the keen competition everywhere so rife.

"The remark is often made that alcohol is the most prolific cause of insanity, and on the surface this would seem to be true. It is, however, extremely difficult and often impossible to draw the line of demarcation between cause and effect. Experience goes to show that very many persons who became insane were strictly temperate till a short period before they became palpably insane, and in such cases the giving way to alcohol must be taken merely as one expression of perverted judgment and loss of self-control."

### A MEDICAL MANIFESTO.

Three times during the last half-century medical manifestoes have been issued giving the opinion of physicians on alcohol. The first was in 1839, and was signed by 86 persons; the second in 1847, and was signed by 2000 physicians; the third appeared in 1871, with the signatures of over 4000 physicians, including the names of many leading physicians in all parts of the world. A fourth declaration of opinions, we learned through Dr. W. Chisholm Ross, was circulated for signatures in 1903. The purpose of the declaration, it is stated in the preamble, is "to have general agreement of opinions of all prominent physicians in civilised countries concerning the dangers from alcohol, and in this way give support to the efforts made to check and prevent the evils from this source."

The manifesto is as follows:—

"In view of the terrible evils which have resulted from the consumption of alcohol, evils which in many parts of the world are rapidly increasing, we, members of the medical profession, feel it to be our duty, as being in some sense the guardians of the public health, to speak plainly of the nature of alcohol, and of the injury to the individual and the danger to the community which arise from the prevalent use of intoxicating liquors as beverages. We think it ought to be known by all that:

"1. Experiments have demonstrated that even a small quantity of alcoholic liquor, either immediately or after a short time, prevents perfect mental action, and interferes with the function of the cells and tissues of the body, impairing self-control by producing progressive paralysis of the judgment and of the will, and having other markedly injurious effects. Hence alcohol must be regarded as a poison, and ought not to be classed among foods.

"2. Observation establishes the fact that a moderate use of alcoholic liquors, continued over a number of years, produces a gradual deterioration of the tissues of the body, and hastens the changes which old age brings, thus increasing the average liability to disease (especially to infectious disease), and shortening the duration of life.

"3. Total abstainers, other conditions being similar, can perform more work, possess greater powers of endurance, have on the average less sickness, and recover more quickly than non-abstainers, especially from infectious diseases, while they altogether escape diseases especially caused by alcohol.

"4. All the bodily functions of a man, as of every other animal, are best performed in the absence of alcohol, and any supposed experience to the contrary is founded on delusion, a result of the action of alcohol on the nerve centres.

"5. Further, alcohol tends to produce in the offspring of drinkers an unstable nervous system, lowering them mentally, morally, and physically. Thus deterioration of the race threatens us, and this is likely to be greatly accelerated by the alarming increase of drinking among women, who have hitherto been little addicted to this vice. Since the mothers of the coming generation are thus involved the importance and danger of this increase cannot be exaggerated.

"Seeing, then, that the common use of alcoholic beverages is always and everywhere followed, sooner or later, by moral, physical, and social results of a most serious and threatening character, and that it is the cause, direct or indirect, of a very large proportion of the poverty, suffering, vice, crime, lunacy, disease, and death, not only in the case of those who take such beverages, but in the case of others who are unavoidably associated with them, we feel warranted, nay compelled, to urge the general adoption of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors as beverages as the surest, simplest, and quickest method of removing the evils which necessarily result from their use. Such a course is not only universally safe, but is also natural.

"We believe that such an era of health, happiness, and prosperity would be inaugurated thereby, that many of the social problems of the present age would be solved."

This declaration received the signatures of over 1000 physicians in America alone.

### CHILDREN OF THE STATE.

The State Children Relief Board in one year provided for the boarding-out of a daily average of 2023 children at an actual cost to the State of £15 15s 10d for each child; and for the support of 3325 children of widows and deserted wives in their own homes at a cost per head to the State of £6 8s per annum. The total cost to the State under both of these heads for that year was £67,236.

Mr. A. W. Green, the chief boarding-out officer, estimated that in 60 or 70 per cent. of the cases dealt with by his board the chief cause is drink. "There is always some cause for destitution, and generally it is the drink, we find. Here are a few samples taken from our books:—"A sister (5) and brother (4) were taken charge of because the father had been imprisoned for neglecting them, and the mother was addicted to drink. A lad of 10 years was admitted because his father spent his earnings in drink; and his mother also was a drunkard. A brother (3) and sister (six weeks) were admitted because the mother was seen by an inspector drunk with the younger child in her arms, and inquiries disclosed that the children were neglected as the result of her habitual intemperance. Two brothers 8 and 6 were admitted, after having been found lying in an outhouse in one of the suburbs at 6.30 a.m. with their mother, who was an habitual drunkard; father dead. Two children were admitted because of the intemperance of the parents. Their discharge was afterwards sought, and after a lapse of some months, during

which the parents were under supervision and furnished evidence that they were leading temperate lives, the children were discharged. Two hours after receiving the children the mother was arrested for being drunk in George-street; and the children were re-admitted to State control."

**SUPREME COURT JUDGE'S OPINIONS.**

The Acting Chief Justice (Mr. Justice Stephen), when seen, was unfortunately not well enough to make an extended statement. He had therefore to content himself with a one-sentence testimony as expressing his experience on the subject—"A very large proportion of crime is due directly and indirectly to drink."

**Drink and Divorce.**

"There is not the least doubt," says Mr. Justice G. B. Simpson, "that drink is the cause of a great deal of crime. I have seen it in every phase of life during my experience as Crown Prosecutor, Chairman



Old Gentleman: "You must be very careful not to pick a toadstool instead of a mushroom, my dears. They are very easy to confuse."

"Oh, but we bain't a-goin' to eat 'em ourselves, sir! We sends 'em all to market!"

of Quarter Sessions, and as a Supreme Court Judge. I have no hesitation in saying that were it not for the drink there would be a very great diminution in crime. Of course there are some classes of criminals who are necessarily sober; but, generally speaking, you may take it from me, drink is the cause of a great deal of crime. In the Divorce Court I see wretchedness and unhappiness and misery, all frequently brought about by drink. My experience is that many of the cases of cruelty that come before the Court are the result of drink, although there are many cases of great cruelty being continually practised by men who are sober. Very often it happens that the sober man is a very cruel man, and the drunken man is a kind-hearted sort of fellow.

"It is a very serious question, and I have no hesitation in saying that there would be a very considerable reduction in crime if people, somehow or other, could be induced to become and remain sober. The continual excuse of prisoners in asking for mercy and consideration is that they were under the influence of drink. I certainly think it would be an improvement to reduce the number of public-houses, and to license only very respectable men. Fur-

ther, it would no doubt be a very important thing to have a thorough inspection as to the quality of liquors sold. A great many publicans—the majority, I think—won't supply people under the influence of drink; but there are others who don't care so long as the customer has money to pay for it. I do not think any judge can have any doubt whatever as to drink being the cause of a great deal of crime and misery."

**WHY YOUNG MEN DIE**

Dr. Fisher laid some startling facts before the employed officers of the Y.M.C.A. in New York State at Saratoga, regarding the causes of death among young men.

He reported that in the city of New York the average lifetime had been increased from 28 years to 40 since 1866. The census statistical reports show that out of 11,637 deaths of young men between the ages of 20 and 24, 3,752 were from tuberculosis of the lungs, 975 from typhoid, 751 pneumonia, 356 accidental drowning, 407 heart disease, 304 appendicitis, 294 Bright's disease, 253 meningitis. There has been a decrease of diseases which are communicable, and an increase in organic diseases,—those diseases due to errors in diet and overwork. Deaths from Bright's disease and heart disease are on the increase. The diseases which carried off the largest number of young men were tuberculosis, malaria, typhoid and appendicitis.

The records of insurance companies show that there is more sickness among young men between the ages of 18-25 than from 35-50.

At one health resort for consumptive young men it was found that of 330 cases of consumption, overwork, improper food and housing were responsible for 157 cases; late hours, the pursuit of pleasure in its baser forms and dissipation for 101 cases, and 72 were from venereal diseases.

Dr. Fisher suggested that the Association should add to its training for physical efficiency, education in matters of sleep, diet, rest, sanitation and hygiene. This instruction to be given in short talks preceding the drills and covering simple hygienic laws. In cities where mortality from consumption is great among printers, glass blowers and indoor industrial workers, Associations were urged to give hygienic lectures in shops at noon hours. He urged the Associations to have courses in community hygiene, to lead in movements to secure in their cities better water supply, sewerage, and disposal of garbage, and to co-operate intelligently with health boards in remedying prevalent conditions producing disease. The surprising number of deaths by accidental drowning (356 in 11,637) would suggest the necessity for more classes in the rescue of drowning persons, and the resuscitation of the drowned.

**Ladies First.**

The Rev. Dr. Twitchell, at the educational conferences at Lexington, began one of his little speeches with, "Gentlemen and ladies." He hastily corrected himself and passed the incident off with the following anecdote:—

A teacher asked her class if the sentence, "The horse and the cow is in the lot," were correct. Most of the class thought it all right as it stood, but one little boy found fault.

"Now, children," said the teacher, "listen to Tommy. Why is it wrong, Tommy, to say, 'The horse and the cow is in the lot?'"

"Please, ma'am, the lady should be mentioned first."

Kind Old Lady (meeting weeping youngster): "Don't cry, my little man. You like going to school, don't you?"

Small Boy: "Yes, but I don't like stoppin' there when I get there."

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**GRIT.**  
A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

JULY 25, 1907.

## THE ELECTIONS

Now that Parliament has ceased its work the organising for the great election campaign has become general throughout the State, and each day the fight grows keener. So far as present indications go there are a few candidates who will be returned unopposed, and in most of such cases the gentlemen concerned are friends of social reform legislation. There seems to be little doubt that the attitude of the various candidates towards the Liquor and Gaming Acts will be an important, if not the most important, factor in the battle. At Gordon a determined attempt is being made to oust the Attorney-General. Mr. Wade's opponents frankly admit that they wish to penalise him for having taken the principal part in passing the two Acts referred to. It seems hardly credible that the electors of Gordon will turn their backs upon a man of Mr. Wade's calibre. If they did it would be to their everlasting disgrace. His friends feel confident of his return, but no chances should be thrown away. The moral forces of that electorate should throw all their energy into securing Mr. Wade's election by an overwhelming and triumphant majority. This would be to him but a just recognition of his splendid services to the State. There are other places where the friends of righteous government will have a keen fight. Dr. Arthur, at Middle Harbour, is being bitterly assailed, so are Mr. Jessep, at Waverley, and Mr. R. Booth, at Leichhardt. Then, at Alexandria, Mr. Bruntnell will have a big fight to defeat the sitting member, who has been

anything but a friend to the temperance and anti-gambling parties. At all these places strenuous efforts must be put forth to prevent the selection of men as members of Parliament who are openly and avowedly hostile to the good work done during the past three years. The first instalment of Alliance selections was published on Saturday last. Electors should carefully study these lists as they come out, and loyally stand together, so that the liquor and gambling elements may not gain the ascendancy.

## THE NO-LICENSE BATTLE

As time goes on, and the day for the first Local Option poll approaches, the interest in the fight for No-License throughout the State becomes greater and more enthusiastic. The call for lecturers and organisers is tremendous, and those who are able to take up this work are having a very busy time. Everywhere almost there is work proceeding which must have a marked effect upon the vote to be recorded. Not the least pleasing feature is the demand for campaign literature. The Alliance finds it difficult to keep pace with the orders that are daily pouring in. Another item is the number of letters from all quarters asking for guidance on matters connected with the campaign. There seems to be a great deal of ignorance as to the majority necessary to carry No-License. Not everyone understands that to get this reform there must be a three-fifths majority of those voting, and such majority must constitute at least thirty per cent. of the voters on the roll. This means that in no case can No-License be carried unless at least one-half of the electors enrolled go to the poll. Workers either on the platform or going from house to house should seize every opportunity of making this point clear, and also of impressing upon the people the fact that a vote cast for No-License will count for reduction, should the necessary three-fifths not be gained for the greater reform. Great enthusiasm is being thrown into the canvassing of the various electorates. This is the work which will win the day. From numerous districts the reports coming in are of the most encouraging character, and hope is beginning to rise high in the hearts of the leaders in the fight. There is no room, however, for any relaxation of effort. No man or woman should be neglected. It is good to win; but it is always best to win by as great a margin as possible.

## CANON BOYCE AND MR. FRANK LOCK

As was to be expected, the answer of Canon Boyce to Mr. Frank Lock's proposals for dealing with the liquor traffic was a refusal to have anything to do with them. In brief, Mr. Lock proposed that the revenue derived from intoxicants should be put aside each year, and he claimed that in four years a fund sufficiently large would be created to compensate all licensees

"without costing the temperance people anything." In making this seductive suggestion, Mr. Lock omitted the consideration of one important fact, namely, that the crime and other evils flowing from the traffic would still have to be combated, and the cost of doing so would have to be borne by the taxpayer. At the present time this cost is met by the revenue from the liquor business. Then, again: if the liquor dealers were bought out, as Mr. Lock suggests, there would be no guarantee that the money so paid would not be used to put into power men who would vote for the re-introduction of the licensing system. It is the old story of blackmail over again. A man presents himself at your door and demands certain moneys, upon failure to pay which he threatens you with the publication of some story to your discredit. The money is paid, and you think the matter has been settled. But it has not. The blackmailer returns again and again, always with the same threat, and always with increased demands. It is so with the liquor traffic. The country must not do evil that good may come. The traffic in strong drink is wrong and vicious, and to pay compensation would be to compound with evil. Mr. Lock has stated publicly that if his proposals were rejected, it would be "war to the knife" so far as he is concerned. So be it. People will now know just where he stands, and will be able to appreciate at their full value his protestations in regard to a desire for reform.

## LEADING THE FASHIONS

A young lady who, at one time, was an active Christian, on becoming older, drifted away from her former life, and gave herself up to pleasure, dress and society life. Young girls looked upon her with envy and admiration, as they saw her the leader of society, and enjoying life to the full. One day, as she was returning from California, an accident occurred on the train and she was fatally injured. They carried her into the dingy little station, and there the physician told her she must die in a short time. She looked about her at the dingy walls and the stove stained with tobacco, and then turning to the physician she said, with a half smile, "I have but an hour, you tell me?" "No more," he said. "And this is all that is left me of the world. It is not much, doctor." The men left the room and the doctor locked the door that she might not be disturbed. She threw her arms over her face and lay quite a long time, then turned on him in a frenzy. "To think of all that I might have done with my money and my time! God wanted me to help the poor and the sick. It's too late now. I've only an hour!" She struggled up wildly. "Why doctor, I did nothing—nothing but lead the fashion! Now I've only an hour! It's too late!" and in a moment she lay dead at his feet. Think of the men and women who might have been saved; of the poor and lonely who might have been cheered and helped, had she chosen to live for Christ instead of fashion.

"Why are you so eager for fame?" asked the idealist.

"Because," answered the active man, "I need it in my business. Fame nowadays is merely a synonym for successful advertising."

**A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT**

At an annual church meeting in connection with a small village chapel, the secretary, owing to a severe cold, was unable to be present.

The chairman of the meeting rose and announced that Mr. S. was indisposed, and he was sorry that he would be unable to speak.

"I am sure," he said, "we will be all very sorry our secretary is not here to-night. I cannot say we miss 'is vacant chair, but I do say we miss 'is vacant face."

**THEIR PART AND HIS**

John Thomson is a postman, and a most regular attendant at Sunday morning service. But the other Sunday his seat was empty, a circumstance which was observed by the minister's wife, who sits immediately behind him.

Meeting him the following afternoon, whilst out with her husband, she observed:

"You weren't at church yesterday morning, Mr. Thomson; I hope there isn't any illness at home."

"Oh, no, ma'am," replied John, "we're all well at home; but you see, ma'am, the mail was two hours late."

"The excuse is quite reasonable, John," chimed in the minister. "You see, my dear," he explained, turning to his wife, "Mr. Thomson has been doing his duty while we were doing ours; while we have been listening to the Gospels, he has been attending to the epistles!"

**A SAILOR'S IGNORANCE**

The naval chaplain had taken a sudden liking to a certain bluejacket. He was what might be termed a "rough diamond," but in him the chaplain saw the making of a good man.

He presented the sailor with a Bible neatly wrapped in paper, expressing the hope that he would study it carefully, and benefit by its teaching.

Several days afterwards he asked Jack's opinion of the Book. The sailor's thoughts went out to his "ditty box," where that neat little package remained unopened, and, removing his pipe from his mouth, he replied:

"Just about the same as the others, sir—gets married in the end, an' lives 'appy ever after!"

**RATHER DRAUGHTY**

Two local masons, who are as inseparable as David and Jonathan, were engaged on a local contract. The contractor was interested in their progress, and stood for rather a long time watching them at their work. The other day one of the men, the presence of the contractor not being acceptable, remarked:—

"I say, governor, are you fond of a game of draughts?"

"Yes," said the contractor, "I like a game of draughts."

"Then," replied the man, "I should make a move, or else you'll lose two men."

**THAT OFFICE TOWEL**

Often I think of the printing-office towel. It was a beautiful towel to gaze upon when it was fresh and clean on Monday morning, for then it was a yard wide and as sweet as a lily. But by Monday evening it had the office-boy's finger-marks on it, and they were more plainly impressed than any footsteps that were ever made on the sands of Time.

On Monday it was fit to wipe your face on for fifteen minutes after being put up. On Tuesday it was a hand-towel—that is, it would clean a printer's hands and soil anyone else's. On Wednesday it would put a patent leather shine on a pair of brown leather shoes. And then it got thin, too, and then it got thinner, until it almost looked like a shoe-string.

On Friday the towel was so black that you could run it over a galley and pull a proof. On Saturday it was wrung out into the ink-bottle, and then used in the press-room for belting.

One Saturday afternoon a compositor had a headache and tied it around his head. Oxalic acid would not take the black off, and he had to dye his red hair black to escape ridicule. Then a farmer bought it and took it home. He said some time after that he had used it to roof his cowshed.

**8682 WOMEN DRUNKARDS**

Forty or fifty women preached in Leeds and the surrounding neighbourhood on a recent Sunday, in connection with the conference of the British Women's Temperance Association. Miss Gorham, in the Oxford-place chapel, said she had written to the Home Office and ascertained that 8682 women were in one year committed to Holloway Prison for drunkenness.

**"GOOD TIME COMING"**

**EMPTY HOSPITALS AND NO MEDICINE.**

Sir Frederick Treves had much that was of interest to say in a recent speech at Preston. "I am certain it is safe to prophesy that the time will come when hospitals for infectious diseases will be empty and not wanted," he declared. The argument of facts showed this to be inevitable, as was shown by the great success in dealing with these diseases. Very little however, could be done by the Legislature, but everything by the progress of medical science and the intelligence of the people, and the interest they took in it.

Men and women must recognise that the saying that "everyone must eat a peck of dirt before he dies" was erroneous, and see that dirt was undesirable. Preventive medicine was founded upon hard facts, prudence, and common-sense. The mystery of the ancient doctor, his use of long names, and his extraordinary prescriptions were passing away. The multitude of shelves full of bottles which surrounded the doctor were also passing away, and being replaced by simple living, suitable diet, plenty of sun, and plenty of fresh air.

The fight of the present day was against millions of microbes, and the weapons were the sanitary regulations of municipal government, the sanitary inspector, and the medical officer of health. Tubercle at this moment was killing 50,000 per annum, not one of whom need die, for the disease was preventable. It could not be dealt with by physic, but by fresh air, sunlight, and such like. Consumption and similar diseases could be cured by very simple methods, which would be efficacious as soon as the education of the public on matters of this kind was complete. These methods were notification of disease, isolation, disinfection, and, lastly, preventive or protective treatment.

He looked forward to the time when people would leave off the extraordinary habit of taking medicine when they were sick. Consumption was preventable, but many of them remembered the time when it was regarded as a blight, or something which came out of the heavens, and the unfortunate patient was said to have fallen into a decline.

Referring to the discoveries of bacteriological science and to the great results which had been achieved in the reduction of mortality from infectious disease, Sir Frederick said he looked forward to the time when it would be as anomalous for persons to die of scarlet fever, typhoid, cholera, and diphtheria as it would be for a man to die of a wolf's bite in England.

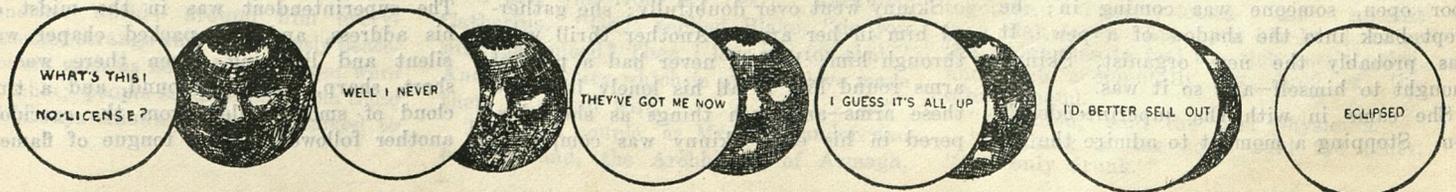
**The BACCHANALIAN ECLIPSE**

A monarch whose influence upon the fortunes of mankind was such as to put all men in fear of him was vexed one night by a perplexing dream. To his aid he marshalled all the astrologers of earth, and by dint of gentle persuasion and coarse threats sought to discover what his vision might mean. At length, one wiser than the others, though by no means friendly to the sinister purposes of this arch-tyrant, stepped forth and declared the interpretation: "Thou, O king, whose might has made nations tremble, art destined to meet a great adversary. Into thy kingdom there has already entered a great battalion of surpassing strength to which thou shalt

owe thy fall. Already many of the provinces that have been under thy sway are over-run. Thy citadels are in grave danger. Thine armies have suffered defeat, even where thy commanders had made a gallant defence. May I say yet more, for I would be clear in my word? It is much on my heart to tell thee that thy soldiers lack a cause. They enter the fight well and bravely, but thine is not Arthur's court. Thou hast no round table, no wrongs to right, no innocence to avenge. Thou and thine armies are well-fed and well-favoured, but thou art so much in the general scorn, that methinks it will always be a losing battle, and soon, O king, dare I say

it, thy power will be wrested from thee and thine empire shall pass." Thus speaking, the astrologer who was wisest, paused for a moment, and saw that his prophecy had wrought great consternation among the courtiers and the slaves of the great king, yea, that the king himself was sad. And while he yet spake, a messenger from without the palace came with dire words that confirmed the augury.

January 1, 1920. (Special.) The last electorate to declare for a prohibitory law stacked its arms yesterday. The saloon is now an outlaw in every State of the Commonwealth, and federal prohibition is within the realm of practical politics.



## A STRANCER TO LOVE

A PATHETIC STORY OF A  
FOUNDLING.

By A. W. PEACH, in the "Novel Magazine."

Skinny never knew how or why he came to the Orphanage. Furthermore, his interest never ran in that direction. He had all he could do to look out for the present, and try to get his fair share out of existence with several hundred other lads of various ages. He got his name from his attenuated person, which seemed to be mostly skin and bone, but as others learnt to know the slim, grim little chap, they found that he was made up of the sort of stuff that discounts mere muscle and flesh.

He had quite a little bit of the "de'il" in him, as the old Scotch porter used to say, much more than was good for him or those around him.

It was his brains that planned, and his hands that helped, when the pulpit was taken out of chapel and left on the superintendent's doorstep, where he found it the next morning. Nobody knew how the big bell got into the mill-pond, but Skinny could tell. In the still hours of the night he, with two confederates, had been toiling with file and saw far up in the gloomy tower under the light of an old tallow candle.

As he grew older, he became more of a terror. His emotionless, thin face, from which two small blue eyes stared, eternally questioning and searching, became an object of anxiety and trouble to the superintendent and the porters. They learnt to fear and dread his slow, quiet ways.

Repeatedly he had been whipped for some escapade until the lash marks rose red, but he had borne it, as usual, doggedly and silently. In his dim-lit mind the world seemed to be, somehow or other, at variance with him; and all the antagonism of low birth, all the bitterness of a burdened ancestry, burnt sullenly, unrestrained in his dwarfed little soul.

Matters had come to such a pass that the superintendent had decided to place him in close confinement in the dark, gloomy building, that the boys all feared, down at the end of the playing-field. The rumour flew round among the boys, but Skinny gave no sign except that the side glances of his eyes were a little more sullen.

But ere the superintendent put his decision into execution, there came a change in the life of the school. The rich man who had been there a short time previously was going to give them a big pipe-organ for the chapel.

Excitement ran riot; speculations were rife as to its shape, size, the noise it would make. By some of the better informed, "bellows" and pipes were discussed learnedly. Out of it all Skinny kept, showing only a slight interest to the boys, but nights found him guardedly crawling into the chapel. There he would crouch, looking towards the great gap at the end, where he could see the big pipes rising in shining order. Each night he stole in as it neared completion. Finally came the day when it was finished.

He gazed in awestruck admiration at the beautiful, shining instrument, the towering pipes, the dark woodwork; slowly he stole down the darkened aisle; and the sunset, coming through the big side window, rendered it doubly beautiful. He stole nearer, then he paused; he heard the door open, someone was coming in; he crept back into the shadow of a pew. It was probably the new organist, Skinny thought to himself—and so it was.

She came in with the superintendent's son. Stopping a moment to admire the or-

gan, she uttered a little exclamation of delight and went up into the organ loft.

She seated herself at the organ, and her fingers touched the keys. The low, sweet strains drifted softly down through the gloom of the chapel, mellowing and winding away among the pews, then picking up gradually to clearer, more sharply defined tones, then on, on to the grand, full harmony of the organ.

Through Skinny's wazened little soul ran a strange and rapturous thrill; his thin, crooked hands clutched the pew-rail until they were white; his hollow face shone and his attitude was tense and strained as he stood drinking in the music.

On, on, the music swept, the sweet high stops carrying the melody of old, beautiful songs that have gladdened the hearts of the humble for centuries; songs that echo man's longings for that which he knows not, the deeper tones filling out the harmony with marvellous richness. Through it all Skinny never moved. It seemed something like the music the superintendent told them there would be in heaven, though to Skinny that was a very indefinite place. Richer, fuller, more divinely sweet, the music filled his thirsty soul until it seemed as if the player were drawing out the very soul of the organ. In Skinny something had been awakened which had bade fair to remain for ever dormant.

And then he moved from the pew into the aisle; gradually, as if drawn by some subtle magnetism, he stole down the aisle, up the steps, and paused. Something within him had urged him, Skinny knew not what; but she was near, the organ was near.

Warned by that mysterious sense that tells us of another presence, she turned; the music stopped with a crash. Skinny stood outlined against the sunset glow in all his rough unkemptness; tousled hair, short, ill-fitting uniform, his cap in his hands, his thin face shining.

"Gracious! How you frightened me!" she exclaimed.

Skinny did not know that she was beautiful; beauty had never come into his life, but there was something in her voice, something that lingered about her, that held him. He—

"Here, you rascal, what are you doing here?"

Skinny crouched to spring, but the hand of the superintendent's son had a tight grip on his collar. Take him away—not much. He turned, gathering his muscle like a cat caught by the nape of the neck, and sprang towards the throat of the man who held him, but the grip was strong and he was forced roughly to the floor.

"Don't, Fred! don't!"

Skinny looked up strangely. There was something in her voice very new to him.

"Don't, Fred! don't hurt him!"

She stepped down from the organ-stool; she was coming towards him. Skinny drew away; then she touched him, and he lay quiet. He looked at her hands; strange that no one had ever touched him like that before. She spoke to him; he didn't answer, but kept his eyes upon her.

"Fred, is he dumb?"

"No; sulky, probably," he answered, shaking Skinny. "Come, speak up, kid—what's the trouble?"

Skinny pointed at her slowly, reverently, a new note in his voice.

"Who's her?"

"Friend of mine," Fred replied, looking at her. "She's coming here to play the organ to-morrow. Go, shake hands with her."

Skinny went over doubtfully; she gathered him in her arms. Another thrill went through him; he had never had a pair of arms round him in all his lonely life, and these arms—and such things as she whispered in his ear. Skinny was completely

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 FOODSTHIS 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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lost; he was in another world; but the idea germinating in his mind from the beginning broke out when she released him.

"Kin I blow 'er?" He pointed to the organ.

"Of course you may. Show him how, Fred."

Fred looked at her, shook his head, smiled, and obeyed.

Behind the organ Skinny was instructed.

"Ready?" Her sweet voice asked.

"Yus," Skinny's voice shrilled.

The great organ started, the little figure jumped, then joyfully and steadily he swung the big lever; the music rolled and swept through the chapel, and Skinny's soul grew and blossomed as the dry, dusty lily bulb springs to life in the refreshing water. After a few final instructions and her promise that he could blow to-morrow, Skinny fled. She and Fred stood a moment at the door.

"Edith, I've seen done to-night what I deemed impossible—a miracle," he said.

She smiled.

"To-morrow we will test him."

The next day dawned sunny and clear, just the right kind of day for the dedication, a day that was marked to be remembered ere the twilight fell. Promptly at three o'clock the long line of boys marched with even step from the class-rooms, up the long, winding, wooden stairways, through the crooked passages into the chapel, marched to such music as they had never heard, their wide-opened eyes fastened on the figure at the organ, behind which Skinny with shining face was blowing the bellows for dear life.

The service of dedication drifted on. The superintendent was in the midst of his address, and the packed chapel was silent and listening, when there was a short, sharp, crackling sound, and a tiny cloud of smoke rolled from the corridor, another followed with a tongue of flame.

The superintendent stopped, half-way through a sentence, his hand raised in a gesture. The building on fire—a death-trap—were the thoughts that ran through his startled mind. Others followed his horror-stricken gaze; a gasp, a shudder ran through the audience, and bedlam broke loose.

Vainly the superintendent waved his arms and shouted, imploring them to be quiet. Over all rang the shrill cries of the boys, the call of the teachers, the screams of the lady visitors, the heavier tones of the men, the impact of body against body, the crash of the woodwork; the shrill screams of the little boys, trampled in the rush cut sharply through the tumult, and the deadly poison of the smoke hung like a pall over the crowd.

Skinny at the back of the organ stood wondering. Suddenly he noticed the little block rattling that notified him to blow the bellows.

Then he understood the fearful noise without.

Fiercely he set to work. Then, firm and clear, like a great voice commanding, deep-toned and resonant, echoing and whirling above the screams and cries, rolled the grand tones of the full organ.

Skinny blew as he never blew before; his thin hands clutched the long lever with a vice-like grip; she played, as she never played before, their rousing "Marching Song," to the time of which many of them had marched since they were able to toddle from the fields and the class-rooms to dinner and to sleep.

Swiftly, as if by magic under the iron clasp of habit, the churning mass melted into line. Into the smoke the even lines went, through the crooked passages, down the narrow, burning stairs, into the outdoor air and safety—the work of a moment when under control.

Still the organ played on until the last had gone, then it ceased abruptly, as if the player had been snatched away. Skinny, at the back, suffocated with the smoke, blinded, deafened with the din and the crashing timbers, blew on till the last tones died away, and then gropingly feeling his way to the little entrance door, he stumbled, fell, and lay still.

Outside the boys were drawn up in order, and the roll was being called—Skinny absent.

Inside the superintendent's house a young fellow, with face blackened and scorched, was bending over a white-faced girl, attempting to revive her.

Suddenly she looked up, her eyes wide with anguish.

"Fred—Skinny—the back door!—oh! be quick!"

He started—and was gone. In a moment he disappeared in the back door of the burning building.

Sheets of flame shot down and clouds of whirling smoke enveloped everything. The efforts of the firemen were futile, the building was doomed. But what of the young fellow who had just gone rashly in? The crowd rapidly assembled, rumours were rife—

"The little organ-blower; risking his life for an insignificant orphan."

All eyes were fastened on the last exit left, and that a doubtful one, for the whole building seemed to be one mass of flames. A wild, ringing cheer tore from hundreds of throats, a figure stumbled out bearing in its arms a blackened burden, tottered a few steps, then fell. A dozen willing arms carried it into the house.

Weeks later Skinny sat up and looked into another world; around him everything seemed strange and wondrously peaceful; flowers such as he had never seen were on the table; people so different from those he had always known came and talked to him.

One evening, after what had been a particularly wonderful day, leaning back on the pillows as she smoothed his forehead, he pulled her down close, and whispered:

"Is this heaven?"

With a queer little laugh she put her arms around him and kissed him. Just then a man came in, put his arms around them, and kissed them both.

## HOW GREAT MEN PROPOSED

### SOME FAMOUS EXAMPLES OF THE SIMPLE WOOING.

True greatness ever loves simplicity, and men of genius and might have often proved themselves the simplest of wooers. There was something sweetly pretty and pathetic in Oliver Wendell Holmes's proposal to the lady of his choice, as they walked across the Boston Common: "Shall we take the long way together?" Nor was Daniel Webster's proposal less simple or beautiful. As he sat one day holding a skein of yarn for Grace Fletcher to unwind, what could be more natural or more graceful than his significant words: "Miss Grace, you and I have tied and untied a good many knots. Are you willing that we should tie one which can never be untied?"

Jean Paul Richter put it practically, but not unhappily, as the sequel proved, when he said to Caroline Meyer, the daughter of a distinguished Prussian officer, "You are the helpmeet I want." And Steele was as apt and as successful when he said to his pretty Prue: "Do you know that I am neglecting business for the pleasure of being with you?"

Alphonse Daudet had such a dread of making an unhappy marriage that he determined to remain a bachelor, until he met Julie Allard, who was herself a charming writer and competent critic. "Suppose we help each other in making books?" proposed he. And she accepted the proposal, and was, said his brother, the light of his hearth, the regulator of his work, and the discreet counsellor of his inspiration through all his life afterward. No Bohemian irregularity or carelessness existed in her home, although she was engaged in literary work daily. And Daudet's visitors were often heard to exclaim as they left the author's house: "What a capital wife he must have! Everything goes on so smoothly."

Gainsborough won his lady-love through his art, and she proved to be all his fancy and his brush had painted her. After completing the portrait of Margaret Burr, he expressed a regret that he had to surrender a picture into which he had put such conscientious work, and upon receiving the thanks of the lady for his beautiful painting asked with not a little embarrassment that, inasmuch as he could not keep the portrait, he might be allowed to possess the original. The French painter, Horace Vernet, proposed in much the same manner to his Louise, who made for him, as he declared, the happiest home that a man could desire.

The courtship of William Blake, the quaintly original poet, was eminently characteristic, and proves the truth of the old proverb that many a heart is caught in the rebound from a former love. He described one day to his friend Catherine Boutcher the agony he had undergone from the caprices and whims of a certain lady who had treated him with inexcusable heartlessness.

"I pity you from my heart," answered Catherine. "Oh," replied Blake, "do you pity me indeed? Then I love you for that." And so the pity which is akin to love made them man and wife.

The ideal couple, as Mrs. Alexander and her husband, the Archbishop of Armagh,

were named, found their way to each other's hearts through the hymns which both of them wrote, and to the last day of his life he insisted that his wife's hymns were better compositions than his own. The wooing of Browning was as beautiful as that of a poet should be, and his marriage all that the heart of a poet could desire. "God and woman are the rocks upon which most men split," said Robertson, of Brighton; and a wiser than he, Wordsworth, said: "Men do not make homes unhappy because they have genius, but because they have not enough genius. Mind and sentiment of the highest order would render them capable of seeing and feeling all the beauty of domestic ties."

### Force of Habit.

Some time ago there was staying in London a lady who is very well known in the French fashionable world. One day she happened to see in the streets a monkey begging in the prettiest manner for pence from the public for the benefit of his master, an organ-grinder.

The lady took a fancy for the animal, bought it, dressed it in the gaudiest of raiment, and made it a pet. A few weeks later in Paris she held a fashionable reception for the benefit of some charity, and her pet was the wonder of the room.

In the course of the evening a young lady sat down at the piano, and, accompanying herself, sang with exquisite taste a drawing-room song. As soon as the lady had finished, the monkey, who though now partly civilised, had not forgotten his former duties, seized an ornament in the shape of a cup, and, holding it before each guest, commenced a collection.

The vocalist laughed, the hostess looked vexed, but, to the amusement of everybody, the animal went the rounds and collected a large sum. His task ended, he jumped upon the singer's shoulder, amid shouts of laughter, and deposited the contents of the cup in her lap.

### Cowboys Whipped.

Two misguided cowboys recently tried to compel the Rev. John McVey, a well-known missionary in the Bad River country, South Dakota, to put himself in such a condition as to prevent his holding a religious meeting on a ranch toward which he was journeying. Mr. McVey, however, was formerly a college athlete, and is still muscular, and in a few minutes he had given his annoyers a sound whipping. The beaten cowboys then both apologised, and attended the minister to the meeting. One of them told the congregation of the little affray, and Mr. McVey was loudly cheered.

### A Darky Settlement.

Until recently there was a partnership existing between two darky blacksmiths in an Alabama town. The dissolution of this association was made known by a notice nailed upon the door of the smithy, which notice ran as follows: "The kopardnership heretofor resisting betwen me and Mose Jenkins is heerby resolved. All perrsons owing the firm will settel with me, and all perrsons that the firm owes to will settel with Mose."—"Harper's Weekly."

### A Mixed Diagnosis

"Jones was once very ill," relates the late Ambrose Thomas, "and his regular physician being out of town, the family called in another doctor.

"But the family physician unexpectedly returned, and he and the other doctor reached Jones's bedside together. They found the patient in a high fever. Each put his hand under the bedclothes to feel the sick man's pulse, and each accidentally got hold of the other's hand.

"Typhoid," said the first physician. "Nothing of the sort," said the other. "He's only drunk."

## The Parson and No-License Opponents

(SPECIAL TO "GRIT.")

Papers that give large advertising space to the Liquor Trade can hardly be expected to hit out hard and straight on the No-License question, but we have at least a right to expect in their articles accuracy. The daily papers have immense influence, and thousands are prepared to quote them in the belief that they are absolutely reliable. The Parson is sorry that it is necessary to show that they are either ignorant of the facts, or are deliberately misleading the people.

### Drunkness in New Zealand.

The daily paper that pointed out that in New Zealand last year there was a nett increase of 911 convictions for drunkness, might have added: "This is all the more remarkable since there has been an immense decrease in No-License areas." In fact, it was not quite honest not to do so.

Oamaru has just completed 12 months of No-License, during which the convictions for drunkness were 26, as against 156 in the last year of license.

In Clutha, the last 10 years of license gave a crop of 543 drunks, and, in spite of the increased population, the 10 years of No-License produced only 203 drunks. The four No-License electorates of Ashburton, Chalmers, Mataura, and Bruce, in the last year of license, showed 352 convictions for drunkness, and in the first year of No-License it fell to 116. While the rest of New Zealand was drinking heavier than ever these No-License areas were keeping astonishingly sober.

### Sly-Grog Selling.

Last year, in spite of there being six electorates with No-License, and after all the talk about sly-grog selling, it is interesting to hear that there were only 115 convictions for this offence in the whole of New Zealand—a large number of these were in licensed areas.

No one proposes to license thieving because it still goes on; why, then, license drinking because it still goes on?

The amount of sly-grog selling is greatly exaggerated. It is a disreputable business, and only the degraded run it or avail themselves of it, consequently it only affects the smallest portion of the community. A newspaper man from Wellington described in his paper how he obtained drink in a No-License electorate:—"I was advised to go to a dirty-looking place, and was met by a villainous-looking man. The moment I stepped inside the door was locked, and I was taken into a dark room, where, by candlelight I drank some vile stuff, and was hurried out by another door. My experience makes me think the sly-grogger is practically harmless."

### Thousands out of Employment.

No-License is said to create unemployed. In 1901, the last year for which we have the figures, there were employed in the Liquor Trade the following people:—

Hotels	..	..	..	15,386
Clubs	..	..	..	164
Wine Shops	..	..	..	129
Breweries, Distilleries	..	..	..	1,079

Total .. .. . 16,756

If No-License were carried in the whole State, at least 1500 pubs would keep open to accommodate the travelling public, and employ some 7500 people, so that, at the outside, 10,000 people would be out of employment.

But we have to remember that this would mean about three out of the four and a half million pounds being diverted from the Liquor Trade to other channels. Every necessary of life, every comfort, pleasure, education, travel, etc., would all get their share, and there would be an immense demand for labour.

Of the 18,000 distinct individuals convicted for being drunk in New South Wales in 1906, very few had decent garments or boots. An order for 18,000 pairs of boots, and, in addition, 10,000 pairs for wives or children, would give an impetus to the boot trade. This is only a sample to show what must happen.

### The Liberty of the Subject.

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

### THE DIARY OF A WORM

May 1.—Got ten tomato plants and a couple of squash vines. Would have robbed the nest of an egg plant, but it will not lay until November.

May 2.—Frost put the garden out of business, so I had a day off.

May 3.—They're planting more. I've caught away enough seed to plant a forty-acre lot, and am waiting for them to plant more.

May 4.—They set out a lot of ornamental shrubs, and I've wired for my friend Cutt to come and get them.

May 5.—The potato bugs are here on the job, ready to go to work, but nothing doing yet.

May 6.—Got off working to-day. Bit into a pepper plant and spent the rest of the day drinking cold water.

May 7.—The vegetable oysters are out. It they'd planted them in April I might have feasted, but now I'll have to wait till September.

May 8.—Worked all day trying to put a plant out of business and found it was a gas-pipe support for pea vines.

May 9.—Spent the day at the dentist's getting my teeth sharpened.

May 10.—Ate a pound of Paris green, and topped it off with air-slaked lime—never felt better in my life.

May 11.—Got into a dispute with an angle worm about the way to hatch egg plants. Couldn't convince him. Never saw such an obtuse angle worm in my life.

May 12.—New bug in the ground. Don't like his looks.

May 13.—New bug's name is Mike Robe. He's a detective sent here to make trouble for us.

May 14.—Mike Rebe bit me in the fifth rib.

May 15.—Sick.

May 16.—Sicker.

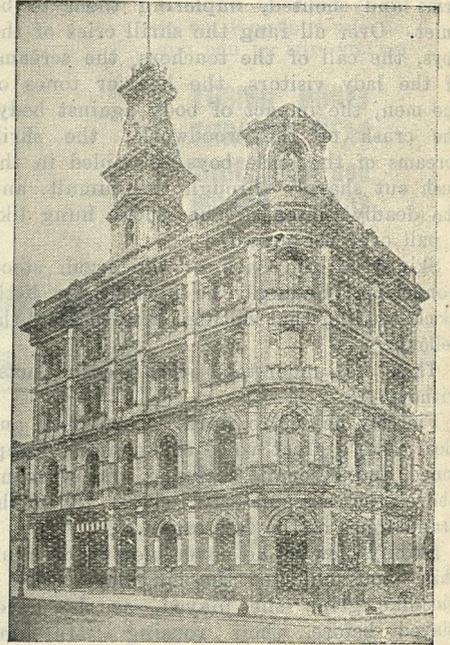
May 17.—All in.

May 18.—

## Where Shall I Stay in Sydney?

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### ONE LITTLE BIT OF LOVE

I was waiting for a train a little while ago (said the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse), and a man came to me and said:

"You don't remember me?"

I said:

"Yes, I do. I remember you when you were a boy. When did I see you last?"

"Don't you remember while you were preaching to 3000 people you saw me, and called me on to the platform?"

"Well, what of that?"

"Sir, you saw that I was low down, and you said to me: 'Wherever you see me, whatever company I am in, come and shake hands with me, because I knew you when you were a boy.'

"That was the turning-point of my life. I had never been treated like that before. I don't know what you preached about, but I said if you would shake hands with me like that there was some hope for me. That was nineteen years ago. I am a prosperous manufacturer now, and have a wife and family."

"You have forgotten the text?" I said.

"Yes—quite forgotten it."

"And you don't remember the sermon?"

"No."

That sermon that I had prepared so carefully! Yes, but the grasp of the hand saved him. One little bit of love weighs down all oratory, or whatever you like to call it.

An absent-minded butcher lost a good customer the other day in a most peculiar way. One of his women customers asked him to weigh her infant son. Placing the child on the scales, and glancing at the dial, the thoughtless fellow remarked: "Just twelve pounds, bones and all. Shall I remove some of the bones, ma'am?"

**NOT BY MY VOTE**

These four words will answer all arguments on this question, "Not by my vote." If another say to us, "Men will have it." we can answer, "Not by my vote." If another say, "Men will sell it," again we reply, "Not by my vote."

I am not bound to abolish the bar-room, but only my interest in it.

My vote may not hurt the bar-room, but I am bound to vote it right all the same.

Bar-rooms may go on, like the brook, for ever. Men may die in them and the graveyard grow. Girls may be betrayed and boys lured to ruin. Truth may be wrecked and character dismantled. Homes may be destroyed and women and children beggared,

-But  
-Not  
-By  
-My  
-Vote.

**THE MEDICAL MANIFESTO**

**A SCATHING REJOINDER.**

The following pronouncement of the eminent chairman of the Medical Faculty of Liverpool University, Sir James Barr, appeared in the "Lancet":—

"Sir,—It is difficult to fathom the objects of the pronouncement on the alcohol question, which appears in your columns under this title, signed by sixteen eminent members of the medical profession. It may be that they consider themselves the oracles of the medical profession, whose opinions should be received with unreasoning credulity by their brethren.

"It may be very gratifying to each of them to say, 'I am Sir Oracle, and, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.' On the other hand, it may be that they just wish to let us and the public know that they are still alive, and have not succumbed to the baneful influence of alcohol. Whatever be the motive force, I should like to remind them that we are now in the twentieth century and oracular statements are of no value whatever. If their statement represents the opinion of the leading clinical teachers as well as of the great majority of medical practitioners,' then the necessity for their manifesto does not exist, and it becomes a mere blatant advertisement.

"If, on the other hand, it be their zeal for the public weal which forces them into print, surely it is their duty to let the medical profession and the public know the reasons for the faith which is in them. If they have got one scintilla of evidence in support of their statements by all means let us have it. I am pleased to say that I know the majority of the signatories. (I have nothing to say against their temperance), and I know most of their writings, but I do not know one of them who has ever done any experimental work of any value either on the use or abuse of alcohol. It is true that Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson has shown that it is an excellent mouth wash in cases of operation on the tongue, but he did not produce any comparative evidence as to whether it was better or worse than many other antiseptic mouth washes.

"I take a little alcohol myself when I have nothing better to do, because I like it, and I prescribe it as a sedative, an antispasmodic, and to paralyze the vaso-motor system, much in the same way as I order nitro-glycerine. As a matter of fact, I have had two glasses of champagne while writing this letter in order to mollify my opinion of this pernicious manifesto, which I candidly think savours strongly—not of champagne, but—of impertinence in presuming to dictate to the medical profession as to the value of alcohol. To-day some

shrewd business men asked, How many cases of Scotch whisky did this manifesto represent? I resented the suggestion, but the signatories have only got themselves to thank if the public put a commercial value on their document.—I am, Sirs, yours faithfully,

"JAMES BARR.

"Liverpool, March 30th. 1907."

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS**

W.W.S.—Because the average expenditure per head of population is less in N.S.W. than in the other places you mention, it is no reason at all why the drink bill should not be materially reduced here. Your line of argument is, to put it mildly, wanting in logic.

Moderate.—If amongst all your moderate friends you can number one who has reached the age of 40 and can truthfully be stated never to have exceeded the limits of strict moderation, we would admit that such an one was truly temperate, but can he be found? We have never yet met him.

Lithgow.—Very encouraging news, and should induce all of you interested in the matter to leave no stone unturned to achieve the desired result.

Elector.—By all means ascertain the views of your prospective member on the Liquor Question, at the same time it is safe to assume that the party as a whole who passed the Bill will be most likely to see that it gets a fair trial before attempting to alter it.

No-License.—The anti-prohibition party are really doing good work in bringing the possibilities of the new Act before the public, and it rests with us to see that the interest created is directed into the right channels. If they did not fear the strength of the No-License Vote, do you think they would use such strenuous efforts to combat it?

W.M. (Enfield).—No use to "Grit."

All-Black.—Do you really think your team would "arrange" the result of a match? We don't!

Too Tough.—We admit the magnitude of our task, but are not disheartened. We have tackled too many boarding-house "chickens" successfully to count any task too tough to get through with, if a really determined effort is made.

Hobart.—The name of Tasmania was substituted for Van Dieman's Land in 1854.

J.S.M.—Possibly we may be able to do as you wish.

Post-Card.—Post-cards were first issued in New South Wales in 1875. We will give the answers to your other queries as soon as we can obtain the information.

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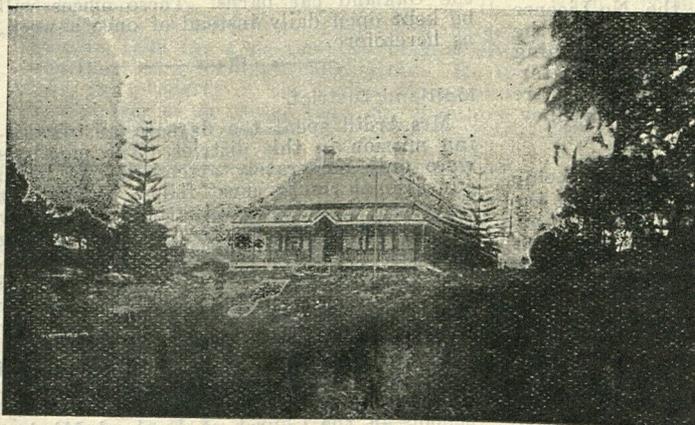
Jingo.—Possibly the term "Jingo" was the outcome of the music-hall song in vogue in 1878, "We don't want to fight, but, by jingo, if we do." At any rate since then the term has generally meant one who without reasoning out the cause of a quarrel was in favour of war as a means of settlement.

Subscriber.—Thanks for your letter. We hope you may be able to do as you say.

W. Smith.—We don't think so, but of course it is hardly possible to give a decided yes or no to such a question.

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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

Broken Hill is to have a visit from Mr. Judkins.

Good work is going on at Wellington and Bathurst.

Miss Anderson Hughes is still in the Illawarra District.

Mr. G. B. Nicholls is stirring things up in the Albury electorate.

Tenterfield is to have a visit from Rev. R. B. S. Hammond on August 8.

A good committee was formed at Five Dock last week by Mr. A. M. Merrington.

Dr. Crafts spoke at an open-air meeting on Newtown Bridge last Saturday evening.

Endeavourers' No-License Rally at Bondi Junction last Tuesday. Speaker, Mr. Lang.

Messrs. Merrington and Lang spoke to a good meeting at Drummoyle last Monday evening.

Funds for the fight are still urgently needed. A prompt and generous response is asked for.

The campaign in the Richmond Electorate is forging ahead. Great enthusiasm prevails there.

Mr. Stocks, a prominent member of the Y.M.C.A., has been engaged to organise Sherbrooke electorate.

Mr. Albert Bruntnell is going for the Alexandria seat in the new Parliament. He is a great fighter and should win.

Rev. W. G. Taylor and Mr. P. N. Slade will speak at Grafton and Lismore towards the end of August on No-License.

Rev. R. B. S. Hammond will visit Cootamundra, Gundagai, Young, Blayney, Dubbo, Orange, and Bathurst during August.

There was a great meeting at Granville last Thursday, with stirring addresses by Rev. S. G. Griffith and Mr. T. S. Lang.

Mr. H. A. Higgins is having great success in the Gloucester electorate. The meetings have been uniformly well attended.

Mr. John Camplin, of Queensland, will lecture during August at Grafton, Lismore, Casino, Tenterfield, and other towns north of Newcastle.

It is being rumoured in some quarters that Canon Boyce has abandoned his advocacy of No-License. Needless to say, the impertinence of such a statement is equalled only by its untruthfulness.

The demand for leaflets for campaign work still continues. Send your orders early. The Alliance has been able, owing to tremendous quantities ordered, to reduce the price to 3s 6d per 1000.

At the beginning of August, Miss Anderson Hughes will go to the Manning River, thence to Kempsey. The last week or two of the campaign will be spent in Richmond electorate.

Dr. Wilbur Crafts, of America, is in Sydney, and will assist in the No-License campaign. Next Sunday he speaks at the Glebe Presbyterian Church in the morning and at the Centenary Hall in the afternoon and evening. Other meetings are being arranged at Newtown, North Sydney, Leichhardt, and other places.

A great number of enquiries are being made on various points connected with the campaign. "Grit" will be pleased to answer all such promptly. Send your questions in not later than Thursday in each week, for answer in following issue. Other people may require the same information as yourself.

Mr. Dixon-Ward, of the Liquor Defence Union, has accepted a challenge to debate the liquor question with a representative of the New South Wales Alliance. Mr. Ward laid it down as a condition that he should receive the permission of his Union before going on the platform. The Alliance is now awaiting his committee's approval.

## READ THIS

## Testimony from a Popular Methodist Minister

EXTRACT FROM WESLEY CHURCH "SIGNAL."

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

Rev. F. COLWELL.

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President Calery and General Superintendent Murphy, of the Pittsburg street railway system, have issued an order prohibiting the use by employees of intoxicating liquors and cigarettes, and prohibiting gambling. Officers of the company say that the Pittsburg Railway Company is now paying the highest wages to conductors and motormen of any system in the country, and that it is only reasonable to expect the highest class of service. They do not think that this is possible when men in whose hands are entrusted the lives of thousands of passengers drink intoxicating liquors and become habitual and constant smokers of cigarettes. The new standard will not only apply to the old men now in service, but will also decide in the employment of new men, and to facilitate the adoption of the new standard, offices have been opened for the employment agent at the Oakland car barns. These offices will be kept open daily instead of once a week, as heretofore.

Maitland District.

Mrs. Ardill spent ten days in an organising mission in this district. The meetings were only moderately attended, but much educational results must follow, as in most instances those who did attend are likely to be the active workers in the coming struggle. Kurri, Weston, Pelaw-Main, Heddon, Abermain and Cessnock were visited, and a meeting held in each place except Cessnock. Some confusion on indifference prevented a meeting there.

On two Sundays Mrs. Ardill conducted services in the Congregational and Methodist churches, also a gathering of Sunday-schools in the Church of England Mission-hall.

As there is not likely to be any contest for this seat, it will require redoubled energy to get the voters to go to the ballot. There is hope, however, of a good No-License vote.

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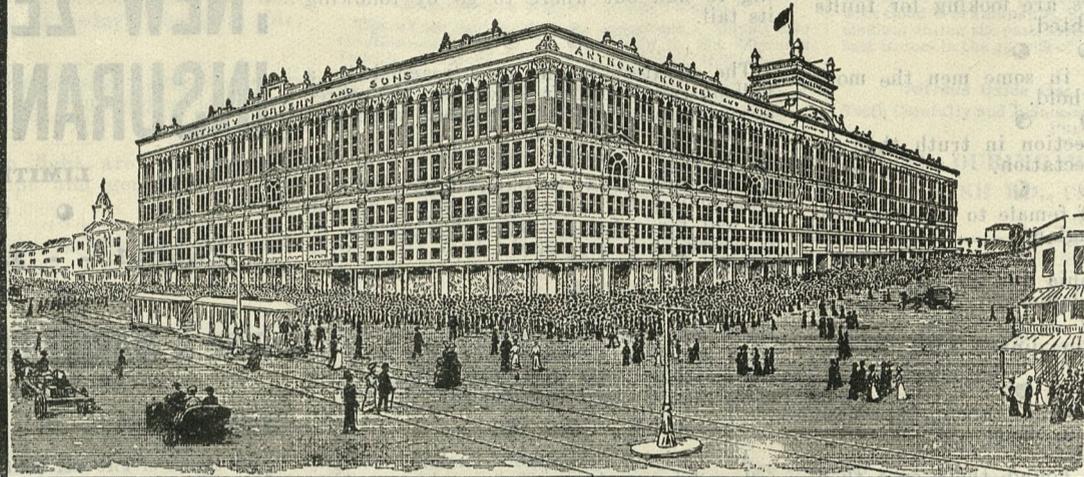
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HEAVY ROUGH SERGE, Light and Mid Brown, Royal Peacock, Grey, Reseda, worth 4s 6d, for 2s 3d.  
COLOURED MOIRE SKIRTING, over yard wide, in Navy, Emerald, Cerise, Peacock; worth 10½d.  
BANKRUPT BARGAIN RUSH, 6½d yd.  
BEAUTIFUL BLACK MOIRE SKIRTING, over yard wide; worth 1s 6d.  
BANKRUPT BARGAIN RUSH, 9½d yd.  
CREAM BEARSKIN, 50in wide, good quality; worth 5s 6d,  
BANKRUPT BARGAIN RUSH, 2s 11d dozen.  
ALL-WOOL FRENCH FLANNELS; worth 1s 9d,  
BARGAIN RUSH PRICE, 7½d yd.

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

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WHITE CALICO, from 1s 11d doz.  
WHITE TWILL SHEETING—72in., 9½d yd.; 90in., 11½d.  
HITE LACE CURTAINS, from 1s 6d pr.  
BLEACHED ROLLER TOWELLING, 2½d yard.  
TRIPED GALATEA ..... 4½d yard.  
FABLE DAMASK ..... From 8½d yard.  
WHITE BLANKETS ..... From 3s 11d pair.  
FLANNELETTE Rugs, from 1s 6d each.  
LADIES' WALKING SKIRTS, from 2s 11d.  
LADIES' FLANNELETTE BLOUSES, 1s 6d  
LADIES' CORSETS, ... from 1s 6d pair.

LADIES' SMARTLY TRIMMED HATS, 4s 11d. Worth Double.  
LADIES' BLACK LEATHER BELTS, half-price, 4½d.  
LADIES' SILVER TINSEL BELTS, worth 1s 9d; 11½d.  
LADIES' GOLD TINSEL BELTS, half-price, 7½d.  
MEN'S MERINO UNDERSHIRTS, ... 1s.  
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MEN'S CREAM SWEATERS, ..... 1s  
MEN'S CASHMERE SOX ..... 6d pair.  
MEN'S BLACK COTTON SOX, 3d pair.  
MEN'S HARVARD SHIRTS, Collar and Pockets, 1s 6d.  
BOYS' SPECKLED STRAW BOATERS, 1d  
MEN'S CUBA OR BLACK TERAI HATS, 2s 11d.  
MEN'S HARD BL'K FELT HATS, 3s 11d.  
MEN'S DUNGAREE TROUSERS, 1s 11d  
BOYS' SAILOR SUITS ..... 2s 6d.  
BOYS' REEFER JACKETS ..... 2s 6d.  
MEN'S TWEED SUITS ..... 12s 6d.  
MEN'S CARDIGAN VESTS ..... 3s 6d.  
DOUBLE-WIDTH PURE INDIGO SERGE, for Men's Suits—worth 7s 11d, for 5s 6d; worth 10s 6d, for 6s 11d.

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