

GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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DOCTORS AND THEIR LITTLE WAYS

The "Humour in Medicine" finds a delightful raconteur in Rudolph Cardova, who contributes a budget of stories illustrative of the theme to the "Rapid" Magazine.

On one occasion Sir Henry Thompson, who had a reputation as a novelist and an artist, as well as a great surgeon, was staying at a country house with another surgeon of great fame. One day the conversation turned on the number of letters they received. When the post arrived Sir Henry received only one or two, while there was a good number for his colleague. The opportunity was too good to be lost, and the surgeon called Sir Henry's attention to the difference in their letters. "Yes," replied Sir Henry, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, which were overhung by bushy brows, "but I see yours are all black-edged envelopes."

Among the physicians of Scotland, Dr. Dougal, of Keith, who was made an honorary member of the Aberdeen Society in 1795, seems to have had a reputation for bluntness which was not altogether un-Abernethian in character. A talkative woman went to him one day and said to him, "Doctor, what is the matter with my tongue?" "Just needin' a rest," he replied shortly.

A man went to him suffering tortures with toothache, and asked him to extract it. The doctor looked at the tooth, and, having come to the conclusion that it could not be drawn, said, "Man, you're no needing a tooth drawn; gae awa' hame and pit a poultice to it, and tak' a pill when ye gang to your bed."

The man demurred, and, anxious to be cured of his suffering, even by an extreme remedy, insisted that the tooth should be taken out. The doctor refused to budge from his opinion, and the sufferer, driven to desperation, cried, "I dinna suppose, doctor, that ye can draw a tooth."

That incensed the doctor to such a degree that he took up a pair of forceps and rushed at the man, crying, "Not draw a tooth? By heaven, I'll draw every tooth in your head!" The vehemence of the physician startled the patient. He rushed out of the room and banged the door after him, yelling for help. He tore from the house, down the street, and into the market-square of Keith. After him rushed the doctor, swearing he'd draw every tooth out of the man's head. Eventually the doctor caught him, and the man, trying to get away, fell. That was the doctor's opportunity, and he took it. He got the patient down on his back, and, as the man opened his mouth again to yell for help more loudly than before, he got the forceps into his mouth and pulled out a tooth. The pain made the man open his mouth and give vent to another yell. In went the relentless forceps a second time. There was a twist, a tug and out came a second tooth. Having conclusively proved that he could draw not one but two teeth out of the unbeliever's head, the irate doctor desisted. And the unbeliever believed devoutly for the future in the doctor's skill and his opinion.

A "masher" went to see a physician and said, "I—ah—have come to—ah—ask you—ah—what is the confounded matter with me?"

The doctor examined him and told him his heart was affected.

"Ah!" said the masher. "Anything else?"

"Yes, your lungs," replied the doctor.

No-License Vote-Song.

WORDS BY ALFRED ALLEN.

MUSIC BY K. E. H.

The dawn is break - ing o'er the hills, We're march - ing to the...
 Our no - ble lead - ers in the past Have shown what can be...
 Then shoul - der then to shoul - der stand. Our cause with God is...

fight, Un - furl the ban - ner, let it wave, For God, and man, and...
 done; By lov - al ser - vice in the field. They have their lau - rels...
 just The reign of dark - ness soon must end 'Twill crum - ble to the...

right. The bu - gle sounds, we hear the call To meet and face the ...
 won. They bore our col - ors to the front. And earned an honour - ed ...
 dust. The shack - les from the slave shall fall The drunk - ard then shall...

loe: To free the fall - en from their chains, and lay the ty - rant ...
 name. With them to day we march in step, Our war cry is the ...
 know A free - dom from the tempt - er's wiles, so long en - dured, and ...

low same. { We'll fix our cross with - in the square. The bot - tom square of...
 so

all. And Vote again - st the na - tion's curse. The Ty - rant Al - co - hol.

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"Ah, indeed," exclaimed the young man, "and is there anything else about me that is affected?"

"Yes, your manners."

That people think it is their duty to obey their doctor is undoubted. Many of them, however, adopt any artifice to defeat such directions so long as they can satisfy their conscience.

If they are allowed one pipe of tobacco, a doctor has told me he has found some of his patients buy a pipe with a bowl sufficiently large to hold a couple of ounces. Also if allowed one cup of tea the cup will be the largest they can possibly obtain, and if permitted one glass of port wine they interpret the glass to mean a tumbler. They stick to the letter and contravene the spirit of the instruction.

* * * * *

Occasionally, however, people go to the other extreme. This was the case with a certain patient who consulted a doctor noted for his strong objection to smoking. The physician believed that every man smoked, and that smoking was bad for every man. Having given his directions and written his prescription, the doctor finished up with, "And mind, you are to smoke one cigar a day and no more." Unquestioning, the patient went away. On the appointed day he returned, and the doctor asked him whether he had carried out his orders.

"Yes, doctor," he said, "I have obeyed them religiously. The only difficulty I had was with that one cigar."

The doctor frowned.

"Ah, I knew it!" he cried. "You have been smoking a great deal more."

"No, doctor," said the patient meekly, "I have never smoked. I don't like smoking, but you said I was to smoke that cigar every day, so I did, and it's made me horribly sick."

WHAT THEY DO IN THE NAVY

The ship's bell is struck every half-hour to announce the time.

The quarter-deck must always be saluted on being approached.

Postal orders are sold at face value without poundage being charged.

The master-at-arms or chief of police is the only man in the ship, not being an officer, allowed to wear a sword.

There is a Government savings-bank on board every ship, paying 3 per cent., but officers may not use it.

Ropes are marked with a thin coloured thread interwoven red if made at Portsmouth, blue at Devonport, yellow at Chatham.

From the minute a ship commissions to the day of paying off, there is always an officer on watch day and night without intermission.

Grog is always mixed with three-parts water before being served out to the men; warrant officers and petty officers alone receive it undiluted.

At any time of the day or night a man may be called upon for duty, if necessary. Leave to go on shore is regarded by the Admiralty as a privilege and not a right.

An officer's sword at a court-martial is laid on the table, point towards him, when he enters to hear the finding, if he has been adjudged guilty. It is reversed if he is acquitted.

DRAWING-ROOM DOG KENNELS

The latest item of luxury in the outfit of the pet dog is the pagoda kennel, to which Fiji wends his way when he is wearied by his mistress's protestations of affection or an overdose of bon-bons.

The glorified kennel is placed in the cosiest

corner of the drawing-room, close to the fire. It is a habitation built of light-weight wicker-work or wire, smothered under frills of mousseline de soie and real lace, or arranged in frothy Valenciennes flounces, and on the topmost tier of these decorations is poised an enormous bow of pure white satin ribbon, into which is tucked a spray of white heather.

The inside of the pagoda is luxuriously lined with white lambs' wool, and a white satin cushion awaits Fiji's tired little body, while near it are placed one or two of his favourite toys—the ball he delights to worry on the floor and the tinkling little bell his paw may fancy to engage in assault pendant from the roof.

The colour of the mousseline used is controlled by that of the upholstery of the apartment in which the kennel is kept and of the little dog's coat.

THE LONDON POLICE

London is probably the only city in the world which possesses two separate and distinct bodies of police. The City of London Police, consisting of just over 1000 men, are in no way connected with the Metropolitan Police Force, which has a strength of nearly 17,500 men.

The former only acts within the city



The New Vicar: "Good morning, my man; and have you lived in the village all your life?"

Giles: "Not yet, sir!"

proper, and is under the control of a Commissioner who is elected by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council. On the other hand, the Metropolitan Force is under the supreme government of a Commissioner appointed by and acting under the control of the Home Secretary.

The area covered by the Metropolitan Force extends to all places within a radius of fifteen miles from Charing Cross, excepting, of course, the square mile which constitutes the City of London. The Metropolitan Police also have jurisdiction on the Thames, and are employed in H.M. dockyards and in the principal military stations of the War Department.

In round figures the Metropolitan Police Force costs £2,000,000 to maintain for 12 months, and the salaries range from 25s per week for an ordinary constable to £800 a year for a chief constable. After twenty-five years' service a pension of not less than £1 per week for life is granted, and it is possible to be pensioned on the handsome sum of £250 per annum should one reach the rank of inspector or superintendent.

DRINK IN THE FACTORY

GIRLS WITH FLUSHED FACES AND SPARKLING EYES.

Some remarkable disclosures of the prevalence of drinking among factory girls were made at Birmingham.

Speaking at the anniversary celebration of the Birmingham Wesleyan Mission recently, Sister Alice stated that some weeks before a holiday time the girls in many factories were in the habit of subscribing pence weekly to a fund, which was saved by the older girls or forewomen, for the eventful day.

The girls were in the habit of taking in to the factory, on that occasion, bread and butter and tea. They had bought for them tinned salmon, rum, whisky, cake, and port wine. Under some pretence the girls were permitted to remain in the factory later than usual, and then the merry-making commenced. The young girl was often afraid to refuse her pence, and afterwards to decline to consume her share of the drink.

"I have known many girls of 14 or 15," Sister Alice added, "who have gone home after the holiday breaking up with flushed faces and sparkling eyes, and not able to say exactly what they meant to say when they spoke."

A girl of strong will had difficulty in refusing her share of the drink. She had known girls have their cups filled with spirits while their attention had been diverted to something else. She had even known girls to be held down on the floor and drink poured down their throats or over them.

One girl she knew left such a merry-making in a condition which she herself described as "silly drunk." She visited public-houses, and the girl told her that she could not recollect what happened afterwards, until she was found in the early hours of the following morning lying in the yard of her home, drenched with rain, and still stupefied. Her pocket was empty, though when she left work it contained 30s. her wages and accumulated bonus money. She would be sorry if anything she said was misunderstood to be a disparagement of factory girls as a body.

Some of the finest Christian characters, and some of the noblest gentlewomen she had met worked in factories. For the sake of the many thoroughly respectable, upright, honourable girls who worked in factories, and the thousands who would go there on leaving school, she thought an effort ought to be made to stamp out the evil. "Don't think," she insisted, "that the evil exists in an isolated factory here and there. I think I am perfectly right in saying that it is a common thing."

What were the causes? Old-established customs had much to answer for. The practice of drinking in the way described had gone on year after year, and some mothers, themselves once factory girls, urged upon their daughters that it was the proper thing to do to subscribe to the fund and to take their share of the drink. She had known drink to be taken into factories in medicine bottles, and consumed at regular intervals.

The monotony of the factory girl's life was doubtless a contributing cause; and there was the inherited craving for drink. She wondered how far the drinking which went on among the Birmingham married women contributed to the drinking in the factories. She had seen mothers with young babies drinking in public-houses late at night. She thought that the blame for the drinking in factories must be shared jointly by many manufacturers, foremen and forewomen, and the girls themselves.

All Financial Business confidentially arranged by Wm. Lawson Dash, 108 Pitt-street.—*

The Parson and Matrimony

(SPECIAL TO "GRIT.")

An old friend of the Parson's was very fond of saying, "Getting married is like going fishing with one piece of bait. You may catch a good 'un, and it is equally likely you may catch a bad 'un; but in either case you have lost your bait."

The Parson frequently mentioned this to those who sought his assistance to unite them. They all smiled, but all alike, the hasty, the ill-assorted, the absolutely poor, could see in it nothing to deter them.

AN OLD FRIEND.

On going to the door the Parson was confronted by a woman of about 50, in a riding habit. "Well, madam, do you wish to see me?"

"You don't seem to remember me," she answered; "I thought you would have been sure to. I owe you two pounds."

Realising the possibility of a repayment, she was warmly invited in.

"Well, what brought you this long and difficult trip of 70 miles?" said the Parson.

"Oh, I came to get you to marry me." The Parson got so many strange requests, that he half thought he might be expected to find the man, and so asked, "Where is the gentleman?"

"Oh, he's outside minding the horses."

PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS.

The horses having been fed, the happy pair began to talk over the coming event. Suddenly the lady said, "George, you go and see if the horses are eating their feed," and with an unquestioning obedience that boded well for the future, he rose to leave, and was hardly out of the door before the lady, with a knowing wink, informed the Parson "he was quite a decent young chap."

After a desperate search, a small bundle of papers came to light, and handing them over to the Parson, she said, "All the information you want is in that bundle, and if you have a spare room I will change my dress."

The bundle of papers consisted of her old marriage lines, her late husband's burial certificate, and a list of her twelve children.

Returning to the room in a "boiled rag" that had been badly crumpled on the journey, she discussed the business side of the contract.

"How much will this cost?" was her first question. Being told the special license would cost her £3 3s, she said, "And add the £2 I owe. That will make £5, leave out the odd shillings." Then after a pause, "Well, I have a cheque for £3, so if you will cash it for me, I will give you £2, as I must have something to go back with, and then I will owe you £3."

This was not pleasant arithmetic for the Parson. And with remembrance of other cheques that were not worth the paper on which they were written, the Parson firmly refused to cash it.

Nothing daunted, she proceeded down the street, and came back with the money.

After the ceremony they started back on the long journey, and nothing was heard of them until the Parson received the following letter:—

AN AFTER-CLAP.

Dear Sir,—I am riting to say the money I paid you for my wedding was borrowed from a chap what is hard up and is leaving the district, so will you please send it back at once, and I will soon pay you what I owe, and I may give you a Christmas box,—Yours obediently,

The Parson replied that he had long since spent the money, and was unable to do as she asked.

A short while afterwards another letter came:—

Dear Sir,—I hope you are wanting a good horse. I have one with a pedigree, and I would not sell him to a stranger for £7, but I will let you have him for £2 cash, and cancel our debt. Hoping to hear from you by return post,—Yours truly,

The Parson wrote explaining his inability to take advantage of this great offer. A few weeks after, the "decent young chap" received two years for cattle-stealing, and the debt still remains unsettled.

AN IMPERATIVE WIRE.

One morning the Parson received the following wire from a place some 14 miles away: "Come at once and marry us."

Arriving there he was told in language more than usually forcible that he was "a pretty kind of parson."

It turned out that the bridegroom had forgotten to post a letter engaging the Parson's services, and the arrangements with this exception had all been completed.

The time fixed was 4 o'clock, they had waited till 7, eaten the wedding breakfast, danced till daylight, and then sent the wire.

ABSENT MINDED.

A post card was all the intimation the Parson had that a couple were coming in some 30 miles to the Show, and wished to be married at 11 a.m.

After waiting till 3 o'clock the Parson went to the Show, and met the couple coming to him. They explained they had forgotten all about it in their enjoyment of the Show.

The Parson refused to go back with them, but they most good-naturedly suggested

that it really did not matter, as they were to be in the town for two or three days, and any time would suit them.

AN EMBARRASSING PROPOSAL.

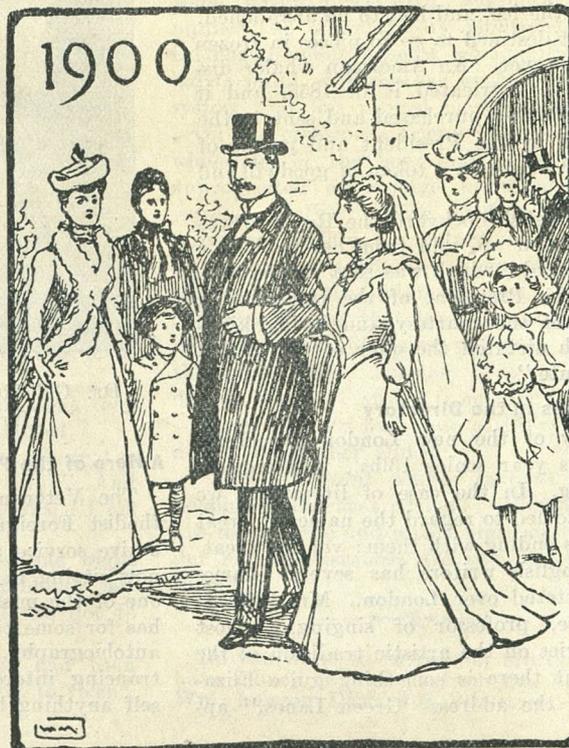
Preaching at a street-corner one evening, the Parson asked a friend of his to add a few words to what had already been said. The speaker used the word "dear" very frequently, and seemed to attract the attention of a "lady" with much golden hair, who had evidently done more than look upon the wine.

The man went on to say, "As our dear leader has just said," when the "lady" broke in with, "You're right, he is a dear man. I am in love with him myself." Coming to his closing words he observed, "Dear friends, your only hope is to accept Christ as your Saviour." At this the lady remonstrated, and irreverently insisted that her "only hope was for the Parson to marry her."

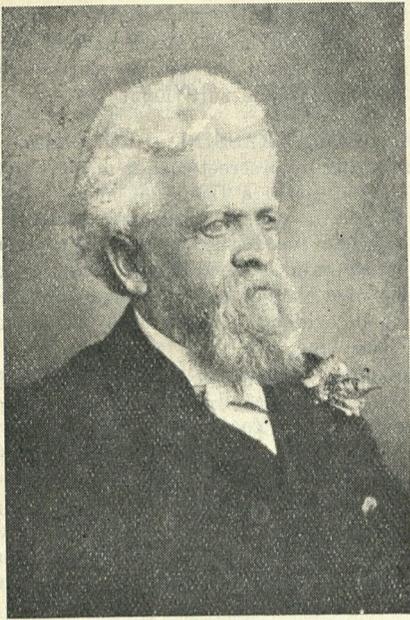
The crowd saw a lot more humour in this remark than the Parson did. A hymn was vigorously engaged in, during which the lady, evidently disappointed at the treatment her offer had received, left the meeting, taking with her a hymn-book as a memento of the occasion.

SOLOMON UP-TO-DATE

A wounded conscience never heals.
Difficulties are spurs to courage.
When gold speaks nobody contradicts.
Eggs to-day are better than chickens to-morrow.
The bow will soon break that is kept always stretched.
Experience teaches—and charges high fees for the privilege.
If you expect to fail, you will.
A promise kept is a settled debt.
'Tis a wise man that knows himself.
Hope is invariably a man's last asset.
It is easier to tie a knot than to untie it.
It is harder to do nothing than to do something.
Silence is better than speech to no purpose.
A guilty conscience never finds a comfortable bed.
Ability is a poor asset when coupled with indolence.
The greater part of a man's hero-worship is wasted on himself.
Good luck loves a hard worker.
A man's chance lies in being himself.
A short post may cast a long shadow.
A clean carpet often covers dirty floorboards.



Talk about People



Mr. ALFRED ALLEN, the Quaker Poet.

The Quaker Poet

Alfred Allen, whose photo appears on this page, was for many years one of the most picturesque personalities in New South Wales politics. He was for some years parliamentary representative for the Paddington Electorate, and acted as whip successively for Sir Henry Parkes' Government and Mr. G. H. Reid's.

In his early days Mr. Allen was known as "the Young Quaker," while to the "Bulletin" he was always "Sir Henry Parkes' little boy." In Parliament and out of it he has been known as the Quaker poet, which is attributable to the many verses he has written for public and other occasions, and to his "Australian Verse," a little book of poems incident to his life. To Mr. Allen the credit for the Early Closing movement chiefly belongs, for he was truly the author of the measure.

In earlier years he was well known as a temperance lecturer, and all along the line has taken a live interest in the temperance movement. His latest contribution in this direction is the composition of the "No-License-Vote Song," printed in this issue. This song is the battle cry of the No-License Campaign, and is everywhere meeting with success. Mr. Allen's most famous efforts on the temperance platform were associated with his lecture on John B. Gough.

For some years Mr. Allen was Grand Worthy Secretary of the I.O.G.T. in New South Wales, and for seven years he was secretary to the Parliamentary Temperance party. He was also the founder of that excellent institution, the Sydney Night Refuge and Soup Kitchen.

Sir John French's Satire

Sir John French, who has been promoted to the rank of full general, is only fifty-five years of age. He has always been a stickler for cleanliness. In his younger days he lived a short time in a boarding-house, in which the hall was not scrupulously clean.

One morning the lady of the house posted up a card:

"Please wipe your feet."

Young French, observing the notice, took out his pencil and added:

"On going out."

Lady Henry Somerset

Lady Henry Somerset, whose fame as a worker and speaker in temperance and charitable causes has spread throughout Europe and America, is retiring from public life. She announces that after this

spring she will speak no more in public, but will carry on her homes at Duxhurst, where she will continue to live. An unhappy marriage led to a separation from her husband, and Lady Henry retired to live a quiet life at Reigate Priory. There she determined to give herself to social and religious work. Her first public meeting was a little gathering of villagers from her Eastnor estate, to whom she spoke a few earnest words for temperance, signing the pledge in their presence. Practice has since made her one of the most accomplished platform speakers amongst English women. The industrial colony founded by her at Duxhurst, in Surrey, is the pioneer institution of its kind. Women of all classes suffering from alcoholism find there in a pleasant countryside home where, amongst work-rooms and gardens, poultry yards and dairies, they can forget the old influences which have dragged them down. It is to the honour of the foundress of Duxhurst that many a wretched woman has been intercepted in her round from gaol to gin palace and given back the possibility of decent life.

Singular Royal Ornaments

The King's taste in jewellery is extremely quiet. A horseshoe or single-pearl pin, or a plain gold tie-ring, and a signet ring on his little finger are all he wears, with the simplest possible studs and links. All those who have played bridge with His Majesty, however, are familiar with the heavy gold bangle which adorns his right wrist. The German Emperor also wears gold bracelets on either arm. But the most singular ornaments worn by a Royal personage are the two rings which the Duke of Orleans wears on either little finger, which are attached by a slender gold chain to a bangle on the wrist. The late King of Spain used to wear a flexible gold necklet, and the late King Milan had a golden anklet riveted on him.

President Roosevelt's Desk

The desk used at the White House by the President of the United States is interesting in itself, apart from its connection with the ruler of a nation, for it is a token of the goodwill existing between two peoples. Although occupying so prominent a place in the official residence of America's chosen governor, it is not of American manufacture.

It was made from the timbers of H.M.S. Resolute, which was sent in search of Sir John Franklin in 1852. The ship was caught in the ice, and had to be abandoned. It was not destined to go to pieces in frozen waters, however. An American whaler discovered and extricated it in 1855, and it was subsequently purchased and sent to the late Queen by the President and people of the United States as a token of goodwill and friendship.

In an English dockyard the Resolute was at last broken up, and from her timbers a desk was made, which was sent by her Majesty to the President of the time, "as a memorial of the courtesy and loving kindness which dictated the offer of the gift of the Resolute."

Great Names in the Directory

A study of the new London Directory, which this year scales 13lbs., is extremely interesting. In the case of literature, we are accustomed to regard the names of great authors as ending with them; yet the greatest of English writers has several namesakes scattered over London. Mr. William Shakespeare, professor of singing, almost alone carries on the artistic tradition of the name; but there is something quite Elizabethan in the address "Green Lanes," ap-

pertaining to Henry Shakespeare, a green-grocer. John Bunyan is another green-grocer, in what Londoners will describe as "the" Edgware Road. William Blake is a beer retailer, a craft that is far removed from "songs of innocence." Chaucer is a name that seems to have absolutely dropped out. Milton, of course, is fairly common, although the only John Miltons are a ship chandler and a chiropodist, neither of them poetic avocations. Keats occurs a few times but there is no John Keats. Curiously enough, there is not a single Keble, but there is one Defoe. The name of Bronte is owned very appropriately by a woman, but she makes clothes instead of novels.

Round or Square

A representative in the U.S.A. Congress has a son who was recently nominated for a State office, on which occasion the old man proceeded to give some advice. "Now, Dick," he said, earnestly, "just lean a little towards everything. Be round, commit yourself to anything. Be round, Dick; be perfectly round, like a junk bottle, and just dark enough so that nobody can see what's in you—and you'll get along."

How often the man who holds political office is round and not square. Parliaments could do without such men, and the world could spare them to the graveyards. We need men of principle in public as in private life.

His Business

Mark Twain's pet aversion is the ubiquitous office-boy. The sight of an office-boy to Twain is like holding a red rag to a bull. It was quite a short time ago that he went into a large publisher's establishment, and as usual the office boy came forward and asked his name. "Mark Twain," replied the author surlily. "And whom do you want to see?" "Mr. B.—." "And what do you want to see him about?" persisted the youth. Mark smiled his sweetest smile: "Please tell him that I wish to ask for his hand in holy matrimony," he said.



Dr. GEORGE BROWN, Missionary Hero of the Pacific.

A Hero of the Pacific

The Veteran General Secretary for Methodist Foreign Missions, who retires from active service after the General Conference now sitting in Sydney. Dr. Brown, who is one of the missionary heroes of the Pacific, has for some time been engaged writing his autobiography. It should be a work of entrancing interest if the author does himself anything like justice.

A GIGANTIC TELESCOPE

The form that American wealth has selected on more than one occasion, when anxious to advance astronomical science, has been, says "Engineering," to provide its professors with huge telescopes. The 30-in. refractor at the Lick Observatory is one memorable instance, since its success probably inspired other and greater efforts. The late Mr. Yerkes, pursuing the same line of thought, presented to the Williams' Bay Observatory the 40-in. telescope which is the most powerful instrument of the kind at present existing. Now it is proposed to construct an instrument of still greater optical power of the reflecting form. Possibly the limits of the refractor as a light-grasping instrument have been attained. To increase the size or area of the object-glass necessarily demands an increase in the thickness. The greater the thickness, the more the light absorbed. Consequently, there must come a time when the extra amount of light collected by the enlarged area is lost by its passage through the glass, and no further advantage is gained. If this point is not yet reached, it is within measurable distance, and it is therefore desirable to experiment with reflectors of large size. Particularly welcome, therefore, is the announcement that Mr. John D. Hooker, of Los Angeles, has provided the necessary funds for the purchase of a reflecting telescope, of which the mirror will be 100in. in diameter, and the focal length 50ft. This instrument is intended for the use of the Solar Observatory of the Carnegie Institution on Mount Wilson, California, now under the direction of Professor Hale. The enormous stride contemplated by the erection of such a telescope will be best apprehended if we compare its dimensions with the largest instruments of the kind yet completed. Hitherto 60in. has been the limit of diameter. In this case the mass of glass of which the mirror is composed is 8in. thick, and weighs one ton. In order to resist flexure in the mirror of the increased size proposed, it will be necessary to have the glass 13in thick, and such a mass will weigh 4½ tons. To cast and anneal such a mass of glass to give it the necessary homogeneity, is the first difficulty to be overcome. An efficient form of mounting that will secure the smooth working of such a mass, magnified, as the slightest disturbance must be by the long focal length, presents a task of no common difficulty. The dome and building in which the telescope is housed will be so constructed that no air can enter during the daytime, and refrigerating machinery will be employed to keep the temperature of the day the same as the night.

WOMAN AND AMERICAN HUMOUR

In America, as in all other lands, woman is the central figure around which stories of wit and humour gather, sometimes favourable and sometimes otherwise. Here is a typical Michigan story.

A man in that State exchanged his horse for a wife. An old bachelor acquaintance said there must have been something wrong with the horse, or its owner would never have fooled it away in that reckless manner.

St. Louis girls, it seems, claim that they are "not as bad as they are painted."

A Boston boy is described as asking the question, "Mamma, why is pa bald?" And the reply the fond mother gave was, "I am his fourth wife, darling."

An Ohio woman went to bed one night and woke up the next day to find her jaw dislocated. It is supposed that she got to talking in her sleep.

In the case of a couple who had been quarrelling, the wife was the first to relent,

and said to her husband, "Come, dear, kiss my cheek and make it up"; but the ungracious reply she got was, "I'll kiss it, but I don't think it wants any more making up."

Even the clergy in the United States are represented as being hard on women, for a minister lately said to his female auditory, "Be not proud that the Blessed Lord paid your sex the distinguished compliment of appearing first to a woman after His resurrection, for it was only done that the glad tidings might spread all the sooner."

The male sex get a rejoinder, however, now and again, which makes them pause in their attacks on womankind. A man of San Francisco, it is said, who was sentenced to be hanged, was visited by his wife, who remarked, "Well, my dear, would you like the children to see you executed?" "No," replied he. "That's just like you," said she; "you never wanted the children to have any enjoyment."

And it is related that another lady who was separated from her husband, though not in the same fashion, changed her religion as well, and when asked by her late spouse why she had done that, retorted, "That I may avoid your company in the next world as well as this."

BRITISH PREMIER AND GOOD TEMPLARS

RESOLUTIONS ON TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.

A resolution thanking the Premier for his pledges to give Temperance legislation a prominent place in the coming session's programme was carried unanimously at one of the sittings of the English Grand Lodge of the International Order of Good Templars, held at Chelsea Town Hall. A resolution was also passed affirming that the smallest measure that could be regarded as likely to afford effectual relief would be the granting of permissive power to localities.

Mr. Joseph Malins, of Birmingham, was elected Grand Chief Templar for the thirty-eighth time; Mr. F. W. Dumbleby, J.P., of Richmond, was elected Grand Councillor; Mr. W. J. Hopkins, of Gloucester, Grand Superintendent of Juvenile work; Mrs. Locke (Essex); Grand Vice-Templar; Mr. Walter Graville (Sheffield), Grand Electoral Superintendent; Mr. Edward Oliver (Hartlepool), Grand Secretary; and Mr. A. F. Pryke (Surrey), Grand Treasurer.

A STERN SENTENCE

The wife of a well-known Scotsman holds some novel ideas with reference to the punishment of refractory children. Physical chastisement is most repugnant to this lady's mind, but she has evolved a unique system that has proved most successful.

On one occasion a friend was visiting her when one of the boys had surreptitiously appropriated an orange belonging to his younger brother. The misdemeanour was discovered before the culprit had disposed of his spoil, so the two youngsters were summoned to the judgment-seat.

"James," was the stern command of the mother, "take this seat; and you, Thomas, that one. Now, Thomas, give James the orange you have stolen from him."

When the lads had done as they were ordered the mother added:

"James, I want you to take as long as possible to eat that orange. You, Thomas, are to sit there and watch him eat it. Under no circumstances are you to leave the room."

Do you want to borrow on Mortgage? I have money to lend at from five per cent. Wm. Lawson Dash, 108 Pitt-street.—*

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GRIT.
A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1907.

HYGIENE AND TEMPERANCE

Speaking at a recent conference on the teaching of hygiene and temperance in the universities and schools of the British Empire, Sir Victor Horsley said: "At the present time 72 per cent. of our secondary schools may truthfully be described as total abstinence schools. I had no conception that the common-sense on this subject had reached such a development. We owe that to the teachers. We cannot sufficiently express our obligation to the headmasters of our secondary schools for quietly training the nation in temperance. As regards the remaining 28 per cent., it is perfectly astonishing that the senseless habit has been persisted in. Those are the old-established schools. There are public schools in this country in which 50 per cent. of the scholars are given alcohol regularly, while all the boys are given alcohol on six saints' days in the year. We cannot conceive how any man at this time of civilised life can do such a thing, but when we reflect that it is the continuance of an ancient custom the thing is explained." The conference was held in the Examination Hall, Victoria Embankment, London, under the presidency of Lord Stratheona and Mount Royal, who explained that the object of the conference was to see that all the children of England should receive instruction in hygiene and temperance. Mr. Deakin was also present, and expressed, on behalf of the people of Australia, the most cordial sympathy with the conference.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS NOT BLISS

At the same conference Sir John Gorst asserted that the two great obstacles to the progress of hygiene were ignorance and selfishness. How many thousands of people, he asked, were travelling to-day about

the country in railway carriages sealed against the fresh air? How many people that night would go to bed and breathe a vitiated atmosphere? How many hundreds of people took their pleasures in theatres, ball-rooms, and dining-rooms, in which the air was not fit for human beings to breathe, forgetting that the body required as much food from oxygen as from music and champagne? He did not know anything more remarkable than that the educational authorities were of opinion that it was far better to let the child population of the country starve than to pay for their food out of the rates. In Germany, where the rich people have great command over local finance, more money is spent on hospitals, schools, bands of music, and theatres than in England. The Germans are wise enough to know that all the public money that is spent improves the health of the people, and therefore adds to the value of property. A resolution was agreed to by the conference expressing the opinion "that to adequately meet the responsibilities of the State towards school children it is essential that a medical department should be instituted in the Board of Education."

SOCIAL REFORM IN CANADA

One of the chief features of modern developments of political economy is the spirit of unselfishness. In all civilized countries the tendency of the day is the determination to raise the masses to give a helping hand to those who need it, and to so improve the conditions of life that the average man and woman can say that they have received more love than hate, more sympathy than pity. Canada, like the rest of the world, is manifesting this commendable spirit. Her millionaires, we are told, are more prone to endow universities and hospitals than to aid in the cultivation of a military spirit. This may be a source of regret to those who believe that the duty of national defence is a paramount obligation of citizenship; but Canada is, like Australia, a young country, and, therefore, as an Ottawa journal rightly estimates, the creation of a hospital or an experimental farm is of more practical value to the country than one-tenth of the endowment would be if devoted to the encouragement of rifle-shooting. The State which begins to realise that it is better to improve social conditions than to wrangle over tariff issues is on the highway to true prosperity, and as things are going in this country it is not difficult to foresee a time when the social-reform planks of a political platform will be more important than the mere political ones.

SWEDEN MOVES

As surely as the earth revolves on its axis, so surely is the world of humanitarianism and common-sense moving towards the fulfilment of those great programmes of social redress and uplifting which have been heralded by reformers for nearly a century. Especially is this true in regard to temperance reform. From all points of the compass since this new century dawned, magnificent progress has been reported, but only as a foretaste of greater good to follow. Sweden, among other nations, has just taken a brave step forward. Writing to a friend last month, Edward Waurinsky, of Stockholm, gave this encouraging news: "I hasten to advise you that the Swedish

Riksdag, by 89 votes against 86, has agreed to a motion for prohibition of all manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating drink (beer, wine and spirits), except for medicine and for technical or scientific purposes, after a proper period (twenty years proposed). Great is the excitement and new encouragement for the temperance workers. The young ones are won for our cause; therefore we can go ahead. Weary, tired and discouraged sometimes, we are now full of enthusiasm again. Our students are very active, but it will be a great deal to convince our Upper House, our First Chamber."

THE CRY HEARD

Nobody can read unmoved the powerful series of articles by Mr. George R. Sims, which we are publishing from the London "Tribune." They reveal the awful tragedy which drink brings into the life of the women and children of England. It was Mr. Sims who made Christian England hang her head in shame by his story of "How the Poor Live." England is still further indebted to him for "The Cry of the Children"; and it is gratifying to learn that already, as the result of his articles, 300 medical men and public authorities have formed themselves into a powerful committee (including 150 clergymen, 20 Peers, eight Bishops, and nearly 200 members of Parliament) to get to work to secure legislation to remedy the wrongs revealed, and protect children from the evils of drink. Throughout the country the Cry of the Children has been heard, and all parties and denominations and classes are giving the movement help and encouragement. Mr. Sims' articles, we learn by the last mail, have been reprinted in pamphlet form and already three editions have been exhausted.

"BUNG" WEEPS

"The Tribune," the official organ of the New Zealand liquor trades, recently expressed itself in the following terms in regard to the position of affairs in that colony:—"Unfortunately, and the word is used advisedly, after the Option Poll of 1905, a victory was claimed by the Trade, notwithstanding the fact that three districts were lost to No-License, and in four Reduction was carried; and with much jubilation perfect organisation was claimed as the contributing cause. We make bold here to dispute the victory, and question to a large extent the organisation, the true test of which is the completeness of the vote. The following figures record the unpolled votes in the four principal cities, where the jubilant note was most in evidence:—Auckland 4233, Wellington 5193, Christchurch 3552, and Dunedin 2780. As it is generally admitted that Continuance voters require much persuasion and conveyance to the poll, while No-License electors do not, the deduction is obvious. In many districts it is the custom to put in two or three months' work immediately before the election, which is inadequate and inconsistent, and it must be a self-evident proposition that in the end guerrilla warfare must succumb to disciplined organisation. As the surgeon is cruel to be kind, so we have plainly bared the facts, and stated the jeopardy of the Trade, in the hope that our comments may lead to a great awakening from the present lethargic stupor, and act as a stimulus to some show of exertion in the immediate future." Reading between the lines, there is a world of sorrowful meaning in this candid admission. It is virtually an admission that the trade is doomed.

The Cry of the Children

By GEO. R. SIMS, in the London "Tribune." ———— THIRD ARTICLE.

At 10 o'clock at night I pass along a quiet, dark street. The street is dark because it has only one inhabited side. It is hemmed in by a big, black wall that towers high above the two-storey houses. It is quiet because the marketing streets are some distance away.

The resident population of the district is principally of the labouring class, and finds its employment at the docks and wharves and riverside warehouses.

There is very little crime in the district, but a good deal of drunkenness, due largely to the irregularity of employment. When "trade" is good by the river the drunkenness is greater, and leads to quarrelling and fighting. But "an honest hardworking lot," is the police certificate of character.

"A PUBLIC NURSERY."

Here is a tavern of plain exterior, anything but brightly lighted, and without any of the attractive features of the gin palace. I pass through the swing doors, and for a moment I imagine that I have made a mistake and entered a public nursery.

The bar in which I find myself is filled with women, and every woman has a baby in her arms or a tiny toddler at her knee. Now and then a feeble cry goes up from an infant, and some of the cries are those of discomfort or suffering.

The compartment is a spacious one, and tiny mites just in their first steps, poorly clad and dirty, are toddling about in and out among the mothers. Some are down on their hands and knees, sprawling and crawling in the dirty sawdust, their clothes wiping up the beer splashings and the expectorations that lie thickly about.

A baby drops its "comforter." The mother stoops and picks it up, wipes it carelessly upon her dirty apron, and puts it in the child's mouth again.

Dr. Sidney Davis recently had the floor-sweepings of some public-houses of this kind collected. He examined them, and in several instances found the germs of tuberculosis.

And it is on such floors as these that the little children sprawl and crawl while their mothers gossip and drink.

By side-streets and tortuous back ways in which the public-houses are few and far between, I come to another district.

The first house I enter when I get into a busier neighbourhood is packed. But the customers are principally young men and women. There is only a sprinkling of babies, and of these the mothers are quite young. A narrow entrance from the end of the bar leads to a long, low-roofed room in which there are several tables and forms and a bagatelle-board.

A STIFLING ATMOSPHERE.

There has been a Friendly Lead in this room, and it is difficult to see through the thick haze of tobacco smoke. The atmosphere is almost unbearable. My eyes smart and my head begins to ache. But in the compartment which leads to this room, and is not shut off from it, the door being wide open, several young mothers are standing with their babies. They are wedged in with the youths and men who have come from the hall, and who are puffing their pipes and cigarettes vigorously.

At 11.30 the public-houses are so crowded that into some of them it is almost impossible to edge one's way. In most of them the dominant note is the child.

The crowd is so dense at one bar that the mothers hold the babies close to them, protecting their little heads with an outstretched elbow. The only note of colour in the dull, dingy mass of men and women is the pink and white cap of a baby lifted

aloft by its father to save it from the push and squeeze.

Down a side street are three or four dingy-looking public-houses, which are so habitually filled at night with nursing mothers that they are locally known as "The cowsheds."

In the main thoroughfare is a large and well-appointed house. The bars are spacious, but on first entering from the air of the streets the atmosphere strikes one as hot and clammy. On a seat at the end of one compartment are five nursing mothers and a grey-haired granny who dandles one of the babies. Noticing my interest in the group, granny holds her little one up, and pointing to the others, says, with a wheezy giggle, "Baby show." The words are grimly suggestive. The public-house at midnight is "A baby show."

QUIETENING THE BABY.

As I stand at the bar woman after woman troops in, each with her baby, and in many cases there is either a husband or an attendant granny. The babies are mostly asleep. The head of a white-faced, sickly-looking boy hangs heavily over his father's shoulder. A woman rocks her crying baby and croons to it. Three or four small children are sitting about, heavy-eyed and pale.

In a house in this neighbourhood I have seen a woman, whose baby began to cry in the crowded bar, take a dirty pipe from a man's mouth, dip the stem into the liquor she was drinking, and thrust it into the baby's mouth "to quiet it."

Gin and nicotine! Let the doctors make a note of it for their next volume on "The Improper Feeding of Infants."

Among the women in these houses with children there are, of course, a great many who are not, in the police sense of the word, "the worse for drink."

But there are generally one or two who are. There is no more shameful spectacle in Christendom than a drunken mother with a baby in her arms.

Yet this also you will see if you stand outside the public-house in a thickly-populated neighbourhood at closing time.

You will see nursing mothers staggering towards their homes, occasionally helped by female friends—sometimes by mere strangers, whose motherly hearts go out to the helpless child in peril. A drunken woman has been known to fall heavily upon the child she carries. Drunken mothers have put their babies down on the filthy floor of a public-house at night and gone outside to fight with freer hands.

A police magistrate has stated that in one month he had before him thirty-one women charged with being drunk and incapable, with little children in their care. A woman found lying

drunk in the roadway at night had a baby only fourteen days old by her side. Another woman, who had been drinking all the evening in a beer-house, was found carrying her baby home head downwards by one leg.

Women of this class, confirmed and heavy drinkers, are frequently to be seen among the nursing mothers in the bars at night.

In these cases the cruelty to the child often goes beyond the exposure and the administering of alcohol.

Children in public-houses, however well they may be treated by soberer mothers, frequently have drink forced upon them. The mothers give it them, the grandmothers give it. I doubt very much if the fathers do; but I have no proof that they would not. I can only say that in no house that I have yet visited at night have I seen a man giving a child drink. It has always been a woman. The task of keeping "the young 'un quiet" is the woman's, not the man's. That may be the explanation.

DRUNK AT THE AGE OF THREE.

I have a terrible instance of drink forced on a child within my own immediate knowledge. I know a charming, blue-eyed, golden-haired little girl of three. She is a type of lovely English childhood. Her grandmother was, and is, a confirmed drunkard. The child's mother, a beautiful young woman, drank three good homes away, and one day when her husband was in the country called the brokers in and sold up a fourth home. Then, taking the baby—the child of whom I am writing—she went off. She spent every farthing of the money in drink, and the first news her husband had of her was a communication from the authorities of a workhouse that his wife and child were there.

He separated from her—he had to. He made her an allowance, and she went home to her mother, and at her mother's house died from the effects of drink.

The family were not badly off. The funeral was a good one, and there was company, and wine and spirits were much in evidence.

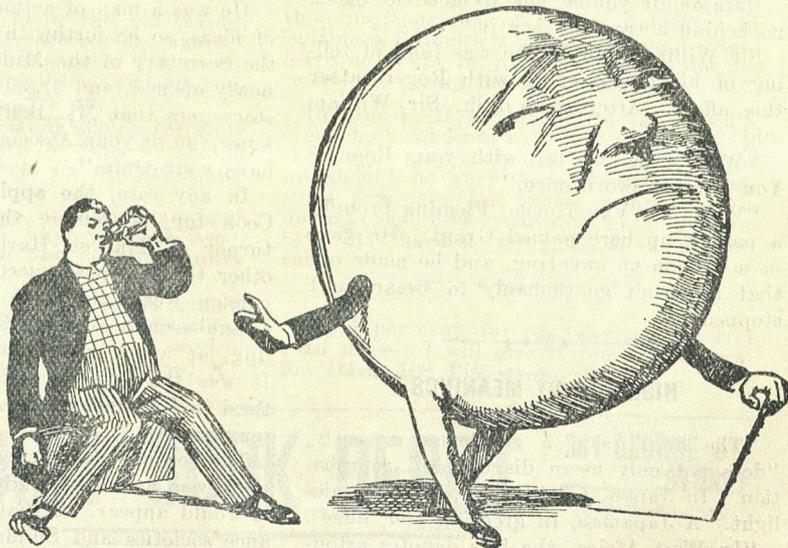
The child, who on the mother's death had been taken by relatives, was allowed to go to her grandmother's for the funeral. By her grandmother this baby of three was given first port wine and then brandy.

That night when she was brought back the little girl of three was intoxicated. At the funeral of the mother who died of drink the grandmother had made a baby of three drunk with wine and spirits.

The law would have stepped in if the child's body had been cruelly treated. But it was only the ruin of the child's after-life that was attempted by the woman in charge of her. The law does not yet account that cruelty.

The after-life of thousands of children is being ruined nightly in our great cities, and the law looks on and does nothing.

There may be objections urged to shutting the children out of public-houses altogether. I will deal with them. But no objection can arise as to the baby in arms. On that question there can be no argument worth listening to. It is a question not of sentiment but of salvation. So long as the laws allow the infamy to continue, it is



THE WORLD HAS LITTLE USE FOR A MAN WHO HAS MUCH USE FOR LIQUOR.

fostering not only child-murder but race-murder.

"Out of the Dram Shop" and "Back to the Breast." These must be the battle-cries of those who would wage war against our appalling infant mortality.

What can be the future of our race, what can be the future of our Empire, if on a falling birth rate 120,000 infants continue to die annually in the first year of their lives, and the majority of those who survive have been starved on artificial food or dosed, almost from their birth, on alcohol?

NOT GENTLEMANLY TO SWEAR

When Sir Sandford Fleming, the noted English Engineer, inspected the proposed route of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1883, he was accompanied by the Rev. George Munro Grant. The party encountered the usual hardships of travelling through a wilderness, but had many interesting experiences. One of these, says Mr. Grant's biographer, was meeting the different parties of engineers stationed along the way.

The most picturesque person associated with this exploration of the mountains was Major Rogers, the discoverer and engineer of the passage through the Selkirks. Rogers was an energetic man, renowned for unconventionality, but exceedingly profane. The engineers who were passed on the eastern slope of the mountains were in a state of great expectancy at the prospect of the hard-swearing Rogers being host to a clergyman.

Rogers at first was under the impression that Grant, who was addressed as "Doctor," was a medical man. The day after the first meeting was Sunday, and Fleming proposed that Grant should hold divine service.

The major took the suggestion as a joke, and with great energy drummed up his men. Doctor Grant preached at length, and dexterously brought the subject round to profane swearing.

Avoiding any appearance of aiming at any one hearer, he pointed out the uselessness of the habit, and incidentally noted its gradual disappearance from the conversation of gentlemen.

He had observed with accuracy one salient point in Rogers' character. The man was passionately determined to live like a gentleman, and to have his men regard him as a gentleman. The discourse struck home. Then and there Rogers resolved to abstain.

Once at least during their stay with him his guest's pity was excited by his heroic suppression of his vocabulary at a trying moment. Something went wrong with one of the canoes. Rogers opened his mouth, but in the nick of time remembered his resolve, and stood helpless.

Grant laid his hand on his arm.

"Major, if you've got to get rid of it, go behind a tree and say it."

Sir William Van Horne was fond of telling of his first meeting with Rogers after this affair. After some talk, Sir William said:

"What's the matter with you, Rogers? You haven't sworn once."

"Well, Mr. Van Horne, Fleming brought a parson up here named Grant. He gave us a sermon on swearing, and he made out that it wasn't gentlemanly to swear, so I stopped."

HISS'S MANY MEANINGS

"The hiss," said a gentleman recently, "does not only mean disgust and reprobation. In Japan, for instance, it means delight. A Japanese, in greeting you, hisses.

"In West Africa, the hiss denotes astonishment. There one would hiss if you

should have just paid him back a loan made a month ago.

"In the New Hebrides they hiss before anything beautiful. Do you see the large turkey in front of that shop? Well, a New Hebridean, beholding it, would hiss.

"The Basutos hiss in sign of cordial agreement. When a candidate for office scores a point, a hiss from the Basuto audience is his reward.

"Among the Kabyles the hiss denotes satisfaction and content. At the end of a dinner thoroughly enjoyed, a Kabyle would lean back in his chair, loosen his waistcoat, and hiss loud and long."

A POWER FOR TEMPERANCE

The big firms, with their rules against drinking, are doing a wonderful work for temperance. But more significant than their rules is the fact that they are able to enforce those rules. Twenty years ago these men would have kept on drinking, and the firms would have had to yield, for twenty years ago it was among the best classes of workers that the drink habit had the most slaves.

The real cause of the improvement in this and every other direction is the simple enlightenment of public opinion. The habit of obedience to the clear mandates of public opinion is so ancient and powerful that it may be called instinctive and imperative. The public opinion that laughs at the man who varies his dress very far from the recognised standard has its way. The public opinion that causes the lip to curl contemptuously at sight of the fellow who has let a thief in his mouth to steal away his brains often has its way.

Often "silly" is a stronger word than "sinful," and "Don't-be-an-ass" goes where "Don't-do-wrong" wouldn't.

EXCURSION TRAINS

DIRECT RESULT OF TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

The brilliant weather of the last few days and the flood of attractive bills issued by the railway companies remind us that the Easter excursion season is at hand (says the London "Daily News") Yet, of the thousands who will take advantage of the cheap fares, how many, or how few, know the interesting origin of these excursions, and that they were the direct result of the temperance movement.

Yet so it was. It happened that in 1841 a temperance meeting was announced to be held in Mr. Paget's park at Loughborough. A certain turner of wood, who was an ardent temperance reformer, and secretary of the Market Harborough branch of the South Midland Association, heard of this event, and said to himself: "Now, if a cheap train could be run from Leicester to Loughborough, we might get a big meeting."

He was a man of action as well as a man of ideas, so he forthwith went to Mr. Bell, the Secretary of the Midland Railway, then newly opened, and urged his project. The story goes that Mr. Bell replied: "I don't know you or your Association, but you shall have your train."

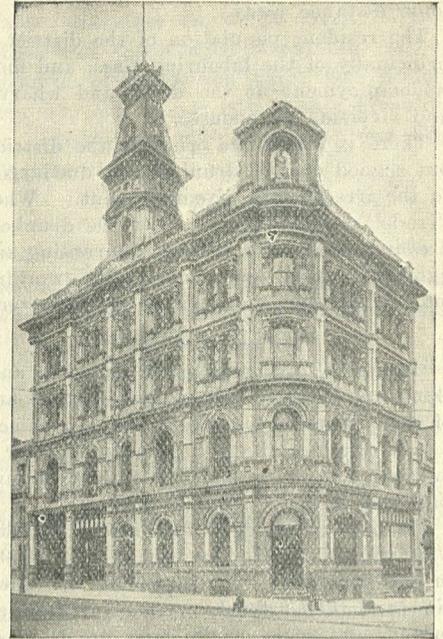
In any case, the application of Thomas Cook—for, of course, the energetic wood-turner of Market Harborough was none other than he—was successful, and the excursion was duly run from Leicester to Loughborough at the return fare of a shilling, at which we believe it still remains. It was the first excursion publicly advertised in England, and no few than 570 passengers booked by it.

The venture was so successful that Thomas Cook was asked to conduct others, mainly, it would appear, at that date, for temperance societies and Sunday Schools, and in four years' time he began to make a busi-

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Good Table. Terms very moderate
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ness of it. He removed to Leicester, and relinquished wood-turning, and the Midland gave him a commission on the tickets sold. He used to compile little hand-books of the trips; and he arranged with hotels for the accommodation of his travellers, a feature which afterwards blossomed out into "Cook's Coupons."

One of those early excursions was from Leicester to Glasgow for a guinea return; 350 persons went; he took them to Manchester and Fleetwood by train, and thence by steamer to Ardrossan. The good "Glasgie" folk met them with the thunders of saluting cannon and the crash of music from tuneful bands! What would now be thought if Glasgow thus treated every excursion train which enters the second city of the Empire! But both in Glasgow and in Edinburgh the "Cookites" were entertained publicly, and Mr. W. Chambers, the publisher, gave them an address called "The Strangers' Visit to Edinburgh."

Well, this, as Sam Weller would say, was "all very capital;" and Cook went on and prospered. In 1850 he said he had become so imbued with the tourist spirit that he contemplated foreign trips, and a few years later he publicly acknowledged his indebtedness to the Press for its help, and declared that the principal journals had regarded his work as belonging to agencies "for the advancement of human progress."

When it was proposed, at one time, to allow a man to qualify for his doctor's degree, at Oxford, by merely writing two essays. Mansel, the celebrated metaphysician, scribbled down and handed to his fellow councillors this doggerel:

"The degree of D.D.
'Tis proposed to convey
To an A double S
By a double S.A. (essay)."

Have you money to lend on Mortgage? I will get you six per cent. or more. Wm Lawson Dash, 108 Pitt-street—*

IS ALCOHOL A MEDICINE?

By E. P. FELCH, M.D.

Is alcohol a medicine? In this question we have a more difficult problem, for some have asserted that it is impossible to practice medicine without it, while extremists on the other side have said that it should never be used. Let us look at the matter in its true light: Belladonna, nux vomica, quinine, and calomel are drugs which could not be dispensed with, and it is possibly true that we could not find a substitute for alcohol, although at the present time some drugs are being prepared without it. What is the position it should occupy in medicine? Should it be used for its stimulating effects, and in large quantities? Has it any use except as a stimulant? Close investigation and extensive experience have demonstrated that, constantly used for its stimulating effects, it is positively injurious: and why? Every drug has a primary and secondary action, and the secondary is just the opposite of the primary; hence, if we use a substance which is very stimulating, it will be followed by a secondary effect, which is one of depression. Alcohol has these effects. Is there any field for alcohol except as a stimulant? This question we may answer in the affirmative, and in doing so we place alcohol in its proper position. Its use should be confined to the preparation of drugs and the preservation of perishable articles. It was used largely in pneumonia, typhoid fever, and surgical shock. But what are its effects. In pneumonia it simply whips the heart, which is already overworked. In typhoid fever it stimulates the heart, which is already deteriorated by overwork. In surgical shock it increases to greater activity a heart which has already lost a portion of its nervous control. Actual experiments and experiences have demonstrated beyond a doubt that its use in disease is productive of more harm than good. In regard to its use in surgical shock, Prof. H. C. Wood, of the University of Pennsylvania, said, in 1884: "When I was a student in the hospital we used to have cases of shock in abundance, and we would pour alcohol into the patients and wonder why we got no more effect. It seemed to be like pouring water into a rat hole. Alcohol is of no value whatever in shock; nay, I am perfectly sure that it only puts one more nail in the coffin of the patient. If you want your patient to come out of the shock, you will be very careful in giving alcohol." This war against alcohol has not all been inaugurated in the twentieth century, for it started in the seventeenth century, and at different periods since then scientific men have taken a stand against it. Early in the eighteenth century Dr. Bedows pointed out the fact that it was injurious to health. Did space permit we could add testimony upon testimony to the same effect. We believe we have shown that alcohol as a food is a poor one, because of its deleterious effects. We have shown that it is a poison in every sense of the word, and while it may have a use in medicine, such use is limited and much less than was formerly supposed.

DRESS FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO

For women archaeology assumes a deeply interesting phase in the question which has been raised by Signor Mosso as to styles in dress as they existed 4,000 years ago. Signor Mosso, the eminent authority on ancient Etruria, the Roman Forum, and early Crete, has concentrated his great experience and knowledge on elucidating this by-path of science from his Cretan studies. The general result has been to confirm the

old dictum that there is nothing new under the sun. Even the "latest fashions" are antiquated. Signor Mosso finds that 4,000 years ago the ladies of primeval Mycenae wore hats pretty much as they are seen in the show-rooms of Paris to-day—even to the roses and ribbons, and the turned-up brim. They knew what crape trimming was, had tartans before the Scotch, understood the mysteries of corsets lacing in front, short wide sleeves, metal belts, and a style of dress which an imitative nineteenth century, that considered itself original, dubbed "Empire." Their principal colours in robes were orange, yellow, blue, and purple, which rather upsets the claim of the Phoenicians to have "discovered" purple.

FOLLOWED BY FORTUNE-HUNTERS

Miss Dorothea Crouse, who inherited £800,000 from her father, the late Mr. Edgar Crouse, of Syracuse, is now in Paris to escape the unwelcome attentions of a horde of fortune-hunters in the United States.

For the past two years Miss Crouse has travelled almost constantly in order to escape her suitors, who include two impecunious French noblemen, and a number of other adventurers. She spent last winter in Paris, but returned to New York in the spring. Three of her suitors followed her and reinforced the American contingent which laid siege to her heart and fortune.

Miss Crouse's life story reads like a romance. According to the "Herald" no one knew of her existence until Mr. Crouse, the wealthiest man in Syracuse, died in 1892. He left £1,200,000, which would have been divided among twenty-five relatives, but for the unexpected appearance of his wife and daughter. He had been married under the name of Wilson, and they had lived together in London for a long time.

Mrs. Crouse obtained a divorce, and she is now the Countess Policka. Her daughter received £800,000 and a £20,000 mansion in Riverside-drive as the result of a compromise with the other relations.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. W. Kitz.—We thank you for your letter and the verses accompanying. We heartily endorse your sentiments, and must congratulate you on your good record. Can't you persuade others to follow your example?

D. Wallwork (Carrington).—Article on "Drunkness in Glasgow," whilst showing the necessity for strong reform efforts in that city, would hardly be convincing to citizens of New South Wales. We hope to arouse them to the necessity of united action against the Drink Traffic in this State by using local statistics, and we count on your co-operation in these endeavours.

P.T.—The population of New South Wales at March 31 last was officially stated to be 1,543,362 persons.

Disheartened.—You know the old saying, "If at first you don't succeed, try again," and that is what we recommend you to do. Nothing good is accomplished without continued effort, so don't give up.

S.R.L. (Newtown).—Your sketch certainly is remarkable, so much so that we should be afraid of the effects on readers if we published it.

P. L. Farrer.—It is gratifying to hear that you think "Grit" improves each issue, and we hope you will lose no opportunity of recommending it to your friends.

W.W. (Newtown).—We think you cannot do anything better. Yes, we thought it was a good article, and likely to be of service, or, of course, we should not have used it.

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S. HAGUE SMITH,
Secretary



SYDNEY

Political.—We shall certainly give a list of the candidates for the N.S.W. Parliament who are in full sympathy with our efforts prior to the next elections. Thank you for your letter and good wishes.

M.L. (Manly).—Not suitable for "Grit."

P.G.B. (Auburn).—It is hardly necessary, but if you like to try it nobody could object.

Inquirer.—Address to the Manager of "Grit," Box 390, G.P.O. He will deal with any business proposals.

B.C.H. (City).—Declined with thanks.

Post Office.—we have already stated that we don't propose to ventilate postal grievances in the columns of "Grit." Try the daily papers.

M.P.G.—Sorry, but no use to "Grit." We were hardly surprised to hear that it had already been declined by an unappreciative editor. We agree with him entirely.

Querist.—Roughly speaking, the drink bill for the State of New South Wales is just over Four and a half million pounds sterling. The good that could be done with this enormous sum of money if devoted to legitimate pursuits is self-evident, and should leave no doubt in your mind as to the necessity of voting for No-License.

Reformed.—It is difficult to say when a man who has been a hard drinker and taken the pledge may be called "reformed." But we should be very hopeful after he has stood firm, say for twelve months. It is during the first year that such converts have the hardest struggles as a general rule.

Eight per cent. for your savings is better than three. I will give it you. Wm. Lawson Dash, 108 Pitt-street.—*

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CAMPAIGN NOTES AND NEWS

Pay! Pay!! Pay!!! The No-License movement needs support.

A strong committee to work for No-License was formed at Auburn last week.

The elections and local option poll will probably be held early in September.

Mr. Albert Bruntnell spoke at St. Marys on Wednesday of last week, and at Glebe on Saturday night.

Bathurst "No-Licensers" are hard at work. They intend making a big effort for victory.

Mr. T. S. Lang addressed a fine meeting at Marrickville last Thursday. No-License is a live question there.

The event of the week has been the extraordinary report on temperance submitted to the Newcastle Synod.

The Anglican Synod at Newcastle has declared itself as hostile to the No-License movement.

Mr. W. H. Judkins is again in Sydney. He is looking none the worse for the strenuous times he has been having in Melbourne.

Reports from Richmond River are encouraging. The temperance workers are canvassing vigorously. This is the way to win.

Mr. Delahanty, Secretary of the South Australian Alliance, is at present in Sydney, as also is Mr. W. T. Reid, of Queensland Alliance.

Mr. J. J. Power, president of the U.L. V.A., who so signally failed in his attempts to prove the failure of No-License in New Zealand, is a candidate for Parliament.

The cases of drunkenness in the State of New Hampshire, which were deemed bad enough to require punishment, and in which the prisoner did not escape by paying his fine and costs, but went to the workhouse, increased from 437 under the old regime (prohibition) to 1637 under the new (high license).

Mr. H. H. Spooner, secretary of the Connecticut Temperance Union, reports that over fifty measures are now before the Excise Committee of the General Assembly. The principal business in hand concerns the limitation in the number of licenses, the abolition of the proverbial saloon back door, the removal of screens from windows, and heavier penalties for all offences.

The Woman's National Sabbath Alliance of New York has published a leaflet, "Training of the Child for Eternity," by Rev. F. E. Townsley, of Maywood, Ill. Leaflets for the foreigners in Bohemian, Hungarian, Italian, and Russian, including with each an English translation, are now ready. The Alliance has forty-eight other leaflets to meet every need of the Sabbath problem.

Lord Rosebery stated in a recent address that, while the population of the United Kingdom had been increasing 75 per cent., the lunacy had increased 231 per cent. Dr. Forbes Winslow, in commenting on the serious problem that is suggested in these words, gives it as his opinion that there will soon be more lunatics than sane people in the world. Drink is the chief cause of this downward progress.

"The supposed stimulant effect of alcohol is found to be narcotic, and its good effect is simply covering up the pain while increasing the causes; also, that alcohol is among the most poisonous and seductive drug which can be used as a medicine, and that as a beverage it occupies much the same plane as that of opium, to quiet pain and discomfort, and nothing more," is the declaration of Dr. T. D. Crothers, superintendent of Walnut Lodge Hospital, Hartford.

Among the many good bills introduced in the Missouri legislature during the first week of last session was one by Representative Cross, a bill to make it unlawful to either sell or give away a cigarette to any person, without regard to age, or even for one to have the "coffin nails" in his possession. It is also made unlawful to manufacture them in the State, either for the purpose of selling or giving them away, or to make, sell, or give away cigarette wrappers or

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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.

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paper. A fine of not less than 10dol. nor more than 200dol. is to be imposed for each violation of the law.

By April 1st it was expected that the gambling profession would be shut out of Arizona. By July 1st a law similar to that passed in Arizona will take effect in New Mexico. A leading gambler of Raton, New Mexico, has said, "They've got the drop on us, and we must submit. It's poor consolation—but still a consolation—that we haven't much to give up; some games will stop entirely, and a number of sports will leave the territory; the rest will be driven to cover." The high license in that territory is 400dol a year for each table, and the disappearance of cow towns and mining camps has caused the profits to dwindle.

One sickens at the thought of trying to describe the effects of the liquor traffic upon the careers of men and women, undermining health, character, material prosperity, happiness, every form of well-being. He who would vote to give it license and the protection of government because of the financial return it will bring, would vote to agree to the proposition of the train wreckers, would barter for gold the character of his sons, would sell the honour of his daughters for the dirty money of the professional ruiner of womanhood.

Wm. Thos. Dash, Solicitor and Conveyancer, 108 Pitt-street, Sydney, has trust moneys to lend at five per cent.—*

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How the World Moves

Queensland has 56 men to every 44 women.

There are 376,000 "religious mendicants" in India.

New Zealand exports over 6,000,000 rabbit-skins every year.

Including Sundays, Canadians have ninety-five holidays every year.

In Bombay the cotton-mill natives receive 1s 4d for a thirteen-hour working day.

Of the Blake victory medals, dated 1653, only four were struck.

Benares, the sacred city of India, is visited annually by nearly 2,000,000 pilgrims.

The Great Barrier Reef, off North-East Australia, is 1,000 miles long and 30 miles wide.

In New South Wales, the Great Cobar Mine furnishes copper containing 4oz. of gold to the ton.

Newfoundland's south-eastern point, Cape Race, is only 1,700 miles from Cape Clear, Ireland.

One of Britain's smallest Colonies is the Falkland Islands. There are 2,043 people, who live in 359 houses.

The Fiji group of islands, which were annexed by Great Britain in 1874, number 220, all of volcanic origin.

Montreal, in Canada, has the largest flour-mill in the British Empire. It turns out 5,000 barrels of flour in a day.

The British war medal having most clasps is the Peninsular. The full number is twenty-eight.

The Mint struck 400,000 South African War medals. This is the largest issue of medals ever made by the British Mint.

The land belonging to the Hudson Bay Company is now valued at 35s an acre. Forty years ago its value was 1d for two acres.

The teak-tree grows principally in Burmah. The trunks run to 8ft. in diameter, and the timber is equal in most respects to best oak.

The Bengal Government pays a reward for sharks caught in the Ganges. This varies from 1s for small sharks to 6s for those 6ft. long.

The Australians are the greatest tea-drinkers in the world, and use 7½lb. of tea per head yearly. French people use about 1oz. per head yearly.

The Bishop of the Falkland Islands exercises jurisdiction over the clergy of the Church of England of all South America, except British Guiana.

THE OLD FOLKS.

Jack and I were married just a year when we took a run out to visit the old folks at home. We took the twins with us of course and mother was so delighted. She said she was so pleased they were two boys, for the world needed more good men. I am glad too they are boys; but Jack says the world's supply of men would run very scarce if there were no more mothers born.

Mother had been up quite early that morning and had her week's wash all out when we arrived by noon. She was all cleaned and dressed and one

would never think an old lady like mother, at her age, could do such a wash and be so pleasant after it; but dear old mother knows the virtue of Sunlight Soap. Sunlight Soap is just the soap for an old lady who has to do her own work. There is none of that sweltering over vile steaming suds; just a little rub of good Sunlight Soap, an hour in the suds, a rub out, a rinse and the clothes are done. A twin bar of Sunlight Soap is, I think, almost as great a comfort to mother, in a way, as my twin babies are to me

Three-tenths of a second is the time required for a signal to pass through the Atlantic cable, 2,700 miles long.

Australia, although in area twenty-six times as large as the whole of the British Isles, has a population smaller than that of London.

The term "giving quarter" appears to have originated in the ancient agreement that the ransom of a soldier should be one-quarter of his pay.

A squadron, in Army parlance, consists of two troops, each of 60 to 100 men.

Lord Wolseley has been present at more battles than any other living British general.

In 1861 there were only 62.16 females to every 100 males in New Zealand. In 1901 the proportion was 90.33 to 100. It is expected that the sexes will soon be equal in numbers.

The youngest British soldier to receive the Victoria Cross was Drummer Magner, fourteen years old. He was the first to enter Magdala, in the Abyssinian campaign.

If a man marries under age, he cannot repudiate the marriage when twenty-one. If, however, he only promises marriage while an infant, he cannot be compelled to carry out, after twenty-one, a promise made before that age.

A curious thing noticed at once by visitors to Moscow is the absence of whips among the cab-drivers. There is a law prohibiting their use. The excellent condition of the horses attests the benefit of this humane law.

Professor Nichols, the astronomer, has a delicate instrument which measures very faint heat waves. It is so sensitive to heat that it registers the warmth that emanates from a man's face 2,000ft., or more than a third of a mile, away.

A British explorer returned from Abyssinia says that he was four months in a region hitherto unknown to white men. Along the tributaries of the Blue Nile he found a mining population engaged in washing gold. He reports that there is an enormous quantity of gold in this region, in which thousands of natives work.

About £200 is the price of the purple silk robe and train worn by the Lord Mayor of London on ordinary official occasions. It is velvet-faced and fur-edged. Less costly is his scarlet cloth robe, which he dons on feast days, while his robe for evening dress is of black satin damask of a pattern which is protected under the patent law.

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In the New South Wales Comptroller-General of Prisons' report for 1906, it was stated that at the end of the year there were 162 fewer prisoners than at the commencement. Notwithstanding an increase in the population of 279,490 in 12 years, there were 1681 fewer persons in gaol—relatively a decrease of 1662. The number of prisoners of all kinds received into gaol was 12,134, a decrease of 1246 on the preceding year.

A PAUPER'S STORY

The Malton correspondent of the London "Daily Telegraph," telegraphs to that journal as follows:—The heir to an earldom is said to be an inmate of the workhouse of Helmsley, North Yorks. This man, named Frank Barr, was complaining to the guardians yesterday of being given bad food, when the Rev. William Hughes, a member of the board, explained to his colleagues that Barr was a direct descendant of the Earls of Selkirk, who, after the Battle of Flodden, lost their estates, and, coming to England, settled in the wild moorland country at Hawnby. Barr's pedigree, going back to Edward I., was in the possession of a lady at York.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

All business communications and applications for advertising space should be made to the Business Manager, Box No. 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

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

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