

GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Registered at the General Post Office for transmission by Post as a Newspaper.

Vol. I.—No. 12.

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1907

Price One Penny

“ON THE ROAD” THE SWAGMAN'S LIFE

There is room in the scanty literature of Australia for a book on the sundowner. It would require the patience and the genius of a George Borrow to write it, but there is a wealth of material locked up in the breasts of that strange brotherhood. Englishmen would probably call them tramps, and settle the matter in a word. Americans would term them “hoboes.” A great many, no doubt, are, but Australians recognise that the vagaries of fortune may cast an honest man out upon the highway. So, in order that there may be no injustice done, the community agrees to meet them half-way, and call them “travellers.” Their occupation, following the same rule, is that of being “on the road.”

The manner in which this nomadic population arranges itself over the face of Australia at different seasons of the year affords a close parallel to the arrangement of a mass of steel filings scattered over a magnetic field. They are seen to mass suddenly at one spot under the influence of some hidden attraction; then suddenly the group scatters, re-arranges itself, and concentrates round another centre. An investigation of the causes which determine the pilgrimages of these outcasts shows that they may be mainly resolved into two. Those attractions are the sun's warmth and the possibilities of work which shearing and harvesting bring them.

The tendency to follow the sun is not confined to the Australian “traveller.” The American tramps quit the icy northern States as soon as the first touch of winter appears in the air, and begin a steady movement southward. Many of them accelerate their journey by “jumping” passenger trains and conceal-

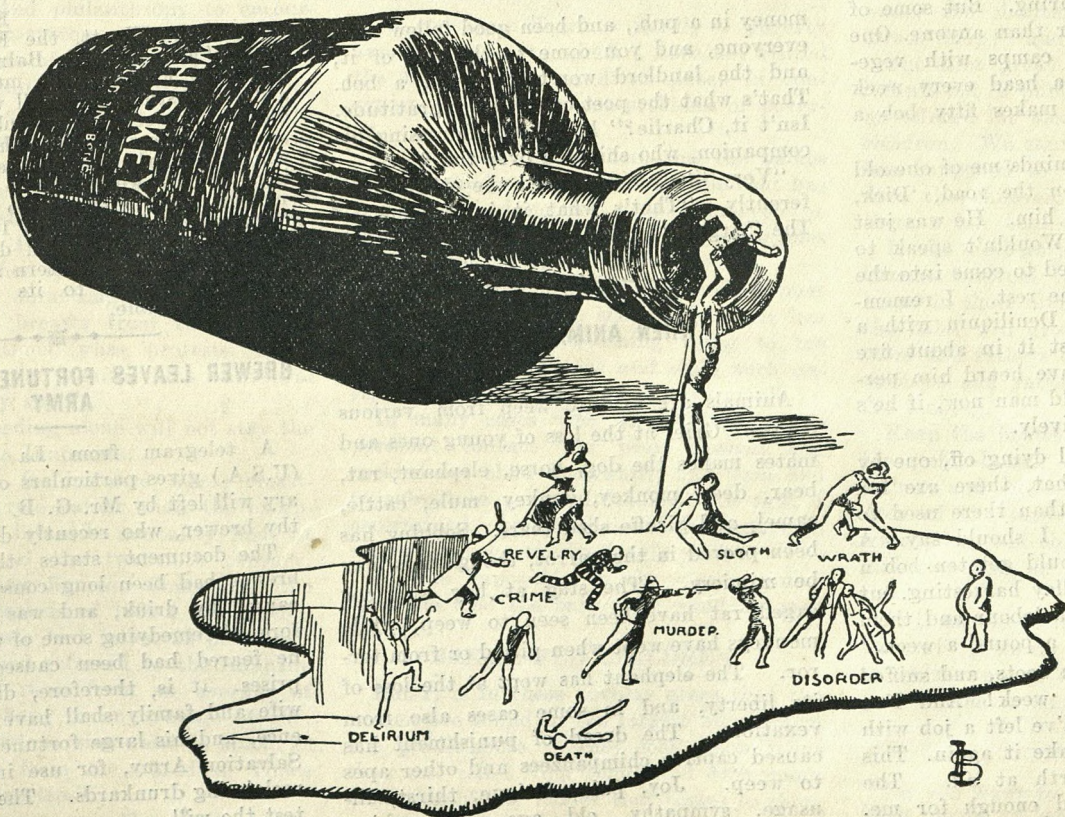
ing themselves among the ironwork beneath the cars. The Australian, not being so hard-pressed by climate or necessity, finds it more comfortable to walk. There is also the chance of getting odd jobs on the way, perhaps sufficient to tide him over until shearing begins. When the sun returns to the summer solstice, considerations both of climate and employment bring the wanderer back to take his share in harvesting operations. Then comes the cheque, the “blueing” of the cheque, and the road again. That is the cycle of the swagman's career.

“Yes, that is the Travellers' Rest,” said the station butcher, indicating with his knife a long, white, stone shed. “I don't think you'll find many men down there just now. They are either ‘spud’ digging or getting up north. Now, if you had been here a month ago you would have found the shed full of them—thirty at least. It is full of other animals now. I know I wouldn't care to go inside it.”

“Things are getting very different from

what they were in my young days,” he went on reminiscently. “Time was when they were nearly all old stagers on the road. Now they are nearly all young fellows. The old hands die off, one by one, and I am sorry to see them go. They were more straightforward, so to speak, and a lot of them had been something better in their time. Oh, we've had a lot of characters in their way, such as ‘Roan Jimmy.’ I remember one time Jimmy had the toothache, and went to the blacksmith on the station, and asked him to pull it out. ‘Right!’ says the blacksmith, and he jams a big pair of forceps in his mouth, and out comes the tooth. Jimmy lets out one howl, and claps his hand to his mouth, and turns round two or three times. ‘For God's sake,’ says he, ‘give us a bit of tobacco to take the pain away.’ Cunning, wasn't he? But there's the place where they put up.”

The “Rest” was a long, low building, which might easily have accommodated 30 or more visitors. Trestle boards, which served as a table, and narrow benches on either side, ran almost the length of the building. The floor was littered with dirty straw brought in by sundry visitors, but serving no present purpose, except to accommodate a number of cats and their families. A miserable-looking man, whose clothes hung on his frame by some marvel of cohesion crouched over the open fireplace at the end of the room. Another, a more sturdily-built fellow, of middle age, but no better clad, was engaged in sewing pieces of calico with a darning needle and black thread into the shape of bags. The bags were, of course, intended for tea and sugar, and his occupation indicated that he was restless,



THE TRUE CONTENTS OF A WHISKY BOTTLE.

and was getting ready for the road. After a short interchange of courtesies, he became communicative.

"Yes, I am no stranger at this game, worse luck," he said. "Been at it since 1885, you may say. I took up the swag only too easy, and it was the worst thing I ever took up."

He paused to bite his thread. At that moment there entered an elderly, bearded swagman, whose principal feature was a badly-discoloured eye.

"'Ullo," remarked the sempster, rethreading his needle. "Where'd you come from?"

"Red Rock," replied the other briefly.

"Many over there?"

"No; only two."

"Um! You see," he explained, "they are all up at Romsey, potato-digging. That is, most of them. You wait a month, when the digging's all done, and then see what this place is like. They'll all be back here, roaring drunk, and most of them 'arf their faces knocked off."

He stopped, and looked at the newcomer for the first time.

"You've had a few words with someone yourself," he suggested.

"Yes," assented the stranger. "Bit of an argument."

"Been digging spuds?"

"Yes."

"How much did they give you?"

"Ninepence; but we struck for tenpence." The bearded one felt his injured eye reflectively. "Leastways, not to say we struck, but we asked the boss for tenpence. 'I'll give you ninepence right through,' says he, and we took it. Some of it wasn't worth sevenpence, either."

The other man finished his bag, and turned it right side out. "Think I'll go up to Romsey, and do a bit of potato-digging," he remarked. "Nasty work, but a man must do something."

"Did you ever do raspberry-picking?" he was asked.

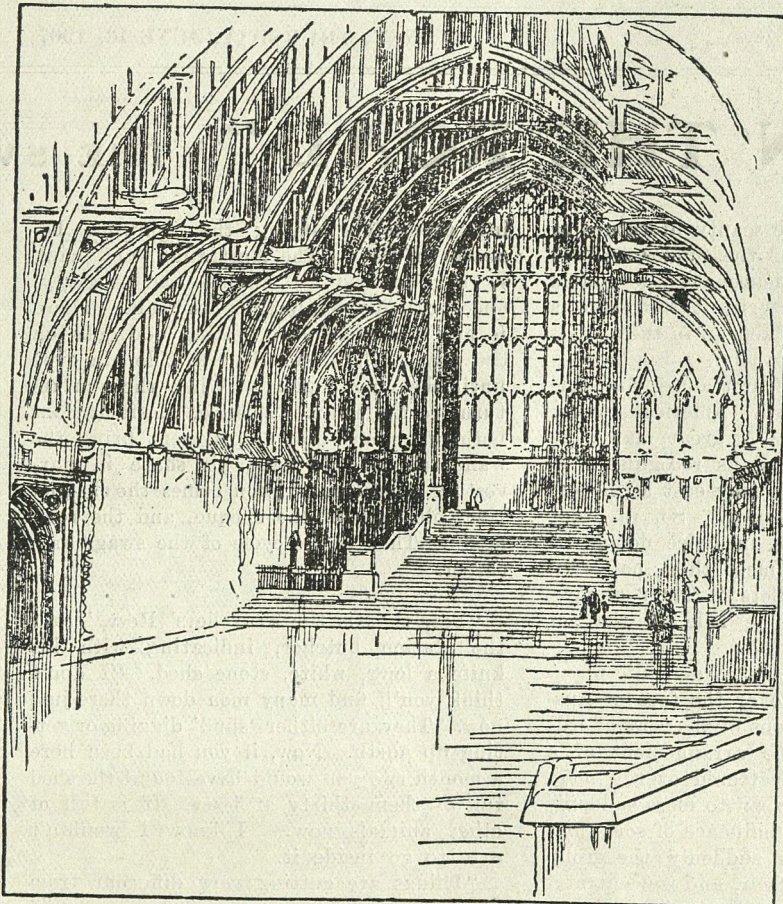
"No, I never came to that yet. That's only fit for women. No, my job is cook or rouseabout in the shearers' camps. Not so bad, either, sometimes. Now, look at last year, for instance, the wettest season for shearing that they've had in New South Wales for years. Consequence was, the shearers were not working half the time, and, of course, not getting paid. But what about us cooks and rouseabouts? Paid all the time, of course. So I did better than if I had been shearing. But some of the Chinamen did better than anyone. One Chow supplied all the camps with vegetables, and got a bob a head every week from each man. That makes fifty bob a week from each shed."

"Talking of Chows reminds me of one old chap that used to be on the road, 'Dick, the Chinaman' we called him. He was just like one of ourselves. Wouldn't speak to any other Chows, but used to come into the shed and 'shout' with the rest. I remember once he came into Deniliquin with a cheque for £50, and lost it in about five minutes. You should have heard him perform. He must be an old man now, if he's alive," he added reflectively.

"The old hands are all dying off, one by one, but, in spite of that, there are far more men on the road than there used to be. A hundred to one, I should say. A few years ago, a man could get ten bob a day in the Goulburn Valley harvesting, but now, what with the extra labour and them machines, they offer him a pound a week."

He surveyed his broken boots, and sniffed scornfully. "A pound a week! And I've seen many a time when I've left a job with £50 or £60. And I'll make it again. This year I'm not going north at all. The Western District is good enough for me. Good tucker, good wages, and bosker 'uts to live in. So I'll leave it for the other fellows to go north if they like. I've been

all over, up to Queensland, and when a man gets up that far he don't come back for four, five, or six years. I've been across country between the Lachlan and the Darling, where the paddocks are ten-mile across, and many a time I've walked across two of them, from gate to gate, and more than half-way across the next one, before I got to the homestead. They are very good on some of them stations. Perhaps the butcher has been on the road himself. If he has, he cuts you off, not a little bit of mutton, but a whole leg. I've seen them divide a whole sheep among four of us. That gives you something to go on with. There's nothing hurts my pride so much as having to go and ask for tucker. Perhaps a woman comes to the door. 'I'm surprised,' says she, 'to see a big, able-bodied young fellow like you begging,' says she. 'Go away.' There's only one thing worse, and that is when you have done in your



WESTMINSTER HALL.

money in a pub., and been good fellow with everyone, and you come to the end of it, and the landlord won't give you a bob. That's what the poet calls base ingratitude. Isn't it, Charlie?" he asked, addressing his companion, who shivered over the fire.

"Very likely," answered the other indifferently. "That's what it is, anyhow."—The "Argus."

WHEN ANIMALS WEEP

Animals are said to weep from various causes. Grief at the loss of young ones and mates makes the dog, horse, elephant, rat, bear, deer, monkey, donkey, mule, cattle, camel, and giraffe shed tears. Sobbing has been proved in the parrot, though this may be mimicry. The stag at bay and the caged rat have been seen to weep, while monkeys have wept when pitied or from terror. The elephant has wept at the loss of its liberty, and in some cases also from vexation. The dread of punishment has caused captive chimpanzees and other apes to weep. Joy, pain, fatigue, thirst, illness, sympathy, old age, approaching death, and pettishness have all drawn tears from animals, or at least driven them into a tearful state.

WESTMINSTER HALL

Westminster Hall, the scene of the Parliamentary luncheon to the Colonial Premiers in London, is next, perhaps to Westminster Abbey and the Tower, the oldest and most famous of the many interesting architectural memorials of London. The ancient hall is the only remnant of the palace of the early Anglo-Saxon kings. In 1398 it was enlarged by Richard II.; it is, indeed, one of the largest halls in the world with a wooden ceiling unsupported by pillars. The clerk of the works at the time of its enlargement was no other than Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English poetry, who singularly enough, lived in the passage which is now the entrance to the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey. Under his superintendence the height of the hall was increased, and the grand timber roof which we see to-day was added. The length is 240 the breadth 70, and the height 92 feet. The roof was repaired and extended in 1820, with oaken beams taken from old ships of war at Portsmouth. The first English Parliament sat here. Royal

festivities, among them the Coronation banquets, have been held here; Charles I. was tried and condemned in it; here Warren Hastings' memorable trial took place; here Cromwell was hailed Lord Protector; and here also, by the strange vicissitudes of fortune, his head was exposed on the point of a pike. The ghastly head remained on the top of Westminster Hall until a high wind, blowing it down, it was picked up, sold, and kept as a relic in a private family. Owing to the trials of note that took place in Westminster Hall, it was for long patrolled by ruffians, who let themselves out on hire as witnesses to the first comer. Here was tried and condemned William Wallace, Lord Cobham, Sir Thomas More, the Protector Somerset, the Earl of Essex,

Sir Thomas Wyatt, the Earl of Strafford, Guido Fawkes, Lords Balmarine and Lovel, and Lord Ferrars, who murdered his steward. Westminster Hall was till the middle of last century sprinkled with booths and booksellers' stalls. The Courts of Law, which formerly occupied a stack of buildings on the western side of the hall, removed their sittings to the New Law Courts in the Strand in 1882, and the old courts have been pulled down, so that an open view of the western side of the Hall, skilfully restored to its original appearance, is possible.

BREWER LEAVES FORTUNE TO SALVATION ARMY

A telegram from La Salle, Illinois (U.S.A.) gives particulars of an extraordinary will left by Mr. G. B. Schlenk, a wealthy brewer, who recently died.

The document states that the deceased brewer had been long conscious of the evil caused by drink, and was desirous, therefore, of remedying some of the wrong which he feared had been caused by his enterprises. It is, therefore, directed that his wife and family shall have a bare competence, and his large fortune shall go to the Salvation Army, for use in their work of reclaiming drunkards. The family will contest the will.

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

The Cry of the Children

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

A vast proportion of the Infant Mortality which is a national reproach is due to the ignorance or selfishness of the mothers. The ignorance is largely that of the poor, the selfishness is that of the rich.

The poor mother is frequently debarred by her occupation from feeding her child in the natural way. The well-to-do mother sacrifices her child to her pleasure.

The poor mother's child artificially fed suffers from the difficulty of making it a cleanly process amid unwholesome and insanitary surroundings. The child of the well-to-do mother may have the greatest care exercised with regard to its artificial feeding, but it still suffers.

The action of the infant in taking its natural food and in feeding from the bottle is not the same. In the former it is more the action of drinking; in the latter it is that of sucking. By the long use of the bottle and the "dummy" or "comforter" that one sees so constantly in a baby's mouth to-day a deformity of the jaw is frequently brought about.

The use of the bottle with the ordinary indiarubber arrangement and of the "comforter" is the cause not only of deformity of the jaw, but, as Dr. Tom F. Pedley has shown in a remarkable article in the "British Medical Journal" of Oct. 28, 1906, it brings into abnormal action the muscles of a child's face, setting up a practice of mouth-breathing, and interferes with the natural and symmetrical development of the features.

Dr. Pedley's arguments are endorsed by many medical men who have given special attention to the subject. They attribute to the prevalent system of bottle-feeding much of our cruel infantile mortality and a whole group of maiming and disfiguring diseases.

A MOTHER'S DUTY.

Because "Back to the Breast!" must be one of the battle-cries of those who wish to save the young children from perishing as from a plague, I will quote Dr. Pedley's words. They are words which should be spoken from every pulpit in the land, and carried into every home by messengers of mercy to suffering infancy as the Gospel of Motherhood.

"Every mother who can suckle her own child should do so. Much might be done by the State and philanthropy to encourage this ancient custom amongst the ignorant and illiterate of all classes of our population; for ignorance is accountable for much that is cruel. Many women might suckle their children, but will not. For any such the neglect of this duty should be deemed a crime. If those who in past ages gave the sacred laws which rule our lives had foreseen! If He, the Friend of the little children, had imagined that such glorious women as ours—English women—could withhold their breasts from their babies, what denunciations, what protests, would have been recorded against this unnatural and unwomanly sin!"

But breast-feeding alone will not stay the Massacre of the Innocents.

In Wakefield, for instance, where breast-feeding is the rule rather than the exception, the local infantile mortality had, at the beginning of the twentieth century, reached alarming figures. Comparing the two five-year periods of 1880-4 and 1900-4, the birth-rate had fallen 22 per cent. during the period referred to the infantile death-rate had risen from an average of 152 per 1,000 born to an average of 167, and it continued to rise until it stood at 200.4. I quote from the "Medical Times and Hospital Gazette."

In these circumstances Mrs. Boileau, the

health visitor of the Wakefield Sanitary Aid Society, made a systematic investigation, paying in three years 8,000 visits to 1,000 infants on her register.

IMPROPER FEEDING.

The great cause of the mortality seems to have been improper feeding to supplement breast-feeding. In sheer ignorance the mothers killed their little ones. All the benefits of breast-feeding were neutralised by the noxious matters forced upon the poor little mites because the mothers thought their milk did not satisfy their babies.

For every infant who succumbs to food totally unfitted for a baby "three or four survive and struggle through, more or less maimed for life, rickety, or with the beginnings of chronic bronchitis, lifelong indigestion, decayed teeth, or deafness implanted in them before they are out of the cradle."

I have an intimate knowledge of the homes of the poor extending over a quarter



A BLOW TO THE BOOKMAKERS.

The "gentlemen of the Turf" are hard hit by the new Street Betting Act, which came into force this year.

of a century. There is hardly a poverty area of London in which I have not visited the homes in street after street in connexion with the various problems of poverty.

I have seen the mothers and the babies and the children, and the spectacle that has always touched me most deeply has been the devotion of the mothers, ill-fed, sometimes half-starved, to their little ones.

The conditions in which thousands of poor mothers nurse are so shocking that it has always been an astonishing thing to me that in such conditions and amid such environments an infant can survive at all.

In many cases with which I came into personal contact the poor mother had suckled her child for awhile, and then had to substitute artificial feeding. To this, I ascertained, she added little bits from such scraps as came to the family table.

It was impossible in the circumstances that the food the baby took could be good for it.

BREAST-FED CHILDREN.

But it is in these poverty areas that the women are found in the largest numbers in the public-house. They look upon it as their one relief from home, and with many a portion of any money that comes to them goes in drink. The generosity of the poor

to the poor is proverbial. The woman who has a little money will "treat" the woman who has none.

The ill-fed mother not only finds her power of feeding her child naturally fail early, but it constantly happens that she cannot feed it naturally at all. One of the causes of her inability is to be found in the grey-haired or middle-aged grandmother who is conspicuous in most of the bars packed with women.

Dr. George Newman, the medical officer of health of Finsbury, and author of the admirable work, "Infant Mortality," has kindly given me the results of inquiry in 397 infant deaths in Finsbury in 1906.

Of the mothers of the infants born during the period covered by the inquiry and still living, 80 per cent. were breast-fed.

Of the dead infants only 35 per cent. were breast-fed.

In Birmingham Dr. Robertson calculates that the infant mortality rate for breast-fed children is 7.8 per 1,000 births, and for children having no breast milk 252.3.

It is a common thing for the power of lactation to fail in the daughters of parents who are habitual drinkers. And the loss of power descends from daughter to daughter. "If a woman cannot nurse, her daughter, as a rule, cannot do so either, and the ability to suckle seems to be entirely lost for all coming generations."

This statement is that of Professor Bunge, Professor of Physiology at the University of Basle, who arrived at his conclusions after a wide series of investigations made with the co-operation of 100 doctors, who inquired into the history of 1,000 families.

EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL ON NURSING.

In the tables I have been able to see, Professor Bunge concerns himself only with the father of the nursing mother. The effect of the drinking mother upon the daughter's nursing capacity is, of course, disastrous. But here is one of the tables of the result of the father's drinking habits on the daughter's ability to nurse:—

The Father	Daughter
Consumes Alcohol.	Able to Nurse.
Not habitually	91.5 per cent.
Habitually, but moderately... 88	„
Habitually, immoderately ... 31.4	„
Inebriate	10 „

I give this table because it has a distinct bearing upon the problem of infant mortality in connection with the two battle-cries that must be raised by those who enlist under the children's banner—"Out of the Dram Shop!" and "Back to the Breast!"

The first great thing to do is to keep infants out of public-houses, and to make it an offence for alcohol to be given to little children. We cannot help the mischief that has happened to the parents, but we can save the children. At least, we can give them a fair chance.

If the mothers and fathers of the future become habitual frequenters of the public-house in their infancy and young childhood the habit will grow with them. The mothers and fathers of to-day are made. The mothers and fathers of the future are in the making.

Keep the babies and the children out of the public-house, and the manufacture of fathers and mothers who will rob the children of the future of the one food upon which they will thrive and come to healthy maturity will at once receive a powerful check.

It is useless to raise the cry "Back to the Breast!" if we do nothing to check the evil to which we owe the rapid increase of women unable to suckle their children.

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

Talk about People

The King's Worst-Dressed Friend

Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane is a grand old man for his years, which number eighty-three. He resides almost entirely at his lovely country home at Yeovil, and continues to take the most active interest in all county affairs. For many years private secretary to Queen Victoria, he has always been a persona grata with the Royal Family.

The King is very fond of his ancient friend, and in the old days used to chide him very much on the subject of his dress.

"Ponsonby," said his Majesty more than once, "you are the worst-dressed man I know;" but, undaunted, Sir Spencer has always stuck to his old habits and tastes, and nothing would ever persuade him to become more dandified in his personal appearance.

Practical Applause

Mr. W. T. Stead has been having a merry time at Pittsburg, U.S.A. The "Post" of that city states that when he concluded his address in the Carnegie Institute Music Hall on "The Next Step Towards International Peace," a storm of applause rang from the balconies and the lower floor of the house. Wave after wave of it rolled down to the stage, and finally Mr. Stead rose. He stepped to the desk and said: "My friends, what are you clapping for? Do you think that every one of you who is clapping would give fifty cents to that peace pilgrimage?" A hundred voices answered "Yes," and in a flash the rain of coins began. There was no stopping it, and the answer was an earnest of how Pittsburg and Pittsburgers received the speech of the great advocate of peace. The peace advocate, we are told, made no attempt to gather up this substantial tribute to his powers, but "smiled and looked happy enough to embrace everyone within sight."

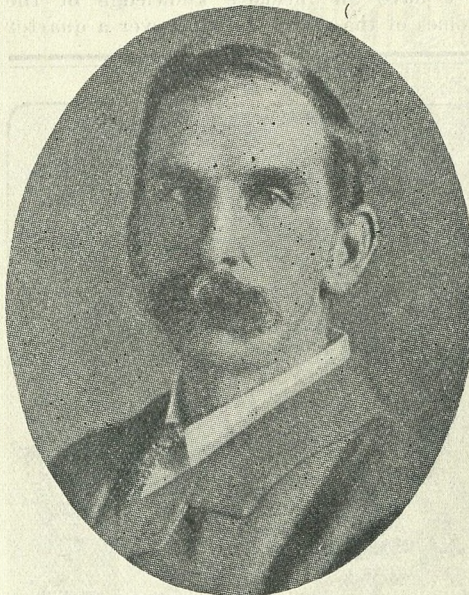
The Late Karl Blind

The death of Karl Blind, the famous German democrat, is announced in a recent cable message from London. At an early age he became associated with the movements for freedom and union in Germany, and was the means of establishing a great many Liberal associations among students, workmen, and the army. Between 1847 and 1849 he was imprisoned five times. He was a member of the Provisional Government of Baden, and after the battle of Staufen he was captured and tried by court-martial for having borne arms against the Grand Ducal Government. He was imprisoned in the fortress of Rastatt for some years, but was freed by the rising of the army. He was sent to Paris as a diplomatic envoy by the new Government established at Baden, and while there he was arrested in violation of the law of nations, after Ledru-Rollin's rising against Louis Napoleon. After being imprisoned for two months he was expelled from France. He supported the Hungarian movement for autonomy, the Polish rising against Russia, the American union against the confederacy, and the German cause in the war of 1870-1871. He contributed extensively on politics, history, and mythology to the chief magazines and reviews of England, Germany and the United States. His death took place at his residence at South Hampstead, England, at the age of 81 years.

A Revolutionist for Thirty-five Years

A striking personality is General Mandel Hernandez, who is just now visiting England. Since he was seventeen years of age—and he is now fifty-two—Hernandez has been one of the chief agitators for a reform-

ed Government in Venezuela, and there seems a likelihood of him succeeding Castro as President of that country. Hernandez fought in his first revolutionary battle when he was seventeen, receiving six sword wounds—the scars of which he still bears on his neck and head—and being left for dead on the battlefield. Since then he has taken part in a hundred fights, and suffered various terms of imprisonment. He knows what it is to wear leg-irons, weighing 40lb. for seventeen months, and spend three years in solitary confinement, with no books or papers. The only pastime he had, he says, was to watch the rats and insects. Curiously enough, Hernandez's appearance totally belies his reputation as a "fire-eater." He is a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, invariably dressed in black, with a refined countenance and modest demeanour.



SIR VICTOR HORSLEY,

The eminent Physician who does not believe in the use of alcohol.

Mark Twain's Courtship

Mrs. Samuel Clemens was Miss Olivia Langdon. For some years before she met Mr. Clemens (better known as "Mark Twain") she had been confined to her bed with what was believed to be an incurable disease, but she was at length miraculously restored to health. The cure was the sensation of Elmira, New York, and young Clemens, then a newspaper reporter, was sent there to interview Miss Langdon on her recovery. He obtained the interview for his newspaper, and brought back impressions of more value to himself. Miss Langdon's parents were at first strongly opposed to the young newspaper man, and, for his part, his timidity, so it is solemnly said, stood in the way of the progress of his suit. But finally he screwed up courage to speak to Mr. Langdon, and one morning timidly entered his future father-in-law's private office, where that man was seated at work. "Mr. Langdon—have you—noticed anything—between—your—daughter—and—me?" "No!" shouted the objecting parent, wheeling sharply round so as to get a full view of his visitor. "Well," said the young man, as he turned to the door ready for instant flight, "if you—keep—a—sharp—look-out—you—WILL!"

The Fatigues of Office

When Robert Lowe was British Cancellor of the Exchequer, he laid down 90 feet of asphalt, and got himself a pair of roller skates. That was his method of mastering

a liver and the fatigues of office. Earl Spencer, when in Ireland, during the darkest days of his office, found riding fast and far the one thing to relieve his spirits of gloom. Gladstone cut down trees and translated the classics; Lord Randolph Churchill went racing; Sir William Harcourt bought a hunter and never used it. Palmerston fought his battle against weariness in the workshop itself. The late Sir James Paget found him at work, standing at a high desk, and told him that he really must take more rest. Palmerston answered that it was impossible; that it had now become his habit to work while standing. Formerly he had been so overworked that he used to fall asleep while sitting writing at his table. To conquer this weakness he took to standing, "For," he said, "if I fall down that wakes me."

The breakdown of Mr. Chamberlain's health was the outcome of the heavy pressure to which he had long submitted himself. For years he went without a holiday, then, with a brief respite, he threw himself into the excitement of the election contest with all the vigour of a man of thirty. Prince Bulow collapsed last year under his burdensome labours. His case is really worse than that of a British Minister. The work of the Chancellorship is heavy and exacting; the Court and social engagements are enough for half a dozen men, while the mere getting into and out of uniform so many times per week would wear out the patience of a Job. Worse still is the lot of the Russian Premier. Added to the anxieties of his office is the danger which he daily runs from those who seek his life.

Rockefeller and the Waiter

A new story about Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the richest of American multi-millionaires, and often said to be the richest man in the world, is told. He had been in the habit of taking his midday luncheon at a comparatively cheap restaurant in his home city of Cleveland, Ohio. The dish that he regularly affected was roast beef and potatoes, the charge for which was 35c. One day the charge for this combination was advanced 10c. Thereupon Mr. Rockefeller, who had been accustomed to tip the waiter 10c., gave that functionary only 5c. The waiter ventured to protest: "Mr. Rockefeller, if I were worth as much money as you are I would not squeeze a nickel so hard." To which the millionaire replied: "Young man, if you squeezed a nickel as hard as I do, you would not be a waiter."

Lady Laurier's Unique Distinction

Lady Laurier, wife of the Canadian Premier, possesses one distinction which should commend her to the Suffragists. She has actually addressed a British legislature. Once, at a reception given at Ottawa by the Speaker, she was discovered standing at the foot of the throne, and there arose a demand for a speech, only half meant at first, but afterwards insisted on. Lady Laurier ascended the steps and made what the reporter described as a pretty oration, and this was the first and last speech which has ever been spoken by a woman in the Parliament House of Canada.

The Blind Vicar of Sherborne

Canon Lyon, the blind vicar of Sherborne, Dorset, has intimated his intention of resigning his vicariate, after forty years' occupancy of it. The venerable canon, who will attain his eightieth year in September, possesses the unique distinction of being actually born under the roof of his own church. As head master of Sherborne School, his father occupied as a dwelling-house what was originally the Lady Chapel of the famous Abbey, and it was here that the blind vicar was born.

✦ The Parson in Business ✦

(SPECIAL TO "GRIT.")

Sitting one day in a second-class railway carriage on a country line, the Parson overheard a conversation prompted by the appearance of a clergyman standing on the station.

"That parson don't look up to much," said a man to a woman in his compartment.

"Oh, any one can be a parson," was the answer; "you have only got to buy a few books and have the gift of the gab, and your outfit is complete."

"Yes," chipped in a third party, "they ought not to be allowed to settle down in the country living on the charity of people."

At this the Parson put his head over the compartment and remarked: "I thought it just as well to let you know that I have come from a part where large numbers live on the charity of the parsons. Excuse my intruding, but I thought you would like to know."

TO HELP THEMSELVES.

The Parson very soon found out that helping people was a most difficult matter. To give money was a dangerous and insufficient kind of help, for the relief of poverty is not the remedy for poverty. Many a gift spoils the spirit of independence, and makes possible a lapse into vice.

The idea soon gained possession of the Parson that all applicants for help must be impressed with the fact that all that could be done was to hold their coat, as it were, while they stepped in and fought the battle for themselves. It is not what can be done for them, but what they can do for themselves that will prove helpful.

The people who are willing to be carried are really not worth carrying, and many a parson has done much harm by allowing people to live on his charity.

A CASH STORE.

A note telling of the distress of a widow with a family of five, all under 13, filled the Parson with desire to help. No food, no money, no means of livelihood, and no friends, the case was full of difficulty. What could the little woman do? Brought up in better circumstances, she felt her position keenly.

The Parson sold his buggy, which was really not necessary, and in less than ten days started the little woman in a cash grocery business.

The Parson lived half a mile away from the shop, and after fixing up a big sign and getting everything ready was disgusted to find the goods not to hand. Arriving home at 11 p.m. he found the carrier had landed nearly half a ton of groceries on his verandah.

The neighbour had no dog, and so his barrow was taken for the occasion, and the stuff was all wheeled down and made ready for use before daylight.

For nearly three years that business kept that family, and then was only relinquished because two of the boys got positions and the mother took up needlework.

BOTTLE OH!

His appearance was against him, but then he needed help, and God loved him; so finally a barrow was obtained and the Parson became a partner in a "bottle oh!" business.

Things went well and the man got a friend to join him, and also brought him to church. He only came once. He said the Parson talked a bob out of him, and he could not afford church.

The friend got on the drunk and pawned the barrow, and a new start had to be made. Then the man himself got on the drunk, and had to be sent into the country to experience the benefits of No-license, and he readily testified that ten miles from the

nearest hotel was a great success, for he easily kept sober and did good work.

A POULTRY VENTURE.

He was a promising fellow in spite of his black past, in which beer had dominated, and a physical deformity made it imperative that he should try business. He chose eggs, butter, and poultry as his line, and a shop was taken.

He was delighted one day with a purchase of fowls on which he was sure to make 1s 6d a head.

Two days after the purchase of the poultry the Parson went along to have a look at things, and asked after the fowls, and was astounded to find they were in a front up-stairs room.

It was a front-room never to be forgotten. One fowl was dead, all looked dreary, and to say the least of it, the atmosphere was thick. The result was a loss of six-pence per head.

Then the horse fell down and broke his knees and the harness, and finally the business closed down.

HAWKING FRUIT.

Many, many partners has the Parson had, and very capable men they were; but drink



Bridget: "Well, Martha, what did ye think o' th' pictures at th' Academy?"

Martha: "Why, there was one called 'Two Dogs after Landseer,' but I couldn't see no Landseer; though I looked for nearly half an hour."

played havoc with them. Those who did well could not stand prosperity, and the Parson's insufficient capital often made it impossible to keep others going long enough.

A favourite start was in selling fruit or anything that could be taken in a basket from door to door.

It was hard to say who was most discouraged at the end of the day, the man who had paid over 300 visits with his goods and sold nine boxes of strawberries, or the Parson who found the three remaining boxes represented the profits, and he had to buy them himself to save the venture from being an utter failure.

AN INVESTMENT.

Twenty-five pounds was invested, and provided work and a home for four people, and after nine months' experiment in which it was proved that the business could not be made to pay, everything was sold off and it was found that it had only cost about £10 to keep the four adults for nine months.

THE SEAL OF PUBLIC APPROVAL

has been stamped upon the careful and painstaking methods unfailingly adopted by **WOOD & COMPANY**—the Oldest Established and Most Reliable Funeral Directors in N.S.W.—who combine **Personal Attention**—**unequalled Satisfaction** and **Economy** in all cases where their services are engaged.

A large staff of skilled and trusted Employees, combined with magnificent plant of the most modern labor saving machinery, and the finest rolling-stock in the Commonwealth, enables them to conduct the **Highest Grade** of Funeral Work at Ten per cent., lower Rates than any other firm in the State.

Resident Branches are established in all main suburbs which are **directly** connected with the Principal's Office, thus assuring **PERSONAL ATTENTION** to every detail.



.WOOD. AND COMPANY

Funeral Directors AND Embalmers

Head Office and
Mortuary Chapel:

810-12 GEORGE ST.
(Next Christ Church) **SYDNEY**

ARTHUR C. J. WOOD, Principal

WILLIAM T. WOOD, General Manager

TELEPHONE 726

OCEAN

ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE Corporation Limited

INVESTED FUNDS, £1,623,439

The Corporation transacts all Classes of Personal, Accident and Sickness Insurance, Fidelity Guarantee, Burglary, Employers' Liability, Public Risk and Plate Glass Insurance.

10 PER CENT. DISCOUNT

allowed under Personal Accident and Sickness Policies for
TOTAL ABSTAINERS

Head Office for Australasia:

131 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

JOHN GOODWYN, General Manager for Australia.

E. N. PARKER, Manager for N.S.W.

GRIT.
A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1907.

A CHURCH MANIFESTO

The report in regard to the Temperance question brought up at the Newcastle Anglican Synod by the select committee appointed for that purpose is, to say the least, a rather extraordinary production. It begins by emphatically condemning "excess in the use of alcoholic liquors as a grievous sin against the laws of Almighty God." Then intemperance is referred to as a "pernicious social evil, which should be strenuously fought against by all friends of humanity." There are but very few people who will find fault with these opinions. What reformers may justly feel indignant about are the recommendations of the committee as to the methods to be adopted for "strenuously fighting" this "pernicious social evil." The report enjoins upon all Churchmen to "inculcate the value of temperance in all things"; to "demand that effective supervision should be exercised over licensed houses"; to provide branches of the C.E.T.S., and to endeavour "by all fair means to bring about a general reduction in the number of licensed houses." It was frankly admitted by the mover of the report that the last-mentioned recommendation was intended as a declaration of hostility to the No-license movement. They were opposed to this because they sadly feared that it would defeat its own object. Surely this reverend gentleman must be intensely ignorant of the results of abolishing licenses in other parts of the world. It seems almost incredible that a man occupying a position as minister of the Gospel, a position demanding close study of social questions and their remedies, should be so lamentably blind as to deliver himself in this fashion. Had he but taken ordinary trouble he could have ascertained that the No-license experiments of New Zealand have been eminently successful. If the report in

question had been prepared by the Liquor Trade Defence Union it could not have been more favourable to the traffic.

THE CHURCH AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

During the discussion in the Newcastle Synod on the temperance question, a good deal was said about moderation. One speaker remarked that they had to consider the questions of custom, hereditary tastes, and public opinion. The president favoured going to work in "a quiet way." As to public opinion, it might be pointed out that it is the duty of the Church to make and lead public opinion on great social questions. When it fails to do this it is missing one of the objects of its existence. Questions of custom and hereditary taste should not weigh with men who seek to do away with sin and wickedness. The position is this: there is a strenuous battle going forward between the temperance and the liquor forces; the temperance party claim the sympathy and assistance of Christians on the ground that the liquor traffic is responsible for the bulk of the crime, poverty, misery, degradation, prostitution, insanity, and a thousand other ills which beset the people; they claim support on the plea that they are fighting for the salvation of men and women, for the protection of little children, and for all those things which tend to make life purer and sweeter. On the other hand the liquor party are fighting all the time for vested interests; for the right to exploit the weaknesses of their fellows; for the privilege of selling a thing which causes the downfall of thousands year by year; their plea is an entirely selfish one, and cannot be morally justified from any point of view whatsoever. The question to be answered by every Christian is: On which side am I to fight? Am I to give the weight of my vote and influence for righteousness and sobriety, or for drunkenness and devilry? It is idle to talk of working quietly, and of endeavouring to minimize the evils attendant upon strong drink whilst the traffic is still doing its fiendish work. It may be very well for men who perhaps know nothing of temptation, and struggle to talk in the fashion of the Newcastle ministers, but they would perhaps sing a very different tune if one near and dear to them—a wife, a son, a daughter, a brother, or a sister—were ruined by indulgence in strong drink.

DECREASE IN CRIME

The report of the Comptroller-General of Prisons for 1906 discloses a satisfactory state of affairs in regard to the criminal statistics of New South Wales. Compared with the number of criminals received into the various gaols twenty years ago, the figures for last year show a decrease of some 8000; and compared with those for 1905 there is a falling off of 1246. This is all the more gratifying when it is remembered that during the past twenty years the population of the State has increased by nearly 280,000. There are croakers who occasionally are heard to lament that things are growing worse, and that "the good old days" were better in every way. The prison statistics, however, go to show that morally things are a great deal better now than a quarter of a century

ago. Captain Neitenstein lays great emphasis upon the methods now adopted in dealing with criminals. The root idea in the administration of the Department is to reform the prisoner; to give a "tone" to his moral being; and to send him out into the world again with a desire and with the ability to live a more useful life. The old system of sending a criminal to gaol for a specified term time after time has now given way to the practice of imposing upon those whom the judge considers to have become habitual offenders an "indeterminate sentence;" the object being to detain all such for special treatment until such time as the authorities consider they are fit to be released. The Comptroller again draws attention to the large number of female prisoners who are frequently sent to gaol for short terms, chiefly for drunkenness. In reference to these he says that little more can be done than to patch them up and send them out to the world again cleaner than when they were received. Captain Neitenstein considers that power should be given to detain these unfortunates until the medical authorities pronounce them fit for discharge.

COMPENSATION'S CASUISTICAL CLAIM

A Sydney wine and spirit merchant, with that disinterestedness which is so common an attribute of his kind, has addressed an "open letter" to the temperance people of New South Wales, in which he propounds a scheme whereby the liquor traffic may be banished—upon payment of compensation. In the course of his epistle the writer says: "Please remember that among those whom you are persecuting are hundreds of defenceless widows and orphans whose all is invested in hotel businesses, or in hotel properties, and that you are trying to force hundreds of honest people into the Bankruptcy Court. . . . How would you like to be so treated?" In the first place, it is not true that the dispossessed licensees must necessarily be forced in bankruptcy. The houses they are conducting, or many of them, will still be needed as places of accommodation. If it is said that this will not apply to a majority of such premises, then the reply is that they are now merely drinking shops, instead of what they claim to be, and that being so, they will be better closed. But the writer of the letter in question can do his case no good by drawing attention to the comparatively small number of widows and orphans interested in "the trade." What must be said of the thousands of widows and orphans who are such because of the liquor traffic? Who is to compensate these for the loss of husband or parent? What can compensate them for the stigma that always attaches to the widow or orphan of one dead from drink? During the past few days a husband murdered his wife, threw his child into the fire, and then committed suicide! What compensation can there be for that child, should it live, to make up for the disgrace of its parents' unhappy end? The author of the "open letter" refers to his business as an "honourable calling," and argues from that that compensation is the right of those engaged in it. "Honourable calling," forsooth! The liquor traffic has made more criminals, lunatics, paupers, liars, murderers, unfortunate women, vagabonds, and wastrels, than all other callings put together, and in view of this "honourable" work, which has been amply profitable to those engaged in it, they claim compensation. If compensation be paid, it should be paid to the despoiled, and not to the despoiler.

Great No-License Rally

First Shot in
the Campaign

A miserable night, with the rain falling in torrents at tea time, promised poorly for the success of the big No-License Rally in the Sydney Town Hall last Thursday. Yet in spite of this and many counter-attractions, hundreds were crowded out from the first sitting at tea in the basement, and the main hall was filled later for the demonstration. Had the night been fine, crowds would have been turned away.

It was the first shot in the electoral campaign, and, as Canon Boyce, the hero of many a gallant temperance fight, declared, the inest rally of the temperance hosts Sydney had ever witnessed.

The arrangements were excellent, save that the phenomenal crowd at tea necessitated short-commons for some of the later comers.

A large choir, under the baton of the Rev. G. O. Cocks, led the singing. Mr. Stanley F. Allen sang his father's stirring No-License Vote Song in first-rate style, and the way in which the chorus caught on with the audience plainly indicated that it will become the popular song of the campaign, and its message ring from one end of the State to the other.

The speeches were short and telling, and the enthusiasm unmistakable. The Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, though not on the programme, clinched the meeting with a powerful appeal, and evoked ringing cheers.

CANON BOYCE'S FOUR WATCHWORDS.

Canon Boyce expressed his pleasure at seeing so many present. It augured well for the coming campaign, which, he said, would be one of the most important ever seen in New South Wales. (Applause.) What strengthened their efforts was the fact that they had secured the right of the people to say to what extent the liquor traffic should be continued—if continued at all. The people would have two ballot papers, one dealing with Parliamentary candidates and another dealing with those who hold liquor bars. He would vote against liquor bars. He would put his mark in the bottom square, because he fully believed that in doing that he would be doing what was safest and best. (Hear, hear.) They had an illustration of the success of No-license in New Zealand, where six electorates were prohibition. In America there was fuller proof of the success of the movement. In Canada there were hundreds and hundreds of municipalities under the flag of No-license. On January 7 last, in Ontario, 43 municipalities had voted out the liquor bars, and they there had been handicapped, as we were here, by the three-fifths majority. Kansas had been 22 years prohibition. In addition, there were 30,000,000 of people living under the beneficent rule of No-license. (Applause.) The campaign in New South Wales was going along in a happy way. It had really surprised him at the way in which the matter had been taken up by the friends of the Alliance. At the last annual meeting of the Council of the Alliance there were letters in abundance speaking of the progress throughout the State. He explained what was being done in the metropolis, making particular reference to Burwood, Gordon, and Ashfield. There were four watchwords in connection with the campaign—Unity, Energy, Fidelity, and Victory. (Applause.) They had to be united to win; they had to be zealous to go forward with vigour; they had to have faithfulness in their principles; and, last of all, they had to achieve victory. (Applause.) Victory would come sooner or later—perhaps sooner than they expected. (Applause.) They were fighting a cause they believed in; and right was might. There was hope all along the line. (Applause.)

WHAT OUR DRINK BILL MEANS.

Sir F. W. Holder, M.P., congratulated the Alliance on the great meeting and on what New South Wales had already achieved. South Australia had been trying for some time to get power for their people to declare their will in reference to the issuing of licenses. That power they had obtained in New South Wales, and in a few months' time they would have an opportunity of saying what they wished to be done. It was likely that they would be taking a poll in South Australia at the same time. Should they have a race, and see which State could outrun the other? (Hear, hear.) He could assure them that as the papers from day to day published the returns they would be closely scrutinised all over the Commonwealth. He would wish them the success

that earnest endeavour deserved and must secure. He had the pleasure of listening on Tuesday night to a splendid statement of figures by Mr. Joseph Cook, M.P., and he wanted to add to those facts. In the Commonwealth the outlay in the drink bill amounted to no less than 14 millions sterling per year. He asked them to consider what that meant. There were a great many letters in the Bible, including the Old and New Testament, but if it were possible to place four sovereigns over each separate letter it would take something like 14 millions sterling to do it. Did that help them to realise how much money was involved in the business. Recently he visited a certain town in Victoria, and when showing him the sights his friend took him to an old mine shaft from which a ton of gold was taken in the palmy days. Did they know it would take no less than 100 such mines to raise at one ton each the fourteen millions of money which the Australian people spent every year in drink? The amount worked out at £3 12s 7d per head of the whole population. However, they must take from the total population many thousands of children who happily had not yet begun to add to the magnitude of that drink bill. They must also take off a large proportion of the total abstinence people of the Commonwealth. He had been unable to obtain reliable statistics as to the number of total abstainers, and had therefore worked it out to discover how much that vast sum amounted to per head of the adult population. It must not be forgotten that the great mul-



[Comic artists have found plenty of material for caricature in the suffragette agitation. This sketch is typical of many.]

AN EXCUSABLE ERROR.

"Hullo, mate—bin run over?"
"Run over be blowed! I only been arrestin' one o' them suffrygettes!"

titude of women were abstainers. (Hear, hear.) Taking the adult population in that way the drink bill came to £12 11s per head per annum. From official statistics he learnt that the cost of running and maintaining all the railways, and tramways in Australia was only £1 19s per head. The expenditure on religious movements, on charity, and education was £1 6s 2d; on amusements and arts, £1 4s 8d; on posts and telegraphs, 12s 1d; and on books and newspapers, 9s 3d. These were the things that made up their civilisation; and the total expenditure on them was £3 12s 2d per head, as against £3 12s 7d per head for drink. Thus the cost of civilisation was 5d per head less than that for liquor. He urged upon them the necessity of combination and concentration if they were to succeed.

MR. JUDKINS PREDICTS A BIG FIGHT.

Mr. W. H. Judkins, of Melbourne, who was loudly applauded, said the fight had come, and it would be one of the biggest the country had ever had. The note of war has been sounded and was in the air. (Applause.)

It was making their blood leap and their pulses thrill. It would be a great battle—a battle on a broad, national scale, a fight for freedom, for purity, for home, and for national righteousness and the uplifting of manhood.

There was a hostile demonstration by a small section at the back of the hall at this stage, and

Mr. Judkins gained a round of applause by saying: "You are in a minority to-night. You had your own way last time, but you are not always going to have it. We will show you how to fight for social reform, so that in years to come our children will be able to thank God for what we have done for them." (Disorder.) He compared the liquor traffic to "a hideous monster, whose path is marked by mangled victims." He congratulated New South Wales upon having Local Option. In Victoria they had an Act that was a Yankee puzzle. He hoped the people of New South Wales would use the power they had, and he reminded them the liquor people were securing financial help from the Old Country. (Shame.) The Sporting League was, he said, banded together to pull down national righteousness. (Disorder from the rear of the hall.) And the name for the Sporting League was, he was informed, the National Democratic Association. He could imagine a great army of social bandits, headed by Mr. E. W. O'Sullivan.

At the mention of Mr. O'Sullivan's name there was a demonstration on the part of a section, which ended in loud cheering.

Mr. Judkins (continuing) explained that those who wished to crush home comforts were social bandits. The success of the liquor traffic spelt death and ruin to a nation. He (Mr. Judkins) stood for no political party, but he would urge them to keep their hands off any organisation which stood for the repeal of the liquor and gambling legislation. (Applause and derision.) He knew that some people were deaf to reasoning, because the liquor traffic killed all the heart in them. He hoped those who believed in moral reform would not fail to vote. They had a mighty engine ready to be worked, and he advised them to pull the lever and go, so that by and by the liquor traffic would be no more. (Applause.)

NEW ZEALAND IS WATCHING.

Mr. F. M. B. Fisher, M.H.R. (N.Z.), said that in 1894 New Zealand was in much the same position as New South Wales was today, except that in one or two points they laboured under greater disadvantages than they did in this State. Notwithstanding those difficulties they put up what was for the first time a capital fight, and in one district actually carried No-license. (Applause.) They were subsequently successful in carrying the poll in other districts, and found that after an experience of No-license the continuance vote never equalled the No-license vote.

At this stage the speaker was interrupted, and he replied that he knew with some people every statement made went in one ear and out of the other, "because there was nothing to stop it." (Laughter.)

Mr. Fisher, continuing, said that if all those present that night made up their minds to improve the moral conditions of the community, they could bring the liquor party in this State into a subjection they had not known since New South Wales was discovered. New Zealand would watch the poll with the keenest interest. He had come to the conclusion that Sydney had the finest harbour and the worst telephone system south of the line; but was also suffering from too many hotels and too many politicians.

Rev. R. B. S. Hammond declared that No-license made for prosperity, that it reduced crime, and that it made the people moral. If they closed the liquor bars the police would have to look to some other forms of employment. "If you close the liquor bars there will be no unemployed, and there will be a demand for soap for the great unwashed." (Laughter.)

A man, who described himself as a wine and spirit merchant, speaking from the gallery, asked if he laid before the Alliance a plan which would enable it in four years to close all bars in the State without costing a shilling to anyone who did not drink and without doing harm to any person in the community, would that plan be considered with a view to its adoption if feasible?

The chairman replied: We will consider anything that is brought before us, and we shall have open minds. But in the meantime we will vote for No-license at the coming poll. (Applause.)

The meeting closed with the singing of "God Save the King," the Doxology, and three cheers for No-license.

DUG 'EM HIMSELF

An American millionaire, who gained his wealth from a gold and silver mine which he himself started digging many years ago, was recently standing near the entrance, when a party of tourists approached, and, taking him for a workman, asked if he knew of a guide who would take them round. He offered to escort them himself, and did so, explaining the whole mystery of gold and silver quartz mining. When they emerged, the visitors clubbed together and made up a small sum for the guide.

"Here, my man, take this," said the self-appointed spokesman of the party; "your explanation of the workings of the mine has been singularly clear and informing."

"Well, it ought to be," replied the millionaire, slipping the money into the pocket of his overalls; "I dug 'em, and I own 'em."

A REMARKABLE BLACKSMITH

"And have you any remarkable people in this village?" asked the visitor. "Oh, yes, sir, we have a blacksmith that can tell the time by looking at a horse's foot." "Oh, nonsense," said the visitor, "I won't believe that, you know." "Well, sir, if you won't believe me," returned the native, "come and try the blacksmith for yourself." So the visitor was conducted to the blacksmith's forge, and found that worthy busy shoeing a horse. "I am told," said the visitor, "that you can tell the time of day by looking at a horse's foot? Can you now?" For reply the blacksmith bent down, lifted one of the hoofs of the horse he was shoeing, and said, "Yes, it be twenty minutes to four." The visitor took out his watch. "Wonderful!" he cried; "you are quite right. I'll give you five shillings if you tell me how it is done." The blacksmith accepted the five shillings. "Now, sir," he said, "if you bend down just here you will see the church clock through that opening in the trees."

AN UNFORTUNATE BLUNDER

A young carpenter living in North Shields was a devoted player on the double bass, and decided to attempt the construction of an instrument for himself without any assistance.

After weeks of patience and difficulties, he succeeded.

Calling his wife into his workroom, he remarked:

"Weel, Mary, I've gotten it done."

"Weel, John," replied she, "it's a guid job; it has cost ye a lot o' time and patience."

"Nivver mind," replied John. "I've made a good job o't."

Then suddenly, lifting his hand and bringing it down on his knee, he exclaimed:

"Well, I'm bothered! I've left the glue-pot inside!"

HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE

There comes from Paris an authenticated instance of heroic self-sacrifice on the part of a young physician which will meet with all the grateful admiration which it deserves, though for the profession upon which he has shed such lustre the story seems to suggest at least one serious question. The doctor's name was Rabuel, and in attending a woman and child in the Henilmontant district, he deliberately gave up his own life to diphtheria that he might save theirs. As the disease was too far advanced for ordinary treatment to have a chance, he calmly resorted to suction. This

was effectual in saving the patients, but it entailed his own death. A widow and young child are left poorer in more ways than one for such a death, which, it would seem to some, should not have occurred unless the invention of some method of artificial suction is beyond medical science.

IS SATURDAY UNLUCKY?

There is a singular series of coincidences connected with the last day of the week. Popular superstition, of course, associates ill-luck with Friday; and it is curious to observe in what different classes of society this idea remains deeply rooted. To our own Royal Family, however, at any rate since the revolution of 1688, Saturday, not Friday, appears to be the day of fate. This is borne out in striking fashion by the following remarkable sequence of facts:—

William III.	died Sat., Mar. 8, 1702.
Queen Anne	" " Aug. 1, 1714.
George I.	" " June 19, 1727
George II.	" " Oct. 25, 1760
George III.	" " Jan. 29, 1820
George IV.	" " Jan. 26, 1830
Duchess of Kent ...	" " Mar. 16, 1861
The Prince Consort ..	" " Dec. 14, 1861
Princess Alice	" " Dec. 14, 1878

Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, whose grandfather, uncle, mother, husband, and daughter had all died on Saturday, herself died on a Tuesday.

CENTENARIANS' ROMANCE

The "New York American" makes an interesting announcement of a unique love match between a gentleman living at Tatesville, Tennessee, and a lady of Prestor, England, both of whom can claim to be centenarians. The bridegroom is Mr. John B. Bundren, who has reached the ripe age of 101. His bride, Miss Rose McGuire, has passed her hundredth birthday. The wedding, which, the "American" says, is the first that has ever taken place between centenarians, is to be celebrated on August 26 next. Miss McGuire was engaged in her youth to the gentleman who is now to become her husband. Her parents, however, in those early days parted the lovers, and the engagement was broken off. Recently, however, the parties discovered that each had survived the ravages of time, and the various letters which passed between them terminated in an engagement.

THE "WHITE RIBBON"

At a camp meeting I was attending one summer, a certain public meeting was being held, and a large number were present.

During the service a young lady arose, and, while in the act of removing her jacket, she exhibited a small bow of ribbon on her breast.

A little further to the rear, two gentlemen were seated side by side. They were utter strangers to each other.

One asked the other, "What is that bow of ribbon on the young lady's dress?" His neighbour replied, "That is the badge which the women of the Women's Christian Temperance Union wear," and he went on to describe its use and significance.

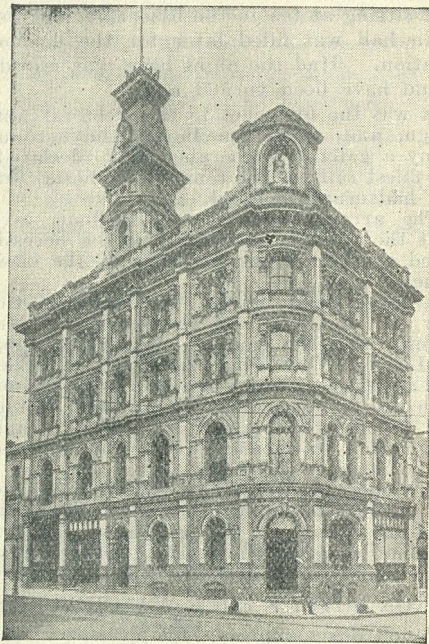
The first speaker then said, "I once had a sister who wore one, but she is now in Heaven." Saying this he withdrew from the service, and, as it proved afterward, under deep conviction, and returned to his hotel in the village near by.

For hours there in his room he had a long struggle. He was wrought upon mightily by the Holy Spirit, and at last yielding, he was happily and soundly con-

Where Shall I Stay in Sydney?

THE N.S.W. ALLIANCE HEADQUARTERS HOTEL

CORNER CASTLEREAGH & PARK STS., SYDNEY



A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL WITHOUT A LIQUOR BAR

Airy, Comfortable Bedrooms. Spacious Reception Rooms.
Good Table. Terms very moderate
For particulars apply to the Secretary

All Profits go to Temperance Propaganda Work

verted. He had not seen the young lady wearing the badge to speak to her, and she was all unconscious of her silent influence, until the following morning when a letter was handed to her from this stranger.

The purport of the letter was this: When he saw the little, white bow it carried him back to his boyhood days, and revived the memory of his sister who had worn the "white ribbon." He wrote that some influence had brought him over from the village to the camp, for which he was most grateful. He revealed that he was a "drummer" for a liquor firm in a certain city, but that he was through with that business, for he had promised God that he would never sell another drop of rum so long as he lived.

He added: "You don't know what you have done for me, though you have never spoken a word to me. I am going home to-day. I spent the past night mostly on my knees, and I was saved, and God told me that it was all right with my soul. May God bless you and help you to wear the 'ribbon,' and may it and you help many more as you have helped me. Pray for me."

Truly, the "white ribbon" has preached many a sermon for purity and righteousness.—O. W. Scott.

Conjurer: "My assistant will now guess without assistance how many hairs any gentleman present has on his head."

Shock-headed Member of the Audience: "How many are there on mine?"

Assistant: "Two million four hundred and fifty-seven thousand six hundred and twenty-four."

Conjurer: "The gentleman may count his hairs if he likes, when he will see that the number is exact."

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

MORAL TRAINING

INTERESTING SPEECH BY MR. JAMES BRYCE.

The Hon. James Bryce, the new British Ambassador to America, made an interesting speech when presiding over a meeting concerned with moral training in British schools.

Philosophers, he said, all laid the greatest stress on the influence of education, and thought it did a great deal to form the character of the citizen.

There could be no doubt at all that the training given in Japan had had a most powerful effect on the minds and character of the people, and that new factor in the situation was one of the greatest possible interest, and one well deserving of consideration. Why was it so much more difficult to give moral training than to give intellectual training?

As regarded intellectual training, they could bring into play obvious and powerful motives. Every intelligent child knew that his success at school and in life would largely depend upon his intellectual progress, and on the assiduity with which he devoted himself to his lessons.

But they must not give rewards for moral excellence, because if they did they would do far more harm than good.

Inculcation of moral principles was comparatively easy, but the application of them was more difficult, for the reason that the ordinary motives which induced intellectual effort were comparatively weak if they were endeavouring to give moral instruction.

GETTING AT IT BY DEGREES

A Greek bearing the appalling name of J. Pappatheodorokoumountourgeotopoulos is the owner of a New York restaurant. The name extends across the entire width of his establishment.

A stranger in the city happened to be standing at the carriage window as the train flashed past that restaurant, and the sign caught his eye.

"For pity's sake," he said to the conductor, "what's that name?"

"I haven't made it all out yet," answered the conductor. "It's right between two stopping places, and we never stop in front of it. I've only been on the line a week or two, but I'm learning the name a little at a time as we run by it. I know it as far as J. Pappatheodorokoumountour. By another week I shall have the rest of it."

MISSING HIS SHAVE

A captain, inspecting his company one morning, came to an Irishman who evidently had not shaved for several days.

"Doyle," he asked, "how is it that you haven't shaved this morning?"

"But I did, sor."

"How dare you tell me that with the beard you have on your face?"

"Well, ye see, sor," stammered Doyle, "there wus nine uv us to one small bit uv a lookin'-glass, an' it must be thot in th' ginerel confusion Oi shaved some other man's face."

PEOPLE YOU SELDOM MEET

A woman who remembers last Sunday's text, but is unable to speak understandingly of the trimmings on the bonnet of the lady in the pew next in front.

A married man who does not think all the girls envy his wife the prize she has captured.

A married woman who never said, "No wonder the girls don't get married now-a-days; they are altogether different from what they were when I was a girl."

An unmarried woman who never had an offer.

A man who never intimated that the economies of the universe were subject to his movements, by saying, "I knew if I took an umbrella it wouldn't rain," or some similar asinine remark.

A child who would not rather eat between meals than at meals.

A person, age or sex immaterial, who does not experience a flush of pride upon being thought what he is not and may never hope to be.

A singer who never complains of a cold when asked to sing.

A woman who, when caught in her second-best dress, will make no apology for her dreadful appearance.

BOILED MILK ATTACKED

"NOT A SUITABLE FOOD FOR INFANTS."

Professor Behring, speaking on the subject of tuberculosis at the meeting of the Agricultural Union held in Berlin, attacked M. Pasteur's system of purifying milk. He said Pasteur had sought to replace the natural milk by an artificial product.

The professor similarly condemned the sterilisation of milk and the boiling of water to render them innocuous. He said boiled milk was not a suitable food for infants, and the boiling of water killed the elements therein intended by nature to make bone and sinew. What is really necessary is pure water and healthy cows.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

D. Wallwork.—You would see from last week's issue that we duly received your former communication, also our reason for not using your excellent article.

J.M.L.—The Liquor Defence Union was formed with the avowed object of fighting the teetotallers politically, and by an ironical touch worthy of W. S. Gilbert, adopted for its maxim "Liberty and Progress." No doubt they would appreciate the liberty to sell without any restrictions whatever, so that the "Trade" might "progress," but we trust to the good sense of the people too much to even think of such a hope being realised. It would be to the lasting disgrace of New South Wales to make any but a forward movement in connection with the Liquor Traffic and other reforms.

M.M. (Enmore).—Declined with thanks, though the article has merit.

W.J.R.—Thanks for your letter. See future issues.

P.H. (Yass).—Always glad to hear that "Grit" is making new friends. Shall be glad of your help to make the paper more widely known, and so increase its sphere of usefulness.

Tic-Tac.—You are another who thinks that pen and ink and paper are the only essentials to enable a man to write newspaper articles. Suppose you try coal lumping, or some other really useful occupation, instead of wasting our time and your own with "Rapid Reflections."

Septimus.—The back numbers of "Grit" can be obtained either through your news-agent, or by writing direct to The Manager "Grit," Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE

Colonial Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Ltd.

CAPITAL, £250,000

DEPARTMENTS:

Fire	Plate Glass	Marine
	Accident	
Fidelity	Employers'	Liability
Guarantee		
	Public Risk	

Insurances accepted in all departments at Lowest Rates of premium.

N. S. W. Branch—

78 Pitt Street

S. HAGUE SMITH,
Secretary

SYDNEY

Border.—Victoria separated from New South Wales in 1851, and Queensland in 1859.

W.L. (Botany).—Many thanks for your letter. Article not suitable, moreover, our space is limited, and the length alone would be prohibitive.

Watson's Bay.—The wreck of the "Dunbar" at the Gap occurred on August 20, 1857. There was one survivor.

Stronger Sex.—The term "weaker sex," we think, only applies to women as compared with men in regard to physical capacity. Each is the complement of the other, and the question of superiority is only raised by those who do not understand the true inwardness of the relation of the sexes. See to it that you don't disgrace the stronger sex for your own part.

Captious.—It may be as you say, but if it is, what difference can it make to the question at issue? At any rate the duty of everyone anxious for the good of the State is quite clear.

M.J.H. (Mosman).—Thank you for the information.

Q.T.—As your statement is made on "the strict Q.T.," we fail to see what we gain by having it. After all, it is only hearsay, and needs corroboration before any action could be taken to obtain redress.

Reader.—"Grit" does not undertake to usurp the functions of the medical profession. Consult your doctor and follow his advice, instead of worrying over what may only prove to be imagination run riot.

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

METHODIST BOOK DEPOT

381 GEORGE ST.
SYDNEY

(Opp. The Strand).

Temperance Tracts and Temperance Literature. Hoyle's Hymns and Songs for Temperance Societies and Bands of Hope. THE FISK JUBILEE SONGS, 1/-; POSTED 1/2

CAMPAIGN NOTES AND NEWS

The Town Hall rally was a great success.

It is now stated that the general elections will be held early in September.

Quite a number of political aspirants are actively canvassing the support of the temperance party.

The hotel-keepers are not a happy family in King electorate. A section of them desire the election of their own president.

Mr. Judkins got a splendid hearing last Thursday, and delivered the speech of the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. B. Fisher sailed for New Zealand on Saturday last by S.S. Warimoo.

The Michigan Anti-Saloon League has opened a campaign before the legislature in the interest of a new local option bill, and recently appeared before the Senate.

The entire population of the Hungarian village of Toltszeg has taken the pledge. The village had a very alcoholic reputation, but it was converted by a sermon by the parish priest.

Two fine meetings were held at Newtown Bridge and Enmore terminus respectively last Saturday night. At the latter place the proceedings were of a particularly noisy character.

During the past thirty years there died in Europe, as the result of alcoholic drinking, 7,500,000 people. This was more than died as the result of all the wars of the whole nineteenth century.

"I read in the Melbourne papers that the National Democratic party was going to work hand in hand with the Labour party. Well, all I can say is, 'God help the Labour party.'"—Mr. W. H. Judkins.

W. R. Hamilton, acting superintendent of the Tennessee Anti-Saloon League, writes that it is quite possible that before the legislature adjourns the legal sale of liquors will be permitted in only three cities in the State.

The brewers of Texas have assessed themselves 30 cents per barrel, amounting to 99,350dol., to push the campaign against local prohibition in that State. Texas is now three-fourths prohibition, and the other quarter is rapidly on the way.

Thus Mr. F. M. B. Fisher: "The No-License vote is going ahead in New Zealand so rapidly that the people of New South Wales will one day open their papers and find that the whole colony of New Zealand will be under the condition of No-License."

Miss Anderson Hughes has had splendid meetings at Young, Harden, and Coolamon. This week she is at Narandera. She goes thence to Albury. From that town she will go to Moss Vale, and then across country to the South Coast.

The Rev. Thos. Fee has gone to Melbourne for a few days. On his return to Sydney he intends spending a few weeks in No-License campaigning. Mr. Fee is one of the best of New Zealand's orators—which is saying a very great deal.

Premier Clemenceau has just thrown his official influence in favour of marked changes in carrying on concerts in the Parisian cafes, changes that will make for purity. "Let them mock at us ministers as much as they like, but not at morality," he says.

"If you look at the charge for education, charity, amusements, arts, telegraph, telephones, newspapers, and magazines, you will find the expenditure is some 5s per head less than the expenditure on drink. Is it not time we should grapple with this monstrous traffic?"—Sir F. W. Holder.

READ THIS

Testimony from a Popular Methodist Minister

EXTRACT FROM WESLEY CHURCH "SIGNAL."

The writer can speak from experience. Having two troubles me tee'h, 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.

NOTE

Every Artificial Set of Teeth fitted by me is a pleasure to the Patient. Once give me your support, and I will take care not to lose your patronage. My Patients, combined with Good Workmanship, have been my best advertising medium during the past, and, indeed, have been the important factors in the growth of my Successful Practice.

Nitrous Oxide Gas Administered Daily

Teeth Carefully and Painlessly Extracted, 2s. 6d. Pure Gold Fillings from 15s. each

COUNTRY BRANCH PRACTICES at GOSFORD, OURIMBAH and WYONG

RESIDENT BRANCH PRACTICE: "LOOLOMA," BEAMISH RD., CAMPSIE (By Appointment)

Tel. 92, Redfern.

Hours—9 a.m. till 6 p.m.

Griffiths Bros.
PROP. LTD.

FOR THE BEST IN

TEAS, COFFEES, COCOAS, BAKING POWDER

534 GEORGE STREET, OPPOSITE TOWN HALL, SYDNEY

... TRY ...

W. M. SOUTHAN & CO.

Celebrated Pickles

Famous Tomato Sauce

Unrivalled Worcestershire Sauce

Twenty Years' Established

European and Colonial Experience

JOHN L. ESTENS

SELLER OF (From Milsom and Son, Bath, England)

Pianos & Organs, Tuner, Regulator, Etc.

THE RED HOUSE

55 FLINDERS ST. (off Oxford St.) SYDNEY

Eighty-six and eight-tenths per cent. of all the incorporated towns in Virginia are without saloons. Over two-thirds of the inhabitants of the State live in no-saloon territory. Nearly one-half of the saloons of the State have been closed since the Anti-Saloon League was organised.

Mr. Tennyson Smith, of Birmingham, England, has made his mark in Canada. In the principal cities of the province of New Brunswick, the largest public buildings have been packed to excess, and hundreds have been turned from the doors night after night, great crowds assembling outside the doors fully an hour and a half before the time announced for the meeting. Thousands of pledges have been taken, but the most valuable effect of the work has been the permanent results achieved in the binding together of the temperance people to demand the better enforcement of the prohibitory law under the Scott Act.

Nell: "George says one of the things that he admires about me most is that I'm so clever."

Belle: "Of course, a man always considers a girl clever who can worm a proposal out of him."

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

JOHN DANKS & SON

PROPRIETARY LIMITED

324 to 330 Pitt St., SYDNEY

Engineers

Merchants

and

and

Brassfounders

Importers

We have just opened up a Large Assortment of

ARTISTIC GAS-FITTINGS FOR INCANDESCENT and ACETYLENE GAS,

Also,

A VARIETY OF FANCY GLOBES.

These can all be inspected at our Show-rooms.

C.T. and ENAMEL PAINTED BATHS, GAS STOVES and BATH HEATERS.

GARDEN HOSE AND ALL REQUIREMENTS FOR SAME.

SANITARY WARE, WATER TAPS AND PIPINGS, ALL SIZES.

We are SOLE AGENTS for the STEEL STAR WINDMILLS All Sizes Stocked.

Pumps and all Irrigation Plants kept in Stock and quoted for

SEND FOR CATALOGUES OF OUR GOODS.

A.M.P. LIFE OFFICE.—If you desire full and reliable particulars ring Telephone 2179, and I will see you. JOHN B. YOUNG, City Agent, 108 Pitt-street, opp. G.P.O.

How the World Moves

A private in the French army receives as pay £5 a year.

In every 1000 men in the British Army there are eighteen who are over 6ft.

In the Crimean War, 30,000 operations were performed under chloroform.

Nearly 30 per cent. of all flowers are white.

Mice have 20 teeth; rabbits, 28; sheep and oxen, 32.

The erection of the London Monument cost £14,500. It is 202 ft. high.

Between 1870 and 1890, eleven submarine cables were laid across the Atlantic.

At the present time, says Mr. Bell, M.P., there are 15,000 men employed on English railways receiving less than £1 per week.

British warships carry thirty-six out of every hundred of the total number of naval guns in existence.

The first British ironclad cost £400,000. The first to cost over a million was the "Royal Oak," launched in 1892.

The United Kingdom shows the lowest death-rate in the Army, with 2.96 per 1000, and Western Africa the highest, with 17.54.

In Japanese mills the hours are from 5 a.m. to 8 p.m., and there is no Sunday off.

The common herring is more difficult to keep alive in an aquarium than any other fish.

The first English auction of which any record exists was at Oxford on February 28, 1686.

Dutchmen drink more coffee than any other people. Each person consumes 17lb. yearly.

The average length of life among Paris-born families is twenty-eight years and one month.

Calico printing was first executed by the Dutch in 1670, and first made in England in 1771.

Over fourteen million pounds sterling are paid yearly in the United Kingdom in life insurance claims.

Scientists maintain that the belief in the hair and nails growing after death is entirely fallacious.

Gold was first used for coinage in England in the reign of Henry III. Previously only silver and brass were used.

An alligator has the most powerful jaw in the world, the crushing power being estimated at three-quarters of a ton.

The Good Character

of Sunlight Laundry Soap is seen in the washed clothes; they look good as good soap can make them.

The Potosi silver-mines, in Bolivia, have been worked since 1545, and have produced £600,000,000 worth of silver.

There are about nine millions of sewing-machines in use in the world. The annual output is two and a half millions.

When a recruit joins the British Army, his name has to be entered sixty-two times in the various documents required by the War Office.

The smallest coin in circulation is the Maltese grain, a bronze piece the size of an ordinary lead-pencil top, and worth one-sixth of a cent.

The original green-room seems to have been painted green in order to relieve the eyes of actors dazzled by the glare of the footlights.

A person aged twenty may reasonably expect forty-one years of life, but if he reaches sixty-one he still has thirteen and a half years' expectation of life.

Fishes have been discovered in Guatemala with two pairs of eyes. One pair goes duty above water, and the other below, the fish being thus able to see equally well in two elements.

An ostrich feather, if held upright, will be seen to be perfectly equal on both sides, the stem dividing it exactly in the centre. In other feathers the stems are found to be more or less on one side.

The dog grows for two years, and lives for ten or twelve. The cat grows only for about eighteen months, and may also live for ten years, although cases are known of them much exceeding this period.

Every horse in the British Army is numbered, and has a little history all to itself. The number is branded on the animal's hind feet—the thousands on the near hind foot, and the units, tens and hundreds on the off hind foot.

The 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, the Buffs, the Royal Fusiliers, the Worcester Regiment, and the Royal Marines have the privilege of marching through the City of London with fixed bayonets, drums beating, and colours unfurled.

The red and white feather worn by the Northumberland Fusiliers keeps ever green in regimental historic records the memory of the desperate fight at St. Lucia in 1778, when the men of the regiment plucked the buckles from the hats of the slain French soldiers and decorated their own with them.

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.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

"Grit" will be sent POST FREE for a quarter to any address in the Commonwealth on receipt of postal note or stamps for 1/1 in advance, or twelve months for 4/4.

Address:—

THE MANAGER, "GRIT,"
Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney

COUPON

Please post me "GRIT" to the following address, for which I enclose the sum of

£

Mr., Mrs. or Miss

NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE CO.

LIMITED.

Capital - - £1,500,000

FIRE & MARINE DEPARTMENT:

81 PITT STREET

Telephone 122

All classes of Fire and Marine Business accepted at Lowest Current Rates.

10 per cent. Cash Bonus allowed off all Fire Premiums.

15 per cent. Cash Bonus allowed off all Marine Premiums covering Merchandise.

J. A. MINNETT, MANAGER.

HENRY HERRON, ASST. MANAGER.

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT:

117 PITT STREET

Telephone 1369

All classes of Accident Business Accepted at Lowest Current Rates.

Personal Accident, Employees' Liability Guarantee, Administration Bonds, Burglary, &c., &c.

A. E. D'ARCY, MANAGER.

W. H. HOLMES, ASST. MANAGER.

Prominent Features of the Company:

PROMPT AND LIBERAL SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS.

The shako is almost a thing of the past in the French army. It has lingered only in the garrison of Paris. The shako was born in Hungary, and dethroned the cocked hat. It has assumed many shapes, all of them ugly; but it has been worn in so many famous battles, and depicted in so many military pictures, that the flavour of history attaches to it.

TRAINING OF STEELWORKERS

Mr. Charles Schwab, principal proprietor of large steel works at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., offers an opportunity to 3000 American boys to become experts in the steel trade.

Mr. Schwab's idea is to found a technical school in connection with the Bethlehem plant, and to establish an elaborate system of prizes, special attention being paid to the manufacture of armour-plate and projectiles. Mr. Schwab has been a close student of the German system, which he thinks can be much improved in the United States. It is officially announced that the company of which Mr. Schwab is the head intends to compete with the world in all grades of iron and steel work.



It isn't a Shop.

It's an Institution



30,000 CUSTOMERS SERVED DAILY AT THE NEW PALACE EMPORIUM



ANTHONY HORDERN & SONS, ONLY UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS, SYDNEY, N. S. W.

NO ONE DESIROUS OF SAVING MONEY SHOULD MISS

WINN'S LOW PRICES

for they are Solid Money Savers and Satisfaction Givers to Everyone

WINN'S WONDERFUL WINTER MILLINERY

Is remarkable for Smartness of Style
and for **Lowest Price.**

Ladies' Up-to-Date Millinery of special artistic design at 4/11, worth double; at 6/11, worth double; at 8/11, worth double

Coloured Straw Plaits...from 6½d doz. yards
Black Crinolinefrom 1/- dozen
Coloured Crinolinefrom 1/9 dozen
Rose Sprays and Foliage.....from 6d spray
Black Tipsfrom 6d each
Dark Astrachan Tam-o'-Shanters.....
From 1s 4½d each
Navy Cloth Tam-o'-Shanters.....1/-
Large Assortment of Man-o'-War Hats.....
From 1/ each
Children's Cream Beaver Bonnets and Caps
From 1/11

Anything you need in Fashionable Millinery you can get at Winn's at from 20 per cent. to 40 per cent. cheaper than elsewhere.

Mail your Orders direct to the Cheapest Shop in the Greater Sydney Area, and SAVE MONEY

BLOUSES, WALKING SKIRTS, JACKETS, GOLF JERSEYS, UNDERCLOTHING, at WINN'S LOW PRICES

YOU SAVE MONEY ON EVERY ARTICLE.

Women's Print Blouses, 1/-; Nice Flannelette ones1/11, 2/6, etc.
Women's Golf Jerseysfrom 2/11½
Women's Flannelette Wrappers...from 3/11
Women's Flannelette Nightdresses...from 2/6
Women's Flannelette Knickersfrom 1/5
Women's Calico Knickers.....from 1/-
Women's Calico Nightdresses.....from 1/11
Women's Calico Combinations.....from 1/11
Women's Natural Merino Combinations.....
From 2/11
Women's Natural Merino Under Vests... 6d
Women's Natural Merino Spencers.....1/5
The Famous English "W.B." Corsets at big reductions.
Sizes 19, 20, 21, and 22 only.....
6/11 quality for 3/11
Sizes 19, 20 only.....5/6 quality for 2/9
Sizes 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24.....
7/11 quality for 4/6
Sizes 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 26, and 27...
9/11 quality for 5/11
Sizes 19 to 24 only...13/6 quality for 7/11
Pretty Floral Ribbon Corsets.....1/11

LADIES' WALKING SKIRTS.

Ladies' Grey Melton Skirts.....
2/11½, 3/11, 4/6, etc.
Ladies' Black Melton Skirts, 7-gore.....4/3
Ladies' Navy Melton Skirts, 7-gore.....
6/11, etc.

UNDER SKIRTS.

Grey, from 2/11. Moreen, from 2/11. Black Cloth, from 26/.
Children's Cream Beaver Coats, Tunics, etc.
From 4/11
Children's Cream Cashmere Coats, Tunics, etc.
.....from 3/11
Children's Coloured Serge Melton Coats, Tunics, etc.from 3/11

Grey Jackets, various styles, colours, etc....
6/11, 7/11, etc.
Grey Paletotsvarious prices
Girls' Paletotsvarious prices
Fur necklets2/6, 2/11, etc.
Fur Stoles6/11, 7/11, etc.
Cravenette Raincoatsfrom 13/9

Mail your Orders direct to the Cheapest Shop in the Greater Sydney Area, and SAVE MONEY

WINN and CO.,

The Big Busy Drapers and Direct Importers
Botany Rd. & Botany St., REDFERN, SYDNEY