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GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

Vol. I.—No. 48.

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1908

Price One Penny

THE BLACK STAIN.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

IN NORTH LONDON.

I have said in previous articles there is a remarkable sameness in the miserable home environment of cruelly neglected children.

Whether a whole house or a single room be occupied by the parents who have failed in the first duty of parentage, the children are left to live and lie amid conditions which are horrifying to the last degree.

North and South and East and West in this magnificent London of ours—this city of which we are all so proud—I have during the past three months entered scores of homes of this description. And beneath the details of one home in my notebook it has been sufficient to write "ditto" as a description of the others. The only variation in the notes I have made with regard to cases of this form of cruel neglect is in the number of children occupying the rooms and in the earnings—when they could be ascertained—of the parent or parents.

As emphasizing the fact that the "cruel neglect" of children which exists in our midst to an extent which is a national scandal is not in any great degree due to the stress of poverty, some figures ascertained during my travels in the North of London may be worth quoting:—

Case A.—Income 28s a week. Five in one room, and no bedding, no furniture. Everything pawned or sold. Mother in public-house every night till turned out at closing time.

Case B.—Earnings vary. In and out of employment. Father and mother, girl of 16, and four children in one room, which is more like an insanitary dustbin than a human habitation. Mother habitual drunkard.

Case C.—Father can earn 35s, mother can earn 30s. Both skilled workers. Two rooms. No bedding, no furniture. A baby in a terrible condition; the children all indescribably filthy and verminous.

Case D.—Father earning 27s regularly, and constantly working overtime. Husband, wife,

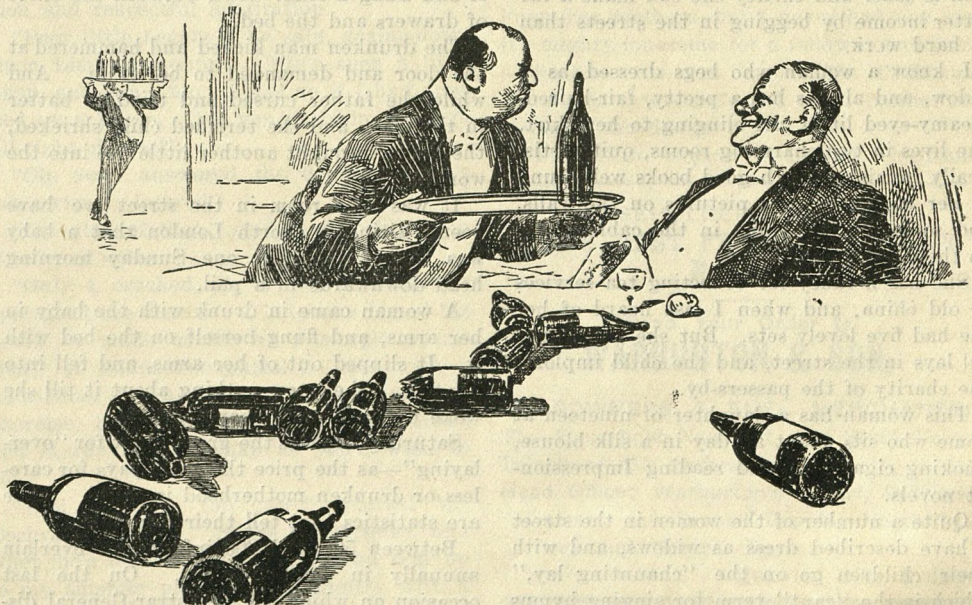
and four children in one room. Children cruelly treated by man, who spends all his money on himself. He is having a week's holiday at Yarmouth!

Case E.—Father earning £3 10s. Has had one post for many years. Four rooms. Children and children's bedding as bad as can be found in a one-room case of neglect in the lowest slum. Woman habitual drunkard.

Case F.—Earnings 35s. Two rooms at 8s 6d a week. It is a good-class house. No bedding. Everything pawned. Children in condition of horrible and cruel neglect.

In every one of these cases, whether the income was 27s or 70s, the condition of the children was practically the same.

A street in the North of London in which many of the houses are let out, some in floors, some in single rooms. In the same street several shops and some small houses occupied by respectable people who are carrying on a trade or occupation in them.



THE LIFE ACHIEVEMENTS OF SOME MEN MAY BE MEASURED IN QUARTS.

By GEO. R. SIMS.

(Reprinted from the London "Tribune.")

It is 11 a.m. as I turn into the street and make my way to a house round which a small crowd has already assembled, for the inspector of the N.S.P.C.C. has arrived on the scene, and a constable is standing by the door. Through a window which has been raised from the outside the crowd is peering into a bare room with a mattress on the floor.

At ten o'clock this morning—it is Monday—three children were heard crying piteously in this room. It came to the knowledge of the neighbours that they had been shut in since the Saturday night and had no food.

Hearing of the case, I went to the house to see the children. They had disappeared, but it was interesting to listen to the loudly expressed indignation of the neighbours.

On the Saturday night the father and mother returned to their one room drunk. They quarrelled and fought, and the woman said she would have no more of it, and went out of the house. Immediately afterwards

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the man went out too. All that night the children, three tiny mites, were left alone.

On the Sunday morning the man returned, got the little ones out of bed and dressed them, but gave them no food and made no arrangements for them to have any. Then he went off. All Sunday the children were again left locked in without food.

But in the morning before the officials arrived the woman came back, took the children, and left word that as her husband had deserted her, she was going to the workhouse with them.

The statement was not believed. "She isn't gone to the workhouse," said a working man to me; "she was in the pub at the corner just now, and she'd got the children with her. It 'ud do her good to be locked up."

Local feeling for some reason was not against the man. In the neighbourhood where the habits of the couple were known the blame for all that had happened was laid on the woman.

If she had been found by the mob that morning in a public-house, drinking, with her starving children still foodless, she would have had a bad time.

Here in the North of London is a street in which cruel neglect is rampant. It is a street almost entirely of common-lodging houses and houses let out in rooms at 10d a night. One room, one family, is the rule, no matter how great the number.

There are more professional beggars living here than in any street in London, and the children, in spite of the vigilance of officials, are constantly exposed in the streets for the purpose of exciting the charity of the passers-by.

"Begging, drink, and cruelty" are the characteristics of this awful street.

The ill-treatment of children used for street-begging purposes is active rather than passive. Actual bodily harm is often wilfully inflicted.

A woman in the street found that a neighbour with a blind child was doing well by begging with it.

The woman deliberately put poison in the eyes of her own daughter, a pretty little girl of six, in order to blind her and make her more valuable for begging purposes.

The profits of the begging trade are enormous. The women in this street are heavy drinkers. If they were not they would be able to have comfortable homes. When a woman who works on the "widow and child" plan is sober and thrifty she can make a far better income by begging in the streets than by hard work.

I know a woman who begs dressed as a widow, and always has a pretty, fair-haired, dreamy-eyed little girl clinging to her skirt. She lives in two charming rooms, quite artistically furnished, with good books well bound in her bookcase, good pictures on the walls, and some fine old china in the cabinet and on the mantleshef.

She has a fancy for collecting tea services in old china, and when I last heard of her she had five lovely sets. But she sings doleful lays in the street, and the child implores the charity of the passers-by.

This woman has a daughter of nineteen at home who sits about all day in a silk blouse, smoking cigarettes, and reading Impressionist novels.

Quite a number of the women in the street I have described dress as widows, and with their children go on the "chaunting lay," which is the "cant" term for singing hymns

and woeful ballads in the public thoroughfare.

As I pass along the street of shame I notice three or four women lolling at the doors with "songsters," which they are studying.

One woman seems to be absorbed in the pages of "The Young Soldier," a Salvation Army publication. She is learning one of the hymns in order to sing it in the street with her two children.

The cruelty to little children here is systematic and commercial. They are kept in an emaciated condition in order to excite pity. The alms of the charitable never benefit the children in the least. Almost every farthing of it goes in drink.

These people are a shifting population, and cases of cruelty are difficult to follow. They are in one house for a day or two, and then they go into another or tramp into the country or have a week or two in the workhouse.

Not long ago a family of this class was discovered who, moving about, had successfully evaded supervision of every kind. There were in this family seven children. Not one had been baptized, not one had been vaccinated, not one had ever been to school.

It is on Saturday night that a street of this class often becomes a scene of Saturnalia that would have caused a Pagan populace qualms of conscience. From end to end of it ring out drunken oaths and obscenities, and a dozen fights between men and women, often between women and women, are frequently in progress outside the houses, and, after the dram-shops are closed, inside the houses.

The unhappy children of the drunken fighters look on, and hear and see or lie in terror in the "furnished room," knowing too well what is likely to happen to them.

It was of the home life in a street of this description that a doctor of the poor recently gave me a personal experience. He was called in to act as accoucheur. There was one room with a terrible bed in it. On the bed lay a drunken woman who was on the point of becoming a mother. Crouching in the corner was a little girl of seven in a state of shocking neglect.

The doctor was about to lead the child out on to the landing, hoping to find some woman who would take care of it for a little while, when the father came staggering up the stairs, swearing in his drunken rage.

The child ran to the doctor in terror. The doctor grasped the situation, and, closing the door, thrust an old chest of drawers against it and flung a chair down between the chest of drawers and the bed.

The drunken man kicked and hammered at the door and demanded to be let in. And while the father cursed and tried to batter in the door, and the terrified child shrieked, the doctor brought another little life into the world.

It was in a room in the street we have been visiting in North London that a baby was found drowned one Sunday morning head downwards in a pail.

A woman came in drunk with the baby in her arms, and flung herself on the bed with it. It slipped out of her arms, and fell into the pail. She knew nothing about it till she woke up on Sunday morning.

Saturday night is the great night for "over-laying"—as the price the child pays for careless or drunken motherhood is called. Here are statistics that tell their own tale.

Between 500 and 600 infants are overlain annually in London alone. On the last occasion on which the Registrar-General dis-

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cussed the distribution of these deaths in his Annual Report, he found from 2,020 inquests that the occasions of the occurrence were as follows:—

	Proportion per 1,000.	
	Suffocation All other in Bed.	Causes.
Sunday	283	180
Monday	124	132
Tuesday	137	145
Wednesday	116	139
Thursday	115	136
Friday	107	128
Saturday	118	140

These figures go to show that more than twice the number of infants are suffocated in bed on Saturday night and Sunday morning than on any other night in the week. There is more money in hand on Saturday night for the mother to spend in drink.

Carelessness does, of course, play a part in this phase of infant mortality, but when the figures which represent the number of infants found dead on Sunday morning are compared with those for the rest of the week, it is, as Dr. Newman points out, impossible to avoid the conclusion that the suffocation of the children is chiefly due to alcoholism, and to the neglect which is the outcome of alcoholism.

Saturday night, the eve of the Christian Sabbath, is still, in the areas where the children swarm, celebrated with heathen orgies. Thousands of lives are sacrificed in these orgies. The lives are those of helpless infants.

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In the Ju Ju Groves of Christian England the human sacrifices are little children, and the high priestesses of the Ju Ju Groves in which the children are cruelly slain are the mothers of the victims.

All the shameful cruelty to children which is a foul blot upon our Christianity is not due to alcoholism.

The cases of brutal ill-treatment and systematic torture which, when revealed, send a shudder through the land are often the result of a phase of perversity closely allied to insanity.

But the cruel neglect which renders the lives of thousands of little children physical and mental martyrdom is chiefly attributed to alcoholism on the part of the parent or parents.

There is, in one sense, a scrap of comfort in the fact that the majority of women who put this shame upon English motherhood do not do it "in their sober senses." In proof of this let me quote from the Home Office Report for 1906 of Dr. R. Welsh Branthwaite, the Government Inspector under the Inebriates Act.:

"The managers of reformatories are able to speak with no uncertain voice as to the advantage of the newer method in its influence on the mother. With one or two exceptions, all women who have been sent to reformatories at the instance of the National Society have proved quiet and amenable.

"None of them, when sober, have exhibited the least tendency to cruelty, or desire to neglect their children.

"On the contrary, regret for the injury they have caused, and anxiety for the welfare of their offspring, are constantly evident.

"None of these women would be cruel were they not drunken; therefore the substitution of curative methods, directed against drunkenness as the cause, in place of mere punishment for the effect of the drunkenness, is rational, humane, and the course most likely to benefit both mother and children."

The great Home Office expert, with all the figures in front of him, is on my side.

The hellish tortures which, as I shall presently show, have been inflicted in the few years during which a record has been kept on over a million little children in this our England are chiefly due to alcoholism in the home.

LIMPY, BACHELOR OF LOVE.

By MAITLAND LE ROY OSBORNE,
in the "Quiver."

"Extra!"

Limpy shrilled with hoarse insistence, as the home-going throng from the shops and factories poured past him.

"Hextra! poipers! Ev'nin 'dition! hextra!"

His white little face peered anxiously about, alertly intent for possible customers, and his crutch tapped a brisk tattoo on the pavement as he darted to and fro to cry his wares.

"Hextra 'dition!" he still piped hoarsely as the last hurrying stragglers went by, "ev'nin' poipers—hextra!"

Then with an anticipatory shiver at the thought of the imminent ordeal, he prepared to cross Trafalgar Square. Clutching his remaining stock-in-trade tightly under his arm and firmly grasping his crutch, he looked carefully in all directions to make sure that the way was clear, and set forth on the perilous journey.

Always that daily crossing in the early dusk filled Limpy's soul with dread. There was sure to come a time, he knew, when he would not be quick enough to dodge the hurrying cabs and motor-buses that rattled ceaselessly to and fro, but he must cross to take his accustomed stand before the gaudy restaurant on the opposite corner, or the balance of his papers would remain unsold—

and unsold papers meant no breakfast on the morrow.

Tap! tap! tap! went Limpy's crutch, while his white little face peered anxiously at approaching cabs, and tap! tap! tap! went his little heart in unison as he hurried on his way; then heart and crutch both ceased their tapping when close behind him sounded the quick warning "honk" of a motor-car, the awful spectre of fear that haunted Limpy's dreams.

Another strident blast, a cry of warning—and then a limp little form huddled on the ground, clutching a bundle of papers to its breast, with a broken crutch by its side.

"Poor little beggar!" said the owner of the car, pushing his way unceremoniously through the quickly gathering crowd, and bending over him. "Quick, Alphonse!" to the chauffeur, "we must get him to the hospital—his heart is still beating, thank heaven!"

A row of white little cots, each the counterpart of the one on which he lay, and each containing a tiny occupant, greeted Limpy's wondering gaze when, after what seemed an interminable nightmare of strange sounds and stranger smells, and touches of tender hands that yet hurt cruelly for a time, he floated dreamily back to consciousness in the children's ward of the hospital; and as he turned his head on the pillow, he looked straight into the brownest, softest eyes he had ever seen.

"How do you feel now, little man?" asked Nurse Martin gently.

"Fine!" whispered Limpy in a weak little voice after some consideration, only half assured that he was not still dreaming.

Nurse Martin smiled. "That's good!" she said, "and now you must lie quiet and try to go to sleep again."

"Yes'm," assented Limpy, and obediently closed his eyes.

He was still asleep when the doctor, accompanied by a broad-shouldered, athletic and distinctly good-looking gentleman, paused beside his cot.

"Mr. Cochrane—Miss Martin," announced the doctor with professional brevity. Nurse Martin bowed—slightly. Mr. Cochrane's bow delicately blended courteous recognition and respectful admiration.

"Poor little beggar!" he said, gazing down upon Limpy contritely. "He's such a little chap, and lame, too. I feel as if I had stepped on a kitten. Can you pull him through all right, doctor?"

"Oh, yes," answered the doctor. "He's not seriously injured."

"I'm glad of that," said Mr. Cochrane in a relieved voice.

"Only a cracked rib or two and shock," continued the doctor. "That lame leg of his could be made useful by a simple operation," he added thoughtfully, "and with a nourishing diet and plenty of fresh air and exercise, in six months he'd be as strong and sturdy a little chap as you'd wish to see."

"Will you take the case?" queried Mr. Cochrane eagerly. "Spare no expense, and when he's able to get out I'll send him up to my summer place in the country with a nurse."

Nurse Martin's brown eyes were very tender and the touch of her firm white hand was very gentle as she smoothed back Limpy's tangled curls. Mr. Cochrane's gaze wandered from the tiny white cot and its little occupant, and his thoughts likewise wandered from the subject under consideration.

"If I should go out and get run over," he speculated fatuously, "and have a few ribs caved in, or an arm broken, or something of that sort, and should be brought in here for repairs, I wonder if she would brush my

hair back like that, and look at me that way. By Jove! if I really thought so—"

Then he mentally shook himself to attention again.

"He's such a dear little chap," Nurse Martin was saying softly, as she smoothed a microscopically minute wrinkle from Limpy's pillow.

Limpy's twisted leg, which the bluff, kind-hearted doctor told him would in time be as straight and strong as the other, was encased immovably in splints and plasters, and the grateful, uncomplaining little patient, whose cheery smile and quaint sayings had endeared him to the hearts of the entire staff, was mending finely.

One day, moved by sudden impulse, Nurse Martin stooped and kissed him.

"That's awful nice," murmured Limpy happily; "nobody ever kissed me before."

Nurse Martin's tender brown eyes filled with unprofessional moisture, and slipping her arm beneath his head she laid her cheek against his own.

"Poor little chap!" she murmured, softly; "poor, lonesome little man!"

Mr. Cochrane, whom all the occupants of the children's ward firmly believed to be the prince of the genii in disguise, and whose advent was unfailingly greeted with weak little shouts of delight, made his appearance a little later, and Nurse Martin slipped quietly away.

Having gravely distributed his burden of wonderful toys and bright-hued picture-books among his loyal worshippers, he seated himself beside Limpy's tiny cot.

"When you get well, Limpy," said Mr. Cochrane, who never did things by halves, "you are to come and live with me. You shall have a donkey and cart, and go to school, and grow up to be a bank manager or an M.P. at the very least."

"Geel!" sighed Limpy happily, "gittin' runned over by a motor is great."

"Is there anything you would like?" asked Mr. Cochrane. "I'll get you anything you ask for if you'll hurry up and get well and strong."

"Dere's only one fing," said Limpy thoughtfully. "Yer see, Mr. Cochrane, it's like dis—I never had a mother. All the other boys I know has mothers, but I never had one and it's mighty lonesome for a fellow not to have a mother. Do you 'spose, Mr. Cochrane, please, dat you could get me a mother instead of the donkey?"

"Poor little beggar!" said Mr. Cochrane

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softly. "Never had a mother. I think, Limpy, that we could find one for you. Have you thought of one you'd like?"

"I fink Nurse Martin would be a bu-ti-ful mother," suggested Limpy wistfully. "She kissed me to-day, an' nobody ever kissed me before."

"Limpy," said Mr. Cochrane gravely, "you are a young man of great discernment. There is not the slightest doubt that Nurse Martin would be the most beautiful mother that a small chap like you could possibly have. Shall I speak to her about it, Limpy?"

"Yes, please, Mr. Cochrane," assented Limpy eagerly.

Nurse Martin re-appeared as the visitor was about to leave, and caressingly touched Limpy's white little cheek with her soothing hand.

"Miss Martin," said Mr. Cochrane gravely, "I'm going to try and be a father to Limpy; he's coming to live with me as soon as he gets strong."

"Oh, I am so glad," breathed Nurse Martin, stroking Limpy's curls.

"But there's one other thing he needs very much," continued Mr. Cochrane. "You see, Miss Martin, the poor little beggar's never had a mother, and a fellow misses the very best part of his life if he doesn't have one. We've been talking it over, and Limpy and I are very earnestly desirous that you should become his mother."

Nurse Martin's sweet brown eyes were raised momentarily from Limpy's anxious little face to the equally anxious one on the other side of the cot.

Then she smiled demurely and bent to press a kiss upon Limpy's freckled cheek.

"If Limpy wishes it," she assented softly.

"Gee!" piped Limpy ecstatically, "won't dat be great!"

WHAT HE MEANT.

In one of the busiest thoroughfares of an English city considerable rivalry existed between the proprietors of tobacconist shops on opposite sides of the street.

One of the tradesmen obtained a wooden figure of Napoleon, who, snuff-box in hand, kept watch and ward over the shop-door.

The other, not to be outdone, secured a

figure of the Iron Duke and labelled it: "Napoleon's Conqueror."

One evening a party of merry officers from the local barracks abducted the unresisting Napoleon and dropped him into the river.

The dummy was recovered in a somewhat dilapidated condition, and the owner at once fixed on his innocent rival as author of the mischief.

In the dead of night he stole over to his rival's establishment, maltreated the figure of Wellington, and appropriated the snuff-box.

No sooner was the owner of the Iron Duke made acquainted with the damage than, hammer in hand, he strode across the road, and with one blow knocked off the wooden nose of Napoleon.

"Here, here, what do you mean by that?" demanded the rival as he caught the culprit red-handed.

"I mean," exclaimed the man with the hammer, "that if Napoleon doesn't keep his nose out of Wellington's snuff-box he's going to get hurt."

AN ANACHRONISM.

John B. Herreshoff, the blind yacht builder, and head of the famous family that has given America so many victories in the contests for the America Cup, was a guest at a large party in Bristol, when the hostess was proudly displaying a cabinet just received from an antique shop in New York, and bought for several hundred dollars, as a product of the year 1710. It was observed by one of the other guests that Herreshoff alone refrained from favourable comment, although the old man had examined the cabinet by his delicate touch. Finding an opportunity, the man approached Herreshoff, and asked him the reason for his silence. Herreshoff chuckled.

"I'll let you into a secret, if you don't breathe a word of it to the good Mrs. B—," he said.

The promise having been given, Herreshoff led the way with his unerring directness to the cabinet, and, extracting a drawer, he ran the tips of his fingers lightly over the bottom and chuckled again—

"Circular saws in 1710? Poor Mrs. B—!"

THE MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

"Most people know the romantic story of the 'Mutiny of the Bounty,' and how, after scenes of bloodshed and riot as bad as can be imagined, the mutineers and their descendants, on their little island home of Pitcairn turned to God and became as little children in their simple, loving faith. Not so many, however, are aware that in 1831, some forty years after their first landing on Pitcairn, they outgrew their small territory, and at their own request many of them were conveyed to Tahiti. The gross immorality of the natives of that lovely island, however, so dismayed them that they sacrificed the only available wealth they possessed, the copper bolts of the old Bounty and purchased a passage back to their beloved Pitcairn. They managed to maintain themselves there, although much straitened for room, until in 1855 the British Government, having discontinued the use of Norfolk Island as a penal settlement, granted it to as many of them as cared to migrate thither, a privilege which was taken advantage of by between two or three hundred of them." Those who would like to read a fascinating tale in which the mutineers figure should turn to "A Bounty Boy," by Frank T. Bullen, just published by Messrs. Marshall Brothers, Limited. A new book by this famous writer needs no recommendation.

Mr. Microbe: "Horrible catastrophe! Ten million lives lost!"

Mrs. Microbe: "Goodness gracious, Mike! What happened?"

Mr. Microbe: "The First National Bank, without a word of warning, sterilized a dollar bill."

The following advertisement appeared in the "Matin" of Paris: "Can anyone give me the names of the aeronauts who passed over the village of Rien at 6 o'clock on Thursday evening, and who, by throwing down sand, ruined a freshly-made plum tart? Julie Duplat."

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Talk about People

A Great Journalist.

A great Australian journalist, one of the greatest in the country's history, has fallen in the death of Mr. David Syme, proprietor of the Melbourne "Age." Mr. Syme was the third son of Mr. George Alexander Syme, schoolmaster, of North Berwick, Scotland. Like his brothers, George (born 1821) and Ebenezer (born 1826) he was educated for the Presbyterian ministry. Each of the three in turn found it impossible to accept the dogmatic theology which was then recognised as the standard of faith. George, after a short experience as a preacher in Scotland, moved to Nottingham, England, and became pastor of a Baptist congregation. While there he was brought into close touch with leading men in the Chartist movement, which came to a head in 1848. Ebenezer never entered on any settled ministerial duty, but alternated preaching (as an unattached evangelist) with writing for the press on theological and political topics. David, while a university student in Germany, came to the same conclusions as his brothers with regard to orthodox Calvinism, and decided that the vocation of a journalist would suit him better than that of a clergyman. Ultimately the three brothers, acting independently of each other, and each choosing his own time, came to Melbourne (then rendered attractive by the gold discoveries), and found themselves associated at successive periods with the same undertaking.

The First to Arrive.

was Ebenezer, in 1853. About a year later, on October 17, 1854, the "Age" was established on co-operative principles by a combination of writers and printers, with Mr. Ebenezer Syme, Mr. T. L. Bright, and Mr. David Blair as its first editors. Mr. M. K. Armstrong, of the Kyneton "Guardian," is one of the few survivors—perhaps the only one—of this co-partnery. Radicalism was already in the air, though responsible government and full Parliamentary representation had yet to come. At the same time, circumstances were scarcely favourable for new enterprises. An abnormal state of things existed in Melbourne. The inrush of population, the superabundant production of gold, the lavish spending of lucky diggers, and the scarcity of necessities as well as luxuries, caused prices to run high. Everything seemed extravagantly dear to people just landed from the old world. The smallest coin then in circulation was the six-penny-piece, which occupied the place which the penny and halfpenny fill now. A few penny tokens imported by storekeepers were current, but there was little demand for them. The new daily paper, published like its contemporaries at 6d a copy, made little headway at the outset, and might have come to a sudden end had it not been for the supplies brought in by its weekly issue, on which the printers depended for their wages. In a very short time the co-operative experiment had to be abandoned, and Mr. Ebenezer Syme was able, with the assistance of his political supporters, to become sole proprietor. His views were those of an extreme radical, and he ventilated them on the platform and in the press with unmistakable force. People generally were then too busy money-making to greatly care for advanced politics, and Parliament (called into existence in 1856) too new to its duties to take up novel problems.

Preaching and Politics.

In the meantime Mr. David Syme had left Scotland for the benefit of his health to pay

a visit to California (which, as a great gold-producing country, had two years' start of Victoria), and, after a brief sojourn there, he followed the rush from San Francisco to Melbourne. After his arrival, he first had a look round on his own account, and then agreed to share with his brother the management of the "Age." This gave Ebenezer the chance he hungered for to enter political life, and in 1859 he obtained election to the Legislative Assembly as member for Avoca. He was a telling speaker, both on the platform and in Parliament. His previous practice as a preacher, and his earnestness made speaking easy for him. But his Parliamentary career was brief, for in May, 1860, he died prematurely at the age of 34, after a severe illness. His interests in the paper descended to his family, but the control of its policy passed into the hands of the reserved and hitherto little-known Mr. David Syme, who, practically unaided, directed its subsequent fortunes for over 50 years. Mr. George Syme first arrived from England in 1859, on a visit only. In 1863 he took up his residence permanently in Melbourne, and became one of the "Age's" leading writers, afterwards assuming the editorship of the "Leader."

Roosevelt as Chucker-Out.

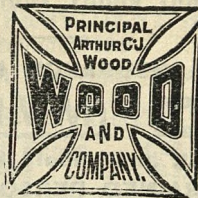
When he started ranching in his early days—President Roosevelt—who, by the way, has just celebrated the twenty-third anniversary of his wedding, which took place at St. George's, Hanover Square—was looked down upon with some contempt by his hired cowboys, owing to the fact that he was a college graduate and also wore glasses. One bullying fellow, named "Long Ike," used to be fond of entering drinking bars and taking up the glass of any man he thought he could frighten. He played this trick on Roosevelt, and was so certain that he was a typical "tenderfoot" that he did not even make his customary bluff first with the revolver. Before "Long Ike" quite knew what had happened he found himself on the floor; then he was picked up, rushed out of the saloon, and flung down again on the ground outside. He was unable to get up for five minutes; and then he quietly sneaked out of the camp.

From Joiner to £3000 a Year.

The career of M. Jaouin, who has just been promoted from the position of Assistant-Superintendent of Naval Construction to that of Director of the Engineering Department of the French Navy, is being held up as a worthy example to the boys of La Belle France. Son of a shoemaker of Lorient, Jaouin left school in 1857 at the age of twelve, and was apprenticed to a carpenter. Five years later he started out with a pack on his back to travel through the principal towns of France. He eventually reached Paris, where, after his day's work, he attended a night school. In 1866 he returned to Lorient, and drew the lucky number in the conscription drawing, which released him from serving for seven years in the army. In 1867 he was taken on in the naval construction works at Lorient.

Jaouin's cleverness in building a torpedo-dock aroused the attention of his superiors, and he was placed in charge of the construction of French warships. Meantime he had to give lessons in mechanics in the evening to supplement his income. In 1882 he brilliantly passed his examination as second-class engineer, and in 1886 he was sent to Cochin China, where he was decorated with the Legion of Honour for his services. Then from step to step he rose, till

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he has now reached the highest rank in the French naval mechanical department, with a salary of £3000 a year.

THE LORD'S PRAYER AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Think of praying

"Our Father Who art in heaven"

and then voting with tax and license parties to perpetuate the liquor traffic upon earth; thus aiding the powers of darkness; or,

"Hallowed be Thy Name,"

then voting to legalise the liquor traffic by tax or licence, which causes God's name to be continually blasphemed;

"Thy Kingdom come,"

then voting that Satan's kingdom—the saloons—may continue if they will only pay the price which politicians have fixed upon them;

"Thy will be done,"

then voting with and for the liquor-sellers to keep an order tax or license laws which is the greatest hindrance to having God's will done on earth;

"Give us this day our daily bread,"

and then voting to legalise that which takes the bread from thousands of starving mothers and helpless children;

"Lead us not into temptation,"

then voting that the allurements and destruction of the saloons may go on under some form of tax or licence;

"Deliver us from evil,"

and then voting that the State and nation may continue the liquor evil, both at home and to heathen lands, providing they will only make the price of blood high enough in the form of tax or licence.

Can you do all the above, and then heartily say, "Amen?"

WHY WORRY ABOUT YOUR INSURANCES?

"THE INSURANCE INTERESTS of a Business House are **IMMENSELY** important, and should be looked after by a **TRAINED PERSON.**"

—Extract from Report of Special Committee on Insurance Settlements incident to the SAN FRANCISCO FIRE.

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Anthony Hordern & Sons publicly thanked A. B. P. & Co. in the 4 Sydney Dailies after their great fire for the way they looked after their **Insurances.**

GRIT.
A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1908.

A GOOD REASON.

That overshadowing incubus, the negro question, is not wholly without encouraging phases. For one thing, it bids fair to solve the liquor problem in many Southern States. It is a question whether, to-day, the South is not the most temperate of all the national sections. Figures would probably show that Mississippi consumes less liquor under local option, and is really a "drier" State, than Maine under prohibition. This is due to the necessity of preserving the negro as an economic factor. The business interests of the cotton States have learned that liquor and labour are practically incompatible among the blacks. Where a few years ago every little village had its Jim Crow barn, and every company store on the larger plantations sold liquor at an enormous profit over its counter, to-day the planters have dropped the whisky trade from their stores and have voted the saloons out of existence. Business necessity demanded it. In plain words, the cotton growers needed six days' labour from the negro. Under the license system the negro would work only enough to support life and buy whisky and gin: an average of three days a week. But no liquor for the negro meant no liquor for the white, a situation which the ruling powers have cheerfully accepted. That the new regime has worked to the financial, moral, and even the racial advantage of all concerned, no visitor to the South can doubt.

THROUGH LIQUOR SPECTACLES.

Looking through liquor spectacles, "Fairplay," the official organ of the Liquor Trades' Defence Union, sees some disquieting things, and frankly admits the seriousness of the situation. The reasons given and the arguments used remind one of the story of a learned judge's advice to a man placed in a position where he would have to express opinions on matters of which he had no legal knowledge. The judge said: "Give your opinion from a commonsense point of view, it will generally be right, but don't give any reasons for your opinion, they will generally be wrong." It is quite true, and so forcibly true, that there is no virtue in the acknowledgment made by "Fairplay" that the situation is depressing from a liquor man's point of view. The first reason given is that the liquor trader will be ruined. This is not true, and if it were would be no reason why Prohibitionists should stay their hand. The Prohibitionist does not touch the real business of accommodating the travelling public, he only wishes to eliminate the harmful side of this business by withdrawing the license, and that does not necessarily ruin the business of the legitimate hotel. This has been proved everywhere. If it did ruin the liquor trader, it would be on the principle of the greatest amount of good to the greatest number, and because more people are ruined by license than by the withdrawal of license, and the people must be the judge. "Fairplay" speaks of the appetite for alcohol as "a natural and proper appetite." This reminds us of the description of the lobster as "a red fish that crawls backwards," the only drawback to the definition being that it is not red, it is not a fish, and it does not crawl backwards. It is no more natural and proper for a person to drink alcohol than for them to stand on their head. If as "Fairplay" says, No-License is to produce a joyless Puritanism, how is it that the Wharf Labourers' picnic in Sydney was accompanied with trouble until it was held in a place where there was No-license? The excrescences of the Trade are blamed for the prohibition wave in America, and then it is asserted that such excrescences do not exist here. The prohibition movement is based on medical, economic, and moral grounds, and the excrescences are only a small contributing stimulus, and there is no difficulty in proving that they exist in New South Wales. "Fairplay" says "there were of course some law-breakers." We need no other comment than the figures for 1906: Total number of licenses of all kinds in the metropolitan district, 1165, and there were 713 summonses for breaches of the Liquor Act, and of these 517 were convicted. No other trade is proportionally so guilty. We are very thankful to "Fairplay" for showing us what may be seen through liquor spectacles, but it only makes us fear they have mistaken the bottom of a tumbler for a telescope.

THE JOURNALISTS' INSTITUTE.

The working journalists of Sydney have not exactly formed themselves into a union for defence purposes, but they have succeeded in establishing a Journalists' Institute, on the broad lines of comradeship and co-operation, which, wisely managed, should tell for good in the everyday life and work of the profession. The inauguration took place on Saturday night, under happy and distinguished auspices, and the president was able to make the satisfactory announcement that some 135 working journalists had enrolled as members. This gives some idea of the strength and power of the profession in Sydney. Hitherto there has been no cohesion among journalists, no rallying centre; but for some time the feeling has been growing that an effort should be made to bring the men of the profession into closer touch, with the object of strengthening the bonds of a common interest. It was peculiarly appropriate that Mr. Henry Gullet should have been chosen to propose the inaugural toast, for there is no journalist who stands higher in his profession, and none who has shown a more kindly or practical interest in the welfare of the rank and file, who, unlike himself, have their reputations yet to make. The selection of Mr. Frank Wilkinson as the first president promises well for the success of the Institute. He is one of the most popular and capable journalists in Sydney, and, above all, he is a gentleman of high ideals. The Press wields such an immense influence in our midst to-day, that everybody in the community will wish success to an institution that seeks to promote the welfare of the men who give us our daily news.

STRIKES AND RUMOURS OF STRIKES.

The air is full of industrial warfare, and a most unhappy feeling of uncertainty as to the outlook is pervading the commercial life of the State. The Newcastle mining youths have defied the Court past endurance, though the stubbornness shows signs at last of weakening. In Sydney the strike in the timber-trade threatens a paralysis of business, for the effects are already being felt in centres quite remote from the seat of the trouble. Many men have been called out or forced to "down" tools who are in no way responsible for or immediately concerned in the matters under dispute. Correspondingly firms only connected with the timber trade in an indirect way, have been compelled to close down, and wait the pleasure of the disputants. It is all a sorry commentary on freedom and good sense. The Arbitration Act, from which so much was expected, has from varying causes become the sport of conflicting parties, instead of being the accredited umpire, whose decision must be final if industrial peace is to reign.

A CHANCE TO AMUSE, TO EDUCATE, AND TO PROFIT.

A MAGIC LANTERN FOR SALE, IN PERFECT ORDER.

LANTERN, SLIDES (25), SHEET AND ACETELYNE PLANT, only used a few times. Will show a 9 foot picture with acetelyne plant, and 15 foot picture with limelight. Easily carried about. The whole turn-out, £7 10s. Apply Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

No-License Possible, Practicable, Profitable

A large audience keenly appreciated the address of the Postmaster-General of the Commonwealth, the Hon. Samuel Mauger, M.H.R., delivered in the C.M.M. Hall on Monday last. Humour and pathos were admirably blended with medical, economic and moral facts, and the address made a very favourable impression. Mr. Mauger thanked them warmly for their hearty reception. He could assure them, no matter what was said to the contrary, there was no desire whatever in Victoria to take from New South Wales her right to the Federal Capital. Whatever may be the diversity of opinion in regard to the material matter, that in those great principles which make for a better man and woman, boy and girl, in all that is best, Australia is truly federated. They were not afraid of the fight getting stronger and the enemy closer, that is what they wanted. They had been preaching sermons, addressing public meetings, and organising Bands of Hope for a quarter of a century, and they wanted to get to close quarters and reap the harvest that they had been sowing for some time. This question of drink and No-License was a question that was interesting all the English-speaking people all the world over, and other nationalities, and it was a question that no statesman in any part of the world dare refuse to face—they had got to that stage now. Mr. Bent had to face it in Victoria, and though they did not get all they wanted, they made good progress, and by the time they got their local option, dozens of the worst class of hotels will already be wiped out. They had to-day some of their number organising, some editing, and they had to be prepared for some defeats and reverses. What kind of business was it that they were called upon to specially deal with? It was a business that, in New South Wales last year, was the means of 18,000 persons being locked up for drunkenness—it was a business that was the means last year of 50,000 people being arrested for drunkenness in the Commonwealth of Australia. There was no other business that produced such an effect as this. This trade is unique in that it produces drunkenness and drunkards, and that is only a little of the evil which eventuates from it. Think of the human misery and wretchedness that these 18,000 people caused to their own people and friends before they were arrested, for they had got pretty far down the hill to moral ruin when they had arrived at such a stage as that. They (the liquor trade) were talking in Victoria and Sydney as though they were a primal industry. This is what Cardinal Manning had to say about it:—"I wish to all trades success but with reserve; I hope the baker will bake more bread, the clothier manufacture more cloth, and the farmer will grow more wheat, but, friends, I cannot say in my heart that I hope the brewer will brew more beer, or the distiller distil more spirits." They had so much in the way of scientific opinion, experience and weight of evidence on their side, that it was not necessary for them to resort to abuse. He never condemned a publican, but he pitied him. He pitied him for his health's sake, his family's sake, and for many reasons never abused him. He had nothing to say about the public-house; he was only there to fight the drink traffic. They wanted public-houses without the drink traffic.

Professor Osborn not a fanatic but a cool,

calculating scientific man, in a public lecture delivered recently in connection with the Public Health Society, said alcohol was a menace to health, and the time had come when the members of the medical profession were satisfied that alcohol was not a food of any value, but it was, in fact, a narcotic poison.

Dr. Guthrie, of Great Britain, had said of the Licensing Bill in the House of Commons, "You can nationalize your land tomorrow, you can socialise every means of production, but unless you reckon with drink and gambling, it is all sounding brass and clanging cymbal."

Dr. Guthrie also said that some 15,000 deaths are directly due to alcoholic excess. If Bubonic plague or typhoid fever broke out in England and caused 15,000 preventable deaths, England would be stirred to its very depths to rid herself of the pestilence. 300,000 persons succumbed to illness which would not have been fatal if they had been abstemious and not used alcohol.

Dr. Guthrie was not a total abstainer, but a working medical practitioner, and a student of sociology.

He (the speaker) appealed to the young life. That was their hope. New South Wales had given them an Education Act which, with all its defects, was one of the most advanced in the world. They had also liberal land reform in this State, and he said to them, "Come along, and give us another push with this Licensing question before we pass to the River Jordan and go to our rest." There was nothing more anti-social than this drink traffic.

The President of the Labour Conference in America, the largest in the world which had 630,000 affiliated members, said: "Organised labour is opposed to oppression, and drink has proved itself the most tyrannical master the world has ever known."

Drink so demoralises the parents, that children are forced into factories to keep their parents. He counted hundreds of dirty, ragged, neglected children in Sydney yesterday. Where were their parents? If not in a public-house, they were sleeping off the effects of drink. No man will get up and champion the liquor traffic per se, he will acknowledge its evils, but will tell you it ought to be regulated. Some people say "nationalize it." They could, but he believed nationalizing the evil would be intensifying it, and he was opposed to nationalizing it. He could quite understand the nationalization of mail steamers—there was some sense in that. He could understand the nationalizing of the great coal industry, in order to prevent those terrible strikes which shook the foundation of commercial society, but to nationalize an evil which destroyed individual life was to nationalize a national sin, to which he never could consent. Experience was against nationalization. They tried to nationalize in various parts of the world, but the only effective remedy has been the reduction and annihilation of licenses. Human experience in America, Gottenburg, and all the world over where the experiment has been made, is against nationalization. Why license this traffic? It is licensed because it is different to all other trades, because it is dangerous, because free trade in drink spells free crime and free degradation. In whose interests do you license it? Not in the interests of the publicans or brewers—brewers, as a rule, can look after themselves. "They toil not, neither do they spin, yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them,"

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General Manager and Actuary: Richard Teece, F.I.A., F.F.A., F.S.S. Secretary: Robert B. Cameron. Manager Industrial Department: H. W. Apperly.

Sydney, 27th September, 1907.

They are the veritable fat man in every sense of the word.

The Government of New South Wales issues these licenses as a public convenience to supply a supposed public want. The means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done. They based their deductions upon the highest democratic principles; the people in whose interest this trade was licensed should be the only people to say whether or not they will have them continued, and how anyone styling himself as a democrat could oppose this principle was inexplicable to him. Was there any person in that hall who dared to call himself a democrat that opposed such a means of determining whether such licenses should continue? Was there any professing Christian in that hall, who prayed "Our Father"—which implied brotherhood and sisterhood, and who knew that there were 15,000 deaths last year absolutely preventable—and who can say, "this is a wrong principle?"

Another Labour leader, in Mr. Will Crooks, said that in Liverpool (Eng.), on Saturday, the 13th July, last year, when the working men got their pay and the public-houses were open, there were 2387 working-men arrested for drunkenness. These figures gradually decrease, until the following Friday night, which is the smallest night of all, when the men are minus their wages plus wretched homes, wretched and degraded wives.

It had been stated by Mr. W. A. Lloyd, in Sydney, on Saturday night, that No-License increased drunkenness. In reply to this, he (Mr. Mauger) said that the licensing of one wine shop in Mildura increased drunkenness by 300 per cent. in twelve months. Mr. Lloyd also said crime had increased, but he challenged him to prove it.

In Invercargill (N.Z.) there was No-License, and their had been fewer cases in the police courts, and they had every prosperity and every improvement that could possibly be desired.

In Oamaru (N.Z.), the arrests for drunkenness had decreased from 156 to 26 in the No-License year. There was no disputing these facts. Mr. Lloyd also said that they were abandoning prohibition in America. He wondered where he got his information from; he did not get it, but he made it.

The No-License organisation said "Give this traffic into the hands of the people in whose interests the licenses are given, and in whose interests it should be abolished." Talking about the Federal Capital, he would tell them that they were going to fight against any licenses there until the people in that territory demanded them; and cannot they imagine it being a veritable New Jerusalem if they keep the public-houses out of it?

They were sometimes asked why did

they not go in for Prohibition. One thing at a time; line by line. It was an order of evolution. They were slaves of custom and had to break down the drinking custom. He had been fighting the gamblers and hotel-keepers the whole of his life-time, and he was going to keep up the fight. He was strong and determined, and would be just as troublesome outside Parliament as in it. The legislative machinery of New South Wales in respect to this traffic was far in advance of that of Victoria; here, they had the right to close every public-house without the incubus of compensation.

Mr. Mauger concluded a telling and stirring speech by advising them not to underestimate their foe, and exhorting them to give both their service and their means if they wished to be successful in the fight before them.

EIGHTY MILLION AMERICANS MOVE IN THE DIRECTION OF NATIONAL SANITY AND RIGHTEOUSNESS.

The growth of public opinion is a fascinating subject for study. In its relentlessness, it resembles the ocean tide, or the great stream of human life which has flowed in ever-increasing volume through thousands of years. Its progress may sometimes be difficult to discover, but it never wavers, and the character of the nations steadily moves towards higher standards. Evidence in support of an optimistic view of human progress may be gleaned from many fields.

In a letter published by the "Lyttelton Times" on January 11th, 1908, from its special correspondent in New York, there appears the following. The athletic item is interesting, and the comment which follows very instructive:—

A WALKING FEAT.

"A most remarkable walk is that just finished by Edward Payson Weston. Away back in 1867 Weston, then a young man of twenty-nine, walked from Portland, Michigan to Chicago, Illinois, a distance of 1299 miles, in twenty-five days. That was a tremendous thing to do, and the feat has not been equalled since by another walker. It gave Weston a real measure of fame, which lasted for a term of years. Some time ago Weston conceived the idea of repeating his walk on the fortieth anniversary of that triumph. The fact that he was sixty-nine years old, nine years older than the time at which Dr. Osler says men have outlived their usefulness and should be chloroformed, was no deterrent. Accompanied by a retinue of attendants, he set foot from Portland on the fortieth anniversary of his previous start, and walked the 1300 miles in twenty-four hours' better time than on his earlier effort. In a single day's walk he crossed the entire State of Indiana, 95 miles, and tired and exhausted his attendants, who travelled in an automobile. He arrived in Chicago in splendid physical con-

dition, having lost just seventeen pounds during his entire walk. Weston attributes his successful feat, which has been a matter of national congratulation to him, to good living, and absolute abstinence from liquors of every sort.

TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION.

"In another letter I may delve deeper into the significance of that last remark of Weston's. Prohibition is becoming a tremendous national movement throughout the entire country. New York has not clearly realised the situation, for it has been a temperance campaign that has conquered steadily and quietly for two years past, entirely without the great cities and in the rural districts of the nation. For a while this temperance war was waged as a personal fight with the souls of men, but lately its success there has been reflected in the political situation, whole counties of Southern States absolutely prohibiting the sale or use of liquor, in one case a great Southern State—Georgia—making such a prohibition cover its entire confines."

WHAT IS OLD AGE?

After all it is merely a name for an accumulation of years, employed to distinguish the ripened season from the periods of growth and adolescence; it is simply an abstract, not a substance. Some people are younger at 80 than others at 50. The young in heart are never old in years. When Oliver Wendell Holmes arrived at the span of the Psalmist he said he was 70 years young. We are just as old as we feel. When the genial "Mark Twain" arrived at his 70th milestone he informed his admirers that he had just reached the period of discretion. Mark has laughed away the years, and it would be a good thing for all of us to follow his example. Many of the greatest men left their footprints deep on the sands of time long after they had passed an age which the world ignorantly calls old. The trinity of Europe who reflected a lustre on the nineteenth century were Gladstone, Bismarck and Leo XIII.; two of them only unbuckled their armour before coming to the ninetieth bridge; the remaining one did not take off his until he had crossed it; Gladstone was ruling the destinies of the British Empire, Bismarck was building the ramparts of the Fatherland, and Leo XIII. was governing the Catholic world, all past 80 years. We are just as old as we feel, as old as we think.

"I suppose you read Dr. Osler's theory that a man of sixty was useless?"

"Yes, and it ruined my business. I am the publisher of a book, entitled 'How to Live One Hundred Years.'"

"Indeed! Well, his statement improved my business."

"What line are you in?"

"I manufacture hair dye and a wrinkle remover."

DIET and HEALTH.

Our bodies are built up from the food we eat. There is a constant breaking down of the tissues of the body, every movement of every organ involves waste, and this waste is repaired from our food. Each organ of the body requires its share of nutrition. The brain must be supplied with its portion; the bones, muscles and nerves demand theirs.

IN ORDER TO MAINTAIN HEALTH, A SUFFICIENT SUPPLY OF GOOD NOURISHING FOOD IS NEEDED.

It is a wonderful process that transforms the food into blood, and uses this blood to build up the various parts of the body; but this process is going on continually, supplying with life and strength each nerve, muscle, and tissue. Where wrong habits of diet have been indulged, there should be no delay in reform. When dyspepsia has resulted from abuse of the stomach, efforts should be carefully made to preserve the remaining strength of the vital forces, by removing every overtaxing burden. The stomach may never entirely recover health after long abuse; but a proper course of diet will save further debility, and many will recover more or less fully.

The Sanitarium Health Food Cafe

supplies the food that repairs the waste tissue.

Address: ROYAL CHAMBERS,
45 Hunter Street, City.

Write for descriptive price lists.

Max: "Hullo, Gustav, you look bad. What's up?"

Gustav: "Working from morning till night is no joke."

Max: "I should think not. How long have you been at it?"

Gustav: "I begin to-morrow morning."

FIRE INSURANCE.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE.

Established 1809.

Paid up Capital and Fire Funds, £3,650,000;
Total Funds, £17,800,000.

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64 Pitt-street, Sydney.



From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(BY UNCLE BARNABAS).

THE GREAT DIVIDE.

If you were travelling on the C.P.R. (short for Canadian Pacific Railway), and were crossing "the Rockies" in B.C. (who knows what B.C. stands for here?), near the little town of Laggan, almost on the borders of Alberta, you would see from the windows of your car a kind of arch built of three big logs strapped together by another cross-log [—] and across the top of these three logs, in the form of an arch, the three words (all made out of logs) that are at the top of this column:

GREAT THE DIVIDE.

Standing all around you would be dead fir-trees, and on ahead of you more peaks of "the Rockies." But what is the log arch, and its log-lettered motto for? It is to let the travellers know that they are at the very spot at which, when the rain falls, one stream will start off and run on to the Pacific Ocean, and at the same time and from the same spot, another stream will start on its journey to the Hudson's Bay, which, as you will see if you look at the map, is another way of saying to the Atlantic. There at that spot is "the Great Divide!" But the very day you "Sevens-to-Seventeens" read this, you will come to a "great divide." You will be asked to choose between good and bad, between right and wrong. Well, then, will you remember that if you start your stream on the right course it will never stop, but will run on into the Great Ocean of Eternal Righteousness, and if you start it on the wrong course it will never stop until it runs into the deep Black Sea of Eternal Wrongness. What I mean is this, that once you start a word or an action on the evil side you will never stop it, and once you start a word or an action on the good side no power on earth can ever stop it. Oh, young travellers, look out for the "Great Divide" upon the railway of your life, for you will come to it to-day.

FOR SUNDAY.

Uncle B. will give one of Faber's useful and neatly-mounted Blue-pencils (1s each), texts.

1. By "original," Uncle B. means it must be made out of your own head, or if you are under 12, someone may help you, but it must not be copied.

2. Any Sevens-to-Seventeens may compete.

3. Every text chosen must have no more than ten words, one of which must be omitted.

4. Together the missing words must form another text of not more than ten or less than six words.

Here is a sample:—

"The Lord seeth not man seeth," 1 Sam. 16, 7.

"I, even I, am that comforteth you," Is. 51, 12.

"Let him that he standeth, take heed," 1 Cor. 10, 12.

".... everything give thanks," 1 Thess. 5, 18.

"Let my last end be like" Num. 23, 10.

"God gave him another" 1 Sam. 10, 9.

"..... doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head," Rom. 12, 20.

"This the way, walk ye in it," Is. 30, 21.

"Faithful is that calleth you," 1 Thes. 5, 24.

How easy this is! Will you try? So as for the best set of original Missing Word to give our Sevens to Seventeens in other

States time, we will not close the competition until March 14.

What the Country Boy Wished!

I wish I was a city boy
Away from this dull place,
So I could dress respectable
And keep a dustless face;
It makes me mad when I lay down
Beneath the scarred old trees,
To be stung by a fiendish wasp,
An' wakened by the bees:
I wish I was a city boy,
Dressed up in dandy clothes,
So I could throw these togs away;
There's life where'er he goes.
He's not compelled to leave off shoes,
An' do the chores like me,
He's jest a big contented boy,
That's what I'd like to be!

What the City Boy Wished!

I wish I was a country boy,
Away from worldly care,
With happiness stowed in my heart
And fodder in my hair.
With naught to do but dream beneath
A lot of shady trees,
Knee-deep in the refreshing grass,
Fanned by the balmy breeze.
O, how I wish I was that boy,
In mis-fit sky-blue jeans;
With ne'er a thought of fancy clothes,
An' right mid Nature's scenes;
With freckled face and bashful ways,
With dirty, shoeless feet,
And with a shaggy dog for chum,
Such living can't be beat!

(A gentleman, just back from Canada, read the above verses in a paper in the Land of the Snows, and has kindly passed them on for "Grit's" boys' and girls' column.)

ANSWERS.

I. BURIED BIBLE TREES (Jan. 23rd).

1. Cedar; 2. Palm; 3. Thorn; 4. Fir and Bay.

II.—BIBLE ANIMALS.

1. Lion; 2. Ant; 3. Owl; 4. Goat, Ass and Asp.

III.—KINGS AND A CITY.

Darius.
Agrippa.
Manasseh.
Augustus.
Solomon.
Cyrus.
Uzziah.
Sennacherib.

How many words from "SEPAR?"

Uncle B. can make spear, spare, pares, pears, parse, rapes, reaps.

Error.

Error.—In last week's "Grit," in the Bible Arithmetic problem, for Psalm 150, read Psalm 119.

MISSING WORDS

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GOOD CUP OF TEA AT ANY HOUR.

ALREADY NECESSARY TO ENLARGE THE PREMISES AGAIN

LABOUR LEADERS AND THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

A TRENCHANT MANIFESTO.

The following manifesto on the subject of Temperance legislation was issued last month by the Trade Union and Labour Officials' Temperance Fellowship, 22, West Square, Southwark, London, S.E.:—

"A manifesto is in course of circulation at the present time among trade unionists and members of friendly societies professing to be issued in the name of the National Freedom Defence League, an organisation which is apparently without either officers or offices. It is evidently drawn up in the interests of the brewers and liquor-sellers, and not in the interests of the workers, whose 'liberty' it professes to defend. The manifesto violently attacks the Government Licensing Bill, which has not been introduced, and the provisions of which are not yet known. It suggests the signature of a petition against the Bill. We, the undersigned leaders of labour, appeal to you to refuse your signature to any such petition, but, on the contrary, to give fair and candid consideration to the Bill when it is introduced, and to support a policy of reform calculated to remedy the admitted evils that flow from the liquor traffic."

THE LABOUR PARTY'S DECLARATION.

The necessity for reform of these evils was recognised by the declaration which was passed at a meeting of the National Labour Party, held in the Memorial Hall, London, on February 16, 1906, with Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., in the chair, when Mr. S. Fisher (Coal Trimmers) moved and Mr. F. W. Welsh (Vellum Binders) seconded the following resolution: "It being admitted by judges, magistrates, chief constables, Poor Law administrators, governors of gaols and lunatic asylums, ministers of religion of all denominations, and social workers generally that the liquor traffic is a fruitful source of poverty, crime and lunacy, this Conference is of opinion that the time has arrived when the workers of the nation should demand that a law be enacted giving the inhabitants of every locality the right to veto any application for either the renewal of existing licenses or the granting of new ones, seeing that public-houses are generally situated in thickly populated working class districts." The voting by card resulted in the adoption of the resolution by a majority of more than six to one, thus:—For the resolution, 666,000; against, 103,000.

"A FRAUDULENT PROFESSION."

The Labour Party Conference in Belfast last year decided that any measure of Temperance reform should confer upon localities full and unfettered power for dealing with the licensing question in accordance with local opinion. By this means localities should be enabled to (a) prohibit the sale of liquor within their boundaries, (b) reduce the number of licences and regulate the conditions under which they may be held, and (c) if a locality decides that licences are to be granted, to determine whether such licences shall be under private or any form of public control. As far back as 1893 nearly 200 Labour leaders, comprising all the most prominent trade unionists of that day, replied in a public manifesto to the charge that licensing legislation would interfere with the liberties of the working classes.

Speaking of the Bill introduced in that year to establish the principle of "popular control," they said that the opponents of that measure "profess to be intensely interested in the protection of the liberties of the working classes. It is a fraudulent profession. The liberty which most of them really desire to maintain is the liberty of privileged monopolists to exploit the working classes, and to draw and suck from them their money by indirect means. 'Liberty of the people!' Could any cry be more absurd? As at least six-sevenths of all entitled to vote belong to what are called 'the poorer classes,' it is sheer mockery and insult of the monopolists to tell them that the measure will enable the rich to tyrannise over them."

The writers of the National Freedom Defence League manifesto profess the same interest for the liberties of the workers. The answer is the same. It is again a fraudulent profession. The establishment of popular control over the liquor traffic is an extension and not a curtailment of the liberties of the people. The emancipation of the nation from the influence of drink is indispensable for the full freedom of democracy.

LIQUOR AS THE ENEMY OF LABOUR.

We think it unnecessary to reply point by point to the assertions made in the National Freedom Defence League manifesto as to the possible or conjectural effects of an unknown Bill. We content ourselves at present with the following replies to its statements.

1. Licensing reform would not cause unemployment, but help to remedy it. It has been truly said that the liquor trade "pays less wages in proportion to its profits, and kills more employes in proportion to their numbers than any other trade in the world." If any portion of our excessive drink bill of £166,000,000 a year is cut down as the result of legislation, there is a probability that the money thus saved would be diverted and spent in other industries, and in most other trades it would employ more labour and provide a greater share of remuneration to the workers.

2. It is absurd to attempt to make out that the liquor traffic is of any benefit to the friendly societies or the trade union movement for experience shows that excessive drinking is one of the greatest obstacles to the progress and efficiency of working-class movements. It embarrasses and hampers the trade union movement because it lessens the industrial efficiency of the workers, weakens their power of effective combination, and squanders the resources that might be better spent in securing the aims of trade unionism.

3. Those who manufacture and sell liquor are generally the enemies of the pro-

gress of the working classes. For the last thirty-five years the liquor trade as a whole has flung its whole electoral force dead against the interests of the people. Its motto, "Our trade our politics," is a sinister avowal that it sets its own trade interests above the welfare of the nation. This latest manifesto of the liquor trade is nothing but an insidious attempt to make the working classes the cat paw of the drink monopoly. We earnestly urge trade unionists and members of friendly societies to decline to have anything to do with it.

The manifesto is signed by the following:—Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., president; Mr. D. J. Shackleton, M.P., treasurer; the following vice-presidents—Messrs. John Burns, M.P., G. N. Barnes, M.P., W. Crooks, M.P., C. Duncan, M.P., A. H. Hill, M.P., J. Hodge, M.P., John Johnson, M.P., F. Maddison, M.P., G. Nicholls, M.P., T. Richards, M.P., A. Richardson, M.P., P. Snowden, M.P., J. W. Taylor, M.P., and S. Walsh, M.P.; the following members of the committee, Messrs. Thomas Burt, M.P., S. W. Belderson, J. Ramsay McDonald, M.P., T. F. Richards, M.P., W. C. Steadman, M.P., and John Wilson, M.P. (Durham); and Harry Gosling, L.C.C. (hon secretary).

KIPLING'S LATEST POEM.

Seven hundred survivors of the troop who served in the Indian Mutiny were entertained at dinner by the London "Daily Telegraph" on December 23. During the evening Mr. Lewis Waller, the well-known actor, recited the following poem, which Mr. Rudyard Kipling had written to commemorate this last muster:—

1857-1907.

To-day, across our fathers' graves
The astonished years reveal
The remnant of that desperate host,
Which cleansed our East with steel.

Hail and farewell! We greet you here,
With tears that none will scorn—
O keepers of the house of old,
Or ever we were born!

One service more we dare to ask,
Pray for us, heroes, pray,
That when Fate lays on us our Task,
We do not shame the day.

Mrs. Suburbs: "How long were you in your last place?"

Bridget O'Shaunnessy: "Three months, ma'am."

Mrs. Suburbs: "Is it possible?"

Bridget O'Shaunnessy: "Yes, ma'am, but it wasn't me fault. Oi had de smallpox, an' de house was quarantined."

Yes! We Make Good Bread!

If you would like to try the Bread, ring up No. 192 Redfern, or 367 Newtown,
and ask us to send a Cart. YOU WILL CERTAINLY LIKE IT.

WILLIAM WHITE

Redfern and Newtown

How the World Moves

On an average 700 British subjects are yearly born at sea.

Spain's population has increased by only 3,000,000 in the past forty-five years.

A Frenchman can secure a divorce from his wife if she goes on the stage without his consent.

In France the doctor's claim on the estate of a deceased patient has precedence of all others.

The number of leaves on a large 60ft. high oak tree has been counted, and found to exceed 6,000,000.

An eating-house, made entirely of compressed paper, has been erected in Hamburg. The dining-room is large enough to accommodate 150 persons.

The dolphin is a weatherwise fish. During a fierce gale or storm at sea the mariner knows that the end is near if he can see a dolphin sporting on the high waves.

The result of tests carried out in the German army proves that 68lb. is the outside weight the average soldier can carry on a day's march without injuring his heart.

It is interesting to note, that the legal weight of a penny is one-third, of the half-penny one fifth, and of the farthing one-tenth of an ounce avoirdupois. The half-penny is lin. in diameter.

Mr. Nathaniel Moore, of the Rock Island Railway, U.S.A., celebrated his inheritance of £150,000 by giving a dinner which cost £4,000. The men guests were presented with favors of gold and diamond sleeve-buttons, and the women with pearl necklaces.

It is a popular fallacy that fountain pens are quite a modern invention. As a matter of fact, an old work of reference published in 1795 contains an illustration of a fountain pen, the appearance of which is very much like those sold at the present time.

People sometimes lose their noses by disease or in fights, and some have lost them in war. For noseless persons the most appropriate organs are said to be of wax, and the best ones, according to an American journal, cost about £35, though a really good one can be got for £15. A nose made of papier mache may be bought for £15.

A CURE FOR BAD TEMPER

The manager of a large laundry business recently cured two of his men who could never agree with each other on account of their bad tempers. These men's duties caused them to work side by side in the laundry; and, owing to their quarrelsome natures, they were constantly in hot water, in more senses than one. At last their employer hit upon the following plan to cure them: He put the two men, one inside the building and the other outside, to clean all the windows on the premises. There they were, face to face with each other, without being able to exchange a word. At last the charm began to work, for the whole of the work-people were laughing at them. Noticeing this, the two men could not help but smile at each other, and at last broke out in a hearty roar of laughter. The cure was permanent, for they have been good-tempered friends ever since.

Hubbubs: "Are you ever bothered with tramps out here?"

Subbubs: "No; I have a sign on the gate reading, 'We are vegetarians, but our dog isn't.'"

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Mr. McCleery, 4/-; Mr. Hancock, 5/-; Mr. S. G. Vickery, 5/-; Miss Butterworth, 2/6; Mr. Butterworth, 1/3; Rev. Charlton, 2/6; Mr. Puckering, 2/8; Mr. Crowther, 2/6; Miss Warrington, 2/2; Mr. O'Connor, 5/-; Mr. Cope, 3/9; Mr. von der Heyde, 5/-; Miss Vernon, 5/-; Mrs. Bowman, 2/6; Mr. Reddish, 5/6; Mrs. Masterman, 1/3; Rev. Reavley, 2/2; Mr. Perry, 5/-; Miss Campbell, 1/-; Mr. Elliott, 1/3; Miss McGillie, 1/3; Miss Way, 4/-; Mrs. Cooper, 2/6; Mr. Pattison, 1/4; Mr. Barr, 2/-; Rev. Best, 2/6; Mr. Fleming, 2/6; Rev. Benjamin, 5/-; Miss Hilder, 1/3; Miss Badgery, 2/6; Mrs. Edwards, 4/-; Mr. T. Savage, 5/-; Rev. Woodhouse, 2/6; Mr. Gunn, 1/3; Mr. Clough, 2/7; Mr. Cameron, 5/-; Mrs. Dixon, 2/6; Mr. Bales, 2/6; Mr. Cooke, 5/-; Mrs. H. Smith, 3/9; Mrs. Dawson, 2/6; Mrs. H. L. Dixon, 5/-; Mr. Beaumont, 3/-; Mrs. Scobie, 2/-; Miss Rootes, 1/3; Mr. Phillips, 2/6; Mr. Taylor, 2/6.

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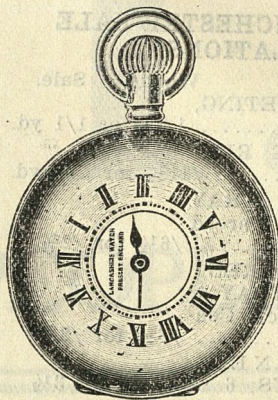
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WHITE APPLIQUE RUN- NERS, 14 x 42.....	11½	for 8½ yd.
WHITE FRINGED TRAY Cloths, Drawn Thread Centres, 16 x 22.....	6½	for 2¾
COLOURED BORDERED FRINGED TRAY CLOTHS, Fancy Cen- tres, 16 x 22	6½	for 2¾
HAND-MADE TENER- IFFE D'OYLEYS, 6 x 6	4½	for 3½
FANCY EMBROIDERED SILK D'OYLEYS, 6 x 6	7½	for 3½
WHITE MERCERISED TABLE DAMASK....	1/6	for 1/-
SERVETTES	2/3	for 1/6 dz.
WHITE MERCERISED SERVETTES, 22 x 22	7/6	for 5/11 dz.
WHITE MERCERISED SERVETTES, 24 x 24	10/9	for 7/11 dz.
COLOURED BORDERED TABLE COVERS, Fringed, 40 x 40,	1/9	for 1/3
WHITE MERCERISED DAMASK CLOTHS, hemmed, 64 x 82	5/11	for 4/6
WHITE MERCERISED DAMASK CLOTHS, hemmed, 72 x 90.....	7/6	for 5/11
ALL-OVER TUCKED MUS- LIN, 30in., excellent quality	11½	for 6½
TURKISH TOWELS, 12 x 26	2/9	for 1/6 dz.
WHITE TURKISH TOWELS— 22 x 54	6½	for 4½
25 x 60	1¼	for 1/-
GLASS TOWELS, Colored Border, hemmed, 20 x 28	6/6	for 4/11 dz.
CHECKED GLASS TOW- ELLING, 16in.	3½	for 2½ yd.
57in. WHITE DAMASK ..	1/11	for 1/6 yd.
72in. WHITE DAMASK ..	2/6	for 1/9 yd.
UNBLEACHED TURKISH TOWELS— 18 x 48	7½	for 5½
18 x 54	9½	for 6½

WINN'S BIG DRESS BARGAINS FOR SALE TIME.

42in. ALL-WOOL CREPOLINE, embroide- red with Silk, Wine, and Cream; worth 2/6 down to 1/3 yd.	
40in. PLAIN SILK VOILE in Pale Pink, Navy, and Mid-brown; worth 2/11, for 1/6 yd.	
40in. ALL-WOOL CREPELINE, heavy- weight, in Nil, Fawn, Reseda, Grey, Helio., Vieux Rose, Mid-brown; worth 1/11, for 1/3 yd.	
40in. ALL-WOOL CREPELINE, embroide- red, self-coloured, silk sprig, in Fawn, Re- seda, Turquoise, Nil; worth 2/6, down to 1/4½ yd.	
42in. ALL-WOOL CREPELINE, embroide- red, coloured, silk sprig, in Fawn, Tur- quoise, and Nil, worth 2/11, for 1/6 yd.	
42in. SILK and WOOL TAFFETA VOILE, large 2in. check on small block ground in Grey, Sky, Turquoise, Nil, and Helio., worth 3/11; down to 1/9 yd.	

42in. PHANTOM CHECK NUN'S VEILING, in Reseda, Mid and Light Grey; worth 2/3 for 1/- yd.	
42in. ALL-WOOL FINE SERGE, Phantom Check, suitable for autumn season cos- tumes, in Hydrangea, Blue, and full Helio. worth 2/6, for 1/3.	
40in. SELF-EMBROIDERED PANAMA on Phantom Check ground, in full Sky, Re- seda, Myrtle, and Sky; worth 1/6, for 11½ yd.	
44in. PLAIN SICILIAN, in Hydrangea, Smoke-brown, Grey, Peacock, Cardinal; worth 2/11, down to 1/3 yd.	
NAVY SICILIAN, Dark and Mid Shades; worth 1/9, for 1/- Light Navy and Black, bright-finish Sicilians; worth 1/3, for 10½.	
42-44in. ALL-WOOL FRENCH CASHMERE, few odd shades in Greys, Helio., Peacock, Fawn; worth 2/3, for 1/1½ yd.	
42in. LUSTRE, line-check design, on Cream ground, in Sky, Fawn, and Pink; worth 2/3, down to 1/- yd.	
40in. ALL-WOOL CANVAS VOILE, in Fawn Grey, Nil, Reseda, Helio., and Light Brown; worth 1/11, for 8½ yd.	
38in. CANVAS VOILE, in Grey, Cornflower, Helio., Reseda, Sea Green; worth 1/11½, for 5¾ yd.	
44in. ALL-WOOL CANVAS VOILE, heavy- weight, in Eau-de-nil, Fawn, Helio.; worth 1/6, for 8½ yd.	
40in. ALL-WOOL CANVAS VOILE, in Fawn Grey, Helio, Nil, Peacock; worth 1/11½, for 7½ yd.	
40in. VOILES, White-lined Check on Dark Grounds, in Navy, Red, Violet, Sky, Helio; worth 9½, half-price 4¾ yd.	
40in. CHIFFON VOILE, Block Stripes, in Pinks, Helio, Black, Grey, and Navy; worth 1/6, for 9¾ yd.	
40in. HAIRLINE VOILES, in Pink, Helio, Sky, with effective mercerised cord, ½in. apart, running through; worth 1/6, for 9¾ yd.	
30in. HALF-MOURNING MUSLINS, Black Mercerised Stripe Ground, with White and Grey Spots, Stripes, Wave, and Me- dallion Designs, highly effective; worth 6, for 2¾ yd.	
32in. PLAIN ORGANDI MUSLINS, in Black, Cream, Buttercup, Eau-de-nil, and Fawn; worth 10½, for 4½ yd.	
26in. WHITE LACE STRIPE MUSLINS; worth 2¾, for 1½ yd.	
26in. WHITE LACE STRIPE MUSLINS, worth 3¾, for 1/11 doz.	
WHITE MUSLINS, Lace Stripe, Check, and Spot Designs; worth 5½, for 2¾ yd.	
28in. FULL CREAM SWISS SPOT MUS- LINS; worth 5½, for 2¾ yd.	
29in. PARIS GROUND SWISS MUSLIN, White Spot, Sprig, and Wave Designs; worth 6½, for 3¾ yd.	
30in. CHAMPAGNE SWISS MUSLINS, White Embroidered Spot, and Sprig; worth 10½, for 6½.	
27-28in. ALL-WOOL FRENCH CASHMERE BLOUSING, in Lattice, Floral, and Meda- llion Designs, on Red, Cream, and Navy Grounds; worth 1/11, for 1/1½ yd.	
26-28in. ALL-BLACK SWISS MUSLINS, in Spots, Lace, and Cord Stripe, and Fancy Designs; worth 5/9, for 2/9 doz.	
31in. DELAINETTES, Plain and Crepe fin- ish, Cream Grounds, pretty Medallion and	

Spot Designs, various colours, all fast dyes; worth 6¾d, for 4¾ yard.	
31in. DELAINETTES, Hairline Grounds, in Navy, Pink, Nil, Helio, Sky, with contrast Spray Block Stripe, and Medallion effects; worth 6¾, for 4¾ yd.	
30in. DELAINETTES, Block Stripe, Cream grounds, and Turquoise Helio, Nil, and Pink stripes; worth 6, for 3½.	
26in. CREPE DELAINETTE, in Navy, Black and Light-coloured grounds, in Spots, Sprigs, Medallion, and Stripes Designs, all fast colours; smartly effective; worth 5½, for 2/11 doz.	
27in. ORGANDI MUSLINS, Pretty Floral Designs, in Pink, Sky, Nil, Helio, and Grey; worth 6½, for 3¾ yd.	
20in. JAPANESE SILK, in Black, White, and all colours; worth 10½, for 7½ yd.	
23in. JAPANESE SILK, in Black, White, and all colours; worth 1/3, for 1/- yd.	
27in. JAPANESE SILK, in Black, White, and all colours; worth 1/11, for 1/6 yd.	
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