

GRIFF.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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THE BLACK STAIN.

Here is a terrace of "cottage" homes, with a big patch of waste ground in front and a portion cut up into little gardens, which are gay with big yellow sunflowers.

They are four-roomed houses, and each house is occupied by one family.

A bare-footed child with tousled, dirty hair is playing at the door of one of the houses. The child's apparel suggests that all is not well with the family conditions indoors. Let us enter. We pass through a fair-sized front room into a kitchen, which has a wash-house beyond it. In the kitchen, which is in a condition of foulness that beggars description, are four dirty, ragged, and neglected children.

A sturdy boy of 16 is eating a herring for his dinner. A quantity of butter in dirty paper and some plates with the remains of a stew of some kind are lying upon a table black with slimy dirt. The children are unspeakably filthy. When the mother's attention is called to their condition the boy speaks up.

"It's the fall of the leaf," he says; "they're always like that at the fall of the leaf."

One of the younger children, a little girl of 4, has an open wound on her bare foot. The wound is in a shocking condition, and is caked with dirt. The boy is asked if this is due to "the fall of the leaf," and he replies that he doesn't think it is, "but she's such a one for getting her feet trod on—they're always in the way."

The room upstairs, in which the children sleep, is about as bad as can be. But in the parents' room are framed certificates, which shows that the father belongs to a first-class friendly society, and is a skilled craftsman.

His earnings are good, and it transpires that he "pays everything," supplying the food for the home himself. There is evidence that of food there is no lack. The children are all well nourished. But the man cannot trust his wife with money to provide the daily meals of the home. The condition of the children points plainly to the reason.

There is no question of overcrowding here. There are air and space, a good water supply, a wash-house, fair-sized rooms, a green look-out, and flowers growing bravely in the garden.

Yet the home conditions in this house are fouler than any I have seen in the lowest slum. The condition of the children would bring the law down upon any male or female tramp who passed with them through a town or country village. But this is the home of a family that has a house to itself into which comes a good and regular weekly income.

The foul environment and the cruelly-neglected children are due to the mother, and such a mother would make a foul environment and neglect her children if you gave her apartments in a Royal palace.

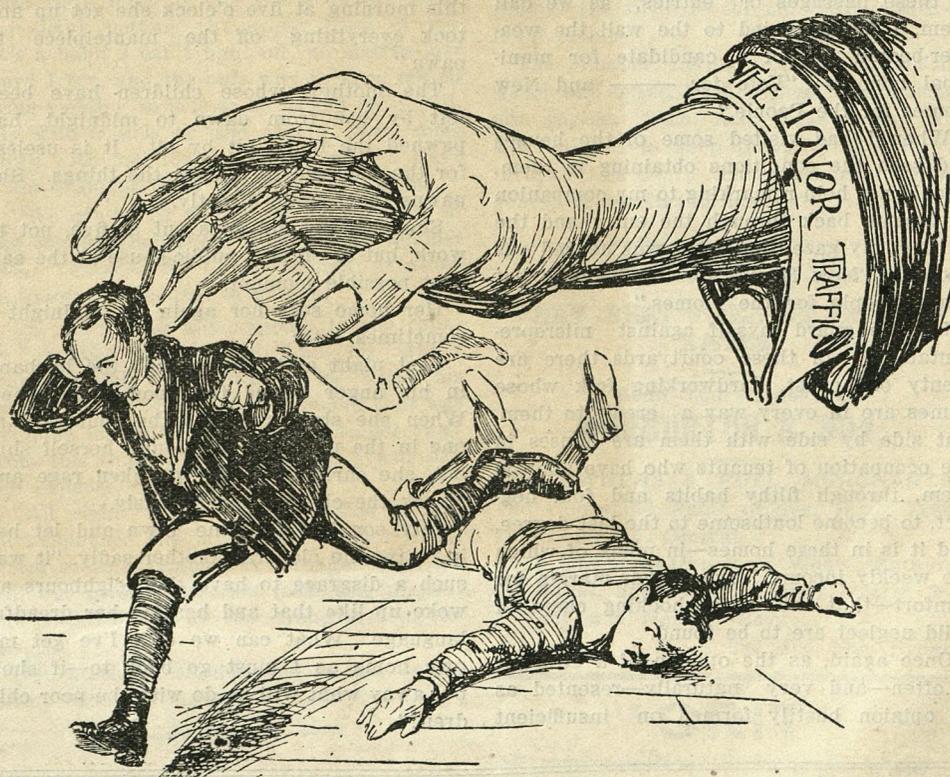
East and west, and north and south, in whatever direction you wander over London, this scandal is to be found, repeated

By GEO. R. SIMS.
(Reprinted from the London "Tribune.")
in all its horrifying detail, in street after street.

Will the reader who believes that I have over-painted the picture look at these National figures, which are the record of the National Society's work between July 8th, 1884, and September 30th, 1906?

- 935,543..Neglected and starved.
- 129,366..Assaulted and ill-treated.
- 32,696..Wretched little beggars and hawkers.
- 23,192..Morally outraged.
- 14,652..Sufferers in other ways.

1,135,449..Total number of children.
One million one hundred and thirty-five



THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC IS AFTER YOUR BOYS.

WANTED.

1000 boys for new customers. Most of our old customers are dropping out: suicide, gaol, the lunatic asylum, the hospital, have all claimed a number this week; most of the balance ain't worth bothering with, they've got no money; so we are obliged to have new customers, or we will have to close our bars. It doesn't make any difference whose boy you are—we need you—you will be welcome. If you once get started with us, we guarantee to hold you. Our goods are sure. Come early and stay late.

thousand four hundred and forty-nine helpless children cruelly neglected, ill-treated, and starved or morally outraged in England in a few years.

And these are only the cases that were found out.

In the face of these appalling figures of inhumanity, who is there who will dare to deny that this foul treatment of the Nation's children by the Nation's parents is indeed a Black Stain upon the Nation's Christianity?

SIXTH ARTICLE.

IN BIRMINGHAM.

The long extracts from the lucid and exhaustive report of Dr. Robertson, the Medical Officer of Health, on the unhealthy condition of certain areas in Birmingham form some of the most striking pages in Dr. Newman's "Infant Mortality."

After allowing everything for the bad housing, which is the fault of the property and not of the people, Dr. Robertson frankly acknowledges the conclusion to which he has been forced by his investigations.

"In addition, however, to all the contributing causes already mentioned, it is difficult to say whether drink, combined with ignorance and carelessness, does not play as important a part—even a more important part—than all the conditions of bad housing, smoky atmosphere, and poverty. . ."

Later on, in dealing with an area of misery, Dr. Robertson is equally frank: "Many of the homes if occupied by clean, active persons would have an entirely different appearance, and would be much more healthful than they are at the present time."

These words were in my mind as I came, in the course of my pilgrimage of pain, to an area in Birmingham which consists largely of courtyard houses. These houses contain, as a rule, four or five rooms, and the courtyard common to all the houses supplies the air space.

The courts are entered from the street by a narrow passage. At the top of many of these passages or "entries," as we call them, I found pasted to the wall the weather-beaten bill of a candidate for municipal honours: "Vote for — and New Homes for the People."

When I had visited some of the houses and seen the conditions obtaining in them, I could not help remarking to my companion as I came back through the entry and the bill met my gaze, that what was needed was not only "New Homes for the People," but "New People for the Homes."

Let me guard myself against misrepresentation. In these courtyards there are plenty of honest, hardworking folk whose homes are in every way a credit to them. But side by side with them are houses in the occupation of tenants who have allowed them, through filthy habits and foul neglect, to become loathsome to the last degree, and it is in these homes—in many of which the weekly income leaves a fair margin for comfort—that the most shocking cases of child neglect are to be found.

Once again, as the opinion of a stranger is often—and very naturally—resented as an opinion hastily formed on insufficient

knowledge, let me quote the Medical Officer of Health, who has made a close and constant study of the housing question in Birmingham. Speaking of one of the worst areas, Dr. Robertson says:—

"On the area we found a large number of skilled artisans who admitted very good wages, and who were apparently living in conditions of poverty from drink, gambling, or other unnecessary expenditure."

In justice to the skilled artisans—who, as a class, in Birmingham can hold their own with the artisans and craftsmen of any city in the kingdom—I would add that in the poverty areas, and even in the vicious and criminal areas of our large cities, I have found the families of men engaged in commercial callings and the families of professional men living in the most sordid conditions, although the income, if properly applied, was sufficient for all the ordinary comforts of a good home.

It is necessary that I should dwell upon this point, even at the risk of labouring it, for one of the most damning facts in connection with the widely-spread neglect of child-life which is the subject dealt with in these articles is that nine-tenths of the appalling total is not due to the insufficient means of the parents.

The second house on the right in this broad, sunny courtyard is that of a decent, hard-working man, who earns on an average £2 10s a week.

But his children are being cruelly and shamefully neglected. He is away at his work when we enter his home. We have come to see his wife in order to ascertain if she has made any improvement in the condition of her little ones.

There is no wife visible, but an old, grey-haired Granny steps forward and says that she has come to help her son in his trouble and to look after the children as best she can.

The poor old woman, with tears in her eyes, explains her son's hopeless position.

"He can't do anything with her," she says, alluding to the absent wife. "She came home last night at half-past twelve, and this morning at five o'clock she got up and took everything off the mantelpiece to pawn."

The mother, whose children have been left by her from dawn to midnight, has pawned the home bit by bit. It is useless for the husband to redeem the things. She pawns them again directly.

She gets up and goes out at five, not to work, but to enter a public-house at the earliest possible moment.

Her home sees her again at midnight—sometimes later.

Last night at twelve o'clock the husband in his anger closed the door against her. When she staggered into the courtyard at one in the morning, and found herself shut out, she shrieked in her drunken rage and struck the closed door furiously.

"My son had to come down and let her in," says the old grandmother sadly, "it was such a disgrace to have the neighbours all woke up like that and hearing her dreadful language. What can we do? I've got my own home as I must go back to—if she's put away what will he do with the poor children?"

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It is a problem that wants thinking out. When the parent is punished the children have frequently to pay a further penalty. If the mother is removed to an Inebriates' Home or sent to gaol the father must find someone to look after his children. If the father is taken the earner of the rent is taken, and unless the mother can make it up she and the children are homeless. We leave the problem for the present and pass into another courtyard.

Here is the home of a man whose average earnings are £3 10s per week. His occupation is one which takes him away for lengthened periods. He has remitted generously every week to his wife. Yet a short time ago the home was bare. There was not even a scrap of bedding in it.

Here the pawnbroker has been the means of bringing the case to the notice of the authorities. There are six children in this family, and their condition had become so awful that at last the pawnbroker refused to take in the things that the mother sent them to pledge that she might get more drink.

The pawnbroker was horrified at the awful spectacle the unhappy children presented when they crawled into one of his little boxes. They were verminous and clad in filthy rags. Their features were scarcely visible under the accumulated dirt of weeks. His heart was touched with pity for the unhappy children, and he reported the horror at the office of the National Society.

(To be continued.)

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ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE.

A world's record has just been created by the celebration in the little village of Isonbolgi, Hungary, of the anniversary of a wedding which occurred just 100 years ago. All Hungary is interested, and the Emperor has asked the authorities to forward to him official particulars, so that he can personally congratulate the couple.

The long-wedded couple are named Szathmari. The husband is 120 years old and the wife 116. They have hundreds of descendants in and around the village.

A score of years ago there was a celebration in honour of the man's 100th birthday, and application was made to the Hungarian Government for a pension. It was granted after the records of the village had been examined and the man's age verified. Four years later the woman also was granted a pension.

The old people live in a modest cottage, and are well looked after by relatives. They are nearly blind and deaf, and sleep nearly all the time. The man, however, still enjoys his pipe and glass of wine, and neither is bedridden.

It is a strange fact that in all their years they have never left the village, and know nothing of the great world outside of Isonbolgi. They were both born there, and have lived continuously a quiet and peaceful life.

The celebration of their 100th wedding day was participated in by the entire village, which is proud of having established, without any doubt, a world's record.

THE BISHOP AND THE COACHMAN.

A young coachman who had driven his master to lunch with a certain famous bishop, who was very hard of hearing, was talking to the bishop's coachman in the harness-room. Presently the bishop himself appeared in the stable courtyard with his guest, to whom he was showing his country house. Noticing his man, the bishop crossed over the yard to him and gave orders for the carriage to be ready at six o'clock in the evening. "Yes, my lord," said the coachman, "I'll attend to it. A fat old body like you needs to be driven about."

The younger man stared aghast when he saw the bishop walk away to his guest, with a nod and a smile, taking apparently no heed of his servant's gross rudeness.

"D'you always talk to your Governor like that?"

"In course," was the answer. "Never let myself be bullied by these people. Does 'em good, my boy. Don't you be put on by nobody. Why, his lordship's given me two rises in a year, let alone doubled my Christmas-box."

The very next day the bishop's guest, having returned home, gave some orders in person to his man.

"All right, sir," said the young coachman; "I'll see to it at once. A fool like you can't be trusted anywhere."

To his surprise he was instantly dismissed, and in great indignation he repaired to the bishop's coachman for explanation.

"See what you have done for me!" he cried. "I got no bloomin' rise. I jolly well got sacked, straight."

"Serve you right, too," said the elder man. "You ain't no judge of men. Didn't I tell you as how the old bishop is stone deaf?"

THE SPREAD NET.

A young man carelessly formed the habit of taking a glass of liquor every morning before breakfast. An older friend advised him to quit before the habit should grow too strong.

"Oh, there's no danger; it's a mere notion. I can quit any time," replied the young man.

"Suppose you try it to-morrow morning," suggested the friend.

"Very well, to please you I'll do so, but I assure you there's no cause for alarm."

A week later the young man met his friend again.

"You are not looking well," observed the latter. "Have you been ill?"

"Hardly," replied the other one. "But I am trying to escape a great danger; and fear that I shall be before I shall have conquered. My eyes were opened to an imminent peril when I gave you that promise a week ago. I thank you for your timely suggestion."

"How did it affect you?" inquired the friend.

"The first trial utterly deprived me of appetite for food. I could eat no breakfast, and was nervous and trembling all day. I was alarmed when I realized how insidiously the habit had fastened on me, and resolved to turn square about and never touch another drop. The swearing off has pulled me down severely, but I am gaining and mean to keep the upper hand after this. Strong drink will never catch me in his net again."

THE WEAKENED WILL.

"I want to be locked up in jail." There was a positive accent on the last word and a definite convincing ring in the tone of voice that made the sheriff of Atlanta, Ga., drop his pen and wheel around in his chair with more alacrity than usual.

"Why, what have you done to be locked up?" inquired the deputy sheriff with some amazement as he turned and faced a man of middle age whose appearance in every detail bore out the first conviction that he was a gentleman," says the Atlanta Constitution.

"I haven't done anything," was the response, "but I want to be locked up and that right now. I feel this accursed thirst for drink getting the upper hand of me. It's a habit I can't fight off, no matter how hard I try, and the only way to keep myself from yielding to it is to be locked up in jail. My wife is sick or she would have come down with me, for she knows what a slave I am to liquor when it gets a hold on me."

"We can't lock you up on the expense of the county when there is no charge against you," returned the deputy sheriff, at a loss to know what course to pursue.

"It needn't be any expense to the county," replied the visitor, and his strong frame visibly trembled as he stood his ground and fought back the demon that was gripping his soul. "I only want to get away from this thing for a while and I will pay the expense, whatever it is."

"All right, then," said the sheriff, and he telephoned the jail, and the man whose moral sense of right was stronger than his will was given protection from this unseen, but powerful, foe by the strong arm of the law.

How much better, however, to lock up the enemy than the victim.

Robert Smith, brother of Sydney Smith, and an ex-Advocate-General, on one occasion engaged in an argument with a physician over the relative merits of their respective professions.

"I don't say that all lawyers are crooks," said the doctor, "but you'll have to admit that your profession doesn't make angels of men."

"No," retorted Smith; "you doctors certainly have the best of us there."

LADIES, BEWARE!

A well-known humorist tells the following story, evidently meaning it to convey a warning.

"When I was a boy in Geneva," he says, "I was once taken through an asylum that was not far from the town.

"Many strange, many terrible things I saw in this place, but what affected me most deeply was the sight of a young man, of intelligent and refined appearance, who sat with his head in his hands, mumbling over and over and over again, without a pause:—

"I can't strap it round my waist, and it won't go in my pocket. It isn't a motor horn, because it won't blow. It isn't a lamp, for it won't light. I can't put it on my feet, and it will not go over my head. It is neither a fountain pen, a pipe, nor a balloonist's barometer. It looks like a golf glove, but it is not a tennis racquet. I can't—"

"Turning away, I asked the keeper the young man's history.

"Ah, sir, a sad case," the keeper said. "One year ago that there young man was properous and renowned—the finest puzzle inventor and decipherer for miles round. But last Christmas his young lady friend gave him a present made with her own hands, and in tryin' to determine its name and its use the poor fellow became what you see."

"Yo said, in yo' sermon, Brother Dickey, dat Jonah wuz eat up by de whale?"

"I sho' did."

"Well, den, how comes he live to tell it?"

That seemed to stagger the old man, but he gathered himself together and replied:

"Dat's easy. Yo' see, Jonah wuz de fust fisherman, an' he had ter make a record."

A plumber was called to do some work in the house of a very rich woman. While engaged in the pantry, the mistress of the house came in, and, seeing that the china closet contained some of her most valuable silver, turned to the butler, saying, "James, remove the silver to the sideboard and lock it up at once."

The plumber, taking from his pocket his watch and purse, handed them to his assistant, saying, "Tom, take these to my wife and tell her to keep them for me till I'm through this job. There seem to be dishonest people in this house."

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GRINNERS AND GROWLERS.

A young woman recently applying for a position as domestic in a family, after an exhaustive examination by her prospective mistress as to qualifications, said, much to that lady's astonishment: "Now, ma'am, let me ask you one question before I say I'll work for you. Are you a grinner or a growler?"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Do you try to make the best of things as they come, or do you make the worst of them?"

"Why I try to make the best of things, I believe. I never gave much thought to the matter before."

"Then I'll work for you. I never could work for a growler, but I'd work day, and night, too, for a grinner. Growlers are so plenty now 'taint easy to find an out-and-out grinner."

It is a question every housewife might well ask herself: "Am I a grinner or a growler?" It is a question upon which depends the happiness of every household. No other department of life affords grander opportunities for the exercise of optimism than the home. Pessimism is creeping into every corner of the social fabric. It permeates business and society and educational institutions. "What's the use?" is the cry. Keep this mournful, nerve-destroying, soul-destroying wall out of the home, which should be the brightest, cheeriest spot on earth.

Every time a growler is changed to a grinner the world becomes a little brighter. "Grin and bear it," was old advice, and it's good to-day. Cheerfulness makes for long lives, good digestions, worldly success. Cheerfulness is the most contagious of all conditions. Let's catch it ourselves, and then do all we can to give it to others. Let all who are gridders continue to grin and all who are growlers turn gridders.

QUITE ENOUGH.

Bishop Thornton, now of Blackburn, when Bishop of Ballarat, in Australia, rode into a little township one night and knocked at the door of the only building which happened to be lighted. It was a newspaper

office. "Who's there?" asked a voice. "I am the Bishop of Ballarat," was the mild reply; "would you kindly direct me to the nearest hotel?" A burst of ribald laughter came from inside the building, and putting his head out of a window, one of the compositors gave this advice to the prelate—"Look here, old man, you've had quite enough hotel for one night. Go home and go to bed, or you'll be run in as sure as eggs!"

A MISTAKE.

Lawrence Mote, the well-known Canadian writer, at a dinner in New York condemned the car scorcher.

"I condemn," he said, "scorching and the scorcher, but I don't condemn the scorcher unheard. I don't condemn the accused man hastily. Hasty condemnation is always a mistake.

"Once on a Canadian railway I got off the train for a five-minute luncheon at a railway eating-bar.

"There was a man beside me gobbling away, and when he had finished I heard him say bitterly, as he took out his purse:

"Call that a ham sandwich? It's the worst ham sandwich I ever ate. No more taste than sawdust, and so small you could hardly see it."

"Ye've et yer ticket," said the waiter. "This here's yer ham sandwich."

AND HE DID.

A story is told of a high Indian officer who was in the habit of soundly thrashing his servants whenever they displeased him. One day he ordered his khansamah to go to a summer-house and wait for him there, presently turning up with a heavy horsewhip. He then addressed the offender.

"Now, you scoundrel, I've got you here, where no one can hear, and I'll just thrash you within an inch of your life."

The servant, though a man of powerful physique, squirmed native-like.

"Sah, you sure no one can hear?"

"Yes, you scoundrel; I've brought you here on purpose."

"Then, sah, I think I thrash you." And he did it so thoroughly that his master was not visible for a week.

A MILLIONAIRE'S RECIPE.

Sound philosophy—by no means new, but significant, considering the character of the man who uttered it—was taught by Mr. John D. Rockefeller in a recent address. He declared that "the only way to be perfectly happy is to do good to others." There is a prevalent idea that if any man has the means of being perfectly happy, it is he who is accounted one of the richest men in the world. It is a significant fact that a man so envied should give this result of his experience. He certainly speaks as one having authority. He knows the advantages of wealth, and is able, if anyone is, to give us a just estimate of its value.

Mr. Rockefeller's favourite lines are said to be these:

"There is so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us,
That it hardly behoves any of us
To talk about the rest of us."

They were written by Governor Hoch, of Kansas.

THE DOG'S WISDOM.

"One day I dipped a piece of cake in whiskey bitters and gave it to the dog," says a writer in an exchange. "He grudgingly ate it, curling up his lip to avoid the taste. Ere long he became tipsy—he howled most piteously, and naturally looked up in my face as if for help. He began to stagger and fall like a drunken man. The appearance of his face and eyes was extraordinary. He lay on the floor and howled until the effects of the drink wore off. This was supreme folly—it was wicked. The dog never forgot the trick. Whenever after I went for the bottle, he hastened to the outside of the house. One day, the door being shut, he sprang at one bolt through a pane of glass to get outside. So much for the wisdom of the dog—infinately surpassing foolish drinking men."

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Talk about People

A Great Gunn.

George Gunn, who has topped the averages in the test matches, furnishes a striking example of inherited cricketing skill. He is a member of the Gunn family which has done so much for Notts cricket, and a nephew of the famous William Gunn whose batting partnerships with the late Arthur Shrewsbury are writ large in the annals of first-class cricket. Mr. E. H. D. Sewell considers Gunn the best first slip in the English team, and "the Hayward of the side;" for Gunn has never forgotten his captain's remark at Leyton, when, with Notts saving the game, he had batted close on five hours. The time was ripe, he doubtless thought, when he might venture on helping himself to one of the numerous half volleys the Essex bowlers were offering. A beautiful four resulted. But A. O. Jones, who was the other batsman, looked on the score with rank disfavour, for runs were not wanted. "What on earth are you doing, George?" he shouted, and George, with a guilty look, murmured something about "too strong a temptation."

"Sixty Million Dollar Baby."

A boy who will never lack pocket-money is the son of Mrs. John Nicholas Brown, sister of Mrs. George Vanderbilt. Little Johnny, who is now seven years old, is heir to £2,000,000, and by the time he is twenty will be worth another £6,000,000 sterling. He has three palatial residences and a yacht, and when he travels he is accompanied by a special physician, a governess, a valet, two trained nurses, and six servants. John is by no means the richest baby in America, however. The baby boy lately born to Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, brother of the Duchess of Marlborough, would regard such an assertion with a contemptuous sniff; for he beats Brown's baby by some £10,000,000. The Vanderbilt youngster is heir to a little fortune of 60,000,000 dollars, his mother being a Miss Virginia Fair, who had £2,000,000 of her own at her marriage to add to her husband's fortune of £20,000,000. The richest boy in the world, however, is Marshall Field, the twelve-year-old millionaire, whose grandfather, a Chicago storekeeper, died last year and left a fortune of £30,000,000 sterling.

Lord Kelvin's Escape.

Great scientist though he was, it is a singular fact that the late Lord Kelvin sometimes failed to do simple addition or subtraction sums correctly. Once on a blackboard at Glasgow University he made two and two five, and, hearing the delighted laughter of the class, hastily altered the five to a three. On another occasion he said, "Seven times nine, Mr. Macfarlane, are a hundred and what?" (Pause.) "But, no; seven times nine cannot be a hundred and anything, for the square of a hundred is ten." How he nearly lost his life through his devotion to science was told by Lord Kelvin himself in the House of Lords some years ago. He was engaged in testing certain chemical ingredients which could be safely mixed together in particular proportions, but which became a highly explosive mixture if the weight of one element was exceeded. His assistant, in adjusting the difference between the decimal system and ordinary troy weight, measured out a quantity which would have meant certain death to both, and was just adding it to the mortar when Lord Kelvin noticed the mistake.

The President and Money-Making.

When Mr. Roosevelt was speaking recently in Ohio, there was an outburst of vigorous applause at his reference to the discouragement of dishonest rich men. Stopping abruptly, the President peremptorily directed that the applause should cease, and continued: "Wait a moment. I don't want you to applaud this part, unless you are willing to applaud the part I read first, to which you listened in silence. I stand straight for the rights of the honest man who wins a fortune by honest methods, as I stand against the dishonest man who wins a fortune by dishonest methods."

President Roosevelt here read the passage referred to, which ran: "Every manifestation of ignorant envy and hostility towards honest men who acquire wealth by honest means should be crushed at the outset by the weight of sensible public opinion."

Eyes of Famous Politicians.

A student of "eyeology" has lately been criticising and comparing the eyes of Lord Rosebery, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour and the British Premier. "Lord Rosebery's eyes," he says, "indicate a considerable degree of emotional feeling, sympathy, and loquacity. He greatly resembles Mr. Winston Churchill, and all men who are noted for their capability of expressing themselves in a redundant manner. Mr. Chamberlain's eyes denote discernment, authority, quickness, and astute calculation. They very clearly say: 'I'm master of the situation.' They express intensity of feeling which is well under control, and at the same time represent the intellectual side of his character. Mr. Balfour possesses grey, logical eyes of the intellectual type, combined with subtlety. Intuition is one of his strong points, but he cannot boast the eye which gives authority. The expression is that of the thinker, and, though frequently the laughing element comes into play, seriousness is the predominating factor. On the other hand, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's eyes indicate suavity and blandness, expressing ardour of feeling rather than coldness of intellect. They express also sympathy and urbanity."

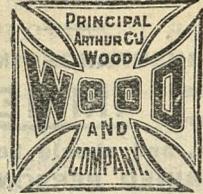
A King Who Objects to Titles.

King Haakon of Norway has scientific tastes. He is interested in new inventions, and especially in any contrivance which may be of use at sea or in the Navy. He also likes sport, is a fine shot, rides well to hounds, and is a first-rate billiard-player. King Haakon is a Knight of the Garter, and holds several other British dignities. It is curious to note that at the Court of Norway there are no nobles and no titles; and in this respect it resembles the Courts of Athens, Belgrade, and Bucharest. When he came to the throne he abolished the prefix of "Your Excellency" for Ministers and other dignitaries, and even wished to dispense with the title of "Majesty."

Dr. Fordyce.

The departure of the Rev. John Fordyce, D.D., who is returning to England after nearly twenty years service in New South Wales, creates a gap in religious circles here which will not readily be filled. A man of large heart and warm sympathies, the Doctor made friends of all with whom he came in contact, and his kindly face will be much missed from our midst. All causes which had the well being of humanity at heart found a ready supporter in him, whilst equally he never hesitated to speak out frankly and freely where he felt condemnation was

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merited. Always keeping abreast of public opinion, and studying every side of a popular question, his convictions were the outcome of careful thought, and never dictated by expediency.

More eloquent testimony as to the regard in which he was held could not have been given than was forthcoming at the valedictory gathering held last week in Pitt-street Congregational Church, when all Christian denominations were represented to wish him God speed on the eve of his departure. Canon Boyce testified to the splendid work of the Doctor in the battle against intemperance; the Rev. John Ferguson spoke of his untiring efforts to promote Christian Union, and with a happy touch of humour recommended the Doctor if inquiries were ever made about his happy face to tell them in England that he had spent the twenty best years of his life in Sunny New South Wales! The ministers of his own Church were emphatic that they could have wished him to finish his life's work out here, and all assembled were unanimous, as that could not be, in hoping for him a rich result to his labours in God's service wherever his lot in life might be cast—a wish that will be echoed in the hearts of all who know the Doctor.

"Yes, he is the craftiest upholsterer in town."

"In what way?"

"Why, he reads all the marriage notices in the papers."

"Does?"

"Yes, and then goes around to the bride's parents and asks them if they want the parlour sofa upholstered?"

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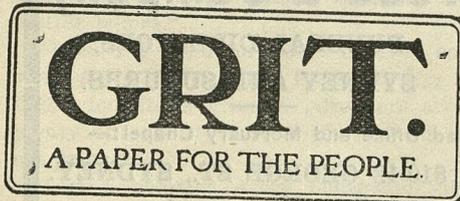
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"Grit, clear Grit."—A pure Americanism, standing for pluck, or Energy, or Industry, or all three. Reference is probably had to the sandstones used for grindstones—the more grit they contain the better they wear.

THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1908.

MARKING TIME.

In every branch of effort there arrives a time when to the worker it seems that, strive as he will, no further progress is apparent. For a time he has gone ahead in his undertaking; quite noticeably then comes the period when it seems that all his efforts result in no further advancement. To a boy apprenticed to any calling this feeling is most marked after the novelty of his first initiation has passed away, and it is when he reaches such a stage that a little friendly encouragement proves often a stimulus to continued effort. In New South Wales we may be said to be at such a stage in our efforts for Liquor Reform. The excitement attendant upon working for the first local option poll is past, and a reaction is inevitable. The next opportunity of ascertaining our progress is so far ahead that the temptation is to mark time, and perhaps it may not be out of place to point out the danger of such a course, and try and encourage those who may be feeling perhaps a little hopeless to renewed effort. We must not forget that "it's doggedness that does it," and only by continuous working is progress ensured. Sustained effort is essential now if good results are to be achieved hereafter. We have to fight a foe that will contest every inch of the ground; that is untiring and unsleeping, and when beaten down at one point fights all the harder elsewhere,

encouraged by staunch supporters of its own and strengthened by the apathy of those who should be arrayed against it. Sooner than we realise, the next battle will be upon us, and if we wish for a good result to the fight, now is the time to be preparing. No one can plead when it comes that the struggle was unexpected, and if we are not to lose the ground so hardly won we must close up our ranks now and rally every combatant round the flag of Liquor Reform and Progress.

INTERNATIONAL CRICKET.

The completion of the latest series of Test Matches between Australia and England leaves our own players with four victories against one defeat. When every allowance has been made for the visitors in respect to illness and weather conditions, careful analysis shows that the results are really in accordance with the respective abilities of the teams. If we except the fourth match at Melbourne, when the advantage the Englishmen had gained was more than discounted by the weather, we find that in all the other matches, after playing themselves into apparently a winning position, the visitors failed to push home their advantage on all but one occasion. It is on such failure that we should judge them to be the inferiors of our own players. The Australians have shown more than ever in these matches that "the game is never lost until it is won," and their tenacity in playing so many up-hill games to a successful finish has been most gratifying. One of the most satisfactory features of this season's play has been the form displayed by the "young Australians." Carter, Macartney, Ransford, Hartigan, O'Connor, and Hazlitt have all in turn shown that there are enough and to spare of young players only waiting their opportunity. The captaincy of Noble has left nothing to be desired, and altogether the future outlook from the Australian standpoint is encouraging. The visitors, though beaten, have not done at all badly, and they carry away with them the knowledge that they furnished more dramatic finishes and kept the public on tenterhooks longer during these matches than some Elevens which landed here with much greater reputations.

NOT POSSIBLE.

At the Water Police Court last week an Indian seaman, who was charged with drunkenness, raised the ingenious plea in defence "that he could not have been drunk as his religion forbade indulgence in intoxicating liquors." Unfortunately for poor Abdul, the independent evidence of his condition was overwhelmingly against him. But is not his argument typical of the attitude of many so-called Christians? Do we not often delude ourselves into thinking that the black in us is really quite a decent white when we feel that it would be to our advantage to do something that is directly contrary to the spirit of Christ's teaching? If

independent evidence were adduced as to the nature of many of our actions, we sadly fear that, as in the case of poor Abdul, it would be overwhelmingly against us. To wilfully lie or cheat we consider would be not possible for us with our Christian religion to guide us, yet when we examine our daily dealings, how many of us can show clean hands? We may argue that it is no business of ours to point out to the other fellow the bad side of a bargain we are trying to make with him. That is his lookout, and yet our religion teaches that we should "love our neighbour as ourself." How often do we raise our voice in protest at the action which is of incalculable harm to others so long as it does not affect us personally, or what effort do we make to remove temptation from the path of our weaker brethren? We agree that it is every man's duty to try and make the world better—and do nothing to remove the blots on our vaunted civilization; and so examples could be multiplied "ad infinitum." Could we but see ourselves as we really are, should we not all of us feel the need to pray the prayer of the Publican? For the good of ourselves and our fellow creatures, we should strive to look facts in the face and rouse ourselves to a stronger, truer effort to lift life's burden, be it ever so little, from the backs of those who cannot help themselves.

WOMEN'S PRIVILEGES AS RECHABITES.

At the recent Rechabite Conference in Melbourne a proposal was introduced to repeal the present laws governing the women's branch and to incorporate them with the male constitution. One delegate objected, on the ground that there would be a likelihood of women attending the annual conference. Another opposed women being given the right to vote on financial matters, in which they had no part. Another felt that it was too early to say that the women's tents were a failure, seeing their increase was greater per cent. than those of the male branch. Man dealing with man acted in a sensible manner, but when a woman was in the question the opposite was the case, because women were not understood of men. Another replied that under present arrangements friction and confusion obtain; consolidation was essential. Yet another saw in the innovation a splendid opportunity of gathering women under the Friendly Societies Act. The proposal was carried by a large majority. A motion to admit women as representatives at the annual and quarterly meetings was also carried.

"Any bottles? Any rags?"

"Queer combination you deal in my friend."

"Not so queer. People as has bottles generally has rags."

Ravages of Drink in Russia

"A BUDGET BUILT ON POISON."

Among the members of the third Duma, says the London "Tribune," there is a man who, when he speaks, is cheered enthusiastically by the whole Duma, without distinction of parties. This man is Tchelysheff, a peasant by origin and a merchant by trade. When his huge figure and striking face, with the thick black hair trimmed in Cossack fashion and raven moustaches "a la Guillaume," appeared in the rostrum for the first time, the thunderous tones of his voice attracted the strained attention not only of all the deputies and the public, but also that of the occupants of the Ministerial benches. He pronounced his maiden speech immediately after M. Stolypin had made his Ministerial declaration.

A TEMPERANCE CHALLENGE.

"I am amazed to have heard nothing from His Excellency concerning the most important, the most vital question in Russia—the drink question," cried Tchelysheff, in stentorian tones, gazing at the astonished Premier. The Duma was considerably startled by this daring outburst. Ministers stared in half-amused surprise at Tchelysheff's indignation. The House cheered delighted encouragement, but the question arose in every mind "Is he in earnest, or does he only want to make a sensation?"

It soon appeared that Tchelysheff was in earnest; more than that, he was a veritable fanatic on the subject of temperance. He participates, in fact, very actively in all the work of the Duma, and always strikes the same note: "Drink kills Russia."

"You speak of the hopeful condition of State finances; but your Budget is built up of the poison given to the people, upon the destruction of its vital forces by drink, encouraged for fiscal purposes." Tchelysheff hurled these words at M. Kokovsteff after the introduction of the Budget, and proceeded to prove his statement by voluminous details showing that the Government encourages drink in every way, thanks to which its income from the State monopoly is increasing year by year. It has now reached the enormous figure of 738,000,000 roubles (£73,000,000).

COUNT WITTE'S INVENTION.

In a word, Tchelysheff has succeeded in a very short time in placing the question "Is the State monopoly a curse or a blessing to Russia?" prominently before the country. The idea, as well as the realisation, of the spirit State monopoly undoubtedly belongs to Count Witte. On February 19, 1893, Count Witte, then Minister of Finances, presented his report upon the drink question to the Emperor Alexander III., by whom it was immediately sanctioned. In it Witte gave two reasons for the replacement of the private sale of alcoholic liquors by State monopoly. The first reason was a purely fiscal one: To increase the State income by transferring to the Government the profits of the private vendors. The second reason is a moral one: To put an end to the adulteration that had been stimulated by the very high excise by providing only unadulterated alcohol of a fixed degree, and only in sealed bottles bearing an official stamp.

The private publicans, in order to increase their profits, naturally tried to induce their customers to drink as much as possible. The warm, brightly-lighted "kabak," often provided with some musical instruments, presented to the customer a degree of comfort generally lacking in his poor abode, and acquired for him the nature of a club. When the customer had emptied his pockets on the purchase of vodka the proprietor would either give him drink on credit, or would induce him to make use of

the "kabak" in its other capacity—that of pawnshop. The workman or peasant would bring to the "kabak," in exchange for drink, his coat or sheepskin, his household belongings, his tools, his hatchet, the wheel of his cart, or the linen of his wife, and his own apparel to the last shred.

The State spirit shops, in which the customer would be forbidden to drink the liquor purchased by him, were intended to put at end to these vices, as well as its other demoralising influences. The first object was indisputably achieved by the establishment of the State monopoly. The State pays 50 per cent. more to the distillers than was paid to them by the publicans. This is paid by the bureaucracy as a kind of subsidy to the landowning class, in whose hands are nearly all the distilleries. Yet, in spite of this considerable increase of the cost of alcohol, the income yielded to the Treasury by the State sale of alcohol becomes yearly greater and greater. Subtracting from the gross income the various expenses incurred by the State, we find the following net profit: For the year 1901, 254 million rouble; 1902, 334 million roubles; 1903, 379 millions; 1904, 379 millions; 1905, 440 millions; 1906, 504 millions. The year 1907 is certain to show a further large increase.

THE INCREASE IN DRINKING.

The moral results of the operation have been much less satisfactory. In fact, the State, in its new role of "kabachik" (publican), is demoralising the nation. Before the opening of the State shops every village had the right, by the vote of the majority, to shut up the local public-house. Where the "kabak" existed the "kabachik," dependent upon the tolerance of the Mir (community), was accustomed to pay a certain yearly sum of money to the "Mir" for his license. This aided the peasants in the payment of their taxes or their rent. In Samara Province alone the yearly sum paid by the publicans to the peasant communities reached the sum of one million roubles. Now the peasant has lost this source of income, without any compensation, which fact has materially damaged his financial situation; and at the same time he has lost the right of closing the State grog-shop, except by special permission of the Government, which the Government is naturally very loth to give. How this influences the drinking habits of the country may be seen by the fact that from 1861 till 1900 the quantity of alcohol consumed in Russia remained invariable, in spite of the twofold increase of the population. The increase of the Treasury's income from drink was due exclusively to the great increase of the rate of the excise. Since then, however, the consumption of alcohol has rapidly increased. The people now, it is true, drink unadulterated alcohol, but, being obliged to drink it outside the spirit shop, they do so in the streets, and, becoming quickly intoxicated, they annoy passers-by and commit various offences. At the same time, secret drinking-houses have sprung up all over the country.

In order to provide some diversion for the people in place of the "kabak," Count Witte instituted a certain number of temperance-houses, to the maintenance of which the Treasury devotes about 10,000,000 roubles a year; but the workman is not attracted by these mournful resorts, in which he is provided with nothing but a cup of tea and a patriotic production of the gutter press. The complete uselessness of these institutions has become so palpable that a project was lately discussed in the Council of the Empire for their abolition, which was rejected only because of the impossibility of placing anything else in their stead.

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CASH BONUS DIVIDED FOR ONE YEAR, 1906, £664,693.

Every participating Policyholder shares in the distribution of the profits each year. Assurances can be Effected for Sums ranging from £5 to £10,000.

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.

M. Tchelysheff advocates the complete interdiction of the sale of vodka. This exceedingly sweeping proposal could not possibly be entertained by the Government, because it would instantly lead to the emptying of the Treasury. But as temperance is a subject which provides the reactionary and Conservative parties with an object outside the hated "Constitutional heresy," M. Tchelysheff is rapidly gaining a large following.

MEN WHO AVOID ALCOHOL.

M. Finot, the editor of "La Revue," Paris, some time ago began a collection of judgments on alcohol stimulation, pronounced at his request by a great number of the hardest and most eminent workers in literature, art and politics. He now publishes, as a first instalment, the replies of 30 distinguished men—some of whom have died lately.

They are dead against the very common opinion that alcohol is good for putting one in trim for work. "Poison," says Sardou. "Never have I had recourse to alcohol as a stimulant for intellectual labour." "It may stir one up for the moment, but the depression follows," says M. Jules Lemaitre, director of the Comedie Francaise. "Alcohol is a poison in the worst sense of the word," is M. Henri Lavedan's verdict.

"Murderous stuff," is the verdict of Sully Prudhomme. "I have always considered as a thing to be dreaded the cerebral excitation caused by it." "I have a horror of such stimulants," wrote the late venerable Berthelot, the great chemist, whose translation to the Pantheon was a national event. Take the artists and the musicians, Gerome makes the striking remark that a trained eye can easily detect in an exhibition of pictures or of sculptures the touch of the tippler's hand; one misses in it the firmness, the probity, the energy that are the qualities of every artist worthy of the name.

Jules Breton writes that for literary and artistic production alcohol is the worst of stimulants; it brings on a "delirium tremens of the imagination no less than of the body." Paul Bourget writes:—"In my case alcohol, however little of it, and in whatever form, destroys intellectual energy."

A boy in the physiology class of a school in South Boston gave the following definition of the difference between the backbone of a man and the backbone of a cat:

"A man's backbone runs up and down, while the backbone of a cat runs sideways."

Another boy said of the spine: "The spine is a long bone reaching from the skull to the heels. It has a hinge in the middle so that you can sit down; otherwise you would have to sit standing."

A BLIND COMEDIAN.

It is a fine little story this that is told by an English contemporary of the blind comedian Walker, of Walker and May, coloured comedians and dancers, who may be seen any night at a London music hall. Walker, it appears was always a dancer and comedian. Then, quite suddenly, darkness fell upon him by the atrophy of the optic nerve. Most men so smitten would give up the unequal fight. It would not occur to them that it was humanly possible to go on dancing and singing and cracking jokes on a music Hall stage. But Walker was the exception. He took his great courage in both hands, and he learned, his wife helping him—to dance in darkness. For eighteen months he danced and sang before an audience without anyone knowing he was blind. Then, casually, he mentioned his affliction to a manager, and what had been his loss became his gain. It is a simple little story, but it shows us a heroic courage of the truest kind that deserves attention. What Walker did may be realised by all of us who have stumbled about an unlighted and unfamiliar room with uncertain steps, or have walked along a country road on a thick black night. It is hard to walk in darkness. How difficult must it be to dance! How hard to sing and laugh with a heavy heart and unseeing eyes! Walker is blind, yet he has shown himself one of the children of light.

A MYSTERIOUS BOX.

There was once a man who entered a railway carriage and put a mysterious box under the seat. Opposite him was a curious stranger, who asked many questions, and finally, after much worrying, continued: "What, if I may ask, are you carrying in that box?" "A mongoose," was the reply. "What's that for?" came the question. "Well, my brother is very much troubled with snakes and rats, especially pink rats, and I want to kill those rats." "But," objected the stranger, "they are not real rats." "No," said the other, composing himself to sleep, "and this isn't a real mongoose."

Joe Lincoln, whose Cape Cod folks are well known characters, recently attended a lecture. When asked how he liked it, he related this little story:

A stranger entered a church in the middle of the sermon and seated himself in the back pew.

After a while he began to fidget. Leaning over to the white-haired man at his side, evidently an old member of the congregation, he whispered:

"How long has he been preaching?"

"Thirty or forty years, I think," the old man answered. "I don't know exactly."

"I'll stay then," decided the stranger. "He must be nearly done."

Maximilian Foster, a well-known writer of short stories, happened to notice the little sign above the desk that reads: Do it now!

"Do you find that that works well?" he asked us.

"It's very effective," we told him.

"That isn't what I asked you," said Mr. Foster. "I heard of a case just the other day that will show you the difference.

"The head of a large business house bought a number of those 'Do it now' signs and hung them up around his offices. They were effective beyond expectations, and yet it can hardly be said that they worked very well. When, after the first few days of those signs, the business man counted up the results, he found that the cashier had skipped out with 20,000 dol., the head bookkeeper had eloped with the stenographer, three clerks had asked for a rise in salary, and the office boy had lit out for the West to become a highwayman."

A man with a waistcoat and diamond shirt-stud that fairly screamed "Prosperity!" at all within seeing distance, blew into the public stenographer's office in a New York hotel.

"Say," he demanded, "can you write a letter to my girl?"

The stenographer assured him that she could.

"Well," directed the sport, after giving the name and address, "tell her I've connected with a barrel of money on the ponies and that I'm goin' to Narragansett Pier for two weeks. See?"

For a few seconds the typist's fingers flew. Suddenly she stopped.

"I can't for the life of me remember," she explained in a puzzled voice, "how to spell 'Narragansett.'"

The man behind the waistcoat tossed his cigar stump in the waste-basket and scratched his head.

"N-a-r-nar r-e-r-rer-r oh, I say, cut it out! I'll go to Newport!"

Among the men who served among Roosevelt's Rough Riders in Cuba was a little Dutch Jew, who, according to the men in his own troop, was "the very incarnation of cool, impudent bravado in a fight." He was a consistent fatalist.

One day he observed a comrade dodging a spent bullet that had whistled uncomfortably close to him.

"Vat's de use to toodge dem pullets?" sang out the little Jew. "Dey'll hit you shust as vell vere you are as vere you ain't!"

"Boohoo! Boohoo!" wailed little Johnny. "Why, what's the matter, dear?" his mother asked comfortingly.

"Boohoo—er—p-picture fell on papa's toes."

"Well, dear, that's too bad, but you mustn't cry about it, you know."

"I d-d-didn't. I l-laughed. Boohoo! Boohoo!"

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.

A member of an eminent St. Louis law firm went to Chicago to consult a client. When he arrived he found that he had unaccountably forgotten the client's name. He telegraphed his partner, "What is our client's name?"

The answer read, "Brown, Walter E. Yours is Allen, William B."

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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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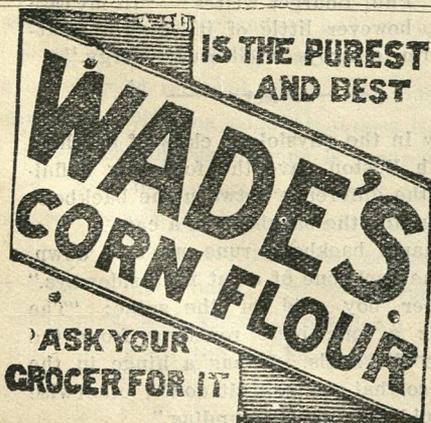
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Country Agents Required.

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Resident Secretary,

64 Pitt-street, Sydney.



A GERMAN ANTI-ALCOHOL MANIFESTO.

By J. G. EVERTS.

The following is a translation of the anti-alcohol declaration, which was recently circulated among the medical and juridic faculties of the German universities in the spring of 1907 and received more than a hundred signatures.

In the old Fatherland also the movement against the drink evil has at last reached the total abstinence stage. Witness the phenomenal growth of the German, Swiss and Austrian abstinence societies since 1900, the total membership of which now exceeds 120,000, according to the present edition of the great German encyclopedia, "Meyer's Konversationslexikon." And surely but a part of the abstainers are members of organized societies.

And now the thorough German scientists declare for total abstinence. Let us read their unequivocal declaration as published, together with the names of all the signers, in the May number of the "Internationale Monatsschrift zur Bekämpfung der Trinksitten," the official organ of the German Anti-Liquor League:

"It is a scientifically indisputable fact that alcoholic drink undermines the physical and intellectual stamina of the human race and hurts the moral welfare of the people more than any other factor. It impregnates the offspring with hereditary ailments and thus deteriorates the race. More than half the inmates of our penal institutions have been actuated to their criminal course by alcoholic indulgence, and about one-fourth of the male inmates of the insane asylums owe their deplorable condition to the same cause. Domestic misery, poverty and criminality follow in the wake of this poisoner of the race. Alcohol has been shown to be the cause of one-tenth of the deaths among the adult population. Thirteen hundred deaths occur annually in Germany alone in consequence of intoxication, and sixteen hundred victims of alcohol commit suicide every year in this country, while about 30,000 are yearly added to the list of those suffering from delirium tremens and other psychic disorders.

This awful amount of misery at the same time entails an enormous financial burden on our people. The direct cost of the alcoholic beverages consumed every year in Germany amounts to 3,500,000,000 marks (nearly 1,000,000,000 dl.), or about fifty-five marks per capita of the entire population. This movement exceeds the combined annual cost of our army and navy three-fold. And to this must be added the equally enormous indirect cost caused by the above mentioned natural consequences of the drink habit.

The consumption of alcoholic beverages has increased in an astonishing manner during the last century, and is still on the increase, on account of the unprecedented prosperity following upon the rise of the modern industries. But an adaptation of the human race to this increased alcoholic indulgence has evidently not taken place on account of the directly harmful effects on posterity.

"It is therefore apparent to all who have a sincere interest in the welfare of our people, that one of their most important patriotic duties is to help stem this destructive tide as soon and as effectually as possible.

Griffiths' Teas

A CHOICE VARIETY

534 George Street

Opposite Town Hall

"It has been demonstrated that even the moderate use of alcohol liquors, which, however, is rather to be considered as the exception and not the rule among Germans, brings no real advantage of any kind to the drinker. All the prevalent ideas in regard to the invigorating and otherwise supposedly beneficial properties of alcohol in small doses have been proved erroneous by scientific research. Moderate drinking has a tendency to make the human body more liable to disease and to shorten life. Furthermore, we must point to the fact that it is the moderate use of liquor to which the curse attaches itself of having become such a snare to so many thousands of our countrymen, in as much as it leads and entices them to the intemperate course which at first they not only did not desire, but positively abhorred. This consequence is a natural one on account of the inherent nature of the alcoholic poison, and of the human nervous system. Even though we were optimistic enough to believe that the latter would ultimately adapt itself more to the continual inroads of the alcoholic poison, the fact of the perfidious character of the poison would yet remain. Hence, the practice of moderate drinking remains the ultimate source of intemperance. The hope to do away with any appreciable amount of this untold misery by exhorting drinkers to moderation has proved itself utterly futile. As long as intoxicating liquors have existed, moderation has been extolled and intemperance condemned, but with what results is apparent on every hand. The efforts toward moderation have never and nowhere set an effectual barrier against the alcoholic evil. On the other hand, eminently beneficial results have been attained in a number of lands by the adoption of a course of strict abstinence. There are now over ten million adherents and followers of this policy in America, and over seven million in Europe. Recently this movement has also gained a foothold in Germany, and is now growing with rapid strides. The movement is an inevitable one, and as it is founded on both the ideal and material interests of mankind, its ultimate triumph is assured."

This declaration is signed by over a hundred professors of medicine and jurisprudence at the German universities. Truly, the time is at an end that total abstinence can be put down as an outgrowth of Puritan fanaticism, as some German-Americans have been trying to do heretofore.

"Why do you dislike poetry so much?"

"Because," answered the man who uses scented hair oil, "when you quote prose very few people can be sure it isn't an original remark, but when you quote poetry everybody is wise on the instant."

THE WINE THAT DOES NOT INTOXICATE.

A Good, Wholesome, Delicious Drink at last French Wine without the poison of Alcohol.

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Reputed Pints,1/6 and 1/9 per Bottle
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Larger Sizes2/11 and 3/6 per Bottle
Sample Bottles of Sacramental Chateau-Badet, 1/- each.

Champagne2/6 and 3/9 per Bottle

AN IDEAL WINE FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

In fermented wine the grape sugar (the best thing in the grape) is consumed by the microbe, but in the unfermented, non-alcoholic, French wine, the grape sugar remains.

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Teacher (to new pupil): "What's your name?"

New Pupil: "T-t-tommy T-t-tinker."

Teacher: "And do you stutter all the time, Tommy?"

New Pupil: "N-n-no, m-ma'am, o-o-only when I t-t-talk."

* * *

A peasant insured his house against fire. When he got the policy he asked the clerk:

"What should I get if my house burned down to-morrow?"

"Three or four years' imprisonment," was the prompt answer.

* * *

Papa had been scolding his six-year-old daughter, who retorted:

"Don't imagine, papa, that just because you married my mamma, you have the right to be impertinent to all women."

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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

Every winter, as soon as the Neva at St. Petersburg is frozen over, a service of electric cars is started to run across it on the ice.

At the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, the clerks are so expert in handing out wages on pay-day that 18,000 men receive their pay in less than twenty minutes.

The ground around Lombard-street, London, is estimated to be worth not less than 2,000,000 an acre. In 1672 half an acre of this land was rented for £16 a year.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the carver and gilder who supplied the frame of a picture inscribed his name by the side of that of the painter.

The Japanese are fond of bathing. In Tokio there are 800 public bath-houses, in many of which a person can obtain a bath, hot or cold, for a sum equal to one half-penny.

The biggest leaves in the world are those of the Inaj palm, which grows on the banks of the Amazon. They reach a length of 30ft. to 50ft., and are from 10ft. to 12ft. in breadth.

A biologist says that the two sides of a face are never alike. In two cases out of five the eyes are out of line; one eye is stronger than the other in seven cases out of ten; and the right ear is generally higher than the left.

The rat is such a nuisance in England that it is estimated he causes damage to the extent of £10,000,000 every year. If all the young rats lived, a single pair would in three years multiply to 646,000 rats.

What is termed the "gun-room" of a man-of-war is a cabin where the midshipmen, naval cadets, and other junior officers pass their time when off duty. It came to be called the gun-room from being under the care of the gunner in days gone by.

A remarkable bird found in Mexico is the bee-martin, which has a trick of ruffling up the feathers in the top of its head into the exact semblance of a beautiful flower; and when a bee comes along to sip honey from the supposed flower, it is snapped up by the bird.

Men in Belgium are not on an equality as voters. Unmarried men over twenty-five years of age have one vote, married men and widowers with families have two votes, and priests and certain other persons have three votes. Severe penalties are imposed on those who fail to vote.

As showing the enormous interest taken in Limerick competitions in England, the Postmaster-General states that during August, September and October of 1906 the total number of sixpenny postal orders sold was 311,000. In the corresponding three months of 1907 the number was 5,772,000, or eighteen times as many. This meant an immense profit to the Post Office.

It is stated that on the three tube railways, comprising 41.68 miles of single line, controlled by the Underground Electric Railways Company of London, the number of automatic signals averages 15.85 per mile, and that these signals drop and rise 1,538,282 times a week. The weekly cost of maintenance is said to be £4 3s 6-68d per track mile, 5s 3-22d per signal, and 0.457d per train mile.

In the northern part of Madagascar is the most remarkable natural fortress in the world. It is occupied by a wild tribe who call themselves the People of the Rocks. The fortress is a lofty and precipitous rock of enormous size, 1000ft high and eight square miles in area. Its sides are so steep that it cannot be climbed without artificial

means. Within it is hollow, and the only entrance is by a subterranean passage.

The cat-o-nine-tails came into use in the British Army about 1770, and did not become obsolete until early in the last century. After each stroke on the back of the unfortunate culprit it was dipped into a pail of brine, and to prevent the man's screams being heard the regimental drummers kept up a constant roudale on the drums.

At the storming of Seringapatam by the British in 1799, booty worth millions of pounds was captured. It is on record that two solid gold bangles, found by a soldier, were sold by him for next to nothing; but so valuable were the stones in them that one was subsequently sold for £32,000. It is believed by many even now that great masses of treasure of various kinds are buried in the vicinity of the town.

They were a couple of little toddlers down at Bluffcliff-on-Sea. The little boy had a spade and the girl a pail, and they had great sport making sand castles; but in time they wearied of this sport, and decided that paddling would be twice as good fun.

"Gertie," said the little boy, "do you want to marry me when you grow up?"

"Oh, yes," said the little girl with a happy smile.

With a sigh of lordly boredom, the boy threw himself on the sand, and extended his feet toward her.

"Then," he said gruffly, "take off my shoes and stockings."

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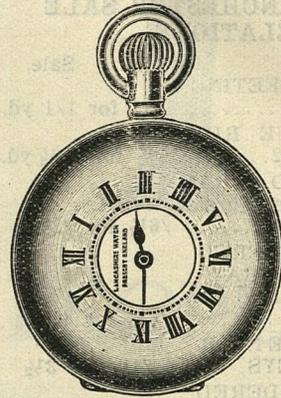
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The "Never Fail," 12/6

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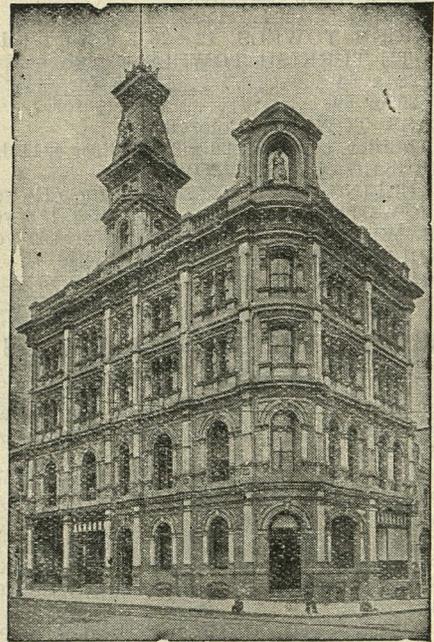
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WHITE TURKISH TOWELS—		
22 x 54	/6½	for /4½
25 x 60	1/4½	for 1/-
GLASS TOWELS, Colored Border, hemmed, 20 x 28	6/6	for 4/11 dz.
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UNBLEACHED TURKISH TOWELS—		
18 x 48	/7½	for /5½
18 x 54	/9½	for /6½

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42in. ALL-WOOL CREPELINE, embroidered with Silk, Wine, and Cream; worth 2/6 down to 1/3 yd.
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42in. PHANTOM CHECK NUN'S VEILING, in Reseda, Mid and Light Grey; worth 2/3 for 1/- yd.
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44in. PLAIN SICILIAN, in Hydrangea, Smoke-brown, Grey, Peacock, Cardinal; worth 2/11, down to 1/3 yd.
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38in. CANVAS VOILE, in Grey, Cornflower, Helio., Reseda, Sea Green; worth /11½, for /5¼ 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 /11½, for /7½ yd.
40in. VOILES, White-lined Check on Dark Grounds, in Navy, Red, Violet, Sky, Helio; worth /9½, half-price /4¼ yd.
40in. CHIFFON VOILE, Block Stripes, in Pinks, Helio, Black, Grey, and Navy; worth 1/6, for 9¼ yd.
40in. HAIRLINE VOILES, in Pink, Helio, Sky, with effective mercerised cord, ½in. apart, running through; worth 1/6, for /9¼ yd.
30in. HALF-MOURNING MUSLINS, Black Mercerised Stripe Ground, with White and Grey Spots, Stripes, Wave, and Medallion 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 /3¼, for 1/11 doz.
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