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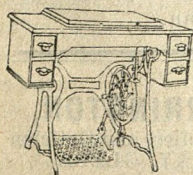
Price One Penny

The Murderous Cigarette



DID YOU THINK
A CIGARETTE WOULD
DO THIS?

(See Page 7).



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THE MODERATE DRINKER.

By CHARLES W. ELIOT, LL.D.
(President of Harvard University.)

I have been all my life what is called a moderate drinker—that is to say, I have used beer and wine on occasion, though never habitually—and I have never experienced any ill-effects whatever in my own person from either beer or wine. Again, I have always recognised the truth of the Bible saying about wine, that "It maketh glad the heart of man." There is no doubt of that fact; nevertheless, it may be doubted whether it be expedient that the heart of a man should be made glad in that way. Frequent observation has made me sure that alcoholic drinks have a tendency to cheer people up temporarily, and make them jolly and noisy, but the doubt about the expediency of that kind of elevation has gained on me as years have passed.

The recent researches in physiology and medicine tend to show that even the moderate drinking of alcohol is inexpedient. As a result of experience one old practice in regard to the use of spirits has been absolutely abandoned. No longer are men who are to be exposed to cold, heat, fatigue, or hardships of any sort, prepared or braced for such encounters by any form of alcohol. It used to be considered essential that a sailor in the merchant marine or in the navy should be braced every day for his arduous work by grog; but now grog has been abolished in our navy for many years, and is no longer served in well-conducted ships of the merchant marine. The result is a demonstration that the rough, exposed life of a sailor was not really helped by the moderate use of alcohol; in truth it was injured. No captain of an ocean liner ever supports himself now against the fierce exposures of the bridge by means of alcohol. He may take hot tea, coffee, or lemonade to help him keep warm and awake; but he never braces himself when exposed to terrible weather by means of alcohol.

It is just so in regard to strenuous intellectual labours. It was long supposed that nobody could bear the labours of a Prime Minister of England—in the House of Commons late every night, and in Downing-street during long hours every day—unless he was supported by one or two bottles of port per day. Many famous men have lived that laborious life under such stimulation; but all such practices are now absolutely abandoned. It is well known that alcohol, even if moderately used, does not quicken the action of the mind, nor enable one better to support hard mental labour. On the contrary, all intellectual workers find alcohol a drag on their mental processes; and if they get accustomed to working on alcohol they are apt to offset its effects by an immoderate use of tea or coffee. Hard mental workers who use the double stimulation of wine and tea, or coffee are admittedly burning the candle at both ends. On this subject—the value of alcoholic drinks to men

engaged in intellectual labour—I have myself witnessed a great change of opinion among well-informed men. The new psychological laboratories of the learned world, some German and some American, have supplied valuable evidence on this subject, and their results are plain and all go one way. For instance, the effect of a moderate use of alcohol on clerks whose principal function is to add up columns of figures has been thoroughly studied. If such a clerk drinks during the day a moderate amount of beer or wine it has been proved that he cannot add as well the next day as if he had taken no alcohol the day before. These experiments have been conducted on a large number of persons, so large as to establish the psychological fact.

An interesting line of experiment has been on what is called the time reaction. By time reaction is meant the interval that elapses between hearing a sudden noise, or seeing a flash of light, and putting the muscles of the hand and arm in motion to touch a given spot or object. The signal enters the brain through the eye or ear, and the will then sets the motor nerves of the arms and fingers at work to make the indicated motion. In different individuals this interval varies much. Now it has been demonstrated that alcohol—even in the most moderate quantity—affects unfavourably the time reaction—that is, it slows down the whole nervous action of the man who takes it, and this slowing effect lasts for hours and even days.

Some years ago I had occasion to learn about the actual time reaction of a well-known pugilist. He was expecting to fight in a city at some distance from Boston. The day of the fight had been fixed, but the pugilist had been on a succession of sprees. His trainer could not control him, and he had been under the influence of alcohol a good part of his time. He was brought to Cambridge, and his time reaction was tested. It proved to be slow. Now this man had always been famous for his quickness of eye and fist. A prize-fighter has need of a very short time reaction. He must see by the motion of his adversary's fist just where his adversary is intending to strike, and he must put his own arm quickly in the right place to fend off the coming blow. A slow time reaction will make success impossible for a boxer, a fencer, or a runner of short races. The effect of alcohol on the time reaction of the human being has now been tested carefully in hundreds of cases, and there is no question about the ill-effect of alcohol, even in very moderate doses. That means that alcohol, even in moderate doses, diminishes the efficiency of the skilled workman, or, in other words, makes him incapable of doing his best in the work of the day.

Benjamin Franklin made a very early observation of this subject when he first worked as a very young man, in an English composing-room. Drinking no beer, he found he could easily surpass the English workmen in the printing office, and he attributed his greater capacity to his abstinence from beer,

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which was the favourite and habitual drink of his fellow-workmen. So I say that the recent progress of medical science, largely accomplished through animal experimentation, has satisfied me that the habitual use of alcohol, even in moderate quantities, is inexpedient, because it lowers the nervous and intellectual power of the human being. If a man be leading an intellectual life, if he be engaged in work which interests him keenly, stirs him, and requires the active use of his powers of thought, then he will inevitably feel the retarding and deteriorating effect of this drug.

THE NEAREST THING.

A lady who was somewhat in the habit of using colloquial phrases, went into a greengrocer's shop and asked hurriedly:

"What have you got in the shape of cucumbers?"

"Bananas are the nearest thing, madam," replied the facetious shopman.

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The Snows of God

By FREDERICK HALL, in the 'Home Herald.'

PART I.

"Any word?" asked Seth.

"Any word you want," Eliza answered. "You look it up here, just as if it was a dictionary, and it tells you right where to turn to see what the Bible says about it."

Seth took the thick black volume and held it curiously. It was an odd book to have found its way into that frontier cabin, though it was like Eliza to have asked for it when Uncle John wrote to know what Christmas present he should send her. Seth had never seen such a book before or knew there was one, and, turning from the grateful glow of logs upon the hearth, he let his eye rove round the room seeking a word to be looked up. There was the plank floor, covered where they were sitting by a bit of worn rag carpet, against the log walls, where the flames made their own tall shadows dance; there stood the bench and two home-made chairs, there was the ladder which led to the loft above, where he slept; in the other room he could hear mother moaning softly, as she had been moaning all the evening, and just at her door lay along the floor a little ridge of white which the wind had drifted in through the chinks.

"What does it say about the snow?" he asked.

Eliza took again the new concordance and reached her little Bible from the shelf above the fireplace, but at that moment there was a call from Mrs. Wiltsie, their kind next neighbour from three miles up the river, and instantly Eliza rose and passed into her mother's room.

Seth sat silent for awhile, listening to the wind outside and gazing dreamily into the fire. There was nothing he could do for mother; little that anyone could do, except to wait, and as he watched the flames and listened to the wind, there came upon him, perhaps out of the cold and darkness that shut them in, a strange demand for all the trouble which the months of struggle with the wilderness had brought. Accidents, losses, failure of crops, father's long journey down the river in hope of being able to earn enough to set them on their feet again, the cruel winter, with mother growing daily weaker! Why had they been obliged to endure it all?

For him it was a most unnatural state of mind, and suddenly he stopped short in his thinking, picked up the concordance, turned the leaves with unaccustomed fingers, and finding at length the word he sought, began diligently to verify the references. "White as snow" was the most frequent phrase; there was something, too, about the treasures of the snow, and that he did not understand; but the verse he pondered longest over was this: 'For he saith to the snow, 'Be thou on the earth,' likewise also to the small rain and the great rain of his strength."

That was an altogether new idea. The snow which had lain round them four full months, which had prevented work and almost prevented hunting, which had brought the cold to be battled with afresh each new day and beaten back so little by their roaring fires, which had brought—who could tell—perhaps mother's sickness itself—it was God's snow. Not there in spite of Him or because He had merely let it come, but He had sent it; had said to it, "Be thou upon the earth."

So intensely was he thinking that he did not hear the opening of the door from mother's room, and he knew that Eliza had entered only when he looked up and saw her standing before him, her eyes filled with tears.

"It's mother," she said, in answer to his question. "She's lots worse, Seth. She didn't know me when I went in."

Then he rose with sudden resolution.

"I'm going for a doctor, Liz," he said. "We'd ought to have done it long ago. I don't care what mother says. What's money at a time like this?"

Eliza did not answer, but she watched him as he put on his overcoat, his home-knit mittens, and fur cap, and plunged out into the storm to the shed which served as a barn. Then, when he had saddled old Prince and was ready to mount, he looked up, and, by the glimmering of the lantern, saw her standing in the doorway with her shawl drawn over her head.

"You're going to Nellegar?" she asked.

"That's the nearest one," he answered.

"It's twelve miles, isn't it?"

"Yes."

Her hand was beside his upon old Prince's bridle-rein, and her eyes were filled with trouble.

"You won't let anything happen to you, will you, Seth? I know we ought to have a doctor, and you ought to go, but it's so far, and it looks like snow to-night, and it's awful to get lost in the snow with no fences like we used to have—at home. Oh, Seth, I wish we'd never come; I wish we'd never come. Father's gone and we don't know when he'll get back, and mother—and if anything was to happen—"

For a moment she fairly gave up, and he had to stop and comfort her. Then he led out old Prince and swung himself into the saddle.

"Just put the candle in the window, Liz," he said. "I'll find my way back to it all right. And you can look at your new book; that'll help take your mind off our trouble. And you better pray some," he added. "You was always a better hand at that than I was. And don't worry about the snow. If it comes, why, God told it to. It's His snow. I found that out in your book."

The night was warmer than he had feared it might be, and so bright the starlight that there was no danger of missing the road. Had there been, he would have taken the other route to Nellegar, that along the frozen river, a road not easily lost, but longer and more treacherous because of hidden air-holes. He urged old Prince to all the speed he dared, knowing he could spare him on the way back, and the horse did his best, struggling bravely through the drifts and making the most of every easy stretch. In what he judged to be about two hours, he was descending the big hill and could see, far ahead, a cluster of lights, which must be Nellegar. It was with a sense of infinite relief that, an hour later, he rode up before the post-office, and had the doctor's house pointed out to him. Considering the difficulties of the road he had made good time. A moment more and the doctor's wife answered his knock, and asked him to come in. "I can't," he answered briefly. "I must get the doctor right away. Mother's sick."

"But you must get warm," she said. And then, as he came in and sank upon a chair before the fire, "I'm sorry, but the doctor isn't back yet. He was called out this afternoon to go off south sixteen or eighteen miles."

Seth turned to her in silence, but with such a look as almost frightened her. It had never occurred to him that he might not find the doctor in.

"When'll he be back?" he asked, after a moment.

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"I don't know," she answered gently. "He may come any time, or he may have decided to stay all night. I think probably he would, unless he had started early, for now it looks so much like snow."

"I'd better be going," said Seth, rising. "I'm plenty warm, thank you, and my sister'll be expecting me."

"Shall I tell the doctor you'll want him as soon as he gets back? If you do you must tell me where you live."

Mechanically Seth told her, and the doctor's wife, unable to detain him longer, made him drink a cup of hot, strong coffee. Then he mounted old Prince, and rode away again into the night.

(To be continued.)

"I am reminded," said the new teacher, "of the career of a boy who was once no larger than many of you whom I see before me. He played truant when he was sent to school, went fishing every Sunday, ran away from home when he was ten years old, learned to drink, smoke, and play cards; he went into bad company, became a pickpocket, then a forger, and one day, in a fit of drunkenness, he committed a cowardly murder. 'Children,' he continued impressively, 'where do you think that boy is now?' 'He stands before us!' cried one of the youngsters in a shrill voice, remembering an answer accepted but a short time before."

True courage is displayed by the men and women who go straight on through life, and, regardless of individual feeling or whether the spirit is willing or not, fulfil the duty of the hour and unhesitatingly do the necessary thing. The world's great army of workers has, as a rule, but little opportunity to choose what this next thing shall be. The work has to be done, the time has come for doing it, and that is all.

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The New South Wales Alliance

The dates for the annual meetings of the N.S.W. Alliance are fixed for Wednesday and Thursday, May 19 and 20. We are a little later than usual, on account of the great rush of the Exhibition. All bodies affiliated with the Alliance are being asked to co-operate heartily in making the Conference and public demonstration a success, and full particulars will appear in next issue of "Grit."

NOTE THE DATE, MAY 19 AND 20.

We are glad to heartily welcome the women warriors of the W.C.T.U., whose Seventh Triennial Session commences on the 29th inst. The State Council of the Alliance have decided to entertain the delegates to luncheon during the Session. The announcement and notice of the meetings appear in this issue. God speed the Women's Christian Temperance Union!

ALLIANCE ANNUAL MEETINGS, MAY 19 AND 20.

A tremendous No-License demonstration was held in the Enmore Tabernacle the other evening, under the arrangement of the Church of Christ. The whole affair was most admirably carried out, and reflects the greatest credit on that splendidly aggressive body. Speeches were made by the President (Mr. G. T. Walden, M.A.), the Rev. P. J. Stephen, and Mr. Albert Bruntnell. The building was thronged, and hundreds could not obtain admission. Hurrah!

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

The Seventh Australasian Triennial Convention will be held in the Conference Hall, Lyceum Buildings, from April 29 to May 7.

Between 70 and 80 delegates and visiting delegates are expected to arrive in Sydney next Thursday morning; and in the evening a reception will be held, when representatives of different organisations will extend a welcome to the delegates.

Friday will be the Devotional Day.

On Saturday, May 1, the Rev. Canon and Mrs. Boyce will entertain the delegates at a garden party.

On Sunday, the Rev. W. G. Taylor will preach the Convention.

The Sessions will begin on Monday at 10.30, and continue during the week.

On Wednesday the delegates will be entertained at a garden party given by Mr. and Mrs. Mark Blow, at Rose Bay.

The Convention will conclude with a trip round the Harbour on Saturday afternoon.

ALLIANCE ANNUAL MEETINGS, MAY 19 AND 20.

During the past ten days Mr. Bruntnell has conducted a mission in Balmain. All parts of the place have been visited, and good meetings held. The Churches are fairly united, the temperance forces strong, so Balmain should do well at next No-License poll. Several pledges were taken, and much enthusiasm aroused. The mission concluded on Monday last, with the splendid lecture, "Britain: Her Men and Menace." All workers should hear this lecture.

ALLIANCE ANNUAL MEETINGS, MAY 19 AND 20.

Mr. Bruntnell is down to conduct a three-weeks' mission in the Clarence River District, under the auspices of the local District Lodge of the I.O.G.T. The mission commences on May 24, and extensive arrangements are being made for its success. He will also visit Hastings, Macleay, almost immediately after the Clarence River visit.

DON'T FORGET THE ALLIANCE ANNUAL MEETINGS, MAY 19 AND 20.

There are many inquiries coming in from various parts of the State as to the necessary procedure for forming a branch of the Alliance. This is as it should be. We want a branch in every electorate of the State, and shall be glad to hear from all parts of the State where no branch exists. We must get to work speedily.

THE SEVENTH AUSTRALASIAN TRIENNIAL CONVENTION

of the

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

Will be held in the

LYCEUM BUILDINGS, SYDNEY,
FROM APRIL 29 TO MAY 7.

FRIDAY, APRIL 30.—Devotional Day.

SUNDAY, MAY 2.—Convention Sermon by Rev. W. G. Taylor.

Sessions from Monday to Friday.

SPECIAL EVENING MEETINGS.

SATURDAY, MAY 8.—HARBOUR EXCURSION.

A. A. MASTERMAN, Secretary.

THE SACREDNESS OF FATHERHOOD.

By A. H. LEWIS, D.D.

God alone has absolute power to create. He might have retained this power forever. He chose rather to confer infinite honour and infinite responsibility on man by delegating to him the power to recreate. This power to perpetuate the race, as a sub-creator, and to be a direct factor in determining its character and destiny is divine. Its exercise in fatherhood is among the most sacred functions of existence. In this life alone its results for good or evil are beyond computation. Considered by the standard of an endless life, they are overwhelming. Were there not unknown possibilities for good results, in each experience of parenthood, no man understanding what it means, could venture to assume fatherhood.

Much the larger share of human suffering comes through impaired physical health. Weakness and disease make men a burden on society, lead to poverty, drunkenness, social impurity, larceny, and kindred evils. No man is free from guilt who transmits a single element of physical weakness or disease which he can avoid.

The habitual use of stimulants and narcotics destroys nerve force and mental balance. Their effects are often more prominent in the second and third generations than in those who first indulge. Purity in thought and act is an imperative demand which the sacredness of actual or possible fatherhood places on all men.

In assuming fatherhood you are acting for God; exercising the holiest function ever given you. If a man goes out as the agent of a business firm, or the representative of a great nation, he must be loyal to the power which commissions him, and in whose name he acts. How much more when a man assumes fatherhood, in behalf of the Infinite and Eternal Father! He who does not love God cannot transmit the tendency to love Him. Such a man must rather transmit the tendency to hate and disobey God, for which he, not his child, is responsible. This stupendous fact lies at the core of all true religion.

The husband has to bear little of the passive service and continuous burdens which attend parenthood. The wife has an absolute right to all the help which pure love, exhaustless patience, and tenderest sympathy can afford. This is due to the child also, who must suffer loss in proportion as these are withheld from the mother. If any husband denies these, or worse still, gives in place of them, indifference, neglect, harshness or abuse, he becomes a shame to the name of fatherhood, a disgrace to his sex, an enemy to his own child, and a sinner before God.

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Talk about People

Centenary Celebrations.

One hundred years ago, in 1809, the following notable men of letters were born:—

Edgar Allan Poe, Charles Darwin, Abraham Lincoln, Edward Fitzgerald, Lord Tennyson, William Kinglake, John Stuart Blackie, Oliver Wendell Holmes, William Ewart Gladstone.

Celebrations of greater or less extent will be given in honour of each one of these men. Others of less renown in literature, who were born just a century ago, include Mark Lemon, one of the founders of "Punch;" Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton); John Hill Burton, author of "The Book-Hunter;" W. F. Skene, historian of Scotland; Mrs. Cowden-Clarke, compiler of the "Complete Concordance to Shakespeare;" Fanny Kemble, whose first and only novel, "Far Away and Long Ago," was published when she was eighty years old; and Thomas Paine.

This year marks, also, the bicentenary of the illustrious and pompous Doctor Johnson, and George Lyttleton, first baron of that name. Three centuries ago, on February 10, 1609, was born Sir John Suckling, who wrote five lyrics and invented the game of cribbage, as well as Edward Hyde, first Earl of Clarendon, whose "History of the Rebellion" is known everywhere, the language is spoken, and not least, by any means, "Bobbie" Burns. The famous "Quarterly Review" was established early in 1809.

Mr. Lincoln's All-Collar Shirt.

General J. Warren Keiffer, formerly Speaker, and now again a member of the House of Representatives, told on the floor of the House a few days ago what he said was President Lincoln's last story. General Keiffer said the story was told to him by Samuel Shallabarger, who was a member of Congress from Ohio for many years.

A bill to reorganise the militia of the District of Columbia was up, and Keiffer was speaking to it. He said Shallabarger called at the White House on the night Mr. Lincoln was assassinated, just before the President left for Ford's Theatre. Shallabarger asked for the appointment of a constituent to a staff position in the Army.

"That reminds me of a story," Mr. Lincoln said. "When I was a young man out in Illinois there was a woman who lived in our neighbourhood who made shirts. An Irishman went to her and ordered a white shirt for some special function. The woman made it, and laundered it and sent it to her customer. When he got it the Irishman found the shirt had been starched all the way around, instead of only in the bosom, and he returned it with the remark that he didn't want a shirt that was all collar."

"The trouble with you, Shallabarger," said Mr. Lincoln, "is that you want the Army all staff and no army."

Dr. Grenfell on Athletics.

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, the Livingstone of Labrador, who may possibly lead the Norwegian expedition for finding and opening Andree's reputed grave, is just now paying his annual visit to the United States, lecturing and speaking in the great cities from Boston to San Francisco.

Dr. Grenfell was an athlete in his University days at Oxford, and in 1883 the presence on the platform of several men whose athletic prowess was world famous led him to attend one of Moody's tent meetings in East London.

"Their presence," he says, "was a credential to me, and I learned at that meeting that what those men possessed was a faith worthy of strong men, and I went out into those sordid slums knowing I wanted it."

Dr. Grenfell still believes that athletic success is an invaluable asset to a preacher.

"Christ, I am sure," he says, "wants football, baseball, and track team men in an age when theological expositions, however deep and learned, when orthodoxy, conventionality, or even correct vestments and ritual, have so little attraction for the young men who shall be leaders to-morrow."

Wigless Rubinstein.

Judging by his Memoires, Anton Rubinstein did not have much sympathy to waste upon his rivals in the field of music. He regarded Liszt and Wagner as his personal

enemies, and wrote about them things which were not to his credit. He did not even bestow much love upon his own brother, Nicholas Rubinstein, who threatened to overshadow him.

But Fate seemed to avenge his fellow-artists for the unkindness they had endured from him. After he had attained the zenith of fame and glory, after having been recognised the giant of the piano, as the only Rubinstein, he became conscious that his sight and memory were failing him.

Towards the end of his life Rubinstein was at a reception in Paris, given in his honour by the Princes Alexander Bibesco. The conversation had fallen upon Paderewski, whose recent success in America was then the topic of the day. Someone asked Rubinstein why he, too, did not go to America and gather new laurels—lined with gold.

"Alas," replied the old man, "I am no longer of an age when it is permitted to don a red wig!"

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PORTION OF CONTENTS:—

Alice where art thou? Diver
Anheuser Bush, Bay of Biscay
Angels Ever Bright and Fair
Arab's farewell to his steed
Asleep in the Deep.
Barney take me home again
Bedouin's song. Dublin Bay
Believe me if all. Englishman
British Grenadiers. Excelsior
By the sad sea waves. Killarney
Close your dreamy eyes.
Comin' thro' the rye. Glory song
Come into the garden Maud
Day by Day. Jessie's Dream
Death of Nelson.
Down by the deep sad sea
God save the King
Hail Columbia. La Marseillaise
Happy moments day by day
Heart bowed down. My Rosary

Home Sweet Home. Nazareth
I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
I've got my eyes on you-oo
Just across the bridge of gold
Kathleen Mavourneen
Last Rose of Summer
Let me die on the deep
Let me like a soldier fall
Listen to my tale of woe
Love's young dream. Pilot
Man with the ladder and the hose
Mansion of aching hearts
Mother Goose. Pilgrim of love
My creole belle. My sunbeam Lou
One heart divine. Storm King
One hundred fathoms deep
Our hands have met
Pardon came too late
Picture no artist can paint
Ring down the curtain

Rose of Killarney
Rocked in the cradle of the deep
Seems that are brightest
She wore a wreath of roses
Simon the cellerer
Song that reached my heart
Sweet spirit hear my prayer
Speed on my Bark, speed on
Tarry, my blue-eyed Irish boy
There is a flower that bloometh
The anchor's weighed
There's a tavern in the town
Tom Bowling
Tom and I'll go too
Village Blacksmith
While the moon and stars make
Would you care? I love
What are the wild waves saying?
What would you take for me, papa
Won't you buy my pretty flowers?

Some of above have Tonic Sol-fa also.

Note the Price, Only 2s 6d. Postage 4d extra.

A. J. SMITH & CO., 14 Hunter St., Sydney.

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, APRIL 29, 1909.

MOTHER'S DAY.

About three years ago an appreciative daughter desired to commemorate the anniversary of her mother's death. It was not only the thought of laying some flowers on mother's grave, but it occurred to her that it would be a beautiful tribute to all mothers, the living as well as the dead, if their children, on a given day, would unite in the simple wearing of a white flower and thus make Mother's Day universal. The papers everywhere caught up the idea and in two years it swept over not only all of North America, but was heartily welcomed in other lands. The purpose of Mother's Day, as conceived by Miss Anna Jarvis, of Philadelphia, U.S.A., with whom it originated, is a day in which all lands as one nation may unite in honour of mother.

The second Sunday in May of each year is proposed as the day when mother is to be specially remembered and universal motherhood exalted in the esteem of every man, woman, and child. The plan is to make it not only a sentimental observance, but, as far as possible, to clothe it with the sanctity and dynamic power that comes from concerted action. The wearing of a white carnation, or other white flower, the beautiful emblem of truth and purity, will be filial evidence that the wearer loves to honour his mother living, or her memory if dead.

If away from home on this day, write mother a love letter, send her a telegram, use the long distance 'phone, or the special delivery of the post office. The white carnation stands for purity; its form, beauty; its fragrance, love; its wide field of growth, charity; its lasting qualities, faithfulness—all virtues of a true motherhood. In several American cities the mayors in past years, have issued special proclamations endorsing the purpose, and recommending the general celebration of the day. The day has also been marked by the singing of mothers' hymns in the home, and by special services and distribution of white flowers in the Sunday-school and at the church, and in other places. We again commend this noble movement as worthy of local adaptation in Australia, as we did last year.

WAYS AND MEANS.

Nothing will so help the cause of religion and promote the happiness of mankind as

a further restriction of the liquor trade, and so we urge all our readers to take some definite part in bringing about this necessary restriction. You are only one until you join some body or society, and then you become, as it were, a multiplied personality. It is not your subscription, or your power to render service, but just you that is of value to the body or society. You join. You are not doing your best until you do join, and live up to the principles of some Temperance lodge, or No-License league. We are fighting the wealthiest monopoly in the world, and they can always beat us in the things money provides; but we must not forget their money is made up of threepenny pieces and a small proportion of sixpences. It is for those tens of thousands who do not waste their means at the open-bar, to devote regular threepenny pieces to the cause of No-License. It is the only way, and it is a way that is possible and will pay. We must make it as easy for people to give threepence, and induce them as persistently as does the publican, and then we shall have funds to win a great victory for humanity. There is nothing the liquor people have so much reason to fear as debate and education on the liquor question. They always refuse to debate, and they ridicule the idea of education. This fact alone gives their whole case away. On the other hand, we encourage questions, court investigation, and are determined to help people to obtain a knowledge of the facts. Every friend of No-License must be well informed, or prove a weakness to the cause. Our advice is, read, question, and take some hand in spreading facts. The victory we want, the victory that will abide with us, is the victory obtained by unloosing the facts to take captive the public mind, and thus the banishment of the open bar by the will of the people.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Young men, you are the architects of your fortune. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star, self-reliance, faith, honesty, and industry. Inscribe on your banner, "Luck is a fool, pluck is a hero." Don't take too much advice—keep at your helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Strike out. Assume your own position. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Don't drink. Don't chew. Don't smoke. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't read novels. Don't marry before you can support a wife. Be in earnest. Love God and your fellow-man.—Noah Porter.

MISSION ZONE ANNUAL MEETING.

His Excellency the Governor-General has consented to preside at the meeting in the Town Hall, on June 10, at 7.45 p.m. A great, happy tea will take place in the basement of the hall at 6 p.m. Tickets for the tea, 1/-, to be obtained from the "Grit" Office, or any of the Anglican clergy.

Be sure and keep this night free, and help a great cause.

A FRENCH WRITER'S VIEW OF THE ENGLISH DRINK QUESTION.

In a very interesting study of English political movements since 1906, which appears in the current "Revue des Deux Mondes," M. Jacques Bardoux touches upon the rejection of the Licensing Bill; and urges that, after all, the best and most efficacious way of reducing intemperance is that of decreasing the number of drink-shops. He remarks:—

The anti-alcohol war is a proof of the growing vitality of the Puritan spirit. All the crises of social remorse which are to the honour of modern England—the crusade against slavery, the fight against the exploitation of child labour, the University Settlements movement—are inseparably bound up with the history of Biblical Christianity, with that religion of the layman which, sometimes vanquished by temporary reactions, awakens again in sudden austere demonstrations of public opinion.

M. Bardoux adds a statement of the annual amount, per head of the population, paid by the English people "for the services of the State," and of that expended upon "beer and whisky;" and he gives the number of punishments for drunkenness, and the asylum figures as to the insane through drink. No close observer of the life of our people could avoid noticing the development of the drink habit amongst women, and Mr. Bardoux has not overlooked that alarming sign of national decadence, for he gives a few figures which in themselves suffice to point the moral:—

In four days the entry into twenty-three licensed public-houses in London was recorded of 40,000 women, accompanied by 10,000 children.

This will come as a painful revelation to many French readers, but, unhappily, such figures are no longer sufficiently alarming on this side of the Channel. Fortunately for England, however, Mr. Herbert Samuel's "Children's Charter," which so recently became law, will wipe out some of the shame attendant upon the drink-shop traffic.

MEETING FOR BUSINESS MEN.

EVERY FRIDAY, 1.25 to 1.50.

Rev. R. B. S. HAMMOND.

The Chapter House next St. Andrew's Cathedral.

Commonsense and courage make a man; a little more of them will make him a Christian.

AFTER EASTER

What to do with your Boy or Girl is perhaps an anxious problem with you.

We can help you. An interview will cost you nothing, and you will get an honest expression of opinion as to your Son's or Daughter's suitability or unsuitability for the work of Shorthand Writing, and Typing, and Bookkeeping.

To those who are suitable for the work, a good future is assured—and your children's future is, or should be, one of your first cares—so many young men, and more young women, are left stranded and helpless.

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The School of Intelligent Piano Playing

The Cigarette

ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

No words can tell the cigarette story as graphically as the pictures on the fourth page. I advise every cigarette victim to have his photograph taken every year, and put side by side in a frame in his room, where he can see the gradual, fatal, deterioration in himself from year to year. If this does not startle him and bring him to his senses, no preaching will ever do it, for the pictures will be a sermon more eloquent than ever came from any pulpit.

I leave it to others to discuss the moral side of cigarette smoking. I denounce it simply because of its blighting, blasting effect upon one's success in life; because it draws off the energy, saps the vitality and force which ought to be made tell in one's career; because it blunts the sensibilities and deadens the thinking faculties; because it kills the ambition and the finer instincts, and the more delicate aspirations and perceptions; because it destroys the ability to concentrate the mind, which is the secret of all achievement.

The whole tendency of the cigarette nicotine poison in the youth is to arrest development. It is fatal to all normal functions. It blights and blasts both health and morals. It not only ruins the faculties, but it unbalances the mind, as well. Many of the most pitiable cases of insanity in our asylums are cigarette fiends. It creates abnormal appetites, strange, undefined longings, discontent, uneasiness, nervousness, irritability, and, in many, an almost irresistible inclination to crime. In fact, the moral depravity which follows the cigarette habit is something frightful. Lying, cheating, impurity, loss of moral courage and manhood, a complete dropping of life's standards all along the line are its general results.

Magistrate Crane, of New York City, says: "Ninety-nine of a hundred boys between the ages of 10 and 17 years who come before me charged with crime have their fingers disfigured by yellow cigarette stains. . . . I am not a crank on this subject, I do not care to pose as a reformer, but it is my opinion that cigarettes will do more than liquor to ruin boys. When you have arraigned before you boys hopelessly deaf through the excessive use of cigarettes, boys who have stolen their sisters' earnings, boys who absolutely refuse to work, who do nothing but gamble and steal, you can not help seeing that there is some direct cause, and a great deal of this boyhood crime is, in my mind, easy to trace to the deadly cigarette. There is something in the poison of the cigarette that seems to get into the system of the boy and to destroy all moral fibre."

He gives the following probable course of a boy who begins to smoke cigarettes: "First, cigarettes. Second, beer and liquors. Third, craps—petty gambling. Fourth, horse racing—gambling on a bigger scale. Fifth, larceny. Sixth, State prison."

Not long ago a boy in New York robbed his mother and actually beat her because she would not give him money with which to buy cigarettes. Every little while we see accounts in newspapers all over the country of all kinds of petty thefts and misdemeanours which boys commit in order to satisfy the cigarette mania.

Another New York City Magistrate says: "Yesterday I had before me 35 boy pris-

oners. Thirty-three of them were confirmed cigarette smokers. To-day, from a reliable source, I have made the gruesome discovery that two of the largest cigarette manufacturers soak their product in a weak solution of opium. The fact that out of 35 prisoners 33 smoked cigarettes might seem to indicate some direct connection between cigarettes and crime. And when it is announced on authority that most cigarettes are doped with opium, this connection is not hard to understand. Opium is like whisky,—it creates an increasing appetite that grows with what it feeds upon. A growing boy who lets tobacco and opium get a hold upon his senses is never long in coming under the domination of whisky, too. Tobacco is the boy's easiest and most direct road to whisky. When opium is added, the young man's chance of resisting the combined forces and escaping physical, mental, and moral harm is slim, indeed."

Young men of great natural ability, everywhere, some of them in high positions, are constantly losing their grip, deteriorating, dropping back, losing their ambition, their push, their stamina, and their energy, because of its deadly hold upon them. If there is anything a young man should guard as divinely sacred, it is his ability to think clearly, forcefully, logically.

Dr. J. J. Kellogg says: "A few months ago I had all the nicotine received from a cigarette, making a solution out of it. I injected half the quantity into a frog, with the effect that the frog died almost instantly. The rest was administered to another frog with like effect. Both frogs were full grown, and of average size. The conclusion is evident that a single cigarette contains poison enough to kill two frogs. A boy who smokes 20 cigarettes a day has inhaled enough poison to kill forty frogs. Why does the poison not kill the boy? It does kill him. If not immediately, he will die sooner or later of a weak heart, Bright's disease, or some other malady which scientific physicians everywhere now recognise as a natural result of chronic nicotine poisoning."

A chemist, not long since, took the tobacco used in an average cigarette, and soaked it in several teaspoonfuls of water and then injected a portion of it under the skin of a cat. The cat almost immediately went into convulsions, and died in 15 minutes. Dogs have been killed with a single drop of nicotine.

A young man died in a Minnesota institution not long ago, who, five years before, had been one of the most promising young physicians of the West. "Still under 30 years at the time of his commitment to the institution," says the newspaper account of his story, "he had already made three discoveries in nervous diseases that had made him looked up to in his profession. But he smoked cigarettes,—smoked incessantly. For a long time the effects of the habit were not apparent on him. In fact, it was not until a patient died on the operating table under his hands, and the young doctor went to pieces, that it became known that he was a victim of the paper pipes. But then he had gone too far. He was a wreck in mind as well as in body, and he ended his days in a maniac's cell."

(Continued on Page 10)

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL — PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

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PLEASE TAKE THIS KINDLY.

A red pencil mark beside this notice will be a gentle reminder that you have received 5/- worth of "Grit," for which you have not yet sent the money. Do you think this an unreasonable reminder?

If your "Grit" does not come regularly, please send us a postcard at once. It is impossible to make complaints at the G.P.O. unless we know promptly. Send postal note to Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

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The Summer Season should find you dining at
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GOOD MENU. GREAT VARIETY. BEST ATTENTION.

ADDRESS:—

THE SANATORIUM HEALTH FOOD CAFE

45 HUNTER-STREET, SYDNEY.

The Experiences and Observations of a New York Saloon-Keeper

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.*

There were many calls for charity. Whenever a case of distress became known in my neighbourhood, it was to my place that the first appeal was made. I recall one pitiable and very deserving case. It was that of a piano-maker, a German of middle age, with a large family depending on him. This man had formerly earned large wages, but had been out of work for 11 months. His savings went first, next one valuable after another was pawned or sold, and then came absolute want, and on top of it sickness in the family. A number of my patrons responded quickly and nobly to an appeal for help, and there was one more happy family that Saturday night

A FAMILY DRUNK FOR THIRTY CENTS.

A great deal of "rushing the growler" was done at my place, and all over the district, in fact. I had occasion to observe the evil effects of this drinking by women and children all through the day and evening. True, it is an inexpensive mode of becoming intoxicated. On thirty cents a whole family of toppers can become drunk, for with twenty cents for beer and ten cents for cheap whisky they obtain as much as their husbands or sons for many times that amount. Many of the women that came with huge cans to be filled bore not only the stamp of dissipation, but of degradation as well. And with their children it would be worse. It was hard for me to understand how these mothers could send their young daughters for beer. Often I would turn girls away, telling them to explain to their mothers that children could not be served with drink in a saloon. Then they would be quite mortified, saying they were no longer children, which perhaps was the truth.

One woman, with an appearance of some refinement still clinging to her, came regularly every afternoon to get her allowance liquor—twenty-five cents' worth of Old Crow. I inquired about her and found that she was the wife of one of my patrons. So I spoke to him about it in confidence; but he became very angry, telling me it was none of my business what his wife drank, as long as she paid for it. Poor woman, the stamp of the drunkard was already on her delicate frame.

Once for all I had instructed both my bartender and porter to refuse to serve out drink to any children that came to the saloon door, and so far as my observations went this order was obeyed. It was not my way of thinking alone that made me strict on this point; the law, as enforced by the Gerry Society, is severe in this respect, and offences are punishable not only

by a large fine, but by gaol. But the behaviour and the words of most of the children who were thus refused showed me that elsewhere they did not meet with the same cold reception. And nearly all these children, girls even more than boys, saw absolutely no wrong in venturing into a saloon frequented by men who were by no means choice in their language. To them the saloon was a place of delight. They would linger around my doors all day and all evening, trying to catch glimpses of the inside.

CAN A SALOON-KEEPER DISCOURAGE DRINKING?

I made it a point not to encourage my patrons to drink, merely as a matter of principle. Of course, many saloon-keepers act differently. What the view of my district was on this point, I discovered soon enough. I remember the case of two strangers—both just in from the far West—who dropped in one afternoon. They at once began to spend money liberally. One of them, a man of about fifty-five, baldheaded but very active, pulled out a big wad of five and ten dollar bills, and declared his intention of leaving this roll at my place. He invited everybody to drink with him, and was in that stage of intoxication when a man becomes careless of money and does not keep track of it. He handed me a ten dollar bill in payment of his first round, and when I gave him his change, would not accept it, swearing it was not his. He proposed champagne, called for the best in the house, and was with difficulty persuaded by me, after a while, to stop this reckless waste of money. I heard one of my regular patrons characterise my conduct as that of a fool. He spoke to me aside. "You must humour these two," he said, in a reproachful tone. "Let them spend their money here. If they leave, they are sure to spend it elsewhere." Certainly the business offered never-ending problems and temptations.

I AND 2500 OTHERS GO OUT OF BUSINESS.

But I had no intention of continuing in the business. After I had been in my saloon only a few days, I made up my mind that its patronage was not of a kind I

wanted. I then notified the brewery of my intention to sell the place, at a sacrifice, to somebody better qualified and more accustomed to deal with the particular class of people from which my customers were recruited. I acted frankly and honestly toward the brewery people. I asked them to assist me in disposing of the place, since I understood that a large brewery has always some men on hand for such a purchase. But the brewery took no notice of me.

In the meanwhile I was having an unpleasant experience of another kind with the brewery people. They had, as I have already said, required an advance deposit of two hundred and fifty dollars from me. They not only did not treat me fairly in matters connected with this deposit, but they neglected, after promising several times to do so, to give me a proper receipt for my money. Finally, I consulted a lawyer who has an extensive acquaintance with saloons. This lawyer, after considerable effort, got the brewery at last to give me a receipt for my deposit. But even this receipt was couched in such general terms that it meant practically nothing.

"Is this the kind of receipt that you give your customers?" asked my lawyer. "A receipt stating merely that this two hundred and fifty dollars was received by you 'on account of the place on ——— Street?' Why, that engages you to nothing. If my client accepts this as a valid receipt, his two hundred and fifty dollars are gone."

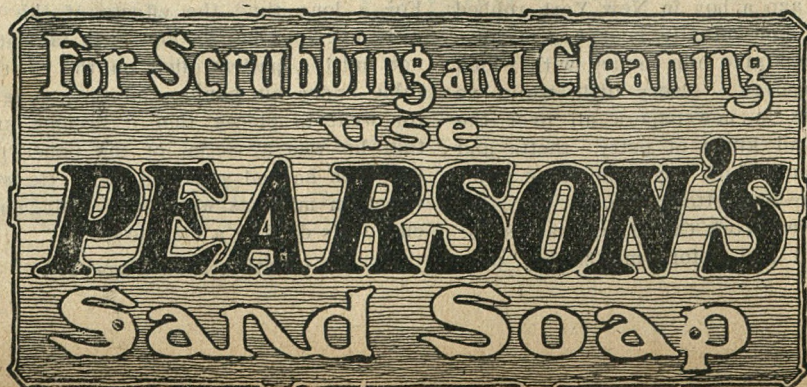
"Yes, that is the only kind of receipt we give under such circumstances," said the brewer. "It's our way of doing business."

The outcome of it all was that I instructed my lawyer to begin suit against the brewery for the recovery of my two hundred and fifty dollars. Then it turned out that the brewery made a claim to this money of mine on the plea that it must go to pay for the rent of the saloon after I should quit it.

I had now made up my mind that whatever happened, I would not go into the business for another year, consequently I informed the brewery that I should vacate the saloon, at the latest, by midnight of September 30, the date when my license would expire. The effort of the brewery to hold me for the rent, my lawyer informed me, was entirely unwarranted, inasmuch as I had signed no lease nor any other papers.

(Concluded on Page 11.)

[*The author of this article is a German a man of education. His story is an accurate account of his experience in the business of saloon-keeping. For obvious reasons his name is withheld, and his associates here appear under fictitious names.—Editor "McClure's Magazine."]



From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(BY UNCLE BARNABAS).

WHAT I LEARNED AT THE WATER WORKS.

II.—THE BELL IN THE KEEPER'S HOUSE.

Not far from Parramatta is the great Prospect Dam, where the water that quenches the thirst of Sydney and that washes all the Sydney "Seven to Seventeeners" is stored. The gentleman in charge of this great sheet of water very kindly showed me, and told me, some of the interesting things about the place. Among other things he told me about the alarm bell in his house, and not far away from his bed, either! If there should be a big storm in the night, and there was danger of the Reservoir overflowing, the alarm bell would begin ting-a-linging, and, no matter how fast asleep, Mr. Caretaker might be, that bell would keep at it, ting-a-linging and clang-a-banging, until he woke up. Then he would know there was something wrong with the Dam, that there was danger about; and soon he would have the sluices open, and all made safe. And so, if there should be a break in the aqueducts, or if a big fire should break out in Sydney, and an unusual amount of water should begin to run through the aqueducts, the faithful bell would give its warning.

That bell reminds me of Conscience, that lives in the heart of every one of my Nephews and Nieces, and that makes such a terrible to-do when danger is about! When you are not on the look-out, and temptation comes sneaking upon you, the Conscience Bell begins its clatter: "Look-out! Look-out! Wake-up! Wake-up! Open the sluice-gates of prayer! Run! Run! Run!"

Thank God for the Warning Bell! Be sure you heed its friendly call.

PUZZLES.

A box of chocolates cost 2½d. If the chocolates cost 2d more than the box, how much did the box cost?

HOW MUCH DOES A BRICK WEIGH?

A brick weighs six pounds and half of its own weight. What is the weight of the brick?

FOR SUNDAY.

LETTERS TO MAKE A BIBLE NAME.

My first is in Joseph, but not in Saul,
My next is in Joseph, but not in Paul,
My third is in Benjamin, but not in Ben,
My fourth is in Daniel, but not in Den,
My fifth is in Elim, but not in Marah,
And my last is in Zipporah, but not in Sarah.

WHO OR WHAT ARE THE FOLLOWING?

Abner, Bernice, Carmel, Darius, Elim, Felix, Gallio, Haman, Iddo, Jael, Kidron, Lystra, Miriam.

AESOP'S FABLE.

THE FOX IN THE WELL.

"Help! Help!" said the fox, who had fallen down a well. A wolf ran to the edge of the well and saw the fox struggling hard to keep his head above water.

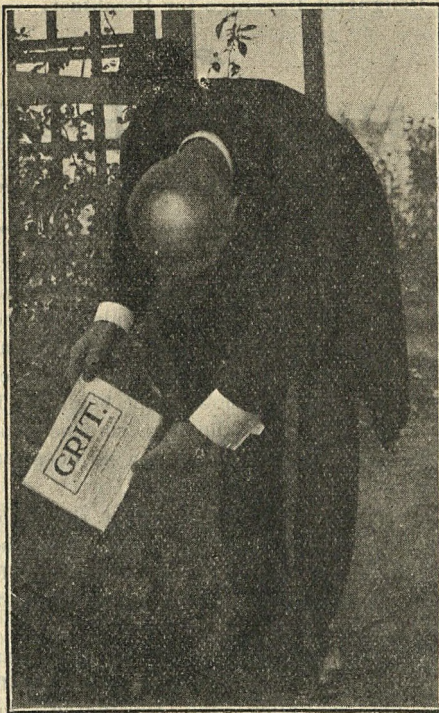
"My poor, dear friend," said the wolf, "you are indeed in great danger of losing your life. Believe me, I am very sorry for you. How long have you been down there?"

The fox replied: "If you wish to help me, waste no time in talking, but get a rope and pull me up. I cannot struggle any longer, and I shall drown!"

The wolf sighed very sadly, and walked away; and the fox sank into the water, and was drowned.

An ounce of help is worth a pound of pity.

UNCLE BARNABAS EXPLAINING WHAT HE WANTED.



The above picture shows Uncle B. in the act of explaining to the photographer that the photograph was intended for a prominent place in the pages of "Grit," and, just whilst he was doing this, the funny cameraman took his picture. He was told that he would not get paid for the picture unless he gave a "proper photo" of Uncle B's head, and he says:

"THIS IS A PROPER PHOTO. OF UNCLE B'S. HEAD!"

So we shall have to be content with this for the present, and try and do better next time.

FROM "THE CITY OF THE PLAINS."

Wynton Saunders, Bathurst, writes:—"Dear Uncle Barnabas.—I have often read the letters in 'Grit.' I think I have some of the puzzles right. I would like to be one of your 'nephews,' too. I think I have found the correct answer to your puzzle, headed 'For Sunday,' in 'Grit' of April 8. Joel, Obadiah, Philippians, Peter, Acts. The town mentioned is Joppa. We have just had beautiful anniversary services, and a picnic in our Sunday school.—Your affectionate nephew."

(Glad to have another nephew from Bathurst. I suppose you know some of your "cousins" in that fair city? Hope to hear often from you. Your answer is correct.—Uncle B.)

A "N'S" NICE SERMON ON CANDLES.

How hard Miss Ennis's Juniors worked? They are real Endeavourers. I am glad D.H. enjoyed her holiday. She is fortunate to have seen the snow-storm. I have never seen snow. Where does she go to school, and where does she live?

Was Emmas's uncle's sister Emma's mother? (Yes,—Uncle B.) It would take six hours and half a minute to stike twelve. (Wrong.—Uncle B.)

As we had Children's Service to-day, my teacher could not read "Grit" to the class, and as she is going away, I shall have to ask the new teacher to introduce "Grit" to the girls.

The answers to puzzles of April 1, are:—The farmer and pigs, seven pigs. (No; three pigs running one after the other.—Uncle B.)

For Sunday ("Grit," April 1): (1) "Beware," St. Matthew 7: 15; (2) "Bridegroom," 9: 15; (3) "Buy," 14: 51; (4) "Brother," 18: 15; (5) "Believe," Mark 1: 15; (6) "Beheld," 9: 15; (7) "Began," 11: 15; (8) "Barabbas," 15: 15.

What could Uncle A. have been doing with his mouth wide open? I hope he did not remain long like that. Wouldn't it be dreadful if he were struck so?

My choice would be candle No. 1 or No. 2. The first one looks fresh, and has not yet been blown by the wind of sin, so that it has not guttered down the sides. All the same, new candles are not always easy to light. So No. 2 would also be good, because the wick has been lighted (not by wickedness, I hope). God chooses me, because He knows that if He leaves me alone I will become fast bound in the chains of sin, whereas, by His Spirit He can do good through me.

Please give my kind remembrances to the printer, and love to Aunts, Uncle A, and "cousins," and yourself.

(A splendid letter, Gladys. It will do your "cousins" good to read it.—Uncle B.)

ABOUT THE CHILDREN'S CYCLOPAEDIA.

By UNCLE BARNABAS.

One of the most charming and clever compilations of everything to tempt children to stay indoors of a winter's evening and read, is the "Children's Cyclopaedia."

Once let a boy or girl get hold of a volume and you will get no lasting peace until you provide the whole set for this young person's edification and amusement.

There are stores of stories—oh! what lovely stories, old and new; there are puzzles to perplex and please; there are things to do for girls and boys; there are delightful Bible heroes that walk across this wonderful stage; there are little lessons in English, French, and nearly everything for the little people who have just begun the daily trudge to school, and there are hundreds of nursery rhymes, with pictures of the Old woman that lived in the Shoe, of the Bone that the Poor Dog would have got if there had been one, of Miss Muffet, and all the rest of the fairy people and the funny people that the bairnies love so much.

Uncle Barnabas has the first three volumes on his shelf, and, like Oliver Twist, he is asking for more. The "Seven to Seventeeners" will get lots of bits from the Cyclopaedia on Page 9, and that means there are some good things in store for them.

But all parents who want to keep their

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children out of mischief, and delightfully occupied on both Sundays and week-days, should see to it that these seven volumes of pure pleasure and profit are placed within their reach. There are hundreds and hundreds of pictures, beautifully printed, and some in colours.

The volumes may be obtained through "Grit" office, at 9s each, carriage paid to any part of the State.

N.B.—Address letters for Page 9, to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O.

THE CIGARETTE.

(Continued from Page 7.)

Anything which impairs one's success capital, which cuts down his achievement, and makes him a possible failure when he might have been a grand success, is a crime against himself. Anything which benumbs the senses, deadens the sensibilities, dulls the mental faculties, and takes the edge off one's abilities, is a deadly enemy, and there is nothing else which affects all this so quickly as the cigarette. It is said that within the past 50 years not a student at Harvard University who used tobacco has graduated at the head of his class, although, on the average, five out of six use tobacco.

An investigation of all the students who entered Yale University during nine years shows that the cigarette smokers were the inferiors, both in weight and lung capacity, of the non-smokers, although they averaged 15 months older.

Dr. Fiske, of the Northwestern Academy, has asked all pupils who will not give up cigarettes to leave the academy. In one year, not one of the boys who used cigarettes stood in the front rank of scholarship.

"This is our experience in teaching more than 50,000 young people," says the principal of a great business college. "Cigarettes bring shattered nerves, stunted growth, and general physical and mental degeneration. We refuse to receive users of tobacco in our institution."

Cigarette smoking is no longer only a moral question. The great business world has taken it up as a deadly enemy of advancement, of achievement. Leading business firms all over the country have put the cigarette on the prohibited list. In Detroit alone, 69 merchants have agreed not to employ the cigarette user. In Chicago, Montgomery Ward and Company, Hibbarb, Spencer, and Bartlett, and some of the other large concerns have prohibited cigarette smoking among all employees under 18 years of age. Marshall Field and Company, and the Morgan and Wright Tire Company have this rule: "No cigarettes can be smoked by our employees." One of the questions on the application blanks at Wana-maker's reads: "Do you use tobacco or cigarettes?"

The superintendent of the Lindell-street Railway, of St. Louis, says: "Under no cir-

cumstances will I hire a man who smokes cigarettes. He is as dangerous on the front of a motor as a man who drinks. In fact, he is more dangerous; his nerves are apt to give way at any moment. If I find a car running badly, I immediately begin to investigate to find if the man smokes cigarettes. Nine times out of ten he does, and then goes, for good."

E. H. Harriman the head of the Union Pacific Railroad system, says that they "might as well go to a lunatic asylum for their employees as to hire cigarette smokers."

The New York, New Haven, and Hartford, the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific, the Lehigh Valley, the Burlington, and many others of the leading railroad companies of this country, have issued orders positively forbidding the use of cigarettes by employees while on duty.

If there is anything the youth should regard as sacred and should preserve intact at all hazards, as it affects his future more than anything else, it is his will power, and this is affected very early in the cigarette smoker, so that he finds himself a slave of a practice which was once absolutely within his own volition.

Another of the deadly influences of cigarette smoking is the gradual killing of the power of decision. The victim begins to vacillate, to waver, and to ask everybody's advice. He cannot make up his mind about anything. He loses the power to say "No."

The symptoms of a cigarette victim resemble those of an opium eater. A gradual deadening, benumbing influence creeps all through the mental and moral faculties; the standards all drop to a lower level; the whole average of life is cut down, the victim loses that power of mental grasp, the grip of mind which he once had. In place of his former energy and vim and push, he is more inclined to take things easy and to slide along the line of the least resistance. He becomes less and less progressive. He dreams more and acts less. Hard work becomes more and more irksome and repulsive until work seems drudgery to him.

Cigarette smoking early impairs the digestive organs. It causes a gradual loss of appetite, and the wretched victim substitutes more cigarettes for food. In fact, he finally gets to a point where he becomes such a slave to the cigarette that he cannot do without it.

Herein lies one of the greatest dangers of the cigarette. It creates a longing which it cannot satisfy. Victims who have smoked from one hundred to one hundred and fifty cigarettes a day say that, while the smoking gives some temporary satisfaction, it creates a perpetual dissatisfaction, in that it never appeases the additional hunger it creates, hence the longing for other stimulants that will do what the cigarette promised and cannot fulfil.

A physician in charge of a large sanitar-

ium in the West says that three-fifths of all the men who came to the institution within a year, to be cured of the opium, morphine, or cocaine habit, have been cigarette smokers, and that sixty per cent. of these pleaded, as their only excuse, the need of a stronger stimulant than the cigarette.

Excessive cigarette smoking increases the heart's action very materially, in some instances thirty-five or thirty beats a minute. Think of the enormous amount of extra work forced upon this delicate organ every 24 hours! The pulsations are not only greatly increased, but, also, very materially weakened, so that the blood is not forced to every part of the system, and hence the tissues are not nourished as they would be by means of fewer but stronger, more vigorous pulsations.

TWO ANANIASSES IN THE BIBLE.

A preacher in New York has written a letter to Mr. White Busbey, secretary to the Speaker of the House of Representatives, offering Mr. Busbey consolation apropos of his recent assignment to the Roosevelt Ananias Club.

"Permit me to suggest," wrote the preacher to Mr. Busbey, "that there are, perhaps, two Ananias Clubs, as there were two Ananiases, diametrically different. The first Ananias (the name of whom attaches to the larger club) is he who lied to Peter and the Holy Ghost about money received from the sale of a piece of land, and was carried out by the young men."

"The other Ananias, 'messenger of eternal truth,' is he whom the Lord sent to Saul of Tarsus when he was smitten near Damascus, and told that persecuting sinner what he should do to be saved. I must think that it is the select club of the later Ananias to which you have been promoted."

"If you wish to know more fully of the two Ananiases above alluded to, you will find the facts in an old and much-neglected book called the Bible—in the second great division thereof, called the New Testament, and in the subdivision called the Acts of the Apostles."

TWO POUNDS TWO SHILLINGS.

This sum will be paid to the person who obtains the largest number of new subscribers (please obtain half-year sub. in advance). Last day for sending in names for this prize, June 17, 1909.

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TRAMS PASS THE DOOR.

THE EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS OF A NEW YORK SALOON-KEEPER.

(Continued from Page 8.)

In the meantime I made extraordinary efforts to dispose of my saloon to somebody else, even by sacrificing half or two-thirds of my purchase price. But I was unsuccessful. All over Greater New York saloons were closing up at this time; there were consequently numberless chances of getting hold of such places at one's own figure, or at no expense at all.

As the last of September approached, the number of saloons known to be going out of business increased rapidly. Hard times had struck the town the past year, hundreds of thousands of breadwinners were out of employment, and the saloon-keeper was first of all affected, because it is on the labouring man that he has chiefly to depend for his custom. On the night of September 30 there were closed, in Greater New York, no less than 2500 saloons of every kind out of a total of about 9000. One single brewery that I know of lost 300 customers that night. The brewery that supplied me lost 150.

For one of that 150 I can say that when the load of worry, disgust, and financial loss that had pressed down upon him, through his short experience of nineteen days as a saloon-keeper, finally rolled off his shoulders, he felt as if he had got rid of the Old Man of the Sea.

I had been drawn into the business by a gross form of conspiracy to defraud, yet I have no remedy—so I have been informed by the district attorney—because of the extreme difficulty of getting convincing evidence in this kind of case. I consequently have lost my first 1000 dollars. The brewery now holds a good share of my 250 dollars deposit to cover an imaginary obligation which I never assumed, though I may secure this eventually by lawsuit. And I have lost utterly, of course, the credit given to dishonest customers during the course of my business.

I found in my short experience that it was almost impossible for me to make money decently in the business. I lost patronage because I refused to allow my saloon to become a hang-out for criminals, and a place of assignation; I lost a big source of revenue because I refused to encourage hard drinking among my patrons; and finally I lost all possibility of a margin of profit by refusing to pay politicians a monthly bribe to break the law.

There may be, and doubtless there are, saloons in this and other cities where it is possible for a man to own and run one and yet retain his self-respect; saloons frequented by respectable and well-bred persons. But, to judge from what I have heard in conversation with saloon-keepers of the better sort during my experience and since, such places must be very scarce.

WORTH TRYING.

In drawing the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the School of Intelligent Piano-Playing in this issue, we heartily recommend students of the pianoforte who are not "syllabus-ridden" to send for the prospectus of the School and the book about present-day music teaching. We have read both with interest, and are of opinion that it will never be said of the pupils of the School, "Finger-tricks, acrobatic feats, mutilated Beethoven, etc., and exam-cram all the week, and stumbling through simple hymn-tunes on Sundays."

HOW THE WORLD MOVES.

A few baskets of strawberries were sold in London the other day at 40s a pound.

There are about 25 miles of books in the British Museum, and volumes are added at the rate of 50,000 a year.

Lightning, when it strikes a tree, sometimes converts the sap into steam with such energy that it explodes, scattering the wood in every direction.

A blackbird has made its appearance in Linwood (Eng.), which has two perfect heads and two bills, both of which are equally expert in the gathering in of the early worm.

The most costly tomb in existence is that which was erected to the memory of Mohammed. The diamonds and rubies used in the decorations are worth £2,000,000.

The building committee of Liverpool Cathedral have passed the design for a four-light Gothic window, 76ft. high and 38ft. wide, which will be the largest window in England and probably in Europe.

Although there are 206 packs of foxhounds in the United Kingdom, the only woman "master" is Mrs. T. H. Rice Hughes, of Lampeter. She not only owns the Neuadd-fawr pack, but hunts the hounds herself.

In the largest parish in England—that of Whittlesea—there was not a single case of drunkenness last year. This is a record for the parish, which comprises 26,000 acres. The population is 8000 and there are 58 licensed houses.

From a statement just made in one of the publications of the British and Foreign Bible Society, it appears that between April and November last no fewer than 178 tons of Bibles, printed altogether in as many as 130 different languages, were dispatched abroad from the headquarters.

For a wager of £10, Mr. Harry Radford, the juggling comedian in "Sindbad the Sailor," at Leeds, has just accomplished the remarkable feat of catching at the end of a fork, held between his teeth, a three-quarter pound turnip thrown from the top of the Grand Central Hall, Leeds, over 160ft. above him. The cheque for £10 which he won has been sent to a newspaper by Mr. Radford to be handed over to the Lord Mayor's Italian Earthquake Fund.

HEADACHE CURE.

There may be a dozen things that CAUSE you to suffer from Headache or Neuralgia.

HALF HOUR HEADACHE HEALERS

Give almost immediate relief, and cure the worst of these complaints in half-an-hour. They are of great value for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Influenza, Sleeplessness, Brain Fag, and all Nerve Troubles. They contain nothing that is harmful.

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All-wool AMAZON and VENETIAN DRESS FABRICS, in Light, Mid, and Dark Navy.

12 pieces, usual price, 1/11, for 1/6.
24 pieces, usual price 2/6, for 1/11.
46 pieces, usual price 3/3, for 2/3.
44 pieces, usual price 3/3, for 2/6.
28 pieces, usual price 3/9, for 2/11.

Also a few Fawns, Greys, Vieux Rose, Prunella, 3/3 for 2/3.

COLOURED SATEENS, 5d quality for 4d, and 6d quality for 5d.

54in. Heavy-weight Twill Venetian Tweed, a good line for Jackets, Coats, etc. In Mid and Dark Navy, Mid Brown, Moss Green, usual value 1/11, for 1/6.

44in. All-wool Chevron, the new material woven in self, Vandyke cord in Mid and Dark Brown, Mid and Dark Navy, Maroon, Prunella, Moss. Usual value, 2/11, for 2/3.

Job purchase of Silk Velvets; this material is in strong demand. This season we are in a position to offer you exceptional value—the range comprises almost every colour. Usual 3/6, for 2/6.

MANCHESTER DEPARTMENT.

Quilts, all sizes, special purchase, 4/- in the £ off regular prices.

White Turkish Towels, size 19 x 37, 5½d.
White Turkish Towels, size 23 x 50, 9½d.

White Lace Curtains, 2½ yds long, worth 2/11, special price 2/6.

White Lace Curtains, 3½ yds long, usual 4/6, special price 3/11.

70/72 White Twill Sheeting, heavy quality, 10½d.

72in. Grey Twill Sheeting, special value, 1/2.

Fancy Blousing Flannelette. Usual 3¾d, special 1/11 dozen.

Fancy Floral Blousing Flannelette. Usual 4¾d, special 3½d.

Red and Black, Black and White Flannelette, in Check and Floral designs, worth 7½d, now 5½d.

28in. Natural Flannel. Usual 1/-, special 10½d.

28in. Pink Flannelette, worth 3¾d, special price 2/9 dozen.

31in. Pink Flannelette, worth 5¾d, special price, 4½d.

32in. Striped Flannelette, heavy-weight. Usual 4d, special 2/11 dozen.

No. W40 White Pure Woollen Australian-made blankets—

Single bed size, 10/9.

Double bed size, 16/9.

White English Blankets, slightly soiled—

Three-quarter bed size, 9/9.

Extra large double bed size, 14/11.

LACES.

Silk Edge Chiffon Veiling, in Red, Pink, Sky, and White, 18in. wide. Usual 1/-, special 10½d.

Chiffon, in all colours, 18in. wide, 10½d.

Linen Stock Collars. Usual 3½d; special 2d each.

Paris and White Yak Insertion—
1in. wide, 1/- dozen.

1½in. wide, 1/3 dozen.

GLOVES.

Long Lisle Jersey Gloves—

Beaver and Grey, 17 inches long, worth 1/4, now 9½d pair.

Black, Beaver, and Grey, 2 dome, worth 1/-, now 9½d pair.

Beaver Kid Gloves, 2 dome, sizes 6, 6½ only, worth 1/11, special 1/6 pair.

Suede Gloves, Beaver and Grey, sizes 7 to 7¾, worth 4/3, special 2/11 pair.

RIBBONS.

Satin Ribbon, all colours, 5in. wide, worth 5½d, special 3¾d yard.

Glaze Ribbon, all colours, 4½in. wide, worth 6d, special 4¾d yard.

Fancy Striped Silk Ribbon, dark shades, 6in. wide, worth 1/3, special 7½d yd.

Floral Ribbon, 5in. wide, worth 7½d, special 4¾d yard.

Velvet Ribbon, Satin Back, all colours—
¾in. wide, worth 4½d, special 3½d yard.

1in. wide, worth, 6d, special 4½d yard.

1½in. wide, worth 8½d, special 6½d yd.

MILLINERY.

We are offering a special line of Roses in Violet and Pink, worth 7½d for 5½d, worth 5½d for 3½d.

Ladies' Fashionable Straw Hats, in Blue, Brown, Burnt, and White, for 9d each, worth 1/11.

Children's White Silk Bonnets and Hats, gathered and rucked, 2/11 and 3/11.

Children's Man-o-War Hats in all sizes, 1/3 each.

Crinoline Straw, in Pale Blue and White, 4½d d zen; also other makes in assorted colours, 9d, 1/-, 1/6 dozen.

Ladies' Ready-to-wear Hats in White, with coloured bands, worth 2/11, now 1/6 each.

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Women's Black or Tan Cotton Hose, lace ankle, worth 7½d, for 6d pair.

Women's Plain Black Cashmere Hose, worth 1/3, for 1/- pair.

Women's Embroidered Black Cotton Hose, worth 9d, at 6d pair.

Women's 2/1 Ribbed Black Cashmere Hose, usual 1/6, for 1/3.

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Ladies' Gold Tinsel Belts, straight or Swiss back, worth 1/-, 1/3, for 4½d.

Assorted Coloured Leather and Patent Leather Belts, worth from 9d to 1/3, for 3d.

Ladies' Kid Belts, assorted colours, worth 1/9 to 2/11, for 1/3.

Velvet Belts, Swiss backs, in Brown, Navy, Green, worth 9d, for 4½d.

Striped Tinsel Belts, white ground, with coloured stripe, worth 10½d, selling 6d.

Large White Muslin Aprons, 7½d each.

Women's Grey ribbed Undervests, short sleeves, 7½d each.

Ladies' White Ribbon Corsets, sizes 19 to 26 inches, at 1/4 pair.

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Ladies' Dark and Light Grey Jackets, ¾ length, with swing back, 10/6.

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White Foxaline Stoles, shaped and chain attached, 60in. long. Usual 6/6, special 5/6.

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Blue Granite Graduated Beads, worth 1/3, now 9d.

Side Combs, worth 4½d to 7½d pair, now 3½d.

Camphor, ¼oz. tablets, 1d each, 4 for 3d; ½oz. tablets, 2d each, 4 for 7d; 1oz. tablets, 3½d each, 4 for 1/-; or 2/11 lb. tin.

White Bead Necklets, heavy make, worth 6d, now 3d.

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2 yds wide, usual 2/8, special, 2/4.

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