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GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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LAUNCHING

My career is mine. I cannot delegate it. God made me for it, and nowhere but in it can I use life in God's way. The currents of my ambition draw me to it, and in contesting its authority I am countermanding the unwritten law of my own nature.

Have I found my life-centre? Impediments are not providences; they are stepping stones to this one thing. I dare not deny a call, for it is more God's than mine. I dare not flinch from following, once I have had my vision. There is but one place where I can be my best, one vocation in which my powers can ripen, and perform their divinely appointed task.

We must allow that there are hundreds of boys in Australia who have no career. The treadmill of toil drove its monotony into their lives before they were ready, and when, by virtue of their years, they should be men, they are among the unfit. The children that are born from the lower walks of life follow from generation to generation the work of their sires, never once looking beyond the wall that precedent has established and poverty has made doubly sure against possible exception. These become the hewers of wood and the drawers of water for the men who were better served—with an opportunity.

There are again parents who concern themselves little, if at all, about the boy's future, and leave it largely to the work of chance. The foundations of useful habits are neglected, the inertia of youth is wantonly indulged, and ultimately the boy is no candidate for any profession or any honest business.

There are a great many mothers and fathers who assume to themselves the right to choose the child's career. They lay their plans, regardless of his predilections, and, it may be with the best of motives, organise a gigantic misfit.

The new generation of business men, we

trust, will begin their careers with a new conceit of honour. No training is adequate that thrusts a man out into responsible duties without a steady moral purpose. The business world is coming at length to admit honesty and fidelity into its vocabulary of graces. It should not be necessary for a man to bury his honour at the threshold

of his business life. We have the right to expect character as well as genius among our captains of industry, and we owe it to the nation to fix a premium on truth.

Are you dissatisfied with to-day's success? It is the harvest from yesterday's sowing. Do you dream of a golden morrow? You will reap what you are sowing to-day. We get out of life just what we put into it. The world has for us just what we have for it. It is a mirror which reflects



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the faces we make. If we smile and are glad, it reflects a cheerful, sunny face. If we are sour, irritable, mean, and contemptible, it still shows us a true copy of ourselves. The world is a whispering-gallery which returns the echo of our own voices. What we say of others is said of us. We shall find nothing in the world which we do not first find in ourselves.

It rests with the workman whether a rude piece of marble shall be squared into a horse-block, or carved into an Apollo, a Psyche, or a Venus de Milo. It is yours, if you choose, to develop a spiritual form more beautiful than any of these, instinct with immortal life, refulgent with all the glory of character.

About the middle of the eighteenth century a lighthouse, called Dunston Pillar, was built on Lincoln Heath to guide travellers over a trackless, barren waste, a veritable desert, almost in the heart of England. But now it stands in the midst of a fertile region. No barren heath has been visible, even from its top, for more than a generation. Superphosphate of lime has effected this magic transformation. Many a barren, useless life has been made fruitful by the inspiration of a high ideal. Improvement hardly less radical is possible even in the best of lives. Apply the superphosphate of lofty purpose and your useless life will blossom like the rose.

Somehow we seem to have an innate conviction that, although we are free, yet there is a kind of fatality within us which hedges us about, limits our liberty, places bounds to our possibilities, and gives direction to our action. But freedom is also a part of fate, and what seems like inexorable destiny is but natural limitation. Knowledge, energy, push, annul fate. The broader we become, the more freedom we have. We are given all the liberty we can use. Fate recedes as knowledge advances. Only he who determines to rise superior to what is commonly meant by destiny will ever achieve great success.

"I saw a delicate flower had grown up two feet high," said Thoreau, "between the horse's path and the wheel-track. An inch more to the right or left had sealed its fate, or an inch higher; and yet it lived to flourish as much as if it had a thousand acres of untrodden space around it, and never knew the danger it incurred. It did not borrow trouble, nor invite an evil fate by apprehending it."

"I resolved that, like the sun, so long as my day lasted, I would look on the bright side of everything," said Hood.

"There is always a black spot in our sunshine," says Carlyle; "it is the shadow of ourselves." Get out of your own light.

Our minds are given us but our characters we make. The lie never told for want of courage, the licentiousness never indulged in for fear of public rebuke, the irreverence of the heart, are just as effectual in staining the character as though the world knew all about them. A good character is a precious thing, above rubies, gold, crowns, or kingdoms, and the work of making it is the noblest on earth.

THE BLACK STAIN.

By GEO. R. SIMS.

(Reprinted from the London "Tribune.")

It is one o'clock and the dinner-hour. This is the time when there is a chance of finding the head of the family at home. We enter the house of a young man who has just come in from his employment. He is sitting at a dirty table, but there is a large plate of cold boiled beef in front of him, and on the fire a saucepan which suggests something for the children.

The man is drinking coffee with his dinner. There is no suggestion of drink in his case, but the children are in a horrible condition.

The mother, a tall and not ill-looking young woman, has the dirtiest grown-up face I have seen for years.

The bed occupied by four little children is in the usual condition of loathsomeness associated with cases of cruel neglect.

In the parents' room there is a baby's cot by the side of the bed. The condition of the cot is revolting. Nothing in it has apparently been touched for weeks.

In this foul cot I pick up a dirty feeding-bottle which contains a small quantity of sour milk.

A long tube is attached to the feeding-bottle. The teat which the unhappy baby will presently put into its mouth is lying on the foulest portion of the foul rag—you can call it nothing else—on which the baby has lain during the night.

On the wall of the room downstairs is a memorial card to a child of the family who has passed away at an early age. Upon it are these words:—

Only to us a short time lent
Was our sweet child so dear;
God soon recalled the gift He sent,
And left us weeping here.

Judging by the baby's feeding-bottle, I should say that another gift is likely to be recalled at an early date.

The mother of this family has been "warned" by the lady inspector appointed by the corporation; she has been warned by the officer of the National Society. When I left her dirty dwelling she was being "warned" by her husband.

This is apparently not a case of drink on either side. It is sheer inertia on the part of the woman, who is too lazy even to wash her own face.

In the next home I visit there are six children. The condition of the rooms is apparent to more than one of my senses directly I enter them. The income is 35s a week. The children are without clothing, and in a vile condition, and there are no signs of any food being provided. There is no coal in the place, and the grate shows that no fire has been lighted for cooking purposes for some considerable time.

In this neighbourhood is a House of Child Tragedy that has a tale of horror connected with it that Zola might have hesitated to tell, even after he had written "L'Assommoir," lest he should be denounced as a wild imaginer of things shameful beyond belief.

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to pass had six children at the time of her husband's death, and gradually it got about that the children were being slowly starved.

When the neighbours discovered the horrors that were going on in the widow's home they reported the case to the Society.

When the house was entered one unhappy child aged seven was found a living skeleton, dying on a bed from which the doctor who was called in reeled back with a cry of horror.

But the child was in such a condition that it could not be moved. On that bed of horror it died. Its weight should have been 3st. 6lb. It weighed 15lb.

Another child was found lying on the stairs, its little mouth and nostrils so furred with filth that it could scarcely breathe.

At the time these ghastly discoveries were made the woman had recently drawn £14 from a society, the insurance money for her husband, and £17 from another fund with which he was connected. She had spent every farthing in drink, and left her hapless little ones to die by inches of starvation amid surroundings of foulness impossible for me to particularise.

Here is a home in which the condition of the unhappy children is awful in the extreme. On their scalps are raw and bleeding patches. Their unwashed bodies are the colour of smoked bacon. The sole contents of the larder are two bits of dry crust. The mother, a slatternly woman, is taking her ease on the sofa. She has time

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for an afternoon nap, but none to tend her children. She looks well fed herself. The children are weak for want of food.

This is the dirtiest home I have yet seen, and the condition of the children is infamous. The raw, bleeding heads make me shudder. But the wall of the living room displays its wealth of "loving memories."

Oh, these loving memories! The words haunt me. They have for the time being lost all their tender significance. They have become the cant of cruelty.

On a memorial card to a child of six months in a home where the children's condition is heart-breaking, I read these words:—

We miss thee when the morning dawns,
We miss thee when the night returns,
We miss thee here, we miss thee there,
Dear child, we miss thee everywhere.

The happiest fate for any child born into such a home as this is to be missed from it.

In another home in which the woman left her children to starve and so cruelly neglected them that they had almost lost the semblance of human beings, I see two illuminated cards on the wall. On one is "God Bless our Home" and on the other "What is Home without a Mother?"

The children have had a chance of answering the question from practical experience. The mother has had three months' imprisonment for her cruelty to them.

* * *

I turn heart-sick from these vile hypocrisies and go out into the sunshine. I want to see something to give me comfort and hope, and I gladly accept an invitation to go and visit two charming little babies in a stranger's care.

These babies are twins. Not long ago, when eight months old, the twins were found lying in a perambulator in the home of their parents.

The twins, both insured, had been left unwashed and untended in an old perambulator for such a length of time that when an attempt was made to lift them out of it it was found almost impossible to touch them.

The perambulator was a mass of fetid horror. The pillow on which the poor tortured babies had lain for weeks untouched was a moving mass of maggots.

To-day the twins, who bear romantic Christian names, have been nursed back to health and baby happiness.

It is with a feeling of intense relief that I set out to see the brighter side of this terrible phase of English family life and pass from scenes of the damnation of tender, helpless childhood to a scene of its salvation.

"A WOMAN OF MEANS."

By AMY WHIPPLE.

Although sadly crippled with rheumatism, Annie Crowe—widow and dressmaker, of Little Ashby—was able, from her cushioned chair in the window, to peer up the village street as far as where the road branched off to the station, waiting and watching for the appearance of a trim little black figure; "my mother, Mrs. Kimber, of Southbridge," as Annie delighted to describe her to less fortunate neighbours, who could not boast of a mother who was confidential servant and friend to "real gentle-folks." But on this damp September afternoon the little figure in its well-cared-for dress and mantle, as it came into view out of the drizzly mist, struck Annie as looking weary and forlorn; and she noticed the patient wrinkled face had no cheery smile as usual for "Horace," her grandson, a small

boy of weak aspect and spindle-legs, who, dressed in the skimpiest of "best" suits, had been sent to meet "Gran'ma Kimber" on her way from the station.

"I'm 'fraid mother's failin'," mused Mrs. Crowe, "she doesn't seem so brisk an' happy since th' old master died, an' th' young folks came into everythin', and went to live in th' grand big 'ouse, 'The Elms,' as 'tis called. She seems gettin' a trifle near, too, not so ready to 'elp now and then with th' rent an' that—just a penny or two, or a bit o' sweets for Aw-ris is all she brings now, but anyhow, she's a woman o' means, as the sayin' is, an' Aw-ris'll be the better for it bine-by, maybe." "Good gracious, mother!" she cried, "what's th' matter?" as the old woman opened the cottage door and threw herself exhausted in the nearest chair. "Here, let me 'elp off your bonnet an' mantle. Why bless me, you're as wet as a sop! Surely 'tisn't rainin' like that."

"'Tis very wettin' rain, my dear" said the old woman, feebly, then brightening with an effort, "but never mind, I shall be all right d'rectly; 'tis close-like—a cup o' tea'll soon set me to rights, an' the fire 'll do th' rest—no, don't 'ee fuss over my mantle, my dear—I—I must see about gettin' a new one soon."

"'Tis quite time you did, mother," assented Annie, "I'm afraid you're gettin' miserly."

Gran'ma Kimber laughed nervously and turned to the fire; she seemed to be chilly and shivering.

Horace stood by her with hungry eyes fixed on her pocket, but Gran'ma, after carefully counting a few coppers, muttered that she had forgotten his penny—he must wait until next time.

Annie sighed as she thought of the uselessness of expecting her mother's help in certain little financial difficulties of her own—they must wait, too, and however that might be, she must do her best to make Gran'ma's visit as pleasant as it was usually.

"An' th' master an' missus, mother, are they as kind as ever?" she asked cheerily.

"Yes, my dear," answered the old lady, with a smile, "just as kind and considerate—like—"

"An' you ain't worked hard—live quite a lady's life?"

"Yes, sure."

"An' tell us about th' big house, an' th' many servants, an' th' great dinners cookin', an' th' 'ot-water-pipes, an' 'lectric lightin', an' all—I love to hear it!"

Thus induced, and further incited by hot tea and buttered toast, the old lady launched out into a vivid description of life at "The Elms," until it was time for the evening train to Southbridge.

The rain had ceased, but Annie watched with troubled eyes the trim little figure pass up the village street, until it was lost in the autumn twilight. She wished Horace—defrauded of his monthly penny—had not absented himself just as he should have accompanied Gran'ma Kimber to the station—she fancied her mother had seemed poorly, and not in her usual spirits.

"But they're so kind; they'll take care of 'er," said Annie to herself, and was comforted.

A fortnight after, as Annie was thinking it was nearly time they heard from Gran'ma, and Horace—with an eye on the next monthly payment, with arrears maybe—was repenting of the evil he had done, a letter came.

Not from Gran'ma Kimber, but from someone at "The Elms." Mrs. Kimber was

very ill, and wished to see her daughter and grandson.

"An' a nice, kind letter, too. 'Alice Blake'—that'll be one of the upper servants, p'raps. But your Gran'ma must be uncommon bad to ask me to come to Southbridge—me, that haven't been out o' doors these four years. An' you! Oh, Aw-ris, what if she's too ill to get well again!"

Horace, conscience-stricken and alarmed, applied his cuff to his eyes and sniffed audibly, then brightened up as he thought of the excursion to town, suggesting that Soanes, the carrier, would take them all the way; he passed through the village at six o'clock every evening.

Going to Southbridge, even in a carrier's cart, was a great enterprise for Annie; and the neighbours wondered greatly as they saw the delicate, white-faced woman being assisted into the clumsy vehicle by burly Peter Soanes. Those who ventured to make inquiries were told: "We—Aw-ris an' me—are goin' into Southbridge to visit my mother, Mrs. Kimber, who is ill."

An hour's jolting wearisome drive brought them to the town. Annie desired the carrier to set her down as near as possible to "The Elms."

"'Tis a large house in St. Ann's-road, I believe," she said grandly.

Peter Soanes stared, winked, grinned, looked from Annie's serious face to Horace's, and the grin died away.

"Ah!" he said, "I see—don't want th' kid to know—all right, ma'am; 'tis close by, I can take 'ee to the door," and he did, stopping his horses a minute to watch them pass through the tall iron gates of a huge house, and disappear from his view. It was growing dusk, and Annie, half dazed by unwonted exertion, only vaguely wondered at the size of the hall and passages through which she was conducted, until she was ushered into a cosy parlour where a kind-faced woman came to her, introducing herself as "Alice Blake," and the writer of the letter.

"You know, I am a kind of nurse," she said; "I look after the dear old people. I am afraid you will find your mother greatly changed; we are very sorry, we are all so fond of her. She shouldn't have walked that day—it was too far, and she was wet through besides. But, come, there is no time to lose—she is conscious just now."

Annie heard, but did not comprehend. When had her mother walked from South-

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bridge in the rain? Where was she? Surely this was no gentleman's house; there were large bare rooms with rows of beds. It was more like a hospital, or—

She had reached a smaller room now, where there were only three or four beds, and only one was occupied. A bright fire burned in the grate, and everything was clean and orderly. There was no sound but the difficult breathing of the little old woman in the bed, and the occasional soothing word of another old woman who sat beside her, an old woman dressed in an unsightly uniform.

"Oh, mother, mother," gasped Annie, "what does it mean?" A loving smile, in which there was something of whimsical triumph played over the face on the pillow, and Gran'ma Kimber's faded blue eyes brightened.

"Didn't I manage it well?" she asked, in a feeble whisper.

"But I don't understand," said Annie, as she kissed the pale lips.

"Stoop down close, so as you can hear, 'cause I haven't much breath, an' I'll tell 'ee. When th' old master and missus died th' young folks was supposed to keep me, but they didn't. They hadn't any place in their house for me. Well, I couldn't be a burden to 'ee, you'd enough as it was, so I came here. They call it "The Elms," 'cause it sounds better for th' little ones as is born here; but I knew 'twould hurt 'ee awful—you that's al'ys took such pride in yourself, and Aw-ris too, so I kep' it to myself. I was gettin' on famous as long as I could scrape a few pence together for th' train, but last time I couldn't find no more than would take me one way. I walked, an' was caught in th' rain. Don't trouble, Annie, 'tis on'y an old woman as th' Lord's provided a home for, but I wish, for your sake an' the boy's, that I was truly a woman o' means—" the thin old voice died away and all was again still.

When Annie returned to the village she announced the death of "my mother, Mrs. Kimber;" the neighbours inquired no further, and Horace never knew that Gran'ma Kimber died in Southbridge workhouse.

PARENTS AND DUNCES.

It is a grave mistake for a parent to set down his son as a dunce because he fails to make a success of his school life. When a father has strained his resources to send his boy to college in the hope of seeing him achieve honours, it is only natural that he should be bitterly disappointed when the boy is plucked in his examinations. But, after all, the chances are that the lad is far from being the dunce he seems. He may have no head for mathematical problems and languages, and may have no affinity whatever; yet he may, and often does, possess sound common-sense, a sense of honour, and that subtle magnetism which may make him a great leader among men. Those who have left their impress on the world's history, and added to her store of scientific knowledge, have in their ranks many who stumbled at the pons asinorum, and never achieved even a bowing acquaintance with their Latin verbs. But they had their own private dream, which in after years they made real, and the ugly duckling became a noble swan. The faith which the homefolk maintain is frequently the means of arousing in the so-called dullard the wish to justify it—to make a name for himself. And do we not know how the tender loving trust of an aged mother or dotting father has brought back many a sad wreck in life to honour and usefulness. It is, perhaps, the most powerful lever in a boy's life—this profound faith of the old folks in him. When he realises that he has lost it, he is a waif indeed.

ONE KIND OF BENEFICENCE.

At the battle of Austerlitz a division of Russian troops, under General Doctorov, being hemmed in by the French, attempted to cross the frozen ponds, Satschan and Melnitz. Napoleon trained his guns upon the ice beyond the fugitives, breaking it, and precipitating them into the water. The French artillery then ceased fire, and the emperor ordered boats and rafts to be sent out in the attempt to save as many as possible of the survivors. Thousands were forced upon the frozen surface of the ponds; barely hundreds were saved.

The philanthropic service of the great corporations is comparable to this folly. The conditions under which their business is operated kill thousands, and in the name of righteousness they touch superficially a few of the wrongs they have themselves occasioned.

Mistress (proudly): "My husband, Bridget, is a colonel in the militia."

Bridget: "I thought as much, ma'am. Shure, it's th' foine malicious look he has, ma'am!"

Flannery: "Phawt's the use of choppin' down a tree?"

Finnegan: (resting on his axe): "Phwy not?"

Flannery: "Shure, ye'll only have to chop it up agin."

"Newton discovered why the apple fell, did he not?"

"He did."

"Well, then, it remains for some equally brilliant mind to discover why it is that plums fall to those higher up."

Inquisitive Acquaintance: "Have you ever thought what you would do if your gas bag should collapse while you are half a mile or more up in the air?"

Daring Aeronaut: "I should start at once for terra firma by the shortest possible route."

The Rev. Dr. Queen, observing the janitor wobbling about uncertainly on his new wheel in the street in front of the church, called out: "George, do you ever take a header?"

"No, Doctah Queen," replied George, with visible indignation. "I neveh take nothin' strongah'n cawfee!"

"Remember," said the preacher, "that it will be as easy for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle as for a rich man to enter Heaven."

"Oh," replied the great magnate, "I guess my lawyer will be able to get me through on a technicality."

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Talk about People

Left on the Doorstep.

When King Edward desires to pay a call on a personal friend a message to this effect is sent earlier in the day. This rule is almost invariable, but on one occasion His Majesty neglected the precaution, and on arriving at the house of his friends found the hosts out of town and the charwoman in charge. The King desired to go in and write a message, but was asked by the cautious caretaker for his card, and as that was not forthcoming she declined to let him in. "He was a very pleasant, civil-spoken gentleman," she told her employers on their return, "but as he hadn't a card I left him outside." It was only some time afterwards that the master of the house discovered to his horror the identity of the visitor.

The Kaiser's Ton of Soap.

The friendliness which has existed between the Bulows and the German Royal Family gave rise recently to an amusing episode. In the course of conversation at Potsdam, the Chancellor's wife remarked to the Kaiser that her mansion badly needed cleaning. The Kaiser was amused. "May I help you to clean it?" he asked, and, taking the remark as a joke, she assented. The next day several large crates were delivered at the Princess's house, and an autograph letter from the Kaiser saying that he was doing his share in the cleaning by sending her a ton of soap. And every ounce was duly delivered.

How a Young Scot Showed His Grit.

Seldom does one find such a curious combination of talents in one man as that which gained name and fame for the late Mr. William Jacks, LL.D., whose will has just been proved at £112,500. Mr. Jacks, who was of humble parentage, began life in a Hartlepool shipyard, and laid the foundation of his fortune by saving a cargo of iron sold to a fraudulent Italian. A keen, shrewd business man, he soon earned promotion after changing from the manual to the commercial side of the works, and ultimately founded his own successful business as an iron and steel merchant. His leisure time he devoted to self-improvement, and developed not only into a notable man of letters, but became one of the finest German scholars in Europe. He wrote several valuable books, the best known of which, perhaps, are "Robert Burns in Other Tongues" and "Life of Bismarck," the latter earning the praise of all foreign critics. And yet Mr. Jack's education proper was limited to learning the "three R's" in the village school of Swinton, Lanarkshire.

A King of Dressmakers.

Perhaps the most interesting fact concerning M. Paquin, the famous modiste, who died the other day, is that he started life as a bank clerk. It was his marriage to a saleswoman in one of the big dressmaking houses of Paris which led him to leave the bank and, with a very meagre capital, open a small costumier's shop known as the Maison Lallanne. That shop has long ceased to exist, but from it sprang the huge business house of Paquin, which in 1896 the founder sold to a company with a capital of about £500,000. Shortly afterwards he was decorated with the Legion of Honour. M. Paquin was only forty-five years of age when he died, and his huge business was built up in twenty years.

When anyone congratulated M. Paquin upon his success, and praised those wonderful creations in feminine apparel which the world and his wife flocked to see, he merely replied, "The credit belongs to madam, not to myself." Mme Paquin was ever her husband's right hand and the source of inspira-

tion whence the great house has drawn its most exquisite models. She was an artist in dress, while her husband understood the temperament feminine, and how best to sell the dresses. Hence the success of Paquin. While other famous French costumiers let the Englishwomen come to them, M. Paquin opened an establishment in Hanover Square, with a stage on which is regularly enacted a most entertaining performance. Society ladies sit round sipping tea and gossiping, while across the stage glide M. Paquin's assistants, robed in enthralling creations of the dressmaker's art.

Love Stories of the Swedish Court.

The Swedish Royal Family has not been without its love romances. Gustaf V., who succeeds King Oscar, is a cultured man, like his father, with an extremely well-balanced mind. He has practically held the reins of Government for the last seven years, and has proved himself a ruler in whom the people can place every reliance. And yet in his youth he fell in love with the daughter of a country clergyman, and offered to renounce all his Royal rights if his father would allow him to marry her. King Oscar however, refused, and the Crown Prince, as he then was, was obliged to give up his love dream and marry Princess Victoria of Baden, in order that the succession might be properly secured.

Curiously enough, however, King Oscar created a sensation, nearly twenty years ago, by announcing his intention of marrying Miss Ebba Munck, his mother's favorite maid of honour. The marriage took place in 1888, and in consequence Prince Oscar renounced all rights of succession to the throne. The youngest of the late King's sons is Prince Eugene who is a painter by profession, and spends most of the year in Paris, where he has a studio. It is said that he clears quite £2,000 a year from his art.

GOOD BUSINESS.

A millionaire, hoping to encourage his young son in ways of thrift, promised to give him 2 per cent. a month interest upon any money that he might save out of his allowance and deposit in the paternal treasury. The young man was getting £5 a week for pocket-money, and promised to show his appreciation of his father's affectionate offer. He began to make deposits without delay, and kept the practice up with remarkable regularity.

The old gentleman noticed presently that the deposits exceeded the whole of the boy's allowance, but accounted for this by supposing that he had saved some money previously. Besides this, he received money frequently from his mother. So the fond parent rejoiced in the saving disposition that his son was displaying.

This continued until the boy's deposits assumed such dimensions as to demand an explanation. It then turned out that most of the money he had been depositing had been borrowed. Inasmuch as he was drawing interest on his deposits at 2 per cent. per month, and was paying only 10 per cent. per year for them, he had found the business decidedly attractive and profitable.

CHICAGO "DRYING UP."

PROHIBITION PREVAILS NOW OVER HALF CITY'S AREA.

One hundred and ninety-nine saloons were voted out of business at the election lately, according to the corrected returns com-

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— Apart from the fact that our —
 — charges are always consistently —
 — Lower than other Establish- —
 — ments, our position as Sydney's —
 — Leading Firm of Funeral Direc- —
 — tors is, in itself, a sufficient rea- —
 — son why we should be favoured —
 — with instructions. —
 — The perfection to which our ser- —
 — vice has attained is a result of —
 — 50 years' close application to —
 — the necessities of a situation de- —
 — manding thought and earnest —
 — consideration. —
 — Our employees are all experi- —
 — enced and trained men, as well —
 — as relatives of the family, and —
 — each funeral is conducted un- —
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BRANCHES IN

238 Darling-street, Balmain; 120 Weston-rd., Rozelle; Burwood-road, Burwood; Victoria Avenue, Chatswood; 68 Miller-street, North Sydney; 6 New Canterbury-road, Petersham; 7 Norton-street, Leichhardt.

piled by Ernest A. Scrogin, attorney for the Anti-Saloon League.

"Of the 160 precincts which voted on the question," said Mr. Scrogin, "140 voted against license. There were 260 saloons existing in these precincts, and 199 are wiped out by the ballots. The Prohibition Party will sweep the country at the forthcoming Presidential election."

The Prohibition question bobbed up locally in the Chicago City Council recently, when the aldermen, by a vote of 40 to 28, passed an ordinance making "dry" a section a mile square in the south-western part of the city. An ordinance for another Local Prohibition tract in the northern part of the city was put over for a week. More than half of the area of Chicago is now "dry."

A young Harvard man, through family influence, obtained a position as confidential clerk in the office of a well-known railroad president. The first morning he got down to the office at nine o'clock. He found the president hard at work.

On the second morning he presented himself at 8.30. Again he found his chief there ahead of him, working diligently. The third day he managed to make the office at eight. There was the president, already buried in business.

That night on his way home the young man took counsel with himself and determined to be ahead of his boss at any cost. Accordingly he set his alarm-clock for 6.30 and by great exercise of will-power managed to show up at the office before 7.30. But there was his chief working away as if he had not left his desk at all.

As the clerk entered, the president looked up at him with a quizzical air. "Young man," said he, "what use do you make of your forenoons?"

WHY WORRY ABOUT YOUR INSURANCES?

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

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Elliott Bros., Ltd.; Farmer & Company, Ltd.

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



"Grit, 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 12, 1908.

BRITISH LIQUOR REFORM.

The Licensing Bill, long promised, and now actually introduced in the British House of Commons, marks an important epoch in the history of the Temperance movement in Great Britain. The proposals as outlined by the cables are for much-needed reforms in the Liquor Trade of the Old Country, such as the compulsory reduction of licenses during the time limit of compensation; the reduction of the scale of compensation at present recognised; the suppression of 32,000 licenses, representing one-third of the whole existing; the granting of local option at the expiration of the fourteen years' monopoly, as well as restrictions on clubs and travellers, and the prevention of children from entering licensed bars. In the absence of detailed particulars of these proposals it is only possible to thus briefly enumerate them for the present.

As is only to be expected, the Bill has already aroused the fiercest opposition, and a protracted struggle in Committee is assured. When it is remembered that the mere introduction of the measure was sufficient to cause a shrinkage in the nominal value of Brewery and allied stocks to the extent of £32,000,000, it is easy to understand the antagonism that will be extended to prevent it becoming law, and the fight which will be waged round each item of the Bill will be prolonged and bitter. The Go-

vernment are deserving of great praise for dealing with this question, for Licensing Reform is a very dangerous measure to tackle in Great Britain, and, in spite of the large majority against them, the Opposition are not without hopes that the introduction of this Bill may lead to their return to power. How it will fare remains to be seen, but it is not unreasonable to anticipate that even when it is through Committee it will represent a considerable advantage gained for the cause of Temperance. It is certain that its progress will be followed with the keenest interest the whole world over, and the fact that we have at length arrived at the stage when such a measure is introduced to the Parliament of Great Britain, cannot but afford encouragement to Temperance workers everywhere.

SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!

If a recent proposal of the Licensed Victuallers' Association of New South Wales is brought into effect, their best friends are to be taxed for the benefit of the hotel-keepers. In the course of the presidential address at the annual meeting, it was intimated that "immediately after the elections your committee grappled with that much-vexed question, remunerative prices of liquor. The Brewers' Association was approached thereon, a conference held, and we are now within measurable distance of realising the first step towards the consummation of the desire of every sane liquor trader, that is, an increased retail selling price of colonial bottled ale and stout to 7d a bottle and 7s a dozen. This alone will average to hotelkeepers at the lowest computation £50 a year. All that is wanting to complete this arrangement is the approval of hotelkeepers. Having secured this advance, we intend to take steps to secure further advances in other directions, and, like this one, without any increase of cost to the hotelkeeper."

It will be noticed that, according to the President, the only thing wanting to complete the happy arrangement whereby, "at the lowest computation," an extra £1 a week is to be secured to the hotelkeeper "without any increase of cost," is the approval of the hotelkeepers themselves, but we are wondering where the consumer comes in? He is hardly likely to agree without a protest, and the fact that it was not till after the elections were safely over that the committee were brave enough to "grapple with the much vexed question" will not prove a sugar coating to the pill he is now asked to swallow. Beyond this he has the comforting assurance that if this point is gained he is to be further fleeced for the benefit of the few that already enjoy privileges and protection such as are granted to no other traders in the community. We recommend all the ardent supporters of the public-house to carefully consider the true inwardness of this latest suggestion of their friends (?) the publicans!

OPIUM SMUGGLING.

It was but to be expected that such a portable drug and minister to vice as opium, would find many people willing to take the risks of smuggling for the sake of the large financial profit possible. Despite the vigilance of the Excise officers, opium is being surreptitiously conveyed into the Commonwealth in considerable quantities, with much ingenuity on the part of the law-breakers. The value of the Anti-Opium Act has none the less been amply demonstrated, the energy and cunning of the smugglers proving that legislation only is inadequate to wholly suppress a moral evil. Could not something be done for the unhappy victims of the vice, who to gratify their insatiable appetite offer such tempting inducements to the smuggler to ply his nefarious calling? The moral reformer might give this phase of the question earnest attention. An opium slave is a pitiable being, needing sympathetic and patient treatment. It must not be supposed that the Chinese are the only or chief portion of the community addicted to the vice. It finds its victims in all classes of society, and some of the patent concoctions sold under high-sounding names have as their essential ingredient the drug which, if used at all, should be under the strict supervision of a trustworthy medical man.

GETTING WARM.

The unsatisfactory law and the minimum reduction decided every time by the courts are warming up No-License feeling. It takes some time to bring anything to boiling point, but at present the success of the Liquor people in hindering the will of the people is providing plenty of fuel, and the daily fruit of the traffic as revealed in the police courts will soon fan it into a flame. The Liquor Trade is doomed, because the majority must rule, and the majority will not much longer continue to permit a business that exists for no other purpose than to make money, and cannot exist without doing very real and extensive harm. There have been no historical wars in which the side that ultimately won did not lose a few skirmishes. Allowrie has lost a skirmish, but we predict will yet win the fight. The electorates that are getting nothing by their large majority vote for reduction must remember that time will pass very quickly, and an overwhelming vote for No-License at the next poll will more than compensate for the present legal set back. Let every reader add the stick of their moral indignation to the smouldering fires of reform, and power sufficient to wipe the existing evils out will soon be generated.

YOU ————— YOU

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A NO-LICENSE PETITION IN NEW ZEALAND.

The petition reads as follows:—

To the Hon. the Speaker and Members of the House of Representatives of the Dominion of New Zealand in Parliament assembled.

The petition of the undersigned electors in the Electoral District of Oroua in the Dominion of New Zealand sheweth:

1. That in the Electoral District of Oroua, as also in 35 other electoral districts, the granting of licenses for the sale of liquor is lawfully continued notwithstanding that at the last local option poll therein a minority only voted that the granting of such licenses should continue, and an absolute majority voted that no such licenses should be granted.

2. That your petitioners pray you to consider the grievous injustice inflicted upon the majority of the voters in this electorate hereby, and petition your Honourable House to do what is necessary towards legislatively remedying this anomaly immediately, especially in view of the approaching recurrence in this year of our Lord, 1908, of the triennial licensing polls.

In support of this their petition that the law be amended to provide that every issue submitted at the licensing polls shall be determined by the majority of those who vote your petitioners would submit—

1. That the existing law is purely and harshly arbitrary, having not even the pretence of justification of being based on the oft belauded, but unwarranted plea that an exceptional majority is necessary for the due enforcement of No-License, inasmuch as it provides that where a No-License policy has been lawfully affirmed at the poll, it shall be continued notwithstanding that at the next following poll or polls only a minority of the voters, being over 40 per cent. of them, continues to support it.

2. That in Ashburton, where, mainly through the existence there of a chartered club, and the change of law in relation thereto between the two polls, there was at first a three-fifths majority in favour of No-License, and then an over 40 per cent. minority only, and the administration of the law has improved notwithstanding the minority vote only in favour of No-License, experience has abundantly shown that no exceptional majority is needed for the due enforcement of No-License.

3. That in their judgment the sole effect of the present law is to give to the licensed liquor trade at the outset at the polls a great and unjust advantage over the people, all of whom are sufferers directly or indirectly by its existence.

4. It is recognised to be right that an absolute majority of those who vote in any electorate shall determine who shall be returned to Parliament to enact legislation affecting the most vital interests of the people, and that in Parliament such legislation shall be determined by the majority of those who vote thereon, and your petitioners cannot see that the question of granting licenses to sell liquor has any claim whatsoever to exceptional treatment as respects the majority to determine it of the electors voting thereon.

Your petitioners therefore earnestly pray that your Honourable House will comply with this their petition.

And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray, etc.

NEW SOUTH WALES ALLIANCE.

Mr. H. G. Payne, who for four months did organizing and lecturing work on the Richmond River, in preparation for the first Local Option poll returned to Victoria to work in connection with the National Temperance League immediately the poll was declared. He has now accepted the position of Secretary to the Alliance, and has this week commenced his work. He will organize the city electorates, which, owing to neglect, polled so badly for No-License, and he will also seek to raise money enough to put the Alliance in the position to make a great fight at the next elections. Mr. Payne is very hopeful about the Police Court total abstinence pledges, and is anxious to have the experiment tried here. The usual fine or the rising of the court have for years been only a farce, and the signing of the pledge is at least worth a trial. In New South Wales we are a long way behind in the matter of posting information as to the dangers of alcohol, and our municipal bodies might well follow the English, Scotch, and French example in this matter. Mr. Payne brings with him buoyancy, enthusiasm and an experimental knowledge of temperance matters that will help the cause greatly.

THE PUBLIC MORALS ASSOCIATION.

At the last meeting of the Public Morals Association, correspondence was read from the National Vigilance Association, London, in reference to the action of the New Zealand postal authorities in stopping the circulation through the post of the literature of quack doctors, and forwarding copies of papers dealing with the suppression of the white slave traffic; from the Premier and Attorney-General, stating that the Bill has already been drafted to control the opium traffic, and to deal with the solicitation evil; it will be dealt with early next session; also stating that the question of introducing legislation to regulate dancing saloons is under consideration. From the Chief Secretary of South Australia, forwarding copies of the "Suppression of Brothels Act 1907," which contains provisions dealing with owners and agents of property let for immoral purposes. From the Secretary of Public Health Department, expressing regret that this department cannot suggest any means by which methylated spirit, if it is to continue to serve its existing legitimate commercial uses, can be rendered more undrinkable than at present. From the Postmaster-General, New Zealand, forwarding lists of names of firms to whom correspondence is not allowed to pass through the New Zealand Post Office, in consequence of the addressees being engaged in immoral business.

CURIOSITIES OF JOURNALISM.

FOR ENGAGED COUPLES ONLY.

In Switzerland there is a newspaper especially for engaged couples. Agents all over the country collect particulars concerning young people who have become engaged to be married, and their names, addresses, and particulars of their social position appear in this weekly journal. Every girl whose name is thus mentioned receives the paper for one year free, the subscribers to it being chiefly tradespeople who send advertisements of their goods to those whose names are so published. Rheumatism being such a universal com-

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

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

Sydney, 27th September, 1907.

plaint, it is hardly to be wondered at that there exists a paper entirely for the benefit of rheumatic sufferers. This is published in Germany, and in it rheumatic patients discuss their symptoms and tell of anything that has proved a relief to their pains, while medical men contribute articles to it on the different phases, symptoms, and species of rheumatism, and the progress which the cure of rheumatism is steadily making. Needless to say, most rheumatic patients make a point of seeing this strange print.

There was staying in London recently the editor of the only illustrated paper in the whole of the Caucasus, who, therefore, is in the happy position of having no competitor. He is said to have made arrangements for the publishing of a world's miniature postcard newspaper, the print of which will be so small that the readers will be supplied with a magnifying glass in order to master its contents.

Greenland possesses one monthly journal called the "Kalorikmit." It consists of a single sheet of three columns, and is published at Godthaab, on the West Coast of Greenland. A three months' subscription to the paper takes the peculiar form of two ducks. A sable skin will pay for the paper for a whole year.

America is the land of eccentric names for newspapers. Imagine yourself asking at a bookstall for the "Crowbar," or the "Missing Link," or the "Tar-Heel," or the "Buzz Saw," or the "Arkansaw Thomas Cat." These are actually the titles of newspapers in the States. Yet even these are hardly the worst, for among the list of papers in Alabama are the "Hot Blast," "Spot Cash," and "Wire Grass Siftings." The people of California are more or less proud of the "Pomo-Tropic," the "Buzz," and the "Ojar." Colorado has the "Flume," and the "Rattler," while the State of Georgia contains the "Jimplicute" and the "Hustler."

As an illustration of woman's wit Mr. Depew, who is still Senator from New York, cites the following:

A man once found that his wife had bought a few puffs of false hair. This displeased him. So one day he hid in the hall outside her room, and, just as the lady was adjusting the false puffs, he darted in upon her.

"Mary," he said reproachfully, "why do you put the hair of another woman upon your head?"

"John," retorted Mary, with a glance at her husband's shoes, "why do you put the skin of another calf upon your feet?"

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

By the Right Rev. A. BARRY, D.D.
(Formerly Primate of Australia.)

My recollections go a long way back; but if they have any interest, it is only in respect of the glimpses they give of the general condition of things, civil and ecclesiastical, in London over sixty years since.

I was born in Ely Place, almost within the sound of Bow Bells, and my early days were mostly spent in London—first in the neighbourhood of Langham Place, and afterwards in Westminster.

The earliest thing I can remember was hearing the church-bell toll on a Saturday evening in 1830, and being told that it was for the death of the King (George IV.). To live in London then meant to be mostly confined to London. Travelling was not easy. Railways had hardly begun, and we children were taken to see the first out of London the Greenwich Railway—as one of the wonders of the world.

LONDON A SMALL PLACE.

On the other hand, London was then a comparatively small place. We boys were sent to school at Kensington, as being out of town. We could walk through Holland Park and play cricket in the Bayswater fields on the other side. All the ground between Kensington and Chelsea was open, in fields or market-gardens, and the region of Clapham and Wandsworth was still a country place. Even at Westminster, Searle's boathouse for the school was close to the bridge on the Surrey side, with a fine row of elms—"Bishop's Walk"—leading down to Lambeth Palace; and from Vincent Square it was easy to get almost at once into the open country.

In respect of church life, it was certainly a dead time, except where parishes and churches were touched and quickened by the influence of the Evangelical revival. In most London churches it was hardly considered to be in good taste to join in the responses or the singing. All this was left to the parish clerk and some Sunday-school children in the gallery. Hymnody was only in its infancy; what was sung was largely from Brady and Tate, or, in some old-fashioned churches, from Sternhold and Hopkins.

The sermon, almost always preached in a black gown, was the all-important matter, as the old "three-decker," entirely obscuring the east end of the church and the holy table itself, very plainly showed. It was generally a written sermon in London churches—rather long, and to young people mostly tedious. Church architecture and church decoration were at a low ebb, for the Gothic revival and the impulse of church restoration had hardly yet begun.

PITCH-PIPE AND FIDDLE.

In the country churches generally the services were scanty and apt to be slovenly. I remember one church where all the music depended on a few village musicians of the

most primitive order, with their pitch-pipe and fiddles, and the parish-clerk used to leave his place, and go to a west gallery—often tapping the heads of the school children in the nave, as he passed along—and there give out the hymn, two lines at a time, to be sung.

Ministration of the Holy Communion, even in town churches, was infrequent—scarcely more than once a month. Confirmation came about once in three years for any district. The young people were gathered by hundreds, and confirmed by railfuls, and the service was formal and wearisome in the extreme. When I was confirmed by Bishop Blomfield in St. James's, Piccadilly, we were at least eight hundred in number. How long the service lasted I do not know; but we were all utterly tired out before it ended.

The cathedrals kept up some tradition of stateliness in service, but there was little vitality about them. I can remember that the whole congregation of St. Paul's and the Abbey was easily contained in the choir; except at St. Paul's for the gathering of the charity-school children once a year.

Certainly the retrospect bids one thank God for the revival which He has given us. If we have our troubles, our strifes, our doctrinal controversies and doubts—if we have lost some of the wholesome conventions of earlier days, and are ready to question much that was then accepted without hesitation—yet at least there has been a marvellous quickening of spiritual life.

The only great preacher of those early days whom I can remember was one really great—the Rev. Henry Melvill, Canon of St. Paul's. His sermons—generally, I think, written—were of very high oratorical power, singularly emphatic and even impassioned, but with a strong intellectual grasp and coherence, as might have been expected from one who had been Senior Wrangler at Cambridge. In themselves, they were above our boyish heads, although they impressed us by their earnestness. I remember them chiefly through their effects upon others.

A REMARKABLE PREACHER.

Two expressions of that effect I can recall, which I never saw in the case of any other preacher before or since—when I heard him in St. Mary's during the time of my boyhood at school in Cambridge. The first was curious. He had a custom of repeating his text emphatically at the end of each section of his sermon, and when it came, the congregation involuntarily moved and coughed, producing the impression of a hum of applause, such as greeted preachers in the olden times. The other was very striking.

On one occasion I sat with my schoolmaster among the Masters of Arts, when the great preacher was describing the dangers and temptations of an undergraduate career, and painting a picture of a young life blasted, and a home desolated, through dissipation and sin. I saw many of those

around me—not, certainly, an impressionable audience—weeping like children. I heard subsequently many great sermons at St. Mary's, but I never, so far as I remember, saw again what I saw then.

In those early days, although we boys were taught regularly in religious knowledge, and always went to church on Sundays—week-day services were comparatively few—I do not think that I had any very strong religious impressions. Those, thank God, came to me later, when, at the age of about fifteen I entered King's College, London, for one year in the school and for two years subsequently in the college itself, before I went up to Cambridge.

The fatherly and impressive influence of Bishop Lonsdale, then principal, whom we all admired and loved; the quaint, earnest simplicity of Archdeacon Allen, the chaplain; above all, the apostolic personality and prophetic teaching of Frederic Denison Maurice—these told upon us all, just at the time when we were passing into manhood, and when the new flood of ideas and interests was coming upon us; and to these, under God, I owe my own spiritual life.

The influence of Maurice taught us something of the depth of mystery underlying ordinary life, and kept us from exclusive devotion to one school of thought.

Since that time I have lived to see much change, much revival, much progress of thought, within and without the church, much spiritual development, which would then have been thought dangerous; and I trust that I have learnt some of the lessons which, through all these, God's Providence has been teaching us. But I doubt whether in essential principle I have changed much from the convictions of those early days, for which I thank God.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Mrs. Allen, Mr. H. G. Vernon, Mr. H. R. Whitell, Miss Barker, Mrs. Tucker, Mrs. Nixon, Miss Harris, Mrs. Leslie Herring, Mrs. Brodrick, Miss Gale.

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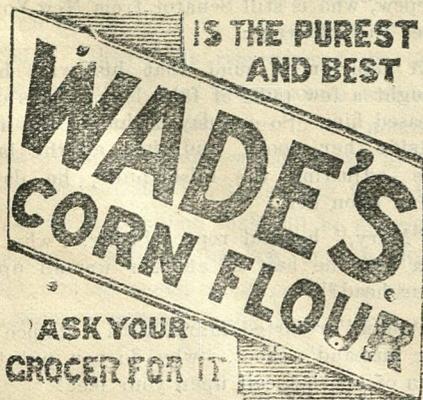
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From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(BY UNCLE BARNABAS).

THE POTATO.

Sir Walter Raleigh came home from one of his long voyages, discouraged and weary. He had hoped to bring great treasures of gold and—what do you think? The most most precious thing he brought was a potato! But do not laugh! It was really a precious potato, for it was planted and it grew, and the potatoes you are to have at dinner to-day are its great, great, etc., grandchildren. Millions of tons of potatoes have grown from Raleigh's first handful. That "Murphy" was worth more to Englishmen and Scotchmen and Irishmen and their children than a small mountain of gold would have been. So when you come home after a hard day's work at school or business, you feel as if you had done next to nothing. Instead of golden success you have only brought home a potato. But wait awhile, and you may find that the best day's work will prove to have been a day when everything seemed to have gone wrong, and you had done nothing worth doing—except that plain homely thing called DUTY. When you eat your potatoes to-day and to-morrow and the day after, remember Walter Raleigh's "failure," and take heart again.

..ANSWERS TO UNFINISHED BIBLE..

ABC (February 13).

Almonds, Bed, Cage, Diamond, Egg, Flint, Glass, Helm, Ice, Jot, Knives, Lid.

POST CARDS! POST CARDS!

These have begun to tumble into Box 390. Among the first batch is a picture of "Peace, perfect peace," Parramatta Hospital, a little dot holding marguerites, six kittens and three baskets, "Hunted South," Ray Farm, Orpington. Which is yours?

MESSAGES FROM MANY NEPHEWS AND NIECES.

Theodora Howell, 25 Newland-street, Waverley sends answers to Sunday question (February 27) as follows (the first letters make up a text): Isaac, Samuel, Obadiah, Uriah, Gershom, Ham, Timothy, Titus, Hezekiah, Eli, Lot, Obed, Rachel, Daniel, Amos, Nebuchadnezzar, Dorcas, Hophni, Esau, Hosea, Eleazar, Aaron, Reuben, Darius, Moses, Eunice.

She also does the Transposition correctly. "Flit on! cheering angel," becomes "Florence Nightingale," and "Cart-horse" when cut into bits, and put together again becomes "Orchestra." Did any of my musical friends think an orchestra could be made of a cart-horse? Among other things Theodora says, "A little while ago I had two fox-cubs. My cousin sent them to me from Monaro. I got first prize for Scripture at school to-day. (Uncle B. thanks Theodora for the answers and the news, and would like to know if she has ever read anything in the Bible about foxes' tails.)

Elsie Everitt, Rovenshaw-street, Junction, reads "Grit" every week, and finds it interesting. She says: "We are having floods. In Melville-street, the water is up to the roofs of houses." (How nice it must be to live on an island and have your own breakers in the backyard! Thank you, Elsie for the Missing Words texts. I wonder if you will win that pencil.)

Frank Browne, "Farnham," Bowden-st., Tempe, has just arrived home from the hospital after six months' stay. Welcome home, Frank. Hope you are quite better. Write again soon.

Ursula McBrien has begun to teach in Sunday-school. "Could you get those eight little boys to do some of our simple Sunday puzzles, Ursula? I think the two little chaps that learn their catechism so well might

try. You help them a bit and let them send in their answers sometimes.—Uncle B.

Edith Mitchell, 2 Francis-street, Hyde Park, very kindly says, "I like your page 'From 7 to 17' very much." So you have been secretary of the J.S.C.E.? I wonder how many of my "Seven to Seventeens" know what those magic letters mean. Next time you write tell me how you like your business.—Uncle B.

Arthur Winton, an old friend, tells me that his hobby is fretwork, and he does not think the English cricketers are very good. "They have one big Gunn amongst them, and as they are also Young and Blythe, we would Fane hope they may do better next time."—Uncle B.

Frances Boutbee, Woollahra, though only ten, likes literature, and is learning to swim. (There was a swimming carnival here yesterday, and a 22-yards' race for girls. The winner did it in 32 1-5 seconds. Can you beat that, Frances?—Uncle B.)

BIRTHDAYS GAZETTE.

Theodora Howell, November 24, (age 13).

Frances Boulbee, January 16 (age 10).

Arthur Winton, May 10 (age 11).

Edith Mitchell (age 14 years, 7 months).

U. McBrien, April 15 (age 16).

Frank Browne, August 2 (age 16).

Send your postcard this week with your name, address, age, and birthday for "The Gazette."

ACROSTIC (by Eric Lloyd).

G rand little paper,
R ight welcome it is;
I will try and help it,
T hink I can, don't you?

LIMERICK (by Myrtle Harris).

"Oh, father!" said little John Kit,
"The boy has forgotten our 'Grit.'"

To the shop I will go,

Where there's always a row

Of that fine little paper called 'Grit.'

FOR SUNDAY—BIBLE GEOGRAPHY.

(1) Mention the name of one place visited by Abraham, of a place visited by Jacob, another visited by Joseph, one each visited by Ruth, Samuel, Saul, Jonathan, Solomon, Elijah, Daniel, Andrew, Silas, Timothy.

(2) Give the name of a Bible lake, a river, a mountain, a plain, a sea, a seaport, a desert, an island.

(3) In what countries are the following: Tarsus, Sheba, Rome, Damascus, Philippi, Tyre?

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Mr. H. J. Nesbitt, 5s (3:12:'08); Mr. S. Wilson, 5s (8:8:'08); Mr. S. R. Young, 1s (12:3:'08); Mr. Uren, 5s (18:7:'08); Miss McLockyer, 2s 6d (8:4:'08); Miss Sampson, 5s (20:2:'09); Rev. J. Young, 5s (20:2:'09); Mrs. Nixon, 5s (1:3:'09); Mrs. Allen, 5s (1:3:'09); per Miss Southan, 4s 1d (1:3:'09); Mr. J. Smith, 5s (1:8:'08); Miss Annie Keel, 5s (20:9:'08); Mr. P. Morgan, 5s (17:10:'08); Rev. Stevenson, 2s 6d (3:4:'08); Mr. Jenkins, 2s 6d (3:4:'08); Mrs. Eipper, 2s 6d (18:1:'08); Mrs. Davidson, 2s 6d (19:3:'08); Miss Napper, 2s 6d (21:8:'08); Miss Pinder, 5s (10:9:'08); Mr. W. P. Larke, 1s 8d (28:2:'08); Mr. C. Doyle, 1s (28:2:'08); Rev. W. Roger, 2s 6d (3:4:'08); Miss Horseman, 2s 6d (7:5:'08); Mr. Pagden, 1s 1d (23:4:'08); Mrs. Ladagast, 1s 1d (9:5:'08); Mrs. Marshall, 2s 6d (28:11:'08); Mrs. Hempton, 2s 6d (20:1:'08); Mr. H. Knight, 2s 6d (10:5:'08); Miss Weir, 2s 6d (27:6:'08); Mr. J. Jackson, 2s 6d (29:4:'08); Miss Patland, 5s (11:7:'08); Mr. Wenham, 2s 6d (11:4:'08); Mr. W. Arnott, 2s 6d (7:9:'08); Mrs. E. J. Ward, 2s 6d (1:6:'08); Miss Butler, 2s 6d (10:8:'08); Mr. Watson, 3s 9d (23:8:'08); Mr. Bowden, 2s 6d (18:8:'08); Miss Polley, 2s 6d (30:4:'08); Miss Spurway, 2s 6d (11:6:'08); Mr. McMullen, 2s 6d (17:4:'08); Mr. C. Wilson, 2s 6d (17:4:'08).

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.

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ALREADY NECESSARY TO ENLARGE

THE PREMISES AGAIN

"THE VOICE OF THE STARS."

WHAT THE PROPHETIC ALMANACS
SAY ABOUT 1908.

There are few English people who can resist the fascination of the prophetic almanac, which professes, for a very moderate sum, to raise the curtain of the future for their benefit, and to show us what the new year has in store for nations as well as individuals.

Here is what three of these almanacs—Moore's, Zadkiel's, and Raphael's—have to say about 1908:—

March is a gloomy month, bringing, according to one, an epidemic of influenza and infectious diseases, accidents on battleships, trouble with foreign Powers, and much fluctuation in stocks and shares; according to another, we may confidently expect disturbance and epidemic sickness in Ireland, troubles in India, and a disturbance of the trade and peace of the Empire; and according yet to another, a probable panic on 'Change, danger of war, and wrangling over Indian affairs in the House.

April.—A great outcry against the Government, which is clearly in for a bad time, involving defeat, if not resignation, in this month, which, however, is good for the public health, Colonial affairs, and foreign trade; extraordinary scenes in the House of Commons, and troubles in India; and much privation and want in the country, a bad time for theatres and music-halls, and differences in the Cabinet.

May.—The Government still survives, but its blunders get it into hot water. Venus flourishes at Dublin; but London suffers from destructive fires, and motor accidents are frequent in or near it. For London we may expect serious fires, political excitement, fluctuations on 'Change, and railway disasters in the North and West of England; and general health and the condition of the working classes good; deaths in Royal circles and among wealthy people, M.P.'s., and literary folk.

June.—A brighter outlook generally, with more work and less want, marred, however, by accidents on land and sea. Anxious times for speculators and British railways, and the Government (still not out of its troubles) "in a quandary." Favourable conditions for Royalty and the Government, bad news from the Colonies and India, and special prominence for South African affairs.

July.—A good month for the undertakers, financial state of the country at a low ebb, and Government harassed by disputes and contentions; the Kaiser's health and safety in danger; and deaths of great and noble men, bad trade, and much unpleasantness in Parliamentary circles.

August.—Much discontent, and Government attitude seriously criticised; measures concerning the fair sex severely dealt with, and scandals in high life. Intense heat, trouble for America and the Austrian Empire, and prospect of a good harvest in the North and in Scotland. Bad trade, suicides and fraud on the Exchequer, bitter wrangles over education in Parliament, and severe earthquakes about the middle of the month.

September.—Better times for workers, but terrible railway accidents, and much

Griffiths' Teas

A CHOICE VARIETY

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Opposite Town Hall

sickness; crime and insanity increase; and once more the Government is in danger of defeat and resignation. Many alarming troubles abroad, but happily nothing worse at home than a slight fall in the national revenue; while failures, sickness, slackness of trade and railway accidents are forecasted; trouble in the Colonies, and a bad time for the Government, which has by now survived so many dangers that one's faith in its stability is increased.

October.—Deaths of many in high positions, including a man of "great note;" poor trade, strikes, and disturbances; a Royal marriage or betrothal, trouble in South Africa, and a startling discovery in science. Good trade towards the end of the month, with busy times for ironworkers and ship-owners; and bad trade and much distress and want; an evil time for Royalty, and treachery on the part of foreign Powers.

November.—Much sickness, with colds and influenza, but better conditions for the people generally, with improved trade; terrible outrages; but on the whole a brighter state of things all round, the political machine working smoothly at last. A great storm on the 6th or 7th, fluctuations on 'Change and unrest in India; and flourishing trade and Exchequer and prosperous theatres, discounted by influenza and railway accidents; the hands of the Government are strengthened and there is beneficial legislation for the working classes.

December proves to be one of the brightest months of the somewhat depressing year; for according to trade increases, Royalty has a good time, and education and religion are no longer bones of contention, while foreign and Colonial affairs are quite satisfactory. On the other hand, however, we are promised storms and a good deal of sickness. The prophet foretells changes in the Government and political excitement, and depressions in financial affairs, with ominous developments possible in the Transvaal; while there are promises of flourishing trade and a good time for theatres, schools, and nurses, which are counterbalanced by serious wrecks on our coasts and a prevalence of rheumatism.

WHAT BECOMES OF OLD BOOTS.

What becomes of old boots and shoes has hitherto been almost as puzzling a problem as where all the pins go to. The solution, however, is given in a trade journal. "Old boots and shoes of leather," the journal says, "are cut up into small pieces, and then are put for two days into chloride of sulphur, the effect of which is to make the leather very hard and brittle. When this

THE WINE THAT DOES NOT IN-TOXICATE.

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

THE FAMOUS "MAS-DE-LA-VILLE" WINE. Recommended by the Rev. T. Spurgeon and others.

This wonderful Wine is a perfectly natural and, therefore, an ideal drink. The "MAS DE LA VILLE" WINES stand in the same relation to ordinary wines as fresh milk does to sour.

Chateau Peyron (white label), Chateau Badet, L'Arlesienne (blue label), Champagne (gold label).

Reputed Pints,1/6 and 1/9 per Bottle
Reputed Quarts2/6 and 2/9 per Bottle
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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is fully effected the material is withdrawn from the action of the chloride of sulphur, washed with water, dried, and ground to powder. It is then mixed with some substance that will cause it to adhere together such as shellac or other resinous material, or even a good glue, and a thick solution of strong gum. It is afterwards pressed into moulds to form combs, buttons, and a variety of other useful articles.

"Prussiate of potash is also made out of old leather. It is heated with pearl-ash and old iron hoops in a large pot. The nitrogen and carbon form cyanogen, and then unite with the iron and potassium. The soluble portions are dissolved out, and the resulting salt, added to one of iron, produces the well-known Prussian blue, either for dyeing purposes or as a pigment."

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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

A cheque for £2, written on a strip of leather, has been presented and cashed at a Pittsburg bank.

In Persia the man who laughs is considered effeminate, but free license is given to female merriment.

Some of the icefields of Greenland are believed to be a mile and a half in thickness.

Criminals in Buenos Ayres who are sentenced to long terms of penal servitude are frequently released on parole for certain hours each day, so that their private business will not suffer.

When the telephone wires are overland the speed of transmission is at the rate of 16,000 miles a second; where the wires are through cables under the sea the speed is only 6020 miles a second.

Robert P. Peters, of Sioux, Iowa, who has just celebrated his ninety-fourth birthday, has been in the city police for seventy-five years, and claims the record as the oldest municipal officer in the United States.

Miss Innes Schaeffer, a well-known leader of New York society, has just paid £1000 for the famous English bulldog Mahomet. This lady is building kennels at her residence in Maryland which will cost £5000.

The Prince of Monaco possesses one of the most valuable collections of autographs in the world. An entire wing of His Highness's palace at Monaco is reserved for the display of documents written by celebrities.

Naval experts put down the active life of a modern battleship at about fifteen years. A hundred years ago battleships lasted almost six times as long, and were on active service nearly the whole time of their commission.

Whenever an intoxicated man is conveyed to Denver Police Station his photograph is taken, and the next morning he is shown how he looked the night before. The photograph cure, the police say, is accomplishing wonders.

Cyclists will be interested to hear that a doctor has been investigating the proper nutriment for a long-distance ride, and has concluded that no meat or other nitrogenous food should be taken while doing the day's work, but that the ideal refreshment is fruit and milk.

Exeter (England) has long possessed the heaviest ringing peal of bells in the world. The tenor Grandison, so named after a former bishop of the diocese, has been recast and its weight increased, so that it is now about 3 tons 13 cwt., or, roughly, half a ton heavier than the tenor of St. Paul's.

A man eighty years of age and a woman of seventy-two eloped from a home for old people at Dornbirn, a little town near Bregenz, because they were refused permission to marry. A week after they returned to the establishment, stating that they had been married, and had spent all their money in having a good time.

The railway stations of Berlin are shortly to be provided with automatic machines which, on the insertion of two shillings and a penny, will deliver an umbrella. A ticket will also drop out, and, on presenting it within two days to an office of the automatic society, 1s 8d will be paid back in return for the umbrella.

"But why did you leave your last place?" the lady asked of the would-be cook.

"To tell the truth, mum, I just couldn't stand the way the master an' missus used to quarrel, mum."

"Dear me! Do you mean to say that they actually used to quarrel?"

"Yis, mum, all the time. When it wasn't me an' him, it was me an' her."

Mose, the darky cook of a party of surveyors in eastern Texas, was greatly annoyed by the razor-back hogs that roamed around the camp. One evening, while he was at the spring, a particularly ravenous band of these "piny woods rooters" raided the cook tent and ate up everything that was edible and some things that weren't.

For several moments after his return from the spring, Mose could find no words to express his feelings. "Wal," he finally exclaimed, "de good Lawd suhtainly knowed his business when he named hawgs 'hawgs'! Dey sho' is hawgs!"

The mountainous waves threatened to engulf the struggling ship at any moment. The captain ordered a box of sky-rockets and flares brought to the rail, and with his own hands ignited them, in the hope that they would make known his distress to some passing ship.

Amid the rockets' red glare a tall, thin, austere individual made his way to the rail and reproved the captain as follows:

"Captain, I must protest against this unseemly bravado. We are now facing death. This is no time for a celebration."

Chief Kohler of the Cleveland police has a detective who, if reports are true, works by investigation rather than by deduction.

It is said that this sleuth, examining a jeweller's window that had been broken, muttered sagely:

"Umph! This is more serious than I thought. It's broke on both sides."

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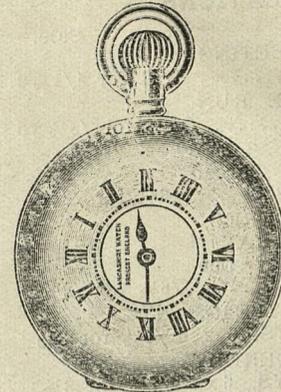
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Secretary

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The "Never Fail," 12/6

The "Broadway" Lever, highly recommended. Guaranteed, 15/-

Merrington's Special; a wonderful watch which I have run for 8 years, and has given utmost satisfaction. 17/6, 20/-; Silver, 30/- and 42/-

"Lancashire Lever." Silver, 50/-; Gold filled, 50/-

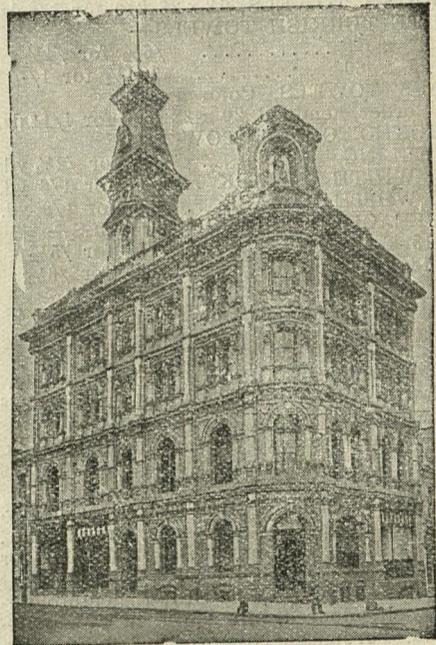
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	Worth	Sale.
PURE LINEN SHEETING, 54in. wide	1/11	for 1/1 yd.
WHITE APPLIQUE RUNNERS, 14 x 42.....	11½	for 8½ yd.
WHITE FRINGED TRAY Cloths, Drawn Thread Centres, 16 x 22.....	6½	for 2¾
COLOURED BORDERED FRINGED TRAY CLOTHS, Fancy Centres, 16 x 22	6½	for 2¾
HAND-MADE TENERIFFE D'OYLEYS, 6 x 6	4½	for 3½
FANCY EMBROIDERED SILK D'OYLEYS, 6 x 6	7½	for 3½
WHITE MERCERISED TABLE DAMASK....	1/6	for 1/-
SERVINETTES	2/3	for 1/6 dz.
WHITE MERCERISED SERVINETTES, 22 x 22	7/6	for 5/11 dz.
WHITE MERCERISED SERVINETTES, 24 x 24	10/9	for 7/11 dz.
COLOURED BORDERED TABLE COVERS, Fringed, 40 x 40,	1/9	for 1/3
WHITE MERCERISED DAMASK CLOTHS, hemmed, 64 x 82	5/11	for 4/6
WHITE MERCERISED DAMASK CLOTHS, hemmed, 72 x 90.....	7/6	for 5/11
ALL-OVER TUCKED MUSLIN, 30in., excellent quality	11½	for 6½
TURKISH TOWELS, 12 x 26	2/9	for 1/6 dz.
WHITE TURKISH TOWELS—		
22 x 54	6½	for 4½
25 x 60	1 1/4	for 1/-
GLASS TOWELS, Colored Border, hemmed, 20 x 28	6/6	for 4/11 dz.
CHECKED GLASS TOWELLING, 16in.	3½	for 2½ yd.
57in. WHITE DAMASK ..	1/11	for 1/6 yd.
72in. WHITE DAMASK ..	2/6	for 1/9 yd.
UNBLEACHED TURKISH TOWELS—		
18 x 48	7½	for 5½
18 x 54	9½	for 6½

WINN'S BIG DRESS BARGAINS FOR SALE TIME.

42in. ALL-WOOL CREPOLINE, embroidered with Silk, Wine, and Cream; worth 2/6 down to 1/3 yd.

40in. PLAIN SILK VOILE in Pale Pink, Navy, and Mid-brown; worth 2/11, for 1/6 yd.

40in. ALL-WOOL CREPELINE, heavy-weight, in Nil, Fawn, Reseda, Grey, Helio., Vieux Rose, Mid-brown; worth 1/11, for 1/3 yd.

40in. ALL-WOOL CREPELINE, embroidered, self-coloured, silk sprig, in Fawn, Reseda, Turquoise, Nil; worth 2/6, down to 1/4½ yd.

42in. ALL-WOOL CREPELINE, embroidered, coloured, silk sprig, in Fawn, Turquoise, and Nil, worth 2/11, for 1/6 yd.

42in. SILK and WOOL TAFFETA VOILE, large 2in. check on small block ground in Grey, Sky, Turquoise, Nil, and Helio., worth 3/11; down to 1/9 yd.

42in. PHANTOM CHECK NUN'S VEILING, in Reseda, Mid and Light Grey; worth 2/3 for 1/- yd.

42in. ALL-WOOL FINE SERGE, Phantom Check, suitable for autumn season costumes, in Hydrangea, Blue, and full Helio. worth 2/6, for 1/3.

40in. SELF-EMBROIDERED PANAMA on Phantom Check ground, in full Sky, Reseda, Myrtle, and Sky; worth 1/6, for 1/1½ yd.

44in. PLAIN SICILIAN, in Hydrangea, Smoke-brown, Grey, Peacock, Cardinal; worth 2/11, down to 1/3 yd.

NAVY SICILIAN, Dark and Mid Shades; worth 1/9, for 1/- Light Navy and Black, bright-finish Sicilians; worth 1/3, for 1/10½.

42-44in. ALL-WOOL FRENCH CASHMERE, few odd shades in Greys, Helio., Peacock, Fawn; worth 2/3, for 1/1½ yd.

42in. LUSTRE, line-check design, on Cream ground, in Sky, Fawn, and Pink; worth 2/3, down to 1/- yd.

40in. ALL-WOOL CANVAS VOILE, in Fawn Grey, Nil, Reseda, Helio., and Light Brown; worth 1/11, for 8/1½ yd.

38in. CANVAS VOILE, in Grey, Cornflower, Helio., Reseda, Sea Green; worth 1/11½, for 5¾ yd.

44in. ALL-WOOL CANVAS VOILE, heavy-weight, in Eau-de-nil, Fawn, Helio.; worth 1/6, for 8½ yd.

40in. ALL-WOOL CANVAS VOILE, in Fawn Grey, Helio, Nil, Peacock; worth 1/11½, for 7½ yd.

40in. VOILES, White-lined Check on Dark Grounds, in Navy, Red, Violet, Sky, Helio; worth 9/12, half-price 4¾ yd.

40in. CHIFFON VOILE, Block Stripes, in Pinks, Helio, Black, Grey, and Navy; worth 1/6, for 9¾ yd.

40in. HAIRLINE VOILES, in Pink, Helio, Sky, with effective mercerised cord, ½in. apart, running through; worth 1/6, for 9¾ yd.

30in. HALF-MOURNING MUSLINS, Black Mercerised Stripe Ground, with White and Grey Spots, Stripes, Wave, and Medallion Designs, highly effective; worth 6/6, for 2¾ yd.

32in. PLAIN ORGANDI MUSLINS, in Black, Cream, Buttercup, Eau-de-nil, and Fawn; worth 10½, for 4½ yd.

26in. WHITE LACE STRIPE MUSLINS; worth 2¾, for 1½ yd.

26in. WHITE LACE STRIPE MUSLINS, worth 3¾, for 1/11 doz.

WHITE MUSLINS, Lace Stripe, Check, and Spot Designs; worth 5½, for 2¾ yd.

28in. FULL CREAM SWISS SPOT MUSLINS; worth 5½, for 2¾ yd.

29in. PARIS GROUND SWISS MUSLIN, White Spot, Sprig, and Wave Designs; worth 6½, for 3¾ yd.

30in. CHAMPAGNE SWISS MUSLINS, White Embroidered Spot, and Sprig; worth 10½, for 6½.

27-28in. ALL-WOOL FRENCH CASHMERE BLOUSING, in Lattice, Floral, and Medallion Designs, on Red, Cream, and Navy Grounds; worth 1/11, for 1/1½ yd.

26-28in. ALL-BLACK SWISS MUSLINS, in Spots, Lace, and Cord Stripe, and Fancy Designs; worth 5/9, for 2/9 doz.

31in. DELAINETTES, Plain and Crepe finish, Cream Grounds, pretty Medallion and

Spot Designs, various colours, all fast dyes; worth 6¼d, for 4¼ yard.

31in. DELAINETTES, Hairline Grounds, in Navy, Pink, Nil, Helio, Sky, with contrast Spray Block Stripe, and Medallion effects; worth 6¾, for 4¾ yd.

30in. DELAINETTES, Block Stripe, Cream grounds, and Turquoise Helio, Nil, and Pink stripes; worth 6, for 3½.

26in. CREPE DELAINETTE, in Navy, Black and Light-coloured grounds, in Spots, Sprigs, Medallion, and Stripe Designs, all fast colours; smartly effective; worth 5½, for 2/11 doz.

27in. ORGANDI MUSLINS, Pretty Floral Designs, in Pink, Sky, Nil, Helio, and Grey; worth 6½, for 3¾ yd.

20in. JAPANESE SILK, in Black, White, and all colours; worth 10½, for 7½ yd.

23in. JAPANESE SILK, in Black, White, and all colours; worth 1/3, for 1/- yd.

27in. JAPANESE SILK, in Black, White, and all colours; worth 1/11, for 1/6 yd.

21in. SPUN SILK, White Ground, Navy and Black Lined Check, and Lined Stripe; worth 2/9, for 1/6.

36in. BLACK CHIFFON TAFFETA SILK, worth 3/9, for 2/9 yd.; ditto, worth 4/6, for 2/11 yd.; ditto, worth 4/11, for 3/9 yd.

26in. TUSSORE SILK, worth 2/-, for 1/8 yd.

21in. PEAU-DE-SOIE SILK, in Helio, Eau-de-nil, and Maize; worth 2/6, for 1/- yd.

WIDE VELVETEENS, in Cerise, Buttercup, Reseda, Turquoise, Pea, and Emerald Greens; worth 1/6 to 1/11; down to 9/12 yd.

Better Qualities in Violet, Petunia, Helio, and Purple; worth 2/- and 2/3, for 1/1½ yd.

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ALL MEN'S SUITS, at 4/ in the £ off.

ALL BOYS' and YOUTHS' SUITS, 2/6 in the £ off.

MEN'S TWEED TROUSERS; worth 3/9, for 2/9.

MEN'S WHITE DRILL SAC COATS, 2/11.

MEN'S CRASH COAT and TROUSERS, 8/11, for 3/11.

MEN'S GREY CASHMERE SOX; worth 1/3 for 9.

MEN'S WHITE BOATER HATS; worth 1/11, for 9.

BOYS' BLOUSES, CRASH, GALATEA, and KHAKI, 1/.

BOYS' CRASH TENNIS SUITS, 7/11, for 3/11.

BOYS' LINEN HOLLAND SUITS, 5/11, for 3/11.

ALL TWEEDS, SERGES, Etc., AT BIG REDUCTIONS.

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OUR FAMOUS SUPERB TEA; worth 1/2, for 11d, or 6lb. for 5/.

OUR FAMOUS SUPERB TEA; worth 1/4, for 1/2, or 6lb. for 6/6.

OUR FAMOUS SUPERB TEA; worth 1/9, for 1/4, or 6lb. for 7/6.

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