

GRIFFITH.

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THE BLACK STAIN.

FIFTH ARTICLE.

IN WEST LONDON.

A maze of streets in the heart of Mansion Land, and another maze of streets in the heart of Villa Land. Almost every street notorious for evil. Some of them criminal, some vicious, others packed with weekly tenants of the tramp and loafer order.

Many of the long rows of four-storeyed houses have been at one time in the occupation of a servant-keeping class. Now they are human rabbit-warrens, each room holding a family, the family consisting usually of man and wife and four or five children.

The "furnished room," which is let at 10d a night in some streets and 1s a night in others, makes any system of inspection exceedingly difficult to carry out.

A "family" may be in one street for a night or two, leave or be turned out for non-payment, and be living in a "furnished room" in another street a day or two afterwards.

How great is the need of inspection may be gathered from the following cases, which I select from a score of similar ones which have found their way into my notebook during my pilgrimage through the Children's Purgatory.

Case A: Father, mother, brother—a grown lad—daughter aged 16, daughter aged 14, and three children all in one room.

Case B: Father, an elderly man, and three girls aged respectively 16, 14, and 11, occupy one room, sleeping in one bed. The father, injured while at his work, received a lump sum of £40 as compensation, and drank it all away in a few weeks.

Case C: Man and wife, a girl of 16, a girl of 11, and two boys, one of 9 and the other 7, all occupying one bed.

Case D: A young man and a young woman, known to be brother and sister, and four children occupying one room. All the children are imbeciles.

Case E: A man of 45 occupying a room with one bed in it with a girl of 16 from a neighbouring street and his daughter, aged 15. The girl, who had taken up her abode with the man, when questioned by a visitor, said she was "the servant." She was

turned out. The man now occupies the room with his 15-year-old daughter, who is "mentally deficient."

It is in a street in this neighbourhood that I found the "worst case of overcrowding that I can recall. Two families were occupying a single room. The first family consisted of a man and his wife, a girl of 17, a boy of 16, and four children of school age.

The second family consisted of the sister of the man mentioned above, her husband, and five children. Several of the children are verminous. All are disgustingly dirty.

Two married couples, a girl of 17, a boy of 16, and nine children, all sleeping in one room night after night. Realise it in all that it means.

Can you wonder that in the schools attended by children brought up in this way, a state of affairs is discovered for which, outside the circle of control, there is only the silence of despair?

The examples I have given will suffice to illustrate some of the terrible evils that lie behind the scenes of shame in the Capital. The shocking condition of things here revealed is sometimes due to ignorance, lack of effort, and helpless, hopeless poverty,

By GEO. R. SIMS.

(Reprinted from the London "Tribune.")

but behind scores of cases there lies an untellable tale of horror.

From the bestial conditions prevailing in some of these degraded homes arises the most abominable form of cruelty conceivable to girl children.

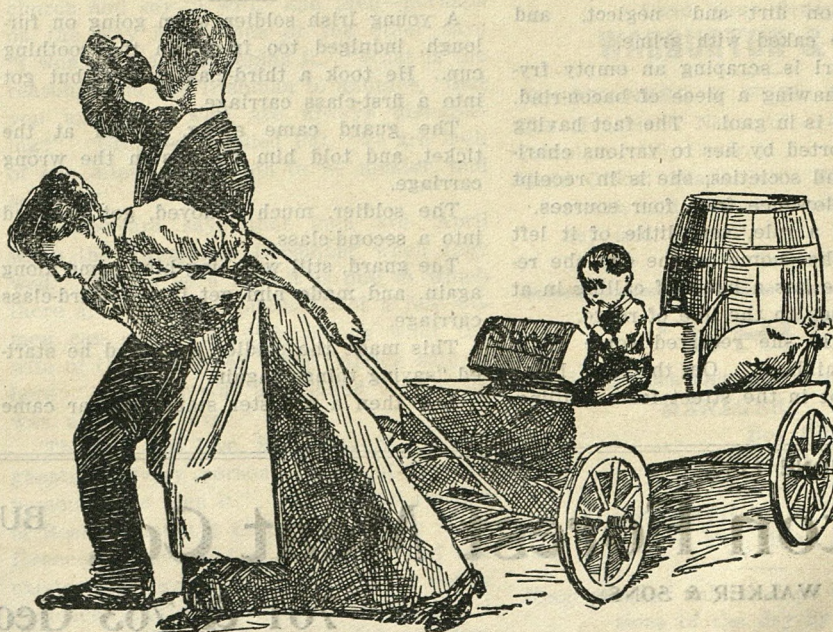
There is here and there a black page in the book of life that must be turned quickly when the book is being read aloud to a general audience.

I hasten to turn this one.

Here is a street of thirty-four houses. Each house has ten rooms, in each room is a family. In these thirty-four houses there are 320 children of school age, and of these a great many are suffering from cruel neglect, and thirty-five of them are mentally deficient.

Let us enter a house in a slightly-better street. On the third floor are two rooms in the occupation of a widow. Three delicate children with refined features are in the room with the mother, a woman of 53 or 54. There are also two babies in arms and a cat.

The babies are nurse children. The widow takes care of them during the day while the mothers are away at work.



WHERE THE BURDEN FALLS WHEN THE HUSBAND PAUSES FOR A DRINK.

Two of the widow's own children, a girl of 12 and a boy of 9, are verminous and ill-nourished.

The widow explains that she is poor. Her income is furnished by a son at work and a daughter in service. But she minds other people's children and neglects her own.

I ask the widow how many children she has had, and she proceeds to reckon up. Her family are almost beyond her powers of mental arithmetic, but she succeeds at last in accomplishing the sum.

"Let me see," she says, "I've got five alive, and I've buried seventeen—that's twenty-two as near as I can make it."

"Some of the seventeen grew up?" I suggest.

"Oh, no; they all died babies as you may say, the oldest was two and a half, but they were mostly only a few months.

This poor woman had certainly contributed generously to our appalling infant mortality.

In a house in a street where the tenants "take a floor" I was looking round while the mother was explaining why her children were in a cruelly neglected condition, and I found that the walls of the apartment were well covered with little memorial cards, on which the words "In loving memory of—" are printed, and the rest of the space left blank for the filling in of names and dates by the purchasers.

There were nearly a dozen memorial cards on the wall of the room, and every one of them was in loving memory of a child. The ages of the children varied from a few months to two years.

The memory of the lost little ones, though permanently preserved in the dreadful living-room, had not induced the mother to give extra attention to the little ones left to her. Two of the children I saw were rapidly qualifying to have their memorials preserved in the small space of wall that still remained available for obituary inscriptions.

In a large room at the top of a spacious, clean, and well-kept house at the corner of a street which is remarkable for the number of women who gossip all day long on the doorsteps, the mother of a young family is, after a long search, discovered by those who have been seeking her for many days.

She is given to changing her address whenever the demands for rent become annoyingly persistent.

The room is clean—because she has only just come into it. But it has only one chair in it. She has a baby in her arms, and on the floor are two fair-haired little girls.

Their heads are in the usual condition consequent upon dirt and neglect, and their faces are caked with grime.

One little girl is scraping an empty frying-pan, and gnawing a piece of bacon-rind.

The husband is in gaol. The fact having been duly reported by her to various charitable people and societies, she is in receipt of a weekly allowance from four sources.

There is, as a rule, very little of it left when she reaches home on the day she receives it. She has a habit of calling in at the public-houses on the line of route.

Quite recently she received some clothing for the children. On the way home she sold the lot in the street for a shilling,

and the shilling was promptly spent in the usual way.

I will not grieve the charitable organisations that constantly supply this woman with the means of getting drunk by identifying them. Their intentions are excellent, but when money is given to a woman who uses her children as a plea for help some means should be taken to see the children benefit by the money given, and that they are not cruelly neglected and starved while the money of the charitable is spent in the dram-shop.

Here is a nice-looking house, with a good front garden. Let us enter it, not because someone lives there who is cruel to children, but because it is the home of someone who is kind to them.

A motherly woman is nursing a sweet little baby girl of 4.

She is taking charge of it for its father, while the mother is undergoing a sentence of six months' imprisonment for her cruelty to it.

This pretty little girl was rescued from its mother's "care" in a condition too horrible for me to describe. It had been left for weeks unwashed and untended.

When it was brought to the good woman who now has charge of it the spectacle it presented was so indescribably awful that the woman fainted at the sight.

To-day, when it is told that its daddy is coming to see it, it looks up and laughs in childish glee and claps its little hands.

I ask the little one if she would not like to see her mother, and the child utters a cry of terror, and, putting her arms round her nurse's neck, clings to her convulsively.

Think of it. A sweet little English girl, with features that suggest a picture of childhood by Millais, convulsed with horror when she hears the word "mother."

Some of these women borrow money of the female moneylenders who infest poor neighbourhoods, and pay extortionate interest for it.

One young woman who is in the habit of keeping her baby day and night in the public-houses she "uses" is given to borrowing a shilling now and then at interest—as much as threepence a week is sometimes charged—and spending it there and then, in treating herself and the woman who lent it to her.

The condition of the baby in this case is such that its father has appealed for it to be rescued from its mother.

(To be continued.)

THE WRONG CARRIAGE

A young Irish soldier when going on furlough, indulged too freely in the soothing cup. He took a third-class ticket, but got into a first-class carriage.

The guard came along, looked at the ticket, and told him he was in the wrong carriage.

The soldier, much annoyed, got out and into a second-class.

The guard, still watching him, came along again, and made him get into a third-class carriage.

This made the soldier mad, and he started "saying things" again.

Just then a minister standing near came

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over, and asked Tommy if he knew where he was going.

"No," said the soldier, "I do not."

"Well, the minister replied, "you are on the road to hell."

"Good gracious!" cried the soldier, "I am in the wrong carriage again!"

SIXPENCE EXTRA.

A well-known scientific man accepted an invitation to lecture in a small provincial town, but discovered afterwards that he had a prior engagement for the same date. He accordingly apologised, and offered to make good any loss the Society might incur through his delinquency. A few days later he received a letter from the secretary assuring him that no harm was done, and enclosing a handbill, which the scientist is never tired of reading to his amused friends. "As Professor — is unable to give his advertised lecture, the Amateur Dramatic Club have kindly volunteered to perform instead two laughable farces. Any person who has bought a ticket for the other entertainment may have it transferred to this on payment of sixpence extra!"

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HOW LOVE CAN SURVIVE MARRIAGE.

By the Rev. E. J. HARDY,

Author of "How to be Happy Though Married."

If love be the greatest power for good in the world, anything which tends to hinder its operation should be carefully noted and guarded against. Of course, the great hindrance to love is selfishness in all its forms, but selfishness sometimes takes a form so refined that its true nature is not seen. It may be impossible to love too well, but people often love unwisely. They are kind only to be cruel, because it would pain them to be cruel only to be kind. How many people there are who are miserable themselves, and the cause of misery to others, because, when children, they were allowed to say and do what they liked by indolent or short-sighted parents! It is false good nature when a mistress of a servant in her first place passes over faults unnoticed instead of making her do what is right. The great hindrance to love is easy-going toleration of negligence and impertinence. We respect and like those who wind us up like a clock and make us go right.

When a man or woman loves, the good effect of this upon the character of the loved one ought to be very great, but then it must be wise love, and not the short-sighted kind. How often do we see a husband spoiled because his wife, when first married, did not insist upon that attention, consideration, and help, which every woman, much more a wife, may claim from a man! Sometimes it is a woman's "highest pleasure" to bear all her husband's burdens. To secure this highest pleasure, she makes the husband, whom God has given to her, weak, inefficient, and childishly selfish. She should have taught him that the way to be happy though married is not to ask himself, "How much can I get of help, service, affection, and so forth out of the person I have married?" but the opposite question, "How much love, duty, and service can I render to him or to her?"

Mrs. Bingo: "You must be careful what you say to the cook, dear, or she will leave."

Bingo: "Why, was I hard on her?"

"Were you? Why, anyone would have thought that you were talking to me!"

If Mrs. Bingo had loved her husband wisely she never would have allowed him to acquire the habit of talking in this way to her.

It is said that when poverty comes in at the door love flies out at the window, but this is not the case as much as it is thought. Of course, if people marry expecting money and do not get it, the disappointment that ensues may hinder love. More frequently, however, love is hindered by finding that tastes and characters are different from what they were thought to be.

"RELATIONS IN LAW."

Relations-in-law hinder love, too, far more than poverty. No matter how poor they are, people should start the matrimonial firm in something they can call a home of their own. Many a marriage has turned out a dismal failure because, from false economy, or some other reason, two families have tried to live together as if they were one. "When I want a nice snug day all to myself," says an ingenious wife, "I say to George, 'dear mother is coming,' and then I see nothing of him till one in the morning." "Are your domestic relations agreeable?" was the question put to an unhappy-looking specimen of humanity. "Oh, my domestic relations are all right; it is

my wife's relations that are causing the trouble."

When the great writer Carlyle was engaged to Miss Welsh, the latter induced her mother to consent that Carlyle should live with both of them, and share the advantage of an established house and income. But Carlyle answered Miss Welsh's proposal by saying that two households could not live as if they were one, and that he would never have any right enjoyment of his wife's company till she was "all his own," adding that the moment he was master of a house the first use he would turn it to would be to slam the door against nauseous intruders.

Even before the old Greek poet called a rock the mother-in-law of ships, jokes of more or less staleness had been made about "foes-in-law" in general, but particularly about mothers-in-law. Where there is disunion there are generally faults on both sides. If a wife loves her husband, she will be kind and considerate to the authors of his being, and to the brothers and sisters who were the companions of his childhood.

On the other hand, the course of true love may run too smoothly. A few obstacles may make it well up into a deeper stream, and prevent unwholesome and monotonous stagnation. Love delights in overcoming obstacles that come from relations, impecuniosity, and other sources. For lovers to have to stand together, their two selves against the whole world, strengthens affection, and makes them everything to each other.

"WHY IS A HUSBAND LIKE DOUGH?"

Excessive domesticity may injure love. A wife who is wise will not begin married life by insisting that her husband should give up his club, male friends, and all the interests of bachelorhood. She will not do this even for her own sake. Men about home all day become fidgety, grumpy, and interfering in household matters. Jones asked his wife, "Why is a husband like dough?" He expected her to give it up, and he was going to tell her that it was because a woman "needs" him; but she said that it was because he was hard to get off her hands. The necessary familiarity that exists between relations often tends to hinder love. How painfully candid is a brother sometimes to his sister! How seldom too, is a husband as tactful and as little inclined to find fault with his wife or life-partner, as he is with his business partner! Marriage is a relation either of sympathy or of conquest, and much of the matrimonial discord that exists arises from a mutual struggle for supremacy. They go to the church and say "I will," and then—perhaps on the way home—one or the other says "I won't," and that begins it. "What is the reason," said one Irishman to another, "that you and your wife are always disagreeing?" "Because," replied Pat, "we are both of one mind—she wants to be master, and so do I."

Shakespeare says that men are "April when they woo, and December when they wed." If this be a rule it is one to which there are many exceptions. Not a few women can say of their husbands what the wife of the celebrated actor Garrick said of hers: "He never was a husband to me: he was always a lover."

"There is real love, just as there are real ghosts. Every person speaks of it; few persons have seen it." This cynical remark of Rochefoucauld is certainly not true in reference to love before marriage, and the existence of love after it rests on far better evidence than the existence of ghosts. I have never seen a ghost, but I have often seen love surviving matrimony. I have

seen many a husband-lover and sweetheart-wife.

No! Marriage need not and ought not to be the door that leads deluded mortals back to earth. Certainly love may, and often does, end with the honeymoon when people marry to gratify a "gunpowder passion," or for the sake of mere outward beauty, which is, like a glass, soon broken. The enthusiastic, tempestuous love of courting days will not, as a rule, survive marriage, but it will be succeeded by something even better—the calm, untroubled contentment of settled married life.

LOOK AT THE DANGER-POSTS.

On awakening suddenly from sleep we feel put out and rather cross. The young husband and wife experience feelings not entirely different when they awake to reality from the dreams of courtship, and the fascination of the honeymoon. Everything must once more be contemplated after the ordinary manner of the world, once more with subdued feelings spoken of, considered, and arranged. For the first time husband and wife see each other as they actually are. Each brings certain peculiarities into the married state to which the other has to grow accustomed. They have now to live no longer for themselves, but for each other, and the lesson is not learned in a moment. This sort of thing may seem to hinder love, but it need not necessarily do so; it is the inevitable consequence of settling down in an unusual situation. A lady once asked Dr. Johnson how, in his dictionary, he came to define "pastern" the "knee" of a horse; he answered, "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance." This is the simple explanation of many an accident that takes place at the commencement of the matrimonial journey. The young couple have not yet learned the dangerous places of the road, and, as a consequence, they drive carelessly over them. Then a baby appears on the scene, and becomes king of the house. The father is delighted with his son and heir, but feels a little sore because his nose is put out of joint. It is a great pity when a wife gives up, so to speak, a husband for the sake of her children. This causes jealousy, and there is nothing hinders love more than that green-eyed monster.

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and tucker," and with these has put on her sweetest company manners. Somebody is expected whom she desires to attract. But how is it when she has succeeded in marrying him, and he returns of an evening from work? She is in dishabille, and perhaps so is her house.

According to Dean Swift, "the reason why so few marriages are happy is because young women spend their time in making nets, not in making cages." Men are often as easily caught as birds, but as difficult to keep. And when a wife does not make her home clean, bright and happy, her husband will escape from his cage to places where he will be injured. In this way are formed drinking, gambling, and other habits that hinder both the giving and receiving of domestic affection.

The home life of Georges Sand, the great French novelist, was so unhappy that she left her husband, and wrote bitterly against marriage. The quarrel was caused by his habits. He used suddenly to leave home, and remain away on hunting expeditions, and in the company of boon companions, for days. He behaved, in short, as a single man, and tried to be as little married as possible. This is very wrong, and always produces unhappiness, for no man ought to like his club and amusements better than his home. It is painful to think in how many cases a sweetheart ceases to be treated as such by her husband, only because she has committed the indiscretion of marrying him. There are men with whom all the pleasure of love exists in its pursuit and not in its possession. These men like women only for the sake of flirting with them, but their love cannot be said to be hindered, for they are incapable of loving.

ADAM'S FA'.

In the western part of Scotland, a long time ago, a certain minister was in the habit of visiting his parishioners two or three times a year, the better to observe the result of his ministrations, and incidentally to catechise them on the knowledge of the Bible. As the parish was widely scattered, the members of his church in certain localities, for convenience sake, used to meet in

some house agreed upon, to await the visit of the minister. On this particular occasion, the house selected was kept by Adam Forsyth and his wife Janet. On the appointed day, the neighbours kept dropping in, until all the chairs and settles were filled. As the minister was late for some reason or other, the conversation lagged, and a feeling of depression pervaded the room. Geordie Wilson at last suggested that, in order to relieve the tedium and sharpen their wits for the questions that the minister might propound, a half Mutchkin of Glenlivet would probably accomplish both ends. The necessary amount having been subscribed, Adam was delegated to go round the corner to Kirsty McKillop's, and bring back the whisky. Adam, however in his haste to get back to the house before the arrival of the minister, stumbled and fell, breaking the bottle of whisky, and inflicting sundry bruises on his face, so that Janet, seeing the minister coming across the street, locked Adam in the press-bed to avoid a scene.

After the usual salutations had been exchanged, the minister looked sternly at Janet, and said:

"What was the cause o' Adam's Fa'?"

"Eh! Losh me, whit's that?"

"What was the cause o' Adam's Fa'?" repeated the minister.

"Weel, I'll no' tell ye a lee, it wis this way, ye ken. Adam, jist tae be neeborly went oot for a wee drap whisky tae keep oor speerits up till yecam', but the stupid bodie in his road hame, feel doon and scartit his face and dirtit his claes; here, Adam, come oot o' that press-bed, the minister kens a' about it."—Sandy McNab.

WHY JACKA WENT.

A Sunday-school teacher was on his way to church the other Sunday when he saw two tiny toddlers coming towards him. One of them said:

"Please, sir, Bill and Jack cannot come to school this morning because we going to 'ave a tooth out."

Failling to see why both should go to have one tooth pulled out, the teacher said:

"But what's Bill"—the elder—"going for?"

"Please, sir, Bill's going to have his tooth out."

"Then what's Jack"—the younger—"going for?"

"Please, sir, 'e's going to hear him 'oller," was the reply.

THAT NAUGHTY BOY.

Mr. Stinger had a particular method of his own in dealing with the various tradesmen who called at his house with the usual request for Christmas-boxes—that is, he had until the butcher's boy called. Then he began to consider whether his plan was as good as he at first thought it to be.

Pursuing his usual custom, he opened the door himself in answer to the butcher-boy's knock, and allowed the youngster to begin.

This is what followed:—

Boy: "Wish yer merry Christmas, sir!"

Mr. Stinger: "Just so."

"An' a 'appy New Year."

"Just so."

"An'—an'—all the rest of it, sir!"

"Just so."

There was an impressive silence, and Mr. Stinger flattered himself that he had crushed the applicant; but he had not.

"I say, guv'nor," ventured the boy, "It wouldn't 'urt you very much ter say, 'Same ter you,' would it? If yer poor, yer can at least be perlite!"

By the time Mr. Stinger had recovered his breath his visitor had swaggered down the steps.

"Shure, it's married I am, Malone, since I last saw ye, an' I've got a fine healthy bhoy, which the neighbors say is the very picter of me."

"Och, well, what's the harrum, so long as the child's healthy."

"We want a man for our information bureau," said the manager, "but he must be one who can answer all sorts of questions and not lose his head."

"That's me," replied one applicant. "I'm the father of eight children."

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Mr. Virgo in America

Social Reform Work

The popular secretary of the Sydney Y.M.C.A. spent a busy time during his recent visit to Canada and the United States, which was not by any means confined to investigating the work of the Y.M.C.A. in those countries, although that, of course, was the work in which Mr. Virgo was specially interested. The Y.M.C.A. has made magnificent progress in America. It has become a national institution. It is looked upon even by the Government as one of the agencies which is making for the future greatness of that country, by looking after the men of to-morrow. It is moreover setting the pace for Y.M.C.A.'s the world over.

Mr. Virgo was keenly interested in America's efforts along the lines of social reform. He was particularly anxious to investigate the work that is being done at such world famous ameliorative centres as the Water-st. and Bowery Missions. Here as everybody knows congregate men of all shades of deterioration, dejection, and failure on the seamy side of life. It is a vital principle in both these missions to give every man a chance to save himself or be saved from himself, and if he has had chances before, then they are prepared to give him another chance even to seventy times seven. Mr. Virgo was brought into close touch with this work, addressed some of the meetings, sang to the men and had the pleasure of seeing not a few starting out afresh with a new hope to redeem their lives from total destruction.

Drink, of course, is responsible in a great majority of cases for the flotsam and jetsam which finds its way to these centres and everything is done to reclaim such from the drink habit.

The general experience, Mr. Virgo says is that however much other influences may help to save a man from the drink, it is the Gospel of Jesus Christ which can alone be relied upon to take away the appetite and substitute nobler desires.

Everywhere Mr. Virgo went he became aware of the splendid progress which is being made in regard to Temperance Reform. He found that state after state was boldly marching toward Prohibition, and generally he was satisfied that in the states where Prohibition is already a fact, Prohibition does prohibit. Of course, he points out, you hear stories wherever you go of the evasions of the law and of how easily it is to get liquor in the prohibited states, if you only know the way, but he thinks these are mostly exaggerations.

He tells one good story of a man who turned up in a "dry town," as the prohibited areas are called, determined to have a drink. After trying several places in vain, he went to a chemist and asked to be served with whisky. "Can't do it," said the chemist. "But I must have it." "That's all right; but you cannot have it here. There is only one way in which you can get whisky from me. If you can manage to get bitten by a snake I will serve you. Outside the town, yonder, there is a swamp where you will find plenty of snakes. If you really want a drink go out there and get bitten."

The man went away, not quite so satisfied as when he entered that he knew the way to get whisky in a "dry town." Next day he turned up again at the chemist's. Recognising him the proprietor said: "Well have you come back for that whisky? Did you go down to the swamp? Did you manage to get bitten? Did you find any snakes?" "Oh!" said the thirsty one, I found the snake all right, but that snake's bite has been mortgaged for the next fortnight."

A splendid illustration of what the

A Snake Story

Y.M.C.A. is doing and the confidence it has established even with men like President Roosevelt is quoted by Mr. Virgo. When the Panama Canal operations were commenced the United States Government decided to erect half a dozen Institute Buildings within what is known as the "Zone" area, and throw them open for the benefit of the men employed on the work. But the men were not attracted. Even as clubs they were not a success. There was no warmth, no companionship, such as most men like. The Institute Buildings became deserted, and the saloons provided the attraction. Realising this fact President Roosevelt consulted his colleagues and without waiting for Parliamentary sanction they decided to hand these buildings over to the Y.M.C.A. and pay all working expenses, provided the Y.M.C.A. would supply the officers to manage them. The offer was accepted. The Institute took on a fresh lease of prosperity, and Mr. Virgo is able to report that they are now crowded centres of attraction, and the saloons have had to shut up.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

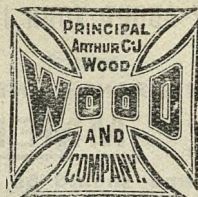
"If I were a liquor dealer, I would keep my license with great care. When I made my last will and testament, I would direct my executors to put the precious document in my cold, clammy hand so that when called upon to confront the souls of my victims at the bar of God, I could hand to the Judge the license that a Christian community gave me to carry on my work of destruction and death. I would tell the Judge on the Throne that the citizens of my community wanted to raise money for revenue, and that the permission and authority to debase and degrade the souls of men came from them."

An encouraging sign is that many leading papers and magazines are refusing to advertise intoxicating liquors or patent medicines. This is the stand taken by "McClure's," "Munsey's," "Everybody's," "The Ladies' Home Journal," "Collier's Weekly," "The Century," "The Saturday Evening Post," and many others. There are said to be 700 papers in Kansas that refuse all whisky or beer advertising.

This is the only sound position to take. The newspaper man who sells whisky through the influence of his paper stands on a level morally with the man who deals out liquor from behind a bar for money consideration. If there is any difference, the newspaper man is the worst of the two, for he goes through his paper into hundreds of homes of sobriety and seeks by false representation to create a demand for the man behind the bar, and he does it from the same motive, for pay.

The editor of the "Ledger," of Murray, Ky., announced a new policy for that paper, as follows:—"All contracts for whisky advertisements in the 'Ledger' have expired, and from this date no whisky advertisements will appear in these columns at any price. If saloon people desire to expatiate on the merits (?) of any peculiar brand of their damnation, they can look elsewhere for a medium through which to extol their virtues. 'The Ledger' makes no claim to sanctification, but when a saloon-keeper tells us that a 6-dollar advertisement in 'The Ledger' has sold for him 1200 dollars worth of whisky, it makes us feel that we have been in a small measure responsible for the damage done, and we promise to sin no more."

Four Reasons



- A perfect and unequalled equipment.
- Modern labor-saving machinery.
- The finest rolling stock extant.
- Trusted and skilled employees.

These four potent reasons combined with **PERSONAL** (attention explain why we conduct more high grade funeral work at **TEN PER CENT** lower rates than any other firm.

Wood & Company

FUNERAL DIRECTORS,
SYDNEY AND SUBURBS.

Head Office and Mortuary Chapel:—

810-12 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY.

Telephone 726, &c.

A COMBINATION DESIRED.

Wanted—A wife, who can handle a broom, To brush down the cobwebs and sweep up the room;
To make decent bread that a fellow can eat—
Not the horrible compound you everywhere meet;
Who knows how to broil, to fry, and to roast;
Make a cup of good tea and a platter of toast;
A woman who washes, cooks, irons, and stitches,
And sews up the rips in a fellow's old breeches;
And makes her old garments—an item that grows
Quite highly expensive, as everyone knows;
A commonsense creature, and still with a mind
To teach and to guide—exalted, refined;
A sort of an angel and housemaid combined.

THE OTHER FOURTEEN.

There is an amusing story of a Highland-soldier who, while lying dangerously ill in Netley Hospital, expressed a desire to hear the bagpipes once more before he died. The hospital doctor agreed, as there were only fourteen inmates in the ward, and none of them were serious cases. A regimental piper was found to play the bagpipes, and for a long time he paced the ward playing tunes of the homeland. The next morning the piper called at the hospital. "Well, doctor," he enquired, "how is my countryman this morning?" "Very well indeed," replied the doctor. "He went to sleep after your entertainment, smiling happily, and awoke this morning a new man. He will rapidly recover now." "Good!" said the piper. "Good!" "But," added the medical man, "the other fourteen patients are dead!"

WHY WORRY ABOUT YOUR INSURANCES?

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

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

A. B. PURSELL & CO.

(Established 1886)

INSURANCE BROKERS AND SUPERVISORS

105 Pitt Street, Sydney,
and at Brisbane.

Over **5 Millions** of Insurances supervised annually by A. B. PURSELL & CO.

We look after the Insurances of many of the leading Merchants and Manufacturers. Small as well as large Insurances supervised without charge.

Amongst our numerous clients we may mention as references the following:—

Anthony Hordern & Sons; John Keep & Sons, Ltd.
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.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1908.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

It was only to be expected that the Liquor people would "fuss round" when the Hon. S. Mauger spoke things that were not only shocking—but shockingly near the truth—but it is as unexpected as it is amusing to read a sub-leader in a morning daily calling on the temperance "extremist" to repudiate these utterances and apologise for them.

If the children Mr. Mauger saw barefooted were not so on account of the drunkenness of their parents—there were 7000 children he did not see who on that and every day for many years were kept in part or altogether by the State, and the Government officer responsible for dealing with these children, says: "Sixty to seventy per cent. of these children are suffering from the intemperate habits of their parents." This is a much more serious statement than that of the Postmaster-General.

As regards the miners, in spite of the fact that they number among them some of the finest men in the world, it is quite true that many of them are reckless drinkers. But worse than this statement is that of Mr. Lloyd George, M.P., President of the Board of Trade, who, in a recent speech at Manchester, said:—"Inquiries amongst manufacturing employers prove that on Monday morning a varying percentage (in some cases as high as 75 per cent.) of their people are absent from work owing to drink; and that 'when they did come back to work

they had muddy intellects and impaired vitality. Who could calculate the loss to the industries of this country from this cause? We stand almost alone amongst the great industrial countries of the world with such a phenomenon as that in our life."

THE REDUCTION FARCE.

The Annandale Electorate in the late No-License election cast 2702 votes for No-License, 1247 for Reduction, and 2469 for Continuance, a majority for No-License as against Continuance of 233; but because it is a liquor question we sink our democratic principles and permit the minority to rule. A bone was thrown to the Temperance party in the clause that adds the No-License and Reduction votes together should No-License not be carried. It has turned out to be a very meatless bone, the majority for Reduction is 1480, and the result is that one license is to go.

The farce of the whole thing is not fully realised until it is discovered that the place the Court has decided must go has a lease for ten years, and the Court has announced that the reduction of one is not to take place till January 2nd, 1913! Will the people stand this contempt of their wishes? Will the many thousands who voted for No-License or Reduction allow the Liquor people to outwit them, laugh at them, and continue to ply their trade in spite of their expressed wishes? Even a worm will turn, and even Temperance folk will get mad if their majority is ridiculed in this outrageous way, and the result may be something of the Carrie Nation kind. No trade has the same privileges, and no trade has the same evil record, and if in addition to this large majority votes are going to count for nothing, then there must be an upheaval.

SHOULD DOCTORS PRESCRIBE ALCOHOL?

Dr. R. H. Blaikie, of Edinburgh, has been giving a number of interesting figures regarding the use of alcohol by doctors. He is, he says, quite sure that among the medical profession their faith in the use of alcohol as a beneficial drug is being shaken. He remembered when he was a student in the Royal Infirmary, that for pneumonia it was simply brandy and plenty of it, and the mortality was very high, much higher than he had found it in his own experience and he believed, in looking back on these cases, they were simply poisoned by the amount of whisky or brandy that was given them. In the Royal Infirmary in 1840 there were 3,800 patients, and £672 was spent in alcohol. That worked out at about 43s 7d per occupied bed per annum. Last year, 1906, the number of patients was 11,000, and the total sum expended on alcohol was £194, which worked out at 4s 7½d per occupied bed.

With regard to London hospitals, Dr. Blaikie pointed out that the seven leading ones in 1862 spent over £8,000 on alcohol, whereas in 1902 the sum was only £2,900. At Salisbury Infirmary in 1865 the amount spent was £302; in 1895, £95; and in 1905, £18. In the Wandsworth Infirmary in 1875, with 1,400 patients, they spent £371 on alcohol;

ten years later they had 1,000 more patients and spent only £53; in 1895 they had 1,000 patients more and spent only £3 19s 2d; and in 1905, with patients numbering 5,450, the total sum spent on alcohol was £2 7s 5d. Lastly, the London County Asylums' statistics showed that during sixteen years the number of patients had more than doubled, and the amount of wine and spirits consumed had dropped from 15,000 to 2,000 pints, and beer from 225,000 gallons to 1,200 gallons. These statistics show what medical men are doing.

INVERCARGILL'S SPLENDID RECORD.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I confidently appeal to you in fairness to a worthy cause to publish the following very satisfactory results upon the Supreme Court records of Invercargill, as one result of No-License. The two weaknesses in the law commonly referred to as the Locker system and Beer depots, have caused much condemnatory criticism of the Invercargill experiment by thoughtless persons who do not look beyond the obvious and surface happenings. These weaknesses, however, will shortly be amended by Parliament, in fact, we believe the beer depot business to be already settled. In spite of these weaknesses (which are purely the result of license elsewhere, and only show how dangerous any system of licensed sale is), much good has been done as the following proves. There have been six Supreme Court sessions in Invercargill since No-License became effective. At every one of these without exception the Supreme Court Judge who presided, has complimented the district on the absence of crime. The words used were as follows:—August 28, 1906, session; Mr. Justice Cooper, "I congratulate the jury on the fact that there is only one criminal case." December 3, 1906 session; Mr. Justice Denniston, "Congratulated the district on the absence of serious crime." March 5, 1907, sessions; Mr. Justice Williams spoke similarly. There were only two cases, both of which were dismissed and classed by the learned judge as trivial. June 4, 1907, sessions; Mr. Justice Chapman, "He was very pleased to be able to congratulate the Grand Jury on the comparative absence of crime from this large and growing district. The calendar was an exceedingly small one, and it seemed to him, in comparison with former times, to show a marked diminution in crime." August, 1907, session, Mr. Justice Williams, "There had been practically a total absence of crime during the last three months." Finally, on December 10, last, Mr. Justice Williams again congratulated the Grand Jury on the "remarkable absence of crime."

Facts are stubborn things, and in Invercargill the facts are as we prophesied they would be—Business better than ever it was. Building extraordinarily active with more work offering than the carpenters can do. Advertisements were sent all over Otago lately by the Invercargill Labour Bureau asking for carpenters. Land gone up in price, Mr. R. McNab, Minister for Lands, reporting that he had never before seen the business men of Invercargill so confident in the future of their town. In fact, everything, but crime, booming and flourishing. If all New Zealand was under No-License it would be the most prosperous and least criminal country in the world.—I am, etc.,

G. B. NICHOLLS.

Dunedin, New Zealand.

"INVERCARGILL A CROWNING SUCCESS."

By T. E. TAYLOR.

This year is the year of battle. On the side of the Prohibitionists it will be a period of earnest, self-denying labour for social progress and a healthier environment for mankind. On the side of the liquor interests, it will be a campaign of insolent misrepresentation and fraud. The motives prompting the liquor interests in their struggle to retain the privileges by means of which they enrich themselves and brutalise humanity are callously selfish. This year's struggle is a phase of the weary strife between heaven and hell—between barbarism and Christianity—of which the issue is in no doubt, although the harvest-home rejoicing is delayed.

In the preliminary struggle with the liquor interests, we contended that the abolition of the licensing system would justify itself brilliantly, wherever it was accompanied by honest enforcement of law. Invercargill determined to abolish the licensing system very deliberately. No spasmodic sentiment helped the vote in favour of No-License in 1905. Public opinion based itself upon the deadly social influences exerted upon the common life of the people by the bar system. The moral degradation of drinkers; the deterioration in the character of the youths who came under the influence of the drinking-bars; the social discord, poverty and unhappiness; the loss of life by drowning, suicide, burning, trap accident, and other means so often directly resulting from drunkenness or semi-drunkenness; the weary procession of the debauched men and women whose drinking habits so constantly bring them before our magistrates—these, and other evidences of the national folly in perpetuating the liquor interests, were so burned into the minds and hearts of the Invercargill people, that they banished the bars from that city as from July 1st, 1906.

What has happened? Not one of the lying prophecies of the Liquor party as to what results would inevitably ensue have been verified.

The Rev. W. Thomson, Chaplain to the Liquor Interests of New Zealand, has been raking up evidence in America and elsewhere of a brand likely to further the interests of the Kingdom of God as it is conceived by his employers. If the evidence he adduces be true, we cannot verify it; if it be false, we probably cannot expose its falseness.

WHY?

Because they have deliberately gone abroad for their alleged facts. If they lie, they will lie so near the polling-day that no appeal to America will be possible before the people's decision is recorded.

We have some American evidence to place before the electors of New Zealand at an early date, and it will be clean evidence, not stained by mercenary interests.

When the Liquor men's champions do produce their foreign evidence, will they please explain why the great historic State of Georgia, with its population of over 2,000,000, has just instituted by almost unanimous votes of both branches of its Legislature, the most drastic State Prohibition Law yet enacted in America?

In the meanwhile, we print an extract from the last annual report of Police Inspector Mitchell, of Invercargill.

LOOK AT THIS!

Commenting on the Invercargill police returns for the year, Inspector Mitchell says: "The public generally have taken kindly to the No-License movement, with the result that there is little or no evidence of

drunkenness in the streets. Invercargill is a grand testimonial for No-License, which I think is here a crowning success."

What do the Liquor Interests of New Zealand say of this testimony? If it is false, they need not send a hireling parson to America to disprove it. Invercargill is close home.

The Liquor men will strain every nerve to have the witness who says "No-License is a crowning success in Invercargill" removed, or promoted, or silenced in some way. But they will not succeed, because public men will be safer in the clean discharge of their duty exactly as the Prohibition movement extends its area in New Zealand. Because the Prohibition party is fighting for humanity and high ideals of national character.

Invercargill a "Crowning success of No-License," upon the testimony of the police.

Mataura also;

Clutha also;

Oamaru also;

Ashburton also, in spite of the desperate efforts of its detractors.

To the ballot-box in 1908 the people carry their judgments, based upon evidence which exists alongside of each elector. This evidence the liquor men will ignore; but from its destructive effects all their cunning will not save their corrupt craft.

ENGLAND AS I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE IT.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A SOCIALIST.

In the England that is to be, the children of the nation will be regarded as a treasure far above rubies. Like the Roman matron of old, Britannia will proudly place her hand upon their heads and say, "These are my jewels;" and, knowing their worth, she will see to it that disease and death are kept at bay by systematic medical inspection of every child from the cradle upwards.

Motherhood shall be so high a vocation that no married woman shall be permitted to work in a factory. The husband shall receive such a minimum wage as will enable him to rear his family in health and comfort; while, if he die, then the nation shall say to the widow, as was said to a mother of old, "Nurse this child for me, and I will pay thee thy wages."

Though children are neither born equal in physique nor in mental power, yet there shall be "equality of opportunity" for all; so when school days begin, the primary, secondary, and University education shall be so vitally connected that all children, irrespective of creed or social status, shall be free to achieve the highest that is in them.

Schooldays being ended, every youth and maiden shall be trained in the calling by which they are to live, and in order that none may slip into the ranks of the unemployed during periods of depression, the Government shall possess factories, farms, and gardens, where the necessities of life can be produced. To these every worker may turn, knowing that he will receive at least a living wage. If any prove idle or thriftless, they shall be compelled to work under strictest discipline until they have learnt that in England's hive no drones are kept—either rich or poor. The loafer, the tramp, and the criminal will be regarded as social parasites too expensive and dangerous to be tolerated.

Because the childhood of the nation is so precious, therefore neither man nor maid shall be permitted to marry unless they can produce certificates of physical and moral fitness. When the wife becomes the mo-

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL — PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

Founded 1849.

The Best Mutual Life Office in Australasia.

Head Office: 87 PITT ST., SYDNEY.

Accumulated Funds .. £22,500,000

Annual Income £2,900,000

Policies effected in this office prove an excellent investment. Most Economical Management. Unequalled Bonuses.

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

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

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

Sydney, 27th September, 1907.

ther, then her ambition shall be the rearing of "full-breathed, bright-eyed, and happy-hearted human creatures."

In the days to be, not more than ten houses shall be permitted to the acre; every home shall have its garden without and its bathroom within. District, Borough, and County Councils shall have powers of compulsory purchase of land at a reasonable valuation, and shall no longer leave the erection of houses to the jerry-builder and the speculator. The suburbs of our towns shall be sprinkled with cottage homes, built and owned by the ratepayers; and in suitable country places, garden cities, similar to Bournville, shall flourish. The husband's evening leisure shall be spent in the garden instead of the taproom, and the wife will adorn the table with flowers which her own fingers have culled.

Slum tenements will have ceased to tempt the speculator in search of high profits, for none will dwell in the squalid street when all may enjoy the sunlit fields.

"Back to the land!" will no longer be the desperate cry of the reformer who knows the perils of a forsaken countryside; for the tide of human life will have turned from the ugly town, and Dame Nature, so long bereft of her children, will be comforted as she sees them healthily, happily working in dairy and field, in garden and orchard.

No more will the artisan be compelled to scamp his work in the feverish effort to turn out the greatest amount of cheap rubbish in the shortest time, for a Wages Board shall periodically regulate the remuneration of labour. Every worker shall receive at least a living wage, and sweating shall be a nightmare of the past. The harsh competition which is for ever cutting down prices will be converted into a healthy emulation bent on lifting the quality of the goods produced.

Mine and garden and field—the sources of wealth—ship, railway, and canal—the distributors of wealth—shall no longer be owned by the rich for the benefit of a class, but by the people for the benefit of all.

Parliament shall have ceased to be a place where much is said and little done, but shall be the palace where a true aristocracy of powerful intellect and high character shape the destiny of the Empire, not along lines of selfishness and aggression, but of justice, helpfulness and good will.

Old age shall have no terrors to the toiler, nor shall the workhouse be the last halting-place before weary hands are folded in their last slumber; for Ruskin's words, so bitterly assailed, shall have come true: "It ought to be quite as natural and straightforward a matter for a labourer to take his pension from his parish, because he has deserved well of his parish, as for a man

in higher rank to take his pension from his country because he has deserved well of his country."

The aged, by their own fireside, or in the homes of their children, shall pass the eventide of life, and when the spirit is called home there shall be no pauper's coffin for the outworn frame, but it shall be laid decently to rest by those who have been taught the sacred meaning of brotherhood, and who have learned to love their neighbour as themselves.

FROM DRAM SHOP TO COFFEE HOUSE.

AN OLD GLASGOW ANNOUNCEMENT.

Fifty years ago a public-house, presided over by a genial publican, was the favourite howff of the folks at the foot of the Saltmarket. Its popularity, however, could not ensure any fixity of tenure in regard to its license, which was withdrawn by the powers that were of that time. The license-holder was not unduly depressed over his misfortune, and shortly after the withdrawal of its license, issued the following quaint announcement, a copy of which has been courteously sent us by a Glasgow septuagenarian who took it down at the time:—

A Wonder A Wonder A Wonder for to see a Braw Coffee house whaur a Dram Shop used to be.

Freens

An Fellow Ceetizens in General, an' you Foke aboot the Fut o' the Sautmarket in Partikilar will ye Speak a word we me? I am an Auld Whisky Shop. I am an Interestin' relick o' Anshient times and manners. Maybe Sum o' ye dinna ken what a Whisky Shop is. I'll tell you.

In Anshient times lang before pure working Foke were Sae wise or weel daein' as they are noo a days, the Glaiska foke, an partik'larly the foke about the fut o' the Sautmarket, were awfu' fond o' Whisky. This Whisky was a Sort o' Deivil's Drink made out o' God's guid Barley. It robbit men o' their Judgment; but they drank it. It robbit them o' their Naitral affeckshions; but they drank it. It robbit them o' independence an' Self respect; but they drank it. It made them mean, unmanly, disgustin' wretches; but they drank it. It Cled them in rags; but they drank it. It made them live in low, filthy dens, o' houses; but they drank it. It Sent them in Scores to the Poleecee Office; but they drank it. It sent them to the Jail, the Hulks, an' the Gallows; but they drank it.

Bailies an' Sheriffs, Judges an' Judges deplored its effects; but they drank it themselves. Ministers preached about it; but they drank it themselves. It blooted oot God's glorious image frae men's faces and hearts; but they drank it. It made them beggars; but they drank it. It made them Paupers; but they drank it. It made them idiots; but they drank it. This Whisky, then wuz selt in shops, an' I wuz Ane o' them.

That'll let ye ken what a whisky shop wuz in Anshient times.

Times are changed noo. Everybody's a member o' the Scottish Temperance League. Naebody drinks anything but Coffee. So I've ta'en up the Coffee house line mysel'. Come an' See Me. Ye'll get Rowsin Cups o' Coffee, Thumpin' Cups o' Tea, Thundr'in dunts o' Bread, Whangs o' Cheese, lots o' Ham an' Eggs, Staiks, Chops an' a' ither kinds of Substantials.

Freens an' Fellow Ceetizens, I'm no the Shop I ance wuz. I've a blythe heart an' a cheery face noo. Come an' see me:

The Reformed
Dram Shop
20 Jail Square
Observe! Nae Connexion w'e the
Jail oore the way.
—Glasgow Weekly Herald.

ALTERED CIRCUMSTANCES.

A cat was once walking around a large brewery when she espied a little mouse struggling in one of the beer-vats, and piteously crying:

"Get me out, get me out!"

"Very well," said the cat; "I will get you out if you will let me eat you."

"I will do anything," returned the little animal, "if you will only get me out."

Thereupon the cat effected the rescue of his unlucky companion; but when out, the mouse wished to shake the beer from his coat. No sooner was this allowed him than he ran off. A few days afterwards the cat met the same little mouse again, and pointed out to him that she did not think his conduct was very complimentary after his promise.

"Oh, a fellow will say anything when he's in beer," quietly answered the mouse.

CHARACTER IN PATCHES.

An enthusiastic cultivator of flowers and shrubs recently had occasion to engage an odd-man gardener. One morning two applicants appeared—one a decidedly decent-looking man, and the other of much less prepossessing appearance and manner.

After very little hesitation the man of the house chose the latter applicant.

A friend who was present evinced surprise at the selection, asking:

"Has that man worked for you before?"

"No," replied the other. "In fact, I never saw either of them until to-day."

"Then why did you choose the shorter man? The other had a much better face."

"Face!" exclaimed the horticulturist of the place, in disgust. "Let me tell you that when you pick out a gardener you want to go by his breeches. If they're patched on the knees you want him. If the patch is on the seat of his trousers, you don't."

It is always a puzzle to an editor why the subscription list keeps on growing when he sees only letters stopping the paper on account of some article, and never one subscribing for it on account of some article.

DIET and HEALTH.

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

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

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

The Sanitarium Health Food Cafe

supplies the food that repairs the waste tissue.

Address: ROYAL CHAMBERS,
45 Hunter Street, City

Write for descriptive price lists.

A queer little boy who had been to school, And was well up to all sorts of tricks, Discovered that 9 when upside down Would pass for the figure 6. So when asked his age by a good old dame, This comical youngster said: "I'm 9 when I stand on my feet like this, And 6 when I stand on my head."

FIRE INSURANCE.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE.

Established 1809.

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

NEW SOUTH WALES FIRE BRANCH.
LOCAL BOARD: MARK SHELDON, Esq.;
SHEPHEARD E. LAIDLEY, Esq.

All Classes of Fire Insurance.

Country Agents Required.

GEORGE S. ARTHUR,
Resident Secretary,
64 Pitt-street, Sydney.

IS THE PUREST
AND BEST
WADE'S
CORN FLOUR
ASK YOUR
GROCER FOR IT

ASK FOR
Pearson's
Sand Soap
AND TAKE NO OTHER.

From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(BY UNCLE BARNABAS).



Uncle B. wants to get to know hundreds of his dear Sevens to Seventeens, and he has hit upon "a great idea." He has decided to buy a good big post-card album, and in it to put—what? "Why, picture post-cards, of course?" Yes! it is true that post-card albums are for post-cards, although you cannot always be sure that words mean what they seem to mean; for example, a titmouse is not a mouse (what is it?), Irish stew is almost unknown in Ireland, and Turkish baths are not taken by Turks, and cat-gut has never belonged to a cat, and Baffin's Bay is not a bay, but a post-card album is an album for post-cards. You are right so far. But N.B.:—This is a special album, and no card will be allowed a place in it that does not come from a **Gritty Seven to Seventeener**. Now, that means there is a place for your card, and Uncle B. wants to know who will fill the honoured places on the first page. Ah! whose card will be **NUMBER ONE**? They will be reckoned in the order of writing and posting, not in the order of receiving, and an extra day or two will be allowed to the Grit-boy who lives at Blackadder Flat, 350 miles beyond Tumbulgum, and to the dear Grit-girl whose letter and whose "Grit" has to travel from and to The Nine Mile Tank, near Mount Wotyer-callit, via Wilcannia, etc.

Uncle B. will, by and bye, ask you to write post-cards about set subjects, but the first batch, which may be written any time up to March 5th, may be about anything at all. "Tell me," says Uncle B., "about the place you live in, the school, the work you like best, the name of your horse and his good and bad points, how many dollies you have, and what is their wash-day, what you think of the English cricketers, what the minister said last Sunday, and, indeed, anything that interests you will interest me." Uncle B. will send one of Faber's handsome shilling red pencils, all metal-mounted, to the sender of the first post-card—Number One—and another of the same pencils to the one who sends the post-card that he likes best, writing, composition, and age to be taken into account. Don't trouble to send expensive cards, the cheap and nice ones will do just as well. Please give your name, address, age, and birthday, in this way:—Barnabas Grit, Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney. Age 97, born June 28th.

LETTER-BOX.

Nona Sly, Stewarts-Brook, Woolwich, sends me answers to the A.B.C. rhymes I made up in the train. They are nearly all right. "M. is the place where the wheels whizz and whirl," should be mill, not machine, but I was very pleased to get your list, Nona, and think you are clever to have guessed 25 out of 26 correctly. I wonder

if you have eight brothers and sisters, because Nona means ninth, or were you born on the 9th day of September (9th day of 9th month of the year).

Arthur Winton has guessed all the 26 correctly, and has also worked out the Bible Arithmetic with the exception of "50, Mark 6," and that unfortunate "176, Psalm 150," which was my mistake. I can't blame the printer. It should have been Ps. 119. I am very pleased to get this second letter and thank you very much for trying to get some new subscribers. I keep all letters that come, and shall be glad to hear of the writers growing up to be clever, useful, sober, good citizens of this lovely land of ours.

Eric Lloyd, Post Office, Redfern, is going away to Queensland. All "Sevens to Seventeens" wish you "Good-bye," and hope you will get "Grit" sent to you to the North. Eric says: "I think if all the boys and girls would read 'Grit' they would never be drunkards when they grow up."

Ursula Clarice McBrien, Church-street, Parramatta, sends nearly correct answers to the alphabet rhymes. She gives H as Hyssop instead of Horehound, but it is almost as good as correct. This A.B.C. rhyme began in the train at Parramatta, so it is only as it should be that a Parramatta girl should take an interest in it. I hope my new friend will try at the "unfinished A.B.C.," in "Grit," February 13th.

ANSWERS.

1. A.B.C. Rhyme (Feb. 6th): Axe, Bread, Cake, Dirt (or Dust), Engine, Fish, Grammar, Horehound, Ink, January, Kite, Lawn-tennis, Mill, Necklace, Ounce, Puss, Quick, Rounders, Sunday, Tunnel, Unicorn, Veil, Wind, Xmas, Yesterday, Zebra.

2. Bible Arithmetic (Feb. 6th): 99 sheep; 4 anchors; 2 firkins; 40 days; 3 men; 153 fishes; 50 people; 9 pieces of silver; 176 verses.

TRANSPOSITION.

Arrange the letters of the following words into the name of a lady whom nearly everybody has heard of and who used to be known as "the Lady with the Lamp." Use the letters once only. There are 19 letters in the lady's name (Christian and surname):—

"Flit on! cheering angel."

Out of the words "Cart-horse" make one word meaning a lot of people met together to make music.

FOR SUNDAY.

I.—Take every letter of the text, "I sought the Lord and He heard me," and give the name of a Bible character beginning with each letter; also, tell where in the Bible you can find the name.

II.—What name am I thinking of?

1. My first is short for a boy's name.
2. My second is what boys like with bread.
3. My third is a preposition.

LIMERICK.

(By Mervyn Carmont, Casino; aged 13.)

"My friends! on a rail do not sit,
But subscribe to the paper called 'Grit';
It will strengthen your back
When the pubs. get the sack,
And the Electors tell them to quit."

(Thank you, Mervyn. That is very good, and also the one sent by your little sister Ruth. Try for the competitions. If you don't win you will help our good little paper along. I am glad your father gave little Ruth a bit of help with her Limerick. Some fathers won't take the trouble to see what kind of work their boys and girls are trying to do.—Uncle B.)

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N.S.W. BRANCH:

CORRESPONDENCE.

E.W., Clunes.—Thank you for your comments on "The Way of the Quitter." Your idea is good—but not very clearly expressed, and needed elaborating. We are always glad to hear from our readers. Comments, facts, and original letters are sure of close attention.

Eric Lloyd.—Hope you got your book, Eric, and liked it. As you only gave a post-office address, and said you were going away, we are anxious to know if the book reached you.

Bombshell.—Thank you for your scathing criticism of "Publican's Tricky Ways." We do not doubt the truth of all you say, but we believe what you say refers only to the very black sheep of this somewhat grey flock.

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GOOD CUP OF TEA AT ANY HOUR.

ALREADY NECESSARY TO ENLARGE

THE PREMISES AGAIN

JACK TAR'S VOYAGE IN AN AIR-SHIP.

Southampton Airship Dock, 10 a.m.—All being ready we weighed anchor and forged ahead—I mean aloft—with all wing canvas set up to the skyscrapers; sheets was all a-taut, oh, and the blooming bowlines hauled out on the courses, wind S.S.E. on the star-board beam; then suddenly the wind veered round to S.W., and we up-helm and squared yards and bits of wings and things, and steered a course N.E. by E., bound to Cape St. Paul's for orders, with the motor coffee-mill grinding and whizzing round about 900 revolutions a minute. The patent log was set and hung over the stern—a kite-shaped arrangement with ball-bearings.

Just as she got headway our packet took a list to port, and felt blooming well like turning turtle. The skipper cried, "Hold my watch and count the revolutions and the evolutions at the same time;" the chief engineer shouted for the greaser to lubricate the main skylight hinges, so as to open wide and allow the heavenly dew to fall on the lower shafting bearings, which were getting hot for the want of a drink.

I was keeping a sharp look-out on the fore-castle head for broken water and hay-stacks, when I heard the steward cry, "All hands lay aft and splice the mainbrace." Suddenly the wind freshened and the boat-swain piped all hands goosewing the quadrant of the steering apparatus and connect the relieving tackles up and haul taut.

Just then, glancing over the side, we could see shoals of chimney-tops right dead ahead of us, looking like porpoises upside down. We ported a bit to clear them and our gear; then the chief engineer rushed up to the skipper and reported the foo-foo valve had jammed itself in the spring gagget of the ne plus ultra wing-bone, necessitating stopping the motor coffee-mill for half an hour. We then hoisted the signal three brass balls, indicating we were not under command and that the chances were two to one we never should be again; it would also indicate to Nelson on the monument, towards which we were fast approaching, that as we could not get out of his way he must get out of ours. Good old Nelson! It nearly broke my blooming heart making that signal to the old Admiral after he had been anchored there with his best bower anchor out all these years; but it had to be done. The modern "rule of the road" must be carried out, and unless the wind veered soon he would have to slip his cable and lay to under the lee of the Metropole.

I tell you it was an anxious time driving down on the grand old Admiral's ship like that, but just at the critical moment the heavy nimbus cloud hanging over us cleared away, leaving the two fair beautiful spheres of cirrus and light cumulus to float against, and up we went, and jolly glad to, dipping our ensign to Nelson, who seemed to wink his sound eye, as if to say, "A jolly near shave, my hearties." Then our telegraph rang out "Stand by" again, our engineer having, by good luck and bottles of lubrication, cleared the jam in his throttle valve, and off we went again, E.N.E., under reduced pressure of the safety-valve.

Griffiths' Teas

A CHOICE VARIETY

534 George Street

Opposite Town Hall

At 4 p.m. the Strand was covered in fog of the beautiful golden greengage tint; although we were running on dead reckoning only, we could tell it was the Strand under us, by the highly sniffy smell arising from the rushing motor traffic; the air around us was fairly blue with the beautiful gases arising through the fog. (Like the old maid said with her first love, "It is too overpowering.")

At last our look-out man reported "Land dead ahead," at 5 p.m., and looking through the gloom old Cape St. Paul's loomed up in all its greatness, and a cheer arose—such a cheer—even the ribs of our airy packet shook and vibrated; our best leadsmen stood by with the heaving line, and we gradually warped her in to the New Central Airship Dock, built just over the dome of Cape St. Paul's. It was a splendid fly, and, thank goodness, no groundings on the passage; but for the future I'm flying in my old packet what floats.

JACK TAR.

A CHANCE FOR THE BOYS.

When a town boy leaves school, he has very often no definite idea of what occupation in life he should choose. His parents want to see him earning some money, and so he is told to take the first place that offers. This may be as message-boy in an office or store, as a lift attendant, or as a hand in a factory. He spends a few years at this work, which is purely routine and mechanical, and at the end of that time is discharged to make room for a younger lad who will do the work at a lower wage. He has wasted some of the best years of his life, and never gets beyond the ranks of the unskilled labourer or the inefficient clerk.

All parents who have the interests of their sons at heart should guard them against a lot like this. Either they should be taught a trade, or if they have any inclination that way, they should be given an opportunity of going on the land.

There are hundreds of boys in Sydney today, many of whom might become prosperous farmers in course of time, if they only knew how to go about it. It is to help them in this way that the Immigration League of Australasia has arranged for a free training course in agriculture lasting three months for those lads whose parents cannot afford to send them to the Hawkesbury Agricultural College. At the Pitt Town Farm they learn to milk, to look after horses and pigs, to plough and to make themselves generally useful about a farm. Both the food and the accommodation are plain, even rough, but this is what they

will have to have afterwards on the land, and so their time at Pitt Town acts as a test of their aptitude for roughing it. If they find they are not suited for a country life, they can leave at any time, and no harm has been done. If, on the contrary, they like the life, they can be found places with farmers after they have finished their course, wherein they can complete their knowledge of farming and save some money. Beginning at 10s a week, they work up to 20s, or even more with their board, and if they are thrifty, and have any grit, they can take up land for themselves in a few years as several of our lads have already done. One who began on 7s per week, selected 160 acres in less than a year after he started, and is on the high road to success.

There is a much greater chance of a lad becoming independent on the land than in the city if he is hard working and persevering. We advise parents to make inquiries on this subject, by writing to the Secretary, Immigration League of Australasia, Bull's Chambers, 14 Moore-street, Sydney.

A STORY FROM THE COUNTRY.

We owe a great deal to the country in the way of butter and eggs and game; but, also, often in the way of a good story, such as this:

A lady of a religious turn of mind, residing in the country, was anxious to present her nephew who was going to sea, with some slight testimony of her affection, and decided, if she could obtain it, to give him a pious work, known as "The Companion to the Altar." But the nearest town was nine miles off, so she walked over to the neighbouring village, and inquired for the work at the general shop, which combined groceries, haberdashery, and the post-office, with a little book-selling. The proprietor replied that he thought he possessed the book, and, after running his finger along the shelf, he turned and said:

"I am sorry to say that I have not got it, madam; but here is a work of the same class, 'Guide to Courtship and Marriage,' if that will suit you."

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

A MAGIC LANTERN FOR SALE, IN PERFECT ORDER.

LANTERN, SLIDES (25), SHEET AND ACETELYN PLANT, only used a few times. Will show a 9 foot picture with acetelyne plant, and 15 foot picture with limelight. Easily carried about. The whole turn-out, £7 10s. Apply Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, Box 200, C.P.O., Sydney.

Yes! We Make Good Bread!

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

WILLIAM WHITE — **Redfern and Newtown**

How the World Moves

Mrs. Dawson, of the Lancashire County Union of the B.W.T.A., writes urging that every Christian Church should organise at least one meeting to create Temperance enthusiasm in its own neighbourhood, and to strengthen public opinion in favour of local veto.

Mr. Richard Bell, M.P., speaking at a meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance in the Temperance Hall, Sheffield, vigorously repudiated the anti-temperance manifesto recently issued in the name of trade unionism, and declared that not a single responsible leader of trade unionists could be found to support it.

In dealing with the proposed transfer of a licence for a house belonging to a firm of brewers, the chairman of the Crewe Bench described the agreement which was to be entered into by the new tenant of the brewers as "horrible." Not even an indentured Chinaman, he said, was under such an agreement; it made the tenant the absolute slave of the brewers. It was arranged to grant a temporary transfer on condition of certain modifications in the agreement.

The latest report of the Inland Revenue Commissioners shows that the total number of distilleries at work in the United Kingdom during the year ending with March, 1907, was 186. Scotland claimed 150 of these, three fewer than in the previous year. The production of home-made spirits for the whole of the United Kingdom in 1906-7 was 50,317,908 proof gallons. Ireland slightly reduced its output; England showed an increase of nearly 900,000 gallons, and Scotland an increase of over 1,000,000.

As a result of the Temperance deputation to Mr. Morley last August, the Government of India has recently issued orders dealing with the number, location, and licensing of liquor shops, and the conditions under which liquor is to be sold. Shops are to be closed not later than nine o'clock at night, the sale of liquor to children and intoxicated persons is prohibited, and restrictions are placed on the sale of liquor to police, soldiers, and railway servants on duty, and the quantity supplied to any one family. Further restrictions are under the consideration of the Government.

Speaking at a demonstration of Hertfordshire Liberals at Watford, Lord Crewe said that one form of Temperance reform must inevitably come, a reform that was recognised by the late Government, and that was the diminution of opportunities for obtaining drink. This was effected to some extent by the Licensing Act of 1904, but the process was too slow, and ought to be accelerated. He asked total abstainers and moderate men to unite to support the Government. What was wanted to secure effective Temperance reform was a combination of change of habits on the part of the people with judicious legislation.

The "legislative programme" recently set forth by the executive committee of the C.E.T.S., which is on the lines of Lord Peel's report, does not please all the members of the Society, especially those who are enrolled in its moderate section, and the Bishop-designate of Chichester and the Bishop of Kensington have been protesting in "The Times" against the idea that loyalty to the Society involves acceptance of its legislative programme. Dr. Ridgeway suggests that the urgency of the advanced section accounts for the continued leakage in the membership of the Society, and the Bishop of Kensington objects to "a great social problem like this being made by one side or the other a factor in the game of party politics."

The British Temperance League is appealing for the organisation of Churches of all denominations in a united demand for the reforms recommended in the report of the Royal Licensing Commission, and endorsed by the majority of Temperance reformers to be included in the promised Government measure. It is intended to ask the Prime Minister to receive a deputation of bishops, Free Church presidents and other leaders, who will lay before him the case for legislation, for (1) an early termination of the vested interests created in licences; (2) Sunday closing; (3) earlier week-night closing; (4) closing on election days; (5) the exclusion of children under fourteen years of age from licensed premises; (6) prohibiting the further

engagement of barmaids; (7) an effective control of clubs; and (8) giving to the people full control over the issue and renewal of licences by a direct popular vote.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Mr. Hackett, 3s 9d; Mr. J. J. Gray, 4s 4d; Mr. Blowes, 5s; Mr. J. Pascoe, 5s; Mrs. Wallis, 5s; Mr. Summerhayes, 5s; Miss Linda Murray, 5s; Mr. Dixon, 2s 6d; Rev. E. Tranter, 2s 8d; Mrs. A. E. Brown, 2s 6d; Mr. A. Moore, 5s; Mr. T. Skellet, 5s; Mr. Antrobus, 5s; Mr. Newth, 5s; Mrs. Harrison, 5s; Miss Wolfe, 1s 1d; Mr. Jno. Seale, 5s; Mr. T. Griffith, 5s; Mr. Abercrombie, 5s; Mrs. Fitzgerald, 2s 6d; Mr. Forbes, 2s 6d; Constable Hennille, 2s 6d; Miss Scott, 1s 3d; Mr. Taylor, 2s 6d; Mr. A. Phillips, 2s 6d; Mr. W. J. Boyce, 2s 6d; Rev. Matherson, 2s 6d; Mrs. Bloomfield, 3s 9d; Mr. Hedges, 2s 6d; Miss A. Hall, 5s; Mr. S. Crobb, 3s 9d; Miss A. Fripp, 5s.

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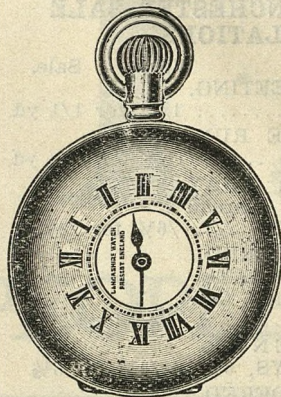
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The "Broadway" Lever, highly recommended. Guaranteed, 15/-

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/-

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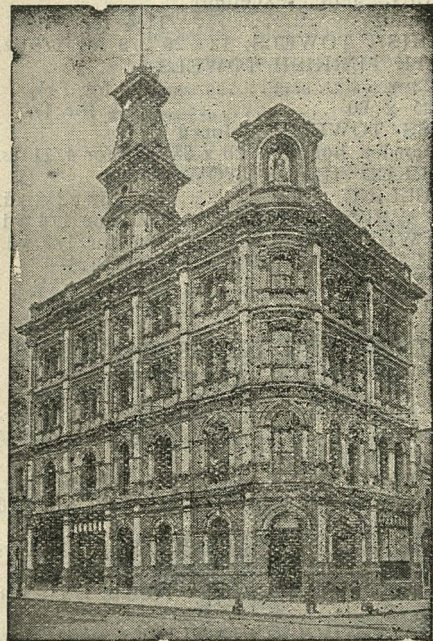
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PURE LINEN SHEETING, 54in. wide	1/11	for 1/1 yd.
WHITE APPLIQUE RUNNERS, 14 x 42.....	11½	for 8½ yd.
WHITE FRINGED TRAY Cloths, Drawn Thread Centres, 16 x 22.....	6½	for 2¾
COLOURED BORDERED FRINGED TRAY CLOTHS, Fancy Centres, 16 x 22	6½	for 2¾
HAND-MADE 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/-
SERVETTES	2/3	for 1/6 dz.
WHITE MERCERISED SERVETTES, 22 x 22	7/6	for 5/11 dz.
WHITE MERCERISED SERVETTES, 24 x 24	10/9	for 7/11 dz.
COLOURED BORDERED TABLE COVERS, Fringed, 40 x 40,	1/9	for 1/3
WHITE MERCERISED DAMASK CLOTHS, hemmed, 64 x 82	5/11	for 4/6
WHITE MERCERISED DAMASK CLOTHS, hemmed, 72 x 90.....	7/6	for 5/11
ALL-OVER TUCKED 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	1/4½	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 CREPELINE, 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 8½ yd.	
38in. CANVAS VOILE, in Grey, Cornflower, Helio., Reseda, Sea Green; worth 1/1½, 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 1/1½, for 7½ yd.	
40in. VOILES, White-lined Check on Dark Grounds, in Navy, Red, Violet, Sky, Helio; worth 9½, half-price 4¾ yd.	
40in. CHIFFON VOILE, Block Stripes, in Pinks, Helio, Black, Grey, and Navy; worth 1/6, for 9¾ yd.	
40in. HAIRLINE VOILES, in Pink, Helio, Sky, with effective mercerised cord, ½in. apart, running through; worth 1/6, for 9¾ yd.	
30in. HALF-MOURNING MUSLINS, Black Mercerised Stripe Ground, with White and Grey Spots, Stripes, Wave, and Medallion Designs, highly effective; worth 1/6, 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.	
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