

GRIFF.

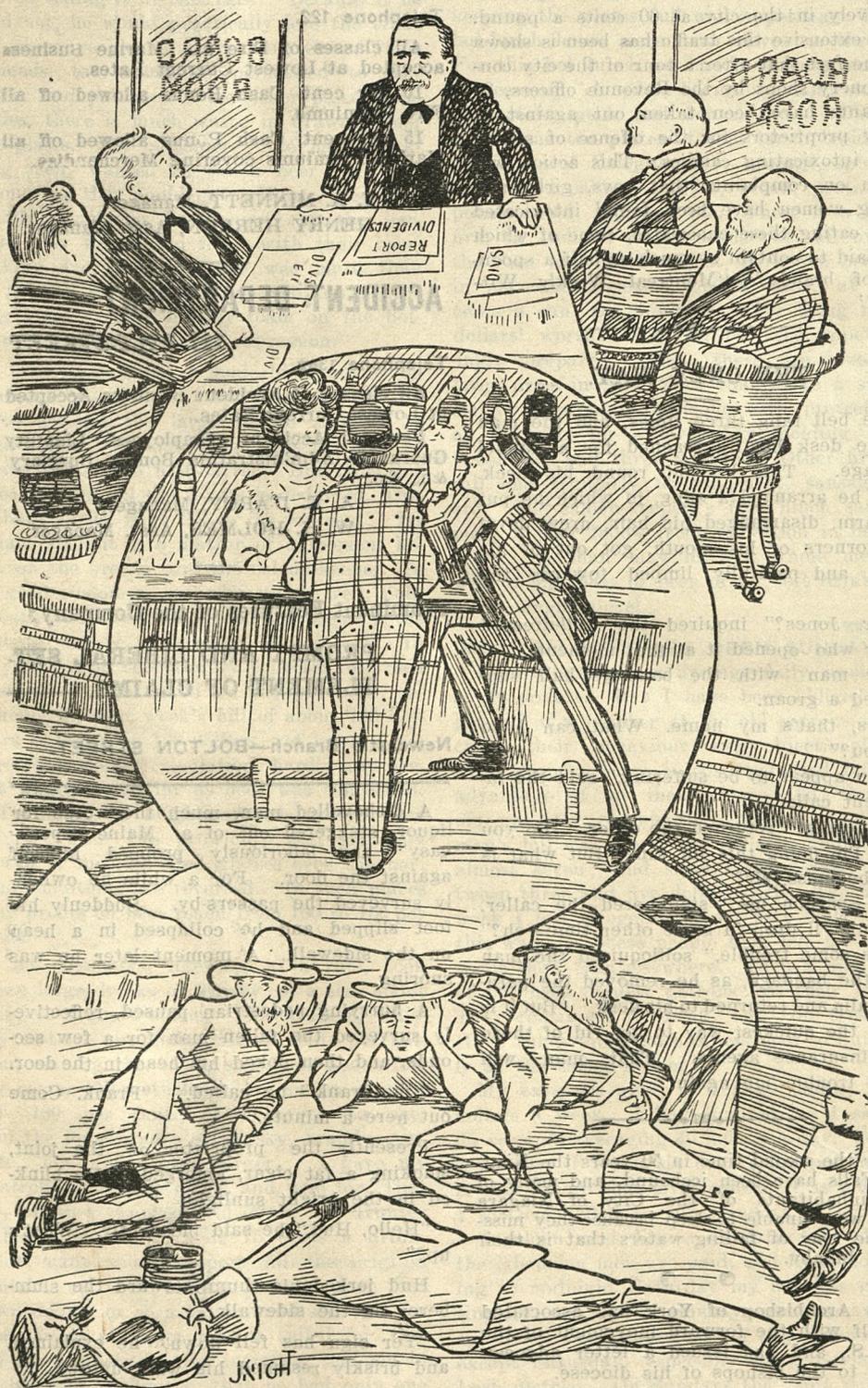
A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

Vol. III.—No. 2.

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1909

Price One Penny



A TOUGH PROPOSITION IN EDUCATION.

Class I., Shareholders.—Subject: "Dividends, their supreme importance."

Class II., Sowers of Wild Oats.—Subject: "Liberty of the Subject, to do as he darned well please."

Class III., Wasters.—Subject: "The Poor Man's Beer." We suggest it would be better to make it "The Beery Man's Poverty."

Liquor and Education

"Fairplay" says in a leading article:—
 "One of the fads of the 'temperance' party which is likely to be copied in Australia, is the teaching of 'temperance' in the public schools. In the United States this mode of carrying out the propaganda of the fanatics has been in vogue for some time, and the result has been to puzzle the brains of the unfortunate children and fill them with confusion. An American contemporary reprints some evidences of this confusion as they appear in the examination papers at the schools. We reprint some of them below:—

Seafaring men who are in the habit of drinking are liable to collide with other vessels.

After a man has had a few glasses of beer he feels dizzy and plays dominoes.

Medical men have found that there are more dead than there were.

Alcohol kills the drum of the ear.

Alcohol is contained in wine, spirits, and beers. It has effect on a medical man's conclusion.

The person who takes alcohol has a fat heart, and it does not take as much water to drown it as the man who does not take alcohol.

The man who drinks beer is always thirsty; but he who never swallows any liquid does not ever want anything to drink.

To-day many people are in gaol for committing suicide while under the influence of drink.

A teetotaler is strong, and has a better chance of getting on in life; while a drunkard is weak and fat, and stands at street corners all his life.

Doctors say that fatal diseases are the worst.

It causes liver complaint and consumption, and cities and nations are much more fatal. Shortened lives have been increased.

"This is partly laughable and partly pathetic—but more pathetic than laughable.

One can easily find room for pity at the poor, overworked children, who, after the ordinary tasks set them in order to fit them for the stern work of life, have to fag up a subject which is 'double dutch' to most of them, and to solemnly pass examinations in it. If there is anything calculated to defeat the object which the propagandists have in view, it is this method of forcing the poor brains of the children to slave at a subject which cannot be of the slightest interest to them. It is calculated to drive the little ones to drink at the first available opportunity they may get. The absurdity of the whole thing can be clearly seen from the extracts."

In the next issue of this delightfully inconsistent liquor paper, the following notice appears:—

WRAPPERS.

"During last week no less than 50,000 of the printed educational wrappers were des-

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

patched from the rooms. A big batch went to Newcastle, where the hotelkeepers are falling into firing-line splendidly."

Since children are not to be taught, we must try and imagine the liquor educationalist confining himself to shareholders who must be taught that dividends are more important than character to young men who must be encouraged to "enjoy the liberty of making asses of themselves," and, last of all, in providing the old derelict with some wholesome reading on the wrapper in which he is taking away "a hair of the dog that bit him." We leave it to our readers to decide which system of education is absurd.

A SIDELIGHT ON THE RECENT LICENSING COMMITTEE ELECTIONS.

The "Lyttelton Times," the day before the late election, in a leading article expressed itself as follows:—"With regard to to-day's polls, the Government, doubtless from motives of economy, has placed a grave disability upon large numbers of electors. The last 'Gazette' announces the abolition of thirteen polling places in the Riccarton electorate, and of eighteen in the Selwyn district. There are now but thirteen polling places for the whole of Riccarton. The booths at West Melton, Halkett, Aylesbury, Weedons, Rolleston, and Hornby have disappeared, and there does not appear to be a single polling place between Kirwee and Templeton. Feeling is running high in this district, and it is quite clear that the abolition of so many polling places will give the advantage to-day to the side that commands the better transport service, the side that has most money to spend. Apart from that consideration it is clearly wrong to compel farmers to spend the greater part of the day from home if they desire to record their votes, and it is certain that the effect of this piece of economy will be that hundreds of electors will allow the issue to be decided without their assistance."

No better evidence is necessary to prove that the hand that writes the cheque often times rules the election.

SPOILT A KEEN HEARING.

A humane sportsman noticed that his gamekeeper attendant suffered from cold ears. So the first opportunity he purchased a pair of ear muffs and gave them to him.

Some months after they were out on the moors again together, and the sportsman noticed that the gillie did not wear the ear muffs.

"What's the matter, Archie," he asked, "that you don't wear your ear muffs?"

"Weel, sir," replied the gillie, "ae day a gentleman asked me to take a glass o' whisky an' I didna hear him, so I have never worn the ear muffs since then."

TRICKS OF "THE TRADE."

"Brandy chocolates for general distribution we have heard described as existing largely in the excited imaginations of 'fanatics.' The stories affirmed by temperance workers that children have been able to purchase such pernicious sweetmeats, and have been made drunk by them, have been received with scepticism or even vigorously denied. Montrealers, at least, will hardly deny their existence again, since a hundred cases of them, weighing four or five hundred pounds have been taken from the premises of a manufacturer on William-street. In each box there were from 25 to 30 chocolates, and such boxes are said to be sold extensively in the city at 60 cents a pound. How extensive this traffic has been is shown by the fact that after a tour of the city confectionery shops by the Revenue officers, 30 warrants have been taken out against as many proprietors for the offence of selling such intoxicating candies. This action was taken on complaints that boys, girls, and young women have been found intoxicated after eating these chocolates, some of which are said to contain as much as half a spoonful of brandy."—"Montreal Weekly Witness."

THE ONLY WAY.

The bell rang three times, and the man at the desk hastily reached for a flannel bandage. This he put round his neck. Then he arranged a sling, in which he put one arm, disarranged his hair, drew down the corners of his mouth, got out of his chair, and painfully limped towards the door.

"Mr. Jones?" inquired the well-dressed caller who opened it at that moment.

The man with the bandage half suppressed a groan.

"Yes, that's my name. What can I do for you?"

"You appear to be suffering," said the intelligent caller.

"Suffering!" returned the other. "Do you think I'm doing this for fun? But what is your business, sir?"

"Er—pardon me," stammered the caller, "I think I'll drop in some other time—eh?"

"It's some trouble," soliloquised the man with the bandage, as he removed the paraphernalia and returned to his desk. "But it is really the quickest way to get rid of these life insurance agents. That man will never trouble me again."

For the second time in 50 years the Niagara Falls have been icebound, and many of the inhabitants of the City of Niagara Falls were unable to sleep because they missed the roar of falling waters that is their usual lullaby.

The Archbishop of York has associated himself with the forward movement of the C.E.T.S., and has issued a letter advocating it to the bishops of his diocese.

NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE CO. LIMITED.

CAPITAL £1,500,000

FIRE AND MARINE DEPARTMENT 61 PITT STREET.

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HENRY HERRON, Asst. Manager.

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PROMPT AND LIBERAL SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS.

Newcastle Branch—BOLTON STREET.

A dishevelled man, much the worse for liquor, staggered out of a Maine "speakeasy" and laboriously propped himself against the door. For a while he owlshly surveyed the passers-by. Suddenly his foot slipped and he collapsed in a heap on the sidewalk. A moment later he was snoring.

A hurrying pedestrian paused, reflectively surveyed the fallen man for a few seconds, and then poked his head in the door.

"Oh, Frank," he called. "Frank. Come out here a minute."

Presently the proprietor of the joint, smoking a fat cigar, emerged. He blinked in the bright sunlight.

"Hello, Hud," he said pleasantly. "What's up?"

Hud jerked his thumb toward the slumberer on the sidewalk.

"Yer sign has fell down," he explained, and briskly resumed his walk uptown.

Subscriber!

Excuse This Reminder!

You cannot properly enjoy your "GRIT" until you have paid for it. Send Postal Note to "THE MANAGER," Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney; or leave it at the N.S.W. Alliance, Corner Park and Castlereagh Streets

Don't Grudge a Penny for a Penny's Worth

The Experiences and Observations of a New York Saloon-Keeper

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.*

In places like mine, the sale of beer—the biggest item on my list—is, contrary to the popular impression, scarcely remunerative. There are several reasons for this. The chief one is the enormous sale of pitcher-beer. Often this amounts to two-thirds of the whole amount sold. Customers come in all day, and during the evenings as well, with tin cans, big pitchers, or other vessels of huge size, and invariably call for a "pint," and for the ten cents that is the price of a nominal pint, they expect their cans to be filled to the brim. They get much nearer a gallon than a pint, and what they pay for it does not even cover the cost to the saloon-keeper. Why, then, does he go on selling it at this rate? Because if he did not, he would practically lose the trade of these people in everything else. Their friends, too would be persuaded to stay away and patronise some other place. Besides, there is much waste in drawing beer in glasses. My customers, like most working men, wanted as much beer for their money as they could get. Hence they generally demanded "schooners" at the bar, and they wanted no froth with their beer, taking exception if there was more than a finger's breadth of it on the top of the big glass. "Give me my foam on the bottom!" was the common expression.

Thus it was that I made little money on the sale of my beer. And this even taking into account the large rebate allowed by the brewer. Nominally he sells his beer at four dollars the half-barrel. But from his weekly beer bill the rebate is deducted. This rebate varies from 25 to 50 per cent. Its exact amount is a matter of agreement between the brewer and the saloon-keeper. To a good customer, one who stands well, politically and financially, with the brewery, the rebate may be as large as 50 per cent. In my own case, the brewery collector informed me, the rebate would be 32½ per cent, reducing my first week's bill of about 140 dollars to less than 100 dollars, yet leaving me, according to my calculation, hardly any profit whatever, so far as beer was concerned. Of course, in neighbourhoods where they don't "rush the growler," and sell only small or medium-sized glasses over the bar, the conditions are reversed. In such places the profits on beer reach from 100 to 150 per cent.

My customers, likewise, as a rule, took very large drinks of whisky—of a size about nine to a quart bottle. This grade of whisky cost me one dollar ninety cents per gallon, making the bottle stand me about forty cents. Nevertheless, this meant a profit of 100 per cent., and over, to me. On the finer grades of whisky, brandy, gin, etc., my profits were larger. I gave my patrons what they called and paid for. That is, if they wanted Old Crow or Hunter whisky, they got it—at 15 cents a drink. But many saloon-keepers fill the original bottles up with whisky costing them but two dollars or so a gallon, and sell this for any brand of liquor that is called for. One of my competitors, for instance, told me in a burst of confidence, that he had only one grade of whisky behind his bar, and that only cost him one dollar forty cents per gallon; he served it out at all sorts of prices from bottles bearing different labels.

THE FREE LUNCH QUESTION.

The free lunch was an expensive item. In my district only a free lunch could be serv-

ed. No "business man's lunch" at ten or fifteen cents would go there. I was put to a daily outlay of between two and three dollars. And there was very little immediate and direct return. I remember one noon when I had a particularly appetising hot lunch, a Jewish pedlar came in. He ordered a "schooner" of beer, at five cents. He objected to the foam on top; he wanted it all beer. Then he sat down at a table, and during the next hour he ate three platesful of my free lunch, and read all the newspapers in my place. He was one of the few Hebrews I ever saw inside my saloon.

The porter, under the bar-tender's instructions, usually cooks the hot lunch over a small gas range and slices the cold lunch, keeping the plates full and appetising. The hot-lunch hours were from eleven to three. For this hot lunch we had a varying menu of pea-soup, chowder, bean-soup, lamb stew, beef stew, pork and beans, etc. There were some ten plates of cold lunch besides, consisting of Bologna, liver sausage, spiced fish, sliced cabbage, onion, bread, pretzels, potato salad, radishes, etc. There is a big firm in Indiana which sends out, all over the East and Middle West, pork and beans in hermetically-sealed gallon cans, at 90 cents a can, the minimum order being five dollars' worth; this can be very appetisingly prepared. Then there are several large firms in New York that make a specialty of supplying saloons with pretzels—at 60 cents for a large box, holding between two and three hundred. Other firms call and regularly furnish meat, sausages, etc. The saloon-keepers's free lunch saves many a poor fellow from starvation in hard times. A man may have a whole meal, with a big glass of beer or a "soft drink," for a single nickel.

WHY SALOONS ARE OPEN SUNDAY.

I have counted on average daily receipts of 40 dollars. But I have been obliged to get rid of a number of the old patrons, because their behaviour was objectionable. Then about a score of customers had taken advantage of my inexperience and "hung me up" for considerable amounts. One man's bill was nearly ten dollars; another's almost seven; and several more owed between three and five dollars each. The first week I lost altogether about fifty dollars in this way, for these people soon left me and spent their cash elsewhere. Then a number of the best regular patrons lost their jobs. They continued to drink, but "on trust." Hard times touch no business man so quickly as the saloon-keeper.

My expenses were, as I have shown, 232 dollars a week. I had counted, as I said, on receipts averaging 40 dollars a day. Consequently, if I ran six days could not hope to make more than my expenses—if as much. I was compelled to run Sundays to live.

A saloon week begins on Saturday, when the labouring men are paid, and from morning to midnight Saturday my bar was continually wet. But Sunday receipts average much more than those of any other day except Saturday, especially in a German-Irish district. On Sundays the "soft stuff" sales alone, to young fellows who had been playing tennis or baseball in the park close by or on the "boulevard," totalled as high as the whole of Monday's sales. Wednesdays and Thursdays I found to be the worst days, from a business point of view. On those days men and women would hand over nothing but pennies, nickels, and dimes,

INSURE WITH THE

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FIRE INSURANCE AT LOWEST RATES.

the larger coins and the bills being all gone. Vest pockets and stocking feet were being emptied of their "chicken feed;" the week's earnings were exhausted. Then came Saturday and Sunday again, with fresh money.

THE POLITICIAN'S TITHE.

So I found very soon that it was necessary to keep open on Sunday in order to make both ends meet. When I had first taken possession of my place, Drugan, the former owner, had led me into a quiet corner, and said, after a few preliminary remarks: "You will have to pay 15 dollars a month for police protection. Then you won't be interfered with on Sundays, unless there is a specific complaint against you, such as a letter, or unless some of the Central Office men should happen to butt in on their own account." I expressed some curiosity on the subject, and Drugan explained who the man was that acted as go-between. I heard that he was to be relied upon, that is, that he would actually turn over the bribe, for fair division; and I heard what amounts my neighbouring competitors had to pay.

A day after my preliminary talk with Drugan, the go-between looked me up. He proved to be the secretary of a Democratic club.

"But why should I keep open Sundays at all?" I ventured to ask him when he had opened communication. "I don't much feel like risking arrests."

"Just as you please," answered the man, curtly. "Only, in that case you might as well shut up your place. It wouldn't pay."

(To be concluded.)

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

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The New South Wales Alliance

The State Council is most anxious to have some machinery for the purpose of educating the people on our question in every State electorate. There should be a branch, a No-License League, or at least a Citizen's Committee in each electorate; and we should be glad to hear from any reader of "Grit," either as to any machinery in existence, or their willingness to assist in the formation of such. Time is on the wing, and we must all be up and doing.

From Mr. Norman Crawford, hon. secretary of the Richmond Electorate, we have received the following report of the doings of the branch, which certainly indicates healthy activity:—

RICHMOND ELECTORATE NO-LICENSE LEAGUE.

Although without the incentive of a local option poll, a good deal of work has been done by the above branch.

A table was provided at a cost of a guinea, to assist the State Council in the tea meeting held to celebrate the anniversary of the local option poll in September last in Sydney. A local celebration was also held on October 1, 1908. Both from a financial and educational aspect the celebration was a success. In addition, 500 copies of 'Grit' were distributed throughout the electorate.

As a result of the last local option poll the Royal Hotel, Tintenbar, was closed on September 10. A determined effort was made to obtain a new license, but the temperance forces were successful in opposing it.

Towards the end of the year Mr. E. A. Murray, president of the branch, was compelled by ill-health to leave the electorate. He was the recipient of a presentation on his departure. Mr. W. N. Gillies, of Tintenbar, was elected to the vacant position.

Auxiliary committees have been formed in five centres, with a view to better organisation. The committees at Alstonville, Bangalow, and Mullumbimby are doing good work. Ballina and Woodburn require a good deal of nursing, as these places lack men who will take a leading part in the work.

Mr. W. A. Crawford was appointed our representative on the Alliance Council, but resigned, not being able to attend. Mr. H. G. Payne, late organiser of the electorate, acting general secretary of Alliance, has been elected.

During the year one of our members, Mr. W. A. Crawford, visited New Zealand, and, being present during the election period, and on the lookout for useful information, has returned with material that should prove valuable in future work.

The league were fortunate in being able to secure the services of the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond for about three weeks during

January. The electorate, as a result, received a great awakening, and we trust the fruit will be manifest at the next poll. Mr. Hammond was "loaned" to Lismore one night, and had a splendid meeting there. The expenses of the campaign were heavy, but we are glad to say the league was able to meet them. Promises to the campaign fund to the amount of £70 odd were made, which will be due towards the end of the year. The sums promised ranged from £10 downwards. The league will be pleased to have another visit from Rev. Hammond.

Mr. Lloyd, the L.V.D.U. lecturer, followed in the wake of Mr. Hammond, and received some pretty warm receptions. Mr. Lloyd evidently does not like questions, but is an adept at answering them. His visit should do more good to our side than his own.

We are at present in communication with Mr. G. B. Nicholls, of Dunedin, N.Z., with a view to obtaining his services to organise our electorate for next election, either in conjunction with the neighbouring electorates or separately.

A temperance column is run in one of the local papers, and an effort is being made to do more by this method of education. We have also made a start in buying or renting suitable articles in type, and having them printed in other district papers. The editors are as a rule glad to receive them, as it saves them putting up perhaps a column or two of type. We commend both of these methods to other branches.

The Goulburn Branch which did such excellent work in connection with the last poll, are still active and progressive; and we deeply regret with them the loss, by death, of the late Mrs. Bugg. Our young and enthusiastic worker, Mr. Rose, sends the following information for "Grit":—

We have lost by death one of our oldest workers in the Temperance cause, Mrs. Bugg. The deceased lady died on Sunday, February 14 last, in Christ Church, West Goulburn. She had been associated with Christ Church for many years, and was a very regular attendant at the various meetings connected with the same. She was particularly identified with the Band of Hope and adult Temperance Society. She was an officer of the former, and was ever ready to do her share in any work that had to be done. At the meeting of the Band of Hope on Monday evening, feeling reference was made to the death of Mrs. Bugg. The chairman, Mr. W. H. Reece, spoke at some length about the work the deceased lady had done, and advised the members to take example of her unselfish Christian life.

The local branch of the W.C.T.U. had their usual tea-tent at the Show this year, and, if appearances count for anything, it

must have been as big a financial success as ever.

We have lost still another of our active workers in the person of Mr. Baldwin, owing to his departure from the district. Mr. Baldwin was a member of the Alliance Committee, and rendered great help at the recent poll. Mr. Baldwin's new home is Armidale, and no doubt he will be a valuable helper to the cause in that town.

N.S.W. ALLIANCE EXHIBITION AND FAIR.

In this issue we are publishing a list of the prize-winners in the recent Exhibition and Fair. A final list will appear next week.

BOOKS.—We have a splendid assortment of Temperance books on hand. Send for price and particulars.

Piano Solo (16 and under): Pattie McMahon, Sylvia Roberts, 1 (equal); Lizzie Brennan, Victoria Thomas, 2 (equal); Elsie Reed, 3.

Boys' Vocal Solo (under 15): Jack Melville, 1; James Donnelly, 2.

Concerted Action Song: Glebe Company (Miss Ireland), 1.

Vocal Sight-reading (over 16): Miss Violet Pring.

Girls' Vocal Solo (under 15): Marjorie Wray, 1; Lizzie Brennan, 2; Rose Pearl White, Cecil Bradley, 3 (equal).

Tenor Solo (All Comers): Mr. Scanlon, 1; Mr. Deebey, 2.

Piano, Sight-reading (over 16): Miss F. McKenzie, 1; Miss Edie Mackie, 2.

Girls' Squad (Dumb-bells): Botany Superior Public School (Mr. Bidwell), 1.

Girls' Squad (Clubs): Beecroft Superior Public School (Mr. Forsyth).

Recitation, Temperance Subject (12 and under): Jessie Wynne Watkins, 1; Dorothy Hutchinson, 2; Doris Cunningham, 3.

Piano Duet (16 and under): Ella Glenn and Dorothy Milton, 1; Nora Frost and Elsie Berg, Sylvia Roberts and Edna Spence, 2 (equal); Angus Taylour and Jack McArthur, 3.

Violin Solo (All Comers): Miss Ivy Allen, 1; Miss Flora Wolinski, 2.

Cornet Solo (All Comers): Mr. Charles Walker, 1; Mr. G. Handfield, 2; Mr. Harold Reid, 3.

Mouth-Organ Solo: Mr. Rogers, 1; Mr. G. Handfield, 2.

Piano Solo (All Comers): Miss May Hanson, 1; Miss Florane McKenzie, Miss Sarah Taylour, 2 (equal); Miss Lena Stevens, 3.

Recitation, Temperance Subject (16 and under): A. L. Yard, 1; Lucy Bruntnell, 2; Pearl Ellis, 3.

Recitation, Any Subject (16 and under): A. L. Yard, 1; Dorothy Walker, 2; four equal, 3.

Piano, Sight-reading (under 16): Sylvia Roberts, 1; Doris Clarke, 2; Florrie Harris, Kennie Blanch, 3 (equal).

Juvenile Chorus: Glebe Superior Public School (Mr. Treharne), 1; Paddington Superior Public School (Mr. Lieferman), 2.

Violin Duet (under 16): Ivy Wardale, 1; Linda Newman, Vera Collis, 2 (equal).

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 Swedish Drill (Girls): Botany Superior Public School (Mr. Bidwell), 1.

FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

Collection of Fancy Work: Miss B. Fordham, 1; Mrs. R. Gill, 2; Miss L. C. Tollis, H.M.
 Painting on Silk: Miss Ella Skelton, 1; Mrs. E. Ford, 2; Miss Carmen Holmes, H.M.
 Ivory Embroidery: Miss E. Midgley, 1; Miss Elsie Tollis, 2; Miss Amy Mitchell, H.M.
 Fancy Pillow Shams: Miss G. Cassidy, 1; Miss E. Midgley, 2; Miss Amy Mitchell, Miss S. A. Gibson, H.M.
 Table Centre: Miss Dolly Clark, 1; Miss G. Cassidy, 2.
 Pair of Knitted Socks: Miss J. McDonald, 1; Miss Jane Hambley, 2; Miss W. J. Bell, H.M.
 Hearth Rug: Miss W. H. Brown, H.M.
 Fancy Tea Cosy: Miss Mabel Gill, 1; Miss Ellowā Towner, 2; Miss F. Wiseman, H.M.
 Child's Smocked Frock: Miss M. Dunbar, 1; Miss L. Clarke, 2; Miss May O. Bridge, H.M.

MEDICINE FOR W. A. LLOYD.

Will No-License friends who attend Mr. Lloyd's meetings see that he gets a dose of the medicine we prepare fresh each week?
 Statistics on the results of prohibition in Kansas are "bad medicine" for liquor advocates. Here are some that are authentic and up-to-date. They were prepared by the Kansas State Board of Control in reply to inquiries from Local Option campaigners in Indiana.

POPULATION OF THE COUNTY POOR FARMS OF THE STATE ON JANUARY 1, 1909:

Aged and infirm poor (sane)	411
Destitute juveniles under 16 years of age	13
Insane	45
Idiots and feeble-minded	158
Blind	51
Deaf	25
Inebriates	47

Total population of the county almshouses of the State of all classes ... 750

A closer examination of these reports shows that on the date above given, out of the 105 counties in the State,

- 40 had no aged or infirm poor,
- 85 had no insane,
- 84 had no feeble-minded,
- 96 had no inebriates,
- 77 had no blind,
- 90 had no deaf,
- 97 had no children in the almshouses.

27 of the 105 counties of the State reported not having had any inmates of any class in their county poor farms during the entire year 1908.

The estimated population of Kansas, January 1, 1908, was 1,800,000.

The above figures are not estimates, but are authenticated by reports from the county clerk of each county.

A CHANCE FOR SEVEN TO SEVENTEENERS.

Forty-two shillings is a lot of money, and yet you could earn it by June 17 next, if you obtain the largest number of new subscribers for "Grit." Each new subscriber's name and address to be forwarded with at least half a year's subscription. Why, you might earn it in your Easter holidays.

£2 2s FOR ENTHUSIASM.

This sum will be paid to any person who obtains the largest number of new subscribers. At least half a year to be paid 'or in advance. Last day for names to be sent in, June 17, 1909.

Talk about People

A Canadian in London.

Sir Gilbert Parker M.P., is a Canadian by birth, and a much-travelled man. For some years he was associate-editor of the "Sydney Morning Herald," and his travels took him to the South Sea Islands, and to the East. In fact, he has roamed Europe, Egypt, and Northern Canada, and his experiences have been most interesting. Sir Gilbert it was who initiated and organised the first Imperial Universities Conference in London about five years ago. His publications have been many and delightful, and he is particularly happy, not alone in character drawing, but in the titles of his books.

A Two Million Stake.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie is a practical man and a man of quick decision. He once asked an Edinburgh friend whether he would advise the establishment of a golf course at Skibo. "Yes, by all means have one," was the reply, "and go in for the game yourself. It will add ten years to your life." "Indeed!" answered Mr. Carnegie. "Well, look here, if you'll guarantee that it will really add ten years to my life, I'll make you a present of two millions." His friend thought for a while; he was a truthful man. "I canna do that," he said at last; "I canna do that, but I'll tell ye what I'll do. I'll play ye for the two millions."

Italy's Heroic King.

All the world is eulogising the King of Italy for his courageous and indefatigable work on behalf of the victims of the Messina earthquake, and his donation of close upon £50,000 towards the funds raised for the sufferers is an example of his practical sympathy for those in distress, which recalls another earthquake incident. Some time ago the students of Rome were making a processional collection through the streets in aid of the sufferers from the earthquake in Calabria, and, meeting the King, they surrounded his carriage. It so happened that the King had left the Palace forgetting his purse; so, putting his head out of the carriage window, he cried: "I've no money on me, but I have plenty at home, and will send you some." The students then made way with a cheer for the carriage to pass.

Unconventional to a degree, his Majesty rides and drives about the country without ceremony or escort, and the consequence is that he has a number of amusing stories to tell of his adventures. One day he was motoring beyond the regulation speed, and nearly ran down an American. "Well," said the Yankee, "I'll be dashed if I would allow a scorcher like you about. You ought to be hanged and quartered." "In front of my own palace?" asked his Majesty. "I don't care where it is," said the other, "so long as it is done. You are a public nuisance."

On another occasion, while travelling in-coight in a railway carriage, a fellow-passenger broke out into a violent tirade against the Royal Family. The King put in a gentle remonstrance, and was promptly "sat on." The King said nothing more, but when he stepped out of the carriage and was saluted as "Your Majesty" by an equerry, the other man's face was a picture.

"Not Guilty."

Dean Pigou, who has been making an audience laugh again, is famous for his

anecdotes. Here is one which he says he had at first hand. He was showing two American ladies over Bristol Cathedral, and asked, among other things, what was said in New York of Bishop Potter marrying at seventy a widow with £300,000. "Oh," was the reply; "they say that the Bishop took a fancy to the widow's mite, and the widow took a fancy to the Bishop's mitre."

Bishop Potter himself would probably have enjoyed the story as much as anyone, for he loved to relate one against himself. Here is a favourite, which dates back to a visit to Tuxedo, where he once went to confirm a class of candidates. He stopped as usual at the house of a member of the church he was visiting. He passed a comfortable night, and the next day returned to New York for other duties. Several days elapsed before he received a letter from his hostess. In it she vaguely, but with evident concern, referred to the silver toilet set that had been spread out on the dressing table. She even ventured to wonder if the Bishop had by mistake packed it up with his own things when he went away. It was then he remembered what had happened to the pieces. So he sent a telegram to quiet the apprehensions of the nervous hostess. It read, "Not guilty. Look in the top bureau drawer." The magnificence of the silver outlay had been too much for him, and on his arrival he had put it into the drawer and used his own articles.

DON'T TRY TO PAY ELABORATE COMPLIMENTS.

Remember the awful example of the young fellow in the story. A girl towards whom he had "intentions" was telling him about some little incident she had been in, and said:

"I was so ashamed that I covered my mouth with my hand."

"I'm sure," he protested, in a gallant attempt to pay a pretty compliment, "such a tiny hand could never cover such a—er—do you think it's going to rain?"

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 This is one of the very newest novelties in Puzzle Match Boxes having only just been introduced. It is strongly and neatly made of Nickel Silver and handy size for vest pocket. A great joke on cadgers who, upon asking for a match, are handed this tricky little box, which they struggle in vain to open. You of course, can open it quite easily after reading the printed directions which we enclose with each Match Box. The Price is only 1s. 2d or three for 3s. Post Free.
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GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1909.

NAMELESS AND HOMELESS CHILDREN.

About 2800 children are born out of wedlock each year in New South Wales, and about 200 of these have mothers under 16 years of age, and 20 of them are no more than 14 years, or younger. Surely these must be counted as "undesirable and unwelcome immigrants;" add to these the 7000 children, which may include some of these nameless ones, who are dealt with by the Boarding-out department of our Government Charities, and we have a vast number of children whose handicap in life might well be lessened by those who follow the Christ who "took little children up in His arms and blessed them." The Government is to be commended for its humane and sensible plan of sending the worst of the truant children to the cottage homes at Mittagong, and adding a carpenter's course for those who weary of theoretical education, and yet have energy for practical things. It is a good thing to get these homeless children in a place as near homelike as possible, it is a better thing to get the homeless child in a childless home, but it is best of all to keep the child with its natural parents in its natural home. The cry of the child is first of all for justice, and this may mean justice for its parents, and it is our business to remove causes of injustice, and compensate the child for our past neglect. Just in proportion as we do justice to and improve the condition of the workers, just to that extent do we decrease the opportunities for child dependency. When women, the home makers, are forced to become the bread winners, then the child suffers, and the more we discuss the child problem the more clearly we see how it involves many of the problems of democracy. There is no greater enemy to the child than alcohol, which has been proved to be "the mother of want and the father of crime," and while many of our readers feel that there is not much that they can do in the interest of the nameless and homeless children, surely they can decrease the facilities for the sale of alcohol by their help to the No-License cause, and they can remember the child problem is to be solved, not in school or Parliament, but in the home. When parents educate their children in piety and total abstinence, and in earliest days form a bond of union with their child by the sacred confidences possible between child and parent, then indeed have they made a noble contribution to the happiness of children.

TEMPERANCE EDUCATION.

As the Yankees say, "we are near tickled to death" by our amusing contemporary "Fairplay," and draw attention to the latest cause of our amusement on the front page of this issue. A few years ago many thousands of medical men in England pleaded in a fine memorial to Parliament for the education of children on the nature of alcohol, and no civilised country but is making some attempt to put a sign on the top of the alcohol hill, warning of the danger of its increasing steepness, and picturing the results of not heeding the facts about alcohol. Last month the National Swedish Parliament, by a vote of 221 to 138, granted 10,000 kroner (£6558) for Temperance instruction. For some years France has vigorously placarded public places with some instruction, and warning about alcohol. America is also vigorously educating, and the pity of it is they don't read "Fairplay," and straightway stop this wasteful and foolish expenditure! The real reason of "Fairplay's" disgust at the educational effort is evident, and they cannot disguise it. They know it will mean a wave of total abstinence even more effective in reducing dividends than the present wave of prohibition. Lacking the courage to confess this, they cover themselves with ridicule by quoting some queer answers supposed to be given by children when examined on their temperance lessons, as a reason for not teaching on such a subject. There are two things about these answers: First, there is no evidence that they ever came from children; and, second, they are not half as funny or extraordinary as many answers given by children in history, geography, and kindred examinations. Carry "Fairplay's" line of argument to its logical conclusion, and all education must cease. We sincerely hope parents will not wait for the State to impart such necessary information as the harmfulness of alcohol, even in the smallest doses, but will immediately make use of our suggested temperance teaching by facts published on page 10 of this issue.

WORDS OF APPRECIATION.

We often get a nasty jolt from our friends, especially those who do not like being asked for their subscription, but we try and comfort ourselves with the thought that it is not our fault, but their unreason, which is to blame. On the other hand, we perk up on the receipt of such words (received this week) as these:—

St. John's College, Auckland: "I have read every copy of your paper, 'Grit,' since I have been receiving it, with much interest and appreciation."

Kempsey: "I must congratulate you on your up-to-dateness on the liquor question, and I find the statistics published by you from time to time of great service in advocating No-License."

Drouin, Victoria: "So glad 'Grit' still lives and keeps up its interest."

Christchurch, N.Z.: "Each copy seems more interesting than the last."

Condobolin: "I find your interesting paper most useful, and gladly renew my sub."

Mosman: "I find it difficult to get a look at your paper, as my children insist upon having it first."

Well, now, in the face of this, are we unreasonable in asking you to pay the modest subscription in advance? Please do it at once. Send postal note to the Manager, Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

DAHLIAS, DREADNOUGHTS, AND DRINK.

Here are three of the great forces which are making themselves felt in the world to-day.

Drink cost England £160,000,000 last year, and the nation got little or nothing in return. Indeed, we believe we are poorer all round for the expenditure.

Dreadnoughts are a disturbing element in the world's politics, because England and Germany are striving for the upper hand in the matter of fighting machinery. But this is not waste. Dreadnoughts mean life and strength to the nation, which can show the longest line. Far better a thousand times build Dreadnoughts than drink.

Dahlias are no disturbing element. They are the queen flowers of the autumn. Their work is to add sweetness and beauty to the life of the nation.

Drink rather disturbs our rest—we have not yet taken to the "nightcap," so our sleep is seldom broken. Dreadnoughts, especially the German ones, give us many hours of trouble; but Dahlias add very much to the pleasures of our day. They belong to the world of flowers, which man cannot altogether spoil. Drink and Dreadnoughts are both evidences of the animal which lives with us still. Give us the Dahlias every time: other folk may have the Dreadnoughts and the £160,000,000 worth of liquor.—The "Amateur Gardener" (N.S.W.).

LOCAL OPTION IN ADELAIDE.

THIRTY-SEVEN HOTELS CLOSED.

ADELAIDE, March 26.—Last night at 11 o'clock 37 hotels in the metropolitan district closed to open their doors no more for the sale of liquor. Of these, 15 are in Port Adelaide district, 10 in Sturt district, and 10 in the East Torrens district. These three are the most populous suburbs in Adelaide. The verdict of the electors at the poll two years ago was that they must be closed, and after much litigation, including an appeal to the Privy Council, the temperance party has been successful.

AFTER EASTER

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

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

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

Metropolitan Business College, 122 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

CHIEF INSTRUCTORS:

T. STANLEY SUMMERHAYES, F. Inc. S.T. (Eng.)
J. A. TURNER, A.C.P.A.

Why Women Steal

HOW THE CRIMINAL INSTINCT COMES OUT AT THE SALE COUNTER.

Why do women shoplift? Shoplifting, of course, is the name given by the police to that specialised form of theft which is practised more particularly at the great sales. It is a species of crime which seems to be ineradicable, and it is most frequently a feminine accomplishment. But it is not necessarily confined to the fairer sex.

"Bouncers" is the name given in thieves' slang to the couple—man and woman—who haunt shops, the man screening his companion as she "palms" or secretly makes away into voluminous pockets the purloined articles she "lifts" from the counter.

"Silkworms" is another piece of thieves' jargon, the term applying to women who rob the jewellers from whom they make small purchases. "Placers" is still another title for women who "work" rather more elaborately by deftly substituting for the trinkets they steal facsimiles in brass and paste.

Apart from these regulars, there remain the class who steal under sudden temptation, and an equally numerous body—the women who are victims to what is politely called kleptomania.

It is curious that in Paris, as in London, wherever dress goods are lavishly displayed, as at the big stores, uncontrollable acquisitiveness often leads the most respectable women into crime of the kind. It is not to be resisted. At one huge establishment, the model of many which have since been started in London, it was found that 25 per cent. of the shoplifters were thieves with the hereditary taint, 25 per cent. were the victims of want, and all the others stole simply because they could not help doing so.

Students of the criminal instinct in women have also noticed that women "specialise" in crime. In that, perhaps, they are not singular, as all light-fingered gentry have their own fancies in this respect, and seldom trespass upon each other's preserves.

Nevertheless, it is singular that the records disclose that one woman specialised in stealing men's trousers, a second stole only boots, a third went in for legs of pork, a fourth preyed on bookstalls, a fifth picked pockets in an omnibus, and so forth. In a general way, a shoplifter will take anything that she can safely lay her hands upon under the eye of the most vigilant shop-walker.

A professional hand, who rented a flat in the West End, and who was by no means obliged to steal for a livelihood, was found to have collected between two hundred and three hundred articles of the most miscellaneous description. It was chiefly the loot of drapers' shops—wearing apparel for women and children, but she could not resist taking six pairs of men's socks, and in some way contrived to conceal about her two tablecloths on one occasion, and, at another time, a pair of curtains. This woman simply was the slave of avarice.

It is rather disquieting to realise that many women, and men, too, are only kept honest by their environment. Criminologists have expressed the view that female criminals are usually dark; fair women are, as a rule, honest. A woman with black hair, leading a life of crime, grows grey early, but seldom becomes bald.

Another peculiarity, partly revealed by the system of measuring criminals invented by M. Bertillon, of the Anthropometric Department, is that which concerns the physical anomalies of habitual criminals. There is nearly always something out of the common in the measurements of such people, or something abnormal in their build. In the case of the woman, the criminal is more

masculine than feminine. The resemblance she bears to man extends to her character. This is frequently shown in similarity of handwriting, especially if the woman is educated.

But women and men inmates of our prisons, on recurring sentences, are alike in their moral characteristics. They are equally morbid, irritable, callous, and indifferent. The women are, in addition, inordinately vain, to the extent of giving way to passionate outbursts when they think that some other wretched woman is receiving more attention than themselves from wardresses and visitors.—"Woman's Life."

FIGHTING FOR DEAR LIFE.

PLATFORM OF THE MELBOURNE LIQUOR SELLERS.

The provisional executive committee appointed recently at a meeting of the Metropolitan and Suburban Licensed Victuallers of Victoria has submitted the main planks of the fighting platform as follow:—

1. Establishment of a fair rent Court, abolition of bonuses, and security of tenure for tenants.
2. Referendum on limited Sunday trading.
3. Direct representation on Licenses Reduction Board, and readjustment of the 3 per cent. on liquors purchased.
4. Amendment of the section for the suppression of sly-grog selling.
5. Amendments of anomalies in the present Licensing Act.

The platform was adopted last week, and it was decided to wait upon the Premier by deputation, and ask that legislative effect be given to it.

By 36 votes to 32 it was decided to leave to the committee the consideration of the question of the abolition of counter-lunches.

COMPENSATION FOR DAMAGES.

An old farmer who lives in a rural district through which a railway passes had the misfortune to lose a valuable colt. The animal jumped out of a meadow, ran down upon the railway, and was killed by an express train. The railway company wanted to effect an amicable settlement if possible with the old man, and sent somebody to see him.

"We are very sorry, of course, that this affair happened," said the railway man, "and I hope it will not be necessary for us to go into court."

The old farmer looked at him suspiciously and shifted about uneasily, but said nothing.

"You must remember," continued the other, "that your colt was a trespasser on our property when the accident occurred. We don't want any litigation, however, if we can help it, and we'd like to arrange a settlement on a friendly basis."

"Well," said the framer, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm verra sorry the colt runned on the line, but I'm a poor man, and I'll give you ten shillings!"

Mrs. Carrie Nation was fined 30s, including 23s costs, at Tower-bridge Police Court, for smashing a cigarette advertisement in a "tube" train.

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL — PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

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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: C. A. Elliott, F.I.A.

Sydney, 21st May, 1908.

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ROBERT KERR, Manager

ACROSS UNKNOWN ASIA.

NEVER TASTED ALCOHOL.

"During the whole of my exploration," says Dr. Sven Hedin, "in spite of the awful cold and the hardships endured, I only lost one man. This was a caravan leader, who had acted in the same capacity with the Younghusband Mission, and who succumbed to apoplexy. Personally, I never experienced a day's illness, and with the exception of a little champagne, which I drank at Shigatze, I never tasted alcohol, and took no medicine. I smoked, however, whenever I had the opportunity. My transport and other animals were not so fortunate from a health point of view, and I lost about 170 ponies and mules owing to the terrible climatic conditions. With the exception of nine survivors, all the animals of two caravans perished. My first caravan, I should explain, consisted of 26 men and 130 animals, and my second of 12 men and 40 animals."

Two London cabbies were glaring at each other.

"Aw, wot's the matter with you?" demanded one.

"Nothink's the matter with me, you bloomin' idiot."

"You gave me a narsty look," persisted the first.

"Me? Why, you certainly 'ave a narsty look, but I didn't give it to you, so 'elp me!"

JOHN B. YOUNDALE,

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DINNER NOW ON.

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GOOD MENU.

GREAT VARIETY.

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Telephone 4179

Sullivan's Soliloquy

By J. N. ERVIN in the "Home Herald."

Yes, Mr. Policeman can shake my door knob as long as he pleases. I am closed up tight, and the clock is not done striking twelve yet. He is getting very particular of late. It has not been very long since he never came through this street till about three o'clock. A man could run an extra hour then, if he would only keep his front door shut so that people passing along the street couldn't see in. But of late he manages to get here as soon as the clock strikes twelve. I suppose he is afraid he will lose his job if he lets one of us fellows escape. And I notice, too, that he will never take a drink when he looks in early in the evening. He used to drop in once in a while and lean up against the bar and mop his forehead in the summer-time, or shiver with cold in the winter-time, and I always gave him a drink. Then I knew that when he came on my block he would hit his club on the curb and I would have time to close up, for I knew he would walk very slow. But since these temperance fellows have made so much fuss he never gets to the bar, and I never know when he is coming. Business is not like it used to be, anyway. I never had any trouble with patronage, and men crowded in and treated as long as they had money. And I could work off any mixture on these people, and money came easy. But a lot of fellows who wore good clothes and spent freely do not often come. When they do, they slip in one at a time, they say they are awfully dry, and ask me to give them something mighty quick, and then they rush off. These old fellows who have spent about all their money and who want to loaf more than to drink, still come in here to loaf, and the police are a little suspicious of a good many of them, anyhow. There used to be a lot of fellows from the suburbs who always came in here when they were downtown late and treat all around before they went home. They own nice property, and were customers worth having. They have not been here for three months. They say they are having their drinks sent to their houses now in unmarked packages, and are never seen going into any place to drink. It does not seem to be popular to come to Tim Sullivan's place any more.

And then, the Liquor Dealers' Association is getting expensive. It only required a small fee a few years ago to get all the protection a man wanted to run a place like mine. But now they are coming around and telling us that the whole business is being so persecuted that it requires enormous attorney's fees and court fees to take care of us, and we have to help out the fellows who are working in dry territory, where it costs so much to get around the law or keep everything quiet.

The dry fellows seem to be getting ready to ruin our business before very long, and

if Tim Sullivan had a chance at any other job right now, he had better take it. They have made every county about here dry, and only last week some clever-looking fellows passed here on the way home from some conference of some kind, and one of them looked at my screens and said, "Those places have all got to go." I suppose they will vote on it here some day, and the preachers will all tell about the crime the saloon makes, and some fellow who's tired paying big taxes will say the saloon requires such expense for drunks and paupers and orphans and all that thing, and a lot of people will get excited and vote dry. Then Tim will have to put up his shutters. If those fellows keep on going as they have been going for a long time, they will put us all out of the business before long. Of course, Tim Sullivan, you have enough to do you for the rest of your life, but you are not likely to make much more. Still, we have had things our own way for a long time. We used to own the legislatures, and then we controlled the officers and influenced the courts and had everything about as we wanted it. We did not need to care what other men were thinking. We put our saloons where we wanted them and ran them about as we pleased, and laughed at petitions and sentiments. Of course, if we had been a little more careful, we might have lived longer. If we had respected the law all the time, we might have been prosperous yet. But it is of no use to talk about the orderly saloon now. It is too late. They know that all we want is merely a longer lease of life. And they are bound to put us out of business.

The new crop of boys we are getting through our club rooms and our summer resorts and winter amusements will keep us running for the present. And we are getting a host of them. We are hoodwinking a lot of people who think they are too nice for us. They like their boys to get out into the world and see it, and have a good time when they are not at work. They want them to go to Sunday excursions and all-night resorts and dancing pavilions and vaudeville entertainments. They must have a good time, and we are here to show them

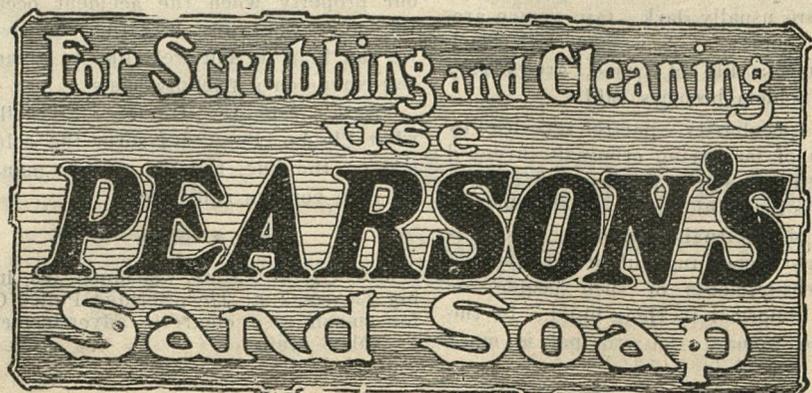
a good time. They are coming our way by the thousands. We will fatten on them for a long time, even though these anti-saloon fellows see through the game. And I suppose the country will listen to them after a while. They try to play on the sympathy of people, and they tell them about boys who are going to the bad, just as if it was any of my business if these young fellows want to spend their money here and get into a quarrel and get into mischief. And they talk about broken hearts. Do I break their hearts when their boys come here instead of going somewhere else? Tim Sullivan was never tender-hearted; it did not take him long to throw out the woman who came whining to him about her husband or her son. I am in this business for the money, and I am not concerning myself about all these tender sentiments. I could not run my business if I stopped to think of such things as these. They do not belong to us.

Well, I am going to bed, and I will be open to catch somebody as soon as the clock strikes the time. I will dodge the law whenever I can. I will make every attraction I can for the young boys and will have some boys' games in my parlours. I will smile at every woman's tears, and curse everyone who whines because her boy's going to the bad. I will defy the preachers and the whole lot of temperance cranks and get all I can out of it, if the whole country is the worse for it.

ATHLETICS IN CHINA.

The Chinese have always indulged in athletic exercises of a sort, in which they have rather prided themselves, though none ever seem to have taken such a hold on the nation as ours have on us during the last century or so. There are many stories of strong men capable of wielding extraordinary weapons, of bending wondrous bows, or of lifting heavy weights, etc.

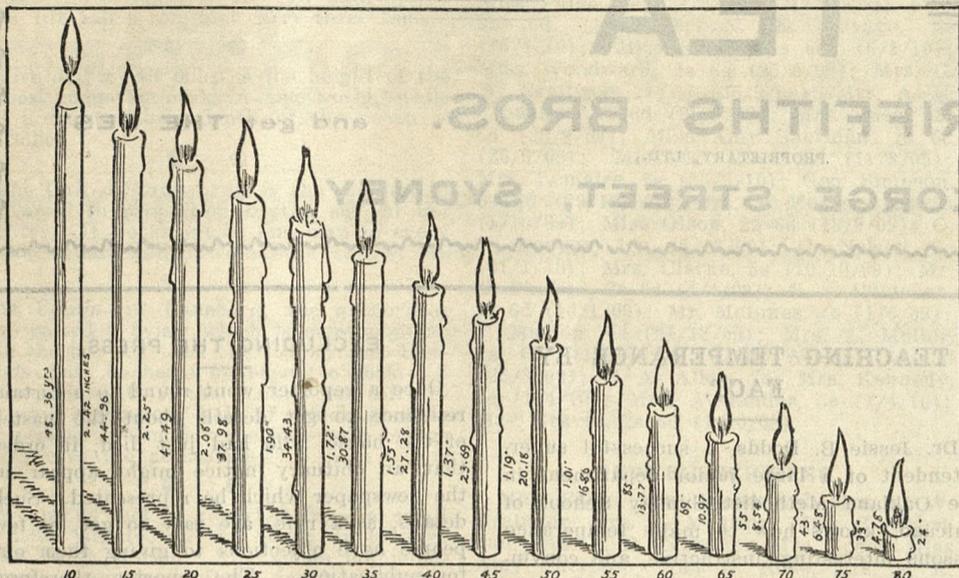
Even within the last few years feats of archery were done before an officer could get his commission in the army, and in almost every village there is a bamboo with a pierced stone at either end to test the strength of the rising generation in lifting. But there was nothing of regular athletic training, except for a few wrestlers, perhaps, before foreigners came.



From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(BY UNCLE BARNABAS.)



WHICH CANDLE WOULD YOU CHOOSE?

Suppose you were going out upon a journey in a dark night, and you did not know the way, and Uncle Barnabas offered you these 15 candles, and told you that you could take which you liked for your lantern, which would you choose? I guess you would not pick that little stumpy No. 15 at the end of the row, and I don't think you would even pick No. 5, though he has got plenty of tallow and wick in him yet, but you would say, "I'll take this fresh-looking No. 1, if you please!" Now, I want you to think that these are not 15 candles, but 15 humans, boys, girls, men, or women, and their ages are printed under them, so that you, dear "Seven to Seventeeners," are among the number. You are first and second in the row, and Granny, and Old Granny, and Poor Old Granny are the 13th, 14th and 15th. Which is your father? Ah! I think I see him about No. 8 or 9, and mother is there, looking nice and tidy even at 35. Yes, and Uncle B. is there with some lumps and notches on him that seem to tell that he has not always been as steady going as prim Aunt Tabby. Can you pick out Uncle B.? But now, if God were looking along that line, and if He were wanting somebody to do some real good in this world, and, supposing none of us had begun yet to live and to work for Him, which do you think He would choose? I feel sure He would make the same choice as you would make. Of course He would want all the 15 of us, but I think He would pick you two to be the leaders.

If you take the trouble to ask those who are the leaders in His Church to-day when it was that God came to them and said, "I want you," you will find nearly every time that it was when they were "Seven to Seventeeners." I haven't room to say more about this picture this week, but will you just try to answer these questions, and tell me your answer:

Why should I choose No. 1 candle, and why does God choose me?

(Thanks to the Rev. W. H. Howard, a good friend of "Grit," for the block.—Uncle B.)

FOR SUNDAY.

A WORD BEGINNING WITH "B."

These words all begin with B, and are all in the 15th verse of chapters in the Gospels by Matthew and Mark. What are the words? And where are they found?

1. A word that means "Take care."
2. A word that means "husband."
3. A word that means "to get for money."

4. A word that means "a relative."
5. A word that means "to trust."
6. A word that means "they saw."
7. A word that means "to commence."
8. The name of a bad man.

THE FARMER AND HIS PIGS.

A farmer drove some pigs to market. His wife said, "How many did you drive, John?" He said, "A pig behind two pigs, a pig in front of two pigs, and a pig in the middle." Now, what was the lowest number that he could have driven in that way?

NEXT WEEK

we mean to give a list of friends who sent gifts to "Grit" Stall.

N.B.—Send all letters, answers, etc., for Page 9, to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

LETTER BOX.

NEWS FROM NEW ZEALAND.

Romola Taylor, Whareora, Cashmere Hills (N.Z.), writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I received "Grit" to-day, and I think each number is getting more interesting. I am glad my letter last time did well enough.

I have a good many new friends at school now and I think I might be able to find some who would like to take "Grit." The way to find a young lady's age and birthday is very good, and I have already found out some ages of friends.

Lucy Bruntnell is a very earnest worker, is she not? I think she deserves all our good wishes, don't you? Would you write and tell me all about this Exhibition, and how I could help in any way. I would be very pleased to help, but I do not quite understand what help you want. Now, I must close this short letter, with love to all "Grit" readers.

(It is not too late, dear N.Z. Niece, for you to get a few Penny Pin-pricks for the Fair. Some N.Z. pennies to help N.S.W. to get No-License would be very bright and very welcome ones, I think. L.B. is indeed one of our real little soldiers. Love to you from Sunny N.S.W., from "Grit," and from Uncle B.)

FROM EMILY W(hat)? ANOTHER MYSTERY!

Emily W., writes:—"Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I am very pleased that you have asked me to write again. But I cannot find anything for the Fair. I hope you will not mind. (Better luck next time.) I belong to a Christian Endeavour Society. I am

the secretary, and I like the work very well. Each night one of the members takes part, and it is a real pleasure to attend. Well, dear sir, I will have to draw to a close, as it is very hot, and it even makes me tired to write. I send my love to all my 'cousins,' hoping they are well."

Dear Emily,—I think the J.E.S. is just splendid. I hope you are one of the best members in your Society, Miss Secretary. Do you ever see "The Roll Call?" I hope you will keep a sharp look out for the next picture in "Grit," and that you will like my "proper photo." Do write again. We all like you. What does "W" stand for? You are just trying my patience!—Uncle B.)

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS (AND ALSO WEEDS)!

Vera Musgrave sends the following:—"Dear Uncle Barnabas,—The answers to puzzles about hymns (March 4), are: Phil. 2:9; Phil. 3:14; Phil. 4:4. The articles made of metal are: Sceptre, Sword, Anchor, Candlestick, Table, Censer, Ark, Golden Pot, Cherubims, Mercy-seat, Earth, Altar, Mountains.

"We went to the Exhibition the other night, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. There is a girl at our school who often sees you working in your garden; she says you have some beautiful flowers, and also weeds, sometimes. I am so glad that we, at last, know who you are, but I should like your photo to appear that the cousins who have not seen you may know what you are like. How is Aunt Tabitha? No more news. Love from your affectionate 'niece,'

"VERA MUSGRAVE."

(Dear V.,—I am glad to hear that, at last, you know who I am, but it has been a bit of a mystery for you to unravel, has it not? The man with the camera is after me again, and he has instructions from Somebody that he will get no pay this time unless he gets a "proper photo," so I am to be done for and shown up at last! Yes, wasn't the Exhibition splendid?—Uncle B.)

"AHEM!"

Gladys Noble, "The Rectory," Liverpool, writes:—"Dear Uncle Barnabas,—St. Paul's acquaintances are (see 'Grit,' March 11): Aquila, Barnabas, Claudia, Demas, Eubulus, Fortunatus, Gamaliel, Herodion, John, Luke, Mark, Nymphas, Onesiphorus, Priscilla, Quartus, Rufus, Silas, Timothy, Urbane" (Very good.—Uncle B.) "Inspiring verses (1) Colossians 1:11 (3) Colossians 4:5.

"Mr. Hammond tells me (ahem!) that your photo (i.e., his) is to be in 'Grit' soon. That is lovely, as it is to be the head. I am glad the photographer has been quicker, so that Romola T. will not forget what you are like, etc.

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"We enjoyed our two visits to the Exhibition very much. Mr. Manfield remarked that he hoped the jam you took home would be 'iam satis' for those who would eat it. I hope my 'cousins' who went to the Fair enjoyed it as much as I did. Really, 'Grit' Stall was a great success. How much did the 'Baby' manage to raise altogether

"Please give my love to Aunt Tabitha. I am sorry I did not see her at the Fair. Please tell the photographer to take a group of Aunts P. and T., and Uncles B. and A. It would look really nice in 'Grit,' and there would be no more hunting after secrets. Now, I must say 'Good-night,' with love to them, all, and especially to your own good self."

(I am sorry you missed seeing our esteemed "Aunts" at the Fair. One of them, I am quite sure, was there, though, of course, not all the time. I saw Uncle A. with my own eyes. He was on the platform with his mouth wide open. I wonder if you saw him. Oh! that jam! Wasn't it sweet?—Uncle B.)

MARVELS OF SURGERY.

Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute, in an address to the American Philosophic Society, draws attention to some of the marvels of modern surgery. Among the cases cited was that of a man whose injured knee-joint had been successfully replaced by a sound one taken from a dead body. Another was that of a cat whose kidneys had been replaced by those of another. A fox-terrier, again, having lost a leg, this was replaced by one taken from a dead companion. The dog was able to run about as usual. And Dr. Carrel finds that the parts of the dead organism can be kept for an indefinite time, and still be successfully substituted for those of the living. They must be put in refrigerators and kept in hermetically-sealed tubes a little above freezing.

ROUGH ON THE RECTOR.

A certain church school in a northern city was frequently visited by the rector, who was a stickler for etiquette. These visits were usually accompanied by strings of questions relating to any discrepancy observable in the schoolroom. On one occasion the rector's eagle eye noticed that a picture was not hanging quite plumb, and he put the question to the scholars:

"Now, can any of you tell me something that is not right in this room?"

Many and varied were the answers given, until, almost losing patience, he said:

"Come, come, now; I am surprised at you lack of observation, for this mistake is very glaring."

Up shot another hand, and when the scholar was interrogated the rector promptly made himself scarce, for the answer was: "Please, sir, you've forgotten to take off your hat."

TEACHING TEMPERANCE BY FACT.

Dr. Jessie B. Dodds, a successful superintendent of a large junior department in the Oakland Methodist Sunday School of Chicago, knows how to make temperance lessons interesting, instructive, and convincing. In teaching such a lesson she proceeds upon these two sound principles:—

First: Teach Temperance by fact rather than by exhortation.

Second: Present the fact to the eye rather than to the ear. Make the children see the fact and they will be ready to act on it.

Here is Dr. Dodds' description of her object lesson: "Ten days before the Temperance Sunday, I got three small flower pots and had the florist fill them with good soil, the best soil possible. Next, I got some bird seed and planted it in the three pots alike, the same seed planted at the same time in the same soil. They were kept in the sunshine, watered carefully, and in six days all had started into splendid growth, vigorous green blades about an inch and a half high.

"From that time on I changed the care. I marked each pot with its own card.

"Flower pot No. 1. Water.

"Flower pot No. 2. One-third alcohol, two-thirds water.

"Flower pot No. 3. Water in which cigarette had been soaked.

"Now the pots were watered according to these labels.

"Flower pot No. 1, nourished with pure water, went on to beautiful growth.

"Flower pot No. 2, receiving water in which there was one-third alcohol, began to fade and look sick.

"Flower pot No. 3, watered with cigarette solution, made a struggling growth and only developed half in size, and looked discouraged.

"The sight of the three sets of plants, all grown from the same seed, in the same soil, and receiving different treatment with water, alcohol, and the cigarette, made a deep impression on the class. The question was asked and emphasised which growth the boys and girls wanted to make as they went on to manhood and womanhood? It was easy and natural that such an object lesson should lead the children to pledge-signing, and to the choice of total abstinence from alcohol and from cigarettes, which spoil the growth of young people as surely as they spoil the growth of young plants."

This object lesson is within the reach of any teacher anywhere if only preparation is made in time.—"Union Signal."

Five new streets in Berlin are to be named after British cities—London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Liverpool, and Glasgow.

EXCLUDING THE PRESS.

Once a reporter went round to a certain residence to get details about the master of the house, who had just died, in order that an obituary notice might appear in the newspaper which he represented. Such details, as a rule, are easy to get, as few people have objections to giving them out for publication. The reporter, therefore, was intensely surprised when the widow of the deceased, with scarcely a word, slammed the door in his face. She retired into the house. Presently the door-bell rang furiously. She refused to stir. Again the door-bell rang, more furiously than before. Still the lady of the house would not stir.

"I have told him that I don't want to say anything about my husband," she thought to herself, "and he has no right to be so persistent."

So she sat still, while the door-bell rang again, and again, and again.

At last she could stand it no longer. So, opening a window over the front door, she poked her head out and remarked severely: "Young man, I do not desire to say anything to you. Kindly do not disturb me any more. Go away, young man."

"I can't!" roared the reporter, beside himself with exasperation. "You've shut my coat-tails in the door!"

"Better send an inspector down to see what's the matter with this man's meter," said the cashier in the gas company's office to the superintendent.

"Oh," began the superintendent, "we throw complaints about meters—"

"This is no complaint. He sends a cheque for the amount of his bill, and says it is 'very reasonable.'"

"It is going to be war to the knife," declared the suburban man, who was feeding his chickens.

"What now?" asked the friend.

"Why, Binker sent me a box of axle grease, and told me to use it on my lawn-mower."

"What did you do?"

"I sent it back and told him to use it on his daughter's voice."

Mrs. Hix: "I don't take any stock in these faith cures brought about by the laying on of hands."

Mrs. Dix: "Well, I do; I cured my little boy of the cigarette habit that way."

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TRAMS PASS THE DOOR.

HOW THE WORLD MOVES.

According to population, nearly twice as much coal is used in England as in any other country.

An elephant works from the age of twelve to the age of eighty. He can haul fifteen tons, lift half a ton, and carry three tons.

Five and a half miles is the height of the loftiest mountain-peak in the world, while the greatest known depth of the ocean is six miles.

The United States army is the smallest in the world in proportion to the size of the country. It works out at one man to every twenty square miles.

At Uelzen, in Luneberg, the authorities have passed a bylaw which is more popular with the fair sex than the sterner sex. Husbands must be home by eleven o'clock. A fine equal to 10s is the penalty for infringing this regulation, half of which goes to the person—presumably the wife—who brings and proves the accusation.

A curious fact is reported from a small township situated in the South of France, called Saint Martin. The whole municipal council is composed of one family, and has now been re-elected. The mayor is Louis Guigo, and the councillors are Joseph, Alexandre, Pierre, Louis, Vincent, Jean Andre, and Gabriel, all with the same surname, Guigo.

The surplus funds of an English Benefit Society, where all the members except one had died, were held to belong to the Crown and not to the surviving member or the legal representatives of deceased relatives. They were also held not to be charitable funds.

According to a French statistician, taking the mean of many accounts, a man of 50 years of age has slept 6000 days, worked 6500 days, walked 800 days, amused himself 4000 days, was eating 1500 days, was ill 500 days, etc. He ate 17,000lb. of bread, 16,000lb. of meat, 4600lb. of vegetables, eggs, and fish, and drank 7000 gallons of liquid, namely, water, tea, coffee, beer, wine, etc.

An old servant has just died at Lisburn, in the person of Susan O'Hagan, who had been in the service of one family for 97 years. She had been with four generations of the family, and had nursed three. For some time past she had been frail, but enjoyed good health and the full use of her faculties, and could sew and knit without the aid of glasses.

The "British Medical Journal" gives the following figures as to football casualties in America. They show the results of last year's football playing in America, and a summary of the results for the past eight years. For 1908 the total deaths were 10, the total injured 272. The injuries consisted of broken collar-bones 40, broken legs 30, broken arms 16, broken jaws 6, broken noses 20, broken ribs 15, concussion of brain 12, torn ligaments and sprains 71, dislocated shoulders 22, lockjaw 1, insanity 1, and minor injuries, as cuts, bruises, etc., 23. For the past eight years there was a total of 113 killed and 1377 injured. Many of the latter are described as permanently maimed.

A French savant has become convinced that barnyard fowls have a real language, and that the curious sounds they are continually uttering are perfectly understood by one another. This naturalist has for some time kept a phonograph hung up in a coop in which several cocks and hens are confined. He has caused, as it were, the fowls to talk about all sorts of things by agitating them in one way and another—by letting them become hungry, and then feeding some of them while the others "complain"—and in many ways has induced them to utter all the sounds of which they seem to be capable. These sounds the phonograph has faithfully recorded, and Prevot du Haudray, the scientist in question, declares himself to be able to demonstrate from them that the chickens have a means of communication which may properly be called a language.

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

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

Hand Purses, silver mounted, worth 4/-, for 2/11.

Black and Coloured Peggy Bags, 11½d, 1/6, 2/11.

Maroon, Brown, and Green Handbags, with handle, worth 1/6, now 1/-.

Berlin and Andalusian Wool, in Olive and Sage Greens only. Usual price 11½d, now 3½d packet.

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

2 yds wide, usual 2/11, special 2/6.

2 yds wide, usual 3/6, special 3/-.

2 yds wide, usual 3/9, special 3/3.

Cretonnes, a special line suitable for hall curtains, etc., 36in. wide, at 6¾d yard.

36in. Bordered Art Muslin, in assorted colours, 3½d yd.

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