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GRIFF.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1909

Price One Penny

Fighting Fires of Appetite and Greed

Almost daily there is evidence in our newspapers that a fire is smouldering in both the home and the business place. The sparks from this fire catch the public eye, and the result is a letter to the papers, or perhaps a shower of sparks, comprising a bankruptcy, a suicide, a divorce, a juvenile

depravity, will produce a leader in our morning paper, and still the fire goes on smouldering. The fires of appetite and greed that reach out to consume alike the home and the business, are not to be put out easily, or by spasmodic effort. The Church of the Christ is the Church for the

outcast, not merely for his reclamation, but also to prevent his being created. In the next few weeks Sydney is to have a convincing testimony that the Churches are supplying a strong stream of moral energy that is putting out or preventing many a fire.

FOUR GREAT FIRE-FIGHTING MEETINGS.

IN THE SYDNEY TOWN HALL.

MAY 10.—Y.M.C.A. will demonstrate their right to claim the help of all the Churches in their effort to keep untarnished the growing manhood of Sydney.

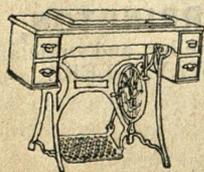
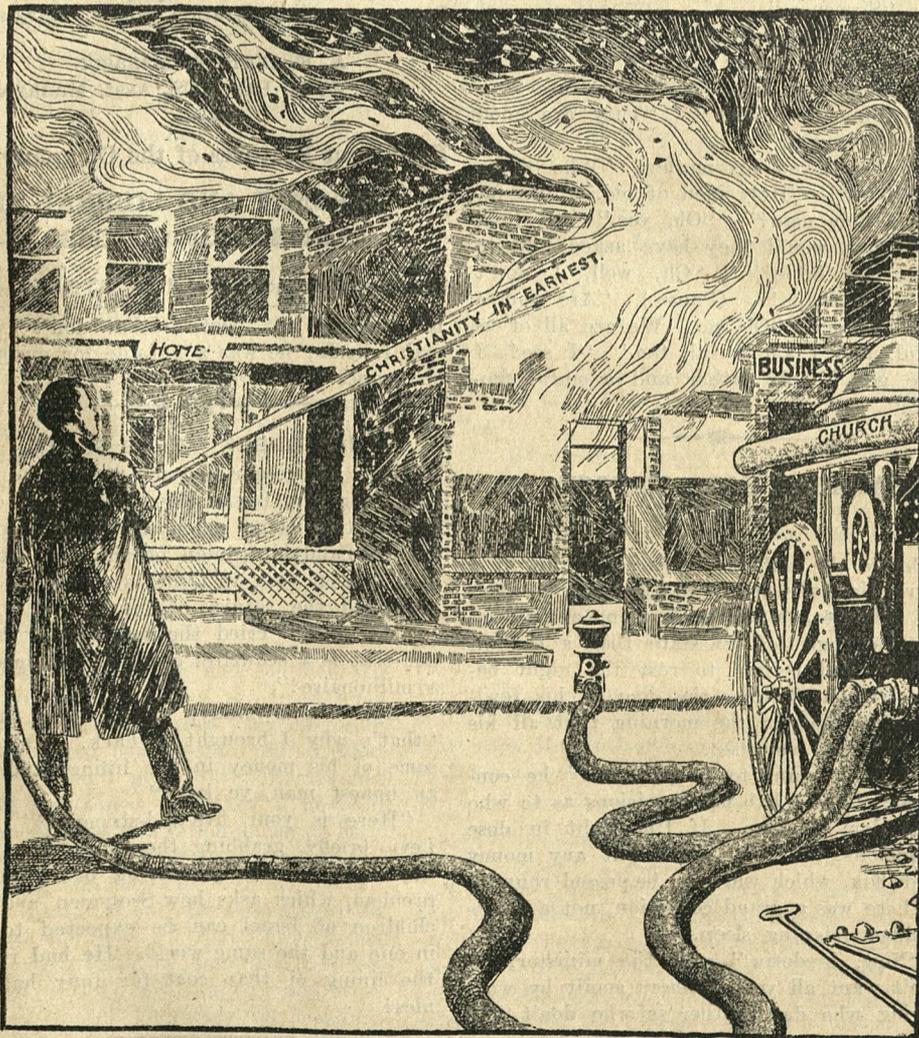
MAY 13.—SYDNEY CITY MISSION hold their 47th Annual Meeting. The Governor-General will preside, and they anticipate surpassing all previous efforts of this kind.

JUNE 3.—THE C.M.M. will justify the generosity of its friends, and tell the story of what their Homes and Agencies have done for the betterment of the lost.

JUNE 10.—THE MISSION ZONE MOVEMENT will appear for the first time. A great, happy tea in the basement, to be followed by a meeting, at which both the Governor-General and the State Governor will speak. This movement aims at the man every time, believing him to be the key of the domestic problem, and the results already achieved abundantly justify this belief.

AN APPEAL.

O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother:
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.
Follow with reverent steps the great example,
Of Him Whose holy work was "doing good;"
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.



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WILLIAM WHITE ————— **Redfern and Newtown**

EVIDENCE AGAINST ALCOHOL.

"McClure's Magazine" for March, 1909, contains a valuable article by Professor and Dr. Rosanoff, and it is one which should strongly appeal to every athlete and every lover of his country.

Numerous tables are given showing practical results of experiments made by Professor Kraepelin, who, experimenting with the effects of drugs upon the human system, found alcohol play such an important part, as to cause him to devote particular attention, and his conviction is that, "Alcohol is leading civilised humanity on the path of degeneracy." He says that it is firmly established that:—

"(1) Alcohol impairs every human faculty.

"(2) The higher and more complex the human faculty, the more pronounced is the effect of alcohol upon it.

"(3) Finally, the effects of alcohol are cumulative, that is, its continuous use, even in comparatively moderate quantities, impairs the faculties at a rapidly increasing rate."

"Unlike an ordinary food, alcohol when taken in moderate quantities on an empty stomach has two distinct effects upon the muscular system—a strengthening one and a weakening one. During the first brief stage after it is taken, the strengthening effect predominates, the alcohol probably being utilised as a food by the exhausted body. But no sooner is the first stage over than the weakening effect becomes more prominent, the alcohol probably acting injuriously upon the nervous system."

Numerous experiments are demonstrated in accompanying tables. The article also deals with insanity, and states "That the percentages of alcoholics among men admitted to the insane asylums are, 28.9 for the State of New York, 30.6 for Massachusetts, 26.3 for a group of three asylums in England, and 24.9 for a group of five in Australia. So the figures run everywhere, and we are very near the truth if we say that throughout the Western World, one out of four men admitted to an insane asylum is brought there by alcohol. Among women the percentages are neither so constant nor so high, for obvious reasons."

The interesting article concludes with a statement by Charles Darwin:—"Through the long experience of my father, and my grandfather, extending over a period of over 100 years, I have reached the conclusion that no other cause has brought so much suffering, so much disease, and misery as the use of intoxicating beverages."

Such testimony as this should carry conviction to many who decline to receive it from the ordinary temperance advocate or enthusiast, and we commend it to the serious consideration of all who are being deceived by the mocker—"strong" drink.

Mr. T. K. Stubbins, formerly of South Australia, has offered, through the London "Daily Mail," a prize of £100 for the best essay upon tariff reform.

A VICAR'S AMUSING STORIES.

In a volume of reminiscences entitled "Old Times and Friends," the Rev. E. L. H. Tew, formerly Vicar of Hornsea, tells some amusing stories.

Once (he remarked), after explaining in my own school, by the relation of a magnet to a bar of iron, the attraction of our corrupt nature of evil, I asked a boy, "Do you know what a magnet is?"

"Yes, summat i' coo's foot," was the reply. He was thinking of a maggot!

A child, who had never seen the sea, on being asked what a ship is for, answered, "To eat tonnops." "Ship" was the local pronunciation of "sheep."

I asked another lad of what religion Saul was before his conversion. The boy knew that it was something that he ought not to have been, and the worst thing he could think of was: "A Roman Catholic!"

Many years ago an old friend of ours, who had a living on the Kentish coast, received, in answer to the question, "what is meant by 'Give this man place?'" "Gie him a fish, sir!"

My father was giving a lesson in the village school on part of the Acts of the Apostles. Coming to the passage where it said that St. Peter lodged in the house of Simon, a tanner, he asked: "What is a tanner?" For some time no answer could be extracted; at last, being pressed, a boy said, "Sixpence."

The following were told me by one who actually heard them:

"A small boy said, "Godfathers are very good things." "Why?" "They are good for half-a-crown."

Another asked his mother, "Who wrote the Bible?" "Holy men of old." "Is father a holy man?" "Oh, yes." "If he'd lived then would they have asked him to write the Bible?" "Oh, well, I don't know. Perhaps!" (Pause.) "Are you a holy woman?" "Oh, no. We are all of us sinful, and I am sinful, too." "I see! I have got a holy father and a sinful mother!"

A PARABLE FOR PURPOSES OF FINANCE.

Before the collection was taken up in a negro place of worship in America, recently, the minister, a coloured man, announced that he regretted to state that a certain brother had retired to rest the night before without locking the door of his fowl-house, to find in the morning that all his chickens had vanished.

"I don't want to be personal," he continued, "but I hab my suspicions as to who stole dem chickens. If I'm right in dose suspicions, dat man won't put any money in de box, which will now be passed round."

There was a grand collection, not a single member feigning sleep.

"Now, brederin," said the minister, "I don't want all yoah dinners spoilt by wondering who dat brother is who don't lock

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his chickens up. Dat brother don't exist, mah friends; he was a parable for purposes ob finance."

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

Sandy Macgregor had purchased an overcoat from Mr. Levi Cohen. The next day, the weather being much milder, sufficed to change Sandy's opinion of the coat, so he hied himself back to Cohen's emporium and requested the return of his money.

"My vord!" cried the tradesman. "Vy, dot coat is a beautiful coat! It pelonged to a millionaire!"

"Aye," said Sandy, giving it a shake, "that's why I brought it back. He's left some of his money in the lining, and I'm an honest man, ye ken!"

"Here is your five-and-sixpence!" said Levi, briefly, grabbing the coat. Ten minutes later he was pondering over the old problem, which asks how Scotsmen and the children of Israel can be expected to live in one and the same world. He had ruined the lining of that coat for four halfpennies!

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The Snows of God

By FREDERICK HALL, in the 'Home Herald.'

PART II.

Always, as long as he could remember, he had held, almost unconsciously, the simple faith that mother had taught him, the belief that if he only did his best, somehow, some way, things would work out for good. But as he rode on through the lonely darkness the mood of the early evening came back upon him, and with it thoughts such as he had never had before. Was there a plan in it all? Did God send the snow? Or were snow and rain things that merely happened? And if God did send it—why? Mother had been well until the snow came. Had God made mother sick?

So deep was he sunk in thought that he forgot the night about him, forgot old Prince, himself and the reason of his ride, until, lifting his face, he felt the snowflakes, and was awakened as suddenly as if he had been plunged into cold water.

It was a broken country, not like the trackless levels of the farther West, but there were no fences, and Seth had not had time, as yet, to thoroughly learn the ill-marked roads. He was still far from home, the wind had taken a keener edge within the past half hour, and the flakes, each moment coming faster, were small and danced and whirled before him as if the wind were from all quarters. If he should lose his way—well, old Prince would doubtless take him safely home; still, animal sagacity will sometimes make mistakes; the river road was easier to follow, and so thinking, he turned off in the direction of the frozen stream.

Ten minutes later, his head ringing like a bell, he staggered to his feet, climbed with frenzied haste the bank of the gully into which he and his horse had rolled together, and with his eyes searched wildly the dizzying whirl of snowflakes. It was in vain; old Prince had disappeared. He was alone in the storm, five miles, at least, from home, and, worse than all, he was neither upon the river nor the road, but wandering somewhere between them. The air was growing steadily colder, and the night was as a wall about him.

There are several things which, in such a situation, one may safely do, but to sit down and think is not one of them. Seth had an idea of the general direction in which the river lay, and instantly he set off toward it. After a quarter of an hour of floundering through the drifts, he believed that he had reached it, but he was not certain until a half-hour later, when he slipped, and, in falling, plunged his arm shoulder-deep into an air-hole.

One thing on which he had not counted was the greater violence of the wind upon the river; another was, that when he reached it, he was too confused to tell in what direction he should go. But this was not of absolute importance; the river, if he could keep it, would take him either home or back to Nellegar, and in either case there would be light upon the bank to tell him he had reached his goal. If only his strength would hold out to the end! And through his tightly-clenched teeth he mumbled his defiance to the storm, repeating over and over, until he had himself forgotten the meaning of the words, "I'm not afraid of you. You're God's snow. He sent you. I don't know why. You don't know why. But it's all right, though."

It grew easier after a while. The storm did not abate, but he seemed to feel it less. He found trees and bushes in his path (islands in the stream, could he have but known it), but they did not worry him as

they would have done an hour ago. He realised, sub-consciously, that it was dangerous to feel as comfortable as he was beginning to feel, and he struggled feebly against it, but only feebly. And thus it was that an hour later a lonely, storm-buffeted horseman found him, sinking drowsily into the drifts, and murmuring strange words about the snows of God.

The candle had burned out in its socket and another had replaced it. It was long past midnight, and even the storm was growing weary, when Eliza heard without the trampling of feet. In a moment she had thrown wide the door, and was peering out into the darkness.

"Seth, Seth," she called. Then, as the firelight revealed a bearded, unfamiliar face: "Are you the doctor Seth went for?"

And the doctor, who had learned to see things all at once, and act on what he saw, answered, "Yes, I'm the doctor. Seth's a little used up from the ride. Can you get me some warm blankets and something warm for him to drink?"

All the following day Seth lay upon the bench before the fire and slept much; even the great event of the evening did not stir him to excitement, for he was very tired. After breakfast next morning, Eliza came in and found him with the new concordance in his hands.

"Liz," he called softly; and she went over to him. "The doctor says mother's going to get well, don't he?"

"Yes," she answered.

"And father's back now, and he's brought money enough to start again?"

She thought he was asking to reassure himself, for the weariness of utter exhaustion had had its effect upon his memory.

"And old Prince got back all right that night?"

"Yes."

"I'm all right. It didn't really hurt me any."

"No."

"And it'll be spring in just a little now."

"Yes."

"It was the snow that stopped the doctor. He'd have been home only for that."

"Yes."

"The Bible says it's God's snow. He said to it, 'Be thou on the earth.'"

Both were silent for a while. Then he went on: "You see, Liz, I know why He sent that snow; it was for mother and for us. But s'pose it had been somebody else's mother. I'd never 'a' known then, and I'd always sort of—sort of blamed Him for it. It must be right there that faith comes in. When He does something you don't understand and maybe don't like, then just believe that He has some good reason for it, or He wouldn't do it."

NEXT TIME.

A Glasgow man who was seized with violent toothache did not succumb any too readily to the gas administered, but in the course of time he was sleeping peacefully, and the offending molar was removed. "How much?" asked the patient, after the ordeal was over. "Ten shillings," said the dentist. "Ten shillings!" the man exclaimed. "Yes, sir," said the dentist. "It was an unusually hard job getting the tooth out, and you required twice the ordinary amount of gas." "Well, here's the money," said the patient. "But mind this—the next time I take gas in your place I'll want to look at the meter."

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ANOTHER KIND OF ARK.

In a village school, the rector's wife was questioning a mixed class of boys and girls on certain branches of their religious knowledge. Presently she came to the subject of Noah's Ark. After having touched briefly on that, she asked the children whether they knew of any other ark mentioned in the Bible.

"Yes," answered one eager little girl, "the Ark of the Covenant."

"Quite right," said the lady, much pleased. And then, thinking of the ark of bulrushes in connection with the baby Moses, she asked, "And can you mention any other?"

The child, after a few minutes' hard thought, cried out:

"Oh, yes, ma'am. 'Ark the herald angels sing!'"

REFLECTIONS.

A man is generally true to his first love—himself.

A spoonful of success is better than a gallon of failure.

People who are always taking offence have no difficulty in finding a plentiful supply.

When success doesn't turn a man's head it is probably because he has a stiff neck.

The beauty of early rising is only appreciated by those who don't have to practise it.

About the hardest task we have is to convince others that we are as good as we think we are.

The knowledge that comes with old age is frequently confined to the knowledge of lost opportunities.

One's opinions are like a good many other things one possesses, of no value to anyone but the owner.

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The New South Wales Alliance

The arrangements for the Annual Meetings are now well in hand, and there is every reason to expect a splendid and successful series. There should be no reason to prevent the filling of the famous old Protestant Hall to its utmost capacity, and this, we believe, will be done on this occasion, judging by the spirit of co-operation in which the arrangements have been taken up. Indeed, when judged by the importance of the great struggle in which we are engaged, the day should not be far distant when the spacious Sydney Town Hall will be the scene of the annual public meeting of the Alliance.

ALLIANCE ANNUAL MEETINGS, WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, MAY 19 AND 20.

The following programme has been arranged for the Annual Meetings this year:—

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, at 3 p.m.—The Business Meeting will take place, when the President, the Rev. Canon Boyce, will present the annual report, the hon. treasurer, Mr. J. P. Treadgold, Mayor of Leichhardt, will read the balance-sheet, and the names of the chosen president, vice-presidents, and Council for the ensuing year. At 7.30 p.m. there will be a special **Conference of Temperance Workers**, when the subject will be "Our Next Campaign." 1. How to organise it, and (2) how to finance it. Two short speeches will be given, and then the whole of the evening will be taken up with discussion. Every separate Church and temperance tent, or society, can send in five delegates to that conference, and special slips are being issued for that purpose. It is hoped this will be the most representative conference ever held under the auspices of the Alliance.

ALLIANCE ANNUAL MEETINGS WILL BE HELD IN THE PROTESTANT HALL.

The great annual public demonstration will take place on **Thursday, May 20, at 8 p.m.**, in the Protestant Hall, Castlereagh-street, Sydney. The Rev. Canon Boyce will preside. Some of the most prominent and popular speakers in the State will give addresses, and the names will be published in next issue. The inside meeting will be preceded by a series of open-air demonstrations, to be held in various parts of the city. Already the Central Methodist Mission, and the Salvation Army, have agreed to conduct such a meeting, the C.M.M. at the Town Hall corner, and the Salvation Army at "Paddy's Market," assisted by

their splendid brass bands. Then we expect the I.O.G.T., I.O.R., S. & D. of T., W.C.T.U., and other affiliated bodies to do likewise. The several bodies will then procession in regalia to the Protestant Hall, for the big, united rally.

ALLIANCE CONFERENCE, WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, at 7.30 p.m., PROTESTANT HALL.

We are now approaching the date of our next poll, and this fact, coupled with the recent tactics and statements of "The Trade," should give a very great interest to our annual meetings this year. The alleged challenge of the President of the U.L.V.A. will doubtless be fully dealt with, and the future policy of the Alliance clearly outlined. It is to me somewhat difficult to understand the readiness of some of our Temperance friends to accept their policy and mode of working from "The Trade." Surely any policy acceptable to them is hardly what we might expect to be advantageous to both. They are working to preserve their "traffic," and we are trying to destroy it. There is no harmony in the intentions, and how can there be any in the methods of working? We must be cautious and wise in dealing with our wily foe. The enemy will doubtless be fully represented at our annual public meeting on the 20th, therefore let our supporters be up and doing to arouse interest and enthusiasm among our own friends.

ALLIANCE PUBLIC ANNUAL MEETING, MAY 20, at 8 p.m.

Just a few words to remind our subscribers that the annual subscription to the funds of the Alliance must not be confounded with the donation given to the recent Exhibition and Fair. If this is done, the value of the Fair income will be largely discounted, and just now we want extra help to put up a big fight. To our friends and regular helpers we would appeal not to refuse the subscription, but rather to increase it. When the results are known you will feel it has been a good investment.

ALLIANCE ANNUAL MEETINGS, MAY 19 and 20.—BOOK THE DATES.

TWO POUNDS TWO SHILLINGS.

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

THE U.L.V.A. CHALLENGE.

The State Council of the New South Wales Alliance has given consideration to the challenge of the President of the U.L.V.A. The Alliance, while refusing to accept their policy from the U.L.V.A., are quite willing, as already intimated by the President, the Rev. Canon Boyce, to accept State Option on American lines, that is, on the question of License and No-License, Prohibition or no Prohibition, and by a majority vote as this is already part of their platform, and they have recently again asked the Premier to include this in the legislation of the State.

They, however, in the present state of public sentiment, on the Temperance question, refuse to substitute State Option for the present system of Local Option within electorates.

The Alliance are so satisfied with the reasonableness and practicability of their policy, that they are willing to debate the question on the public platform, and hereby issue a challenge to the U.L.V.A. to do so.

THE "MEDICAL MANIFESTO."

(From the "Times," February 25.)

"I am sincerely astonished to see that Mr. Barclay quotes in his support the now notorious bogus "medical" manifesto which was published in the "Lancet" two years ago, but very soon exposed by the "Daily Mail," and shown to have been got up by a non-medical writer with predilections in favour of the liquor trade. Mr. Barclay cannot be aware that at least two of the signatories were proved to be deeply interested in the drink trade, that another wrote to the "Lancet" indignantly protesting that what he signed was not what was published over his name, that another stated he would never have signed it had he not been told it was a genuine medical document, another that he only signed it because he was told another well-known medical philanthropist was going to sign it (but did not, even after six months' waiting by the promoter!)."—Sir Victor Horsley.

MIXED.

An eloquent young preacher, delivering an impassioned appeal to husbands to spend their evenings at home with their wives and families, instead of going out, spoilt the effect of the whole thing by concluding:

"Cannot you see the lonely young wife, sitting alone by the fireside, rocking the cradle of her sleeping child with one foot, and wiping away the tears from her eyes with the other?"

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IN OPTICAL EXACTITUDE



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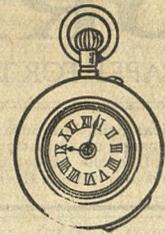
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Talk about People

"Charley" Carrington.

Almost inseparable were King Edward and Earl Carrington when young. They grew up in close intimacy, and when, as Prince of Wales, King Edward paid his visit to India, "Charley" Carrington was his A.D.C. But success and Royal friendships have not spoiled the geniality of his lordship with all men; neither is he ashamed of the fact that his forbears made their money in the textile business. Sometimes he is twitted with his sympathies for the working man and his cause—he has established 5000 small holdings on his estate—but the scoffers rarely get the best of the encounter with the Radical Earl. His usual answer is, "Tut, tut! I was one myself once." And while advising the working man to get back to the land, Earl Carrington tells his wives not to forget the cooking. "Good cooking," he once said, "is the real secret of domestic felicity. My wife has looked after our house and given myself and family a most excellent dinner every day since our marriage a good many years ago."

Mr. Rockefeller's Day.

John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world, has given an American reporter the following account of his day's doings.

His breakfast consists of cereals, poached eggs, coffee, and rolls, or toast. His luncheon is roast beef, potatoes, and milk. His dinner of soup, beef stew or rib roasts, potatoes, fruit and milk.

He himself pronounces his name Rockyfella. He is 69 years old, is 5ft. 11in. in height, and weighs just over 12st.

He does not use alcohol in any form. He smokes very little. And he sleeps eight hours and a-half a night.

He spends his day like this:

Six a.m., gets up; 6.30 to 7.30, on golf links; 7.30, breakfast; 8 to 8.30, works with secretary; 8.30 to 10, en route to his office; 10 to 1, at work at desk; 1 o'clock, luncheon; 1.30 till 4, work at desk; 4 till 5.30, en route home; 6, dinner; 7 till 8.30 works and reads; 9.30, bed.

Richest Composer in Europe.

So Dr. Richard Strauss, whose new opera, "Elektra," has added so much to his reputation, is said to be. The rights of one of his works have been sold for £2000 (says a London paper),—and he never conducts an orchestra for less than £100. He is one of the few musical prodigies of whom the world has heard much after boyhood achievements, for he was a composer at six, and ten years later a popular figure in the musical world. The moods and impulses of Dr. Strauss are somewhat strange. Some of his most notable works have been composed when travelling, and often brilliant ideas occur to him when he is in a room full of people. On such an occasion he will make his excuses to the person with whom he may be talking,

retire to a corner of the room, and jot down what has occurred to him in a note-book which he always carries.

A London Fog Story.

Hiram Maxim, at a recent banquet, referred to the fogs of London.

In one of the worst London fogs," said the inventor, "an old friend of mine tried to find his way from Trafalgar Square to the Savoy, where he had an engagement to dine.

"The sulphurous air made the eyes smart and the head ache, and it brought on terrific fits of coughing. You could not, literally, see your hand before your face. There was a continual crashing in of windows, bells jangled, vehicles and foot-passengers collided, shrieks and oaths arose.

"Threading his way in the midst of this pandemonium through the Strand, as he supposed, from Landseer's lions to the waiting dinner at the Savoy, my old friend, to his great bewilderment, soon found himself descending a broad stairway. He put out his hand to the balustrade. Yes, a broad and stately stairway, with a rail of carved stone. Amazing!

"Suddenly in his descent my friend collided with someone ascending the stairway.

"'Halloa!' he said.

"'Halloa!' a gruff male voice replied.

"'Can you tell me,' said my friend, 'where I am going?'

"'Certainly,' said the other. 'If you keep straight on you will walk into the Thames, for I've just come out of it.'"

Mr. Rockefeller's First Job.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, in the "World's Work," tells how at sixteen he started out to get work. "I tramped the streets for days and weeks asking merchants and storekeepers if they didn't want a boy. At last one man on the Cleveland docks told me that I might come back after the noonday meal. I was elated; it now seemed that I might get a start. When I presented myself to my would-be employer: 'We will give you a chance,' he said, but not a word passed between us about pay. This was September 26, 1855. I joyfully went to work. The name of the firm was Hewitt and Tuttle. When January, 1856, arrived, Mr. Tuttle presented me with £10 for my three months' work, which was no doubt all that I was worth, and it was entirely satisfactory."

Lady Aberdeen and the Slave Boys.

Lady Aberdeen, who has added another to her many good works and deeds by founding a new monthly journal to help in the campaign against consumption in Ireland, figured in a dramatic incident 32 years ago. She and her husband went to Egypt for their wedding tour at a time when Gordon was trying to suppress the slave traffic. Four

slave boys who were offered for sale excited Lady Aberdeen's compassion, and the slave-dealer was invited to bring them on board Lord Aberdeen's dahabeeyah, where he hoped to find a purchaser. When the man stepped on deck with his human chattels, Lord Aberdeen pointed to the British flag and said, "These boys are free! I claim them in the name of the Queen!" Afterwards, however, he compensated the slave-dealer, and Lady Aberdeen returned to England with these four boys and another whom she had rescued. Three of her adopted children died, but two were educated and set to useful work.

A Government Star-Gazer.

It was quite by accident that Sir Norman Lockyer took up the study of astronomy. He commenced his business career as a clerk in the British War Office, and in course of time came to edit the Army regulations. He happened to hear a chance lecture at Rugby on astronomy, and became so fascinated by the study that he devoted his spare time to the subject. He had erected in his front garden a 6¼in. equatorial, and made such rapid headway in his hobby that Lord Beaconsfield transferred him from the War Office to the Science and Art Department. Sir Norman is the Director of Solar Physics Observatory, and his numerous works testify to his enthusiasm in the study of the stars.

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Food Cooked on this Mat cannot Burn.
Will Not Boil Over
Excellent for Toasting Purposes.

Only 6d. each
Or 3 for 1s. post free

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Clean or Dye Ladies' Dresses from 3/- to 7/6, equal to new.

181 OXFORD STREET AND 775 GEORGE STREET

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, MAY 6, 1909.

HOTELS WITHOUT BARS.

Temperance hotels will pay if properly conducted, in places where there is a necessity for hotel accommodation. Assertions to the contrary are often made by men interested in the liquor business, who attempt to defend that business by arguing that a liquor license is necessary to enable an hotelkeeper to derive sufficient profit out of his bar to make up what he loses by his hotel business proper. The supplying of meals, lodging, and other conveniences and comforts to travellers is a business that on ordinary commercial principles must be reasonably self-supporting. If the service is necessary, it is right to charge a reasonable price for it. A reasonable price can only be a price that is profitable. The plan of giving a man, for one shilling, a dinner worth half-a-crown, and then expecting him to buy eighteenpence worth of liquor to balance his account, is too absurd to be either advocated or carried on. The unsoundness of the theory of impracticability is, however, sufficiently exposed by the fact that in nearly every part of the world temperance hotels are operated successfully, and in many places hotel-keeping is entirely dissociated from liquor-selling, the hotel and the saloon being separate institutions, meeting separate wants and patronised by separate constituencies. But an ounce of fact is worth a ton of theory. For three years now the N.S.W. Alliance Headquarters' Hotel has been in existence; it began under every possible disadvantage—a too-limited capital, a building that was not constructed for such a purpose, immense competition, and inexperience on the part of the managing body of that particular kind of business. The result has been astonishing; the accommodation has been enlarged by more than one-third, and yet many times many would-be boarders have been turned away. The last year shows a very encouraging cash profit, and the experiment proves conclusively that in New South Wales, as in other parts of the world, an hotel can be successfully run without a bar. It must not be forgotten by those who stay at hotels that it is not fair to compare two places with a different scale of charges, but, in all fairness, compare any hotel with a bar with one without a bar, and only one conclusion can be arrived at. The community owes a debt of gratitude to those who have provided them

with a place to stay at free from the objectionable bar, and who have at the same time provided a substantial argument, and an answer, as to what must happen to legitimate hotels when No-License has been carried.

THE VALUE OF LIQUOR MEN'S CHALLENGES.

Just before the last No-License poll in New Zealand, the "Rev." W. Thompson, chaplain to the Liquor party, and their lecturer, issued a challenge, and offered to forfeit £1000 if he was defeated. He published certain figures from Maine, and dared anyone to refute them. He, of course, did this at what is sometimes called the psychological moment, that is, when it was impossible to submit them to the only people who could explain or refute them. It was a clever piece of bluff, and provided many a question at No-License meetings, but its influence was nullified by the fact that it was impossible to submit them to authorities in Maine, and, secondly, if the convictions for drunkenness prove No-License a failure in Maine—the lack of convictions proved it a success in New Zealand.

About a month ago Mr. Edwin Barclay, head of the great brewery firm which bears his name, issued a challenge to the Temperance party to refer the question to an expert as to whether beer was harmful. He was prepared to pay half the cost. The challenge was accepted the same day by Mr. Hogg, who invited Mr. Barclay to send him the names of four brewers, when he would arrange for four Temperance men to meet them to settle upon an expert and to arrange the terms of the reference to him. From that day to the present he has not received the names, and probably never will. The challenge evidently was, like some kinds of beer, intended for home consumption. Now Mr. Hogg has returned the compliment by issuing a challenge to Mr. Barclay, or to any other brewer. He challenged him to disprove the statement that alcohol is a malignant poison, the effect of which upon the human body varies only in proportion to the quantity taken. Further, that a person could obtain as much tissue-building material from four pounds of bread, costing sixpence, as could be got out of 126 half-pints of beer, costing 15s 9d, and that one pint of milk, costing twopence, contains more nourishment than ten pints of ale, costing 2s 6d.

And in New South Wales we are being treated in the same way. The Temperance people are challenged to alter their plan of campaign, and thereby ignore the teaching of experience, viz., that the elimination of alcohol is best brought about by denying it facilities in every place that is intellectually and morally educated sufficiently to demand its freedom. The challenge is a piece of pure bluff, and made to provide a street-corner question, with which to catch the unthinking, and cast a slur on the bona-fides of the Temperance people. However, it is too late to cast reflections on the sincerity of the party that has ever sacrificed itself in the interest of degraded humanity, and whose innumerable challenges have consistently been ignored or refused by the Liquor people. We are convinced that not every dog that barks means fight.

HAPPINESS.

"Happiness," says one writer, "is a mosaic, composed of many smaller stones." It is little acts of kindness, the little courtesies, the disposition to be accommodating, to be helpful, to be sympathetic, to be unselfish, to be careful, not to wound the feelings, not to expose the sore spots, to be charitable to the weaknesses of others, to be considerate—these are the little things which, added up at night, are found to be the secrets of a happy day. How much greater are all these than one great act of noteworthy goodness once a year! Our lives are made up of trifles; emergencies rarely occur. "Little things, unimportant events, experiences so small as to scarcely leave a trace behind, make up the sum total of life." And the one great thing in life is to do a little good to every one we meet. Ready sympathy, a quick eye, and a little tact are all that is needed.

WHAT NEW ZEALAND DOCTORS SAY.

WELLINGTON, April 30.—Four medical men practising in Oamaru, have signed the following statement:—

"In view of the fact that commissioners from Australia and other places are visiting Oamaru to inquire regarding the working of 'No-License,' and appear to have formed erroneous impressions, which reflect upon the drinking habits of this community, we think it advisable that our united experience should be made public. We find in making our continual visits to the homes of the people that there is no evidence to show that drinking in homes is more prevalent now than it was in license times. Our united experience shows that there is a decrease in cases which result from alcoholism, and we are convinced that No-License has been of great benefit to the community from a moral and a health point of view."

MEETING FOR BUSINESS MEN.

EVERY FRIDAY, 1.25 to 1.50.

Rev. R. B. S. HAMMOND.

The Chapter House next St. Andrew's Cathedral.

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

AFTER EASTER

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

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

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

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The School of Intelligent Piano Playing

The Lost Joys of Fatherhood

Mrs. ROSE WOODALLEN CHAPMAN, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Before the crackling fire an old man sat. He had sunk far down into the deep chair; his chin was on his breast; his eyes were fixed on the dancing flames.

"Where are they?" he murmured to himself. "Where are they? Gone, all gone. And I might have had all of them."

Silence fell, as the old man brooded. The room showed rich and luxurious in the soft light of the shaded lamp and the changing gleams of the fire. Yet the man was heavy with sorrow.

Again he spoke: "Why did I not prize them when they were within my grasp? They might have been mine, but they are gone now. He said I should never see his face again—my only son. He thought I did not care. He did not know how I had waited all these years, until he should understand. I thought we would be friends then—closest friends and comrades. But he has left me, never to return, and all the joys I might have had are gone—with him—forever."

Was it a sob that shook the huddled body? A sob from the stern old man who had never been known to show any emotion?

"He was a pretty baby; I remember how proud his mother was of him. She said I didn't appreciate him—and she was right. I didn't see it then. I didn't care—but I do now.

"I remember when she was just a tiny baby, how she used to want me to hold him. She said it made one so happy to feel the little, dependent body in one's arms, but it bored me. How her face shone when she held him! She said, once, that there was no love so beautiful as that called forth by a little helpless baby, because that love asked for absolutely no return. It was the most unselfish love in the world. I know I thought it made her more radiantly beautiful than ever before. But I remember I wondered how she could love so uninteresting an atom as that. It wasn't even amusing, then.

"Might I have experienced that beautiful, unselfish love she talked about, if I had cared? If I had held the tiny, squirming thing more often, would it have become interesting to me? She said it was because it was so helpless, so absolutely dependent, that she loved it so. It needed her.

"Well, it didn't need me—at least, not in the same way. I suppose, now that I think about it, my work was essential to its existence. I never looked at it in that light before. I suppose I might have held it once in a while, and thought of my work as being, at least in part, for its sake. I might have learned to love it a little even then.

"To love something; to love without expecting any return; yes it is beautiful. I see it now. It would have changed my whole life if I had learned it then.

"How it hurt her—my indifference to our baby! I can see her now as she used to bring the boy to me and lay him in my arms, asking me to watch him a little while. He was so cunning, she said. But I was too busy. I wanted to read the papers. I wanted to work out my plans for success. So I laid him down in his crib as soon as I could, and I used to wonder why her face grew so sad, and why she looked at me so strangely. I didn't understand—then.

"I remember the first look of indignation she ever gave me. How startled I was—

that my quiet Annie should look at me so! It was a Sunday afternoon; we were at Stevenson's. Their little three-year-old was playing around and talking; he said some bright little piece for us, and I said that if our boy was only as big as that, I'd find him interesting. I wondered why she looked so angry. She wouldn't talk to me until after we got home. She said afterwards that she couldn't. But when we got into the house, she turned upon me like one possessed.

"If you were a father," she said, "instead of just a business machine, you'd know your boy is interesting now"—and then she burst into tears and left the room.

"She was never quite the same to me after that. She was quiet, loving, kind, but never the same. I see it now. I had wounded her mother-love—I, her husband, the child's father! Blind! Blind! And selfish! How selfish!

"I was proud of the boy when he began to prattle. He was a bright little fellow. He amused me. But I was too busy to see much of him. His mother kept him up until after our dinner, so I could see him every day. She used to want me to play with him before he went to bed, but I was too busy. The child annoyed me. I could not think when he was around.

"But I was pleased when friends admired him. Yes, I was pleased, and thought of him then as 'my' boy. But he wasn't really mine. I see it now. I was father of his body, but not of his soul. His spirit never felt a touch of kinship with mine. His never did? Say, rather, my spirit never acknowledged his claim upon it. He was his mother's son, because she made him hers. He would never have left her as he left me to-night. He loved his mother."

A long silence fell. The last sentence carried with it the burden of sorrow that was in the old man's heart.

Suddenly the bowed head was raised. "And why should he love me?" The old man struck his knee with his clenched fist and spoke with vehemence. "What have I ever done, that he should love me? I loved him not a whit when he was an infant in arms; I pushed him aside when he was a prattling child.

"And when he was a school-boy? Too busy! Too busy with my plans for getting rich. He used to come to me once in a while, even then, with a boyish question. Maybe his mother sent him, still hoping that I would see my opportunity and grasp it. He had a good mind. I might have begun to make myself his companion then. It would have been interesting to watch that young, eager mind unfold. I could have taught him much in my hours of leisure, hours that should have belonged to him and his mother, hours that I prostituted to the service of money-getting. I called it 'showing my love for them.' I was 'working for them; I was going to 'make them rich.' Lies! Lies! I lied to myself; I deceived myself. I worked because I loved to work, because I knew nothing else, cared for nothing else. I wanted to be rich so men would envy me. I am rich—and my boy has left me."

Again the voice was raised. "Why shouldn't he leave me? What am I to him? What have I ever been to him? When he came with intelligent questions, I told him 'not to bother.' Bother! Bother whom? His own father, who brought him into the world, who was responsible for his

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL — — PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

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Accumulated Funds .. £23,500,000

Annual Income £3,100,000

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

CASH BONUS DIVIDED FOR ONE YEAR, 1907. £70,813.

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

Sydney, 21st May, 1908.

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FIRE INSURANCE CO.

SECURITY - - - £4,432,025

FIRE MARINE, ACCIDENT

RATES: LOWEST. SETTLEMENTS PROMPT

The 'RED SHIELD' Personal Accident and Sickness Policy issued only by this Company affords the Greatest Benefits at the Lowest Cost

A SPECIAL BONUS OF

10 PER CENT. TO TOTAL ABSTAINERS

N.S.W. Branch: 95 PITT ST., SYDNEY

ROBERT KERR, Manager

very existence—and who couldn't spare him half an hour a week!

"I might have renewed my boyhood with him. I might have grown young instead of old. We might have gone fishing together, played ball together, dreamed dreams together, planned for the years of his maturity. Then he would not have left me—alone—all alone—as he has done to-night. Then we should have been chums, comrades, partners for life."

Once more the head was dropped upon the sunken chest.

"Never that! Never his comrade! Just his father; one who spoke sternly, one who never had time to be kind.

"But I made him obey! Oh, yes! 'Children must learn to obey,' I said. But how about fathers? Is there no 'must' for them? What is it the Book says? I remember hearing it once. It struck me then as very strange. 'Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath—provoke not your children.'

"I have done it. I am the guilty one. My boy has left me, because I never was a true father to him. Nothing but the man who made him, mind. And now that he's a man and doesn't have to mind, he leaves me.

"If I had made a friend of him, he wouldn't be leaving me. If I had made him love me, he would be with me now.

"I used to dream of the time when he would be a man and work with me. I thought we would understand each other, then, that we would be united by our interests. But we have no interests in common. And he has friends who understand him better than his father; yes, who love him better than his father.

"I wonder what dreams he had when he was a lad. I remember I used to have dreams when I was eighteen or thereabouts. I was going to do great things, I thought, I never thought I would make a failure of my life. Yes, failure, even though I am worth my millions. I was going to do something worth while, something to make the world better—and I've failed—failed utterly.

(Continued on Page 8)

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This preparation is used for Mending Crockery, Glassware, etc., and is a Genuine Article.

SINGLE BOTTLES, 6d. each; postage to be added.

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BOURKE STREET, GOULBURN.

Agents wanted to canvass this line. Good Profits.

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METROPOLITAN AGENT,

Australian Mutual Provident Society,

108 PITT-STREET.

'Phone 2179, Central. Opposite G.P.O.
" 403, Ashfield.

"If I had dreamed with my boy, the old ideals would have come back to me, and I might have been a success.

"It must be a beautiful thing to catch a glimpse of the heavenly dreams of an adolescent boy, that young human god to whom anything, everything, is possible. Are there fathers who have this joy? And a young maiden's dreams—do fathers ever share in the hidden, rapturous thoughts of their daughters, just blossoming into womanhood?

"Divine! Divine joys of fatherhood! Lost to me—all lost! And they might all have been mine!"—"Union Signal."

◆◆◆◆◆
A HARD WINTER.

Jones: "Yes, it's cold, but nothing like what it was at Christmas three years ago, when the steam from the engines froze hard and fast on the line in sheets."

Smith: "That wasn't so cold as in '87, when it froze the electricity in the telephone wire, and when the thaw came all the machines were talking as hard as they could for over five hours."

Brown: "The coldest year that I can remember was in '84, when the policemen had to run to keep themselves warm."

But this was too much, and, with silent looks of indignation, the other two left the man who treated the truth lightly to his own reflections.

Success is not obtained unless we have a fixed purpose in life, concentration of energy, and that characteristic of genius which has been described as "the capacity for taking definite pains."

What a glorious world this would be if all its inhabitants could say with Shakespeare's shepherd, "Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn what I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good; content with my flock."

One of the greatest lessons in life is to learn to take people at their best, not their worst; to look for the divine, not the human, in them; the beautiful, not the ugly; the bright, not the dark; the straight, not the crooked side.

Brooding over trouble is like surrounding oneself with a fog; it magnifies all objects seen through it. Occupation of the mind prevents this. Any hard work, manual work even, gives the mind other matters of concern, and also tires the body so as to ensure sleep.

WHEN CLOCKS WERE YOUNG.

The art of telling time is as old as the earliest historical records, though the methods employed in dividing up the day into equal periods have varied greatly during the past eras; and only in modern times have watches and clocks, as we know them, become customary. Many of these are most elaborate, but practically all possess a circular dial or face. However, only as late as the sixteenth century many watches were oval in shape, and an oblong one with six sides kept splendid time after it had been repaired ninety years later.

Probably the earliest form of time-piece was the "gnomon," or index rod, of a sundial. At first this was merely an upright stick placed in a sunny spot, and measuring the passage of the day by its shadow cast upon the bare earth, because the dial was a later innovation.

The sand-glass, still frequently used as an indicator for the boiling of eggs, dates back 2000 years, and was always reliable in marking a fixed space of time, such as the hour. It has not been very many years since the hour-glass had its particular place on the pulpits in our churches as an ever-present reminder to the preacher not to over-tax the attention of his audience. The finer glasses were filled with powdered egg-shells thoroughly dried, for this material was not so susceptible to atmospheric moisture.

A still earlier instrument was the clepsydra, which measured time by the efflux of water through a tiny orifice. There were two types of these; in the first the water trickled from a small opening in one vessel and slowly filled a receptacle which was graduated to indicate periods of time, and generally a "floater" pointed out the height of the water on the side of the vessel. In the second variety of clepsydra the graduated vessel, having a small orifice in the bottom, rested upon a surface of water and gradually filled and sank at the expiration of the fixed interval.

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A HORSE'S TOE-NAILS.

Few persons realise that a horse's hoof is really the same thing as the toe-nails of human beings, or of animals having toes. The horn of a hoof grows just as a toe-nail does. The hoof grows more rapidly in unshod horses than in those wearing shoes, and it grows faster in horses which are well groomed and well fed. But on an average the horn grows about a third of an inch a month.

Hind hoofs grow faster than fore hoofs. The toe of the hoof being the longest part, it takes longer for the horn to grow down there than at the heel. For instance, the toe will grow entirely down in from 1 to 13 months, while the heel will grow down in from three to five months. As the new horn grows out any cracks or defects in the old gradually work down to where they can be cut off, just as with human finger-nails you can watch the progress of a bruise from the root to the tip.

Saves Time, Saves Trouble, Saves Health,
Saves Money

THE IDEAL BREAKFAST FOOD—

— **GRANOLA.**

As a Breakfast Food it has no equal, be cause:—

1st. Being pre-digested it requires no cooking, but is ready for immediate use.

2nd. It goes twice as far as any other Porridge Food.

It also makes Delicious Puddings, Entrees, and Gruels. Recipes supplied with each bag.

Manufacturer:

The SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD CAFE,
45 HUNTER-STREET, SYDNEY.

◆◆◆◆◆
TOO CLEVER TO BE HUMBUGGED.

Many years ago, when Londoners had not the excursion facilities for getting into the country that they enjoy now, Charley, a cockney friend, was staying at a farmhouse, and soon made himself at home. Charley, with his pipe, was wandering around, closely examining the top, ends, and sides of a certain trim, well-made object fenced around in the paddock. He stared at it for a little while, then shook his head dubiously.

"What are you looking for now, Charles?"

"Where's the doors and windows, uncle?"

"Doors and windows? Why, that's a haystack."

"No fear, uncle; you don't humbug me. Hay doesn't grow in lumps like that."

◆◆◆◆◆
COMPANY MANNERS.

The small boy was asked to take dinner with a distinguished professor, and the lad's mother gave him repeated directions. Upon his return, the first question was:

"Harold, did you get along all right at the table?"

"Oh, yes, mother; well enough."

"You're sure you didn't do anything that was not perfectly polite and gentlemanly?"

"Why, no; nothing to speak of."

"Then something did happen. What was it?"

"But I fixed it all right, mother."

"Tell me at once."

"Why, I got along pretty well until the meat came; but while I was trying to cut mine, it slipped from my plate on to the floor. But I made it all right."

"What did you do?"

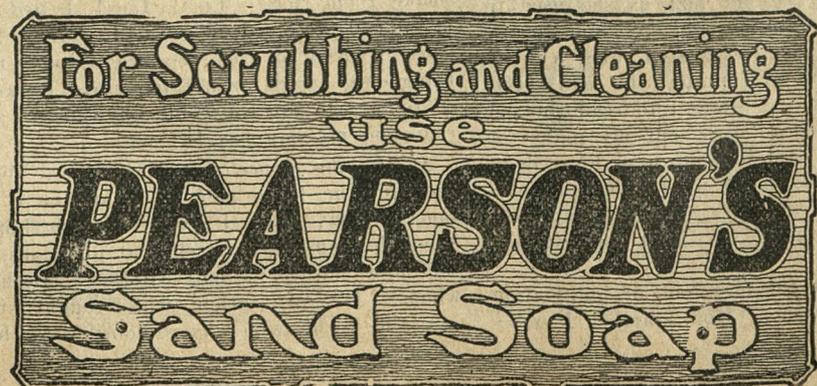
"Oh, I said, 'That's always the way with tough meat.'"

◆◆◆◆◆
WHERE THEY BAPTISED.

A large parish in Yorkshire was divided into two parts, known locally as "North End" and "South End," and boasted church in each district.

One morning, the rector, giving out the notices, said:

"Morning prayers will be said in the parish church, North End, at eleven o'clock; evening, in the church, South End, at six-thirty. In the afternoon, at three o'clock, babies will be baptised at both ends."



From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(BY UNCLE BARNABAS).

WHAT I LEARNED AT THE WATERWORKS.

3—THE MEASURING MACHINE.

One of the most interesting things at the Prospect Works is the Measuring Machine. This is a large instrument with lots of wheels, clock faces, and tubes about it, and, if you watch the clock faces carefully, you will see the fingers clicking their way round from the hundreds to the thousands, and from the thousands to the tens of thousands, and on to the millions. And, then, if you ask what the machine is doing, Mr. Adams will tell you that it is measuring every gallon of water that goes down the aqueducts to Sydney.

Every cup of water the people drink is measured up at the reservoir. That hot water you carried up for your father's shaving—that had been measured, so had that bucketful you are giving to old Geeup, so had that tablespoonful that you added to your medicine three times a day after meals, and so had that bathful that you wasted whilst you were so long thinking about jumping in! There is not a thimbleful that does not pass the meter at Waterworks, and that does not make its mark on the great chart away up yonder among the hills. When I was at Prospect the Sydney people were using from Prospect alone 850,000 gallons per hour, and the record showed that for the past 2½ years the enormous quantity of 18,378,000,000 gallons had passed the Meter, or Measuring Machine.

Since then, I have thought of some other Registers that God is keeping.

1. There is the Opportunity Meter up there in Heaven. And God knows every chance that we have had of doing good in this world. Every opportunity to give something as small as a cup of cold water, every chance to speak a kind word, to quench some fire of evil, to make some flower grow in this world of sin.

Don't let opportunities waste away, as you let the bath-tap run on carelessly, because you will be startled some day to find what an enormous number of millions of chances of doing good your life has brought to you! God is keeping His Opportunity Meter, and He will show you the record some day.

2. Then there is the Mercy Meter. What will the grumblers say when they see that record? The people who grumble to go to bed, and who grumble to get up, who grumble to go to school, who grumble at the weather, and at their food, who grumble on Monday, because it's washing-day, and on Saturday because it's errand-day, who grumble at mother because she likes to be quiet, and at baby because he makes a din? Why, they will say, when they see what their Mercy Meter has to show, as that little girl said who tried to count the stars: "I'd no idea there were so many!"

Oh, Grumblers! learn Mr. Alexander's song and sing it! Sing it every time you find yourself beginning to grow! Sing it until you are the happiest boy and girl in New South Wales:

"Count your many blessings!
Name them one by one,
And it will surprise you
What the Lord hath done!"

FOR SUNDAY

BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

The Book in the Bible with 3 chapters and 73 verses.

The Book in the Bible with 1 chapter and 21 verses.

The Book in the Bible with 13 chapters and 405 verses.

The Book in the Bible with 9 chapters and 146 verses.

The Book in the Bible with 2 chapters and 38 verses.

The first letters of the names make up the name of another Book in the Bible. What is it?

AESOP'S FABLES.

THE FOX AND THE ASS.

An ass one day found a lion's skin, and, dressing himself in it, he went about the fields and woods frightening all the other animals almost out of their lives.

Presently he met a fox, and, wanting to frighten him, too, he not only rushed at him fiercely, but he tried to imitate the roaring of the lion.

"Sir," said the fox, "if you had only held your tongue, I might have taken you for a lion as the others did; but now that I hear you bray like a donkey, I know quite well who you are!"

Our characters are often shown by what we say, as well as by what we do.

FOR MONDAY.

HOW MANY MARBLES HAD FRED?

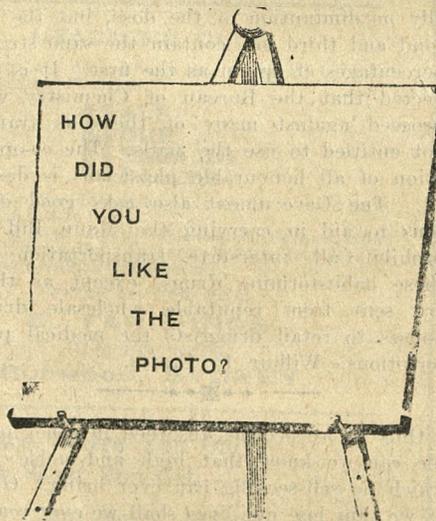
"How many marbles have you?" asked Fred's mother. "Well," said Fred, "if you add one-quarter to one-third of the number, you will have ten more than half the number." How many had he, do you think?

PARLEYVOO?

Nous allons en France,
Nous allons avec papa et maman,
Bebe va venir et la bonne aussi.

BIRTHDAY GREETING.

Arthur Winton, May 10 (12): Prov. 3: 6.
(All "cousins," "uncles," and "aunts" wish you a happy birthday. Hope to hear from you soon.—Uncle B.)



THE MAIL BAG.

A NEW ZEALAND LETTER.
About a Fat Cat and a Cockie.

Christchurch.

"Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I am writing to ask you if you will enrol me as one of your band of 'Seven to Seventeeners?' I am just eleven years old, and I enjoy reading 'Grit'—your page especially—very much. We live with my grandmother, and she has a very large cat, who can jump very high when she likes, but she is so fat that she always runs away when she can. She has got a parrot, too, who can say all sorts of things. My uncle brought him from Sydney. If anyone gets angry with the par-

rot he says: 'What is the matter, cockie?' and then, perhaps, if we go on scolding him, he will say so sorrowfully, 'Poor cockie, kiss, kiss cockie!' Romola Taylor is my cousin, and, as we take 'Grit,' I saw how pleased you were to get a New Zealand 'cousin,' so I am writing this. Good-bye,—I remain, yours truly, Sophie McCullough.

"P.S.—I heard you when you were here, and I liked you very much."

(Dear Sophie,—You are my "niece" from to-day. Your letter is just lovely. Will you write me an article, of about 200 words, on "Hot Water at any Hour, in New Zealand"—a description of the Springs. I am glad you like me. I like you.—Uncle B.)

"HAVE YOU ANY CHILDREN?"

Rosina Muller, "Allendale," Gunning, writes:—"Dear Uncle Barnabas, alias Mr. H.—I hope you will be pleased to hear from me. Mother is a subscriber to 'Grit,' and I take a lot of interest in it. The answers to the books, with verses and chapters, are as follow:—Joel, Obadiah, Philippians, Peter, Acts. The name of the town is Joppa. The weight of the moon is 1cwt., there being 4 quarters in it. Dear, Uncle, have you any children, or me any 'cousins?' Please tell me their names if you have. My brother and I are going to be confirmed to-night in the Gunning Church. Well, dear Uncle, I must say good-bye, with fond love to my aunty, and 'Grit' cousins."

(Yes, I am like the Old Woman that lived in a shoe, I have so many children I don't know what to do. Their names would fill this page. I am so glad to have you for a "niece." Will you write me a little article on "The Confirmation Service?"—Uncle B.)

"YOUR LOVELY PAPER, 'GRIT!'"

Jack Burrow, Roy-street, Lithgow, says:—"Dear Uncle B.,—This is the answer to Harry's sum (April 15):—

215	37195	173
	215	
	1569	
	1505	
	645	
	645	

Answer: 173.

"I always look at your lovely paper, 'Grit,' and am very interested in it, especially the 'Seven to Seventeeners.'"

(Good-day, Jack! and welcome to Page 9! Will you write me a short article on "How Kerosene is Got?" Your sum is right. You are enrolled as a "nephew."—Uncle B.)

"CAN YOU GUESS IT?"

Emily W. writes:—"Dear Uncle B.,—The

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534 GEORGE STREET, opposite Town Hall

answers I got for Sunday Questions are: Hour—Time; News—Tidings; You—Thee; Giving Instructions—Teacher; More than One—Two; Reported—Told; Robber—Thief. (April 15.) It was our Juniors' Picnic on the 14th April. We went to La Prouse, and had a lovely day. Did you go to the Show? I did, but I do not care for it much. I only went out twice in my holidays, but it is nice to go back to school, after being away a week. Our Intermediates Society are having a book night on Monday (19th). Each one is to come as some book. I am going to have a burden on my back. Can you guess it? Love to all. P.S.—I will look out for your coming photo."

(I can guess the book. Let us see if your "cousins" can.—Uncle B.)

SYDNEY SHOW AND MR. SHELLEY'S SHOW.

Dora Howell writes: "I went to the Show on Monday, and enjoyed myself very much, especially in looking at the horses, cattle, dogs, and sheep. Last night we had a lantern lecture in our Sunday school hall. It was delivered by Mr. Edgar Shelley. The pictures were views of India and Ceylon. They were very beautiful, especially some views of the highest peaks of the Himalayas. I cannot remember the names; they were too unpronounceable. He also showed us a view of 'Adam's Peak,' and told us all about it. I am sending a conundrum, as my cousins seem to like them."

Dora gives answers as follow:—To puzzles (April 8): 1, Joppa; 2, Tommy is six years old now. To problems (April 15): 1, Then, tidings, thee, teaching, they, told, thief; 2, the sum (as in Jack Burrows' letter); 3, G. K's puzzles, Elimelech, Naomi, Mahlon, Chilion, Orpah, Ruth, Boaz.

TRANSLATION OF FRENCH (April 8.)

1. My name is Louis, and I am ten years old.

2. My sister Jean is eight years old.

(Your answers are excellent, Dora; your puzzles are kept in stock to be used later. Thank you, dear "niece."—Uncle B.)

(N.B.—Address letters and answers for Page 9 to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.)

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.

"Wanted," says an advertisement in a Cambridge paper, "a steady, respectable man, to look after a garden and milk a cow who has a good voice and is accustomed to sing in the choir."

THE ANTI-OPIMUM CRUSADE AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Washington, D.C., March 18 (special correspondence).—Intense interest in the anti-opium crusade has been aroused by a quiet declaration of war made here to-day by the U.S. Bureau of Chemistry, through Dr. L. F. Kay, against fake "opium cures" that are being widely sold in this country; and against a hundred so-called "soft drinks" sold at soda fountains in which cocaine is the main ingredient; and through the reception of inside news from the anti-opium fight in China by the International Reform Bureau, from its secretary for Eastern Asia, Rev. E. W. Thwing. The declaration here has a special timeliness because the new law of Congress to prohibit the importation of opium, except guardedly for medicinal uses, takes effect on April 1. Numerous samples of alleged "cures" for drug habits were exhibited by Dr. Kay to-day at a meeting of the Medical Temperance Association in the Raleigh Hotel. Their composition was shown to have dangerously large percentages of morphia and alcohol. It was declared that they are not offered in good faith as remedies, but are advertised as such to reach those addicted to the drug habit, to whom they are sold at an extra price. One evidence cited, that these are not bona-fide remedies, is that there is usually no diminution of the dose, but the second and third lots contain the same strong percentages of opium as the first. It is expected that the Bureau of Chemistry will proceed against many of these as frauds not entitled to use the mails. The co-operation of all honourable physicians is desired. The Government also asks good citizens to aid in carrying the Mann Bill to prohibit all interstate transportation of these habit-forming drugs, except as they are sent from reputable wholesale drug-houses to retail druggists for medical prescriptions.—Wilbur F. Crafts.

Only as we become absorbed in other people can we know that high and noble joy which no self-seeking can ever bring. Only as we thus lose our lives shall we ever really find them. Of course, intelligence must guide every attempt to identify ourselves with the wider fields of humanity.

Nearly everything that is worth while, that has been accomplished by men, has been considered impossible by many others. Every man who has ever done anything great has been ridiculed and advised by others to let it alone.

As he that lives longest lives but a little while, every man may be certain that he has no time to waste. The duties of life are commensurate to its duration, and every day brings its task, which, if neglected, is doubled on the morrow.

PLEASE TAKE THIS KINDLY.

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

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

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

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Mr. J. Keen, 2s 6d (16/10/08); Rev. F. Hackett, 5s (4/10/09); Mr. Twomey, 5s (29/4/10); Mr. A. Rose, 5s (28/11/08); Mr. I. Moffat, 5s (27/12/08); Mrs. Miller, 5s (27/12/08); Mr. A. Gartrell, 5s (11/12/08); Mr. C. W. Allen, 2s 6d (5/5/09); Mrs. A. F. Cameron, 5s (28/4/10); Miss Dixon, 5s (28/4/10); Miss Champion, 2s 6d (28/10/09); Mrs. Hogan, 2s 6d (28/10/09); Mrs. Champion, 2s 6d (28/10/09); Mr. W. P. Holmes, 2s 6d (28/10/09); Mr. J. Smith, 5s (28/4/10); Miss Knapton, 2s 6d (28/10/09); Miss Mark, 2s 6d (28/10/09); Miss N. Richardson, 5s (28/4/10); Miss L. Jones, 3s (12/12/09); Mrs. A. Robertson, 5s (28/4/10); Mr. C. M. Geddes, 5s (28/4/10); Mr. E. Bartlett, 2s 6d (28/10/09); Miss Croome, 5s (28/4/10); Mr. T. Mills, 2s 6d (28/10/09); Rev. E. P. Lowe, 5s (28/4/10); Mr. G. H. Rae, 2s 6d (28/10/09); Mr. F. Wheeler, 5s (28/4/10); Miss A. Hardwick, 2s 6d (28/10/09); Miss E. Mills, 2s 6d (28/10/09); Miss M. Northover, 2s 6d (28/10/09); Mr. J. Tozer, 5s (28/4/10); Mr. E. J. Kerr, 2s 6d (28/10/09); Mrs. A. H. Woolley, 5s (28/4/10); Mrs. Smith, 2s 6d (28/10/09); Mr. A. H. Hardwick, 2s 6d (28/10/09); Mrs. Stacey, 5s (28/4/10); Mr. A. Baldwin, 5s (28/4/10); Mr. J. A. Wheeler, 5s (28/4/10); Mr. W. S. Walker, 5s (28/4/10); Mrs. Miller, 5s (27/12/08); Joseph Betts, 5s (6/5/10); Robert H. Clark, 5s (6/5/10); Miss L. Jackson, 5s (26/3/10); Rev. J. Young, 5s (20/2/10); Mrs. Josephson, 5s (12/8/09); Mrs. W. H. Chambers, 5s (1/4/10); Rev. F. Drake, 5s (16/4/10); J. Jackson, 2s 6d (29/10/09).

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TRAMS PASS THE DOOR.

HOW THE WORLD MOVES.

Three gas companies in London consume between them 4,000,000 tons of coal per annum.

More matches are used in the United Kingdom than in any other one country in the world. It has been estimated that English people use an average of eight matches each person per day.

The only railway station in Britain that can boast of being really old is that at Bourne, Lincolnshire, which is an ancient Elizabethan mansion, formerly in the possession of the Digby family.

An African elephant is of value only for its ivory, of which a full-grown animal yields from £50 to £60 worth. On the other hand, a working Indian elephant cannot be bought for less than £500 to £700.

Johann Behrens, who died recently at Sude, in Schleswig-Holstein, has left a will whereby his entire fortune of £25 is to be invested until, with compound interest, it has reached the sum of £16,000. This will be about the year 2179, when his relatives will divide the money.

In connection with the tercentenary of the rule of the Romanoffs the Russian Post Office will issue a series of new postage stamps bearing the effigies of various Russian monarchs, including Peter the Great, Catharine II., and the reigning Czar. The portraits will be executed by some of the most famous artists of the day.

TRY AS THEY MIGHT.

Old man Jones had never seen a football fray before, and when he returned from witnessing that between the two local league teams, his criticism was far from complimentary.

"Bah!" he exclaimed. "All a lot o' nonsense! First comes a lot o' big fellows dressed in little knickers, an' then there's a funny-shaped ball like an old bladder blowed up. Somebody kicks the ball, an' then they all runs after it, and one o' t' fellows cops hold on it an' runs down the field with others after him. When he gets past t' posts he falls on t' ball, and t' fellers behind falls on him, then all spectators shout 'Try, try.' But try as they might they couldn't bust it."

THE LETTERS GOT MIXED.

When he was a boy at Eton Lord Curzon was noted for his bad handwriting, a fact for which he was on one occasion at least profoundly thankful. One day he wrote two letters—one to a relative, and the other to a chum with whom he was in the habit of discussing his relations rather freely. By some oversight he put the letters in the wrong envelopes, and did not discover his mistake until too late. The relative received the letter which was intended for the chum, and the unfortunate writer was wondering what on earth would happen, when he received a note from the relative in question which set his mind at rest. "Can't read a word of your four pages," it read, "but I guess you want some money, you young rascal." Enclosed with the note was a handsome cheque.

THE LEGEND OF COLOGNE.

The discovery of ancient Gothic paintings on the walls of Cologne Cathedral, and the steps taken to restore them, will no doubt be interpreted as one more confirmation of the ancient legend that the Cathedral should never be finished and complete until the end of the world. As a matter of fact it never has been completed, and never, it may be presumed, can be, because no sooner has one part been finished than another is found to need repair. That, of course, is true of any very large building, but there is one really curious point in the Cologne Legend. The architect is supposed to have made a bargain with the Evil One for the plans, and to have afterwards evaded his contract. The devil therefore declared that his name should never be known, and it remains utterly unknown to this day, though all the plans are extant, and have been in constant use for nearly five hundred years.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A long face gathers few friends.
From the deepest pit we may see the stars.
It is personalities, not principles, that move the age.

Experience is the name everyone gives to their mistakes.

Society is noted for what it is not, rather than what it is.

It's impossible to defeat an ignorant man in an argument.

He who stands most remote from his age is he who mirrors it best.

We are never more true to ourselves than when we are inconsistent.

A man may save money, but he need not hope to be saved by money.

NOT A RAILWAY SERVANT.

"What is your trade?" said the lawyer to the witness.

"Platelayer," replied the man.

The lawyer asked him a host of other questions, then harked back again to the subject of his employment.

"I understand you work on the railway, my man?"

"Oh, no, I don't," replied the witness.

"But you just said you did," persisted the lawyer.

"Beg your pardon, I never said anything about the railway."

"Come, come, don't trifle with the Court, my man. You said you were a platelayer."

"Well," replied the witness, imperturbably, "isn't a waiter a platelayer?"

HOW THEY WORKED.

A countryman went up to London once, and was very much struck with the electric trams. He had never seen anything like them in his life before.

"Well," he said, staring at the man switching the trolley-pole on to the wire; "I've seen trams worked wi' 'osses, and I've seen 'em worked wi' steam; but I'm darned if I ever in all my born days see 'em worked wi' a fishing-rod!"

HEADACHE CURE.

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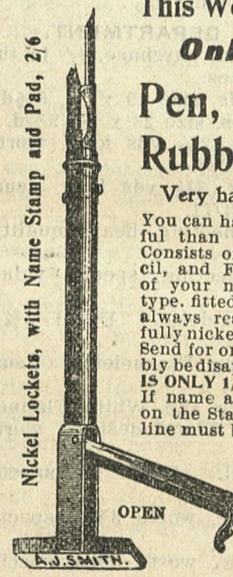
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FAR BELOW REGULAR PRICES

IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT IN ECONOMY

This is your Opportunity to make this Special Purchase a means of supplying your Winter Wants at REDUCED PRICES

102 Pieces of All-Wool AMAZON DRESS FABRICS
3 Cases of QUILTS
250 Pieces FLANNELETTE
166 Pairs BLANKETS
114 Pairs LACE CURTAINS

DRESS DEPARTMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MANCHESTER DEPARTMENT.

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

White Turkish Towels, size 19 x 37, 5½d.

White Turkish Towels, size 23 x 50, 9½d.

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

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

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

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

Fancy Blousing Flannelette. Usual 3¼d, special 1/11 dozen.

Fancy Floral Blousing Flannelette. Usual 4¼d, special 3½d.

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

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

28in. Pink Flannelette, worth 3¼d, special price 2/9 dozen.

31in. Pink Flannelette, worth 5¼d, special price, 4½d.

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

No. W40 White Pure Woollen Australian-made blankets—

Single bed size, 10/9.

Double bed size, 16/9.

White English Blankets, slightly soiled—

Three-quarter bed size, 9/9.

Extra large double bed size, 14/11.

LACES.

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

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

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

Paris and White Yak Insertion—

1in. wide, 1/- dozen.

1½in. wide, 1/3 dozen.

GLOVES.

Long Lisle Jersey Gloves—

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

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

Beaver Kid Gloves, 2 dome, sizes 6, 6¼ only, worth 1/11, special 1/6 pair.

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

RIBBONS.

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

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

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

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

Velvet Ribbon, Satin Back, all colours—

¾in. wide, worth 4½d, special 3½d yard.

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

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

MILLINERY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

HOSIERY.

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

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

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

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

BELTS.

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

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

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

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

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

Large White Muslin Aprons, 7½d each.

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

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

136 Pieces COLOURED SATEENS

184 Dozen COLOURED LISLE GLOVES

46 Pieces VELVET RIBBON, Satin Back, ¾in. and 1½in.

320 LADIES' JACKETS, 5/11 to 17/9

710 FUR NECKLETS and STOLES, 1/3 to 35/-

Ladies' Grey Ribbon Corsets, sizes 19 to 26 inches, at 1/- pair.

Children's Smocked Dresses, assorted designs in Pink, Blue, Green, Mauve. Length 20, 22, 24 inches, at 1/6.

MANTLES AND FURS.

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

Ladies' Grey Tweed Jackets, double-breasted, ¾ length, 12/9.

Ladies' Smart Double-breasted Jackets, ¾ length, swing back in grey tweed, at 14/9.

Ladies' Full-length Coats in dark tweed, strap at back, 17/6.

Children's Paletots, in all-wool Cheviot Cloth, shoulder, Cape and collar finished velvet, braid, buttons in dark green, navy, and brown. Size 24, 3/9; 27, 4/6; 30, 5/6; 33, 6/6; 36, 7/6.

Brown Fur Necklets, 32in. long. Usual 1/3, special 1/-.

Brown Furs, 35in. long. Usual 1/11, special 1/6.

Brown Fur Necklets, 39in. long. Usual 2/6, special 1/11.

White Fur Necklets, 32in. long. Usual 1/9, special 1/4½d.

Brown Fur Necklets, shaped 37in. long. Usual 2/11, special 2/6.

Brown Fur Necklets, shaped and chain attached, 45in. long. Usual 3/11, special 3/6.

Grey Furs, 37in. long. Usual 2/6, special 1/9.

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

HABERDASHERY.

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

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

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

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

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.

FURNISHING.

Linoleums—

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.

WINN & CO., Botany Road, Redfern

THE PLACE FOR BARGAINS

All Mail Orders promptly and carefully executed. All Drapery (except Floorcloths, Kapocs, &c.), Delivered Free to any part of the State