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GRI T.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER, 16 1909

Price One Penny

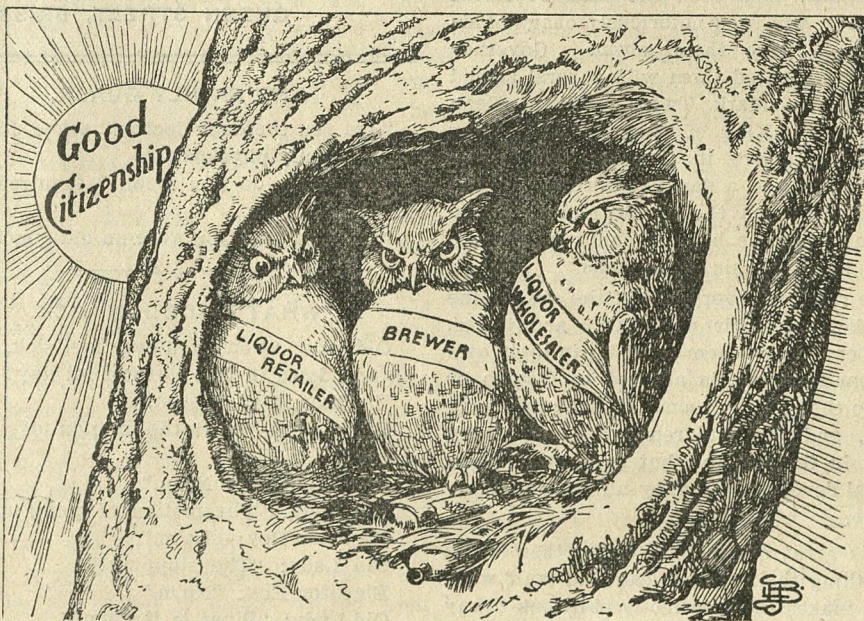
Good Citizenship

The motto of a good citizen is surely "the greatest amount of good for the greatest number." Therefore, more consideration will be shown to the 20,000 convicted

drunkards than to the 3000 liquor sellers. We do not measure the nature of a disease by the number who escape it, but the number it claims as victims; it is idle to tell us

that thousands drink who do not become drunkards. Good citizens will say thousands become drunkards, disturb good order, accentuate evils where they do not create them, and impose a burden upon women, a handicap on children, and a strain on the public funds, therefore, liquor must be banished.

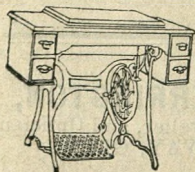
A good citizen places a higher value on life than on property, and consequently we frequently observe the destruction of houses, or possessions, that life may be better safe-guarded. A liquor paper in America lately printed a cartoon depicting "the saving of a ten-cent man at a cost of thousands of dollars of destroyed property." First of all, we quarrel with their valuation of the man, and then we may add, if he were only a ten-cent man, he was made in the image of God, and an immortal being, and Christ's estimate was that one such was worth more than the whole world. A good citizen abhors any behind-the-scene business—his motto is "Let all be open and above board"—consequently he is ashamed of the only business that tries to hide its customers, and hides from its customers what they may become as patrons of liquor. There are those who hate the light, and we need not to be told that it is because their deeds are evil.



BIRDS OF DARKNESS.

These owls, as mad as owls can be,
Resolve with owlsh dignity,
In solemn consultation:
"The sun," they state, "should be suppressed.
It knocks our business galley west!
'Tis simply ruination!"

From the "Christian Endeavour World."



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are built of the finest case-hardened steel, are the Highest Grade Sewing Machines which money can buy. They contain modern improvements not existing in any other machine, and carry a 10-years' guarantee. **Quality** considered, they are the lowest-priced machines on earth. Buyers study your best interests and your pockets, by calling.

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A Wonderful Family

SIX CHILDREN WHO NEVER HEARD "DON'T."

THE STORY OF AN EXPERIMENT IN TRAINING.

There are six wonderful children in New York who have never heard the word "don't!"

They are the children of Isaac L. Rice, the millionaire inventor and corporation president, and his versatile and philanthropic wife.

The elimination of "don't" from the child-rearing vocabulary is a daring departure from the old-fashioned method of raising a child; but if the Rice children may be accepted as the infallible result, then surely the "don'tless" method is a brilliant success.

"Human Life," a magazine whose title speaks for itself, supplies the following sketch of the remarkable Rice family.

Muriel, the eldest, is a poetess of recognised ability at twenty; nine-year-old Dorothy is a sculptress, an artist, and an ardent young sportswoman; Isaac L., jun., aged eighteen, is an inventor; Marion, an erudite seventeen-year-old collegiate; Marjorie, aged fifteen, a musician and a scholar; and Julian, the fourteen-year-old "baby," an inventor like his big brother.

Added to all these achievements, the whole half-dozen are wholesome, healthy, young Americans, modest, unspoiled, and devoted to one another.

A FATHER'S THEORY.

"To acquire knowledge is a joy when spontaneous, then why pervert it into unwelcome labour by coercion?" is the theory of their father, Isaac Leopold Rice, whose chief relaxations after he finishes supervising twenty big companies and acting as president of seventeen, are history, reading, composing music, chess, and Latin.

And so the Rice children have never been made to study. At the age of ten and twelve some of them could neither spell nor "do that sum." Studying is not the only thing the Rice children have never been made to do, either—they have never been made to do anything.

Mrs. Rice believes the true definition of duty to be "doing what you don't want to," and as her main wish has been for her children to be happy above everything else, she has seen to it that they have had no duties. Every wish that they express is gratified, and they are allowed to do exactly as they please. Mrs. Rice herself admits that her theories of upbringing may be a trifle hazardous, if practised indiscriminately on the average youngster. There have even been moments when she felt doubt about the ultimate success of her experiment upon her own unusual children, but now that they are

all turning out so wonderfully, she can draw a long respiration and pat herself on the back.

THE NEW EDUCATION.

Of course these half-dozen geniuses have had the advantage of unlimited wealth; and though deficient in the rudiments of spelling and arithmetic at that age when most young hopefuls are "C-A-T cat-ing," and "two and two are four-ing," Muriel, Dorothy, Isaac L., jun., Marian, Marjorie, and Julian began taking trips abroad to every country in the world, and learning lots of things that aren't in books.

The children go abroad every year—in fact, they have spent one-third of their lives in travel, and they have each kept diaries of every tour, beautifully bound and illustrated with photographs and postcards.

On these trips they have met many famous people, and they have a collection of autographs that would turn the most successful collector green with envy. No one seems to be able to resist these six young enthusiasts, and even the late President McKinley, who was notoriously chary of his autograph, gave them seven. Governor Hughes presented them with several signed photographs, Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, the King of Spain, and the King of Cambodia are in their collection, and once in Rome at a Papal reception the Pope patted Julian on the cheek, and then, dismissing everyone but the children, he gave them three of his autographs.

The rooms of every one of the six are the best keys to their personality and tastes. They each have them fixed up in their own way, and no one is allowed to disturb or invade them. The rooms all open into each other, and the children are never found alone in their rooms, but so great is their mutual devotion that they all flock together in one.

This great devotion to each other is the only thing their mother can find fault with, for it makes them perfectly oblivious to any friendships with other children of their own age. They refuse absolutely to know anyone else, finding their own society all-sufficient. It was this devotion that caused their school-going to be abandoned when they were smaller. They were at first sent to school, when they evinced a desire to learn; but the teachers complained that the Rice children were always getting in a corner away by themselves, and were so absorbed that nothing could be done with them. So the school was given up, and tutors engaged at home.

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Paid-up Capital and Reserves...	735,000
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THE FAMILY QUACK.

"Are you the duck doctor?" asked Johnny, of the family physician.

"Whatever do you mean?" inquired Dr. Treatem.

"Well, pa said you were an old quack."

WHAT MADE HIM SICK.

Old lady: "Don't you ever feel sick, going up and down in this elevator all day?"

Elevator Boy: "Yes'm."

Old Lady: "Is it the motion of going down?"

Elevator Boy: "No'm."

Old Lady: "The motion of going up?"

Elevator Boy: "No'm."

Old Lady: "The stopping?"

Elevator Boy: "No'm."

Old Lady: "What is it, then?"

Elevator Boy: "The questions."

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO SHILLING FUND.

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Higgins "The Pilot"

A GREAT TRUE STORY OF A REMARKABLE PREACHER OF THE BACKWOODS.

By NORMAN DUNCAN, in "Harper's Magazine."

(Continued from last week.)

In the bunk-house, after supper, Higgins preaches. It is a solemn service; no minister of them all so punctilious as Higgins in respect to reverent conduct. The preacher is in earnest and single of purpose. The congregation is compelled to reverence. "Boys," says he, in cunning appeal, "this bunk-house is our church—the only church we've got." No need to say more! And a queer church: a low, long hut, stifling and ill-smelling and unclean and infested, a row of double-decker bunks on either side, a great glowing stove in the middle, socks and mackinaws steaming on the racks, boots put out to dry, and all dim-lit with lanterns. Half-clad, hairy men, and boys with young beards, lounge everywhere—stretched out on the benches, peering from the shadows of the bunks, squatted on the fire-wood, cross-legged on the floor near the preacher. Higgins rolls out a cask for a pulpit and covers it with a blanket. Then he takes off his coat and mops his brow. Presently, hymn-book or Testament in hand, he is sitting on the pulpit. "Not much light here," says he, "so I won't read to-night; but I'll say the First Psalm. 'Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,' boys, 'nor standeth in the way of sinners.'" The door opens and a man awkwardly enters. "Got any room back there for Bill?" the preacher calls. "I want to see you after service, Bill. You'll find a seat back there with the boys. 'For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly,' gentlemen, 'shall perish.'" There is a prayer, restrained, in the way of his church—a petition terrible with earnestness. One wonders how a feeling God could turn a deaf ear to the beseeching eloquence of it! And the boys sing—lustily, too—led by the stentorian preacher. An amazing incongruity: these seared, blasphemous barbarians bawling, "What a Friend I have in Jesus!"

Enjoy it?

"Pilot," said one of them, in open meeting, once, with no irreverence whatsoever, "that's a — fine toon! Why the — don't they have toons like that in the shows? Let's sing her again!"

"Sure!" said the preacher, not at all shocked; "let's sing her again!"

There is a sermon—composed on the forest roads from camp to camp; for on those long, white, cold, blustering roads Higgins either whistles his blithe way (like a boy) or fashions his preaching. It is a searching, eloquent sermon: none other so exactly suited to environment and congregation—none other so simple and appealing and comprehensible. There isn't a word of cant in it; there isn't a suggestion of the familiar evangelistic rant. Higgins has no time for cant (he says)—nor any faith in ranting. The sermon is all orthodox and significant and reasonable; it has tender wisdom, and it is sometimes terrible with naked truth. The phrasing? It is as homely and brutal as the language of the woods. It has no affectation of slang. The preacher's message is addressed with wondrous cunning to men in their own tongue: wherefore it could not be repeated before a polite congregation. Were the preacher to ejaculate an oath

(which he never would do)—were he to exclaim, "By —, boys, this is the only way of salvation!"—the solemnity of the occasion would not be disturbed by a single ripple. "And what did the young man do?" he asked, concerning the Prodigal; "why, he packed his turkey and went off to blow his stake—just like you!" Afterward, when the poor Prodigal was penniless: "What about him then, boys? You know. I don't need tell you. You learned all about it at Deer River. It was the husks and the hogs for him—just like it is for you! It's up the river for you—and it's back to the woods for you—when they've cleaned you out at Deer River!" Once he said, in a great passion of pity: "Boys, you're out here, floundering to your waists, picking diamonds from the snow of these forests, to glitter, not in pure places, but on the necks of the saloon-keepers' wives in Deer River! There is applause when the Pilot strikes home. "That's d—n true!" they shout. And there is many a tear shed (as I saw) by the young men in the shadows when, having spoken long and graciously of home, he asks: "When did you write to your mother last? You, back there—and you! Ah, boys, don't forget her! Write home to-night. She's waiting—for—that—letter!"

The Pilot is a fearless preacher—fearless of blame and violence—and he is the most downright and pugnacious of moral critics. He speaks in mighty wrath against the sins of the camps and the evil-doers of the towns—naming the thieves and gamblers, and violently characterising their nefarious practices; until it seems he must in the end be done to death in revenge. "Boys," said he, in a bunk-house denunciation, "that tin-horn gambler Jim Leach is back in Deer River from the west with a crooked game—just laying for you. I watched his game, boys, and I know what I'm talking about; and you know I know!" Proceeding: "You know that saloon-keeper Tom Jenkins? Of course you do! Well, boys, the wife of Tom Jenkins nodded towards the camps the other day, and 'Pshaw!' says she; 'what do I care about expense? My husband has a thousand men working for him in the woods!' She meant you, boys! A thousand of you; think of it! working for the wife of a brute like Tom Jenkins." Again: "Boys, I'm just out from Deer River. I met ol' Bill Morgan yesterday. 'Helló, Bill!' says I; 'how's business?' 'Slow, Pilot,' says he; 'but I ain't worryin' none—it'll pick up when the boys come in with their stake in the spring.' There you have it! That's what you'll be up against, boys, God help you! when you go in with your stake—a gang of filthy thieves like Jim Leach and Tom Jenkins and Bill Morgan!" It takes courage to attack, in this frank way, the parasites of a lawless community, in which murder may be accomplished in secret, and perjury is as cheap as a glass of whisky. It takes courage, too, to denounce the influential parishioner.

"You grown-up men, here," Higgins complained to his congregation, "ought to give the young fellows a chance to live decent lives. Shame to you that you don't! You've lived in filth and blasphemy and whisky so long that maybe you don't

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know any better; but I want to tell you—every one of you—that these boys don't want that sort of thing. They remember their mothers and their sisters, and they want what's clean! Now, you leave 'em alone. Give 'em a show to be decent. And I'm talking to you, Scotch Andrew—with an angry thump of the pulpit and a swift belligerent advance—"and to you, Gin Thompson, sneaking back there in your bunk!"

"Oh, h—l!" said Gin Thompson.

The Pilot was instantly confronting the lazy-lying man. "Gin," said he, "you'll take that back!"

Gin laughed.

"Understand me?" the wrathful preacher shouted.

Gin Thompson understood. Very wisely—however unwillingly—he apologised. "That's all right, Pilot," said he; "you know I didn't mean nothin'."

"Anyhow," the preacher muttered, returning to his pulpit and his sermon, "I'd rather preach than fight."

Not by any means all Higgins' sermons are of this nature; most are conventional enough, perhaps—but always vigorous and serviceable—and present the ancient Christian philosophy in an appealing and deeply reverent way. I recall, however, another downright and courageous display of dealing with the facts without gloves. It was especially fearless because the Pilot must have the permission of the proprietors before he may preach in the camps. A drunken logger—the proprietor of the camp—staggered into Higgins' service and sat down on the pulpit. The preacher was discoursing on the duties of the employed to the employer. It tickled the drunken logger. "Hit 'em again, Pilot!" he applauded: "it'll do 'em good." Higgins pointed out the wrong worked the owners by the lumber-jacks' common custom of "jumping camp." "Give 'em h—l!" shouted the logger; it'll do 'em good." Higgins proceeded calmly to discuss the several evils of which the lumber-jacks may be accused in relation to their employers. "You're all right, Pilot," the logger agreed, clapping the preacher on the back. "Hit the — rascals again! It'll do 'em good."

(To be continued.)

Owing to the unsatisfactory state of the Czarina's health, the Czar has abandoned his contemplated visits to Constantinople and Rome.

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Does Prohibition Prohibit?

[The "Independent" of July 22, 1909, publishes a number of letters from its readers on the question, "Does Prohibition Prohibit?" The letters are some "for," and some "against" prohibition; but an editorial in the same issue states the case very fairly. We quote the following paragraphs.—Editor.]

"We wish we could have printed five times as many letters received in response to our question of experience and observation. Every answer is of interest and value. Particularly we value these letters which tell us of the failure of prohibition, for they suggest not so much the unwisdom of the law, as the impotence of the efforts to give it force.

"What impresses us first from a reading of the whole correspondence is the fact that enforcement must, on the whole, be fairly successful, as proved by the opposition to prohibition and local option by the brewers and distillers. They know their business. They would not spend tens of thousands of dollars to fight the laws if their business were not in serious danger. It is no use to tell us that there is as much drunkenness as ever, as much liquor drunk, when the manufacturers of alcoholic liquor are banded against the prohibitory laws. We admit the fact that wholesale liquor houses in Kansas City, Mo., are doing an immense express business in bottled goods into Kansas. Granted, but these total consignments are small compared with the amount that would be freely sold and swallowed otherwise. To get the liquor is now made a bother; children do not see saloons on their way to school, and youths are not tempted by the easy access to bars.

"Accordingly, we are not as much concerned as some over the decision of the United States Supreme Court that a State cannot interfere with the freedom of interstate commerce in liquors. It is hard, to be sure, on a prohibition State that it cannot exclude liquors sent from another State, as it can forbid the commerce within its own limits. Yet the main power continues within the authority of the State. A merchant in a wet State can freely send his barrels and kegs across the line of a dry State, but the legislature of the latter State can forbid it to be sold, and can destroy it if offered for sale. What it cannot do is to enter the house of a private citizen who has received a package by express, and confiscate it. The man may invite his tippling friends and give it to them, but he cannot sell it to them. They can organise a club

and buy it, but a club can be controlled by State or city enactments.

"There is one other objection to prohibitory legislation which one writer has pressed, and which may deserve a word of attention. It is that which declares it an impertinence to meddle with a man's liberty to eat and drink what he pleases. That sounds well, but is all sound—or shall we say unsound? If the public believe that any kind of food or drink, or any kind of amusement or business, is injurious to the community on the whole, it has the police right to interdict it, no matter at what interference with the rights of personal liberty. A multitude of people would like to eat unsound fruit or bad meat, but the inspectors will destroy it. A man's liberty will not allow him, much as he wants to, to engage in or attend a prize-fight or a cocking main, and those who patronise such pleasures regard the interference with their liberty as a great tyranny. Probably few of those who bet their money on a horse race are thereby made embezzlers, but the law still forbids gambling. It does not disturb us that, in a prohibition district, it is made difficult for a man to get drink or to get drunk. It is for the advantage of the community that he should endure this enforced self-denial.

"By local option and State law the area of prohibition is rapidly increasing. The saloon business is being made more disreputable, and the brewers and distillers less admired members of society. They know that they are in a risky sort of business, like the manufacture of explosives. If they suffer from hostile legislation they have no right to complain; they know the nature of their business, and no public spirit or private generosity on their part can purchase them the privilege to do a public injury and a multitude of private wrongs."

A BOY'S IDEA OF PARSONS.

Not long ago a class of boys in an elementary school had an essay set, the subject being "Clergymen."

This is what one youngster wrote:—

"There are three kinds of clergymen, bishops, recters, and curats. The bishops tells the recters to work, and the curats have to do it. A curat is a thin married man, but when he is a recter he gets fuller and can preach longer sermons and becums a good man."

DRINK AND PAUPERISM.

The Report of the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws states:—

"A great weight of evidence indicates drink as the most potent and universal factor in bringing about pauperism. Some witnesses also indicate gambling as a serious and growing cause, but gambling, though it wastes the resources of its victims, does not lead to such physical and moral degeneration as drink."—Poor Law Commission Report, p. 221.

The following special reports are contained in the volume of evidence:—

London Workhouses.—1433 cases were investigated, 867 being men (387 skilled and 480 unskilled) and 566 women. Of the 387 skilled men, 300 showed evidence of drink, 93 being complete drunkards. Of the 480 unskilled men, 318 showed evidence of drink, 72 being drunkards; 293 of the 566 women showed evidence of drink, of whom 80 were drunkards. "The figures above stated are more likely to be under than above the mark."—(Appendix, Vol. XVI., p. 9.)

Bath Workhouse.—"There were in the workhouse, apart from the infirmary, and excluding children and imbeciles, 170 men and 109 women. Of these 279 persons, 74 men and 36 women were in the workhouse as the direct result of intemperance."

West Bromwich Workhouse.—"Taking the same data as at Bath, there were 258 men and 158 women, total 416. Of this number, there were 175 men and 20 women in the workhouse as the result of intemperance."—(Appendix, Vol. Ia., p. 241.)

Mr. James S. Davy, C.B., Assistant Secretary and Chief General Inspector of the Local Government Board, stated in his evidence to the Royal Commission:—

"You will find, I think, that practically no total abstainer is ever a pauper. . . I made exactly the same statement in 1895, and again in 1899, and if I had been wrong I should have heard that I was wrong."—(Appendix, Vol. I., p. 135.)

FOR SALE.

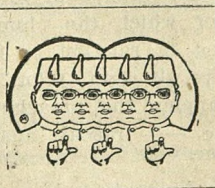
In an Ohio town there is still maintained a stage-coach system of transportation, the steeds whereof are of that sad appearance presented by the horses attached to the Fifth Avenue line in New York not so many years ago.

One day a Cincinnati man, visiting the town in question, boarded a stage, having no other currency than a five-dollar bill. This he proffered to the driver. The latter took it, looked over it for a moment or so, and then asked:

"Which horse do you want, Bill?"

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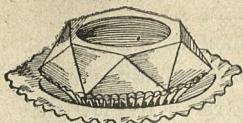
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Talk about People

What Chaucer Did.

A friend of James Whitcomb Riley tells of an occasion when the humorist, who was as a rule, extremely averse to social functions, was induced to attend a "literary" dinner given in honour of the novelist.

Riley had been told off to take in to dinner the sister of his host, an excellent woman, though anything but literary.

The conversation touching upon the beauties of Chaucer, about whom a certain set of the city was then cultivating a fad, a spirited discussion ensued, during which the bewildered sister caught from time to time only the name, "Chaucer."

At last she whispered to Riley, "Who is this Mr. Chaucer they're talking about so much? Is he very popular in society?"

"Madam," solemnly responded Riley, "that man did something that for ever shuts him out of society!"

"Heavens!" exclaimed the worthy dame, "and what was that?"

"He died several hundred years ago," said Riley.

Caskets for Millionaires.

M. Chaurchard, the French millionaire, who is sleeping his last sleep in a £2000 coffin and in a tomb which cost nearly £4000, has had many predecessors in post-mortem luxury. Some years ago a Mrs. Hollier laid her husband to rest in a coffin which was valued at £4000—a miracle of elaborately-carved, gold-mounted mahogany; while an American doctor and his wife anticipated the end by ordering a couple of coffins of rosewood, with silver fittings, at £1000 apiece. A mausoleum erected over the grave of a son of Mr. Mackay, the "Silver King," is said to have cost £80,000; and £35,000 is the reputed cost of one built for Mr. W. A. Clark, the Montana millionaire.

War on Bicycles.

"Give me 10,000 well-disciplined cyclists and I will guarantee to hold up any invading army that attempts to land on our shores," once remarked that ardent believer in the utility of the bicycle in warfare, General Sir Charles Douglas. In this connection he tells an amusing story. He was carrying out some cyclist manoeuvres, and found a troop of men sitting calmly under a hedge watching an opposing force of cyclists rapidly approaching them. "Don't you worry about those chaps, sir," said the young officer. "I have peppered their road pretty well with sixpennyworth of tin tacks. Wait till they get off to mend their punctures and I will round the whole of them up in something like no time."

The Right Hon. Herbert Samuel.

We are sure that we express the feelings of all our readers, and of all Temperance workers when we offer our most hearty congratulations to Mr. Samuel on his appointment

as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, says the English Alliance paper.

A man of brilliant powers, of infinite capacity for taking pains, and of great ability as a speaker, Mr. Samuel has won the regard of all social reformers by his devotion to the cause of the children. To brighten the lives of the little ones, to guard them from preventable suffering, to preserve for them as long as possible that innocence which is the white robe of childhood—these have been counted by Mr. Samuel as the highest services he could render the nation. For the children he has made great sacrifices; in the esteem of all lovers of children he has found a reward which, we think, he will prize even more highly than the well-deserved promotion which has now come to him.

Mr. Samuel is also a warm friend of Temperance reform; and by his speeches on the Licensing Bill last year he won for himself the lasting gratitude of all Temperance reformers. His knowledge of his subject was marvellous, his expositions of the law were perfect in their lucid simplicity, his answers in debate overwhelming in their completeness; and in one memorable encounter with Mr. Balfour it was generally admitted, even by the Opposition, that the honours lay with the young Minister. "To obtain Cabinet rank after only seven years in the House is," as our Parliamentary Agent truly says, "given to but few men, but Mr. Samuel receives his well-earned promotion with the general approval of his fellow members, who party predilections aside, are not ungenerous in judging men who show ability in their work."

The Rev. Edwin Paxton Hood.

The Rev. Edwin Paxton Hood, in his "World of Religious and Moral Anecdotes," quotes from the "Chester Gazette" a brief life-history, which, in some way, one feels, must have come under the notice of Tennyson, who embodied the central idea in his "Northern Cobbler." The history relates to one Henry Parker, who, at the age of seventeen, was, by the death of his master, left alone in the world to gain a livelihood as a shoemaker. So diligently did he strive to cope with his difficulties, that, having come under the notice of a good old man, he was installed in a little shop. There he toiled so bravely, that in time he was able to set up a home, in union with a virtuous damsel. All went "merry as a marriage-bell," until Henry relaxed little by little in his industry and thrift, so that trouble and sorrow followed in the wake of intemperance. Then a day came that the shoemaker made a strong resolution to master the evil habits he had formed. The resolution was well kept, and peace and joy returned never again to depart. The manner in which

Parker aided his resolve is told in the brief narrative. "Betsy," said the man one day to his good and loving wife as he rose from his work, "give me that bottle." These words pierced her very heart, but she could not disobey him. He went out with his bottle, had it filled at the alehouse, and on returning home placed it in the window immediately before him. "Now," said he, "I can face an enemy." There the bottle remained through all the long years, even beyond the period of the shoemaker's life—a memorial of his triumph and his joy."

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These prices will appeal to every lady, especially those living in the country. Every line is cut fine in price to help you reduce your weekly grocery bills. Only the best goods are stocked, and their purity is assured.

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Rosella, 6d per bottle, 5/9 doz.

Lackersteen's, 6½d bottle, 6/3 doz.

MUSHROOM CATSUP, Crosse and Blackwell's, 9½d per bottle, 9/3 doz.

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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, SEPTEMBER 16, 1909.

TAUGHT TO BE KIND.

We are thankful to the "Union Signal" for drawing our attention to an able article in "Our Dumb Animals" for July, which treats of humane education in the family, the school, higher institutions of learning, and by means of the press. That many a child takes his first lesson in cruelty in the home, unconsciously given him by his parent while destroying some pest, there can be little doubt. The writer of this article insists that because the "inheritance of a primal nature" in man partakes "more of the qualities of the tiger than the lamb," a child must be taught early the higher law of protection of the weak, and kindness to dependent creatures. Speaking of the school, he predicts:—"The reading book of the future will group together the stories of great endeavour and accomplishment, not in man's struggle to kill his fellow man, but in his efforts to rescue and save;" as in the cases of sailors, miners, firemen, etc., who risk life in the attempt to save life. We can but devoutly pray that this prophecy shall become a fact. "The first element of a noble character is reverence for justice," says the writer. "Cruelty will not exist where the highest conception of equity finds lodgment." For this reason the ideals of college life must be shifted and lifted through public opinion. And this may be formed by the giving of prizes—from funds raised for this purpose—for the best essays on some subject relating to humanitarianism in its broadest sense. "When in 1785 the University of Cambridge offered a prize for the best essay on the question, 'Whether it be Allowable to Hold Human Beings in Slavery,' no one could have dreamed that from that simple prize, through the investigation it induced, should come the final downfall of African slavery throughout the civilised world."

The author of this able article also believes that this work in behalf of humane treatment of dumb animals demands "a handbook presenting the different questions at issue, and calling attention to abuses needing reform, in such plain and simple statements that consideration would end in conviction. He is sure that many an editor "would turn to such a compilation for

facts which are now beyond his reach at the time he desires them."

We are most anxious that success should crown the efforts of those who are working toward the protection of our lower animals; for we know that all such are just as surely working for the uplifting of that higher animal, man, by adding to his courage and strength and gentleness and thoughtfulness which alone can prove him worthy of his heritage as a son of God.

THE LIQUOR PROBLEM DEBATE.

For the first time for many years a debate has taken place between recognised champions on the Liquor question, and, as might have been expected, both sides claim to have won handsomely. "Fairplay" says:—"The debate was carried out in the fairest possible spirit. There were no interruptions, and the points made by each speaker was equally applauded. There appeared to be a majority of Alliance adherents in the hall, as was only natural, the affair having been worked up as a sort of necessary religious observance among the unco' guid of the district; but to the listener with the educated ear and open mind, the man who understood the subject and had studied its various sides, there could be no question but that Mr. Lloyd completely outclassed and out-argued his opponent."

Both sides had equal rights, as far as the sale of tickets was concerned, and it is a poor sample of fairplay to sneer at the enthusiasm of No-License folk, and claim a monopoly of "educated ears and open minds." The "Daily Telegraph" in its report said, "It was evident that Mr. Complin's sympathisers were in the majority." Surely the thoughtful one will argue that it must be a good and sound cause that attracts such sympathy and such enthusiasm. If Mr. Lloyd completely outclassed and out-argued his opponent, we may expect to find him seeking fresh foes to conquer, and we wait eagerly to hear of his challenging Mr. Bruntnell and Mr. Hammond! We confidently prophesy no such thing will happen. Mr. Complin not only had a marvellous array of statistics and authorities, which were never questioned or refuted, but he showed on more than one occasion a pretty wit. Mr. Lloyd said, "Even clergymen were licensed," and back came the crushing retort, "Yes, the clergy are licensed to do good but the liquor trade is licensed to prevent it doing harm." Nothing but good can come of such debates, and whether in these columns, or on the platform, we hope the liquor trade will dare to go on to its destruction before the merciless logic of facts displayed at the bar of public opinion.

SUNDAY PICTURE SHOWS.

The Labour Council is uniting with the Evangelical Council to obtain a better enforcement of the spirit of the law that forbids Sunday entertainments. It seems to us a very happy union of forces, and if the Churches really aid their new allies there is no doubt the abuse will cease. The position is this: The law permits sacred concerts, and while no charge may be made at the door, a silver coin or collection may be taken. The question is, What is sacred? There is no doubt that the programme is a week-night one, the only change being in the name. There is nothing educational or religious about it, nor would those who go tolerate such items. The method of payment is an open defiance of the law. The ushers show you to a seat according to the size of your coin, and the Sunday charges are recognised as threepence, sixpence, and one shilling. The Christian conscience might well be roused by this flaunting of the law, and this desecration of the Lord's Day, and the Labour Council has reason to take a hand in redressing this evil on the ground that they must for their own protection oppose all that gives unnecessary employment on Sunday. It is to be hoped that every church will soon have its good citizen committee to watch abuses and maladministration of the law, and to back the reasonable protests of such a body as the Evangelical Council.

TO THOSE WHO OWE FIVE SHILLINGS.

Nearly 1000 people owe "Grit" 5/-, and the expense of collecting this, or writing for it, has made it necessary to increase the cost of the paper to those who delay their payments. From this date we will charge 5/- per annum post free in advance, or 6/6 per annum post free to those who do not pay within three months of ordering. We will be glad of a response to the accounts now going out.

BUSINESS MEN'S MEETING.

EVERY FRIDAY, 1.25 to 1.50.

THE CHAPTER HOUSE, Beside St. Andrew's Cathedral.

Address by Rev. R. B. S. HAMMOND.

WOMEN TYPISTES WANTED.

FULL particulars of the approaching examination for Lady Typistes in the Commonwealth Service may be obtained from T. STANLEY SUMMERHAYES, of the METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, 122 Pitt-street. Mr. Summerhayes' students secured nearly half the passes and Top Place (with appointment) in the recent examination for Lady Typiste in the State Public Service.

PERSONAL AND POSTAL TUITION.

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The School of Intelligent Piano Playing

The Drink Bill

A VICIOUS THIRST.

AVERAGE PER HEAD, £3 7s 6d.

Canon Boyce writes:—

The benefits of the new Liquor Act in its major provisions are still to come. Very few of the 338 licenses that the reduction courts decreed should cease have yet closed their doors. The all-too-generous three years' notice to licensees is preventing the people from yet enjoying the fruits of their local option victory. Three years, however, is but a short time in the life of a nation. The point is that the drink bill for 1908 can be but slightly affected, if it all, by that vote.

The Act, in its minor provisions, has been very successful where it has been restrictive. The more effective Sunday-closing has reduced the convictions in the courts in the metropolis for Sunday drunkenness by three-fourths; it has destroyed the immoral private bars; it has abolished the bogus drinking club; it has stopped the constant sending of little children with beer jugs to the public-house, and in other important respects has been highly beneficial.

NOT THE FAULT OF THE ACT.

It has, however, been in operation in three distinctly prosperous years. In June, 1908, the State Treasurer had the extraordinary surplus of about £1,600,000. What a contrast with some years of deficiencies? He has spoken of last year again as one of the most prosperous conditions. The Government Statistician, Mr. Trivett, writes of "production" in 1906 and 1907 as "the highest on record." Not for a long time previously has the spending power of the people been so great, and it would be natural for a man favouring the use of intoxicating drinks as common beverages, and having more money in his pocket, to occasionally have an extra glass. I refer to this matter of commercial prosperity as one directly affecting the drink bill, and as increases by opponents are foolishly charged against the new Liquor Act. Had business conditions remained depressed, as they were, I am confident that there would have been a considerable fall in the total. The increase is not the fault of the Act; indeed, but for its wise provisions it would have been very much greater. In the United Kingdom, Victoria, and New Zealand, as well as here, there are notable examples of the larger and better spending power of the people affecting the bill. I once more look back, as a pertinent illustration, to the two years directly succeeding the financial crisis here of 1893, in which the fall was 15s 2d per head.

Coming to the bill for last year, I now include 142,027 gallons of spirits above the average that passed through the Customs in December, 1907, and were deducted from the bill of that year. The figures, though

waited for, showing the consumption of colonial wine for the year are not yet obtainable, so I use the average for the previous three years. Of course no allowance is made for water added after the liquors have passed the Customs, or for liquors made from essences, or that are doctored, or that are illicitly distilled, as there can be no figures showing quantities. The total bill gives the cost to the consumer, and while only being approximate, is as near the actual sum as it is necessary to know.

HOW IT WORKS OUT.

Total for 1908.....£5,363,579

This shows an increase in the total over the previous year of £162,835. As the mean population was 1,588,550, the amount per head, was £3 7s 6d, and as that for the year before was £3 6s 11d, there is the small increase of 7d. In this men, women, and children are included, and, of course, among them a multitude of total abstainers. It would be very interesting to discover what is the amount per head spent by those who regularly use alcohol. It must be large. For a family of five the bill, as it is, would show £16 17s 6d. Ordinarily, this would chiefly be the drink bill of the father, but here again when the thousands of abstaining men are remembered, the average left for the drinker must unfortunately be very much greater still.

The Customs duty and excise for the year were £1,155,767, and £90,680 for license fees, or roundly about a fourth of the bill. There were 2980 publicans', 595 colonial wine, 38 brewers' and 189 spirit merchants' licenses.

It will be seen that we have spent since the century began the gigantic sum of £38,530,342 in drink. It is more than the value of all the gold, copper, tin, and coal obtained from our mines in the period.

The minerals named gave employment in obtaining them in 1907 to 31,485, while the breweries in the same year only 854; allowances must be made in the comparison. The figures for last year are not available.

The convictions in our courts for drunkenness—one item resulting from the bill—stand out as a great fact that should be faced. Last year they were 28,116, happily a decrease of 691. Connected with these convictions were hundreds of brutal assaults and savage brawls. It is often supposed that the total is made up mainly by the re-convictions of the same persons, and one who had 200 is harped upon. But this is quite a mistake, as the re-convicted ones form a comparatively small group. The returns show that the distinct persons for 1907 were 17,980, and the proportion for last year would be much the same. It must be

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CASH BONUS DIVIDED FOR ONE YEAR
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General Manager and Actuary: Richard Teece, F.I.A., F.F.A., F.S.S. Secretary: Robert B. Cameron. Manager Industrial Department: C. A. Elliott, F.I.A.

Sydney, 14th May, 1909.

remembered, however, that not a tithe of those who become intoxicated fall into the hands of the police. A man may get home and beat his wife, and terribly frighten his children, and remain safely indoors to sleep off his debauch.

DRINK BLAMED FOR 9-10ths OF THE OFFICIAL NEGLIGENCE IN CHICAGO.

"Ninety-five per cent. of the trouble in the police department, and at least ninety-eight per cent. of the discharges in the fire department of Chicago, are due to the use of intoxicants," declares Howard O. Spordle, attorney for the Civil Service Commission, in his annual report, made public July 17. "The head of the police department filed last year the largest number of charges against members of his department, aggregating 286 for the year. The fire marshal filed charges against 155 men. Nearly all the delinquencies of employees against whom charges were filed are traceable to drink. This statement will apply, it is believed, to similar departments in all the large cities of the country."

Last year the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in England dealt with 50,015 cases, in which want, suffering, and abuse had played havoc with their little victims. It is well known, comments the "Alliance News," that ninety per cent. of these cases have their origin in the drinking habits of the parents.

Dr. Ziehen, professor in the University of Berlin and director of the clinic for mental and nervous diseases, is a most conservative writer on the alcohol question, and does not even advocate total abstinence, and yet in a pamphlet on the "Influence of Alcohol on the Nervous System," he writes: "I believe I can show that drink is wholly or largely responsible, either directly or indirectly, or through its inherited effects, for every fifth case of mental diseases in Germany."

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A Great Sisterhood

Parties of students and young people from other States, visitors from our own and distant countries, as well as newly-arrived and friendless immigrants, have gone to make up the 1293 women who have found either a passing or permanent residence at the home of the Young Women's Christian Association in Sydney during the past year. Gradually increasing numbers have found their way into the luncheon room, where a large band of voluntary workers undertake the waiting during the busiest hours, and by their cheery help largely minimise the expenditure of this department.

Some new features of progress are:—The Women's Choral Society and Sight Singing Class, a Literary Circle led by Sydney Graduates, Technical Classes, and the training of Y.W.C.A. secretaries for home and foreign work.

By means of the gymnasium many girls who lead a sedentary life are helped to a stronger and healthier physique.

The University Competitions have proved themselves a great incentive to work in the Girls' Club. Last November 8 out of 13 prizes were won by its members. This is a cheerful corner of the work, for there are no old girls, and the young ones are in a constant state of effervescence. As a relaxation from constant work we have an occasional social evening, and the term closed in December with a gymnastic display.

The City Helpers' Union reports an increase in its number of visitors, and the

singing bands have continued to carry their song messages to those rooms, where at Christmas time some 3000 motto cards were distributed amongst the girls.

In the Employment Agency, owing to the domestic problem of employers outnumbering employees, there has been a decrease in the number of engagements, but many a lonely girl, in finding her way to the bureau, has been cheered by the advice and help of a friend.

The Travellers' Aid Missioner has met many girls travelling alone, taken an invitation to the newly arrived immigrants, and visited numerous workrooms, homes, and hospitals.

The Guild of Helpers, besides giving their services in the restaurant, office, and workroom choirs, are now throwing their interest into the Foreign Department of the National Association, and its work abroad.

Whilst seeking faithfully to develop our work, with its spiritual, intellectual, physical, and social aim, the foundation principle of seeking to bring women to a knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ has ever been uppermost in every department, and not alone through the direct influence of Sunday Service, Bible Studies and Missionary Lectures, which have been systematically kept up. We have the joy of knowing that the God Who has helped us in the past will neither fail nor forsake us, but will guide us to a fuller and more perfect work in the future.

A CURIOUS DUEL.

A duel was lately fought by Alexander Shott and John Nott. Nott was shot and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumour that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was not shot.

Notwithstanding that circumstantial evidence is not always good, it may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Shott would be shot and Nott would be not. We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott but Nott. Anyway it is hard to tell who was shot.

IN THE WRONG PLACE.

"He has a quick temper, you know," was the excuse given by a friend in behalf of a boy's rude act.

"Is he quick at his lessons?" was the question.

"No," was the reply.

"Is he quick at sports?" the questioner went on.

Again the answer was "No."

"Is he quick in obedience?"

"No."

"Well," said the questioner, with a twinkle in his eye, "if he has so little quickness, he'd better use it where it will do some good! It's clear waste to put it on his temper."

RUNNING AN ENGINE WITH LUKE-WARM WATER.

Before water generates steam it must register two hundred and twelve degrees of heat. Two hundred degrees will not do it. Two hundred and ten will not do it. The water must boil before it will generate enough steam to move an engine, to run a train. Lukewarm water will not run anything. A great many people are trying to move their life trains with like-warm water. They wonder why they are not getting

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Saves Money

THE IDEAL BREAKFAST FOOD—

—GRANOLA.

As a Breakfast Food it has no equal, because:—

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

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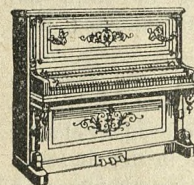
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„ 403, Ashfield.

ahead. They are trying to run the boiler with two hundred degrees of heat, and can't understand why they do not get anywhere. Lukewarmness in his work stands in the same relation to man's achievement as lukewarm water does to a locomotive boiler. No man can hope to accomplish anything in this world worth while until he throws his whole soul, flings the whole force of his life into it. Be something with all your might. It is not enough to have a general desire to accomplish something. There is but one way to do that; and that is to try to be somebody, to attain to something with all the concentrated energy we can muster. Any kind of human being can wish and desire after things, but only strong, vigorous minds with great purposes can do things.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF RECHABITES

TEMPERANCE BENEFIT SOCIETY.

THE ABSTAINERS' INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD.

Total Membership 485,000.

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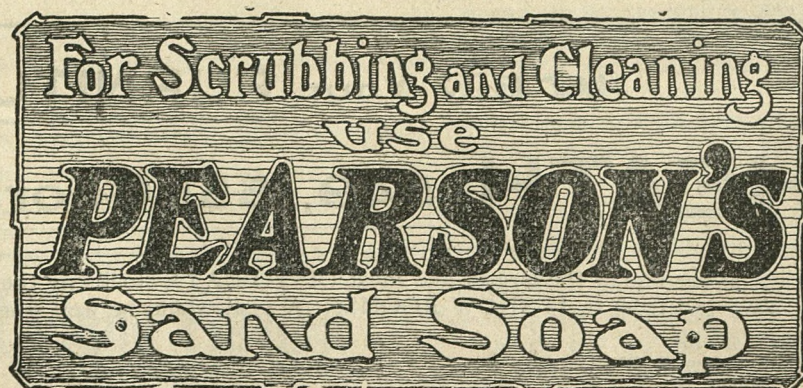
The Benefits are:—Medical Attendance and Medicines for Member, Wife, and Family from date of joining.

Sick Benefit (after 12 months' membership), £1 1s per week for 52 weeks, and 10s per week thereafter.

Funeral Benefit (after 12 months' membership), £20; after 7 years, £25, or insurance to £100 if preferred.

Contributions are according to age at joining, and cease at age 65.

Write for information as to joining a Branch, or the opening of New Branches, to
I. GREENSTREET, D.S., 121 Bathurst-street, Sydney.



From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(By UNCLE BARNABAS.)

COMPETITION AWARDS.

THE ISHMAEL COMPETITION.

The competition was to make the largest number of Bible proper names out of the letters of the name Ishmael without using the same letter twice. The competition was well-contested, and special praise is given to Leonard Best, Emily Warren, Gladys Noble, Arthur Poore, Dora Howell, and Mabel Muller. The prize, however, goes to

VERA MUSGRAVE, 261 Parramatta-road, Leichhardt.

Her winning list is as follows (39):—Imla, Ishma, Salem, Sela, Sem, Shem, Shalem, Shalim, Shema, Shimea, Shimel, Sia, Hai, Hali, Helam, Hiel, Heli, Ham, Mahli, Mash, Meah, Mishal, Misheal, Ah!, Ai, Ami, Asiel, Elias, Elisha, Eli, Ehi, Lahmi, Laish, Leah, Lehi.

JERUSALEM COMPETITION.

Vera Musgrove wins this also, with Milcie Southwell, Arthur Poore, following very closely. Vera's list of 26 names is:—Jael, James, Jemuel, Jeruel, Jeuel, Elam, Er, Esau, Ram, Reu, Renel, Uel, Ulam, Ur, Salem, Salu, Samuel, Saul, Sela, Sem, Sur, Amal, Ar, Aser, Melea, Meres. As Vera has won both prizes we have put them together to make one nice book.

FOR SUNDAY.

ACTS 17 TO 19.

1. What did a good man do that compelled another good man to give up preaching in a certain place?
2. What three commandments were given to Paul in the vision?
3. What three encouragements?
4. What did the bonfire cost?
5. What is the biggest shout on record?

FOR MONDAY.

QUEER QUESTIONS.

1. What are eyebrows for? (O841).
2. When I walk in a moving train in the direction the train is going am I moving faster than the train? (O838).

S.S.S.S.

Esther Howse, Keiraville, Wollongong (manager).

BIRTHDAY GAZETTE.

"Nephew" Arthur Poore, "Egmont," Bangalow, August 10 (16).

HOW TO MAKE TOYS FOR POOR CHILDREN.

(Letter from Santa Claus to the S.S.S.S.)

No. 2 ball is also divided into eight sections, but the ball is first divided by two circles of twine, crossing each other, thus dividing the ball into quarters, then the string is passed round the centre, thus making eight triangular sections. Now take a darning needle threaded with coloured wool, and work buttonhole stitch round the twine and fill up section with this stitch, finishing in the centre of lock section concealing the end wool by passing needle through to the other side of the ball. Work each section a different colour.

No. 3 ball is worked on two cardboard discs about three inches in diameter, with a hole in the centres, about one inch in diameter. Place both discs together and wind bright-coloured wools in and out round discs until hole in centre is only about size of a shilling. Then take a knife and slip

the blade between the two discs and cut wool completely round. Slip in between discs a piece of string and tie firmly, leaving one long end. Then cut discs and pull them out, and the ball will become round and fluffy.

Gee-gee reins are made with French knitting, four little boot sprigs being fixed round the small hole of an empty cotton reel. Then pass one end of bright wool through the hole, and form little loops of wool round the four pegs. Then pass the wool round the pegs on top of loops, and, with a hairpin, lift each loop in turn over the strand of new wool, and also over peg. Pull the end of wool which had been passed through hole, and so continue till enough knitting is done for horse reins. Work on a little strip of bright material "Gee-up," either in wool or beads. Mine is written in buttons, but these are too expensive. Fasten reins on, and bells, if procurable. This will make a very jolly plaything for a little slum bairnie. A little reel, set for French knitting, and some scraps of bright wool, would be a very acceptable gift to an invalid little child, who could work while lying still.

Good-bye, dear Sunbeams.—Yours, with much love, SANTA CLAUS.

LETTERS.

"A PIECE OF BROWN PAPER."

Clarice Ashworth, Kelso, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—What a pity it was so cold in Sydney when you had that photo. taken! Had I known it was going to be too cold to open the window, I would have sent you a piece of brown paper to stand on. Nevertheless, I think you are caught at last; you have practically given yourself away by something you said in the last "Grit." I'm so glad I have seen you. All being well, I shall write a description of my favourite window next week. I have joined the Pocket Testament League, and hope, with the dear Lord's help, to enlist our girls as members. I have not much time to try many of the puzzles, as I am working hard for an examination. I had a little spare time last night, so I worked two, and am going to answer the Scripture puzzle now. I hope I shall have more time after the exam. Will close now with love from your affectionate niece.

(Dear C.,—Your answer to puzzle, August 19—"An ounce of gold weighs 480 grains, an ounce of feathers 437½ grains," is correct. August 26—(1) "Max sold 30 "Grits," and Pax 6. (2) Stephen." Both correct. I think you will be doing splendid work if you can induce your school friends to become P.T. Leaguers. When you get a little group read the chapter together sometimes. How did I practically give myself away? I hope I did not say anything to lead you to think that Uncle B., and I, and the man in the photo. are not one and the same person. We are, I solemnly assure you.—Uncle B.)

UNCLE B.'s TRICKS DESCRIBED.

(Hairdressing and Charcoal.)

Gladys Noble, Liverpool, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—The translation of Eva's letter is:—

Dear Elsie,—We had such fun over the letter you sent. Jack thinks your cipher is very good. I am just going out on my pony, so good-bye, with love from Eva.



An ounce of gold weighs the same as an ounce of feathers. (Oh?—Uncle B.)

What did Aunt T. think of the photo? You should have heard the remarks here. I wonder if you have lately learnt a new style of doing your hair?—and we thought we could detect some charcoal marks, acting as side whiskers. Were we right? The eyes are unmistakeable, and the nose, of course, corresponds with the first photo. How does this do for a notice for the S.S.S.S.?—The Seven-to-Seventeeners' Sunbeam Society solicits assistance from Sunday school scholars and superintendents to save sinners, and succour the starving!

I have been told that sugar supplies what alcohol is used for. Can you tell me if this is right? Now I must close, with love to all.

(Dear G.,—Burnt cork is what is commonly used to produce optical illusions. I have never tried charcoal. Aunt T. thought the photo. "unmistakeable." Alcohol is only in barley when the barley has been changed into sugar. By fermenting the sugar alcohol is produced, but anything of value as a food is in the sugar. Alcohol is good sugar spoilt.—Uncle B.)

"I THINK 'IT' IS HORRID."

"Milcie," Liverpool, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—How did you find out that there was a well at the Rectory, or that I knew Gladys? A certain little girl said she might get wet if she went down the well at this time of the year. It might result in unpleasant feelings if I went down, too. I have what you would call a shivering fit. You asked me did I like IT. No, I think IT is horrid. An ounce of feathers is heavier than an ounce of gold, because one is troy weight, the other avoirdupois. It is bed time now, so I must close, with best love to all cousins.

(Dear "M.",—How did I know? Why, just because I am so clever, of course! I suppose you were so sleepy that the feathers got into the place where the gold should have been. When you are quite wide awake, try again: Which is heavier, an ounce of feathers or an ounce of gold? Sorry you did not admire the work of "art."—Uncle B.)

A NEW NORTHERN NEPHEW.

Arthur Poore, care of Mr. W. Binks, Egmont, Bangalow, writes:—

Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in writing these few lines to you, as it is the first time. I belong to the I.O.G.T. Lodge, and I am not ashamed to say so; and am a punctual scholar at the Sabbath school and Church. I love going to Sunday school, and as soon as I saw this competition in "Grit," I put my interest in it, and found as many

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names as I could; I found every one of them with my own brain. I hope that I am not too late in sending in my list. I was 16 years old on August 10.

(Dear Arthur,—I am much pleased to hear from you, and that you are a good worker. Your competition answers were very good. Can you write me a letter about Dairying up North?—Uncle B.)

WE HAVE GOT YOUR PHOTO.

Esther Howse, Keiraville, Wollongong, sends me a postcard for my album, and says:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I wish to become a member of your S.S.S.S. I think I may be able to do a little work. I have a class of about ten little boys at Sunday school. I was disappointed with Uncle B.'s photo., but I think we have got your photo. at home. I remain your loving "niece."

(Dear E.,—The picture on your postcard is a statue in the Sydney Domain. The man stands by a plough. Can your cousins tell whose statue it is? You are enrolled as a manager of the S.S.S.S. I agree with you that the photo. was not all it might have been, but we can't get everything in this world.—Uncle B.)

OUR BABY'S COUNTERPANE FUND.

Esther House, 1/; Harry Wilfred Gilbert, 1/; Mrs. S., 2/; Mrs. Parkes, 1/. Hurrah! we now have 22/.

(Send everything for Page 9 to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.)

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB IS BASED ON A LOVE STORY.

Here is the true story of Mary's little lamb. Everybody knows the verses it inspired. Few, however, it is believed, have any knowledge of the life and history of Mary's pet. But a collection of curios belonging to H. Charles E. Chadeayne, of Ossining, in New York State, contains all this information.

The collection contains exhibits which demonstrate to a certainty that the lamb was born sometime in the year 1817 in the village of Sterling, Mass., where Mary (surname Sawyer) was then residing with her parents. It appears that the little creature destined to be so famous was in its earliest hours in frail health. According to the account, for which Mr. Chadeayne vouches, several lambs were born at about the same time, and Mary made a visit to the fold with her papa.

"Mary," said her father, "that lamb is dead."

"No, papa," replied the intelligent little girl; "for when I move its head it will move it back again."

"But it cannot live," said her father.

"Oh, yes, maybe it can," replied Mary.

"Let me take it home and nurse it and tend it."

To this Mary's kind-hearted papa consent-

ed. So Mary took her little lamb and carried it home and warmed it and fed it. Later occurred the celebrated episode in which the lamb took such a prominent part in Mary's schooldays.

Just how long after these historic events it was that the original poet embodied his inspiration in its immortal form is not known, but the proofs show that Mary expressed the opinion that it was not more than a few days. John Rolleston was the poet. In a kind of frenzy he dashed off the first stanzas, which, according to Mary, ran exactly thus:—

Mary had a little lamb,
His fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.
He followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.
And so the teacher turned him out,
And still he lingered near;
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

These lines and no more, Mary stated to a credible witness along in the late 'eighties just before her death, constituted the poem as it was written by John Rolleston. It was not until some years later that Mary read in a newspaper some verses accredited to a Mrs. Sara J. Hale and entitled "Mary's little lamb."

Mrs. Hale had used the Rolleston verses, with one or two slight changes, and to them had added a few stanzas of her own with a moral.

The lamb, which never had a name of its own, being always known throughout its long and useful life as Mary's lamb, continued its beneficence in a posthumous manner. For when there was talk of tearing down the old South Church in Boston, Mary gave a pair of socks made from her lamb's wool to the committee engaged in raising a fund to save the church. The socks were unraveled and the yarn sold in little fragments for a total of £45.

One such fragment, duly attested, is the property of Mr. Chadeayne's collection. Mary survived her lamb by something like sixty-five years, passing away in Somerville, Mass., at the age of eighty-three, having in the meantime married a man named Tyler.

A MEAN MAN.

A master bricklayer named Smith is voted to be the meanest man on earth by his workmen. For the most trivial offences he makes deductions from the men's wages.

The other day a bricklayer, who was repairing a church tower, slipped and fell off the high scaffolding. Luckily for him, however, a friendly nail caught in his clothing and held him fast till he was rescued by his comrades.

It so chanced that Smith was passing at the time. When on pay-day the said bricklayer received his wages, it was accompanied by the following note:

"Time stopped, fifteen minutes while hanging on a nail, threepence."

CLOTHING.

It is wonderful what we can find if we have a good hunt, and just now the need of many of our poor for clothing is very great, and so we ask our friends to hunt up a few things, it does not matter about their being old, and send them to Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, "Chester," Clarendon-road, Stanmore.

Parcels received from:—Mrs. McShane, Rev. A. E. Rook, Miss E. Lindsay, Mrs. Jarrett, Mrs. Harris, Miss Farley, Mrs. Brown, and eight anonymous.

READ THIS MORE THAN ONCE.

On the way home from church, two ladies severely criticised the sermon; it was too long, too dull, the preacher's voice was too awful, and the theme too like last Sunday's. At this point the small child said, "Mother, but what can you expect for threepence?" Some hundreds of those who read "Grit" are worse than the two ladies; as they expect an up-to-date paper for nothing! At least, it would appear so since they have not paid anything yet. We will be so glad to hear from you that you were not one of the ladies.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

J. T. Best, Mrs. Bollinger, C. Clements, Mrs. Craigie, Mrs. Howard, senr., O. J. Howard, D. Hughes, Rev. G. E. Morris, Mrs. McKay, Miss L. McFarlane, Master C. Smart, Miss F. Thrupp, Mr. W. Tate, Mrs. Traverse, Miss Williams, Mrs. W. H. McClelland, Miss Coghill.

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Five sisters, holding between them 27 medals for regular and punctual attendance, probably constitute a record. This has been achieved by the Misses Clarke, of Lamb's Conduit-street, Bloomsbury (London) who have together attended St. John's School, Red Lion-street, Holborn, for 28 years without missing an attendance or being late on any day the school was open.

NO OFFENCE TAKEN.

Youthful passenger (to railway manager): "Here, I say, I got a cinder in my eye from one of your beastly engines, and it cost me ten shillings for a doctor to get it out and dress the eye! What do you propose to do about the matter?"

Railway Manager: "Nothing, my dear sir, nothing. We have no use for the cinder, and you are perfectly welcome to it. No doubt strictly speaking, you did go off with our property. The cinder, of course, was not yours; but we do not care to make a fuss about such a small matter. Pray do not give the incident a moment's thought."

WEAK IN SPELLING.

An Irishman, being ill, wrote to his doctor:

"Dear Doctor,—Will you come and see me? I am destroyed with gout; and bring some gout medicine with you.—Yours etc., M. Flanagan."

The doctor arrived with the required articles, and asked the usual questions. He said:

"You wrote to me and said you had the gout, and told me to bring gout medicine. It's not gout you have at all; it's rheumatism."

"Ah, doctor, dear, faith, an' I knew that as well as ye do yersel, an' I would have said so in me letter; but sure there was no one in the house that could spell it."

HOW THE WORLD MOVES.

Acceding to the wish of sportsmen in Surbiton (Eng.), the Rev. J. C. McDonnell has inaugurated early half-hour services on Sundays at St. Andrew's Church, for the convenience of those who cannot attend the ordinary services. The first service attracted about forty persons, including seven ladies, one of whom is a well-known champion golf player. A few of those present were in tweeds or flannels. There were several cyclists and one golfer, whose clubs and cycles were taken care of by the attendant.

The skin of a fish does not suggest itself as a suitable material for the making of clothes, yet it is used for this purpose by a tribe of Tartars in Manchuria. They inhabit the banks of the Peony River, and live by fishing and hunting. During the last hundred years they have become nearly extinct owing to the invasion of their domain by agricultural Chinese. They are known as Fish-skin Tartars. The fish they use is the tamara, a species of salmon. Both flesh and skin of this fish are supposed to possess wonderful heat-giving properties.

Commander Glossop, of H.M.S. Prometheus, interviewed in Auckland, stated that the non-success of British settlers and traders in the New Hebrides was simply explained. The produce of French settlers was admitted free to Noumea, and subject to a bonus; but Britishers were handicapped by duties levied by the Commonwealth.

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White or Brown Fur Necklets, shaped, and chain attached, worth 4/11, for 2/3.
Ladies' Coloured Moreen Underskirts, with pleated flounce; Sale Price, 1/11.
Ladies' Natural Wool Combinations, heavy-weight, long or short sleeves; usual price, 10/6; Sale Price, 7/9. Also 5/9 quality for 4/11; 7/9 quality for 6/9.

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COLOURED SILK VELVETS. Usual price, 2/11; Sale Price, 1/6.
Wool Cashmere Blouse Flannels, 1/6 quality for 1/-.
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Pink or Floral Flannelette. Sale Price, 1/11 a dozen.
32in. Striped Flannelette; worth 4d yard; Sale Price, 2/6 per dozen.
Cream Australian-made Flannel, worth 10½d; Sale Price, 8½d.
34in. Pure Medium White Calico. Sale Price, 3/3 per dozen.
Heavy White Turkish Towels, size 22 x 49, worth 1/-; Sale Price, 9d.
Brown Turkish Towels, size 24 x 53, worth 1/-; Sale Price, 8½d.
Glaze Ribbon, 4in. to 5in. wide; Light blue, Heliotrope, Nil, Copenhagen, Fawn, Reseda; usual price, 5½d to 7½d; Sale Price, 2½d.
Glaze Ribbon, 4in. to 6in. wide, all Colours. Usual price, 7½d to 1/-; Sale Price, 3½d yard.
Pretty Floral Ribbon, Light and Dark Ground, 6in wide; usual price, 1/4 to 2/6 yard; Sale Price, 6½d. 5in. wide, usual price, 7½d; Sale Price, 3½d.

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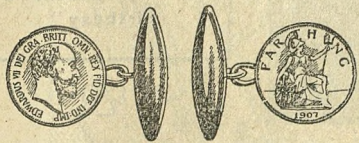
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