

# GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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Vol. III.—No. 1.

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1909

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## Licensing Committee in N.Z.

THE REACTION PROPHESED BY "FAIRPLAY."

The so-called Moderate ticket was carried at Auckland, and this has given rise to some surprise to the friends of No-License, and some unwarrantable inferences by the Liquor monopoly.

Mr. W. J. Macdermott, secretary Prohibition League, upon being interviewed by a representative of the "Star," said:—"There are many reasons to which our failure yesterday can be ascribed, and no doubt all contributed to the result. An analysis of the voting showed that the 'Trade' polled about 80 per cent. of the votes they received at the general election, while the Temperance side only had 50 per cent. of the votes they got at the general election."

"Can you give any reasons that occur to you for such a change in a few months?"

"Yes, as I said before, there are many causes. For one thing our vote was split to a certain extent by Mr. W. Richardson standing. While I give that gentleman every credit for sincerity as a temperance worker, still I have no hesitation in expressing my own opinion that if, instead of asking for plumpers, he had taken four of our ticket and asked his supporters to vote for them and himself as the fifth, the result of the poll would have been different. Mr. Richardson has been persistently stating that our ticket were really brewers' candidates, and this no doubt caused many who worked for us at the general election to absent themselves yesterday. Then, too, the votes cast for Mrs. Nicol and Mr. Jamieson no doubt lessened our number. There is also in many quarters a strong prejudice against reduction, even amongst those who will vote straight-out prohibition. I also consider that the 'Trade' had a great advantage over us in the number of workers and vehicles they had at their command. They had ten workers and ten vehicles to our one, and that tells at an election. Then, too, we had to fight against a hostile press, and there is no hiding the fact that the Citizens' League was an important factor in the contest."

### A CANDIDATE'S FIGURES.

Mr. P. E. Cheal, one of the members of the "ticket" supported by the No-License party, places his explanation of the "ticket's" defeat on a purely figure basis. A comparative estimate of the polling shows that the apathy of the voters for Reduction in November last has given the 'Trade' their victory," says Mr. Cheal. "Of course, many who struck out the top line for Reduction and No-License would not trouble about a licensing election. The total for Continuance in November last was 8035; the highest 'trade' vote at the poll yesterday was 6567, which is a fall of 1468. The total poll for Reduction at the election was

9560, and the highest temperance vote yesterday was 5424—a shrinkage of 4136. It is thus seen," continued Mr. Cheal, "that outside the split caused by Mr. Richardson, the 'trade' polled 80 per cent. of the total Continuance votes cast in November last, and the temperance vote was fifty-five per cent. of the total votes cast in November, and the difference of twenty-five per cent. less votes led to the defeat of the Temperance candidates."—"Auckland Star."

No-License gained emphatic victories at Nelson, Dunedin, Avon, South Dunedin, Manukau, and Ohinemuri.

In reference to reduction, the "Lyttelton Times," in a leader after the election last week, says:—"Here in Christchurch a number of undesirable houses were closed many years ago, and the city was all the better for the change. Three years ago the citizens elected a committee that had frankly no sympathy with the licensed trade, and the effect has been to induce a strict regulation of the traffic by the licensees themselves."

It was only where reduction was carried, or 10 o'clock closing was desired, that anything like a fight took place, and the No-License people have good reason to congratulate themselves on the fight they put up against the great monopoly.

### THEOLOGY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

The minister's class at the kirk of Tobermory had been reading the story of Joseph and his brethren, and it came to the turn of the minister to examine the boys.

The replies to all his questions had been quick, intelligent, and correct. Such as:—

"What great crime did these sons of Jacob commit?"

"They sold their brother Joseph."

"Quite correct. And for how much?"

"Twenty pieces of silver."

"And what added to the cruelty and wickedness of these bad brothers?"

A pause.

"What made their treachery even more detestable and heinous?"

Then a bright little Highlander stretched out an eager hand.

"Well, my man?"

"Please, sir, they sell't him ower cheap."

Mr. Bluesocks (meekly): "This is the fourth time this week we've had tinned beef and cabbage, Maria, and I'm just a little tired of it."

Mrs. B.: "I'm sure, Thomas, you're very unreasonable. You know I've had to correct the proofsheets of my new book, 'One Hundred Dainty Dinners, Lunches, and Suppers.'"

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### A HARD DAY.

The owner of the farm had been enjoying himself at the country fair while his hard-working wife stayed at home to see that the farm suffered no loss in his absence.

"Well, Sarah," said the owner, upon his return, "I'm about tired out. Is the cows in the barn?"

"Yes, long since," replied his wife, barely looking up from the task then in hand.

"Is the horses unharnessed an' fed?"

"Yes."

"Chickens locked up?"

"Yes."

"Wood chopped for mornin'?"

"Yes."

"Waggon-wheel mended an' ready t' start in th' mornin'?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," concluded the exhausted owner, with a sigh of relief, "let me have my supper. I'm goin' t' turn in. Farmin's beginning t' tell on me."

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



# The Child Looks On

By "JO."

(Original Temperance Story, winning the First Prize, by Josephine Morton.)

Bertha sat in a low chair by the fire, her eyes fixed on the glowing coals.

What a night!

The wind, howling round the little wooden house, seemed to be finding its way through hitherto unknown crevices, and shrieking maliciously at her, as if to taunt her into remembering all her troubles.

No need to remind her. They were not of the past. They belonged terribly to the present.

If she could only get away from them—only shut her mind for one day—one hour even! She felt that she might have the strength to go on. Now it was only the thought of the children that kept her from yielding to an impulse, often formed, of throwing herself into the river, and finding peace and forgetfulness in that way.

She must bear it—she would bear it, as she would bear anything, for their sakes.

She bent forward, the pupils of her eyes enlarged, and her lips firmly closed over clenched teeth.

"How long, Oh God, how long!"

That all this suffering should come through one man's yielding to the temptation of drink. Daily misery caused, not only to his wife and children, but to himself, for she knew that he was wretched.

She clenched her teeth, and took up her sewing, hoping as she so often did, to find some way of clinging to life in work.

A soft step in the passage made her start round in terror. Her nerves were all unstrung by this everlasting listening for the return of her husband and her misery.

"It's all right, dear—it's only me."

In the doorway Nita stood, her long hair falling loosely over her shoulders, making a child of her in spite of her sixteen years.

"Run back to bed, dear, you'll catch cold," said her mother, at the same moment showing by her voice how she welcomed this interruption from her own thoughts and nervous fears.

It comforted her when Nita, for answer, came over to the fire, and, curling herself on the rug at her feet, laid her arm on her knee.

"Why do you wait up, mother?"

No need for one to tell the other what was in her mind. Both were accustomed to this nightly, weary waiting. Both longed for rest, and both had that terrible feeling of nervous excitement which the remembrance of terrible scenes and the expectation of others to come, left with them.

The girl's eyes had dark rings beneath them, her mouth drooped as if a smile was a thing unknown, and she laid her head against her mother's knee with the weariness of a tired spirit.

Her mother gently stroked it. This trouble had drawn her children very near to her. But, oh, how she longed to spare them! Once or twice she had made an effort to send her two girls to boarding school at the advice of a kind friend, who saw that the children's nerves were being ruined by this terrible excitement and misery of their home. But Nita drooped and sickened. The thought of her mother was constantly in her mind. She could bear less the pain of wondering what she was going through with no one to comfort her, than the actual wretchedness of her home and the sight of her father's degradation.

"Mother, you look so tired; don't you think you could go to bed?"

Nita's eyes looked anxiously up as she made the entreaty. Her mother's face wore the look of one who longed for sleep that had been denied.

"I couldn't sleep, dear, if I went to bed. See what he was like last night. I am afraid of something happening to the children if I am not here."

Nita hid her face, remembering last night's scene.

Her father had come home in one of his worst moods. Staggering into the kitchen, he had shouted for supper. In the dining-room supper had been spread—bread, cheese, biscuits.

Going in there, and finding that he was not answered, he hurled plate, bread-platter, cheese-dish, tumblers—everything within reach—one after the other, to the ground, cursing and shouting at the same time.

In the passage, huddled against their doorways, the elder children and their mother, wakened from their sleep, listened with horror-struck faces, as one smash after another sounded. The two little boys in their bed in the nursery, drew the clothes over their heads, wakened from their sleep, and trembling in one another's arms.

Shouting their mother's name with curses and violent threats, he had stormed about the room, while the elder girls drew their mother into their room, and shut the door.

Soon the hall was invaded, and he stormed up to the closed door commanding them to open.

Huddled in a group, tearful, frightened, they surrounded their mother till the door was kicked down, and the drink-sodden creature flung himself in. Luckily, the splintering of the door brought him to his senses, and the fire of Nita's eyes, as she turned on him, quelled him enough to go back to the dining-room, where he at last fell asleep.

"Oh, the shame of it—the shame of it!" the poor child sobbed, as she buried her face on her mother's knee. "How long is it to go on? I can't face other girls, mother. They all seem to know, and I see the pity for me in their faces. Their fathers are never like that. All day long, wherever I go, I am followed with the dread of meeting him in the street, or the shops, or anywhere. And the other day, at the rink, when Kitty and I were just beginning to forget, we heard someone talking in a loud voice—and—and—it was father. And all the girls saw."

Her mother gently stroked her head. A thousand times would she have suffered to spare this child. Her eyes blazed now at the thought of it. She let Nita sob on, knowing that it would help her overwrought nerves to calm. She knew how this sensitive child of hers suffered—how she dreaded to go out—how she refused many of the pleasures that were natural to her years because of this shame of her father's degradation.

"Is there no way—no way to stop him?" said Nita at last.

"All day long," then Bertha spoke; "all night sometimes, I wonder 'How?' And the only answer I get is to pray."

"Oh, mother, I pray, too—how I pray! I ask God to let father get back to his old self, but it isn't any use."

Bertha's head at that fell on her hands. How often had she felt the same! The very thing she had told her child to do she had felt was little use—and, yet, she still prayed.

She prayed now in the agony she tried to suppress: "Oh, God! send a way!—Show me a way!"

What was that!

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A cab had stopped outside the gate. There were voices.

Mother and daughter looked at one another in silence. In an instant they knew that it was not the usual home-coming.

Something had happened.

"Wait there," said Bertha. "Let me go."

"No, I'll go with you," said the girl.

Together they went in answer to the bell. Together they heard, without a sound, the words the strange man said.

"Your husband has been taken ill, madam, 'a stroke—paralysis.'"

The clutch of her hand on Nita's was the only sign of feeling shown by the wife—no sound, no scene.

She led them to the bedroom, and hastily prepared the bed for the poor, stricken man.

Was this God's answer?—this!

The question seemed to chase every other thought from her mind. Not till the doctor had been, and she and Nita were left alone with the seemingly lifeless figure, did she give way to any feeling.

Then throwing herself on her knees by the bed, with her arms cast across the body of the man she loved, again she prayed:

"Oh, God! spare him to me till we have forgotten the past. Spare him till he has taught the children to respect him again—only this!"

With her whole soul she prayed it—with her whole soul, until the prayer became part of herself. And daily, as she waited on him, hand and foot, she saw the answer to her prayer come gradually.

Children are quick to pity. From the first the house was hushed for "Poor father!" All wrongs were forgotten. Nothing was left undone that might add to the comfort of the speechless figure that for a long time lay even unconscious of them.

(Continued on page 10)

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## The New South Wales Alliance

There was a large attendance at the meeting of the Council on Monday, the 15th, and everybody was on the "qui vive" to know the result of the Exhibition and Fair.

Beyond knowing that it would come out all right, nothing further can be made public until after the Exhibition and Fair Committee final meeting is held on Monday, March 22, when a statement of the results can be expected. We shall, of course, keep the readers of "Grit" fully posted up in its columns, and hereby desire to acknowledge that great assistance was rendered by our splendid weekly "Grit."

The reports received gave evidence of activity in various parts of the State. Mr. H. G. Payne was duly appointed to represent the Richmond River Electorate No-License League on the State Council, Mr. H. Morton the Petersham League, and Mr. H. M. Southan the newly-formed Annandale Branch of the Alliance. In addition to these, there was an intimation from Mr. Stanley Allen, that the newly-formed Hawkesbury Branch desired to affiliate with the State Council. This is as it should be. There must be a branch of the Alliance in every electorate of the State, and they should quickly be formed, as we must get to work earnestly and vigorously at once.

Any information as to procedure, constitution, etc., will be gladly supplied on request.

A contributor asks that the figures for the Drink Bill of New South Wales for 1907 be supplied in this issue of "Grit." They are as follows:—

Description	Gallons.	Cost.
Spirits ...	1,368,697	£2,532,079
Wine, sparkling ...	16,583	33,166
Still ...	26,611	26,611
" Colonial ...	1,050,576	367,702
Beer, imported in bottle ...	703,120	246,092
Beer, imported in wood ...	217,380	54,345
Beer, Colonial ...	14,114,537	1,940,749

£5,200,744

This is a large bill, but it should be remembered that 1907 was a remarkable year of prosperity, and, therefore, of spending-power, and this always affects the drink bill. Then we have hardly had time to realise any practical results from our anti-liquor legislation; we must plod patiently on.

The authorities, in response to a deputation from the State Council, have decided to apply in part the Pollard Plan to cases of drunkenness in this State. We are pleased to find that some notice is being taken of a plan that is working with very good results in America and Victoria, but would much have preferred that the experiment should have been made with the full scheme and not in part. Our good brother and fellow-worker, Mr. H. G. Payne, has taken a special interest in this Pollard Plan, and the State Council has decided to ask him to inquire into the matter further, and report.

The President of the Alliance, the Rev. Canon Boyce, at the last meeting of the State Council read the contents of a message sent by the authority of the Council to the Hon Mr. Asquith, the British Premier, and to the United Kingdom Alliance. It was a splendidly-worded protest against the action of the Lords in throwing out the Liquor Act.

This is one of those seeming defeats, that temperance people have the happy knack of turning into victory, and we venture to predict that the democracy of New South Wales in particular, and Australasia in general, will show their opinion of the combined action of the Beerage and Peerage in future Local Option polls in no uncertain way. Ours is the cause of Right against Might; in the end Right will win.

### WEIGHTY OPINIONS.

The first of a series of conferences convened by the National Temperance League for the consideration of the relationship of the Temperance question to other aspects of social reform was held in the L.C.C. Hall at Spring-gardens, London last month. The Lord Chief Justice presided, and said that from his experience of criminal trials he had no doubt as to the enormous percentage of crime due to strong drink. He thought the craving in many cases had been set up by the evil practice of giving drops of spirits to children. Sir John Gorst said there was no means of ascertaining how many children were born doomed to early death by the intemperance of their parents. A great upheaval of the public conscience was necessary. The Bishop of Kensington advocated the prevention of the marriage of habitual drunkards, and urged that the children of known inebriates should be separated and trained by the State.

### WALES MOVES!

Welsh Temperance organisations, instead of being discouraged by the rejection of the Licensing Bill by the Lords, are becoming more militant. Twenty per cent. of the total number of licenses in the county of Carnarvon, 26 per cent. in the rural division of Carnarvon, and 40 per cent. in the Borough of Carnarvon have been extinguished in the past 15 years, and the newly-formed North Wales Temperance Federation is undertaking an aggressive campaign. A Temperance manifesto, drafted by Dr. Carter, the specialist of the Royal Southern Hospital, Liverpool, and signed by medical men throughout North Wales, is to be issued broadcast, a Temperance book-room is to be established, systematic Temperance lectures to be given in all the elementary schools, a summer school of Temperance to be held next August, and steps taken to establish Temperance hotels and institutions on commercial lines in the North Wales towns.

### N.S.W. ALLIANCE EXHIBITION AND FAIR.

In our announcement of the prize-winners in the Literary Competitions (last week's issue), we now make the following corrections:—

#### CLASS II.

Original No-License Essay, 1000 words—Second, Mrs. Elsie Symonds (Lower Bel-ford); fourth, Leslie J. Kline (Stanmore).

#### CLASS III.

First, Mrs. E. Ford (Sydenham).

#### CLASS VII.

Miss Ethel Smith (bracketed with Norman McLeod) for third prize.

#### CLASS VIII.

F. H. Barnes (Balmain), gold medal; Miss Dorothy Waller (Burwood), silver medal.

#### CLASS IX.

Miss Edith Funnell (Goulburn), gold medal.

#### CLASS X.

Miss Dorothy Hutchinson, first, gold medal; Miss Dorothy Thorne (Drummoyn), second, silver medal.

### NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

C. J. Morris, Miss Thompson, Mrs. Bode, Mrs. Newlyn, Mrs. Shoppe, Mr. F. Dowsett, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Moore, Mr. Velvin, E. H. Spear, Mr. H. Retfort, Mrs. Cox, Mr. J. Jopling, Mrs. Warrington, Mrs. Jones, Miss L. Baird, Mr. W. McRoberts, Mr. H. Richards, Miss Olson, Miss Collins, Mrs. Croaker, Mrs. Bradcock, Miss Forbes, Mrs. Ireland, Mr. R. H. Chidgey, Mrs. Leslie, Mr. Foulcher, Mr. A. W. Cooper, Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Markham Mills, Mr. C. F. Field, Mr. Strickland.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Miss Harris, 5s (9/3/10); G. Manson, 5s; Mrs. W. Lang, 2s 6d (3/9/09); D. W. Swan, 5s; Miss Bough, 1s 3d (4/6/09); W. F. Young, 5s (27/12/08); C. J. Morris, 2s 6d (15/9/09); Mrs. Bode, 2s 6d (3/9/09); Miss Thompson, 2s 6d (3/9/09); Mrs. Newlyn, 2s 6d (3/9/09); Miss Rimmer, 6s 6d (1/10/09); Mr. W. Parkinson, 6s 6d (1/10/09); Mr. John Morey, 6s 6d (1/10/09); Mrs. Shoppe, 2s 6d (18/9/09); Mr. F. Dowsett, 2s 6d (18/9/09); Mrs. Smith, 2s 6d (18/9/09); Mr. Moore, 2s 6d (18/9/09); Mr. Velvin, 2s 6d (18/9/09); Miss Powell, 2s 6d (31/7/09); Mr. F. Johnston, 6s 6d (3/4/10); Mr. E. W. Bolus, 5s (15/1/10); Miss Keel, 5s 6d (20/10/09).

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## Talk about People

### A Mighty Nimrod.

A remarkable career has been that of Mr. F. C. Selous, the famous hunter and explorer, who is to accompany President Roosevelt on his African big-game expedition. He was only twenty years of age when he went to Matabeleland, in days when railways were unknown there, and when the interior of the country was a sealed book to the European. For years he was in unknown countries hunting elephants, lions, and other animals, and at one period he was nearly three years without seeing a newspaper, a telegram, or any kind of money, and he was perfectly happy. He spent nearly a quarter of a century of his life penetrating the interior of South Africa. Then he went to Alaska on a fifteen-thousand-mile tour in search of moose and caribou. It was while on this tour that, in the wildest part of the Yukon, Mr. Selous came across a trapper's hut occupied by two Englishmen. One had just got his discharge from the North-West Mounted Police, and the other, who had earned the nickname of "Neverwash," was the son of a peer.

### "A Woman Just Like You."

The practical sympathy shown by Queen Helena towards the Messina earthquake victims is but another illustration of that kind-hearted womanliness which has so endeared her to the hearts of the people of Italy. Her Majesty is always holding out a helping hand to those in distress. A few weeks ago, for instance, a poor woman in Rome took her sick child to the local dispensary. The little one's condition was so serious that the doctors advised the mother to take it to the hospital. The woman began to weep at the thought of parting with her child, when a lady, plainly and very simply dressed, who was waiting in the dispensary, went up to the doctor and spoke to him in a low voice for a few moments. The doctor then went to the poor woman, handed her a 50fr. bill, and said, "Queen Helena says that she will pay for all that your child needs; so you need not be parted." The poor woman endeavoured to express her thanks to the Queen. "But why this trouble?" her Majesty asked smilingly. "Am I not a woman just like you? Your child has the same right to live that mine has, and it shall be cared for till perfectly well again."

### "The Sailor's Friend."

The story of how Miss Agnes Weston, "the Sailors' Friend," to whom King Edward recently sent a cordial letter and a signed photograph, in appreciation of her "noble services" on behalf of Jack, became "mother of the Navy," is interesting. Miss Weston spent a very quiet, old-fashioned girlhood at Bath, where she taught in a Sunday school. One of the lads in whom she was interested was going out to India

as a soldier, and he asked his teacher to write to him. She did so, and on the voyage out he showed the letter to the sick-berth steward, who observed: "I would give anything if I could get a letter like that sometimes. Do you think the lady would write to me?" When the soldier answered Miss Weston's letter, he told her of the sailor's comment, and her kind heart prompted her to write also to this unknown man. He in turn introduced fresh correspondents, and it was that letter to the steward which led to the founding of the Royal Sailors' Rests at Portsmouth and Devonport, which have been of such immense benefit to the men who go down to the sea in ships.

### The Kaiser's Sham.

The Kaiser has become a teetotaler. He is said to have pledged himself to abstain from all alcoholic beverages for the remainder of his life.

But, according to strict etiquette, this would banish all but temperance drinks from any dinner-table at which his Majesty was present. A courtier would be very much overstepping the bounds if he indulged in sherry or hock while he could see that his Emperor was drinking barley water.

So the Kaiser has had a special temperance drink prepared for him. It effervesces like champagne, is much the same colour, and, to make the illusion more complete, is served up to him in champagne bottles, so that nobody may be blamed for not knowing that his Majesty is not taking champagne like themselves.

### A WORD OF COMPLAINT.

I am the third verse of the hymn.

The man that wrote the hymn put me in to it on purpose.

I was not put into it just to give someone a chance to leave out something; I was put into it because I meant something, because I had some proper part in the thought of the hymn. Yet they almost always say, "Please omit the third verse."

Why the third verse? Why not sometimes the second verse, or even the first? Why not give the fourth a try at it occasionally, and let him see how it feels?

To be sure, each of the others is as necessary to the hymn as I am; but if a hymn is to be mutilated at all, why always select one member of it?

In most hymns, I am really the most important verse. The first two are preparatory to the main thought, the fourth is an epilogue; I am it, distinctly it. This is not egotism; look in the hymn-book and see for yourself. Yet they leave me out.

I would rather be anything else than a third verse; even the back buttons of a coat, or any other useless thing.

"Let us sing the first two verses and the fourth, omitting the third." Bah-ah-ah!

### A BACHELOR'S REFLECTIONS.

All men are equal as long as they remain in the bachelor class.

A girl always has a good time at a party if she has on a new dress.

It is love that makes all the heartaches in life, but then it is love that makes life worth all the heartaches.

A man simply cannot understand why a woman will pay five shillings for a blouse of plain material, and a guinea for a similar one with holes in it.

A woman likes to travel the path of love slowly, but a man always insists on rushing over it at the speed limit.

Happiness in marriage depends not so much on whether or not a woman holds high ideals and how she does her duty as on whether or not she can keep her servant, and how she does her hair for breakfast.

### A CHARACTER.

A company-promoter advertised for an office boy. He received a hundred replies. Out of the hundred he selected ten, and with the writers of these ten replies he had a personal interview. His final choice fell upon a bright youth, to whom he said: "My boy, I like your appearance and your manner very much. I think you may do for the place. Did you bring a character?" "No, sir," replied the boy; "I can go home and get it." "Very well; come back tomorrow morning with it, and if it is satisfactory I dare say I shall engage you." Late that afternoon the financier was surprised by the return of the candidate. "Well," he said cheerily, "have you got your character?" "No," answered the boy; "but I've got yours—an' I ain't coming!"

### PROVED IT GENUINE.

A man in a Dublin restaurant called a waiter to him and said:

"Waiter, look here. Isn't this a cow's hair in my butter?"

The waiter took up the butter, examined the hair, and then replaced the plate before the patron with a nod of satisfaction.

"Yes, sir," he said, "that's a genuine cow's hair. We serve them with our butter, sir, to show that it isn't oleo-margarine."

ROGERS' BROS.

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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, MARCH 25, 1909.

## "FAIRPLAY'S" CHALLENGE.

Of hotelkeepers, the Liquor paper "Fairplay" says:—"They yield to no one in their desire to be good citizens, to bring up their families respectably. In this we challenge the Rev. Canon Boyce to debate with us in these columns the question of which has given the most able citizens to the service of the State—the sons of the clergy, or the sons of the hotel? We have had many boasts of the eminence of the 'sons of the manse,' but if a catalogue were prepared, we should find as honorable a roll amongst those who are 'sons of the hotel.' Of course, there are black sheep amongst the hotelkeepers—that no one denies—but if we were to keep a roll of the black sheep who have been discovered amongst the clergy we would find that there is not much odds in the betting either way. And then the hotelkeeper does not set himself up as a Pharisee, and thank God he is better than his neighbours. He leaves that role to those who habitually denounce the Pharisee every Sunday—and imitate him all the week."

We have challenged "Fairplay" many times, but have never been able to draw them into controversy, and now, while surprised, we are more than pleased to find that "Fairplay" has become the challenger, and we unhesitatingly take up the gauntlet. In another column we print part of an article from the "Nineteenth Century" by Bishop Weldon, which sets forth the side for the sons of clergy. We expect "Fairplay" to reprint this article, and to reply in like strain, which reply we will print in our columns. It is quite beyond dispute that the children of the hotelkeeper have not the same expectancy of life as other children; and nothing more should be necessary than an appeal to the local insurance agent to satisfy the publican that his occupation handicaps his children. It is equally significant that many publicans do not allow their womenfolk to engage in their business, nor are they anxious for their boys to start out in life as barmen.

We do not deny that many publicans are honourable citizens, but that proves nothing. Many came out of the charge of the Light Brigade untouched, and yet we cannot argue from that that war is harmless or such charges wise and useful things. That publicans are kind-hearted and good citizens suggests that they had a good start in life, and that character and kindness have survived the shock of a demoralising business in the same inexplicable way that soldiers returned from the historic charge referred to untouched by shot or shell. We wait with much interest the promised re-

cord that is to eclipse the roll of honour of the sons of clergy.

If one carries the comparison from the sons to the customers the contrast is even more marked. While the clergyman is proud, and with good reason, of those who have most fully adopted his teaching and given themselves to be moulded by the spirit of religion, and strives by all in his power to keep them attached to his church, one would be more than interested to find a publican who was proud of his customers who had been free with his goods and yielded themselves fully to the influence of alcohol—and since all publicans are supposed to abhor the drunkard and never want him hanging about their place, we can only conclude that they are not proud of their handiwork.

## THE RUINOUS MONEY-LENDER.

The multiplicity of money-lenders in the community is sufficient indication of the fact that there are far too many people abroad who have not yet learned to act on the wisdom of the old saw that borrowing ends in sorrowing. There is no greater curse afflicting this country, or any country, than the unprincipled money-lenders, who are as deadly in their operations with the unsuspecting poor as are the sharks in the harbour on the unwary swimmers. A striking illustration was furnished in the High Court last week. The action was between Daniel Wilson, of Melbourne, civil servant, and Harry Lyon Moss, of Melbourne, money-lender. In the County Court Moss sued Wilson to recover £63 10s on a promissory note made by defendant, and on a second promissory note endorsed by him. Judge Eagleson ordered that the rate of interest be reduced to 12½ per cent., and that the case be reopened. Plaintiff appealed against the decision of the Victorian Full Court, and the appeal was allowed, judgment being entered for plaintiff. Wilson appealed then to the High Court on the grounds that the State Court was wrong in holding that the Money-lenders Act was not retrospective.

The Chief Justice in his judgment referred to the fact that the interest paid in this case came to more than 50 per cent. a year. He was not able to accept the view of the Victorian Full Court that the action was one for money lent after the passing of the Money-lenders Act. He thought that it was really an action on a security or agreement made after the passing of the Act. Nor could he concur with the Chief Justice of Victoria that the rate of interest which an intelligent man, subject to no pressure, was willing to pay could not be considered excessive. He had no hesitation in saying that the rate of interest was excessive. Even if 50 per cent. was not excessive in an isolated transaction, in the course of years the rate charged for subsequent renewals might have been very excessive. Another question was whether the Money-lenders Act was retrospective or not. As a general

presumption of law it was not to be thus regarded. The Act allowed the reopening of the whole transaction, and authorised the Court to direct that any excess which had been paid should be repaid by the lender. He thought that justice would be done by entering judgment for Wilson in the County Court action. This would override the direction of the County Court that the case in respect to the first promissory note should not be reopened. The judgment of the State Full Court would be set aside. Wilson was allowed costs in the County Court action, but the parties were directed to pay their own costs in the appeal cases.

## WHERE ONLY WOMEN VOTE.

According to the English papers a fresh and enthusiastic recruit to the ranks of Brotherhood speakers has appeared in Mr. J. Ojiatekha Brant-Sero, a cultured Red Indian, sprung from the Mohawks, one of the "six nations" settled in Ontario, whose history is so closely bound up with the growth of British institutions in Canada. Telling a newspaper representative of the customs of the Canadian Indians, Mr. Brant-Sero mentioned that although their affairs are managed by men, only women have the suffrage. The rulers are appointed by women, for, say the Indians, "Who should know a man best?" The grandson of a native Methodist minister, and proud of being a British subject, Mr. Brant-Sero has boundless faith in the potency of the brotherhood spirit. Although he has been a "lone" student in England for many years, Mr. Brant-Sero, over-scrupulous in his belief that "an Indian never opens his mouth until he has something to say," has hesitated to voice his views on the affinity of nations. Mr. Brant-Sero has lectured before the British Association, and is a founder and ex-vice-president of the Ontario Historical Society.

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## The Children of the Clergy

"We have had many boasts of the eminence of the 'sons of the manse,' but if a catalogue were prepared, we should find as honorable a roll amongst those who are 'sons of the hotel.'"—"Fairplay."

Fuller, in his "History of the Worthies of England," has a curious section under the heading "That the Children of Clergymen have been as successful as the Sons of Men of other Professions." "There goeth a common report," he says, "no less uncharitable than untrue, yet meeting with many believers thereof, as if clergymen's sons were generally unfortunate, like the sons of Eli, Hophni, and Phinehas, dissolute in their lives, and doleful in their deaths." He does not deny "but that our English clergy have been unhappy in their offspring (though not above the proportion of other professions). But he concludes that, on the whole "clergymen's children have not been more unfortunate, but more observed, than the children of the parents of other professions."

That splendid literary monument, the "Dictionary of National Biography," has for the first time in English history rendered possible an authoritative statement as to what England owes to the clergy. "It has been my self-imposed task to examine the parentage of every person whose name occurs in the sixty-three original and the three supplementary volumes of the Dictionary; and if I confine myself to the centuries succeeding the Reformation, during which the Protestant clergy have been allowed to marry, it is safe to assert not only that the clerical profession has sent out an immense number of children who, according to the language of the Bidding Prayer in the ancient universities, have 'served God both in Church and State' with success and distinction, but that no other profession has sent out so many children equally successful and equally distinguished.

"To begin with the mere enumeration of names: Although there are, in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' a good many names of sons or daughters of the clergy which can scarcely be said to merit national recognition, yet the names which I marked as worthy of remembrance for some service performed in religion, or politics, or literature, or science, or art, or commerce, or philanthropy, or warfare, or some other aspect of the various life of the nation, amounted to 1270. Large as this number is, it consists solely of men and women whose fathers were clergymen or ministers of religion; it takes no account of the many more who were grandchildren either on their fathers' or their mothers' side, or still more remote descendants and relations, of clergymen or ministers. Yet even so it allows something not far short of four hundred names for each century since the Reformation.

"It is, therefore, a remarkable result of the statistics afforded by the 'Dictionary of National Biography' that, while the eminent or prominent children of the clergy since the Reformation have, as is stated above, been 1270, the children of lawyers and of doctors who have attained eminence or prominence in all English history have, upon a calculation as accurate as it has proved possible to make, been respectively 510 and 350.

"The children of the clergy who have served the State with distinction since the Reformation have exceeded by more than four hundred the similarly distinguished children of members of the legal and medi-

cal professions put together, whether since the Reformation or before it. The superiority has been one not of numbers only, but of degree. From clerical homes have sprung sons more distinguished, and a larger number of more distinguished sons, than from the homes of any secular profession.

"As literary men have been in large proportion the sons of literary men, politicians of politicians, lawyers of lawyers, and actors of actors, so have clergymen habitually been born and bred in clerical houses. I find, then, as many as 350 names of more or less well-known men who have not only been the sons of clergymen, but have themselves been clergymen. Among them are not a few whose deeds are written in golden letters upon the roll of their country's fame.

"The most notable bishops who have themselves been sons of clergymen are Atterbury, Beveridge, Burnet, Jeremy Collier, Gauden, Heber, Hoadley, Horsley, Lowth, Pearson, Sherlock, and Thirlwall. There is scarcely any aspect of English history (apart from such activities as are necessarily denied to the clergy) but it has been touched, and in general honoured, by one or other of their names—whether politics, or literature, or theology, or oratory, or dialectics, or the fate of exile from England, or a missionary life and death in India.

"Clerical homes have been the birth-places of other divines, not, indeed, bishops, but some of them weightier than most bishops, such as Waterland, who might, if he would, have been promoted to the See of Llandaff; Mansel, who adorned the deanery of St. Paul's by philosophy no less than by theology; Lardner, Frederick Denison Maurice, Matthew Henry the commentator upon the Bible, Lightfoot the Hebraist, Paley, and Conyers Middleton. Nor are these all, or perhaps the greatest, clerical sons of the clergy. John and Charles Wesley, the authors of the Methodist revival, were respectively the fifteenth and eighteenth children of Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth in Lincolnshire. John Keble, the poet of the 'Christian Year,' was the son of the vicar of Coln St. Aldwyne, in Gloucestershire. Two other figures there have been, picturesque, but on the whole strangely solitary, in modern days, born in homes different perhaps in all respects except in their religious character, Dean Stanley, son of a clergyman, who rose to be Bishop of Norwich, and Charles Haddon Spurgeon, son of a humble pastor at Kelvedon, in Essex.

"Religion is near to philanthropy. In the religious life faith without works is dead. It can be no wonder, then, that the benefactors and reformers of society should often have been bred in clerical homes. Among them it will be enough to mention the names of two men, imperishably connected with the abolition of the African slave trade, Thomas Clarkson and Granville Sharp.

"But if religion, as is natural, if philanthropy owes a debt to clerical homes, what is to be said of philosophy, scholarship, science, and art?

"The Church counts, as the children of her clergy, philosophers so eminent and so different as Cudworth, Hartley, Hobbes, Reid, Dugald Stewart, and, in recent days, Thomas Hill Green and Henry Sidgwick.

"The greatest names in British art are also hers, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir

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Christopher Wren; and these are names so illustrious that their brilliancy throws all others into the shade, although those others include a Sir David Wilkie or a Sir George Gilbert Scott. And if the greatest names in science or learning are not hers also, yet Roger Cotes, the young friend of whom Sir Isaac Newton said, 'Had Cotes lived we might have known something,' Adam Sedgwick and George John Romanes, eminent as they were at various times in various branches of scientific study; Sir John Garner Wilkinson the Egyptologist, Robert Caesar Childers the Orientalist, may suffice to deliver the homes of the clergy from the reproach of sterility in the wide and widening field of human knowledge. She is justly proud of sons so famous in medicine and surgery as Abercrombie, Abernethy, and Jenner, Sir Charles Bell, and Sir Benjamin Brodie. It is a fact, too, no less interesting than striking, that Harcourt, the founder of the British Association; Hastings, the founder of the British Medical Association; and Knight, the first principal librarian of the British Museum, were all sons of clergymen.

The Church has given to the House of Lords at least five Lord Chancellors: Lord Talbot de Hensol, Lord Campbell, who was not Lord Chancellor only, but the biographer of all Lord Chancellors, Lord Cranworth, the Earl of Selborne, and Lord Herschell.

(Continued on Page 11)

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## The Experiences and Observations of a New York Saloon-Keeper

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.\*

The bartender's working day at the saloon averaged, therefore, fourteen hours, from five in the morning until one in the afternoon, and from six in the afternoon till midnight; my own hours were even longer, usually sixteen. It was seldom earlier than one in the morning when I got home, and to be at my place again at eight gave me less than five hours of actual sleep. Not being used to such hours, they quickly began to tell on my general health.

### THE DIFFICULT PROBLEM OF BAR-TENDER.

In the meantime, the matter of bartenders caused me anxiety. Tom Ryan, the bartender whom I took over with the saloon, seized the opportunity afforded him by several unavoidable absences of mine, to drink in excess, so that, early in the afternoon on the day of my taking possession, I found him in a state of advanced intoxication. While in this condition, he knocked down a regular patron of the place. The latter retaliated and Tom issued from the fight with a badly split nose. He was bleeding freely, and went to the hospital to have his wound sewed up and dressed. When he returned, he presented a rather weird and ludicrous appearance.

It became known at once in the neighbourhood that I meant to discharge him, and during that afternoon and the next morning about thirty men applied for his place. It was a peculiarity of the district, apparently, that about every second man either was a bartender or had been one at some time in his life. Most of the applicants had flattering testimonials to show, and almost every one made a point of assuring me that to engage him would bring his friends to my place as new customers.

From the lot I picked out an experienced German bartender, Henry Kurz by name, who had been seventeen years in the business, was known to almost everybody in the neighbourhood, and had already tended bar in my place for a former proprietor. He showed me "recommends" of a high character. But none of them stated that he was honest. So I asked him: "Henry, are you honest?"

He smiled a sad and derisive smile. "As honest as any bartender. The really honest bartender does not exist. You can take that from me."

Well, there seemed to be a certain rugged honesty in his dishonesty, so I hired him, and he took off his coat and went to work for me. This was Saturday night, and the place was thronged. At the bar they stood three deep. There was joy in Henry's arrival. They all assured me that I was a lucky man, that my fortune was made, that Henry was so popular my trade would be doubled.

But from the first my receipts were smaller than they had been before his advent. I noticed, too, the disappearance of sundry bottles of French cognac. Two days later Henry got speechlessly drunk, so drunk that he fell down behind the bar, and the last time he was unable to rise. So I let him go, and only then, on taking stock, discovered that Henry had been robbing me right and left. Whole demijohns of liquor, dozens of bottles of wine, whole boxes of cigars, half a dozen bottles of brandy, half my store of glassware, etc., were gone. He must have operated with an accomplice on the outside.

My third man, an elderly personage of mild manners, was honest, but slow and incompetent. My fourth, George Shrad, proved in every way acceptable, and him I kept till the last. The only trouble with George was that he was too decent a fellow for the business. He was respectably connected, had filled a responsible position for years with an oil firm in New Jersey, until it had removed to California, and had drifted into this new line while unable to obtain work of higher grade. His grandfather, a retired wholesale butcher, had offered to set him up in business for himself—"but not a cent toward your present line," the old man had said. Once a bartender, however, it seems difficult to get into any other business.

The average weekly wages of a "barkeep" vary between ten and fifteen dollars; few get more, except in hotels and other especially good places. Too many of them succumb to the perpetual temptation, and become drunkards.

This last remark also applies to the saloon porters, men who are employed to sweep the saloon and keep it and the rest of the premises in a clean and wholesome condition, prepare the lunch, run the lunch counter, tap the beer in the cellar, run errands, etc.

I had a wonderful specimen of this genus in my place. He had been nicknamed "Rip Van Winkle," because he possessed a strange faculty for sleep. He could sleep

anywhere, and it took him only a minute to drop off into the land of dreams. I have seen him sleep five hours at a stretch, seated in a chair. He was a harmless inebriate—lazy, irresponsible, with a continual craving for drink, but honest, clean-spoken, and with the remnants of respectability about him. He was a bald-headed man of forty-eight, but looked sixty. He had drifted away from his family.

"I'll make a hole in the water some day," he used to say. He had no will-power left. I tried at first to reclaim him, but at last became convinced that there was no stamina there.

### A NARROW MARGIN OF PROFIT.

After I had been running my place a few days, I began to make calculations as to whether it was a paying venture. I noticed that my money went faster than it came in. That, in a way, was but natural. A place with no stock needs restocking to begin with. I had to buy even such articles as a broom, a feather duster, bar brushes, soap, sapollo, etc. There was nothing in the place. The first week I had to buy 54 dollars' worth of liquor alone. I figured out my expenses per week as follows:—

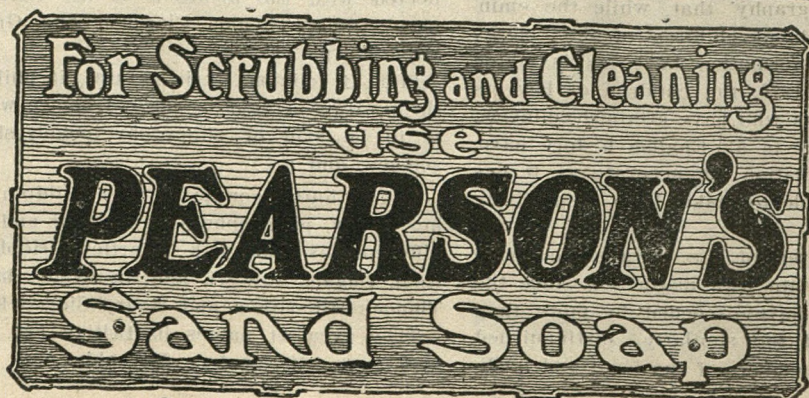
Beer .....	\$100
Liquor .....	30
License .....	25
Rent .....	20
Free Lunch .....	15
Wages .....	15
Soft Drinks .....	5
Cigars .....	7
Gas .....	5
Sundries .....	10

Total ..... \$232

Scanning the various items of this estimate, I could see that the best percentage of profit was made on the cigars. I paid only 1 dollar 50 cents and 2 dollars 50 cents a hundred for those I sold for a nickel, and three dollars and four dollars for those I sold for 10 cents and 15 cents. The next most profitable goods were liquor and "soft drinks."

(To be continued.)

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





# From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(BY UNCLE BARNABAS).

## "GRIT'S" BIRTHDAY.

Page Nine had a birthday not long ago. He was one year old, bless him! But his big brother, "Grit," will have a birthday on March 28, and will be two. The Baby—Page 9—through Uncle B., wishes his two-year-old relative many happy returns, and says, "Thank you for carrying me in your arms all this time!" And to all the "Ne's" and "Ni's" who love the Baby, he has a word or two to say on behalf of "Grit."

First—Will you make him happy on his birthday by remembering to say at prayer-time, "O Lord, bless 'Grit' to-day, and give him 52 blessings this year for Jesus Christ's sake?"

Second—Will you take him with you, on his birthday, to Sunday school, and ask your teacher if he will sometimes read an article to the class, and if he will get the scholars to do the Sunday Problems on Page 9?

Third—Will you take him to day school on the 29th, and introduce him to your young friends?

Fourth—Will you give up one week, beginning March 28, to get new subscribers? The Manager will allow you fourpence commission on every 1s 3d (a quarter's subscription) you send him.

Here, then, are the four things all "Seven to Seventeeners" may do to make "Grit" happy and to help him to grow fat and useful:

Give him a place in your prayers.

Resolve to make him known at Sunday school.

Introduce him to your Day school.

Take one week to get subscribers.

## FOR SUNDAY.

### ACROSTIC.

(The first letters of the words make a Bible name. It is not a well-known name. What is it? And where is it mentioned? Use the Authorised Version.)

1. A book of the Bible with 4 chapters and 85 verses.
2. A book with 6 chapters and 155 verses.
3. A book with 4 chapters and 55 verses.
4. A book with 1 chapter and 25 verses.
5. A book with 3 chapters and 56 verses.
6. A book with 9 chapters and 146 verses.
7. A book with 3 chapters and 47 verses.

## FOR MONDAY.

### THE PUZZLE OF THE CLOCK.

Vivian and Violet stood under the Post Office tower, and heard the clock strike six. Vivian looked at his watch while it did so, and said to Violet, "It took 30 seconds to strike six." Violet replied, "Then how long will it take to strike 12?" Vivian, who went to the High School, said, with a toss of his proud head: "Why, 60 seconds of course, you silly!" But it was Vivian who was silly. No wonder Violet tried to hide a smile and couldn't! What is the correct answer?

## LITTLE VERSES FOR VERY LITTLE PEOPLE.

### THE LITTLE GIRL THAT STOOD ON HER HEAD.

There was a little girl who had a little curl  
Right in the middle of her forehead;  
When she was good, she was very, very good,  
But when she was bad she was horrid.

One day she went upstairs, while her parents, unawares,  
In the kitchen, down below, were occupied with meals;

And she stood upon her head, on her little truckle bed,

And she then began hurrying with her heels.

Her mother heard the noise, and she thought it was the boys,

A-playing at a combat in the attic;  
But when she climbed the stair, and saw  
Jemima there,

She took and she did whip her most emphatic!

## A RAMBLE THROUGH ILLAWARRA.

By VERA MUSGRAVE.

The Illawarra district is very beautiful, and is becoming a favourite holiday resort. The George's River, Bulli Pass, Lake Illawarra are ideal picnic places.

The Blow-hole, at Kiama, is indeed a beautiful sight. There is a large hole in the rocks through which the water dashes and ascends many feet into the air descending again in a shower of spray.

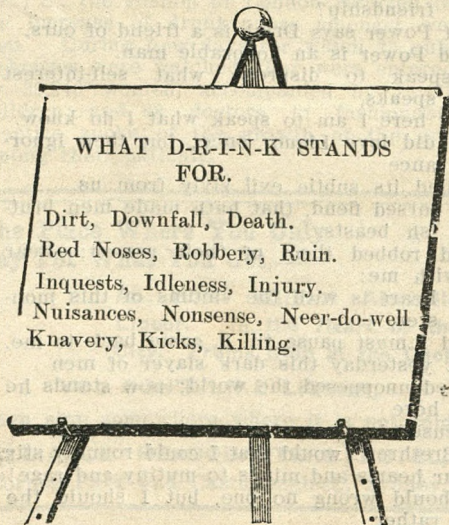
There are several coal mines in the district, of which those at Mount Keira and Mount Kembla are important. Dairying is one of the most important industries in the coast district, and many pretty scenes of farms with waving cornfields, and cattle feeding in the paddocks attract the eye.

There are little streams that have their source in the mountains, where wild flowers, such as Christmas Bells and Christmas bush, abound, also maiden-hair fern, fern-trees, and palms. The higher one ascends the more beautiful the view, and from the crest of the mountain in the early morning a scene of beauty meets the eye.

The sea on the east, lit up by the rising sun, is indeed magnificent, a glorious expanse of water, deep blue in colour, with a fringe of white foam where the breakers dash against the rocks and beach.

On the west, are the mountains, with their beautiful foliage, and in the flats are hundreds of cabbage-tree palms—a thin trunk rising sometimes to a height of 90 feet without leaves, and at the top is a cluster of branches. Pretty houses nestle among the trees. Cows and horses are on the hillsides; sometimes a startled hare runs across the path, while the birds are chirping and calling to one another, and all combine to make a very beautiful picture.

## FOR THE BAND OF HOPE MEETING.



## FROM OUR HEAD GARDENER.

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—Here are answers to "St. Paul's Journeys" (February 25):—(1) Antioch, (2) Berea, (3) Corinth, (4) Damascus, (5) Ephesus, (6) Galatia, (7) Iconium, (8) Jerusalem, (9) Lystra, (10) Macedonia, (11) Neapolis, (12) Philippi, (13) Rome, (14) Syria, (15) Thessalonica.

My beans and peas are coming on very well. The spinach is beautifully green.

Daisy (our cow) is finding out how lovely the grass is, after the rain. Everything looks beautiful. We have sunflowers and snapdragons out now. Our petunias have never ceased to flower since September. The marguerites, roses, and dahlias are also very pretty, and there are some geraniums out. My sweet peas are not up yet. I am sorry the 'Gardening Notes' were late, but I have not had time. Now I send fond love to all my cousins, aunts, Uncle A., and your own dear self.—From your sincere niece,

"GLADYS NOBLE."

## ANOTHER N. Z. COUSIN.

Eva Missen, of West Belt, who wrote a nice letter for Page 9 a fortnight ago, is a New Zealander. We left that out when we introduced her and Iris and Bernard. We shall look forward to receiving the article from Eva on "How to have a Happy Birthday." We, Australians, are proud of our New Zealand cousins and of their Fighting No-License Island Home.

## OUR PRAYER CIRCLE.

We pray for all "Seven to Seventeeners," and for each other. We will also pray for No-License and for "Grit." Our first six months is more than up, but we hope no one is tired of being in the Circle. If any wish to retire, please let Uncle B. know; if you are willing to stay in, say so the next time you write; if you would like to come in, send a post-card at once, or as soon as possible. The following are in it at present:—Uncle B., G.N., W.H.S.F., A.W., R.M., K.M., T.H., H.F.W., L.M., A.W.W., A.E.L., H.A.L.L., U.C.McB.

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

A boy who had been working in a bakery for some time was just about to finish his trade. One night when the boss was gone, he broke the marble slab he moulded his loaves on, so he went to the marble-yard to secure another, but could not find one. On the way back, he passed a graveyard, and as it was very dark he jumped over and pulled up a small headstone about the right size, and took it back and finished his job. The next day, after the bread had been delivered, nearly all of it was sent back. The baker looked at it and broke several loaves open, but found nothing wrong. Then he happened to turn one of the loaves over, and found on the under side of every loaf the inscription: "Here lies the body of Mrs. —. Born A.D., 1682, died A.D., 1740."

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## Legislation and the Barmaid

The preliminary steps towards the abolition of barmaids, as provided for in the South Australian Licensing Act of 1908, have been taken. The clerk of the Adelaide licensing bench states that applications for registration of barmaids, as required by the Act, have been received. Up to March 9 these numbered 321. Of that number 32 were refused, because they did not prove their bona fides, whilst the remainder were granted. Certificates of registration were prepared for those entitled to them. Daughters and step-daughters of licensees are not required to seek registration. After March 31, any licensee of an hotel who employs an unregistered barmaid, unless she is exempted from registration, will be liable to a penalty of not less than £2, and not more than £25. The girl concerned is also liable to a fine not exceeding £5.

The "Australian Star" has been interviewing some Sydney barmaids as to the South Australian legislation, requiring that they shall be registered before a certain date, and none not so registered will be allowed to serve behind the bar. Here are some of the opinions expressed:—

A barmaid in a leading city threepenny bar was loud in her protests against the new licensing idea. "I think it a silly interference with the liberty of women," she said. "Most of us live respectably—there are always black sheep, of course—and yet the Government interfere with us in a way which other people would not tolerate."

"There is no more difference between barmaids and waitresses than there is between coal carters and brick carters," said another smart girl in the bar of a George-street hotel. "Of course, now and again you get a man who forgets himself, but the proprietors don't tolerate that sort of thing. Anyway, people forget themselves in other places than bars."

"The hours are long, and the work is sometimes not what it should be," said a third barmaid. "I'm not so sure that I wouldn't be in favour of a Licensing Act. It would purify some of the places—and they need it. Besides, it seems to me that if they don't take away the livings of the respectable barmaids, the girls who are growing up can get into billets of a different kind, which are accounted purer and better for women. At the same time, you must remember that the revelations of sweating which the 'Star' has been publishing don't tend to make a barmaid anxious to lose her position. Our work has its drawbacks, but it is well paid, and not half as bad as many people think."

Another girl was also on the side of licensing women engaged in hotel bars. "Most men come to an hotel to drink," she remarked, "not to look at us. At times, perhaps one or twice a week, we get men who act disorderly, but the licensees are very good to their girls, and take prompt steps to remove these people. The lot of the barmaid is preferable to going out to

service, where you get 5s or 6s a week, and have to work 12 or 14 hours a day, scrubbing floors and so on, bossed about by the 'kids,' and afraid to say a word. I've been a servant, and wouldn't go back to it if they gave me £1 a week. But I do think that men are the proper attendants for bars, and if those girls in the trade are let alone the young people now growing up could get some employment where the temptations are fewer."

### A NO-LICENSE RECITATION.

(With apologies to Shakespeare.)

Friends, 'Stralians, Countrymen! Lend me your ears,  
I come to bury the Trade, not to praise it.  
The evil that Drink does lives after it;  
The good, alas, we never quite can see.  
So let it be condemned! Noble Bung and Co.  
Hath told you, Beer is delicious.  
If it be so, it is a grievous pity;  
And grievously its patrons do learn it.  
Here, under leave of our Alliance and its friends—

For our Alliance is a goodly thing,  
So are all its friends, all goodly folk—  
Come I now to speak at Drink's funeral.  
They call it friend; yet it hath proved our foe.

For Doctors say, it is a poison rank,  
And Doctors are all honorable men.  
It hath brought many captives down to death

Whose bodies have the dark graves filled.  
Doth this in Drink seem kind and gracious?

When that the poor have cried, Drink hath laughed;

Friendship should be made of kinder stuff.  
Yet Lloyd says it is an affectionate friend  
And Lloyd he is an honorable man.

You all have seen that on the altar  
Of this pseudo-friend, lives are sacrificed  
And souls destroyed; Is this the work of friendship?

Yet Power says Drink is a friend of ours,  
And Power is an honorable man.

I speak to disprove what self-interest speaks,

And here I am to speak what I do know.  
All did love Liquor once; but then Ignorance

Veiled its subtle evil slyly from us.  
O! cursed fiend, that hath made men brutish beasts,

And robbed them of their reason;—Bear with me:

My heart is with the victims of this monster,

And I must pause till it come back to me.  
But yesterday this dark slayer of men

Ruled unopposed the world; now stands he here  
Accused by every Nation of his crimes.

O Brethren! would that I could roundly stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage!  
I should wrong no one, but I should the rather

Do our nation gracious good and service.  
I will not strangle Liberty. Rather

I choose to strangle Drink; thus freeing men  
And women from its cursed viciousness.  
But here's a Testament, sealed by this Deceiver—

I found it in a gutter—'Tis the heritage  
Of those who fall beneath its deadly power.  
Let but the People see this testimony—

Which is but one who is a wreck of humanity—

And they will go and mourn with shame and sorrow;

Then, rising in their wrath, slay the Demon,

Yea, slay him, stabbing every vital part,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing Purity—a rich legacy—  
Unto their issue.

—GLEN INNESITE.

### THE CHILD LOOKS ON.

(Continued from Page 3.)

They learned the lesson first, and the way was prepared.

It was pity then.

But as the man came slowly back to life, dependent on his wife for everything, unable even to move without her help, there grew in him a strange new feeling. So long he lay there, helpless, while his mind became gradually conscious, he could watch her and his children come and go with all thoughts shut out from the sickroom but the thought of his happiness—the longing to see him better.

He saw it, and, through some grace of spirit, understood.

And as he slowly regained his strength, he began to move, and then to walk, the children wavered, uncertain as to how things would be when once more he was well, and looked for those bottles on the sideboard. Their voices were still timid, and their faces anxious, when they spoke to him. There was a wistfulness in it that seemed to beg piteously to give them what was their need, their right, what pity and love were hesitatingly waiting for—respect for their father.

And it came.

With prayer, with many an effort of will, sometimes with just a sign to him that she his wife fought for him, sometimes dumbly, sometimes with just a sign to him that she could understand, till his own will took life again, and he, too, had learnt the power to fight the bravest fight of all.

[The second prize essay printed last week was by Miss Elsie Symonds.\*]

A young woman was in company with a university graduate, and naturally the talk ran upon books. By and bye, there was a lull in the conversation, broken presently by the young woman, who said, "What do you think of Fielding, Mr. Smith?"

"Oh," was the answer, "fielding is important, of course; but it isn't worth much unless you have a good batting average."

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## THE CHILDREN OF THE CLERGY.

(Continued from Page 7.)

"She has given to the world of politics such men as Sir Samuel Morland, Sir Edwin Sandys, Carstares, Thurloe, Sir Philip Francis, who may claim a place also in the history of letters and of the Empire, and in recent days Robert Lowe, afterwards Viscount Sherbrooke, W. E. Forster, the founder of a national system of education, and H. C. E. Childers. She has given to the Army Sir Eyre Coote, Sir Herbert Edwardes, Sir John Inglis, the defender of Lucknow, Lord Harris of Seringapatam, and Sir Abraham Roberts, the father of Lord Roberts, soldiers who all by a curious coincidence won their name and fame in India; and to the Navy Sir Hyde Parker, Viscount Hood, and, beyond and above all others, Nelson.

"The contribution of the clerical homes of Great Britain to the service of the State abroad and at home has been signal in the past; and it is not less signal to-day. For in the catalogue of Englishmen who have stamped their names as founders or conquerors or administrators upon the imperial history of the British Empire in recent years there are none who stand higher than the late Mr. Rhodes and Lord Curzon of Kedleston.

"But it is in literature that the sons and daughters of the clergy have achieved their supreme distinction. If English literature is, as it may be justly held to be, the richest, the most enduring treasure of the Anglo-Saxon race, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that that literature would be robbed of half its glory if so much of it as has been contributed by the sons and daughters of the clergy were taken away. For among the poets who were born in clerical homes are Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Marvell, Otway, Thomson, Tickell, Cowper, and Tennyson; among the historians, Alison, Fuller, Hallam, Robertson, and Froude; among the novelists, Jane Austen, Charlotte Bronte, and her sisters, Mrs. Gaskell, and Charles Kingsley; among the essayists, Addison and Hazlitt; among the scholars, Casaubon; among the travellers, Arthur Young; among the men of letters who achieved an equal success in many branches of literature, Oliver Goldsmith, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Matthew Arnold. Nor are these all. What a crowd of names, scarcely less famous perhaps than these, comes flooding upon the memory in the thought even of the literature of the nineteenth century—Calverley, Hawker, Leigh Hunt, Henry Kingsley, G. A. Lawrence (the author of 'Guy Livingstone'), Lockhart (the son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott), Mark Pattison, Frederick Tennyson, and Charles Tennyson-Turner, W. N. Molesworth, Moultrie, Blackmore, Myers, and many others, all alike showing the wealth of the literary stream which has flown, like a Pactolus, from the parsonages and manse of Great Britain to enrich the nation, the Empire, and the Anglo-Saxon race!

"The names enumerated in this article are but a fraction, although the most distinguished part, of the 1270 names gathered from the pages of the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' But it is the sum total of the 1270 names which can alone adequately represent what has been the service rendered by the sons and daughters of the clergy to the State.

"But whatever be the reason of the part which the children of the clergy have played for three or four centuries in the national life of Great Britain, the fact is undeniable. No single source has contri-

buted so much to the learning and energy and honour of the nation as its clerical homes. The 'sons of the manse' have long since won a repute which has become proverbial in Scotland. Not less distinguished or devoted have been the children who have sprung from the rectories and vicarages of England."

"J. E. C. WELLDON."

## ROUND THE WORLD.

In England and Wales, out of every 100,000 girls and boys, 6820 are called Mary and 6590 William.

Two-thirds of all the letters which pass through the post-offices of the world are written in English.

The King of Spain is the only monarch who does not sign his name to documents and edicts. His signature is simply "Yo, el Rey"—"I, the King."

When a vessel is on her trial trip she runs four times over a measured mile, twice with and twice against the tide. Her average speed is thus arrived at.

Miss Sarah Jones has just celebrated her seventy-fifth birthday at the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney Heath (Eng.), where she has been an inmate for more than 51 years.

A retired ship-captain was summoned at the South-Western (London) Police Court for cruelty to a dog. He took it to a public-house, and gave it whisky, gin, rum, and brandy, till the dog staggered as if intoxicated and fell dead—of alcoholic poisoning.

An ingenious Manchester inventor has patented a lamp-post which, it is suggested, should be placed near every pillar-box in large cities. It is to be fitted with fire-alarm, first-aid telephone, roll-up ambulance stretcher, street map, and chemical fire-extinguisher, and will, it is said, cost very little more than the present lamp-post.

A recent Canadian invention, worked by two men and a boy, will lay 400 to 600 bricks an hour. Door and window spaces cause only a slight delay. The machine is suited for all plain work, such as walls, sheds, mills, factories, rows of cottages, and piers or bridges. Considerable pressure is put upon the bricks, and it is claimed that the work is more firmly done than by hand. The invention will do the work of six or seven skilled bricklayers, and it is believed that a machine adapted to build a factory covering about 60ft. by 40ft., could be put on the market for £100.

Speaking at the Women's Union of the C.E.T.S., the Bishop of London referred to the increase of drunkenness amongst women. During four days for which 23 public-houses were watched, they were entered by 39,540 women, accompanied by 10,471 children; and 88 doctors in fashionable practice spoke of the growth of the evil among their patients.

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Light Ground Delainettes and Organdi Muslins, in good designs and colourings; usual 5½d to 7½d; Sale, 3½d.  
Delainettes, Grafton Voiles, Organdi Muslins, etc., light and covered grounds, in a profusion of good designs and colours; usual, 7½d to 10½d; Sale, 4½d.  
Grafton Voiles, Swiss Rose Muslins, Organdi Muslins, in good Rose designs on white and covered grounds, floral cluster and spray designs, also stripes; usual 8½d to 1/-; Sale, 5½d.  
Cream Ground, Hairline Muslins, embroidered in diamond designs of Black, Navy, Helio., and Pink; Radium Lawn, Grafton Voiles, in stripe, spot, and floral designs; Plisse Block Stripe Voiles, Grafton Voiles, in the new floral cluster and bouquet patterns; usual, 9½d to 1¼; Sale, 6d.

### FRENCH PRINTED EOLIEENNE VOILE.

in white and covered ground, all good designs, including floral, leaf, and cluster patterns; usual 11½d; Sale, 5½d.  
Muslin Embroidered Blouse Ends, White, with front embroidered in Self, Pink, and Sky. These lengths have the Embroidered Front with sufficient plain material to complete the blouse. Sale, 1/8.  
Swiss Muslin Embroidered Blouse Ends, fronts beautifully worked and tucked; Sale 1/11 to 2/6.

### SILK BARGAINS.

206 pcs. Japanese Silk, all colours, 20in.; usual, 8½d; Sale, 6½d.  
56 pcs. Japanese Silk, in all colours, 20in.; usual 1/-; Sale, 9½d.  
48 pcs. Japanese Silk, all colours, 23in.; usual 1¼; Sale 1/-.  
102 pcs. Japanese Silk, all colours, 27in.; usual, 1/6; Sale 1/-.  
28 pcs. Japanese Silk, heavy weight, all colours, 27in.; usual, 1/11; Sale, 1/6.  
20 pcs. Tussore China Silk, 18in.; usual, 1/2; Sale, 10½d.  
35 pcs. Tussore China Silk, bright finish, 26in.; usual 1/3 and 2/3; Sale, 1/6 and 1/9.  
12 pcs. Tussore China Silk, 34in.; usual, 2/6; Sale, 1/11.  
Black All-Silk Merveilleux; usual, 1/9; Sale 1/3.  
Black Glace; usual, 2/9; Sale, 1/9.  
86in. Black Chiffon Glace Silk, untearable, extra special value; usual, 3/11; Sale, 3/3.

### BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS.

Nun's Veiling, all wool, in Grey, Sky, Buttercup, and Eau-de-nil, 36in.; usual, 10½d Sale, 5½d.  
Lustre, fine make, bright finish, in Light Grey, Mid Grey, Champagne, Saxe Blue, Fawn, and Copenhagen Blue, 42in.; usual, 1/9; Sale, 12½d.  
Canvas Voile, all wool, in Tabac, Golden Brown, Fawn, and Grey, 42in.; usual, 1/3; Sale, 5½d.  
Bradford Cashmeres, in Black, Cream, and all colours; usual, 5½d; Sale, 4½d.  
Summer Stripe Tweeds, in Hairline and Block effect, in Pink, Helio., Fawn, Navy, Grey, Sky, Turquoise, 39in.; usual, 9½; Sale, 7½d.  
Two-tone Hairline Delaines and Cross-bar Check Lustres, on Cream ground in Helio., Navy, Pink, and Grey, 40in.; usual, 1/6; Sale, 11½d.  
Canvas Voile, all wool, in Cream; usual, 11½d; Sale, 9½d.  
Special job purchase of POTTERS' WORLD-RENOVED CAMBRICS, light grounds, in stripes, spots, sprigs, and fancy designs. All guaranteed fast colours; usual, 6½d; Sale, 4½d.  
Big Purchase of POTTERS' BEST CAMBRICS, light ground, in all best printing, and absolutely good washing; usual, 7½d; Sale, 5½d.  
Bordered Zephyrs, in Helio., Pink, Sky, Pale Reseda 48in.; usual, 1/4; Sale, 9d.  
American Prints, all fast colours, in Block, Indigo and Red grounds, in spots and sprigs; usual, 3½d; Sale, 2/11 doz.  
Prints, butcher grounds, in spots and sprigs; usual, 3/-; Sale, 1/11 doz.  
Prints, all fast dye, in Navy, Butcher, Red, and Black grounds, in spots and sprigs; usual, 5½d; Sale, 4½d.  
Delainettes and Nainsook, soft make, in Navy and Black grounds, spots and sprigs and spray designs, fast colours; usual, 6d and 6½d; Sale, 4½d.  
White Ground Cambrics, in spots and small designs, also in Helio., and Red, and Navy-check; usual, 4½d yd.; Sale, 2/11 doz.  
40in. Rusil Lining, in Black, White, and all colours; usual, 6½d; Sale, 5½d.

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Horrocks's A1 White Calico, 3/9 doz.  
20 pcs. Yard-wide Calico; usual, 3/6; Sale, 2/11 doz.  
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68/70 White Twill Sheeting; usual, 10½d yd; Sale, 8½d yd.

72in. White Twill Sheeting; usual, 1/- yd; Sale, 10½d yd.  
White Honeycomb Quilts, single bed size; usual, 3/11; Sale, 3/3 each.  
Three-quarter Bed Honeycomb Quilts; usual, 4/6 each; Sale, 3/11 each.  
Double Bed Honeycomb Quilts; usual, 5/11; Sale, 4/11 each.  
Extra Large Double Bed Honeycomb Quilts, usual, 8/6; Sale, 6/9 each.  
Extra Large Double Bed Honeycomb Quilts, usual, 9/9; Sale, 7/9 each.  
Single Bed Coloured Alhambra Quilts; usual, 1/11; Sale, 1/6 each.  
Three-quarter Bed Coloured Alhambra Quilts; usual, 3/11 each; Sale, 2/11 each.  
Double Bed Coloured Alhambra Quilts; usual, 4/11 each; Sale 3/11 each.  
White Table Damask, 60in. wide; usual, 1/1; Sale, 9½d yd.  
White Mercerised Damask, 72in. wide; usual, 2/6; Sale, 1/9 yd.  
48in. wide, Unbleached Table Damask; usual, 9½; Sale, 7½d yd.  
66in. Unbleached Linen Damask, extra heavy; usual, 2/-; Sale, 1/6½d yd.  
Mercerised Serviettes, hemstitched, ready for use, size 22 x 22; usual, 8/6; Sale, 6/6 doz.  
Mercerised Serviettes, hemstitched; usual, 11/9; Sale, 8/9 doz.  
Coloured Bordered Damask Cloths, size 40 x 40, usual, 1/6½; Sale, 1/-; 50 x 50, usual, 1/11; Sale 1/6; 50 x 60, usual, 2/11; Sale, 1/11.  
60 doz. White Turkish Towels, size 14 x 30; usual, 3/6 doz.; Sale, 2/6.  
40 doz. White Turkish Towels, size 18 x 36; usual, 4¼d; Sale, 3/11 doz.  
25 doz. White Turkish Towels, size, 19 x 38; usual, 6¾d; Sale, 5½ each.  
60 doz. White Turkish Towels, size 20 x 48, and 23 x 50; usual, 10½d; Sale, 8½d each.  
Our Special Bath Towel, size 33 x 36; usual, 1/6¼; Sale, 1/-.  
35 doz. Brown Turkish Towels, 13 x 38; usual, 6d; Sale, 4¾d each.  
36 doz. Brown Turkish Towels, size 19 x 41; usual, 7½d; Sale, 6d each.  
20 doz. Brown Turkish Towels, size 22 x 46; usual, 1/-; Sale, 9½d each.  
White Lace Curtains, 2½ yds. long; usual, 3/6; Sale, 2/6.  
270 pcs. White Lace Curtains, 3½ yds. long; usual, 5/6; Sale, 3/9 pr.  
White Lace Curtains, 3½ yds. long; usual, 6/9; Sale, 5/6 pr.  
22in. Nottingham Lace Valance Net, with frill; usual, 6d; Sale, 2¾d yd.  
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