

PUREST

FRY'S COCOA

& BEST

GRIFF

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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Price One Penny

DAMNED BY DRINK

Her Boy. He had been hers in his youth. They said he was like her, and he loved her then. She had often sat for hours by his cradle and read out of that beautiful face his future—and hers, for what was hers belonged to him, and what he had or made was hers. They were one heart. She had sacrificed her youth to give her boy a chance, and her joy had been the tears she shed on his pillow while he slept. He didn't know, and if he did, he forgot. Most boys do. She had built air castles for him—sleeping and waking—not of fancy, though her fancy re-touched them. She knew his genius, and she knew as well the taint in his blood. She counted him up without it, and it was

motherlike to forget it. She loved him as she loved no one else, and a mother's love is not stern. If she made a mistake she didn't know it then. But in the wreck of the years she remembered, and it smote her.

To-day her boy is lost in a sodden, uncouth man of thirty. You would scarcely know in him the blue-eyed, dimpled child whose portrait hangs over the sofa where he lies in torpid slumber. The light is gone from his eye, his face is pale, and in it is the dark tragedy of a beaten manhood.

And the mother, bent not with the weight of her years, but with the burden of a great sorrow, gray with snows that have come in

cruel haste on the very heels of summer, sits beside him—her boy. She loves him still—for what he was. She keeps the memory. No part of her early vision is left to her. Her day dreams have melted, and to day she gathers the broken threads together and seeks to weave them into the vague vision of other years.

If you had seen him you would have wondered if this could be that mother's boy. Faded she is and marked with the years, but she is beautiful, compared with this soiled garble of a man buried in the fetid fumes of his own debauch. The wind howls against the eaves as if to twist the roof from the cottage shell it had been pledged to protect. The windows rattle in their sockets, and the lamp on the rude table where she sits answers every gust of wind that blows. The shadow trembles on that pale, wan face, and she shivers. It is not because the little room is cold, nor because she fears the uncanny noises that the storm is tatooing on the old stove-pipe chimney, nor does she dread that the ragged form upon the sofa will rise from his heavy sleep. It is the bitterness of memory that chafes her sad heart and makes her tremble. Her boy—still hers—but somehow to-night she wishes for death for him and her. She thinks of the then and the now, the days of her youth and her childhood—the first night he disclosed the appetite she dreaded, the kiss with which he had sealed her lips as he left her, her long delirium of wakefulness, the heavy footfall, the prostrate form lying in the hall-way amid the shadows of the midnight, her own tears and the agony that filled her soul, and then the shame and humiliation of that morning meeting.

And now age had come and gray hairs. Now her child was a man—and such a man! The world despised him, and in his sober moments he despised himself—but to the mother he was still her boy. Battered and broken, the semblance of what he might have been, friendless and poor, he had still a mother, and she had still—a boy.

Rum may shatter homes and break friendships. It may damn and poison everything



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that a clean hand cares to touch. But there is a citadel that it has not taken, where, while life lasts, the prodigal may find an asylum for his penitence and his misery. The saloon has never yet damned back the fountain of a mother's tears, nor has it stifled the full and free affection of a mother's heart.

HE KEPT THE FLAG FLYING.

A remarkable incident, illustrative of the staunch loyalty of the Canadian to the Mother Country, is related by a correspondent, who formerly occupied a position on the editorial staff of a Glasgow newspaper, but who recently forsook the paths of journalism for the furrows of the fertile soil of the Dominion.

Although the Canadians may sometimes pretend to scorn all British institutions," he writes, "they carefully treasure all associations with the old country and openly revere the old flag." The incident in question occurred at Buffalo, "just over the line." In that city it would appear that the Yankee obtrudes his patriotism on all possible occasions, and flaunts the Stars and Stripes on every available flagpole. A little distance outside the town resides a Canadian who demonstrates that his heart still beats true to the land of his forebears by flying the Union Jack aloft on his house, which stands alongside a public road. Two young American "sports," in a private motor, evidently annoyed at the display, stopped their car opposite the house. One of the motorists straightway suggested to his friend that they should pull down the flag. His remarks were uttered in a tone sufficiently loud to allow the owner of the house to hear them, and he determined, if possible, to humiliate the ardent youths. With this purpose in view he seized hold of his gun and waited eventualities. Sure enough, the Yankees approached the flag-pole, unloosened the cord and had just lowered the Jack a few feet, when the Canadian stepped into the open. Confronting them with levelled rifle, he forced the youths to rehoist the flag, take off their caps, and salute it.

It was a case of a bold action being circumvented by a bolder one, and no doubt the youthful Yankees will profit by their experience.

THE COMPULSORY CLAW-HAMMER.

Certain sections of London Society profess to be deeply shocked at the conduct of a real live Earl who the other night presented himself at a Strand hotel and asked for dinner. He had the money with him to pay for the dinner, and it is not the fact that an Earl should propose to dine at a Strand hotel that has caused the shock, for Earls dine at places of the kind every evening. No; the fact that has sent a thrill of annoyance through Belgravia and Mayfair is that the Earl though the hotel he approached is one of the best and most stylish in the land, was not in evening-dress. He was not served. No chucker-out or other vulgar person turned him away; he was just told, politely but firmly, that he could not dine there unless he wore evening dress. The iconoclastic Earl passed meditatively on to some less fastidious establishment, and it is not to be supposed that his spirited—should I say daring?—attempt at sartorial revolution will bear any fruit, for the patrons of certain of London's hotels and restaurants would as soon think of going without dinner as of dining minus the claw-hammer and the white shirt of civilisation, and they will sternly support the proprietors who decree that evening-dress is imperative for dinner.

THE TEMPERANCE AVALANCHE. FINLAND.

The new Finnish Diet in November last passed one of the strongest Prohibition Bills ever framed. It provides for a total prohibition of all traffic in spirits, beer, and wine; only for medical and technical purposes may spirits be produced, imported, stored, and distributed as a State monopoly. Exceptions are made for the Russian troops in Finland. The ecclesiastical use of wine is forbidden, and some non-alcoholic beverage must be substituted at the Communion. One member—a male one, it may be added—could not see why churches should be the only taverns left in the country. No one is allowed to keep alcoholic drinks in his house, unless he can prove that he came into possession of them before the law came into force. The law authorises the police and various other officials to enter any house, on reasonable grounds of suspicion, and search it for spirits, wine, or beer. Carrying alcoholic matter involves the forfeiture of the vehicle, with horse and harness; similarly, a vessel the principal cargo of which consists of alcoholic drinks will be seized. Penalties for other offences against the law are exceedingly heavy, varying from a fine of £4 to penal servitude for three years. There is no provision in the law for compensation for the loss of licenses, and of the capital and goodwill represented by breweries and distilleries, etc.

THE BOARD OF TRADE.

Mr. Lloyd-George said that the Board of Trade, of which he was president, was called upon officially to watch the movements of all kinds of trade. "That brings us straight to the liquor traffic, and I will tell you what we have discovered in the course of enquiries which have been pursued, especially during the last two years, into the trade and industry of this and other countries; we have discovered that the liquor-traffic in this country is a greater handicap of our trade, our commerce, and our industry, than all the tariffs of the world put together. It is an annual bill of something between £150,000,000 and £200,000,000. At a very moderate estimate, half of that is excess—something which impairs the faculties, depresses the vitality of the nation, consumes energy, mental and physical, which, from the purely trade point of view, is the wasting of a great national asset. And therefore, as Minister for Trade, I watch the ravages of drink with an anxious eye."

THE PRESBYTERIAN CLERGY.

At the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of New Zealand, recently held in Wellington, ready testimony was forthcoming as to the success of No-License in the various areas in which it had been carried. From the Annual Temperance Report presented to the Assembly, which was adopted, it appears that over 90 per cent. of the ministers preached on Temperance during the year. The Ministers' Total Abstinence Society had increased its membership by eleven, and now stands at 195.

HELPING THE VICTIM.

The City Court representative of the Melbourne Total Abstinence Society states that the new method for dealing with persons charged with drunkenness by allowing an offender a chance after he had signed the pledge is working very well. Since Octo-

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ber, when the system was adopted, 750 persons had signed the pledge, and only 121 had broken it. That showed that some good was being effected by the system, said Mr. Cresswell, the police magistrate, recently, who thought it a far better method than of sending the offenders to gaol.

THEY MUST GO.

The Reduction Board in Victoria last week awarded compensation in respect to 27 metropolitan hotels, which have been ordered to be closed. The total amount awarded was £26,471, of which the owners receive £21,690, and the occupiers £4781.

WANTED!

A MAN—who is gentle and just;
A man who is upright and true to his trust;
Who cares more for honour and love than for pelf,
And who holds his neighbour as dear as himself.
Who's sober and earnest, and merry and gay,
Who cheerfully shoulders the cares of the day;
Whose principle's high, whose integrity's strong;
Who'd rather do right any time than do wrong.
Do you think I might find such a man in the city?

WANTED!

A WOMAN—no saint, understand;
But a womanly woman, who on every hand
Sheds the lustre of purity, goodness and grace,
Who carries her loveliness stamped on her face;
Whose wisdom's intuitive insight is deep;
Who's poised in her little world's centre, and who
Is gentle, responsive and tender and true;
Whose sweetness and graciousness fit like a gown.
Do you think I might find such a one in the town?

JIM

By the Author of "The Mistress of Osterode Farm."

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He hath given;
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As in His heaven.

—J. Greenleaf Whittier.

Miss Neville, of Landwyth House, a lady of decided character and views, was the possessor of a fine estate in the West of England. Having an excellent memory and a real interest in the subject, she knew the family history and the besetting sins of each inhabitant of the village of Crowsbeck, wherein resided her workpeople and her tenants. In short, she was a stern, if benevolent, autocrat.

The villagers, a sleepy conservative set, were, as a rule, as submissive as could be wished, they were used to their landlady and her ways. Of late, however, a stranger had settled just outside Crowsbeck, and had brought with him an independent spirit; he had been known on several occasions to contradict Miss Neville and refuse her advice as to the best method of pruning his fruit-trees. Moreover, Thomas Price had living with him an orphan nephew—a boy of seven—who, imbued probably with socialistic and revolutionary sentiments, was the foremost in every kind of mischief, the leader of the village boys and the bete noir of Miss Neville's faithful retainer and lady's maid, Raymond.

It was altogether against Miss Neville's principles to listen to tale-bearing, yet it was hard to shut her ears to Raymond's insinuations.

"There's that boy again, m'am, Jim Price. Would you believe, he stayed out till dark last night and was found right on the top of the great Tor—been after sea-gulls' eggs, if you please?"

"That is no crime, Raymond," answered the mistress, who prided herself upon being just.

"As you please, m'am; but having tore his suit to shreds, as Mrs. Snagge tells me, he had to be hauled up the rocks by Captain Irvine. Look at him now, m'am! Look!"

Miss Neville stopped the fat white pony she was driving, and looked in the direction in which Raymond pointed. Sure enough there was the delinquent, his face flushed, his curly hair floating in the wind, with shrieks of laughter he was pursuing a couple of Landwyth cows across one of her own Landwyth meadows.

"You have seen it with your own h'eyes, m'am," said Raymond.

When it turned out that Jim Price had played truant from school that afternoon, Miss Neville complained first to the schoolmaster and then to Jim's uncle. She did not gain much by her interference with the latter, and he was reported to have said that he could manage the boy without assistance.

The breach between the great house and Rowcroft grew deeper.

Jim bore no malice; the very next day after the complaint had been lodged he met Miss Neville driving alone, over a rough field way, and he ran as fast as his legs could carry him to open the gate for her.

He was a tall child for his age, straight and well grown, with laughing grey eyes and red cheeks.

The great lady nodded graciously in acknowledgment of the service. Jim stood smiling; then he nodded in return, and fled

along the path: he had not the manners to touch his hat.

Miss Neville regretted her momentary weakness: "Boy!" she commanded, "come back."

But Jim was half way to the village by this time, and worse still, Rufus the terrier, forsaking his mistress, was close at his heels. Somehow or other, all animals loved Jim.

* * * *

The summer was hot and dry; the village roads were an inch deep in dust. Of late the motors had found out this quiet spot; they ventured down the steep hill and came tearing through the valley.

The first motor cars had made a sensation at Crowsbeck; even now the women at their cottage doors still stood staring after them, and the children naturally took the liveliest interest in the arrival of each snorting monster, and amongst the children none was keener than Jim Price to shout after a motor or to race it down the street.

One hot afternoon, a huge motor appeared, enveloped in clouds of dust. Immediately the boys rushed to the fore, racing backwards and forwards. Jim emerged triumphant from the melee, pushing little Fred Snagge well in front of him.

"Last across!" he cried as the motor whizzed past, and fell into the arms of Captain Ben Irvine, the old coastguardsman.

"Gently, lad, gently," began Captain Ben. As ill luck would have it, just at that moment, Miss Neville came sailing majestically down the street.

"What has the boy being doing now?" she inquired. Captain Ben maintained a discreet silence, he had a soft place in his heart for the little chap, who slipped a confiding hand into his.

It was Mrs. Snagge who bore witness to Jim's misdeeds. He was for ever in mischief; he drew her Fred into the midst of it, like a lamb to the slaughter. She couldn't and wouldn't stand by any longer and hold her tongue. He was the daringest young monkey that ever she saw, and it was high time that somebody put a stop to his pranks; and her Fred the best child you could meet in a day's march before ever them Prices came to Crowsbeck.

Thus appealed to, Miss Neville proceeded to deliver judgment, and her judgment was the more severe as she remembered past misdeeds.

"James Price," she said, with great solemnity, conscious that a small crowd was gathering round her, "this is not the first complaint I have received of your bad conduct. I hope it may be the last. To show my disapproval of your behaviour, I forbid you to come to the school treat on Wednesday next. I do not desire the presence of disobedient and naughty children at Landwyth. Do you understand?"

All the fun faded out of Jim's round face; he turned his eyes beseechingly on the great lady. "Oh, please, ma'am!" he stammered.

Miss Neville never changed her mind; she invariably went through with an unpleasant job when she had once begun it. So she turned her back on Jim, refused to listen to Irvine's protest, and went her way to strike Jim's name out of the invitation list, confident that she had done her duty.

"Taint Jim's fault," shouted little Fred, struggling from his mother's grasp; he was a slow, fat child of five, with white hair and pale blue eyes; "we was all in it, and Jim never dragged me, I comed of myself."

"All right, Fred; never you mind," said Jim soothingly. He could make light of his misfortune before the others, but as he climbed the hill homewards his heart waxed heavy within him.

Wednesday morning rose fair, a fresh wind was blowing and white clouds sailed in a blue sky over a blue sea.

It was a whole holiday; in every cottage preparations were being made for Miss Neville's party. Boys and girls were running in and out, and whispering in corners; mothers were brushing refractory heads of hair, cleaning boots and ironing white frocks. Two o'clock struck.

Up on the hillside, Jim (for once idle)

lay fulllength on the shortgrass and watched a gull float by. Brave as he was, he could not face the sight of his companions, who were just about to start for Landwyth House. The treat was the great event of the year, to which he had been looking forward ever since he first heard of its glories. Fred, and the other boys, had often told him of the games, the swings, the prizes, the conjuror, the tea, the supper, the presents when you came away, and how Miss Neville's nephew was there from London, and let you shoot with a real gun—at the thought of the gun, big tears rolled down his cheeks, and he did not understand why he was to stay away, or what he had done that was so bad—he had promised Captain Ben not to run in front of motors any more.

"I didn't hurt no one," he said, "nor the motor neither!"

After all, he was only a little boy, and the sense of being unjustly treated was very hard to bear. He couldn't help looking down the valley, the children were marching two and two along the road, girls first, boys next; banners flying. The sound of a shrill cheer reached him. He buried his face in his hands with a sob.

"Jim! Jim!" cried a small voice.

Jim looked up, close behind him was Fred in all his Sunday best, his cheeks scarlet, his eyes round with excitement. He slipped on to the grass by Jim's side.

"Why ain't you along with the others?"

"Don't want no treats without yer!" was the brief reply.

"Did you tell them down there?"

A complacent smile crept over Fred's face.

"Runned away!" he said.

Then the whole beautiful truth dawned on Jim's mind—Fred had stuck to him in his disgrace, Fred had given up the feast on his account. The sun was shining, the seagull had swept down to the glittering sands, where the rocks were full of pools and seaweed, and crabs and shrimps, and a chance of a lobster—!

He sprang to his feet. "Come along!" he shouted. "You and me 'll go down and play. I'll take care of yer."

Fred nodded assent, his faith in his friend was entirely unshaken by the great house verdict.

"Come on," he said, and then the two, laughing and shouting, ran into the valley.

* * * *

The sun was setting as the boys returned from the sands, wet and happy, their pockets full of sea treasures. It had been a delightful afternoon; no thought of the school feast had damped their joy. They had climbed rocks; they had built a castle; they had scampered away from swift-following waves; they had found a long bamboo stick washed up by the tide.

Jim, in the highest of spirits, devoted himself entirely to his friend. He helped him over difficult places, trying to prevent him from spoiling his best clothes; and now, as it was getting late, he resolved to take him home by the short cut and make things easier for him for having played truant. Mrs. Snagge was not a person to be trifled with; nevertheless, Jim was going to explain that the fault was his, and not the "little 'un's."

Fred, hot and sleepy, took events placidly, perhaps he knew that his mother's bark was worse than her bite. Jim had promised to take care of him, and that was enough.

The stream that divided the valley and ran across shifting sands was very full to-night; the water made little noise, but moved steadily towards the flowing tide. A row of huge stepping-stones had stood on the bed of the river from time immemorial; by jumping from one to another you crossed as safely as if there had been a bridge.

As a rule the stones stood high out of the water; to-night only the tops of them were to be seen. Jim took the lead. "Come on quick, Fred," he said, "we'll do it easy!"

Fred came on and Jim drew himself on one side. "You go first and I'll follow."

Fred obeyed. The first two or three jumps were simple enough, and Jim was close at hand, but Fred's legs were short and he was tired out. The smooth running water made him giddy; every now and then a little wave came racing nearer.

"I can't get no farther!"

Jim turned his head quickly. The water was lapping the surface of the first stepping-stone. They could not get back. All at once he realised the danger, not for him—he could easily have sprung from rock to rock—but for little fat Fred.

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"Go on!" he urged. "You must. I'm here!"

Thus encouraged, Fred tried again, and cleared the next stone. There he stood shivering.

"I can't Jim, I shall be drowned."

"No you won't; cheer up!" shouted Jim.

He dared not push the child for fear of flinging him over, so he planted the bamboo stick deep in the bed of the stream and swung himself lightly on to Fred's stone, and so on to the next one.

Once there, he held out his hand and dragged his friend over.

"Well done!" he cried. "You're real brave."

Fred looked up in his face wonderingly. "It's you what's brave!" he gasped, "but oh! don't leave me!" for Jim had jumped back again.

There was no room for two in safety on that last stone. Fred must get over alone now.

"It's all right, matey, don't wait," he shouted cheerfully. "Take the stick. Over you go before that little wave. Now!"

The water rose higher and higher; it swept over Jim's feet; he could hardly stand.

Fred, obedient to the last, clutched the long stick, jumped and fell full length on the stony shore.

It took him a minute or two to regain his feet.

"Jim!" he cried, "Jim, I'm here!"

The long white waves were leaping high, the sea and the river were all one now.

Jim was not there. There were no stepping-stones to be seen, only the fast-flowing water.

* * * * *

When the boys were missed, Captain Ben was the first to organise a search party. They came upon little Fred near the stepping-stones. He had evidently sobbed himself to sleep.

Farther down the valley they found Jim, lying on the white sands where the tide had brought him. The rough men, who had loved and scolded the boy, uncovered at the presence of death, while Captain Ben knelt in prayer.

Jim's body was unhurt, his face unscathed. He had given his life for his friend. Death had taken him swiftly; his brave spirit had entered the Courts of God.

* * * * *

It was dark when Fred awoke to find himself in Captain Ben's arms, wrapped in his thick jacket. It was odd to be out of doors at night.

"Where's Jim?" he asked, rubbing his eyes.

The old man stooped tenderly over the child.

"Jim has gone home," he said.

"Safe, Captain Ben? He got me safe over."

"Quite safe, my lad. Don't cry. The Almighty looks after His own."

"Amen," murmured Fred. "Jim's always last across," and fell fast asleep again.

* * * * *

Miss Neville came to the funeral, and stood between Thomas Price and sobbing Mrs. Snagge, the tears fell from her own eyes and her face was lined with pain.

Afterwards the servants at the great House affirmed that the mistress began to age from the hour that she received the news of the accident at the stepping-stones. She "took it hard," they said. Yet there was many a mother and many a child in the village who knew full well that though Miss Neville was changed, her heart had not become "hard," rather tender.

She had always been generous to the sick and the virtuous, now she was tolerant even to the black sheep, and, moreover, from the day of little Jim Price's death, no child ever appealed to her for sympathy in vain.

◆◆◆◆◆

FRANCES BRADLEY STORR.

THE GIRL PREACHER.

A year ago this twelve-year old maiden was unknown outside the circle of home and school, and she lived an ordinary, happy life in her English cottage home. She is the youngest of five children, and her mother, known as Sister Storr, is doing excellent work as Police Court Missioner in Doncaster. From her earliest childhood, Frances has been surrounded by religious influences, but never exhibited unusual precocity until last year, when, after her conversion at the Primitive Methodist Sunday-school, she felt an inward call to plead with others. Long and earnestly did her mother reason with her, telling her of the tremendous difficulties in her path, and it was not until after much prayer and meditation that Frances was allowed to preach her first sermon in the Primitive Methodist chapel of South Ferriby, Lincolnshire. Here her efforts met with such success that ever since she has been besieged with requests for her services. Not one quarter of these can she accept, for her mother is careful that her health should not be overtaxed.

It was with some curiosity that I sought

out Frances in her home, having before my eyes visions of so-called "prodigies"—neurotic, hysterical, self-conscious prigs—but the reality was very different: just a simple maiden with an oval, expressive face, lighted by blue eyes and framed in dark hair. Quiet, child-like, and retiring in manner, speaking little unless addressed, but then answering simply and unaffectedly.

In the pulpit she is generally accompanied by her mother, and she sits calm and composed until she rises to her feet. Then, as she begins to speak, her eyes light up, and in a clear, musical, and expressive voice she delivers her message.

She betrays not the slightest token of self-consciousness or nervousness, and her manner is persuasive and impressed with sincerity. Her sermon has been previously written out in full, and then destroyed after brief notes have been made on a card. This she holds in her hand as she speaks, but she seldom refers to it, seeming to be carried along by her own train of thought. She is never at a loss for a word or phrase. Sometimes she breaks into a song or hymn, which is taken up by the audience. Whatever one may think of the methods, one cannot fail to be impressed with the immense reality of her faith to the child.

◆◆◆◆◆

KINDLY CHARLES LAMB.

Charles Lamb was awakened early one morning by a noise in his kitchen, and on going down to that apartment found a burglar doing his spoons up in a bundle.

"Why d-do you s-s-st-teal?" he asked.

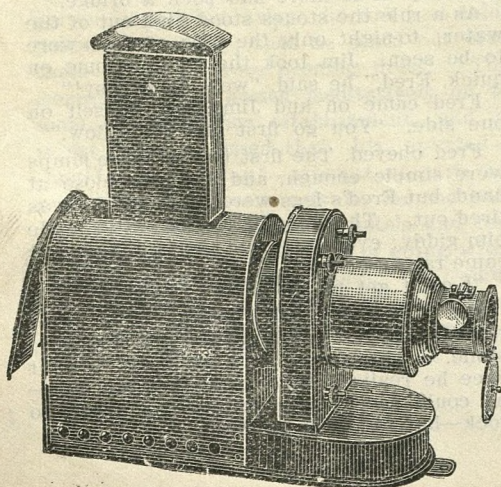
"Because I'm starving," returned the housebreaker, sullenly.

"Are y-you re-really ver-very h-h-hung-hung g-g-gery-hungry?" asked lamb.

"Very," replied the burglar, turning away.

"Pup-pup-poor fuf-fuf-fellow," said the essayist. "H-here's a l-leg of L-L-Lamb for you."

And so saying, with a dexterous movement of his right leg, he ejected the marauder into the street, and locking the door securely, went back to bed. The burglar confessed afterwards that he didn't see the joke for six weeks.



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"QUEEN VICTORIA'S LETTERS."**Queen Victoria as a Child.**

Her Majesty, in 1872, wrote some childhood reminiscences. The manuscript is still kept at Windsor. "My earliest recollections are connected with Kensington Palace, where I can remember crawling on a yellow carpet spread out for that purpose—and being told that if I cried and was naughty my 'Uncle Sussex' would hear me and punish me, for which reason I always screamed when I saw him! I had a great horror of bishops, on account of their wigs and aprons, but recollect this being partially got over in the case of the then Bishop of Salisbury, by his kneeling down and letting me play with his badge of Chancellor of the Order of the Garter."

Queen Victoria's Naughtiness.

Her Majesty candidly confesses that as a child she was exceedingly naughty at times. She screamed because she was obliged to wear flannel next to her skin, was scolded for bad behaviour at lessons, and on many occasions had to apologize to her maid. And the Queen remembered to her death an afternoon when she made another mite thoroughly overeat herself with peaches.

Changing the Mistress of the Robes.

When Sir Robert Peel first came into power he claimed that to him belonged the right of nominating ladies holding high places at Court after he had formed a Cabinet; for he considered that some of the ladies selected by his predecessor, Lord Melbourne, had a marked political bias which might influence the Queen. But her Majesty refused to change her ladies, and thus arose the famous "Ladies of the Bed-chamber Question," from which dispute dates the custom of changing the Mistress of the Robes with each Administration.

Lord Melbourne.

Lord Melbourne was Queen Victoria's favourite Minister. To that statesman she owed, in a sense, her political education. The tributes which Her Majesty paid him were very sincere. Her first impressions never changed. "I like him very much," she said, "and feel confidence in him. He is a very straightforward, honest, clever, and good man."

The Simple Life.

Queen Victoria passed a childhood of severe and almost Spartan simplicity. "We lived in a very simple, plain manner; breakfast was at half-past eight, luncheon at half-past one, dinner at seven—to which I came generally (when it was no regular, large dinner-party)—eating my bread and milk out of a small silver basin. Tea was only allowed as a great treat in later years."

One of Queen Victoria's Love-Letters.

The following was written to Prince Albert on February 10th, 1840: "Dearest,—How are you to-day, and have you slept well? I have rested very well, and feel very comfortable to-day. What weather! I believe, however, the rain will cease. Send me word when you, my most dearly-loved bridegroom, will be ready.—Thy ever faithful Victoria R."

Queen Victoria as a Happy Bride.

Her Majesty married the Prince Consort on the 10th of February, 1840, and the day after she writes to her "Dearest Uncle," King Leopold, as follows: "I write to you from here, the happiest, happiest being that ever existed. Really, I do not think it possible for any one in the world to be happier, or as happy as I am. He is an angel, and his kindness and affection for me is really touching. To look in those dear eyes, and that dear sunny face, is enough to make

me adore him. What I can do to make him happy will be my greatest delight."

Queen Victoria as a Fond Mother.

A letter written by Her Majesty on November 29th, 1841, refers to our present King: "Our little boy is a wonderfully strong and large child, with very large dark blue eyes, a finely-formed but somewhat large nose, and a pretty little mouth. I hope and pray he may be like his dearest papa. He is to be called Albert, and Edward is to be his second name. . . . I wonder very much who our little boy will be like. You will understand how fervent my prayers, and I am (sure) everybody's, must be, to see him resemble his angelic, dearest father in every, every respect, both in body and mind. Oh, my dearest uncle, I am sure if you knew how happy, how blessed I feel, and how proud I feel in possessing such a perfect being as my husband."

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S MAIDS OF HONOUR.

The position of maid of honour to the Queen is one of the most coveted distinctions at the Court of King Edward. Although far from being a sinecure, the position has been made so much easier by the kindness and tact of Queen Alexandra, and the advantages of being in the Court circle are so many that an appointment of this kind is looked upon as a bit of rare good fortune.

Queen Alexandra's household consists of only fifteen ladies and six men, in striking contrast with that of the King, which includes more than a hundred individuals.

Queen Victoria had eight maids of honour of whom two were always in waiting, but Queen Alexandra's known desire for a less stately life has prompted her to reduce the number to four.

Queen Alexandra delights to surround herself with quite young, bright, and clever people, and all four maids are still in their early youth.

The tradition is that these young women invariably marry well.

Their position at Court brings them into contact with highly eligible partners; and an old custom dating back for centuries prompts their Royal mistress to provide a dowry of £1000 on their wedding-day. The marriage of one of the maids of honour is a great event in the London season.

When the Queen holds a Drawing Room for the presentation of debutantes and those who have entree at Court, her maids walk in the Royal procession to the Throne Room, and stand immediately around Her Majesty during the whole ceremony.

This applies also to the State concerts, which are most formal and elaborate functions, beginning at ten o'clock at night and lasting two hours. They must also be in readiness at any time to play duets with the Queen, a dreadful ordeal to even great artists, as she is a brilliant player.

Then there are charity visits, schools to be inspected, and a multitude of Royal duties, in all of which the Queen is accompanied by her ladies. At all these functions the Queen's maids are almost painfully alert to anticipate the slightest wish of their mistress. At the concerts they do not stand but sit immediately behind the Queen and Royal Princesses.

At State balls they occupy the same position. They relieve Her Majesty of her bouquet or her fan if necessary, and adjust her great ermine cloak or sable wraps when draughty corridors are traversed or on the staircases. They are in attendance

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at all State and public ceremonies, and when driving, as to the opening of a charity bazaar, to the railway station, and other places, one of the girls has a seat in a carriage immediately preceding that of the Queen.

The duties of these four young ladies-in-waiting begin immediately after Her Majesty's breakfast. One or more of them assist Miss Knollys in answering the mass of correspondence, which requires the ability of a linguist. Then they must be in readiness to sing or to play if required, or to take expeditions on horseback, an exercise of which Her Majesty is fond, and they must necessarily have a good seat and be adept whips.

They must be skilled in some of Her Majesty's special fads, such as wood-carving, fine-art needlework, spinning, and poker work. They must be tactful at all times, amiable, and, in fact, almost absolute paragons.

Their meals are taken with the lords and ladies of the household, unless they are requested to join the Royal Family at luncheon or dinner. Nine o'clock is the hour for dinner, and one of the maids of honour, just before it, must place on the table at the right hand of the Queen a huge bouquet. After dinner the maids join the Royal circle. They enter into the amusements and may be asked to show their accomplishments.

Queen Alexandra's Wedding Dress.

The wedding dress of lilac poplin worn by Queen Alexandra on the occasion of her marriage forty-four years ago, and in which she first won the hearts of her future subjects, is still very carefully preserved by Her Majesty. This dress was chosen in compliment to Queen Victoria, who always had a love of lilac.

WHY WORRY ABOUT YOUR INSURANCES?

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

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

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Anthony Hordern & Sons publicly thanked A. B. P. & Co. in the 4 Sydney Dailies after their great fire for the way they looked after their **Insurances.**

GRIT.
A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

"Grit, clear Grit."—A pure Americanism, standing for Pluck, or Enerv, 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, JANUARY 2, 1908.

POST AND PIGEON.

The interesting announcement is made that Lieut. Shackleton, leader of the Expedition to the South Pole, has been authorised by the New Zealand authorities to open a post-office at King Edward VII. Land. New Zealand stamps surcharged will be used for postal purposes, and Lieutenant Shackleton himself will occupy the position of postmaster. The stamps used on letters mailed at the most southerly post-office in the world will be of great interest and value to philatelists. The ceremony of swearing-in Lieutenant Shackleton as a postmaster took place at Christchurch. When Nansen started for the North Pole he, too, took his letter-carrier with him. The story goes that one day a carrier-pigeon tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's home at Christiania. Instantly the window opened, and the wife of the famous Arctic explorer in another moment covered the little messenger with kisses and caresses. The carrier-pigeon had been away from the cottage thirty long months, but had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen stating that all was going well with the expedition in the Polar regions. Nansen had fastened a message to the bird, and turned it loose.

The frail courier darted out into the blizzardly air, flew like an arrow over perhaps a thousand miles of ocean and plains and forests, to enter the window of its waiting mistress, and deliver the message which she had been awaiting. We boast of human pluck, sagacity, and endurance; but this loving carrier-pigeon, after an absence of thirty months, accomplished a feat so wonderful as to fill everybody with amazement and admiration.

DRINK AND THE CHILD.

A White Paper, issued from the British Home Office a few days ago, affords ample corroboration of the appalling facts which Mr. Sims has been setting before English readers in the columns of "The Tribune." The Commissioners of Police in several great centres give their report of the drinking habits of mothers, and of the terrible perils to which infants are exposed. In Birmingham, the Chief Constable says that the practice of mothers taking children into public-houses from early morning until late at night is "general and very extensive." The Chief Constable at Bristol calls the same practice "most disastrous." It is worth noting that in Liverpool legislation is being anticipated by notices forbidding the presence of children in public-houses. The evidence respecting the systematic alcoholising of children is overwhelming. The promised Bill, to be introduced in the new session of Parliament, will not be complete unless it provides for the protection of children from the drink curse. Meanwhile an English journal calls attention to what has actually been done in the direction of saving child-life in the town of Huddersfield. The town authorities, impressed with the mortality of children, determined upon a scheme by means of which every encouragement should be offered to parents to bring up their infants in a healthy manner. Visitors were appointed and nurses offered. After a year's trial, the Mayor reports that the scheme has been entirely successful. A new public opinion has been created, and during a period of three months twenty-six infants who were threatened with death have been saved. When the visitors are refused admission to houses, those houses are watched by the police. Here, then, is a concrete case of what may be accomplished when right means are employed. Some such scheme as that adopted in Huddersfield is really necessary throughout England if the "black stain" is to be removed from the national life.

LIQUOR DEFENCE ASSOCIATION.

We cannot congratulate the L.D.A. on their new lecturer, Mr. W. A. Lloyd, who is reported in the daily press as having related some startling effects of prohibition. Mr. Lloyd answers his own assertions admirably, and the only difficulty is to know which Mr. Lloyd to believe. Mr. Lloyd speaking for prohibition in Tasmania, and Mr. Lloyd speaking against prohibition in N.S.W. must not be surprised if no one

takes him seriously. To hear Mr. Lloyd tell the story of his conversion to prohibition principles, and then in a few months to hear of his reversion to his old position is certainly interesting, but is not reassuring.

To say that out of 17 states that adopted prohibition 10 have reverted back to the license system is so misleading as to be almost untrue. Where State prohibition has been given up it has been in favour of local prohibition, and America has twice as much population under prohibition to-day as it had 15 years ago. One of the reasons why prohibition is making such headway in the States is because of the example of Maine. After fifty odd years it has been proved that Maine has the largest percentage of the total population in the Public Schools of any one of the North Atlantic States, including New York. And without one dollar of liquor revenue, Maine has more school teachers to every ten thousand of her people, and more teachers in proportion to her school population than any other of the forty-five States.

Census reports (1905) for Maine show an increase in the manufacturing output over 1900 of 27½ per cent. Wage earners increased in these five years 12 per cent., and wages increased 30 per cent. Under license the women and children are forced to work in factories, but under prohibition the father is in the factory, the mother in the home, and the children are in the school.

THE PRICE OF BUTTER.

It is to be feared that the consumer is not the only party who has to pay for his butter. In New South Wales dairying has grown to large and profitable proportions. The price of butter, however, must be reckoned in more than shillings and pence per pound. To these must be added the cost of child-happiness and education. Acting-Inspector Blumer has been telling the Annual Conference of School Teachers of the trials and vicissitudes of many of the little ones in the dairying areas of the State. He instanced one case, which he declared was a sample of others. He found a bright little girl, scarcely eight years old, who was required by her parents to milk thirteen cows every morning preparatory to walking four miles along a bush track to school. Tired with her day's exertions she was compelled to return home on foot, only to repeat the milking operation before being allowed to retire. Many will echo the teachers' cry of "Shame!" and support an agitation to nip "child-slavery" in the bud. The great dairying industry of Australia must not be allowed to thrive at the expense of the children, whose grasping parents should have a course of instruction in the elements of humanity.

"Well, Bobbie," said a kindly old gentleman to a little friend of his, aged five, "what's new up at your home?"

"Nothin' much, 'cept I've got a new baby brother."

"You don't mean it! Well, I suppose you are very fond of him."

"Nope; he's no good—yells all the time."

"Why don't you send him back?"

"Can't; we've used him four days already."

The Spoiling of a Glorious Holiday

For some months I had been holding a good position, and having paid off some old debts, was fast winning my way back to the confidence of my friends. Christmas was in the air, everyone was giving expression to kindly feelings, the manager talked of a rise in my salary, the home that had been so long closed to me was to be opened again on Christmas day, and I was buoyant and "big of good hope."

Those whose geniality took the shape of an invitation to drink, I only laughed at. I had done with it for ever; in fact, I had no desire for it. On the Saturday every feeling of repulsion was stirred within me by the sight of a man of my own age, dirty, shaky, and brazen. We had once spent a night in the Central Police Station. His claim to friendship and his plea for sixpence filled me with disgust. Hastily giving him the money, I turned away thanking God that I had "pulled out" and was free from the old taint.

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION.

Lulled by a false security, I gave free reign to my thoughts, and let them wander forth to dally with the enemy that I had known to be so deadly. Scarcely had I allowed my mind to toy for a few minutes with the temptation, before the craving for stimulants was upon me—at first a mere suggestion, so insidious and pleading as hardly to need a thought, but which I had barely recognised for what it was, before it had ceased to dissemble, and was openly urging its claims. I gave an impatient shrug and a laugh, and took up a book to read. The story failed to grip my attention. I began to think, when the suggestion of a drink came back again. I debated the matter with myself until excuses, arguments and desire threw my mind into a state of chaos, and soon the suitor became the sovereign. My body seemed like the bars of a cage which shut in a wild beast, mad with an insatiable thirst.

MORE THAN A THIRST.

This crave was something more than a thirst, more than a physical lust; it was something within me, something from which it was vain to seek to escape by flight. Just as a drunken man is pushed and shoved—an unwilling prisoner—towards the police station, so invisible hands seemed to push me towards the door, as if to impel me in the direction of the nearest place where drink was to be obtained. I took a step forward as if yielding, but all that was noblest in my nature, all the better feelings which, like sleepless sentinels during a siege, had kept unwinking watch and ward for so many days, sprang up to sound a wild alarm, and to call upon me in the name of every hope I cherished to resist. And just as the drunken man, when he finds himself overpowered by those who have taken him prisoner, drops to the ground in order that he may resist, by the dead weight of his own inertia, the efforts which are being made to get him to the station, so I let my limbs slip from under me, lest they should be compelled to carry me, against my will, to the goal from which my soul recoiled.

A GHASTLY STRUGGLE.

The drink devil was now in possession, and was not thus to be driven out or conquered, for even as I lay, I felt the foul thing stirring again within me, and gathering itself together for a final effort. In another minute I was wrestling with it as a man wrestles for life and death with the python which has him in its coils. I lay writhing and twisting, and foaming at the mouth like one in an epileptic fit, and fighting for my soul with the fiend that possessed me. But like the incoming of an irresistible sea, the desire for drink swept over me, and possessed me, until I was less a man

than a lust. In my despair I rose to my feet, and as I did so, my hands played the traitor, and not so much independently of myself, as in spite of myself, stretched out mechanically to open the door. Dismissing, in the very doggedness of despair, every thought which could bring remorse or uneasiness, I stole out of the house like a guilty thing, but with a heart beating with a secret and savage joy.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

Christmas morning dawned bright and happily, the house was full of laughter—everyone had some gift, and it was with difficulty that they all got away to church. The dear old hymns, the warm handshakes afterwards, and then home again. The time passes slowly, and then the youngest says: "Mother, isn't it dinner time?" "We will wait a little while, dear," said mother, with a wistful smile, and every passing step found her nervously expectant, and finally the order was reluctantly given and the bell rang.

They made a brave effort to be cheerful, but the empty chair proved too much, and the spirit of disappointment brooded over the table. The youngest again broke the silence: "Where is —, isn't he coming, mother?" And the brave lips trembled and the sweet eyes grew dim, as she said, "Yes, dear, he will come soon, the trains cannot be running to time owing to the holidays." The shadows lengthened as the day wore on and the chair was not set at teatime, and the presents mother hid away. The gloom had deepened, and a dull and heavy despair refused to be shaken off, and the Christmas day, begun with such hope, ended in a sob in the home under the shadow of alcohol.

NEXT MORNING.

There is no mercy in the calm, cold eyes of memory, as she stands by our bedside on the inevitable "next morning," waiting and watching for our waking, that she may show us our follies of the night before, as they look in the white and searching light of day.

We have turned a page in the ledger of our lives, and the new day's leaf lies white and fair before us. But there is a tiny pencilled line at the top of the page which tells of the fatal figures which we have "carried over" from the entries of the preceding day, and after one glance at that the bright, white, unsullied beauty of the morning is bright and beautiful for us no more. I was conscious, almost before I was awake, of a sense of imminent evil and shame which lay upon my heart like lead. Hardly had I opened my eyes before memory had taken me by the throat, and was looking me in the face with pitiless and basilisk eyes, from which there was no escape. I cannot describe how bitterly I cursed my folly, how I writhed and rocked, as if in bodily pain, and in a very agony of unavailing remorse vowed never again to taste the cursed stuff.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

Magistrate: "I will give you another chance. Sign the pledge, and go out once more and be a man."

Do you think I did so? Not I, by God! I cling to the hope that I may beg or steal or pick up the price of a drink. I put in three days living on the hope of more alcohol, and shuffle out to obtain it at even the cost of my immortal soul.

WHY I HATE THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Mr. Thomas Hagger is to conduct an anti-Liquor and No-Licence meeting in the Christian Mission Tent, Illawarra-road, Marrickville, on Sunday afternoon, January 5. He invites all the temperance people of that district to attend and help make the meeting a success. His subject will be, "Why I Hate the Liquor Traffic."

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Sydney, 27th September, 1907.

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This wonderful Wine is a perfectly natural and, therefore, an ideal drink. The "MAS DE LA VILLE" WINES stand in the same relation to ordinary wines as fresh milk does to sour.

Chateau Peyron (white label), Chateau Badet, L'Arlesienne (blue label), Champagne (gold label).

Reputed Pints, 1/6 and 1/9 per Bottle
Reputed Quarts 2/6 and 2/9 per Bottle
Larger Sizes 2/11 and 3/6 per Bottle
Sample Bottles of Sacramental Chateau-Badet, 1/- each.

Champagne 2/6 and 3/9 per Bottle

AN IDEAL WINE FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

In fermented wine the grape sugar (the best thing in the grape) is consumed by the microbe, but in the unfermented, non-alcoholic, French wine, the grape sugar remains.

Order from MANAGER OF "GRIT,"

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at the Alliance Headquarters, or at the Office of the W.C.T.U., 242 Pitt-street.

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A LITTLE CHILD TO THE RESCUE.

Samuel Frazer, a well-known miner of Wilkesbarre, California, signed the total abstinence pledge last July, and swears he will never touch another drop of alcoholic liquors.

Frazer's conversion was brought about by his little daughter, and in a manner which impressed itself so forcibly on Frazer's mind, that he at once made the resolution which he intends to keep, and he says now that he will devote all his life to his child, who so nearly gave up her life to save his.

On a pay-day at the mines, Frazer, who had made about twenty days during June, drew a larger pay than he had earned for years. Naturally, he was very jubilant, but, unfortunately, his high spirits before long became mingled with other high spirits; and he was soon in a condition which prevented him from knowing or caring much about anything.

He had wandered away from home, too, and his anxious wife and little daughter did not know where he was. Both started out to look for him, going in opposite direction. The little girl walked down by the railroad track, and there, lying across the rails, she found her father sound asleep. She tried to waken him to go home, but he merely pushed her away, and told her to go home, as he was tired, and wanted to sleep. She wound her arms about him, and tried with endearing terms to rouse him, but it was useless.

Suddenly, as she was kneeling beside him, she heard a familiar sound—a peculiar ringing of the rails. She knew well what it meant. The morning passenger train, which every morning ran past her home, was flying down the mountain. For a moment she didn't realise her father's danger. Then, as it flashed across her mind, she threw herself upon him, shrieking:—

"Dad! Dad! Wake up! Buff-a-buff is coming, and you will be run over. Dad! Dad! Don't you hear?"

But the father was insensible to everything. Desperately, she grasped him with her baby arms, but her infant strength could not move him. Again she shrieked in his ears, but he only mumbled incoherently. Then, as the ringing of the rail gave place to a hoarse rumble, and she realised that the heavy train was almost upon them, she fell upon his breast sobbing.

His red bandana handkerchief was hanging from his pocket. She wiped her eyes with it. Instantly, a thought flashed through her mind. She had seen the railroaders stop trains by waving a red flag. In a moment she had pulled the handkerchief from his pocket, and was running as fast as her little feet could carry her up the track, springing from tie to tie. She must have fallen once or twice, as there are big bruises on her hands and knees, but she kept bravely on.

Fortunately, the cut was short, and, though the track curved into it, at its end she could see up the track for a long distance. The brave child just managed to reach this spot as the engineer was slowing up for the curve. He saw her, saw the red bandana which she was feebly waving, and pulled a lever.

There was a heavy jar on the passengers, and they were thrown forward in their seats. The train slackened its speed. There were more jars and it stopped, and there, at the foot of the cow-catcher of the big engine, stood the child, crying with the pain of a cut in her hand. Hurriedly the trainmen crowded around her.

"My dad's asleep back there," she explained, "and I didn't want him to be run over."

Some of the railmen ran forward, and lifted Frazer from the track, and roused him to a sense of his danger. This partly sobered him, and when he realised what his daughter had done, he broke down and wept.

Meanwhile the news spread through the train. A number of passengers grouped around her. One took the red bandana, and when the conductor, a minute afterward, shouted, "All aboard," it was given back to her with something heavy inside, which chimed like pieces of silver.

Then, as the train pulled out of the cut, the passengers, with their heads out of the windows, waved adieu to little Annie, who was being carried homeward by her now half-sobered father.

That is why Sam Frazer signed the pledge.

There are many who get into danger in the same way as Sam Frazer. Every week we hear of men and women being drowned, run over, or in some other way killed by strong drink in our own colony. If the drink is not driven out, one in every twenty of the boys and girls you know will be wrecked, ruined, or killed by it. So, for their sakes, will you help us to kill the trade in drink? will not you help us to kill the trade in drink?

BUSINESS GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

What promises to be a very useful and also a popular movement has been launched in America. It is a union of girls in business, who are willing to sign the following pledge:—

"I hereby promise not to associate with or to marry any man who is not a total abstainer from the use of all intoxicating liquors, including wine, beer, and cider, and I promise to abstain from the same myself; and I will not marry a man to save him."

Mme. Albani considers that no other country can compare with England as the home of patrons of musical artists.

More than 250 women are employed by the United States Post Office as rural letter-carriers, and nearly 1000 act as substitutes.

This extraordinary resolution was passed at a meeting of South African winegrowers at Paarl: "That this meeting, which considers the wine industry a lawful and respectable trade, and wine as a gift of God, and drunk by Christ Himself, unites itself with all its power and strength to secure its existence against all the wicked designs made use of by Satan."

DIET and HEALTH.

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

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

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

The Sanitarium Health Food Cafe

supplies the food that repairs the waste tissue.

Address: ROYAL CHAMBERS,
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Write for descriptive price lists.

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IS THE PUREST
AND BEST

WADE'S
CORN FLOUR

ASK YOUR
GROCER FOR IT

ASK FOR

Pearson's
Sand Soap

AND TAKE NO OTHER.

From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(BY UNCLE BARNABAS).

"IN THE BEGINNING."

The first words of the Bible! What is the fourth word? I should like you to make that fourth word the beginning, the middle, and the end of 1908. I once asked some children: "What is the best word in the English language?" A little girl nearly gave the answer, but she put in one letter too much—the letter L. What was the word she gave me? Poor little one! she lived among miners, and although she lived in New South Wales, she was about 200 miles from a church or a Sunday school. It will make all the difference to 1908 if you make that fourth word the great word of the year.

MUCH DEPENDS ON A GOOD BEGINNING!

If you work a sum, you need to be as careful of the first figures as of any. Nay, if your first figures are wrong, all will be wrong. So you can spoil the New Year in the first week. Many a lad and many a girl will take the first step to ruin in the first week of 1908. I hope you will make a good start. Remember the picture on the first page of last week's "Grit"—"Watch Your Steps!"

Cut that picture out; stick it up in your bedroom, and underneath it stick this acrostic. Or, better still, if you have a watch you might put this acrostic inside the lid where you can see it every time you wind up your "ticker."

Watch your
Words,
Actions,
Thoughts,
Chums,
Habits.

FOR SUNDAY.

I. The first and the last letters give the name of the children's favourite prophet.

1. A king who was a shepherd. (1 Sam.: 16).
2. A king who when he was sick went to doctors, but not to the Great Physician (2 Chron.: 16).
3. A great man's father (Joshua 1).
4. A friend of David (2 Sam.: 15).
5. The mother of us all.
6. The king with a wise mother (Prov. 31).

II. MORE OLD TESTAMENT BURIED NAMES.

1. Give me a radish, ma, else I shall cry.
2. He was wise as a philosopher (2 names).
3. Call a cab, Sal! O make haste!
4. How did Amos escape?
5. Mabel, is Harold coming?
6. It was the Jap. he took with him.

FIFTEEN ORANGES AND THIRTY GUESTS.

Last week we reported that at a party of thirty, consisting of fifteen boys and fifteen girls, fifteen oranges were divided among them in such a way that although every ninth guest got an orange, they all got into the hands of the greedy boys. This is how the clever boy, who arranged the visitors round the table, did it. Begin to count at the left-hand top corner of the table, where four girls are sitting together.

G G G G B B B B B G G B

G G B
B B G B B B G G B B G B

ANSWER TO BURIED BIBLE NAMES (Dec. 19).

1. Enoch; 2. Ruth; 3. Eve; 4. Adam; 5. Seth.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES (Dec. 19th).

1. How many words out of SLTREU?—Ulster, lustre, rulest, result, lustre, rustle. 99
2. To write 100 with 6 nines:—99 — 99
3. The seven little cakes puzzle is easy enough, for the last boy got his cake on the plate.
4. Will give this answer next week.

SOME LETTERS RECEIVED.

Maggie Hilder, of North-road, Five Dock, has sent correct answers to the Sunday problems (Dec. 5th). Uncle B. will "not mind" hearing often from her, though she is a little over age.

Aileen Winn, "Winncourt," Waratah, sends correct answers to the same Sunday problems. The papers are carefully done.

Kathleen Bartholomew, 39 Philip-street, City, is nearly correct. Lystra is the city in Acts 14, not Lycaonia. Very neat papers.

Stella Harris, Church-street, Wollongong, has correctly given the missing text.

I hope to receive Acrostics and Limericks in good numbers this week. (See Dec. 5th.) Some have come to hand. Competition closes in a few days.

I notice some of my young friends drop the "h" in Jericho. The letter "H" is a troublesome fellow, but he must "go to Jerico!"

GREAT ANNIVERSARIES THIS WEEK.

Dec. 28th.—Lord Macaulay died 1859. Have you read "Macaulay's Essays?"

Dec. 30th.—Sydney Exchange opened 1857. Have you ever looked in "The Exchange?"

Jan. 1st.—Commonwealth Day. How old were you when the first Governor-General drove through Sydney? Who was he?

THE INFLUENCE OF LEGISLATION

A GOOD EFFECT.

Grenfell-street has not for years presented so orderly an aspect on a race day as to-day, when the Port Adelaide Racing Club held the annual Boxing Day meeting. This was due to the effective operations of the Gaming Suppression Act lately passed by Parliament. The street was quite deserted, whereas formerly, on the occasion of a race meeting, whether in or out of the State, the thoroughfare used to be thronged with men and women, and even boys and girls. It was not only a nuisance to the business people, but it was a standing disgrace to the city.

Two friends returning from a late evening gathering noticed a Chinaman. The following exchange of remarks ensued:

"I wonder what that Chinaman is doing up so late."

"Shirts, I suppose," came the answer.

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GOOD CUP OF TEA AT ANY HOUR.

ALREADY NECESSARY TO ENLARGE

THE PREMISES AGAIN

PROHIBITION IN GEORGIA.

THE FIGHT FOR THE BILL.

The Prohibition Bill was introduced into the Senate by Messrs. Hardman and Covington, and after some discussion passed its various stages by overwhelming majorities, the final vote being 33 for and seven against. It was introduced into the House of Representatives on July 26th, and here a great fight was put up to prevent its adoption. The House consists of about 180 members, and of these 30 declared themselves opposed to the Bill. So desperately did these members fight that one sitting ended in a personal combat between the two parties, "during which every semblance of legislative decency was outraged by the opponents of Prohibition," but at last, "an agreement was effected for a final vote to be taken on the afternoon of July 30th." This day was a memorable one for Georgia. Hundreds of Temperance men and women assembled at the State House, and with them were a large number of liquor men determined to bribe or coerce the members not to vote for the Bill. The final vote was taken amid considerable excitement, and when it was announced that the Bill had been passed by 139 to 39, a rousing cheer was given, both inside and outside the building. Only two amendments were adopted by the House, and these were heartily approved by the Senate, "the first permitting the sale of pure alcohol by retail druggists on the prescription of a reputable physician, and the second allowing wholesale druggists to stock pure alcohol for sale to retailers only." When it became certain that the Bill could not be defeated, the pro-liquor members, we are told, made their hardest fight to secure the adoption of an amendment to postpone until January, 1909, the date when the Bill should become effective, but the majority would have no delay, and the amendment was lost by 128 votes to 40."

A remarkable unanimity of all sections of the people seem to have declared themselves in favour of the Bill. "The Georgian" states that "the vast majority of the business men at Atlanta, the capital city of the State, through their trade organisations, declared for the Bill." At a convention of editors of the country papers, the presiding officer introduced a resolution in favour of Prohibition, and this "was supported by every editor present, and adopted by an unanimous vote." The Churches throughout the State were universally on the side of Prohibition, "and made known their demands in no uncertain terms." "Back of all, through all, and unifying all, was the work of the Anti-Saloon League and the Women's Christian Temperance Union."

GOVERNOR SMITH SIGNS THE BILL.

After a Bill has passed the Legislature, it is not effective until signed by the Governor, and the ceremony of signing a Bill, which is a public one in the United States, is often made the occasion of a demonstration and public rejoicing. "Never," it is stated, "since the Civil War has Georgia witnessed more stirring scenes" than when the Prohibition Bill for the State was signed by Governor Smith. Georgia newspapers inform us that "long before the hour fixed for signing the Bill, the Prohibitionists began to fill the Governor's reception rooms, and when the Bill was carried to him at 10.20, there were hundreds of people present, including many ladies. The Governor did not sign the Bill at once; he wanted first to read it over carefully, and it was therefore taken into his private office, and the door closed. At 10.35 the door of the private office was opened, and the crowd rushed in, that is, all who could get into the small room; the rest remained in the

reception rooms, looking over shoulders, endeavouring to see or hear what was going on. At 10.40, Governor Smith took up the gold pen presented to him for the purpose, and affixed to the Bill, 'Hope Smith, Governor.' This was the last action making the State Prohibition Bill a law, and it is now on the statute books. Three loud cheers were given for Prohibition and the Governor by the crowd. Then someone started the long-metre Doxology, and the whole crowd joined in singing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'

"The crowd gathered around the Governor, and warmly shook his hand. He was all smiles, and remarked, 'This is the happiest day of my life.' He did not look like a man who is reported to have signed away 60,000 dollars in putting his name to that Bill. He turned the gold pen over to the Hon. H. Y. McCord, who stood near him when he signed the Bill, and Mr. McCord will present it to Emory College."

"The American Issue" declares that "this is the most significant Temperance triumph which has ever taken place in a Southern State. It will be followed by a like action in a number of surrounding States, three or four of which are on the high road to the same state-wide Prohibition law. Georgia is in many respects the leading Southern State, central in its location, progressive in its ideas, and priding itself as being, as some Georgians have expressed it to us, the 'Yankeeland of the South.'"

SOMETHING FOR THE BAND CONTEST.

A Temperance Band won the blue ribbon of the brass band world in the great competition at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, September 28th. One hundred and forty-five bands contested, and the championship, accompanied by the Thousand Guinea National Challenge Trophy, a silver medal for each member of the band, and other prizes, was won by the Wingates Temperance Band. Rusden Temperance Band won the third prize, and the fifth prize in the Grand Shield section was awarded to the Raunds Temperance Band. There was a record attendance to hear the competition, some 65,000 persons visiting the Palace during the day.

A CLERK WHO WAS WORTH £7,000,000.

Although Alfred Vanderbilt, brother of Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, whose engagement to an Hungarian Nobleman is the topic of the moment in American social circles, was left about £7,000,000 by his father, the famous "Commodore," he has proved himself a worker. His elder brother Cornelius, who was disinherited for marrying against his father's wishes, took a job on the Central Railway in America, and worked up from a

platelayer's position until he knew rail-road matters in and out and all round, from the road-bed up. He knows a locomotive as a watchmaker knows a watch. In his turn Alfred Vanderbilt made himself acquainted with the business side of a great railroad company. For a long time he toiled day after day at an office desk, unspoiled by money, and a real worker. Society has small attraction for him. His horses and yachting make his amusements. His wife, a sister of Lady Cheylesmore, shares his enthusiasm for yachting, and, indeed, successfully sails her own yacht.

An amateur flautist once stopped in at a fair where a phonograph company had an elaborate exhibit, and showed such an interest in the talking machines that the attendant thought a sale was imminent and worked very hard to effect it.

"I see you have a flute with you," he said, finally. "Suppose you play a brief selection and I will make a record of it, and you will then be able to hear the phonograph reproduce it exactly."

The idea was carried out.

"Is than an exact reproduction of my music?" he asked.

"It is," replied the attendant. "Do you wish to buy the phonograph?"

"No," said the other sadly, as he moved away. "But I'll sell the flute."

Mrs. Golvein, of Cripple Creek, having unexpectedly come into a fortune through a lucky strike, set up a country home near Denver, where she lived in fine style. One day, while she was showing some of her old-time friends about the place, they came to the poultry-yard.

"What beautiful chickens!" the visitors exclaimed.

"All prize fowls," haughtily explained the hostess.

"Do they lay every day?" was the next question.

"Oh, they could, of course," was the reply, "but in our position it is not necessary for them to do so!"

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How the World Moves

The first sulphur match was made in 1829.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

The first steel plate was made in 1830.

Ships were first "copper-bottomed" in 1837.

The first anaesthetics were used in 1844.

Coaches were first used in England in 1569.

The Franciscans arrived in England in 1224.

The entire Hebrew Bible was printed in 1488.

The first daily newspaper appeared in 1702.

Christianity was introduced into Japan in 1549.

The first telescope was used in England in 1608.

Omnibuses were introduced in New York in 1830.

The first temperance society was organized in 1808.

The first almanac was printed by George von Furbach in 1460.

Seven hundred British subjects are born at sea every year.

The golden-crested wren is the smallest of British birds. It is $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. long, and 72 of them weigh 1 lb.

The long tails of the Shah of Persia's horses are dyed crimson for 6 in. at their tips—a jealously-guarded privilege of the ruler and his sons.

Great Britain consumes more butter than any other nation. The average per head is 13 lb. a year, as against 8 lb. in Germany, 4 lb. in France, and 2 lb. in Russia.

Nineteen women have been elected to the Finnish Parliament, and of these nine are Social Democrats, one is a journalist, one a dressmaker, five are school-teachers, one a weaver, one a woman's rights agitator, one a restaurant-keeper, and one a clergyman's wife.

A watch is being sold in Paris for the use of the blind. The hours are indicated by movable buttons in relief on the dial. A strong minute-hand indicates minutes only. A blind person who passes his hand over the dial finds the button indicating the hour depressed.

Under the barn eaves at his home, a colony of swallows had for long been established. In the spring of 1885 a pair of bluebirds came and took forcible possession of one of the nests. The owners first tried to oust the invaders, next the whole swallow colony joined in the attempt, without success. The bluebird inside was entrenched behind hard mud walls, and defied them. At length the swallows came in a body, each with a pellet of mud, and walled up the entrance to the nest. The bluebird in possession starved to death, and was found there ten days later.

Wives and daughters of Chinese noblemen are competing with each other as to who shall quickest learn foreign languages, and they hold many tea-parties for the purpose of comparing progress.

Wives of French business men, as is well known, quite commonly assist in their husbands' commercial affairs, and for such wives it is claimed that they "afford much help by being, even 'after hours,' always willing to talk 'shop.'"

WHY NOT?

Why not believe the best?
Why be so swift to blame?
Why let the mist of bitterness
Gather around a name?
Why should not you be advocate
In the cold court of men?
And plead a brother's, sister's cause,
So waken trust again?

Why not expect the best?
Why dread the coming years?
And why not welcome the unseen
With smiles instead of tears?
To-morrow's sun may shine for you,
Its friendships make you glad,
Why not make ready for the joy
And not expect the sad?

Why not a helper be?
Why not encourage men?
The strengthen'd heart is filled with hope,
The lonely sinks again,
There is a Father over all,
His love is full and free,
For His dear sake be good and glad,—
Why not His Christian be?

—Marianne Farningham.

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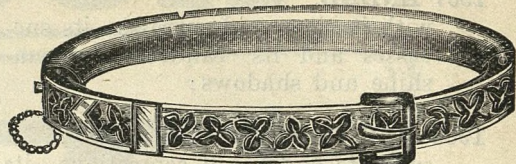
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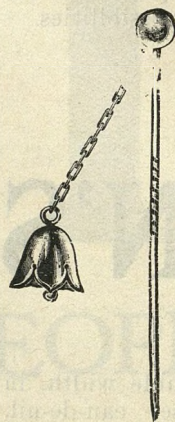


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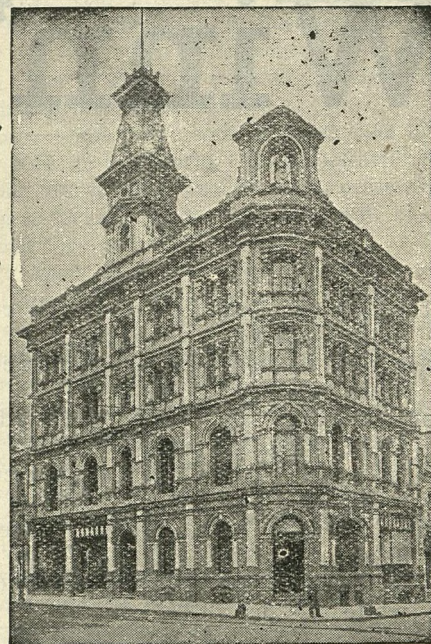
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with its joys and sorrows—its successes and its failures—its sunshine and shadows;

1908 HAS COME,

with its hopes and aspirations—its resolutions and its possibilities.

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Chiffon Voiles, double width, in fashionable block and line stripes, good

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36in. Black Glace Silk, worth 3/11, for 2/9 yd.

Silk and Cotton Striped Zephyrs, all wanted colours, big variety of stripes, worth 10½d, for 6¾d yd.

Striped Sicilians, very scarce and much admired material for dresses and skirts, in black, navy, and brown, worth 2/6, for 1/9 yd.

Grafton Voiles and Radium Lawns, Latest stripe designs, 5½d, 6½d, 7¾d yd.

Beautiful Blouse Lengths, exquisitely embroidered and low-priced. Worth 4/11, for 2/11; worth 6/6, for 3/11; worth 7/6, for 4/11.

SEE THEM TO-DAY.

HOLIDAY BARGAINS IN RIBBONS.

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Satin-faced Ribbon, 5in. wide, all colours, 3¾d yd.

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Floral Ribbon, 5in. wide, 9¾d yd.; 7½in. wide, 1/3 yd.

Ladies' Lisle Gloves, all wanted colours, 6½d pr.

Ladies' White Lace Elbow Gloves, 9½d.

Ladies' Lisle Elbow Gloves, beaver or white, 1/- pr.

Ladies' White Kid Gloves, 3-button, black stitching, 1/6.

Ladies' Fawn Suede Gloves, 3-button, 1/9.

Child's Lisle Gloves, all colours, 3½d pr.

Ladies' Lace Elbow Mitts, black or white, 1/-.

Ladies' Fancy Parasols, 2/6.

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