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21 APR 1939

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

Vol. I.—No. 1.

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1907

Price One Penny

Stay on Top—Pull them Up

EVERY year since the beginning of human life on this planet the spirit of charity has grown.

Every year and every century have seen more and more men and women anxious to help others.

To-day, with all the greed for money, all the foolish pursuit of wealth unneeded, we see a steadily increasing army of human beings anxious to work and live for others, IF THEY ONLY KNEW HOW.

This is an encouraging world. It is a bad place for pessimists. It is a world getting better constantly.

Poverty is diminishing. DRUNKENNESS IS DIMINISHING RAPIDLY. Crime grows less and less.

AND HUMAN AMBITION BECOMES CONSTANTLY NOBLER, which is the most hopeful sign of all!

The man of great wealth in times past thought only of spending his money in self indulgence. He wanted armies of servants, of slaves. He craved the flattery and submission of the ignorant.

Now the man who has made the scores or hundreds of millions actually apologises for his wealth. He tries to make other men his equals in ability, instead of trying to pull them down. He encourages science, endows universities, he fights with his money, consciously or unconsciously, against the very conditions THAT MADE HIM POSSIBLE, BY MAKING POSSIBLE HIS EXPLOITATION OF THE MANY FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIMSELF.

There is an army of earnest men and women in this world anxious TO LEAD GOOD, UNSELFISH LIVES.

They want to DO something rather than TO BE SOMETHING.

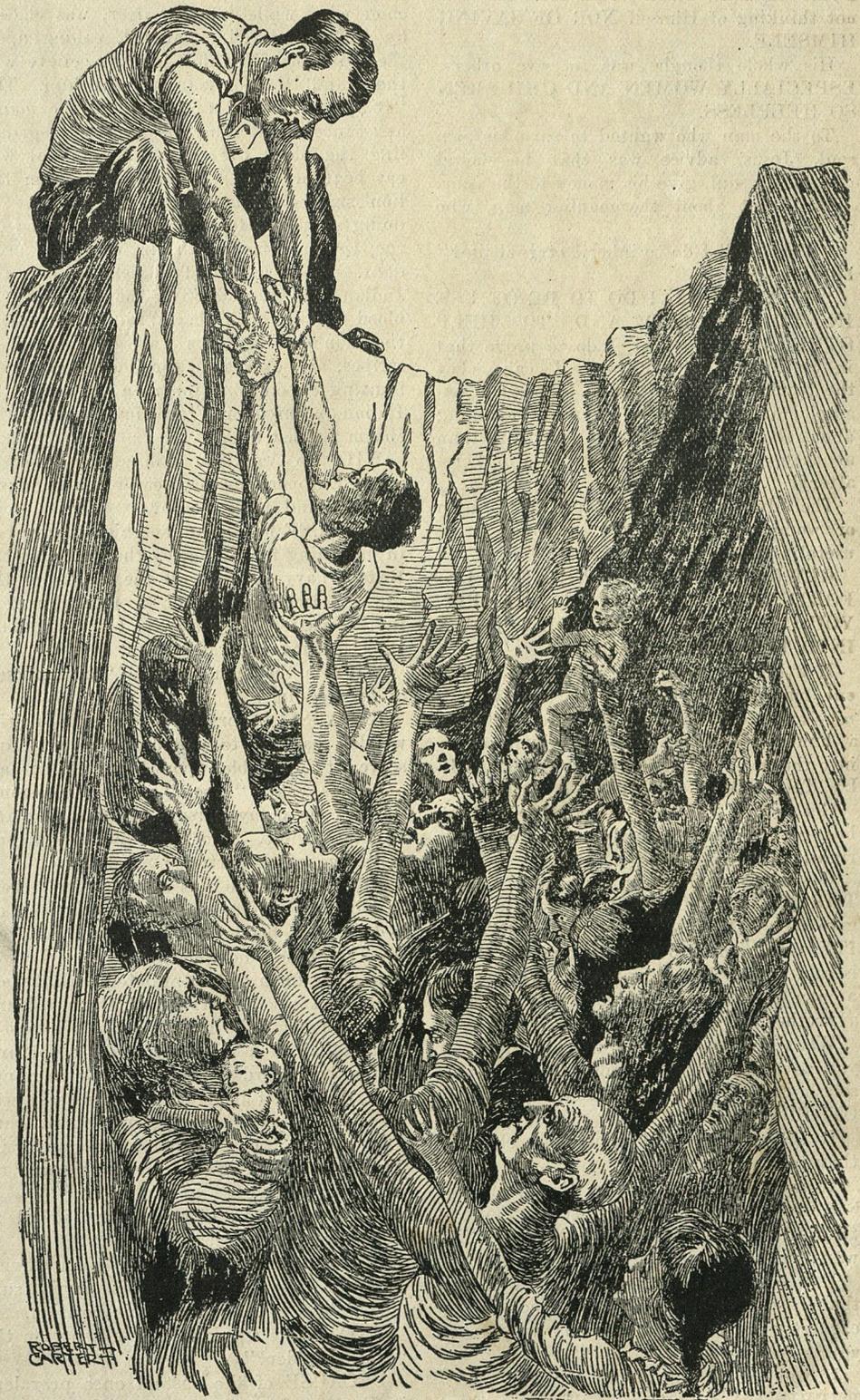
Of such men and women many have written:

"I feel that I have no right to be comfortable and happy, to enjoy life, while I know that so many are in want. I am ashamed of myself and of all other prosperous people when I see how the poor suffer in spite of their willingness to work, and especially when I see the children that have no chance."

How many have asked themselves whether they ought not at least to try to live up to the Golden Rule, get rid of their wealth and share their lot with the poor?

WHAT IS THE DUTY OF A MAN OR A WOMAN IN THIS WORLD?

What is the best thing that an earnest human being can do?



It is better to be Strong Yourself, and PULL UP THE WEAK, than to Go Down to the Pit and be Weak with Them

The perfect counsel was given to the world by Jesus nineteen centuries ago when He said to the ruler:

"Yet lackest thou one thing; sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven; and come, follow me."—Luke xviii. 22.

Human nature has not changed much in two thousand years, for Luke tells us of the inquiring ruler, "When he heard this he was very sorrowful; FOR HE WAS VERY RICH."

We believe that many men have misinterpreted the divine and perfect advice quoted.

The ruler whom Jesus advised had asked Him: "Good Master, what shall I do to INHERIT ETERNAL LIFE?"

In other words, the man had asked, "HOW HE COULD SAVE HIS OWN SOUL, HOW HE COULD PROTECT HIS OWN UNIMPORTANT LITTLE PERSONALITY HEREAFTER?"

It is a good sign of our times that men are no longer interested solely IN SAVING THEMSELVES AND THEIR OWN LITTLE SELFISH SOULS.

Human beings have begun to realise that they owe more to humanity than to their own individual selves.

They begin to realise the beauty of the divine example which Jesus set. He was not thinking of Himself NOR OF SAVING HIMSELF.

His whole thought was to save others, ESPECIALLY WOMEN AND CHILDREN SO HELPLESS.

To the man who wanted to save his own soul, Jesus' advice was that he should cleanse his soul, give his money to the poor.

But what about the manlier men, who do not ask:

"What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" but who do ask:

"WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE OF USE IN THIS WORLD AND TO HELP OTHERS? What shall I do to prove that in an humble, far-off way I can obey the teachings of Christ and follow His example, at least to the extent of thinking about the ignorant and the poor more than about my own selfish welfare here or hereafter?"

The advice of this newspaper to the man or woman, young or old, anxious to be useful is this:

GET GRIT. HELP TO PULL THE UNFORTUNATE UP OUT OF THE PIT. YOU CAN DO NO GOOD GOING DOWN INTO THE PIT WITH THEM.

If a human being has fallen into a well one man at the TOP of the well with a rope and a cool head can do more good than a hundred excited men that jump down into the hole, NO MATTER HOW BRAVELY THEY MAY JUMP.

Get power, AND USE IT FOR OTHERS, but get the power justly and exercise it rightly.

Get money and use it for others. GET THE MONEY HONESTLY, and use it to give men KNOWLEDGE or OPPORTUNITY, rather than to organise charity, which is cold and useless except as it is shown by a man to his neighbour like a brother to a brother.

What you want to do in this world, if you have any real force combined with unselfishness, IS TO GET RESULTS FOR OTHERS.

It is better to feed a hundred children than to starve yourself.

It is better to make ten thousand men honourably, independently self-supporting than to go down into the hole and suffer want with a hundred thousand.

It is better to help educate a million men than to express your pity for ignorance so earnestly as to make millions weep over your earnestness.

If you are at the top of the well STAY THERE, but work hard pulling up those who have fallen down.

The man who can do NO BETTER may be useful by proving his unselfishness. The world NEEDS noble examples.

The man who went to live with the lepers and died of their loathsome disease is a beautiful character.

But HE will be forgotten in time.

THE MAN THAT CONQUERS LEPROSY WILL NOT BE FORGOTTEN.

The cold, calm scientist in his laboratory fighting disease and conquering it is greater than any nurse on the battlefield, though less beautiful perhaps.

The man who invents the lifeboat that will not sink is greater although less picturesque, than the man who risks his life for another in the ocean or the fire.

Humanity has reached a point where good men begin to think of SAVING OTHERS. They no longer concentrate their energies on a selfish, meaningless effort to SAVE THEIR OWN WRETCHED SOULS. LET US BE THANKFUL FOR THAT.

WHY?

WHY do Indians paint their faces?

BECAUSE of a tradition concerning a chief who, while hunting deer, was chased by a lion and fell exhausted, calling upon the "Big Bear," which Indians believe was the grandfather of man, to save him. The "Big Bear" heard and went to the man's assistance, scratching his foot and sprinkling the blood over him. No animal will eat bear or taste his blood, and when the lion smelled it he turned away. But in doing so he scratched some of the blood off the Indian's face with his claw, by accident. When he found himself unhurt, the Indian was so thankful that he let the blood dry on his face. With the marks of the lion's claws, this gave the effect of stripes, and ever afterward, when going on hunting expeditions for man or beast, the Indian painted his face in stripes as a charm against danger.

WHY do American sailors and those of many European navies wear black handkerchiefs round their necks?

BECAUSE black handkerchiefs were worn in mourning for Nelson by the sailors of the British navy, and as all the navies of the world imitate each other to a great extent in the matter of dress, the black handkerchief became generally worn.

WHY is the man called a "bridegroom" at his wedding?

BECAUSE in primitive days the newly-wedded man had to wait upon the bride and serve at her table upon his wedding-day, and thus was a "groom" on this occasion.

WHY do many persons, half in jest and half in earnest, "knock on wood" as a preventative of misfortune?

BECAUSE there was at one time a general belief that trees and humanity were allied in close bonds of union, and that certain trees had healing qualities. It was customary for a person afflicted with disease to take a woollen string of three colours, and with his right hand tie his left loosely to the limb of a tree, then slip it out and hasten homeward without casting a glance back, the belief being that the disease was transferred to the tree by touching it. Thus from a tree it has become common practise to touch any article of wood to ward off misfortune.

WHY are two buttons always sewed at the back of men's coats?

BECAUSE when every gentleman carried a sword, the sword-belt was partly supported by two buttons in this position.

WHY do we speak of giving a person the "cold shoulder?"

BECAUSE of the custom once prevalent in France of serving a guest who had outstayed his welcome a cold shoulder of mut-

ton instead of a hot roast, as a hint for him to go.

WHY do we wear heels on our shoes?

BECAUSE the sandal-like foot-gear of olden times was not adapted to riding, and when the high boots were introduced heels were put on for the purpose of giving the foot a good hold on the stirrup.

WHY do soldiers fire a volley over the grave of a dead comrade?

BECAUSE in days gone by, when superstition was practically universal, it was generally believed that making a noise kept away evil spirits, and the passing bell came into vogue for that reason. When firearms were invented, volley-firing was substituted for the passing bell, the belief being that the sound of battle would be more efficacious in the case of a soldier.

THE WORLD'S PRESS

What Life Means

Life well spent means knowledge, growth, simplicity of life and complexity of thought.

Life means work, and work means happiness.

Life means success to every man that wills to have it.

For there is no failure in this world except failure to try.—"The New York American."

The Kaiser

The Emperor is a man of great intellectual strength, somewhat impaired by the conviction that a monarch, to be strong under the existing conditions of European feeling, must not only seek the interest of his people, but must excite their admiration by visible and striking poses. Something of the scene-painter, thinks William II., is now necessary to the political artists—a dangerous impression, which the result of this election may remove, or at least diminish.—"Spectator."

The King in Paris

King Edward is a profound, a wise, and a pacific politician. What greater eulogy can be passed on a Sovereign?—"Le Petit Parisien."

I have often drawn attention to the diplomatic and military dangers of the entente cordiale, but the friendly presence of the King is too closely bound up with the monarch's neutrality among parties to lead to any risk of losing personal popularity.—M. Judet in "L'Eclair."

King Edward knows that he is always welcome and always at home in this country. The bad humour of some German journals will not disturb us. The sojourn of Queen Alexandra in France is particularly agreeable and precious to us.—"Le Figaro."

Tramway Electrification

The progress of tramway electrification is not very rapid at present; for one thing it has not been easy to raise money for any venture (even the romantic and fascinating Victoria Falls project failed "to draw"), and some money that might otherwise have gone to aid tramway enterprise has been put upon the wrong horse, by being sunk in costly pioneering work of the motor-omnibus.—"Electrical Review."

Death for a Kiss

The rules and regulations which environ unmarried girls in France are exceptionally strict when compared with those of England and America. On the other hand, compared with the social laws of Spain, I think those of France are favourable to the jeune fille. I have personal knowledge of a case in which a young Spanish girl shot herself because she had been kissed by a young man, and because—in consequence of this small indiscretion—her life had been made unbearable by her relatives!—Paris Correspondent of "Madame."

The Man and the Bottle

By ELLIOT WALKER.



COULD kill him," said The Man. "Yes! Had I the means, the nerve, the requisite steadiness of hand and brain, he should not live. I have the wish."

"I'm here," said The Bottle. "But for him she would have been mine," said The Man. "Ah! I was winning her when he came between us, so smooth, so insinuating, so contemptuous of me, with his wealth and good looks. I hate him."

"Have another!" said The Bottle. "I can imagine her at this moment, her eyes, her hair, her lips, her cheeks, her lovely form, and he, curse him! bending above her, perhaps caressing all that should have been my own. All that I longed for and dreamed of. I cannot endure it!"

"A trifle more," said The Bottle. "I will not submit so easily to the caprice of a changeable heart, nor to the scorn of any man. Never! Ho! Am I a weakling! Am I not strong, bold, resolute, ready to do, to dare, to have my way? Does not the blood leap through my veins, hot with the impelling cry of an outraged soul? To slay the creature as one might kill a dog would be but right."

"That's the talk," said the Bottle. "I'll not longer hesitate," said The Man. "Bah! I shall strike. My muscles are like steel, my thoughts clear and resolved. Not long ago I trembled in my thinking, dreading the consequences. Pooh! Who cares for what may come. I can easily escape."

"Your glass is empty," said The Bottle.

"My revolver, no—the reports will be heard. Ah! but I'm cautious and cunning. This knife? Yes, it has the point of a needle, the edge of a razor, and the blade is long—long. It will plunge deep."

"Just the thing," said The Bottle.

"If I find them together. Ha! She discarded me. My love has turned to loathing. To make it complete would be grand—grand! Why not?"

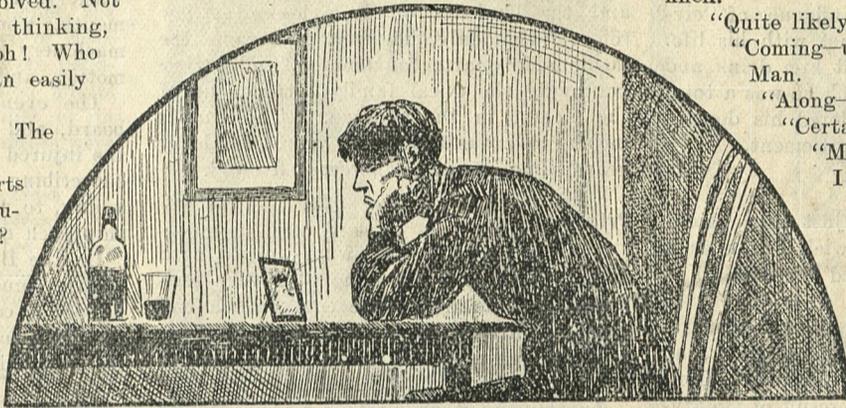
"Splendid!" said The Bottle. "Another little swallow."

"I'll do that," said The Man. "They will be together. It is his night for calling. Always, the wretch is there on a Sunday evening. In the arbour enjoying the moonlight—there shall I steal upon them, silently, slyly, relentlessly. It is well away from the house. No one will see me, nor hear me. I am ready."

"Just a drop more," said The Bottle. "Oh! to think of it. I am laughing as never before. Ha, ha, ha! The fools. But I must not be merry, lest I grow careless. Let me see. It is now nine o'clock. By ten I'll be back. To arrange my windows, noisily, to shuffle about, to make my usual sounds of retiring, yawning, and moving the furniture, then to creep out—to creep in, who would not swear to my being in bed during the hour?"

"Clever," said The Bottle. "Drink to yourself. Very clever."

"What a glorious thing is revenge," said The Man. "It dominates every sense as a king rules his petty subjects. The king is right. I am charged with a righteous mis-



sion. How firm, steady, strong, grimly determined I feel. I do not laugh, now. My wish is to act as though I were an actor in a magnificent tragedy—a part to be performed, well and thoroughly. Yet, I smile to myself, for the part is my invention and my soul's desire.

"Smile, then," said The Bottle. "'Tis my soul's desire, too."

"I'm going now," said The Man. "All seems in shape. Is there anything more?"

"A stiff bracer," said The Bottle.

"I did it!" said The Man. "I did it! Both—God help me! I can hardly stand. I—I ran so. My nerves are like water. Quick! a drink."

"I'm empty," said The Bottle.

"N—nothing left," said The Man. "I—I didn't, I couldn't have taken all."

"You did," said The Bottle.

"What shall I do?" said The Man. "Oh! what, what? I am trembling, sick, helpless to think or act. I was seen—a man shouted from the barn as I fled. I cannot run any farther. I dare not stay here. I am a murderer. I must have been insane."

"Only drunk," said The Bottle.

"I hear steps. Steps!" said The Man. "Heavy steps outside. They have stopped. ped. Someone is ringing. It is my death knell."

"Quite likely," said The Bottle.

"Coming—up—the—stairs," said The Man.

"Along—the—hall. My door."

"Certainly," said The Bottle.

"My knife—my bloody knife. I am lost—choking, dizzy. It is no use. One is an officer. Gentlemen—I know. I give myself up. Take me? I committed the murder."

"I helped you commit it," said The Bottle.

A Drastic Change

At a recent entertainment given to a boys' club, under the supervision of some charitable ladies who managed the affair, a reader was to recite Scott's poem of "Lochinvar." The managers, who were averse to having anything in praise of wine read to their pupils, had made an alteration of the lines:—

And now am I come with this lost love of mine
To tread but one measure, drink one cup
of wine,

to the following:—

And now have I come with this beautiful
maid
To tread but one measure, drink one
lemonade.

Applying an Ingenious Argument

Mr. W. W. Jacobs has said that it is only their surprises that make the stories take. To illustrate what he means, he told a story of a lawyer defending a man accused of housebreaking, who spoke like this:—"Your Honor, I submit that my client did not break into the house at all. He found the parlour window open, and merely inserted his right arm and removed a few trifling articles. Now, gentlemen, my client's arm is not himself, and I fail to see how you can punish the whole individual for an offence committed only by one of his limbs." "That argument," said

the judge, "is very well put. Following it logically, I sentence the defendant's arm to one year's imprisonment. He can accompany it or not, as he chooses." The defendant smiled, and with his lawyer's assistance unscrewed his cork arm, and, leaving it in the dock, walked out.

Growing New Wood

When Longfellow was well along in years, his head as white as snow, an ardent admirer asked him one day how it was that he was able to keep so vigorous and write so beautifully. Pointing to a blossoming apple tree near by, the poet replied: "That apple tree is very old, but I never saw prettier blossoms upon it than those which it now bears. The tree grows a little new wood every year, and I suppose it is out of that new wood that those blossoms come. Like the apple tree, I try to grow a little new wood every year." And what Longfellow did we all ought to do. We cannot stop the flight of time; we cannot head off the one event that happeneth to us all; but we can keep on "growing new wood," and in that way keep on blossoming to the end.

A Bad Boy

An inspector came to a school one day and asked a small boy to tell him something about Moses. "Oh," replied the boy, "Moses was a very, very bad boy." "Indeed," the inspector said, somewhat surprised, "how was that?" "Why," was the answer, "his mother smacked him, and

smacked him till she couldn't smack him any longer, and then she put him in an ark of bulrushes." The teacher wondered how on earth a child could have got hold of such an extraordinary idea. She found however, that it was his peculiar way of interpreting the words in Exodus ii. 3, which read thus: "And when she could no longer 'hide' him she took for him an ark of bulrushes. . . ."

Amazing Presence of Mind

A remarkable incident took place in a coal mine at Exhall, near Nuneaton. Among the hands who went on duty one Tuesday night was a young Bedworth man named Lane, and while at work near the coal face some tons of debris fell, completely cutting off his means of exit.

With great presence of mind, he turned a tub on its side and crept beneath it. He was just in time, for a great fall of coal followed, and only the stout boards of the tub kept the debris off him. In that cramped position he remained nearly six hours, and when at length a gang of men had succeeded in forcing a way to the imprisoned collier they were gratified to find their comrade unharmed.

Yaleton: "Did you ever play football?"
Alkali Ike: "No, but I once got caught in a drove of stampeded mules."

Eight per cent, for your savings is better than three. I will give it you. Wm. Lawson Dash, 108 Pitt-street.—*

Talk about People

"Lend-a-Hand Clubs"

Dr. Edward Everett Hale will celebrate his 85th birthday on April 3, and an interesting project is on foot to commemorate the day. Dr. Hale founded the "Lend-a-Hand Society," more than 35 years ago, and an endowment fund of £10,000 is to be raised in connection with it. The Society is composed of "Lend-a-Hand Clubs," which exist in various parts of America for the purpose of mutual help and encouragement. The origin of the title is to be found in Dr. Edward Everett Hale's motto:—

Look up and not down.
Look forward and not back.
Look out and not in.
And lend a hand.

Strong Irony

A good anecdote is told by the Bishop of Minnesota of the sarcastic powers of the Indian. "I was holding," says Bishop Whipple, "a service near an Indian village camp. My things were scattered about in a lodge, and when I was going out I asked the chief if it were safe to leave them there while I went to the village to hold a service. 'Yes,' he said, 'perfectly safe. There is not a white man within a hundred miles!'" It is only too true that where the Indian of America has lived by himself away from the white settlements, he has maintained a code of morality that is undermined immediately the influence of "civilisation" comes into contact with his life. The white man has brought him drink and taught him trickery to which he was a total stranger before he surrendered his domain to the invasion of a new settlement.

Sandow and the Doctors

Mr. Eugen Sandow has just been passed by the doctors of the Norwich Union as a first-class life, and reinsured for £20,000 at the lowest rates.

The suggestion that physical culturists possess weak hearts finds no support, at any rate, in the case of Mr. Sandow. Constitutionally speaking, as a result of twenty-five years of regular exercises, he has been found to be in precisely the same position of splendid health as he was when previously insured ten years ago.

The new insurance is all the more eloquent in view of the fact that when Mr. Sandow was previously insured in the same office ten years ago they required a guarantee from him that he would not indulge in great feats of strength. As this guarantee was not forthcoming, a special high rate of insurance was charged, on account of what the Norwich Union considered were the risks run when performing feats of strength.

So satisfied are the Norwich Union that Mr. Sandow is in the same condition of health after ten strenuous years have passed, that they have decided to reduce the rate of the previous insurance, and have withdrawn unconditionally any clause which prohibits him from indulging in future feats of strength.

Fifty Years a Singer

Mr. Santley, who made a tour of Australia some years ago, received a very interesting memento of his musical jubilee in the form of a silver cigar case, which has just been presented to him by the Halle Choir at Manchester. The presentation took place just before the commencement of the performance of "Elijah" at the Free Trade Hall, in which Mr. Santley sustained his famous role of the Prophet with undiminished vigour.

After the presentation, the eminent singer said that, although he had been fifty years

a singer, his connection with Manchester dated back still further, for he sang at the Salford Cathedral in 1854.

The King's Chauffeur

There is nothing King Edward objects to so much as being accompanied wherever he goes by whole armies of officials to shadow his every movement, and to guard against any possible attempt on his life.

To get over this difficulty the detectives have to invent all sorts of subterfuges and adopt various disguises.

When King Edward first took to motor-ing the Royal car was invariably followed by another containing the detectives, but even this precaution has been rendered unnecessary lately, except on special occasions, by his Majesty having for his chauffeur a Metropolitan police officer.

A Duke with £100,000 a Year

Every day the young Duke of Westminster gets richer. He is ground landlord of miles and miles of houses—the whole of South Belgravia—and for each he receives £1 a year peppercorn rent until the leases fall in. Each month fresh leases fall into his hands, and at the end of thirty years the whole of the property, which is now worth many millions, will be his entirely. The land, which was acquired by his ancestors nearly two centuries ago, was then a worthless marsh. Parts of it were drained and the land let on long leases at low rents. Suddenly, however, it became the fashionable quarter of London, and correspondingly the ducal family became one of the richest in the peerage. The Duke's income to-day is £100,000 a year. In thirty years' time it will be increased fivefold.

Prince as Chaplain

The Prince of Wales always worked hard at his profession, which he took very seriously; but there was one thing which had not been included in the subjects of instruction through which he went, namely, how to read the Church of England Service.

An amusing story is told, which illustrates the curious fact that it is often more difficult to read in public a very familiar form of words than one which is unfamiliar.

The story is that when he was appointed to the command of the gunboat *Thrush*, which was too small a vessel to be allowed a regular padre, the Prince had to read the service, and he several times read the general confession as follows:—"We have done those things which we ought to have done, and have left undone those things we ought not to have done," which was, perhaps, more complimentary to the ship's company than they deserved.

He was Ready

Mr. Reader Harris, K.C., leader of the British Pentecostal League, got his first lift in life significantly. Employed in the drawing office of the Great Western Railway Company's engineering shops, he found young men were occasionally sent down the line on responsible commissions. Receiving instructions in the morning, they spent the day preparing to start.

Shocked at the waste of time, he filled a bag with travelling conveniences and took it to the office to be ready to start at short notice. His companions ridiculed the idea.

But one day the chief engineer came in and asked about the bag. The owner said: "I determined, if I had a chance to go, to be ready."

"You did? You see that train?"

"Yes."

"Jump in; I'll telegraph instructions."

From that time Mr. Harris made rapid progress, and has never once looked back.

A TEMPERANCE ADMIRAL

ADORED BY HIS MEN.

BLUEJACKETS' FAREWELL TO LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

As is well known throughout the British Navy, Admiral Lord Charles Beresford is a strict temperance man. He believes in total abstinence. Officers and men alike, he says, are better, more alert, more reliable, and always ready for any emergency when they eschew intoxicating drink in any and every form. "For myself," he adds, "my brain is always clear, and I am ready for any call or any duty, day or night. And I know this would not be the case if I took strong drink." This is high testimony from Britain's bravest and boldest Admiral.

And it is satisfactory to know, too, that Lord Charles' popularity among his blue-jackets is immense. This was strikingly illustrated at Portsmouth one Saturday last month when he quitted his flagship, *The Bulwark*, on his arrival home from the Mediterranean in order to assume command of the Atlantic Fleet.

The Bulwark had a very rough passage, and in the Bay of Biscay heavy seas washed over the fore-bridge and poured down the ventilators. As a result the ship had to reduce speed from 15 to 10 knots, and even at times stop. One fatal accident occurred, the victim being Leading Stoker Vickery, a married man belonging to Plymouth, who was struck on the head by machinery while attending to the pumps in motion, and died two days afterwards.

The event created much sympathy on board, and Lord Charles Beresford visited the injured man in the sick bay, afterwards subscribing £5 to a fund raised for the widow, to which the officers and men of the ship each contributed one day's pay.

On the *Bulwark* reaching Spithead, Lord Charles mustered all hands aft and made a speech complimenting all ranks on the way they had behaved throughout the commission, adding that he could not have wished for a better crew. They had, he said, secured the battleship record for gunnery, and so admirably had the engine-room worked that they had never experienced a breakdown.

At Portsmouth Dockyard quite a picturesque ceremony was witnessed. As *The Bulwark* moored alongside, Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas, Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Superintendent Robinson, and other officers assembled to greet Lord Charles, and Admiral Douglas, advancing to the centre of the gangway, warmly shook hands with the retiring Commander-in-Chief.

Afterwards the officers and crew of *The Bulwark* were mustered on the quarter-deck, and Lord Charles took his final leave, coming ashore in mufti. As he did so, the ship was manned, and Captain Brock called for "Three cheers for the Chief," which was repeated again and again. Lord Charles acknowledged the compliment with evident feeling and drove to Portsmouth Harbour Station to entrain for London.

"We can't get all at once into the exclusive circles, ma. We haven't got the prestige."

"Well, law sakes, Sally, can't we buy some?"

Church: "Are you acquainted with Flat bush?"

Gotham: "Oh, yes. Why we sleep in adjoining pews."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Lapsling, "Sophrony suffers terribly from neuralgia. The only relief she ever gets is when she has an epidemic inserted in her arm."

THE CHILD AND CRIME

In the world-wide trend of Social Legislation, having for its object the uplifting of humanity, it is gratifying to find that reformers are turning their attention to the child-life of the country, and effectively grappling with the growing tendency of juvenile depravity and general criminality among children.

That children, who are of tender years, and whose whole environment is against them, should not be treated in the same way as the adult law-breaker has at last dawned on our legislators. In Germany and America, the establishments of Special Children's Courts has been carefully watched, and so gratifying have the results been in restraining and minimising crime among children, that other countries are following in their example.

In New South Wales the movement in this direction culminated in the forming of the Juvenile Offenders' and Neglected Children's Act of 1905. In this Act provision was made for a special Children's Court, to deal with the offences of those under 16 years of age, the great advantage of this Court being its privacy, freedom from iron-bound officialdom, and the separation from the degrading associations of open Police Courts.

The Act came into operation on October 1st, 1905, and between that date and December 11th last, 2087 cases were brought before the Metropolitan Children's Court, irrespective of affiliation cases under the Infants Protection Act. Exclusive of cases which were either abandoned or were pending, there was 239 cases in which adults were charged with offences against or in respect of children, and the defendants were dealt with according to law.

Out of 1758 charges brought against children, 467 children were either released on conditional probation, or committed to the care of approved custodians, other than parents; 231 were committed to various institutions; 634 were mulcted in small fines, and 426 cases were dismissed or proved abortive. In addition 430 applications by widows for State aid for their children were disposed of.

PROVISIONS OF THE ACT.

The Act is to make better provision for the protection, control, and maintenance of uncontrollable children and juvenile offenders, to constitute Children's Courts, and to provide for appeals from such courts.

The definition of a neglected child is, among others, "One who is in a brothel, or lodges, lives or resides or wanders about with reputed thieves or with persons who have no visible lawful means of support, or with common prostitutes, whether such are parents or not.—No fixed place of abode, begs or habitually wanders about and sleeps out at night; or takes part in any public performance whereby the life or limb of such child is endangered. Where parents are habitual drunkards and undergoing imprisonment."

The principal provision, however, under which many children have been rescued is one which says—"or is living under such conditions as indicate that the child is lapsing into a career of vice and crime."

Children apprehended as neglected are not taken to gaol, but to what is described in the Act as a shelter, and are kept there until such time as their cases are settled or arrangements made for their transference to a home or institution.

Where punishable offences are dealt with in the case of trivial matters, small fines are imposed, and where parents or others are willing to take responsibility in more serious cases, children may escape imprisonment under the First Offenders' Act. The Act in South Australia has this advantage, that provision is made for punishing the

parents, as it is very evident the blame largely rests with them.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

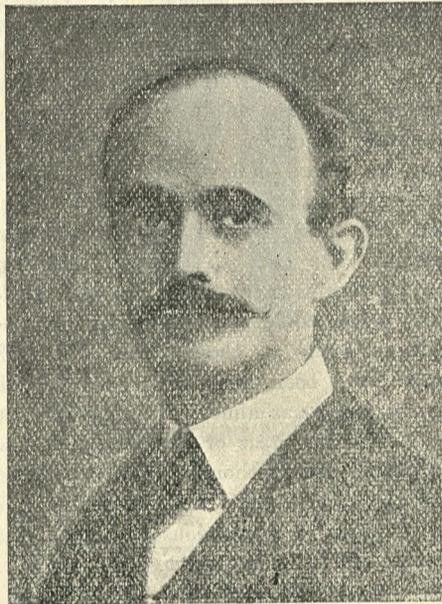
The great need of special legislation in safeguarding the young will be readily seen from the following official figures, showing how great is the human degradation among children:—

The number of married mothers under 16 years of age during the 13 years 1893-1905, that gave birth to children, was 594.

The number of unmarried mothers under 16 during the same period (1893-1905) was 1432.

It will thus be seen that in this direction alone there is an appalling lack of control, and a deplorable tendency to immorality at an early age. Who can deny that this is rarely the fault of the child, but invariably the outcome of baneful surroundings.

This Act will go a long way towards protecting the unfortunate children, and when it is amended so that parents may be heavily punished for neglecting their offspring, a still further improvement will take place in the life of the child.



Mr. BEN. LINDSEY,
The famous "Kid" Judge of Denver

STITCH, STITCH, STITCH

**WOMAN WHO EARNED 2s 6d WEEKLY
FOUND DEAD BY HER MACHINE.**

Hood's lines of the seamstress are vividly recalled by a painful story of privation which was related to the Colchester Coroner at an inquest on a widow named Moss, seventy-six years of age.

Mrs. Moss, who earned half a crown a week by tailoring, was heard working her sewing-machine till after three o'clock one Thursday morning. On the Friday night she was found dead, and the evidence indicated that after working all night she was seized with cerebral apoplexy and died. There was no money in her room.

The coroner said he thought municipalities ought to provide almshouses for the respectable poor who refused, like Mrs. Moss, to go into the workhouse.

A political orator declared that "the British lion, whether climbing the pine forests of Canada, or scouring the Pacific main, would not draw in his horns or retire into its shell," which recalls the remark of an Australian legislator who, speaking of the competition between land and sea carriage, exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, the railways are cutting the ground from under the steamers' feet."

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GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

SYDNEY, MARCH 28, 1907.

THE NEED OF THE HOUR IS GRIT

In all departments of life the call is for men and women of strong and well-balanced character, who will face difficulties bravely and overcome them. This is especially true in regard to social reform. In a few weeks' time there will be the heat and turmoil of a great political conflict. Among other questions which will agitate the public mind are those relating to the legislation passed by the present Parliament for the restriction and suppression of the twin vices of gambling and drinking. There is a strong and well-organised section of the community which is bitterly opposed to these great measures of social reform, and which is clamouring for material alterations in the new laws. The Sporting League and The Liquor Trades Defence Union have been making fierce attacks upon the Gaming and Liquor Acts respectively, and in the case of the latter organisation every effort is being put forth to defeat the No-License party at the local option polls. These are the circumstances which have induced the publication of "Grit." The paper will stand firmly against any alteration of the Gaming or Liquor Acts which would give a section of the people wider opportunity for the exploitation of the weaknesses and passions of their fellows. It is also in fullest sympathy with the No-License party, and its influence will be exerted towards securing this much-needed and much-to-be-desired reform. The mission of this paper is to educate the mass of the people on all great social questions; to raise the tone of social, civic and national life; to help to make this country purer, brighter, healthier and happier. We appeal, therefore, for the support of all who take an interest in their country's highest good, and who desire a state of things under which it will be easy for men to do right rather than wrong.

"A BAREFACED AND DOWNRIGHT LIE"

The expression is not ours. It is the chaste and polished language used by the press organ of the liquor party in comment-

ing upon the statement published by the New South Wales Alliance in a recent issue of a morning newspaper. The point which called forth this refined remark had reference to the number of persons convicted for drunkenness. "Were we to take an average of, say, twelve convictions per annum per individual of the eighteen thousand recorded," says the liquor organ, "the number of 'persons' wrongly substituted for 'convictions' are (sic) reduced to sixteen hundred—just a little over one per cent. of the population of the entire State." Now this is a very clever calculation, but it has just one fault, namely, that it is not founded on fact. Since the statement referred to was made, the Law and Crime Section of the Statistical Register has been issued. On referring to this publication it is found that in 1905 the number of individuals charged with drunkenness in our police courts was 16,966, and of these, 2,544 were women. It will thus be seen that the gracious expression used by our liquid contemporary is peculiarly applicable to its own calculation. This is but a sample of the tactics employed by the liquor party when engaged in discussion. In the course of his inaugural address the President of the U.L.V. Association referred to the operation of No-License in New Zealand as an "absolute failure." When challenged to prove his assertion he quoted some figures relating to an increase of crime and implied that these referred to the No-License districts. The fact is, however, that Mr. Power's figures were those for the whole colony which could not by any sophistry be made to apply to those places where licenses have been abolished. As is well known, crime has almost disappeared from the No-License areas of New Zealand, and the people are so thoroughly well satisfied with the reform that each succeeding poll has witnessed a tremendous and gratifying increase of No-License votes.

THE SPORTING LEAGUE

Mr. E. W. O'Sullivan and his friends are pushing the agitation against the Gaming and Betting Act with an amount of vigour and persistency which bespeaks a tremendous enthusiasm for the interests of the gambling fraternity. Meetings have been held at a number of places, and branches of the Sporting League have been formed "in the interests of legitimate sport." But these gentlemen have so far omitted to define the term "sport." No sane person can have the slightest objection to sport which is designed to bring out the best and most manly qualities of those engaged in it. When, however, people are asked to believe that the elimination of the gambling element will kill true sport, it must be said that if such be correct it were better that it should be killed. The term "sport" implies healthy recreation, and it is quite possible, as well as highly desirable, to attain this end without the accompaniment of gambling. When wagering is allowed in connection with any pastime it rapidly degenerates into a business run for the benefit of those "in the know." In view of the activity of the gamblers and their allies, it is surprising that no united public action has been taken by those who desire to see our recreations kept clean. It is high time that a vigorous campaign should be

set on foot throughout the State for the purpose of impressing upon candidates for Parliament the fact that no man may look for the support and influence of law-abiding and respectable men and women unless he is prepared to resist any tampering with the Gaming and Betting Acts.

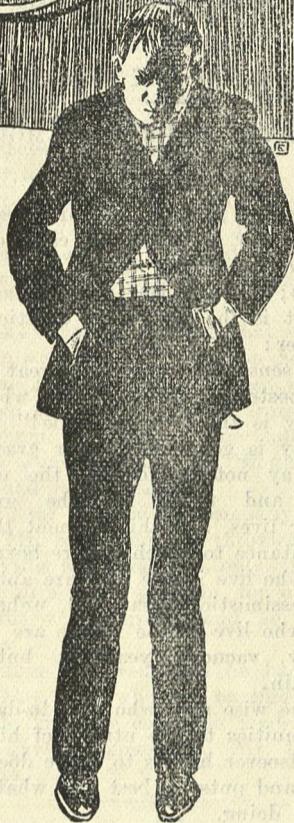
"HATE-TO-LET-LIVE BRIGADE"

The electors of Victoria, by returning so great a majority of Government supporters have set the seal of their approval upon the social reform legislation of the last Parliament. At a recent meeting in the Sydney Town Hall, one of the speakers remarked that a wave of morality had been passing over the eastern portion of this continent, and that we might look for the inevitable ebb at no distant date. The verdict of Victoria shows that the people of that State object to being governed by any set of men pledged to give the worst forces in the community more scope for their evil operations. In a few short months it will be the turn of the people of New South Wales to pronounce upon the legislation passed by the present Parliament. It is to be hoped that the decision will be strongly in support of those men who have striven to remove some of our social plague spots. The names of some of these are anathema to the gamblers and liquor-dealers, who have expressed their intention of doing all possible to oust those whom they politely term the "hate-to-let-live brigade." That the people as a whole approve of the reforms enacted, admits of no doubt. But something more is needed. Each man and each woman qualified to vote must exercise the franchise to return men pledged to uphold and protect the new laws. If this is not done, it is within the bounds of possibility that the measure of reform gained may be lost.

LIQUOR AND REVENUE

The secretary of the Liquor Trades Defence Union stated recently that the revenue derivable from intoxicants amounted to some £1,500,000, and that to carry No-License would mean the sweeping away of this "princely asset." He further remarked that to make good the deficiency thus caused it would be necessary to impose fresh taxation. Did it not strike this gentleman when he made that statement that that million-and-a-half comes out of the pockets of those who consume the liquor? If the consumption of liquor were stopped the people would be better off to the extent of £4,500,000 annually, for that is the sum wasted every year in strong drink in New South Wales. Although it might be necessary to impose fresh taxation, or, rather, to shift the incidence of taxation, the million-and-a-half would still come out of the people's pockets, but they would be better off to the extent of £3,000,000. But it is not true that it would be necessary to raise the £1,500,000 by other means. The money paid into the Treasury by the liquor sellers is all spent in combating the effects of the traffic, and it does not call for very much perspicuity to understand that if the cause of these evils be removed, they would not exist.

The Cost of It



"Ten dollars and costs," so the wise judge said,
As out from his presence the man was led.
Just a common drunk—an everyday thing—
Still, there's room for a little pondering.

Ten dollars and costs! Is this all, wise man?
There is something amiss with your legal plan.
My reckoning, sir, is far from this —
There is something, I fear, which has gone amiss.
Did you count the cost of the man's disgrace,
His bloodshot eyes and his sodden face?
His trembling hands and shame-bowed head,
His step from which all blitheness had fled?
The remorse that came with his sober thought,
Did you reckon the price with which it was bought?
Did you count in your judgment the precious price
Of a soul enslaved in the bonds of vice?
Of a life that was wrecked—a birthright sold,
Priceless, beyond all price of gold?

Did you count in your judgment, O man so wise,
The mother's tears in her brimming eyes?
Did you note the grief in her careworn face,
And the furrows made by a child's disgrace?
Did you count the prayers she has faltering said
That her child from sinful ways be led?
O judge, did you count all these, I say,
When you balanced accounts on that judgment day?

And the stricken wife with her broken heart—
Did you count that in with your cost as part?
Did you think of the shame of a drunkard's wife—
Her blasted hopes and her ruined life?
The nights of sorrow and days of woe
Laden with shame, as they ever go;
Did you count the prayers that her lips had said
And the tears that flowed as her sad heart bled
At the thought of her children's cruel shame?
A drunkard father—a dishonoured name!
Better by far had they never been born
Than to face the world with its pitiless scorn.

Did you count what it means—a strong man lost—
Or had this no part in your summed up cost?
A cumberer now where he might have been
A host for good 'mong his fellowmen—
A leader of strength—a hero to fight—
In the raging battle for good and right;
Might have led and paved the way
To some fair-famed goal and a better day;
Might have broken the chains of drink and vice
And lived in the glory of sacrifice!

Just a common drunk—no more—no less—
A spicy joke for the daily press.
Just a common drunk—an everyday thing.
Yet there's room for a little pondering.

HUMAN SPIRIT LEVEL

In the bones of the head there are many little channels hollowed out which are called the semicircular canals. These canals are filled with fluid lymph. For centuries no one could understand their meaning. Some physicians considered them of no use. This tendency to belittle organs in the human body whose functions could not be explained has characterised more than one generation of savants. Now these peculiar semicircular canals are known to be wonderful little devices to assist us in keeping our balance. They act a good deal as the ballast does on a ship, or, more properly speaking, like the fluid in a spirit level. The brain keeps an eye on this spirit level and is made conscious of the body's relative position. The fluid flows back and forth in the canals, and when we get it at a dangerous angle the brain knows it.

No sensitive electrical device is more carefully protected than the spinal cord in its movable frame of vertebrae. Nature has adjusted it with more precision than the movements of a watch.

A whole line of important patents could be evolved from these devices. In the splicing of broken bones Nature can give the best surgeon pointers. When a bone is broken, the splintered ends are surrounded with cartilage until they are firmly held in position. Then gradually a layer of bone is placed between them and soldered together. All the physician has to do is to bring the two ends of the bones together so that the joint will be smooth and even. Nature's little agents do the rest.

"What wages do you pay, mum?"
"I'm willing to pay you whatever you are worth."
"I've never worked for as little as that, mum. Good-day to you."

AUSTRALIAN BUSH STORY

"Yes," the driver remarked, as his "leaders" swept round the turn into a lightly timbered stretch of level road, "you may not believe it, but them kangaroos is as cute as a Christian. Why, Maloney, who owns the selection on the other side of the creek, trained one of 'em to meet the coach every week and get the letters for him. The pouch comes in real handy, ye see."

Presently, as often happens on a quiet country road, a fine marsupial, disturbed by the approach of his Majesty's Royal Mail, came into view, as he raised himself from the grass, where he had been feeding, and looked towards the coach with an innocent inquiring air. The driver was ready with the corroboration of his "bald and unconvincing narrative," for as he shouted loudly, "Nothing for you to-day, old man!" the kangaroo, as if that was all he had been waiting for, hopped quickly out of view amongst the trees, to the utter astonishment of the box-seat traveller, and the intense enjoyment of the other occupants of the coach.—"E. J. T. B." in "The World's Work."

"There's a little fellow who gives himself dead away every time he starts talking."

"You don't say. What's the trouble?"
"He makes his living by posing as a deaf and dumb beggar."

"Well, doctor, what do you recommend?"
"I think you need mud baths."
"Mud baths? Man, I've just come through a bitter political campaign!"

"Why did they insist on fumigating that poor old bookworm's manuscript?"
"I suppose they were afraid it might contain some germs of thought."

TO A HAIR'S BREADTH

MARVELLOUS ACCURACY OF THE STANDARD MEASURES.

Major McMahon made some interesting statements in a recent lecture on standards in weights and measures at the Royal Institution, London.

A platinum bar at Palace-yard is so accurate that it can be used to measure microns which are the 25,000th part of an inch.

A platinum standard bar at the Royal Society is worth £1200.

The imperial standard pound, which is made of platinum, dates from 1844, and now it has lost 1-500th part of a grain.

The balance at King's-yard is so sensitive that when a 20lb. weight was placed in each scale and one grain was added to one of them, the beam oscillated for twenty-six hours.

When the balance at the Paris bureau is used the operation takes place six or seven yards away from it, and the readings are made through a telescope in order to prevent inaccuracy arising from the heat of the operator's body.

Standards at the present day are not made entirely of platinum, but an alloy of 10 per cent. of iridium is added to 90 per cent. of the former metal.

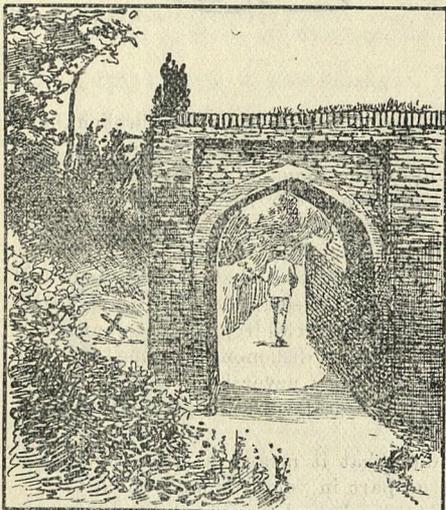
"Were you out in all that rain?" asked Mary. "No," said the young woman from Vassar. "I was merely in the portion of the rain that descended in my immediate vicinity."

Schoolmaster (at end of object lesson): "Now, can any of you tell me what is water?"

Small and Grubby Urchin: "Please, teacher, water's what turns black when you puts your 'ands in it."

THE GARDEN OF DEATH

Juan Aldige and his assistant, Munoz, have been condemned to death on six charges of murder at the gambling saloon which they kept at Penafior, near Seville. The two men were professional gamblers and tricksters who lured rich men to their den, and after murdering them, buried them in graves already prepared in the garden.



Several well-known men of Seville had disappeared, and the wife of one of them, named Rejano, put the police on the track by mentioning that her husband was a gambler. He was traced to Aldige's house, and his body found buried in the garden.

Further examination brought five other bodies to light, some of which had been buried for over two years. The garden has been termed "The Garden of Death."

SCRIPTURAL SIGN BANNED

The Berlin police are extremely thorough in their methods, and Daniel Cziemec, who keeps a beerhouse opposite the Nazareth Church there, has experienced this. In a moment of inspiration he christened his establishment "Daniel in the Lions' Den," and painted on a signboard over his door a picture of the great Hebrew sitting at ease among the lions. The police came along, and told Daniel that his sign and picture were calculated to offend religious susceptibilities, and ordered their removal. "Daniel in the" might remain, but "Lions' Den" and the picture had to go.

BRITISH TRADE TRIUMPH

Before 1898 the United Kingdom furnished the bulk of the cement imported into South Africa—reports the United States Consul at Pretoria—but with subsidising of steamship lines and cheap rates to sea-ports in the Fatherland, Germany that year captured 16 per cent. of the total imports. From 1903 the United Kingdom gradually increased its hold, and advanced from 70 per cent. in 1904 to approximately 90 per cent. last year of the total imports, while Germany decreased nearly to its standing of 1898.

FOR INDUSTRIAL PEACE

President Roosevelt has written a letter to the Norwegian Foreign Minister thanking the Nobel Committee for awarding him the peace prize of £8,000.

He states that he has handed the money to a committee, to be employed by them in furthering industrial peace in the United States, believing that peace between the various classes of society in modern civilisation was of just as great importance as peace between nations.

DOG DIES OF A BROKEN HEART

An Irish terrier at Scarborough has died of a broken heart.

Every care was taken of it after its mistress's death, but it gradually pined away and died after paying a visit to its mistress's grave.

A veterinary surgeon who made a post-mortem examination could find no trace of disease, and was compelled to adopt the theory that it had died of a broken heart.

NOW IS THE TIME TO WORK

YESTERDAY HAS GONE: TO-MORROW MAY NOT COME.

To-day is the greatest in our lives. It is the only day in which we can do anything. Are you living in the past or in the future; or are you seizing each to-day? That is the important question you must answer:

In more senses than one that great writer of the Apostolic era was right when he said, "Now is the accepted time!"

Yesterday is gone out of our grasp, to-morrow may not be for us, the present is ours, and to-day is the greatest day in our lives, and this moment the solemn inheritance to which we are born heir.

People who live in the past are apt to be gloomy, pessimistic, dissatisfied, unhappy!

People who live in the future are apt to be dreamy, vacuous, yearning, but they never attain.

He is the wise man who uses to-day and its opportunities to the utmost of his ability. Whatsoever he has to do he does with his might and puts his best into whatsoever he may be doing.

The wise man knows that if he makes a mistake to-day he, or someone else, will be compelled to rectify it in the to-morrow of life.

Mistakes may endure for a season, but they do not, they cannot, abide for ever!

Mistakes may be, and are, rectified some time, somewhere. All mistakes of history have been, and are being, rectified, sometimes at tremendous cost and at a fearful price.

Into to-day put your best work, and there will be no regrets!

Your work may be simple, humble, apparently insignificant. It is never ignoble, mean, or small, if into it you put your best! Even drudgery is divine when done in the spirit of a king.

You may do your common work commonly and be common. If you do it uncommonly well, and persevere, the uncommon reward and encomium will be yours.

Put your best into your work, and the best will be yours—best opportunities, best wages, best masters, best character.

It always pays to do work well! It never pays to do work in any other way.

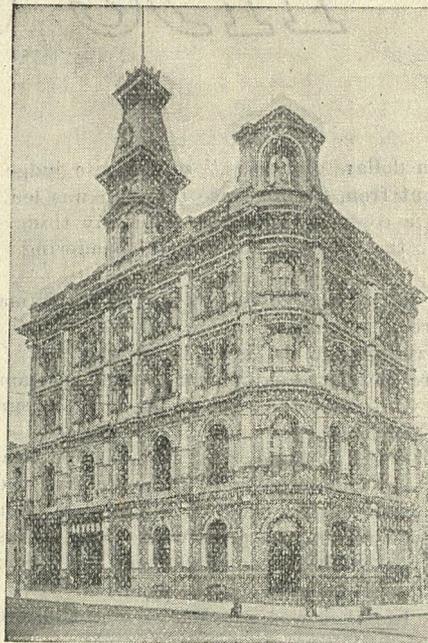
A Chicago hotel manager employed a man named "Bill" to do his window-washing, according to "Collier's Weekly." One morning Bill was amusing himself by reading the paper, and, as bad luck would have it, the manager looked in. "What's this?" he asked. "Pack up your things and go," said the manager. So poor Bill drew his money, went upstairs, and put on his good clothes. Coming down, he happened to run across the manager, who did not recognise him in his black coat. "Do you want a job?" asked the manager. "Yes, sir," said Bill. "Can you clean windows?" "Yes, sir." "You look a handy sort of fellow. I gave the last man only five dollars, but I'll give you seven dollars." "Thank you, sir," said Bill, and in half an hour he was back in the same old room, cleaning the window this time, and not reading the paper.

All Financial Business confidentially arranged by Wm. Lawson Dash, 108 Pitt-street.—*

Where Shall I Stay in Sydney?

THE N.S.W. ALLIANCE HEADQUARTERS HOTEL

CORNER CASTLEREAGH & PARK STS., SYDNEY



A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL WITHOUT A LIQUOR BAR

Airy, Comfortable Bedrooms. Spacious Reception Rooms.
Good Table. Terms very moderate
For particulars apply to the Secretary.

All Profits go to Temperance Propaganda Work

TERSE TRUTHS

The bread does not go to the loafers.

The joy of sacrifice is the secret of all joy.

Life's prizes come not by lottery but by labour.

The funeral sermon always comes too late to serve as a pass through the pearly gates.

Your purity does not depend on the vigor with which you are willing to scrub your neighbours.

The only reason some men will not go to God is because they cannot get a round-trip ticket.

A man never masters others until he has mastered his own appetites.

Some men are boats, and some are chips and straws upon the stream of time. And you; what are you?

Sand is a good enough foundation for a house in a climate where there is no wind or rain—that is, nowhere.

We cannot all play the same instrument, but we can all be in the right key.

Politics is the average virtue. The first duty of a Christian voter is to raise the average, by so much as character weighs.

Just to be true to one's own principles, from day to day—election day no less than other days—being open-minded always and hospitable to new facts, is in the very highest sense, to live "the life of faith."

A kind word spoken to a fellow-labourer in the midst of the world's work may be as precious ointment. The word that helps a man to live above the rocks and ruts and stumbling blocks of his daily duty is not hard to speak, and it may enrich the loneliness and poverty of some neglected life.

A story of quick wit turned to apologetic uses is going the rounds of the English papers. A Salvation Army lassie was being tormented for her belief in the truth of the story of Jonah. "When I get to Heaven I'll ask him for an explanation," she said. "But suppose he is not in Heaven," said her tormentor. "Then you can ask him."

FAMOUS DWARF DEAD

TOM THUMB EXPIRES AT THE AGE OF 74.

PUBLIC FAVOURITE.

Field-Marshal Tom Thumb, otherwise known as Mr. Richard Garnsey, has just died at Wellington (Eng.), at the age of 74.

He was supposed to be the most perfectly formed dwarf in the world, and his height was just over three feet.

Fifty years ago he attracted large crowds to the Egyptian Hall, London. He appeared before the late Queen Victoria on more than one occasion, Her Majesty taking the greatest interest in him. He subsequently toured through Britain, attracting large audiences, medical men especially being particularly interested in his perfect formation.

After leaving the stage he settled down as a farmer near Wellington, and proved himself a keen business man. At the various markets he delighted the farmers with his anecdotes, and would often cause the greatest fun by losing himself amongst the crowd of buyers.

He was of a most genial disposition, and was a familiar figure in the town in which he lived. He enjoyed splendid health almost up to the time of his death, but for the last few years he walked with a crutch, one of his bullocks having knocked him down and broken his leg.

He never married, and was a somewhat heavy smoker nearly all his life. He voted at the last General Election.

THE ORIGINAL TOM THUMB.

The original Tom Thumb, of course, was quite a celebrated character in his day, and it is suggested in the above message that Mr. Garnsey and he were the same. Of this there would appear to be some doubt. In the first place, the original Tom Thumb's name was supposed to be Stratton. "I know of no Field-Marshal Tom Thumb," said Mr. Maskelyne, of St. George's Hall, and formerly of the Egyptian Hall, where General Tom Thumb made hundreds of conquests in the long ago. "Barnum brought General Tom Thumb to the Egyptian Hall first in 1842, and he paid his last visit there in 1862. As a matter of fact, he wasn't by any means so small as some of the midgets who have succeeded him, but Barnum worked the business very well, and he had a tremendous series of receptions.

"General Tom Thumb was born in 1832. The chief reason why he made so great a success was that the late Queen Victoria was pleased with him, and had him to see her at Windsor Castle several times. He used to drive through the streets in a little carriage drawn by a pair of tiny ponies. His wife died some time ago in America.

"The most interesting dwarf I knew was a little fellow whom we called the 'Pocket Sims Reeves,' and who appeared at the Egyptian Hall about thirty years ago. He had a really nice voice, and used to sing Sims Reeves's songs. He was a healthy little chap, and after his marriage to a tall girl he went sheep-farming in Kent. I don't know what has become of him, but some time after his marriage he brought his wife to see me, and it was extremely amusing to see the way he took care of her."

Head of the Laundry: "So, Betsy, I hear you're going to be married. You must let me know what you'd like me to give you towards your trousseau."

Betsy: "Please, ma'am. I've got some of that—what you said."

Head of the Laundry: "Really! What have you got?"

Betsy: "Please, ma'am, I've got six cups and saucers and a glass of stuffed birds."

MISSING THE STATION

RAILWAY PASSENGERS NEED NOT PAY FOR EXTRA JOURNEY.

A decision of importance to railway travellers was given in the Southwark (London) County Court by Judge Willis, R.C., last month.

The London and South-Western Railway Company sued Mr. Charles Singleton, a stockjobber, of Birchm-lane, E.C., for 1s 2d. It was stated that on November 27 last Mr. Singleton took a first-class ticket from Waterloo to Clapham Junction. He failed to leave the tram at Clapham Junction and went on to Wimbledon, where he was asked to pay 7d, the excess fare.

He refused to pay, saying that he had been carried beyond his station, and that the company would have to carry him back to Clapham Junction. He travelled back and refused another demand for the fare from Clapham Junction to Wimbledon and back.

A railway inspector stated that when Mr. Singleton arrived at Wimbledon he said he had been arguing with another passenger and failed to notice when the train stopped at Clapham Junction. The collector at Clapham Junction said Mr. Singleton told him he had fallen asleep.

Counsel for the railway company suggested that Mr. Singleton was intoxicated, but Judge Willis said that this only placed the company in a worse position, for if he were intoxicated the company had no right to carry him.

The judge declared that he had yet to learn that a man who was carried past his station by mistake could be made to pay, and he gave judgment for Mr. Singleton with costs.

A MAN'S VALUE TO THE STATE

HEALTHY ADULTS WORTH £250 EACH.

Miss Ravenhill gave an interesting estimate of the value to the State of each member of the community in a lecture on the economics of health at the Women's Department of King's College, London, recently.

"I should like my audience to understand the connection between these two words," she said. "The function of economics to collect facts, and arrange and draw inferences from them; hygiene is the science and art of conserving and promoting health.

"It can easily be understood that we can only conserve what we have. Ninety per cent. of babies are absolutely healthy when they are born. They may be permanently injured during the first five minutes of their lives.

"Health, therefore, is efficiency. Efficiency is national prosperity. Each one of us represents a definite money value to our country.

"An infant at birth is worth £5 to his country. When he grows to be a man, if his position is only that of the agricultural labourer, he is worth £250.

"If we suffer from illness we are a heavy liability to our country, instead of a valuable asset."

After this explanation of the connection between economics and health, Miss Ravenhill traced the history of hygiene from patriarchal days to our own time.

DEVELOPMENT OF HYGIENE.

Miss Ravenhill explained that a man who adulterated or sold sour food in the fourteenth century was taken to the pillory and made to eat the produce he had offered for sale. If he were unable to consume all the

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SYDNEY

food, the remainder was burnt under his nose.

Water was first brought to London in pipes in the year 1236, and it was not until the reign of Charles II. that the pipes were connected with the houses.

Efforts were made to stamp out plague by isolation in 1518, and in the same year the College of Physicians was incorporated. The reign of Henry VIII. saw the appointment of commissioners of sewers.

"But from the reign of Queen Anne sanitary precautions and medical science advanced by strides," Miss Ravenhill said. "The microscope was introduced, dissection of dead bodies was first permitted by law, and stringent isolation of infectious disease was insisted on.

"At the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries Captain Cook discovered the cause of scurvy, Jenner instituted vaccination, and hospitals, convalescent homes, and lunatic asylums were built.

"It was not, however, until 1866 that public health laws became insistent instead of permissive."

A Scotchman in London noticed a bald-headed chemist standing at his shop-door, and inquired if he had any hair-restorer.

"Yes, sir," said the chemist. "Step inside, please. There's an article I can recommend. Testimonials from great men who have used it. It makes the hair grow in twenty-four hours."

"Awheel," said the Scot, "ye can gie the top o' yer head a bit o' a rub wi' it, and I'll look back the morn, and see if ye're telling the truth." The chemist returned the bottle to the shelf, and kicked the errand boy for laughing.

Do you want to borrow on Mortgage? I have money to lend at from five per cent. Wm. Lawson Dash, 108 Pitt-street.—*

CAMPAIGN NOTES AND NEWS

"The culminating hypocrisy of our wretched politics—Woman's Vote." This is from the press organ of the liquor party.

"He had witnessed personally throughout the British Colonies in Australia, in New Zealand, Tasmania, across the Dominion of Canada, and in many cities of America the operation of Sunday closing, and he had no hesitation in saying that whenever it had been fairly tried and honestly enforced, it had been a very great success."—Very Rev Father Hayes, at Bristol.

Mr. Albert Bruntnell, M.L.A., is to hold a series of meetings in Broken Hill during April, in furtherance of the No License campaign.

The temperance folk on the Northern Rivers are putting forth strenuous efforts in connection with the coming local option poll. There is a strong No License sentiment throughout the district.

A leaflet giving a précis of the Liquor Act, and showing electors how to vote, is being issued by the New South Wales Alliance.

Some sharp interchanges on the liquor question have taken place in the daily papers during the past few weeks. The liquor advocates have had rather a bad time of it at the hands of their opponents.

The Liquor Trades Defence Union is claiming public support for the purpose of "safeguarding the vested interests" of those in the trade. What about the interests of "the trade's" victims?

The liquor party state that they want "broad-minded and consistent legislation." Their idea of broad-minded legislation is that which would remove those restrictions on the liquor business which are in the interests of the general public.

Mr. Tom E. Taylor, of Christchurch, N.Z., is expected to visit this State about June, in connection with the No License campaign. Mr. Taylor is one of the foremost of New Zealand's orators.

Miss A. Anderson Hughes, formerly of New Zealand, has been engaged as a lecturer and organiser by the New South Wales Alliance. Miss Hughes is a young lady of taking personality and splendid platform ability.

The No License movement is being enthusiastically taken up in suburban Sydney.

The President of the Licensed Victuallers' Association wants to "elevate" "the trade." It needs elevating—out of existence.

What is sport? The gamblers maintain there can be no legitimate sport without wagering.

The women's vote should be largely on the No License side. It needs to be organised. Women's meetings should be held in every centre for the purpose of educating them as to the manner of voting.

The greatest enemy to all reforms is apathy. The people must be roused from their torpor. What are you doing in this direction?

It is customary for some of the newspapers to inveigh against pernicious literature. As a general rule these same papers contain detailed reports of murder, divorce and other cases of a like character.

The second paragraph of the King's Speech, read at the opening of the Imperial Parliament in February, said: "A measure of licensing reform will be introduced, with the object of effectively diminishing the evils which result from the sale and use of intoxicating liquors under present conditions."

It is constantly being said that No License will interfere with the liberty of the subject. It is entirely forgotten by those who use this argument that man's liberty ends where that of his fellows begins.

Seventeen hundred arrests of young people between the ages of 16 and 25 for drunkenness in 1905. Somebody's sons and daughters. Parents please note.

The drink sellers have raised the cry of revenue in connection with the local option poll. They tell us that £1,500,000 are received by the State from their business. They do not say how much it costs the State to combat the evils caused by the traffic.

Wm. Thos. Dash, Solicitor and Conveyancer, 108 Pitt-street, Sydney, has trust moneys to lend at five per cent.—*

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Testimony from a Popular Methodist Minister

EXTRACT FROM WESLEY CHURCH "SIGNAL."

The writer can speak from experience. Having two troublesome teeth, a visit was made to Mr. Thornton Dobson, of Regent Street, near the School Hall, when in two or three minutes, they (the teeth) were out, and No Pain. It would be hard to beat Mr. Dobson in Sydney, either for Extractions or New Teeth.

Rev. F. COLWELL.

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Every Artificial Set of Teeth fitted by me is a pleasure to the Patient. Once give me your support, and I will take care not to lose your patronage. My Patients, combined with Good Workmanship, have been my best advertising medium during the past, and, indeed, have been the important factors in the growth of my Successful Practice.

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ABSTAINERS AND OTHERS

By DUNCAN C. MILNER.

It has not been many years since total abstinence from the use of all alcoholic liquors as a beverage was regarded as an extreme, if not a fanatical position. Today, under the leadership and example of many of the greatest and best people, total abstinence is urged as the sane and safe course for every man. A single drink of intoxicating liquor has often fired a man's brain and led him to commit a crime or do some disgraceful act. Some very strong and very brave men have frankly said that they found they could not safely tamper with liquor and that their only safety lay in entire abstinence.

Animal Trainers

Bostock, the noted trainer of wild animals, declares that the animals in some way recognise a man of loose habits and will not continue to acknowledge the authority of a man who is not master of himself. He says that a man who has formed the habit of drink cannot continue his work unless at special peril. He tells of a noted lion-trainer who began the use of liquors, and the habit was getting power over him. One day in a performance he saw the lions looking at him curiously, and realised that they had lost their respect for him and he at once quit the work.

The Plant Wizard

"Burbank," who is called the "plant wizard" and who is doing such marvellous

things in transforming flowers, recently said: "I can prove to you conclusively that even the mild use of stimulants is incompatible with the work requiring accurate attention and definite concentration." He also said that "the men he found unable to do the delicate work of budding invariably turned out to be smokers or drinkers."

The Army

Gen. U. S. Grant learned by sad experience the dangers of drink and for years before his death was an abstainer. His son, Gen. Frederick Dent Grant, recently made a statement, and personally verified it for the "Interior": "Tell young men that I do not drink a drop of liquor; have not for eighteen years. I am afraid to drink it. I tried to drink with extreme moderation, because I knew that alcohol is the worst poison, but I found it was an absolute impossibility to drink moderately. Because moderate drinking is a practical impossibility I became an absolute teetotaler—a crank, if you please. Ninety-five per cent. of desertions and acts of lawlessness in the army are due to drink. If I had the greatest appointive powers in the country, no man would get even the smallest appointment from me unless he showed proof of his absolute teetotalism. As it is, of my own appointees, the members of my staff, not one of them touches a drop. They know better."

Connoisseur: "I should like a nice sirloin steak, medium done, with a lump of fine butter on top."

Waiter: "I don't blame you."

How the World Moves

Brotherhood

There shall come from out this noise of strife and groaning,
A broader and juster brotherhood,
A deep equality of aim, postponing
All selfish seeking to the general good.
There shall come a time when each shall to another,
Be as Christ would have him, brother unto brother.

There shall come a time when brotherhood grows stronger
Than the narrow bounds which now distract the world;
When the cannons roar and trumpets blare no longer
And the ironclad rusts and battle-flags are furled;
When the bars of creed and speech and race which sever,
Shall be fused in one humanity for ever.

An eminent English physician thinks that within half a century the rate of mortality will be reduced fully one-third, i.e., where there are three deaths now there will be only two then.

Sir Horace Plunkett, of Ireland, now in America, studying its agriculture, expresses the conviction that no institution in the Old World can show such an amazing record of progress as the United States Department of Agriculture.

In Cleveland the retail grocers recently distributed at the doors of the churches a plea for closing of stores on Sunday. Popular demand, much of it arising from carelessness, has in a measure forced the stores to keep open part or all of Sunday.

In Europe there is a standing army of a million, armed to the teeth, with fifteen million in reserve. This is the tribute Europe is paying to her passions, her commercial jealousies, "her honour," and her political ambitions. It is a very expensive piece of machinery to operate.

In Canada the Crown officers hold that any publication that aids the gambling habit is illegal. The result is that officers sent by the Attorney-General have visited the Toronto newspaper offices and have warned them to discontinue the publication of racing information and selections.

Last year Uncle Sam collected 262,000,000 dollars from customs, and 233,000,000 dollars from internal taxes. The United States is the only country in the world which has more money than it knows what to do with. It has not been the private coffer simply, that has benefited from the prosperity of the last decade. The national treasury is full and it will be full for many years to come.

Mr. Boyce, a big publisher in Chicago, several times a millionaire, with certain associates, makes a proposition to the Postal Commission of the United States to take over the entire post-office business of that country, and so run it on business principles that postage on all classes of mail matter shall be reduced at once to one-half the present rates, at the same time guaranteeing there shall be no further deficits of any kind.

Representative Gaines, of Tennessee, has introduced a bill into Congress docking absentees. All senators and representatives, according to the bill, will be docked 13.20 dollars from their pay for each day they are absent during the sessions of Congress, unless kept away by sickness. This will hardly affect the Senate, but may make a congressman or two wince. If the newspaper accounts are to be credited, congressmen find it difficult to pay expenses at Washington, without the docking of their payroll. Perhaps the Tennessee congressman has perquisites.

A Montreal inventor is patenting a device which, it is claimed, will make the forgery of a name upon a bank cheque and the counterfeiting of bank notes an impossible thing in the future. It is announced that as soon as the patents, which have

OUR HONEYMOON.

When Jack and I started on our honeymoon we had a special compartment in the train to ourselves, and the guard put up a notice "Engaged." But that was quite wrong; we were not "engaged" — we were "married." Jack said the notice did not refer to us, but to the carriage. I was going to tell you the "love-things" we said to one another during the first quiet hour by ourselves, but Jack says I mustn't. We saw a lot of advertising of Sunlight Soap along the line, and Jack who is in a grocery store began to explain the merits

of Sunlight Soap. Now I did not think a man should begin by knowing about housework so I defended the common bar soaps, though I ought to have known better. I determined I would show Jack something when I reached home. I bought that vile bar soap, and actually burnt holes in Jack's socks, and thickened up the wool with the mixtures in the loaded soap. Jack knows now that he was right; so do I. When Jack sees me using Sunlight Soap now he has a twinkle in his eye that seems to mean—remember the honeymoon. 401

already been applied for simultaneously in Canada, the United States and Great Britain, France, Germany and other countries in continental Europe, have been issued, a full description of the ingenious invention will be made public.

One thousand American teachers will be given an opportunity to study the schools of Great Britain next year, in return for the visits of the five hundred British teachers there. The endeavours on the part of prominent American educators to lift the teaching profession out of its colourless routine is deserving of warm praise. There is no educational system that will take the place of travel, and the projected trip of the teachers to Europe will be invaluable to the educational interests of America.

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, by direction of President Roosevelt, has been detailed from the Department of Justice in Washington to investigate the condition of woman and child workers throughout the country—a very important subject on which legislation is now pending in Congress. Mrs. Foster has lately been engaged in visiting factories in New York where women and children are employed.

The session of the National Divorce Congress recently closed in Philadelphia with the adoption of a model divorce law which is recommended to the several States for adoption. As the laws now stand, they run the scale from the "no divorce" of South Carolina to the "divorce while you wait" of North Dakota. The new model statute allows six causes for absolute divorce, namely, adultery, bigamy, conviction and two years in imprisonment for crime, extreme cruelty, habitual drunkenness for two years, and desertion for two years.

President Roosevelt says: "The liquor business tends to produce criminality in the population at large, and law-breaking among the saloon keepers themselves. It debauches not only the body social, but the body politic as well." And he is right. No one can refute this damaging indictment.

"There is now on deposit in the banks of Fayetteville 937,000 dollars—nearly a million dollars. Five years ago there was only 273,000 dollars. There has been a gain of nearly four hundred per cent. in five years. This shows the prosperity side of the old town. Say, how about prohibition killing a town?"

The number of retail liquor places in Great Britain is less to-day than in 1880, though the quantity of liquor sold is much greater. The policy of limiting the number of public houses has resulted in creating a monopoly of the liquor traffic, and has increased enormously license values, without a similar increase in the scale of taxation.

The policy of municipal corporations adorning the billboards with posters proclaiming the evils of the use of drink, is spreading throughout England, where there are now more than ninety cities following that policy. In some cases the expense has been borne by local temperance organisations or individuals, but generally by the municipality itself.

Recent reports from Kansas still indicate that prohibition tends to increase, rather than retard, prosperous conditions. More than one million dollars was invested last year in the banks, established for the most part in the smaller towns, and the esti-

mated per capita wealth of the state is 88.69 dollars in cash (not including stocks, bonds, securities and money in safe deposit). Only a few other states in the Union can equal this record.

The "Examiner" of New York says: "The great hope of permanent temperance reform is not in the enactment of laws, however wisely drawn they may be, but in the creation of a public sentiment that will compel the enforcement of whatever laws may be enacted. The promotion of such a sentiment, especially among the boys and girls of to-day, should be the chief aim of all advocates of total abstinence. Even the public schools, through the teaching of the perils of alcoholic beverages, are already doing much, and may do much more, to indoctrinate the rising generation in sound temperance principles."

At the National Anti-Saloon convention, in its closing session at St. Louis, November 22, a national commission was recommended to investigate the direct and indirect causes of crime, poverty, and labour troubles, and especially of domestic infelicity. The bill to prohibit liquor selling in all Government buildings, and the bill by which liquor, passing from one state to the other, shall become subject to the law of the state in which it is received, was approved.

The safe kind of whiskey, declares Dr. Wiley, of the Department of Agriculture, is that which is bottled. "The records show that whiskey left in a bottle has never injured anyone seriously," says "Harper's Weekly." Bishop Fowler, in speaking of the liquor traffic says: "It is cunning as a fox, wise as a serpent, strong as an ox, bold as a lion, merciless as a tiger, remorseless as a hyena, fierce as a pestilence, and deadly as a plague."

The registrar-general reports for England and Wales, especially during the years from 1881 to 1900, show that 110,215 died from three diseases directly due to alcohol; namely, chronic alcoholism, delirium tremens, and cirrhosis of the liver, which is at the rate of 188.45 persons per million.

Here is a copy of a poster drawn up by a number of Danish physicians and put up in all railway stations throughout the country:—

"To the Danish people,—
"Alcohol is a stupefying poison,—
"Alcohol is the cause of many mental diseases and of most of the crimes."

All the British temperance organisations have endorsed, wherever opportunity has offered, President Roosevelt's great proposal to the British Government, that Britain and America should unite to submit a treaty to other civilized governments to prohibit the sale of all intoxicants and opium to all uncivilised races.

Have you money to lend on Mortgage? I will get you six per cent. or more. Wm. Lawson Dash, 108 Pitt-street.—*

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All literary communications should be addressed to the Editor, Box No. 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Fancy Amure Cloths, all leading shades	1	3	0	11½
Very Special French Cashmeres, all wool, 43-44 in. wide, in Reseda, Moss, Myrtle, Brown, Terra Cotta, Vieux Rose, Grey, Fawn, Helio, and Violet...	2	3	1	6
French Blouse Flannels, all wool, latest designs, dainty	1	11	1	3
Very Choice Velveteens, exceptional value, extensive range of colours and shades—write for patterns	1	3	0	11½
	2	3	1	6
Great Bargains in Grey Tweeds—very fashionable this season—write for patterns—1½d, 1/1½, 1/3 to 2/3.				
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Special Heavy-weight All-Wool Serge, in Light, Mid, and Dark Brown, Light and Mid Navy, Reseda and Peacock	2	11	1	11
Choice Jap Silks, 21 in., Black, White, and all colours (yard)	0	9½	0	8½
Figured Japanese Silk, 21 in., all Best Blousing Colours	1	3	0	10½
36 in. Black Untearable Silks	4	6	2	11
Beautiful Black Mervilleux Silk	1	6	1	0½
	1	9	1	1½
	2	6	1	11
	2	11	2	3
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Do. do., other Styles, from			7/11	to 30 0
Ladies' Black Melton Skirts, 7-gore, well cut and good fitting	4	3		
Ladies' Dark Grey Tweed Skirts, well cut and finished	6/11	to 10	6	
Ladies' Navy and Black Sicilian Skirts, with hem, 3 large tucks at foot, gathered into band at waist	12	6		
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Ladies' Flannelette Knickers, trimmed frills	1	3
Ladies' Flannelette Chemises, trimmed frills	1	9
Do. do., trimmed lace	2	3
Ladies' Calico Combinations, trimmed frills	1	11
Ladies' Natural Combinations, short sleeves, worth 4/11 for	3	9

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No. 520 W.B.—Very Comfortable shape in white, cut low in front, suspenders attached, sizes 20 to 23, worth 7/11	3	11
540—W.B. Short Make Corset, cut low in bust, suspenders attached, grey or white, size 20 to 23 worth 9/11	4	11
550—W.B. Suitable Shape for stout figures, cut low in bust, extended hips, suspenders attached to busk and hips, sizes 20 to 23, worth 13/	6	6

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