

GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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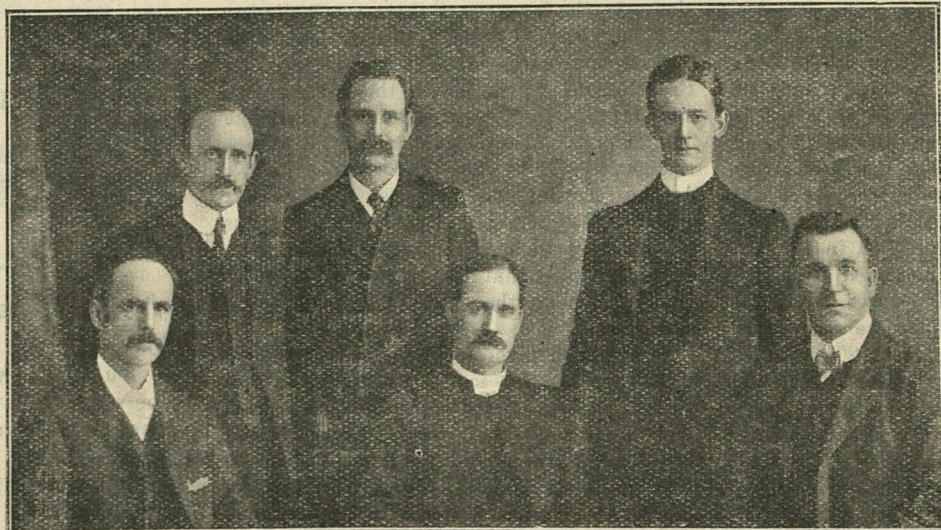
Price One Penny

The Elusive Uncle B.

No page of "Grit" is read with greater interest than page 9, both young and old finding pleasure and profit in the weekly contribution for the "Seven and Seventeeners." Perhaps the only drawback has been the difficulty of being quite sure who Uncle B. is. We have made many efforts to catch him, but he is so tricky, so elusive, and so resourceful that he far outshines "The Scarlet Pimpernel" (if you have not read this exciting book, do so at once, he is wonderfully like Uncle B.). We managed to get a snapshot of him racing round a corner, but the photo only revealed one foot and his coat-tails, and so many people wear a number 10 boot and coat-tails that it left our readers still uncertain.

Then we tried again, but so bashful is the dear uncle that he jumped back, and we only caught his nose, and as everyone knows (beg pardon) that is not sufficient to reveal one's identity. We despaired of ever presenting a picture of the mysterious uncle. However, an enterprising photographer, with the stout confidence of youth, guaranteed to get the picture. Alas, we only got the bald spot on the top of his venerable head. This would have been sufficient, only on close scrutiny it was discovered that the editor, the manager, and several other particular friends, also were victims to pigmentophagus, and suffered from a thin thatch. Oh, Uncle B., why are you so tiresome? Like Brer Rab-

bit, however, he grew confident and careless, and was seen looking out of a window, and a splendid snapshot was taken, but unfortunately the window slid down instantaneously, and we only got a glimpse of the kindly, humorous eyes of the naughty uncle. This was like the last straw that broke the camel's back, and left us all in despair. But our grit came to the rescue, and we determined to get a fair, unequivocal picture. But then it took five of us to get him into the picture, and now we have really nailed him, the question is, which is Uncle B.? It seems to us they are all so good looking, and so nice, that it makes us feel how happy could we be with any one of them for an uncle. However, now we have cornered him, our readers must catch him. We deliver him to your merciful hands, feeling we have honestly done our duty, since we have really got him this time.



OUR UNCLE B., BUT WHICH IS HE?

Yes! We Make Good Bread!

If you would like to try the Bread, ring up No. 192 Redfern, or 367 Newtown, and ask us to send a Cart. YOU WILL CERTAINLY LIKE IT.

WILLIAM WHITE — **Redfern and Newtown**

How the Marriage Tie is being Loosened

FACTS FROM ALL LANDS.

By SAMUEL W. DIKE, LL.D.

We are now able, as we never have been before, to study the movement of divorces in foreign countries. In 1889 the great report of the Department of Labour at Washington, made by Carroll D. Wright, gave, in a volume of 1074 pages, a summary of the marriage and divorce laws of all the United States, and of seventeen European countries, and the statistics for the 20 years, 1867-1886, so far as possible. This report brought out pretty clearly—what had been suspected and predicted by now and then one—that there was a great movement in respect to divorce that was affecting not only all parts of the United States, but nearly, if not quite all Europe.

The recent issue of Part I. of the Report of the Census Office bringing the report of 1889 down to the end of 1906, and extending the investigation to other European countries as well as to Algeria, in Africa, Japan, and Formosa in Asia, and to Australia and New Zealand, and incorporating in its pages the material parts of the old report, enables us to take a still wider view of the movement as well as to see its outlines for 40 years in many countries, and in some for a far longer time. It is a complete record of all that is known statistically on the subject.

The one fundamental fact established by this last report is that divorces are increasing everywhere throughout the world so far as we have figures, except in Japan, where for a special reason, as we shall see later, they are decreasing.

WORLD STATISTICS.

A few countries give figures for the 40 years or more. Taking first those for 40 years only, we have the following for Europe: Belgium in the 40 years increased her divorces from 130 to 618 in a year; England and Wales, from 130 to 670; Scotland, from 32 to 202; Ireland, from 1 to 6; France, from 2181 to 13,098; Baden, in Germany, from 19 to 270; Bavaria, from 270 to 746; Hesse, from 28 to 183; Saxony, from 396 to 1470; Wurtemberg, from 94 to 259. The Netherlands increased from 133 to 995, and Sweden from 1867 to 1905 increased from 128 to 448. For shorter periods other figures are now given. Austria increased divorces and separations from 748 in 1882 to 2309 in 1906. Hungary increased from 910 in 1876, to 3638 in 1905—that is, in 20 years. In Bulgaria the increase from 1887 to 1900 was small, being from 204 to 292. In Denmark, which, next to Switzerland, has the highest divorce rate in Europe, the increase was also relatively small, being from 479 in 1891 to 589 in 1906.

In the German Empire as a whole there were 3942 divorces in 1881 and 12,180 in

1906. Italy, which has no divorce, granted 723 separations in 1867, and 867 in 1904. Roumania increased her divorces from 276 in 1871 to 1800 in 1904. Finland, in 30 years, from 1875 to 1905, increased from 55 to 153 in 1905. Poland, from 163 in 1867, to 348 in 1886; Russia, outside of these two last granted 1066 in 1867, and 1385 in 1886. Russia has not furnished statistics for the last 20 years. Servia granted 297 in 1887, and 426 in 1904. Switzerland, having the highest divorce rate in Europe—about 1 divorce to 20 marriages in 1906—granted 1102 in 1876 and 1343 in 1906. Norway has made the greatest increase in proportion to numbers of any country in Europe, having gone from 33 in 1870 to 366, or eleven times as many, in 1906. In foreign countries outside of Europe we now have statistics for a few. Canada granted four divorces in 1868 and 42 in 1906. The Commonwealth of Australia and New Zealand granted 7 in 1887 and 465 in 1905.

IN THE EAST.

From the Far East we have the statistics of Japan and Formosa. Japan had 110,859 divorces in 1887, and 60,179 in 1905. The ratio of divorces to marriages was 1 to 3 in 1887 and 1 to 5 in 1905. The remarkable decrease is explained largely, if not wholly, by the fact that divorce in Japan, which formerly was entirely within the control of the families concerned, except in case of disagreement, became the subject of the regulation of public law in 1898, since which time the number has been a little over half what it had been. In Formosa, now under Japan, there were 860 divorces in 1898 and 4939 in 1906. But the figures for the earlier date are probably wide of the mark, evidently being those reported from the imperfect returns of the first year of collection. In the later years there was 1 divorce to 6 marriages. From Africa we have data only from Algeria, since it has been under French rule, which leaves the Mussulmans and Jews to their own systems of marriage and divorce. There were among all classes 12,405 divorces in 1881, and 14,735 in 1905. Among the Jews in Algeria there was 1 divorce to 18 marriages, among Europeans 1 to 29, and among the Mussulmans 1 to 3. It is noticeable that the ratio for the years reported among the Jews of Poland was 1 to 4.

As a whole, divorces have nearly doubled in Europe in the last 20 years. In the United States, notwithstanding the high rate already attained, they have increased well toward threefold, or from 25,535 in 1886 to 72,062 in 1906. There were 9937 in 1867 in the United States. It is clear that

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CAPITAL £1,500,000

Subscribed Capital £1,500,000

Paid-up Capital and Reserves... 735,000

Net Revenue for 1908 647,300

Losses paid 7,098,471

INSURANCES EFFECTED AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

FIRE AND MARINE BRANCH,
81 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

ACCIDENT AND LIVE STOCK,
117 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

QUEENSLAND BRANCH,
QUEEN STREET, BRISBANE.

there is a world-wide social movement that for good or for evil is affecting the most fundamental of social institutions.—New York "Independent."

HE KNEW THE CALL.

The bugler wore a proud smile as he turned out on guard for the first time.

"Do you know all the calls yet, my boy?" asked an officer encouragingly.

"Nearly all, sir," answered the youth.

"Do you know the sergeants' call?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know the assembly?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the fire alarm?"

"N-no, sir."

"H'm! Well, now, what would you sound if a fire were to break out?"

"Er—er—lights out, I suppose," he stammered.

ECONOMY.

The passenger (to scorching owner): "I tell you, sir, I would give twenty pounds to be out of this motor-car."

The jovial owner: "You stick to your money, old man. If the railway gates at the foot of this hill are closed it won't cost you a cent."

DRUNK and Disorderly WATCHES

which are an annoyance to the wearers, can be put in THOROUGH REPAIR by sending them to the temperance Watchmaker, or leave them at N.S.W. Alliance Office.

A. M. MERRINGTON,
Watchmaker, Jeweller, and Optician
29 BROADWAY, GLEBE
Telephone 291, Glebe

THE MAN

By THOMAS L. MASSON.

He came from the factory, his large arms covered with black. His face was also blackened. He was a man of nearly sixty. After he had washed himself, he came into the kitchen, where his wife was working. The small house they lived in—or, rather, half-house—consisted of four rooms. The three children slept in one; the man and his wife in another. The remaining two were a kitchen and a dining-room.

The man changed his coat, and said he was going out.

"Where to?" asked his wife.

"To the leader's. There may be a strike."

The woman said nothing. There seemed nothing worth saying. Her dull, work-driven face was expressionless. Besides, at this moment the children began to cry, and she was obliged to quiet them.

The man went out, down the long street. Presently he came to the Labour-union headquarters. There was a large crowd there, but he forced his way in. He stood by the Labour leader.

"Tell me," he said, "are the moulders going out?"

"I expect so."

"And will the puddlers go also?"

"They will have to."

"I am a puddler. I have no grievance."

"That makes no difference. You are a member of the union, and you must go out with the rest."

"But—"

The Labour leader turned upon him a stern face.

"We must stand or fall together," he said. "No chain is stronger than its weakest link. If a strike is ordered you must obey."

The man turned sullenly away. He pushed back through the crowd, and walked off down the street. He was bound to the other end—the end where the smoke hung. Half-way there he paused for a moment to look in the window of a pawnbroker. In the window was a variety of objects—that fascinating array that almost invariably claims the attention of the idly curious.

The man paused, gazed, and moved on.

At the other end of the avenue lay the huge furnaces. The man made his way through the gates, by the piles of pig iron, into the office of the superintendent.

Again, crowds of men. He waited for some time. Finally the superintendent looked down on him.

"What do you want?"

"I heard the moulders in the north end were going out."

"They are out. The news just came."

"The puddlers may go out, too."

"You are a puddler. I know you. You have been with us—?"

"Ten years."

"And you will go out with the rest?"

"I have no grievance against the company, sir."

"Well, you must make your own choice. A strike will be called at any moment. If you stick by us, you will not regret it—I think I may say that. If you go out with the others, the inevitable will happen. History will repeat itself—do you understand? You will be replaced. It may take time—but you will be replaced. Move on."

The man went back to his work. It was two o'clock. One hour's time was taken from his wages by the timer from whom he had obtained leave of absence to go on his errand.

At six the whistle sounded. As the men

fled out into the street, a slip was placed in his hands. It read as follows:—

"A general strike is ordered, beginning to-morrow morning, the 12th. You will not report for work until further notice."

"By order of the Committee."

The man went home. All that night he tossed on his hard bed, although his wife, like a tired animal, slept. In the morning he kissed his children silently, his wife last. Nothing was said. He had made his decision.

He made a roundabout journey to the furnace, coming through on the other side. It was early, and the line at this one point was broken. He got in. He made his way to the superintendent's office. That gentleman was on hand. There had been a conference.

"Well?"

"I came to report."

"You will go to work?"

"Yes, sir. I have no grievance. I cannot afford to be idle. I do not see why my family should suffer—"

"Enough—take your usual place."

"Will I be protected?"

"If we have to call out the State militia and the United States troops."

The man went back to his place.

And so on, day after day. There were riots, but he escaped them. His age favoured him. On Saturday he drew his pay as usual.

On Sunday the strike was broken. A settlement had been reached.

On Monday morning the man reported as usual; but as he took his accustomed place a hand was laid on his shoulder.

"You are to report at the superintendent's office."

The man strode blindly on. He entered the already familiar place. The superintendent gazed at him kindly.

"You are the man who did not go out with the others?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have bad news for you. Among the conditions of the settlement we made was one in which we agreed not to employ a non-union man. We are obliged to make this concession in the interests of everybody—that is, we could not consider an isolated case. You are therefore dismissed with regret, as you are no longer a member of the union; but in view of the unusual circumstances, I am instructed to pay you two weeks' wages. You can get the money by presenting this card."

The man took the card, turned on the superintendent, and as he tore it up he threw the pieces over the desk. They fluttered to the floor.

"Keep your dirty money!" he said.

He walked out. No one stopped him. Only a column of smoke followed him, like a huge pall.

He kept on down the street, on the way toward the Labour leader's headquarters—blindly, stupidly. Suddenly he paused—in front of the pawnbroker's window. An object attracted his attention. Long he gazed at it. It was a dull, black, forty-two-calibre revolver. The man felt in his pocket for a moment. Undecided, he turned his face up the street toward the Labour-union office. Then he turned it back again to where the column of smoke vanished into thin air. Then he went into the pawnbroker's.

That evening, at nine o'clock, the new city editor of the "Planet," a college man who was being coached by the managing

INSURE WITH THE

NORTHERN ASSURANCE CO. LIMITED.

It is 73 years old.

It has been established in Australia for over 50 years.

Its Accumulated Funds amount to £7,089,000.

It has Large Investments in the Commonwealth.

It transacts Fire and Life Insurance.

NEW SOUTH WALES OFFICE:

80 PITT ST., SYDNEY

FIRE INSURANCE AT LOWEST RATES.

editor, went over to that gentleman's desk, and said:

"That millionaire Graston, who owns the furnaces at the north end of the town has just come back from Europe with a young woman whose name we can't find out."

"You must," exclaimed the managing editor. "Put two or three men on it, and give it half a page."

"All right. Here's an item just come in of the suicide of a puddler in the furnace who was thrown out of a job because he deserted the union. There may be an interesting story in it."

The managing editor smiled satirically.

"Mention it in the briefs," he said. "Why should it be interesting? Who knows him?"—"Munsey's Magazine."

A STRIKER GROWS DESPERATE.

NEWCASTLE, June 28.—Edward Stickney (50), a miner, now on strike, who lives with his wife and family at New Lambton, cut his throat with a razor to-day, and is now in the Wallsend Hospital. His wife, hearing one of the children call out, "Come and see what Dada is doing," hastened to an outhouse, where she saw her husband cutting his throat. He at once threw the razor away, and medical assistance was sought. The doctors say that Stickney is not likely to die from the wounds, but there is some fear of pneumonia supervening.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Mrs. Reick, 2s 6d, 13/7/10; R. French, 6s, 1/10/10; Mrs. Abbott, 5s, 20/1/11; Miss Wilce, 5s, 20/1/11; Mrs. Cantrell, 2s 6d, 27/7/10; Dr. Arthur, 10s, 4/1/11; Mrs. Simpson, 2s 6d, 20/5/10; W. P. Fildes, 7s 6d, 10/6/10; W. C. Clegg, 5s, 26/6/10; Mr. Arnold, 5s, 25/6/10; Mrs. Baxter, 2s 6d, 8/2/10; Mrs. Fortescue, 2s 6d, 11/6/10; T. Griffiths, 5s; Miss Lee, 2s 6d, 30/1/10; A. R. Burgess, 2s 6d, 12/8/10; Miss Lee, 6d; Rev. Thompson, 5s, 30/9/10; J. D. Ellis, 2s 6d, 23/7/09; Mr. Hyde, 5s, 21/9/10; Miss Keel, 2s 6d, 20/4/10; Mrs. Dutschbein, 2s 6d, 10/12/09; Mrs. Barnes, 2s 6d, 16/3/10; Rev. Beckenham, 5s, 31/1/10; Rev. Dillon, 5s, 10/6/10; J. Davidson, 5s, 6/5/10; Canon Boyce, 20s, 31/12/13; Miss Holman, 2s 6d, 3/3/10; W. T. Rylands, 2s 6d, 29/5/10; A. B. Pursell, 5s, 5/12/10; W. Wilkie, 5s, 14/4/10; J. Pickburn, 5s, 10/12/09; Mr. Savage, 5s, 10/10/10; F. W. Nicholl, 2s 6d, 10/3/10; G. W. Logan, 5s, 27/6/10; Mrs. Chant, 5s, 20/12/09; Mrs. Barnett, 2s 6d, 1/2/10; Miss King, 5s, 3/7/10; Mrs. Crane, 2s 6d, 6/5/10; Mr. Hooper, 5s, 30/12/10; D. Etherington, 2s 6d, 27/7/10; D. Harvie, 5s, 16/4/10.

New South Wales Alliance

ECHOES

By REVEILLE

THE LATE MR. GRANVILLE WHITE.

On New Year's Day there passed from our midst the abovenamed much esteemed temperance worker. We shall miss him at Ryde and Meadowbank. In our cause he was enthusiastic, and ever an unflinching foe to the liquor traffic. As a citizen generally he was universally esteemed. Happily his sons and daughters are followers in their father's footsteps. We hear that it is in contemplation to raise some commemorative tribute in token of the high estimation in which he was held in the district.

Mrs. Harrison Lee Cowie, writing from Southland, New Zealand, in reference to her approaching tour, thus refers to our President:—"I always feel with regard to the Canon that he comes under the category of 'Good and faithful servants of God.' How steadfastly he has toiled on through good and evil report, winning inch by inch, and keeping what is gained.

"God bless the diligent few
Who finish the work they're given to do."

The organising secretary of the Northern Division is dashing over his immense battleground at a splendid pace. Writing from Inverell on January 25 he states:—"After being eight days flood-bound at Moree, I managed to get here on Sunday afternoon. Travelling via Werris Creek and Glen Innes, I spend two days and a night in coach and train. Arrived 5.30, and preached Methodist Church that night. Held splendid conference of temperance workers last night, and adjourned to Public school this morning. To-night I have open air here; to-morrow visit Tingha and lecture there after open air. Thursday, lantern lecture in Town Hall here. Friday, leave for Manilla."

A later despatch adds:—"In my hasty note yesterday I forgot to tell you that, in addition to open-air meeting and lantern lecture, we held a meeting at Moree, and formed a branch."

Mr. Bruntnell interviewed Mr. Judkins during his stay in Melbourne, and reports the great social reformer as thoroughly restored in health, and once more in full swing in reform service.

The Australasian Institute of Social Reform has been formed in Melbourne, with Mr. W. H. Judkins as superintendent and secretary, and is already popular. The institute seeks to assist the work of all the existing reform organisations. Its motto is "On Earth as in Heaven."

At the annual meeting of the South Sydney Branch of the New South Wales Alliance, the following citizens were elected to represent their State electorates of the South Sydney Branch of the Alliance on the State Council:—Redfern electorate, Rev. J. Tarn; Alexandria electorate, Mr. W. Gallagher; Surry Hills electorate, Mr. W. Cooper; Botany electorate, Mrs. A. Southcott; Phillip electorate, Mr. F. A. Walker; Belmore electorate, Mr. A. E. Pearce.

Mr. A. E. Bryant and Mr. C. R. Ryan were also elected to represent the South Sydney Branch on the State Council.

The Castle Hill Show council, Sherbrooke

electorate, are applying for a license again. The people of the Sherbrook electorate opposed the application last year, and will oppose it again. We trust they will be successful, but regret the trouble and expense to which the friends of law and order are continually put in resisting the attempted encroachments of the drink traffic upon the community.

The General Superintendent had a large and orderly street meeting in Junee on Thursday evening, 20th instant. On the following evening, in spite of the hot weather, a fine crowd of people listened delightedly to his lecture on "Britain, her Men, and her Menace."

A No-License meeting was held at the Parramatta Congregational Church on Monday, 24th, and addresses were delivered by Mr. Complin, the Secretary of the New South Wales Alliance, Mr. Race Lewis, and Mr. Duggan. The meeting was most enthusiastic, and the Alliance Secretary was urged to pay another visit as soon as possible.

In the absence of the Rev. W. Woolls Rutledge, who was preaching on the Mountains, the Secretary of the Alliance was the preacher on January 23, at Holtermans-street in the morning, and at Walker-street in the evening. At the latter church a party of Fijians made a picturesque addition to the services.

Holtermans-street and Walker-street Methodist churches (North Sydney) will each shortly organise a No-License meeting. Mr. Complin will be the speaker, and will deliver his address to Christians entitled "Bottle and Vote," and his special chalk talk to children and parents, "Boy and Man."

To keep up to date with the Reform, you need a copy of "Grit" each week. Have you yet subscribed?

It is hoped that the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond will be able to pay a hasty visit during February to the centres lying between Albury and Wagga. In March he may take Inverell and Moree, in April Temora to Wyalong, and in May Orange to Dubbo.

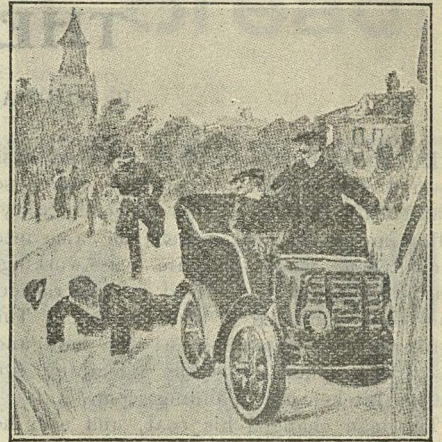
HER TOIL-WORN HANDS.

At a mass-meeting of men some time ago, a bishop told the following story:—

A little girl was left motherless at the age of eight. There were four children younger than she. Her father was a poor man dependent upon the daily labour of his hands for the support of his family, and so the duties of home-maker and mother fell upon the shoulders of the little girl, and nobly and patiently did she perform them.

She rose early to prepare her father's breakfast and she toiled into the night to complete the tasks of the day. Is it any wonder that at the end of five years her slender strength was exhausted, and she was stricken down?

At thirteen she lay dying. A neighbour sat by her bed, giving what comfort and so-



"One fine day, then, we start at early dawn by motor car, motor cycle, skiff, or steamboat—it is immaterial to the event that is preparing—but to make the picture more definite, let us take by preference, a motor car. Suddenly for no reason, at the turn of the road, at the top of a descent, on the right or on the left, seizing the brake, the wheel, the steering handle, unexpectedly barring all space, assuming the deceptive appearance of a tree, a wall, a rock, an obstacle of one sort or another, stands death, face to face, towering, huge, immediate, inevitable, irrevocable, and with a click shuts off the horizon of life." So says Maeterlinck, but a certain consolation is available at 12 Bridge Street, Sydney, in an accident policy with the South British Insurance Co., Ltd.

South British Insurance Co., Ltd.,

Head Office for N.S.W.—
12 BRIDGE STREET, SYDNEY
GEORGE H. MOORE, Manager

lace she could. The little face grew troubled.

"It isn't that I am afraid to die; I'm not. But I'm so ashamed," the little girl said.

"Ashamed of what?" asked her companion, in surprise.

"Why, it's this way: You know how it's been with us since mother died. I've been so busy, I've never done anything for Jesus, and when I get to heaven and meet Him, I shall be so ashamed! Oh, what can I tell Him?"

Great sobs shook the neighbours' breast as she gathered the little calloused, work-scarred hands into her own, and said:—

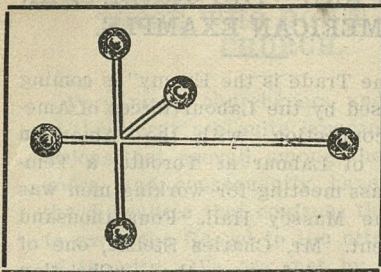
"I wouldn't tell Him anything, dear. Just show Him your hands."

HAVE YOU TRIED IT YET?

THE BEST THING IN THIS ISSUE.

If even a small proportion of our readers would take a little trouble, without costing them a single penny, they could put hundreds of pounds into the cause of No-License. If our readers spent on an average £1 each on Christmas presents, then £10,000 was spent, and if this had gone to those who advertise in "Grit," it would have brought us several £50 advertisements. Please mention "Grit" every time; it is worth pounds to us, and costs you nothing. If anything you need is not advertised in "Grit," send us your order. We will execute it, and will charge you nothing. It will bring us advertisements. Please take this small amount of trouble, and we will let you know the result. You spend £10 with a firm advertising in "Grit." You will be well served, that we guarantee, and your £10 transaction will be as good as £1 is subscription to us. Suppose you only spent £1 a month, it would at least convince our advertisers that you were keen to help the cause you approved of. This is giving made easy; try it, please. Try it to-day.

FIRST-CLASS LANTERN OUTFIT, including up-to-date Lantern, acetylene generator, sheet, burner, etc., and a few temperance and scenic slides. The whole lot for £7. Write "Reveille," c/o "Grit."



AN INEXPENSIVE PRESENT—6/6

It is most difficult to find a suitable present oftentimes that is inexpensive—this difficulty we recognised and overcame in this Southern Cross Brooch.

A present may not be judged by its value—but why pay more than is necessary. This Brooch then, is just what you want; it is made

of 9-ct. gold, well set with green, red or blue stones, which ever you prefer. It can also be had with "Map of Australia" in centre for 8/6 Write us to-day—now—we will gladly forward it to you with this request, that, if you are not pleased when you receive it, to send it back and your money will be refunded.

Angus & Coote, "The Store Where Quality Counts"

492, 494 GEORGE STREET,
Opposite Barometer, Q. V. Markets, SYDNEY

Talk about People

John Brown's Jubilee.

An interesting event, generally overlooked by the American correspondents of our daily press, was the celebration the other day of the fiftieth anniversary of the death of John Brown, of Harper's Ferry. Perhaps the leading commemoration was that held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, where the memorial oration was given by Mr. F. B. Sanborn, the only survivor of the New England group of abolitionist men of letters. Mr. Sanborn commented on the great change in public opinion since, in that same city, the mayor and prominent merchants and bankers were on the side of the anti-abolitionist mobs. Not only, he said, had emancipation been secured in America, but counties even nominally Christian had long since ceased to hold slaves, and all those shameless apologies from the Bible, from "Cursed be Canaan" to Paul's instructions to Philemon, had gone by the board. On the day of this celebration the present Mayor of Boston ordered the flags on public buildings to be at half-mast, and the School Committee recommended John Brown memorial exercises to be conducted in all the schools under the city administration.

Canon Horsley's Black Museum.

Canon Horsley's name is a household word in temperance families in the Motherland. The Canon possesses a very extensive knowledge of crime and criminals. For ten years he was chaplain of one of the largest prisons in England—the old Clerkenwell House of Correction, and during that time over a hundred thousand offenders passed through his hands. Of his prison days he had numerous souvenirs at the Rectory, Walworth, including burglars' implements of various kinds. His knowledge of the ways of the wicked, indeed, led one convict to remark to another, after a homily from the chaplain, "Why, Bill, he must 'a' bin one of us hisself." In addition to his Black Museum, the Canon has established at the Rectory a small zoo, which is the delight of the children of the parish. Natural history is the Canon's favourite hobby.

Privileges of the Lord Mayor.

The Lord Mayor of London enjoys many privileges during his year of office that are little known to the general public. Not

only does he take precedence of the other Aldermen and Sheriffs, but he also has the right of precedence in the City before members of the Royal Family. He controls the City purse, and permission for troops to march through the streets can only be granted by him. He also enjoys the distinction of being the only officer in the kingdom whose commission requires no renewal on the death of the Sovereign. If affairs demand it he can at any time claim the right of a private interview with the King. He also has the entree to all levees and Court receptions.

A Surgeon's Humour.

Some amusing anecdotes of Sir Thomas Smith the eminent surgeon, whose death took place recently, have been recorded by the president of the Royal College of Surgeons, Mr. Henry T. Butlin. Sir Thomas was one day standing at the bedside of a poor little girl patient at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, whose appetite was very bad. Turning to his sister, the surgeon said:—

"What would she like? Periwinkles, eh?" At which the child's eyes lighted up, and he wrote solemnly on the diet board, "Periwinkles and a pin."

On another occasion when going round the hospital wards the genial surgeon found a woman with a badly-cut lip, which had been damaged by a jug that had been thrown at her during a quarrel with another woman.

"How shall I head the board, sir," said the house-surgeon. "Well, I think you might describe it as 'jugged hare lip,'" said Sir Thomas.

A Labour Veteran.

Mr. Joseph Arch, who has just reached his eighty-third year, is the man who achieved the marvellous feat of fully organising the agricultural labourers of England. He began his career by frightening birds off the crops at 4d a day. At that time tea was 7s a pound, and sugar was too dear to sweeten it with. The average wages amongst the labourers was 12s a week; they asked for 16s, and Arch got it for them. In a few months the members of the National Agricultural Labourers' Union numbered 50,000 and ultimately Arch was returned to Parliament as one of the pioneer Labour members.

NOT MUCH TO LOSE.

The judge was in the middle of trying a hard case, when he was disturbed by a young man at the back of the court, who was noisily shifting chairs about and searching for something on the floor.

"Young man," said the judge reprovingly, after a while, "you are making a deal of noise there. What are you about?"

"Your honour," replied the young man, "I've lost my overcoat, and am trying to find it."

"Is that all?" said the judge, with a snort. "Why, that's a mere trifle! People often lose whole suits in this court without making all that disturbance."

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GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

"Grit, clear Grit."—A pure Americanism, standing for pluck, or Energy, or Industry, or all three. Reference is probably had to the sandstones used for grindstones—the more grit they contain the better they wear.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1910.

THE FIGHTING PARSON.

"Is it the legitimate function of the ministry to initiate and carry on a war against flagrant and successful vice? They are criticised for having done so. It is said, 'Let the shoemaker stick to his last, let the minister stick to his pulpit.' It is the business of the criminal officers to prosecute crime. It is the business of ministers to preach the gospel. They cannot exchange functions." We are tired of such talk. The late Bishop Lightfoot truly said: "The Church of Christ exists for the purpose of handling unpleasant subjects." Now, the liquor question is one of the unpleasant subjects, and ministers will do well to go out and do battle with this thing, which has ever been allied with all that is sensual, and opposed to all that is spiritual. Is it an accident that doctors, lawyers, and men of every class of business, even to the street sweeper, may be found preaching Christ, and, through Him, the uplift of mankind, and yet never a publican preacher! The Church is an army as well as a society, whose purpose it is to bring to each locality the Kingdom of God; that is, honesty in business, justice in government, purity in society. It, therefore, becomes the duty of the minister to not only hold his flock together in happy fellowship, but to lead them forth in holy enthusiasm against the enemies of honesty, justice, and purity. He is free to use any and all weapons that any honourable man may use, and he is not to be debarred from using a legal weapon because he is a parson, and because such a weapon is incapable of doing all he wants to do. He uses it like a man uses the axe, to take off the rough, and give him a chance to use the finer and more perfect weapons. If the parson does not fight the aggressive vice which is corrupting the community, desolating homes, and destroying souls as well as lives, then he might as well resign, for every parson, to be a parson worthy of his calling, must be a fighting parson.

FLOODS OF WATER BETTER THAN FLOODS OF BEER.

In Moree during flood time liquor was evidently responsible for some unseemly conduct, and the "Sydney Morning Herald" stated that:—"Early scenes of the flood were characterised by the presence of unseemly larrikinism, and the promulgation of false rumours as to the deaths of well-

known people. A citizens' relief committee, consisting of Messrs. G. A. Jones, M.L.A., J. Jamieson, P.M., the Rev. Father Lloyd, the Rev. J. S. H. Cawte, and others conferred, and decided to wait on hotelkeepers, and ask them to close their bar premises. The request was acceded to with alacrity, and thenceforward decorum reigned." Such conduct was not accidental: it follows the open bar as surely as the night follows the setting of the sun. That a citizens' committee should take steps to remove the cause is something we heartily congratulate them on. It is a grave reflection on this business that, during strikes or calamities, it has to be placed under a ban, and the success that always attends such restriction is our warrant for believing that great good would come if, throughout the State, the open bar were closed. It would not be detrimental to any business, to the health or the happiness of the people, to remove the open bar that leads many who do not drink to become moderate drinkers, and many moderate drinkers to become drunkards, and many drunkards to become the wrecks that drift in to our police courts by tens of thousands each year. We hope the lesson will not be lost on Moree, and that the advantage they experienced in closing the bars may bring a big No-License vote at the next poll.

INFLUENCE OF TOYS.

In the eighteenth century the children of France played with toy guillotines with which they operated on birds, mice, and insects. The Arras authorities ordered the "seizure and destruction of these toys, as suggesting ideas of death which might render children ferocious and sanguinary." In the nineteenth century the children of America played with toy guns, soldiers, and other military implements, till they learned how scientific warfare was carried on, in order to hurt and destroy their fellows. We hope that in the twentieth century children will be encouraged to play with toy implements used by fire brigades and other life-saving institutions, and will be taught the sacredness and value of human life. Parents may do a very great deal by their choice of toys, and their encouragement of suitable playmates, to lay the foundations of future usefulness and happiness. Many children would be the better if encouraged to send some of their toys away to those who have none, and it must never be forgotten there is always a great opportunity for such toy giving. Toys like whips, and the noise-producing kind, are of very doubtful value, and are not a bit necessary, owing to the wide range now being offered. One feels disposed to say, "Show me a child's toys, and I will not only tell you what kind of parents he has, but what kind of boy he is becoming."

LABOUR AND "THE TRADE": AN AMERICAN EXAMPLE.

That "The Trade is the Enemy" is coming to be realised by the Labour forces of America. In connection with the American Federation of Labour at Toronto, a Temperance mass meeting for working men was held in the Massey Hall. Four thousand were present. Mr. Charles Stelzle, one of the speakers, informs the "Christian World" that it was by far the greatest Temperance mass meeting that he knows anything about in America. The speakers included the most influential leaders of the American Federation of Labour, among them Mr. Tom L. Mitchell, leader of the United Mine Workers; and Mr. John B. Lennon, treasurer of the American Federation of Labour, who, in twenty years of office, has handled more than two millions of dollars of the Federation's funds. An immense impression was made by Mr. Stelzle's quotation from an official statement of President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labour, that "the time has now come when the saloon and the Labour movement must be divorced." Mr. Gompers urged that Labour temples should be built for Unions, which should avoid meeting where liquor was obtainable. Mr. Stelzle told how the English working men insisted on their Parliamentary leaders being abstainers, and some day every Labour organisation in America would make the same demand. Mr. Lennon said they were fighting for social well-being, civic benefits, and moral uplift. Never a foul plot was organised to injure public rights and social well-being but the saloon is used for the job. The significance of the meeting lies in the fact that the Labour speakers have never identified themselves with the Temperance movement, but they have started a revolt against "Trade" domination, purely in the interests of Labour.

A WORD TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

WILL YOU PLEASE LOOK AT THE BOTTOM OF PAGE 5?

Did that blue or red pencil mark haunt you all the week?

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Do you think we are making a lot of fuss over a little thing?

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of the
METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE
to the
COMMONWEALTH PUBLIC SERVICE.

In the examination held at the Technical College, Sydney, on 23rd October last, our students won the 1st and 3rd places, and nearly half the total passes.

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Prospectus for 1910 free on application.
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THE GOING OF THE CHURCH TO THOSE WHO DON'T GO TO CHURCH.

Very many churchgoers and even some of the clergy are quite ignorant of the conditions that prevail among the non-churchgoers, and consequently have no idea of the difficulties that confront those who seek to carry the Gospel to the uttermost depths of the city. We are met by the sceptical churchgoer who doesn't see what good street preaching does, or what necessity there is for it; by the superior churchgoer, who thinks the Church of England should be above that sort of thing, and by the hopeful churchgoer, who, while thinking it desirable that such work should be done, and hopes it will succeed, is yet quite convinced that their means will not allow (it is really the meanness), and their time will not permit them to help.

BELONGING TO THE OTHER SEX.

Asking an old lady to come to the service, the worker received the unexpected reply, that "She belonged to the other sex." No doubt she meant sect, and therefore lies a difficulty. Many of them under pressure, and with evident mental reservation, declare themselves adherents of some other denomination, or, as one illiterate old man called it, some other damnation. How far ought one to persevere with such people? Ought one's loyalty to the other Churches, and one's courtesy to the individual, stop one pressing such a person to attend the nearest place of worship? If they call themselves Roman Catholic, and yet evidently have no regard for their Church, or for God, dare one leave them alone? The one thing missing in the Church's ministration is the note of urgency, the ease with which her thrust at the conscience is parried. It seems in such work the right thing to know no Church, but to count all as sheep, to be gathered into Christ's fold, and to not to mind over much which "paddock" they are in, so long as they are in the fold.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND METHODIST.

An earnest and gifted worker was seeking to bring a few men to a service to be conducted by his friend, an Anglican clergyman, when one man said: "Oh, yes, I know him; he is the Church of England Methodist clergyman"—surely a happy combination. The solidity of the one, and the enthusiasm of the other. It was a fine compliment. Pity is there are not many more "Church of England Methodists." Thousands of non-churchgoers are like the man who, visited this week, said: "I have not been to church for very many years, and yet I know my only hope is Jesus Christ. I do not like clergy, and yet I believe in

the things they mostly preach." The thing such men cannot forgive is want of earnestness, lack of spirituality; they are still religious, though not churchgoers, because they still have faith in Christ, though they have lost faith in some branch of His Church.

EXCUSE ME WHILE I GET A DRINK.

A congregation of 23 men, all listening, seemingly interested, when one says, "Excuse me Mr. —, I must get another beer." In spite of the fact that it is Sunday, two of them adjourn. They are back in less than five minutes, having had their beer by means of a sly grog-shop. They are now content to listen a while longer, so long as a "trap" (i.e., policeman) does not come in sight. How can one preach to such men? Are there a dozen preachers in Sydney who can grip them, and who are so endued with spiritual power as to bring conviction with the message? Ought not the Church to face the fact that for every man who goes to church 10 stay away, and that preaching to those 10 is a lost art. If it is, "they who are sick who need the physician," then surely the group that drank six bottles of beer during a 12-minute sermon ought to have more attention than they usually get.

THE PIOUS BEGGAR.

The religious meeting is a good place for the man or woman hunting a feed and dodging work. The service is over, a glow of devotion, a sense of thankfulness fills the heart, a miserable outcast looks at you. You speak a kindly word, and, like a mongrel dog, he will follow you home. Your kindness encourages him. No chance of your giving him work; equally no chance of your winning his approval of your religion if there is not something more substantial than kind words. What a problem! How do you feel when he turns away sadly and says: "All right, sir, I had no tea, I have no bed. I will awake with no hope of breakfast am I to refuse a drink? And what kind of prayer must I say?" Away with all meanness, and all caution. What if he is a fraud, you won't be one also, and so you invest a shilling in this casting bread on the waters. And when there are six or eight waiting for you after church, what are you to do; and are you a miserable coward and a poor Christian if, like the writer, you slip the last three or four by dodging out of the vestry door, and sneak home a back way?

AN INGENIOUS VICTIM.

Drink is not only a wonderful alarm clock, waking a man before the dawn; it also has powers to promote a cunning to an extraordinary extent. One man who was

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Secretary: Robert B. Cameron.

Manager Industrial Department: C. A. Elliott, F.I.A.

little else than a personified thirst, took a large black bottle into a pub one morning, and asked for a shilling's worth of rum. The publican, having filled the bottle, waited for the shilling. The man explained that he had just got a job, and would come down at lunch time and pay, but the publican said he was not built that way, so they both said a few things, in which certain words not generally considered polite occurred with unnecessary frequency. The upshot of it was that the publican poured the rum back, and gave the man his bottle. The man, however, mitigated his disappointment by breaking the bottle and having a good drink from a large sponge which he had stolen and pushed into the bottle, and which had retained a fine proportion of the rum. And yet such men are saved and their lives redeemed from destruction and oftentimes the instrument is not the educated reverend gentleman or the grand old church service, but the humble ministry of the converted but obscure street worker.

A HATCHED REPLY.

A short bout between a school inspector and a scholar is thus related:

The inspector (hesitating and swellishly):

"What part of speech is the word egg?"

Boy (relieved): "Noun, sir."

The inspector: "What is its gender?"

Boy (perplexed): "Can't tell, sir."

The inspector (getting confused): "Is it masculine, feminine, or neuter?"

Boy (looking sharp). "Can't say, sir, till it's hatched."

PROVIDENCE AND ANOTHER.

Minister (to old parishioner): "I have not seen you in church for two Sundays."

Old Parishioner: "I canna' get away; I have to watch the crops."

"Can you not leave them to the Divine protection for one day?"

"Man, they boys are sic rascals it take us both to do it."

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The Doom of Drink

Sir Joseph Ward has redeemed his promise concerning the King Country licenses, and after next June the wholesale liquor dealers will be compelled to go out of business. He based his action on the original proclamation which forbade the introduction of the sale of liquor in the King Country in any shape or form. Thank God for this small slice of justice.

The Defence Bill has become law, and compulsory military training is the order of the day. The Bill as finally passed has barred the introduction of liquor into the camp from any source, as effectually as any legal enactment.

Commissioner Dinnie, as the result of an investigation of a Royal Commission, has ceased to control the police. Under-Secretary Waldegrave takes his place. It is hoped the result will be a much better enforcement of law, especially law relating to liquor.

As far back as 1898 the people of Canada in answer to this question, "Are you in favour of the passing of an Act prohibiting the importation, manufacture, and sale of spirits, wine, ale, beer, cider, and all other alcoholic liquors for use as beverages?" voted as follows:—

Province.	Votes for Prohibition.	Votes against Prohibition.	Majority
Ontario	154498	115284	3-5ths
Nova Scotia	34678	5370	6 to 1
New Brunswick ..	26919	9575	3 to 1
Prince Edward Is.	9461	1146	8 to 1
Manitoba	12419	2978	4 to 1
British Columbia ..	5731	4756	55 p.c.
N.W. Territories..	6238	2824	2 to 1
Totals British parts	249944	141933	

Thus, it will be seen that the British-speaking parts cast a clear majority of 108,011, or 14,818 above a 3-5ths majority. The one and only thing that prevented the whole of Canada embracing this most drastic law was the action of a French-speaking Roman Catholic Province—i.e., Quebec. The people in this part voted 28,634 for Prohibition and 122,760 against it. This brought the majority for the whole Dominion down to 13,687, and Sir W. Laurier said it was not large enough to act on.

The Cowra District Hospital treated 329 in-patients and 61 out-patients, and while spending £117 14s 6d on drugs and medicines, spent only £9 0s 9d on wines and spirits, or less than sixpence per head per annum. This does not support the idea that alcohol is much used as a medicine. We will be glad if our readers will supply us with information from other local hospitals.

Interesting developments in temperance work are announced to be in progress in Milan and other important centres of Italy. The first Italian Lodge of Good Templars was formed at Milan last spring with thirty-eight members, including a number of physicians, some students, but for the most part workingmen, writes M. Fallet-Scheurer, in "L'Abstinence."

Church workers all over the land are repeating E. W. Chafin's ringing words on the fight against the liquor traffic. "This is a fight for the life of the Church. If the Church lives it must kill the liquor traffic. If the liquor traffic lives it will kill the Church. The question will be settled any

day when people have faith enough in God to take care of the result. The word 'success' is found only once in the Bible. God didn't require anyone to succeed, but He says a whole lot about 'duty!' Do your duty and trust God to look after the results."

On July 1st, 1910, there will be in the United States of America 12,500 less saloon keepers than in the year 1909.

In 1870, 3½ millions in the United States, or 9 per cent. of the population, were living in "dry" territory.

In 1880, 7 millions in the United States, or 14 per cent. of the population, were living in "dry" territory.

In 1890, 11 millions in the United States, or 18 per cent. of the population, were living in "dry" territory.

In 1900, 18 millions in the United States, or 25 per cent. of the population, were living in "dry" territory.

At the present time an officer of the Anti-Saloon League has given me this estimate: Over 40 millions of the population of the United States, or about 50 per cent. live in "dry" territory, so that the increase from 1900 to the present time was 25 per cent., whereas in the previous years it was only 16 per cent. To-day nine States are under prohibition; namely, Maine, Kansas, N. Dakota, N. Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi Tennessee, and Oklahoma.

Why This Bride Turned Pale.—Two ladies, who had known each other in years gone by, met on the street. Both of them were married to musicians. The one, a bride of a year, was pushing a baby carriage in which were three fine babies—triplets, all girls. The other lady had been in the bonds of matrimony a couple of weeks. "What beautiful children!" exclaimed the newly-married one, with interest. "Yes," replied the proud mother. "Let me tell you the funniest coincidence. At our wedding supper the boys who played with my husband in the orchestra serenaded him, and they played "Three Little

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Maids' from 'The Mikado.' Isn't that queer?" At this the newly-married one turned pale. "Mercy—" she gasped. "At our wedding supper Tom's friends serenaded him, also, and they rendered 'The Sextette,' from 'Lucia.'"

Dog Story.—Johnson had a most intelligent retriever. One night Johnson's house caught fire. All was instant confusion. Old Johnson and his wife flew for the children, and bundled out with them pretty sharp. Alas! one of the children had been left behind, but up jumped the dog, rushed into the house, and soon reappeared with the missing child, which he deposited on the lawn. Everyone was saved, but Rover dashed through the flames again. What did the dog want? No one knew. Presently the noble animal reappeared, scorched and burnt, with what do you think? "Give it up," chorussed the eager listeners. "With the fire policy, wrapped in a damp towel, gentlemen!"

"Is it true, doctor," asked a girl, "that eating cucumbers will remove freckles?"

"Of course," replied the doctor—"that is, under certain circumstances."

"Really! What circumstances?"

"Well, provided the freckles are on the cucumbers!"

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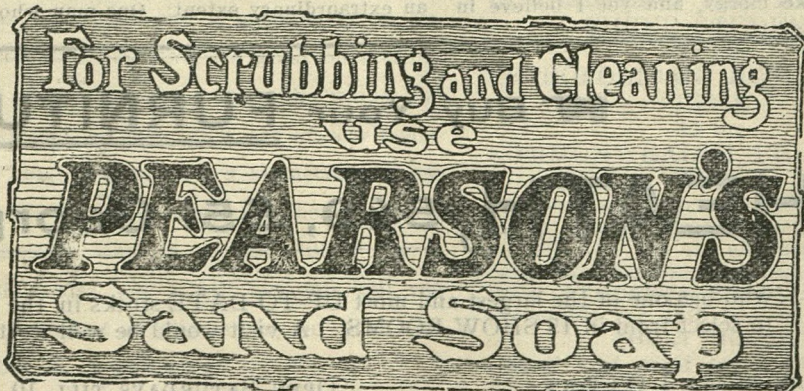
The Benefits are:—Medical Attendance and Medicines for Member, Wife, and Family from date of joining.

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



From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(By UNCLE BARNABAS.)

SEVEN TO SEVENTEENERS' ABC.

By GLADYS L. NOBLE.

A for the Aunties—too modest we think,
B's Uncle Barnabas—down on the Drink!
C for the Catches he frequently makes,
D for the Dunces who make grave mistakes,
E for Encouragement Uncle B. offers,
F for the Frolic that our Page 8 proffers;
G for the No-License paper called "Grit,"
H for our Happiness when we read it;
I for the Infant, just over two years,
J for the nicely-made Jacket he wears,
K for the Kicks at the Liquor Trade party;
L for the Letters, so breezy and hearty,
M for the Myst'ries that puzzle us so,
N for the Nieces and Nephews who KNOW.
O for that Oval bald spot we can see,
P's the Photographer—slow as can be!
Q for the Questions we ask one another,
R for the Riddles we find such a bother.
S for the Sunbeams who sew as they sing;
T for the Toys and the Treasures they bring.
U for the Union Called Circle of Prayer,
V for the Virtues we wish we could wear.
W stands for the Work we would do.
X our Example, so great and so true.
Y for the Yearnings toward better and best,
Z for the Zion where there shall be rest.

FOR SUNDAY.

THINGS YOU WOULD SEE IN THE BUSH.

That are mentioned in the Bible.

How many can you find? Job 1:10; Ps. 1:3; Isaiah 5:24; Ps. 148; Mark 12:4; Prov. 30:26; Jer. 7:18; Prov. 24:31.

HYMN ALPHABET.

For Sunday evening a very pleasant few minutes may be spent by taking the letters of the alphabet and trying to fit (from memory) a hymn verse to each letter. Thus: Someone begins "All people that on earth do dwell," etc. Whoever can will follow on with "Brightly gleams our banner. Someone else will say, "Come to the Saviour, make no delay." Try it.

FOR MONDAY.

THE MORSE LANGUAGE (3515).

Last week we learned the first nine characters of the Morse language. We will, this week, learn from I to Q. Are you ready?

I . . .
J . . .
K . . .
L . . .
M . . .
N . . .
O . . .
P . . .
Q . . .

SERMON ILLUSTRATION COMPETITION.

(Sent by Arthur S. Winton. Preached by Rev A. E. Rook).

THE DESTROYER.

Twenty-third Text: "Why sit we here till we die?"

A man, who had been lately married, met one of his old companions. This companion asked him to have a drink. He agreed, and they had just one glass; but that one led the man to take more, and in a short time he was a confirmed drunkard. The happy home was broken up, and he was a source of misery to his wife and children. The man's wife pleaded with him, and at last he agreed to give up his bad ways. He kept

his word for a time, and the home was once more made happy. But the devil was at work, for another of the man's companions met him, and led him to the drink again. The result of that man's second turning to drink is: two little raves in the Waverley Cemetery; a woman is in one of our insane asylums; and a man, denounced as an habitual drunkard, is being detained in one of our goals.

PICTURE OF UNCLE BARNABAS.

We have kept our promise this time, and there is a faithful picture of Uncle B., even to his eyebrows, on the front page. Do you say "Which is Uncle B.?" Well, if you do, we are not surprised—such a question is quite natural. But the question is: "Which do you think is Uncle B.?"

SEE UNCLE B.

ON

THE FRONT PAGE.

"IT WILL BE A CATCH."

Arthur S. Winton, "Minone," 17 Annandale-street, Annandale, writes:—"Dear Uncle B.—After another long spell I have again found time to write. I have been staying at Hurstville for a week during the holidays, and have been having a good time, only for the rain. How did you like the rain? It must have done the gardens a lot of good, and I suppose our head gardener will be able to give us some more hints now. I have not had time to write that article for you yet. Have you ever preached at St. George's, Hurstville? I see on our page that we are to see your proper photo. soon; but I wouldn't mind guaranteeing that it will be a catch. You must be very slippery if it takes two years to catch you. Hoping this will find you and Aunt Tabitha well. I remain your affectionate Nephew."

"P.S.—I have collected 5/6 for the children's paper. Enclosed please find a sermon illustration."

(Dear Arthur,—Re St. George's. I rather think you know something about that service! Well, don't tell anybody! Now do you think the picture is "a catch?" My friends think it is the "living image." The rain has done my weeds a lot of good. That is to say, it has made the ground so soft that I have been able to root them out. much pleased to hear of your good help for our children's issue. Hope to get your article, Arthur.—Uncle B.)

LITTLE BILLY'S BILLY-DOO.

"England.

"Dear Uncle B.—I am afraid I am over 17, but have been wondering if you would publish my letter, as they tell me I am young for my age. I came to England with the rest of our family, and am staying at Weymouth. The clergyman called on us one afternoon, and we showed him 'Grit,' which he seemed very pleased with. They were going to have a temperance meeting that evening, and he was the chairman; and, do you know, he read two pieces out of 'Grit,' and we felt so pleased, and we were sure you would be pleased, too. He said it was a very good paper, and read out a piece about Sir Robert Stout not having any wine and spirits to entertain his friends with when he was Governor of New Zealand.

"LITTLE BILLY."

(Dear Little Billy,—We feel very proud of ourselves, and Page 9 fairly beams to



hear that "Grit" is being read at Temperance meetings in England. Though you are decidedly older for your age, and taller for your size than most of our Ne's and Ni's, still we shall gladly make room for you, whenever you feel that you would like to spread yourself a little on Page 9. Honny swar kee mally pongs.—Uncle B.)

THE GIRLS' CAMP AT BULLI.

Gladys Noble, Cottage Hospital, Bulli, January 3, writes:—"Dear Uncle Barnabas,—Phyllis and I are staying at Bulli, and, as you see by the address, I am at the Hospital. There is a camp of girls from secondary schools staying in Bulli this week. It consists of forty girls, and seven officers. They have great fun. I know about 15 of them, who belong to our school. I go to their meetings and picnics. The object of the Camp is to strengthen the girls in their spiritual life. It is the outcome of the University Christian Union, and all the officers are graduates. On Saturday we went for a long walk in the bush amongst the ferns. To-day (Monday), we went up Bulli Pass, and saw the glorious view from the Lookout. After that we had a swim in the baths. To-morrow we hope to visit Loddon Falls. I suppose you have seen them, haven't you. The girls have royal times before 10 p.m. with pillow-fights, etc., and at 6 a.m. they go for a bathe. Tuesday evening.—We went to Loddon Falls, and enjoyed our visit very much. I am enclosing an acrostic, subject to as much alteration as you wish. Please accept fond love for all my 'relatives,' from yours lovingly."

(Dear G.—The ABC rhymes are of very good quality. We should like an article from you on "How to Make the Children's Special Issue Attractive." Will you try? I am glad you had such a good time at Bulli. I was very near to Bulli whilst you were staying there. Should like to hear from Phyllis again.—Uncle B.)

SHORT AND SWEET.

"Dear 'Grit,'—I paid a visit to your office this morning and received a paper. I will give you some more news another day, because I am in a hurry.—Neville May."

(Dear Neville,—Don't forget the promise of "more" news. This letter is rather short of news. All the same, the printer likes it, and thinks you a very sensible boy.—Uncle B.)

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CLOTHING.

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

Unappreciative.—A Washington woman has in her employ as butler a darkey of a pompous and satisfied mien, who not long ago permitted a chocolate-coloured damsel, long his ardent admirer, to become his spouse. On one occasion, when the mistress of the house had occasion temporarily to avail herself of the services of the butler's wife, it was observed that whenever the duties of the two brought them in conjunction, the bride's eyes would shine with extraordinary devotion. "Your wife seems wonderfully attached to you, Thomas," casually observed the mistress of the house. "Yes, ma'am," answered Thomas, complacently—"Ain't it jest sickenin'?"

His Text.—The three-year-old son of a Methodist minister was with his mother at a gathering of ladies. At the proper time he was given a cake. He ate in short order, and asked for another. The hostess said: "I'll give you another if you will sing for us." "Can't sing," was his reply, "but I know something I can say." "That will do all right," the lady answered, expecting to hear "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," or some other nursery classic. But the little fellow drew himself up in real Sunday-school fashion, and said his piece—"God loveth a cheerful giver." The lady gave him the cake, and the whole company seemed to be very cheerful about it.

His Autograph.—A boy was presented with a jack-knife with which, boy-like, he cut and marked everything that came in his way, from the diningroom table to the trees in the orchard. A few days after he had become the happy possessor of the knife the father was startled by seeing two men bringing the boy home in a sad state, his face cut and covered with blood. "Nobody didn't hit me," he said to his father between his sobs; "it was only a mule kicked me in the eye." "A mule kicked you in the eye, eh? Haven't I told you a thousand times that mules were not fit things for boys to fool with?" "I wasn't fooling with him at all," said the boy. "I was only trying to cut my name on his back!"

"Dunces" who Became Famous

As everybody knows, this year 1909 is notable for its numerous centenaries of great men who have left their mark upon the world. Two of these were born upon the same day, February 12, and they have at least one thing in common—they were both reputed dunces as boys. Of one of these, Charles Darwin, who lies in Westminster Abbey, next to Newton, his father said: "You care for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family." Yet of this dull boy Grant Allen wrote, after Darwin's death, that he had "an intellect which had no superior, and a character even nobler than the intellect."

The other great man, born upon the same day a hundred years ago, was Abraham Lincoln, a big, clumsy, loutish, ugly boy. Certainly he had not Charles Darwin's chances in life. Indeed, it would not have been surprising had he died in the obscurity in which he was reared. Nevertheless, in spite of the power which must have been latent in him, he seems to have been a dull, heavy, uninviting sort of youth. Yet, next to Washington, he is the greatest and most universally respected man which America has produced.

A well-known literary man, who must be nameless, told the present writer that when he was a boy his elder brother used to say to him, "I shall live to see you sweeping the streets yet," so backward was he in his lessons. Yet he had an excellent forerunner in the case of Walter Scott, who was always at the bottom of his class, and who was accounted a dunce. He loved games more than books, and, in spite of the fact that he was lame, was a bold climber, and always ready to take a hand—a fist rather—in the periodical fights with the town boys.

The great philosopher already mentioned, side by side with whom Darwin lies in the Abbey, was accounted a great dunce at school, and was at the bottom of the last form but one. It is possible that the world owes the discovery of the Laws of Gravitation not to Sir Isaac Newton, but to the boy, one degree less dull, who was just above him in the class. This bovine youth Newton immediately took him in hand and gave him a good pummelling. For the first time Newton seemed to find himself. His pride was aroused, and he made up his mind that he would study hard and beat this loutish fellow at his lessons as well as in a bout of fisticuffs. It was not long before he was at the head of the class.

The author of that delightful classic "She Stoops to Conquer," was characterised by one of his schoolmates as "a stupid, heavy, blockhead," and one of his biographers says that he "was more distinguished as the butt of the school than for his diligence and proficiency as a scholar." When he took his B.A. degree at Trinity College, Dublin, he

was the last on the list. Yet Oliver Goldsmith is one of the immortals. There is scarcely any name more fragrant and beloved in the whole range of English literature, and few writers have more fairly and squarely won their place by undoubted genius and accomplishment.

Gilbert Burns was considered a much cleverer boy at school than his brother Robert, yet the name of the former would long ago have faded from men's memories had not the latter become the national poet of Scotland, and one of the most potent personalities in the world. And it is also a remarkable fact that Burns was not tunable. He could scarcely distinguish one tune from another. Yet he is Scotland's greatest song-writer, and one of the greatest song-writers of all time.

Robert Clive, the maker of India, to whom more than to any other man Britain owes her Empire in the East, was regarded by his schoolmasters as a hopeless fool. He was the dunce of every school he went to—and he went to four. Perhaps his father thought the fault was in the school and not in the boy, and so he changed him from one to another. But even his father despaired of him eventually, and packed him off to India as a clerk in the East India Company's service. It was only when he laid down his pen and took up the sword—though the former is proverbially said to be mightier than the latter—that he discovered his own genius.

But Clive is by no means the only great soldier or sailor who was a dull boy. Nelson was looked upon as a bit of a dullard; Napoleon gave no hint of future greatness, and Arthur Wellesley—the great Duke of Wellington—was quite a duffer; whilst both General Grant and his great opponent, Stonewall Jackson, were both dull boys who came to their maturity very slowly. As Carlyle says somewhere: "The most perfect vegetable is the cabbage, and it comes to maturity in a few weeks, but it takes a generation to produce an oak."

We have written this article, not to encourage sloth at school, or elsewhere, but rather to emphasise the fact that the boy quick at book-learning does not always win life's race, and that where a lad fails in one direction he may achieve success in another if only he has a stout heart and keeps pegging away in the face of difficulties. To lose all hope is to fail indeed.—A. B. C., in the "Boys' Own Paper."

HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

"This is a very fatiguing journey," said an English commercial traveller to his companion in a railway carriage, an elderly Highlander, as they journeyed from Inverness to London.

"Ay, an' so it ocht to be," was the reply, "for two poun's twa shillings an' saxpence!"

The Saloons make Bristol, Va., Prosperous

The wisdom of Local Option was clearly demonstrated at Bristol, Va., last November, when the saloons came back into power.

"Business" of "the community affected thereby" received a general "uplift," and the "revenue" argument was greatly strengthened.

One man—a citizen of dry Blountville—who had not tasted liquor for several years, imbibed so freely that he fell from his wagon, and was killed.

This helped the business of the coffin factory and of the undertaker, and gave employment to grave diggers.

The wife and "three small children" of the dead man will also be helped in a business way, for they will have to earn their own support.

There were two attempts at murder. It is not a dead sure thing, but the chances are good that indictments will be found against these would-be murderers; that the clerk's fees will be increased, that attorneys will reap much-needed fees, the State or county pay the costs, and a political henchman be paid several times more than the defendant's trial attorney to get a pardon.

If saloons do not "help business," what do they help?

If saloons do not "increase revenue," what do they increase?

Several cases of wife-beating were also reported as evidence of the general uplift to "business" and "revenue" given by the Grand Opening.

In this way the doctors and druggists picked up several bills that they may credit to the beneficent influences of Local Option.

Judge Rice, of the City Court, fixed the fine for drunkenness at 25 dollars.

Men from the "dry" territory surrounding Bristol showed their desire to help "business" and increase "revenue" by filling the jails with their drunken carcasses. Not being able to get to the jail themselves, many new policemen had to be employed to help them along, and to prevent the accumulation of so much "revenue" that "business" would be stagnated and a panic brought on.

While our correspondent reports a "carnival of drunkenness," and men standing at the bar "three and four deep," it is not Bristol alone that will reap a rich harvest from Bristol's Local Option.

The miners and mountaineers, after loading themselves to the guard on the inside, are returning to their homes laden with packages that will help the business of undertakers and grave-diggers, sheriffs and court clerks, in other counties; give the State and county more costs to pay, more orphans and paupers to care for.

Heretofore we have inclined to the view that it is a grievous wrong by the people who have gotten rid of the saloons themselves to force saloons upon one city in a large dry territory, and make that one city the gathering place for all the criminal class for a hundred miles around, and convert it into a hotbed of lawlessness and the centre of gravity for murder and riot.

But since we have read the reports of how "political rest," "prosperity," "revenue," and "business" have come to Bristol, we are wondering if we could have been mistaken in our opposition to Local Option.—"Nashville Tennessean."

Elsie: "I just love boats. I wish women could be sailors." Tommy. "Aw! how could they! They'd spend all their time tryin' to keep the wet from taking the curl out o' their hair."

His Work.—"I don't see how you can have been working all day like a horse!" exclaimed the wife of a lawyer. "Well, my dear," he replied, "I've been drawing a conveyance all day, anyhow!"

"My dear," said an Hibernian to his wife, "I would rather the children were kept in the nursery when I am at home, although I should not object to their noise if they'd only be quiet!"

A love-smitten youth, who was studying the approved methods of proposal, asked one of his bachelor friends if he thought a young man should propose to a girl on his knees. "If he doesn't," replied his friend, "the girl should get off."

"Why is the blade of a sabre curved instead of straight?" was the question put by a sergeant to a private. "It is curved in order to give more force to the blow," replied the soldier. "Nonsense!" exclaimed the "non-com." "The sabre is curved so as to fit the scabbard. If it were straight, how would you get it into a crooked scabbard?"

Sure Enough.—Pat got a job moving some kegs of powder, and, to the alarm of the foreman, was discovered smoking at his work. "Gracious!" exclaimed the foreman, "Do you know what happened when a man smoked at this job some years ago? There

was an explosion, which blew up a dozen men." "That couldn't happen here," returned Pat, calmly. "Why not?" "Cos there's only me and you," was the reply.

Too Personal.—In one of the large cities a street-car collided with a milk-cart, and sent can after can of milk into the street. Soon a large crowd gathered. A very short man coming up had to stand on tiptoe to see past a stout woman in front of him. "Goodness!" he exclaimed. "What an awful waste!" The stout woman turned round and glared at the little man, and said, sternly: "Mind your own business!"

Waiting for a Outlet.—In the barber's shop the scissors clicked merrily away, and the barber's dog lay on the floor, close beside the chair, looking up intently all the time at the occupant who was having his hair cut. "Nice dog that," said the customer. "He is, sir," said the barber. "He seems very fond of watching you cut hair." "It ain't that, sir," exclaimed the barber, smiling. "Sometimes I make a mistake, and take a little piece off a customer's ear."

In an Old Waistcoat.—A rough-looking individual came to the lone farm where little Willie lives, and grasped him by the collar. "If you don't tell me where your father keeps his money, I'll knock yer 'ead orf yer shoulders an' arter that I'll eat yer." "Oh, please don't do that, sir. You'll find all the money we've got in an old waistcoat in the kitchen." Two minutes later a bruised and battered wreck was shot through the door, and sat for a while on the ground. "The kid's too smart—never said a word about the ole man inside that weskit."

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