

PUREST **FRY'S COCOA** & BEST

# GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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## Opportunity: The House of a Thousand Doors

Nine-tenths of failures are simply men in the wrong places, they have entered the wrong door. Find out WHAT USEFUL THING YOUR NATURE PROMPTS YOU TO DO, AND TRY TO DO THAT.

Money and success are not made by the man who sees money in success, in some certain kind of work, and goes after them with only the money or the success in mind. Money and success come to the man who is doing a useful work that he likes to do, with all the power in him. He succeeds because his entire force goes into the work, BECAUSE HE IS WORKING, and not simply wanting something.

Put a greyhound and mastiff side by side. The mastiff can earn a living pulling a load in a small cart. And the greyhound can sell in the open market for as much as one thousand pounds, if he runs fast enough.

Suppose the greyhound saw the mastiff well fed and decided that he, the greyhound, would also pull a heavy load. What would happen to him? And suppose the mastiff, seeing the successful greyhound, blanketed, pampered, driven in a carriage to the course, would make up his mind that he, the thick-bodied, short-legged mastiff, would be a racing greyhound, how ridiculous he would be.

Too many of us human beings are mastiffs trying to be greyhounds and vice versa.

Find out what you can do, whether you want to pull or race, plod or gallop, and plan your work accordingly.

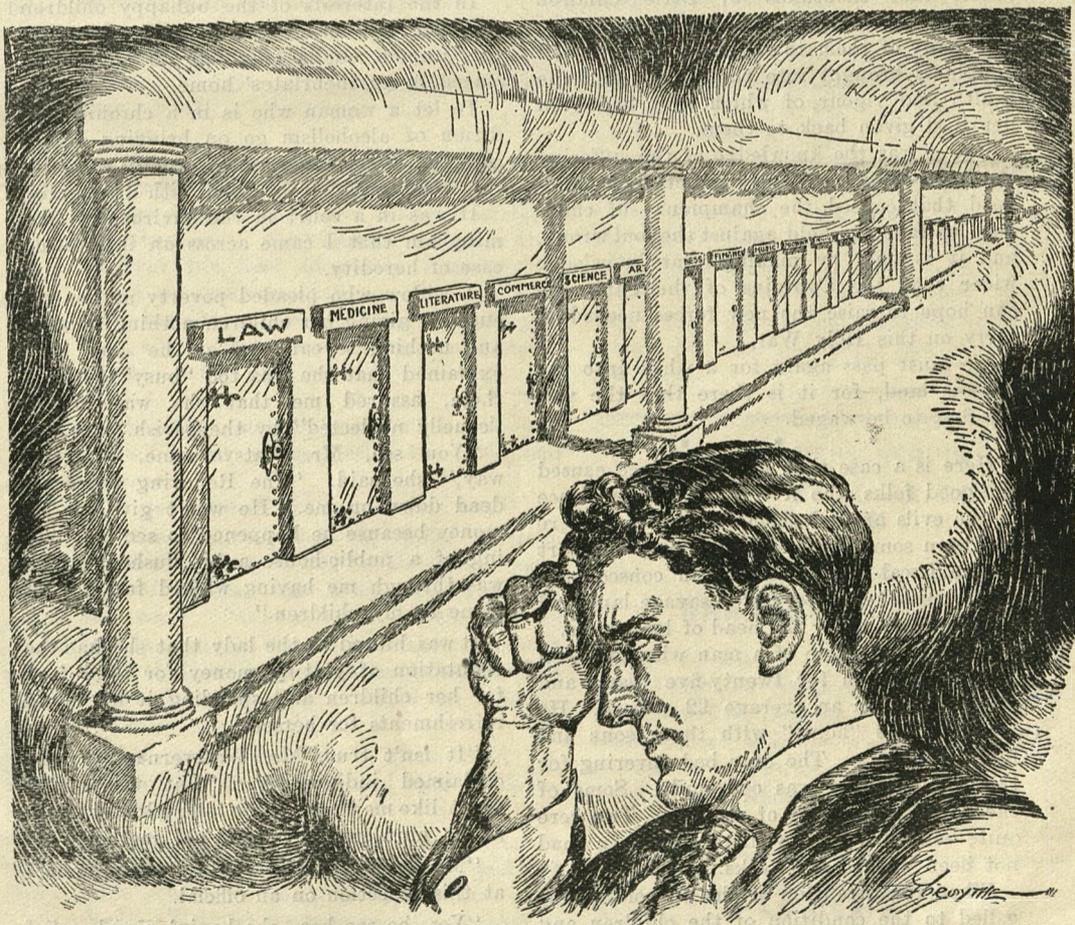
But don't forget to do some work WHILE YOU ARE PLANNING. Your brain is important, your temperament is important, your likes and dislikes are important, BUT TIME IS YOUR REAL ASSET. Every day that goes by while you are wondering, looking at those closed doors, is a day lost. Be DOING something. Be at work, reading, exercising, working for pay, however little, as long as it is honorable work. Remember that you are a machine which must

not get rusty. Work in the daytime does not stop thought or planning in the evening. The HABIT OF WORK is of the greatest possible value. EVERY KIND OF WORK CAN BE MADE TO INCREASE YOUR EFFICIENCY AS A UNIT IN THE WORKING RACE.

Don't be idle, even for a day, if you can help it. Get work to suit you if you can, but MAKE THE WORK SUIT YOU IN THE MEANWHILE. A man can develop his character as well blacking a pair of

boots, sweeping a street, cleaning a horse, as in any more pretentious work. The main thing is that you should do THOROUGHLY what you do. It isn't the work that counts; it is YOURSELF. Inferior work, work that a stupid world might call shameful, is not nearly as inferior or as shameful as a human being with human intelligence doing work in a slovenly, half-hearted fashion.

Look for the right kind of work, be alert for the right opportunity. Don't hesitate to



If you have entered the wrong door, don't fail to come out and try again.

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FOR AFTERNOON TEA

change, even at a risk, if you think you have entered the wrong door. Turn around come out again and try another. But don't stand dawdling on the outside forever doing nothing. GO IN.

If you work hard enough, you are apt to find the right sort of work looking for YOU. As long as you are among the idle, among those doing nothing, that are doing their own work indifferently, REAL OPPORTUNITIES WILL NEVER FIND YOU, NEVER LOOK FOR YOU.

Every man and every woman is fit for something, fit to do something well, fit to fill a place in the world, a necessary place.

If you are not succeeding, if you feel that you do not count, DON'T TOLERATE THAT STATE OF AFFAIRS. Think, work, question yourself, BE YOURSELF, do what you know how to do, what you like to do, do it with all your might. There is no necessity of being a failure unless you choose to be. TRY! Never mind a hundred failures. TRY!

### THE BLACK STAIN.

By GEO. R. SIMS.

(Reprinted from the London "Tribune.")

#### SEVENTH ARTICLE.

#### IN BIRMINGHAM.

In the last article I dwelt for a moment on the brighter side of the campaign which the National Society is waging against those who inflict unnecessary suffering upon helpless children.

It is a good and a comforting thing to know that hundreds of parents have, by diplomatic handling, been gradually roused to effort in the home, and have been awakened to a sense of parental responsibility.

It is something, amid all the sadness, to reflect that thousands of little children doomed under the old conditions to misery, and many of them to early death, have had happiness brought into their lives, and the health and vigour of which they had been deprived given back to them.

But it was the knowledge of the suffering that was being constantly inflicted on childhood that caused the champions of childhood to take the field against the foul wrong, and it is only by making that knowledge wider that the Captains of the Campaign can hope to raise the new forces needed to carry on this Holy War.

We must pass again for a while into the shadow land, for it is there that the war has first to be waged.

Here is a case that not long since caused the good folks who live in happy ignorance of the evils around them to wonder if there had been some astounding error on the part of the Local Press, and if, in consequence of the mistake, a story of a savage land had been printed under the head of local news.

Here is the home of a man who had been in one situation for twenty-five years, and was earning on an average £2 a week. He occupied this "home" with three sons and four daughters. The only bed covering for the whole family was one quilt. Some of the children had bits of rags on. Two were quite naked. The younger children had not been washed for weeks.

When the attention of the authorities was called to the condition of the children and

the "home" was entered, the whole family were found sitting on the floor amid unspeakable surroundings.

It was suggested to the father, who said he was sorry things had got so bad, but he couldn't help it, that he should begin to try to help it by "scavenging" the room.

He looked round at the accumulated loathsomeness, shook his head, and replied that he thought the job would be too much for him because he was "a bit tickle stomached."

The skin of the heads of three of the children was eaten through by vermin. The doctor who was called in stated that the vermin taken from the heads of these children filled a half-pint measure.

Not far from this house of horror a baby of eleven months was found one night lying in the roadway by the side of its mother, who had fallen down drunk and let the baby roll out of her arms. On the previous day the husband, who was earning good wages on a job some distance from his home, had sent the woman a sovereign. All that was found in her pocket was 7½d.

This woman had lost several children, and had been under supervision for years. She constantly changed her address to avoid official interference with her peculiar ideas of motherhood, and in her case the neglect was habitual.

This woman was punished for her last adventure with a baby in her arms, and served her time.

For certain reasons I was anxious to see her, and "from information received" I was able to discover where she was living, but she was not "at home."

After her term of punishment had expired she had made use of her liberty to fall into the fire when in a state of intoxication. She had a fortnight in the workhouse infirmary, and then left the scene of her former adventures.

In the interests of the unhappy children who had the misfortune to be born to her this woman ought long ago to have been placed in an inebriates' home.

To let a woman who is in a chronic condition of alcoholism go on bringing babies into the world is a form of cruelty to children which ought to be dealt with drastically.

It was in a court in the environs of Birmingham that I came across an interesting case of heredity.

A widow who pleaded poverty as her excuse for giving her children nothing to wear and nothing to eat, and at the same time explained that she was too "busy" to wash them, assured me that she was herself "cruelly neglected" by the parish.

"You see, Mr. Watsyername, it's this way," she said. "The Relieving Officer is dead down on me. He won't give me no money because he happened to see me coming of a public-house a bit flushed, which was through me having walked fast to get home to my children."

It was hinted to the lady that she had the reputation of getting money for solid food for her children and spending it on liquid refreshments for herself.

"It isn't true, Mr. Watsyername!" she exclaimed indignantly. "But the officer don't like me through me telling him straight as he murdered my poor old mother."

"Murdered your mother!" I reply, aghast at this reflection on an official.

"Yes, he see her—she havin' parish relief

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at the time—coming out of a public-house one night, her face a bit flushed, which it's in our family, and he tells her of it, and it so upsets her that going up them very stairs to bed with a lamp in her hand she comes over giddy and drops the lamp and sets herself a-fire and dies—rest her soul!—before anybody come in to pick her up.

When I make inquiries as to this case of the Relieving Officer himself, and we exchange views—not as to the inherited flushing of the face, but as to hereditary pauperism—I find that my Marylebone record of a family that could trace its parish relief in unbroken sequence back for two hundred years is beaten in Birmingham.

I am assured that there are cases of hereditary dependence upon the parish for support which go back to the spacious days of the Virgin Queen.

### CUT HIM SHORT.

The minister of a certain country parish is an ardent naturalist, and takes special interest in the different classes of fungi. His enthusiasm, however, is not appreciated by certain members of his congregation. While calling on one of them, an old maiden lady, she reminded him of the time that had elapsed since his previous visit.

He began to make excuses for the delay, when she cut him short.

"If I was a toadstool," she said, with grim irony, "you'd have been to see me long ago."

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# SQUIRE PHIN

"It's been a hard blow for Squire Phin, it all has," observed Uncle Buck. "Just finishing college when it happened, and havin' the record of bein' the smartest critter there! He had the chance to go into a big city law-office, but there was poor old Seth knocked flat's a flounder, his name on notes to wholesalers who'd sold to Hime, and feelin' holden for all the other debts.

"Phin done what few boys would do. He come home, put his shoulder to the wheel and taught school and studied law between-whiles—and, well, we all know how he's worked it out."

"There was more than the money side of it, too, that he had to face," broke in Amazeen.

"Seems as if I've heard hints that he was pretty fierce took in a certain quarter," observed Brickett, with a sly look.

"Lord, I guess there was hints and more, too," snapped Amazeen. "Why, he lugged Sylveny Willard's dinner pail to and from school when they was so young that neither noticed there was any difference between Seth Look and Coll Willard. Kind of one of those cases where two young ones nat'rally took to each other. I was postmaster for a spell and they wrote reg'lar when he was away to college, till all to once old Coll knowed about it and realised that Sylveny had got out of the A B C age. He up and howled blue murder and right on top came the Hime part. Gad, no, he wouldn't consider Phin Look for a son-in-law—wa'n't pedigree enough to him."

Amazeen's tone was scornful.

"That's why he f'it off Klebe marryin' Myry Austin year after year till it looked as though they never would git married—and from all I hear about the way they get along now, I reckon 'twould have been better all around if the old Judge had f'it harder. Klebe had to break lose and git a vessel for himself before he dared to buck the old man and marry her. I don't believe he really ever wanted her, anyway, but she's one o' them women that's like a sheet of fly paper—git it on your fingers and try to pull it off and it keeps stickin' in a new place. She's too pretty to have much head. Ain't ever had anything to steady her down, and that keeps Klebe guessin' and mad a good part of the time when he's home."

"If I'd have been Phin Look I'd have run away with Sylvena Willard years ago," grunted Uncle Lysimachus. "I'll bet she'd have gone. A dummed old hog like Coll Willard ain't got no right to keep two people like them apart. And more'n that, he's torchin' her all the time to marry King. There ain't a woman in this village that women-folks in trouble run to as they do to her, and we all know what Squire Phin is to P'lermo! There ain't hardly a family in this town that he ain't settled a fuss for—not in courts and by runnin' up bills of expense, but by kind words and common sense and good advice and by gittin' right inside a critter's heart. A man ain't goin' to get rich by that way of practisin' law, but, by jerro, he's earnin' the kind of currency that they say makes a millionaire in eternity. He's the husband Sylvena Willard ought to have, and, by gad, if I was her I'd have him!"

"Did you ever stop to think, 'Lys," drawled Amazeen, "that people who have things pretty much their own way, without carin' what other people want, who tromp over commands, disobey parents, burst into fam'lies and all that, are pretty apt to be scaly critters? Bein' as they are, Slyveny Willard and Phin Look deserve to have each other; but bein' as they are, it's almighty likely they never will. Cuts both ways, you see. A woman that forgets all

her father has done for her and leaves him alone in his old age and goes away to a man that he is dead ag'inst, has got the disposition to treat a husband as bad as she has a father. May not do it, understand—but the disposition is there. Marryin' and givin' in marriage is all right, but fam'ly loyalty is something, too. You want to remember that Coll Willard probably don't seem to her the same as he does to us. A man that busts into a family when he knows he ain't wanted may be gritty and in love, and all that, but he's puttin' himself and his pleasure and int'rests first, and lettin' others trail. Phin Look allus has practised what he preaches to his clients. But it has sartinly happened bad to him—Hime's cuttin' up and all the rest, and it ain't lookin' much better just now."

"I had an idea they'd git married sometime," said Brickett. "You'll find that Squire Phin has had some partic'lar mighty good reason for stayin' in this little place. He don't belong here and he never has. A drummer told me that outside of here he's called one of the best-read men in the State. Judges all say that, the drummer told me. He don't have to stay here, not by a long shot. Yes, I thought they'd git married some day when old Coll got through but I guess this Hime matter comin' up agin will bust things forever. Klebe will take it up."

"I'll tell you what I think will happen now," broke in a tall young man who had sauntered up and had been listening.

No one asked any questions. Amazeen bored his cane deeper with indignant twistings, as he reflected on the situation.

"I reckon she'll give into the Judge at last and marry King Bradish." The lounge spoke with tone of conviction.

"Bub," said the Squire severely, "you're anxious to grow up to be a nice big man, aren't you?"

"Yep."

"Well, there's nothing that stunts growth like using your tongue too much. That's why so many women are shorter and slimmer than men. Now always remember that all your life, and some day when you've grown up good and tall you just tell your little boys that a nice old lawyer gave you that advice about your tongue and never charged you a cent for it."

"So your mother died when you was young?" Hiram inquired. His tone had softened.

"I never knew who my mother was."

"Mine died and left me under fourteen and Phin a baby," said the showman, looking off across the fields and blinking his eyes. "It's sort of startin' anyone back-handed into the world without a mother to kind of walk hand in hand with up to where the paths split. Bad for a man, worse for a woman."

There was silence for a little time, except for the girl, who sobbed with quick indrawings of the breath.

"Let's see, Sime," said Hiram, trying to keep his voice steady and matter-of-fact, "I ain't ever asked you how it was with your fam'ly. Was you brought up by a mother?"

"I was bound out from an orphan asylum when I was eight," replied the giant, turning away his face and fingering the seam of a patch on his knee. "A farmer took me and he made me wear pants made out of a butcher's frock, and I never got but five weeks' schoolin', cause I couldn't stand 'em laughin' at me."

"Three of us pretty much of a stripe," sighed the showman. "Each of us with an out of some kind. Nothin' to be proud of,

any of us. Can't expect much else, maybe! I tell ye, Sime, I know how you felt about the school bus'ness. After they folded mother's hands—and I can see 'em folded now just as I did when I tiptoed into the settin'-room where they'd laid her out—I didn't have no more jelly tarts to set out on the desk when I opened my dinner-pail at school, and I used to stay in at recess so that the girls couldn't see the holes in the seat of my pants."

He stood and looked away and fingered the folds of skin on his wrinkled neck as though there were an ache there.

"I'm glad to believe," he said softly and brokenly, "that God ain't mean enough to let dead mothers ever know how their little gaffers get along after their mother hands are folded and they can't 'tend and do any longer."

After a little time he turned to the wife, and his eyes were wet.

"I ain't all hard spots, sissy," he affirmed impulsively. "Most often it's the softest places that have the hardest calluses over 'em. I'm a pretty soft old fool, myself. Most think I ain't, but I am. I've made my mistakes and they was bad ones. Sime, there, has made just as bad ones as me. You've made yours, sissy, but don't make any more—don't!"

He patted her cheek with a tenderness that no one ever saw before in Hiram Look.

"We've sort of found out each other all at once. Let's call this place here 'Orphan Hill' and always remember it. Let's kind of brace from now on. We can't be angels, none of us. We've been too much hand-capped. But we can brace!"

"Ain't there any ding-blasted thing in this world that the critter knows how to do?" he demanded. "There's no young and pretty girl that's goin' to stay very hard in love with a swipe in a liv'ry stable, no matter how she tries. I pity the poor little gaffer, Phin. We had a talk together on the road—me and her and Sime here. I ain't all bristles, Phin. I'd do somethin' for the feller if I could—anything short of charity, and I'll be cussed if I'll give money to an able-bodied man that's able to earn it. She'd hate him then, if there's anything to her, and if she didn't I'd hate her—and there you have it. Gad! I don't understand how a chap can grow to be over twenty-one and not know how to do some one thing."

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**NEW SOUTH WALES ALLIANCE.**

Miss Anderson Hughes, of New Zealand, who rendered such magnificent service throughout this State during the recent campaign, will be passing through Sydney about the beginning of April. Since the poll Miss Hughes has been lecturing in South Australia, under the auspices of the W.C. T.U., and will proceed from thence to Queensland. Miss Hughes has kindly offered to give her celebrated lecture, "Maoris and Maoriland," in aid of the Campaign Debt Extinction Fund. Will Sydney friends please keep April 13 vacant for this treat, and watch for further announcements?

A series of concerts is being arranged by Alliance Branches and Temperance Societies. The proceeds of same are to be devoted to the Debt Extinction Fund. The Secretary will be glad to hear from any desiring to hold such in their districts, or from anyone willing to assist in any way.

The secretary will be visiting some South Coast centres during the week.

Mr. W. J. Carruthers is touring the Northern district on behalf of the Alliance, and Mr. Butler Nixon is engaged in the South. We trust that our friends will give them all the assistance in their power.

Numbers of friends of the Alliance received Victory Fund collecting cards. A minimum donation of one shilling to this fund entitles the giver to a souvenir of the recent poll, in the form of a card containing photo of the Alliance Executive, and some valuable information. The Alliance will close its financial year on the 31st inst., and is anxious to get in all amounts collected. Will the friends please forward any sums they have on hand. Souvenirs will be issued immediately on receipt of donations. Any workers desiring these cards may obtain them on application.

A word on the financial condition of the Alliance. The recent poll left us heavily in debt. In view of the early approach of our annual meeting, and the absolute necessity of readiness to meet any emergency without a handicap, we are extremely anxious to clear away this incubus. We make an earnest appeal to our friends for special donations to meet this special difficulty. Alliance branches and temperance organisa-

tions could assist by organising concerts, lectures, etc., the proceeds of which could be devoted to the liquidation of the debt. A systematic combined effort would easily and quickly place the Alliance on a sound financial basis. Donations to be addressed to the Acting General Secretary, New South Wales Alliance, Park and Castlereagh streets, Sydney.

**ALCOHOLIC LIQUOR AT ST. PATRICK'S DAY SPORTS.**

At the last meeting of the Alliance Executive it was reported that at the forthcoming celebrations of the various Irish societies it had been decided to ban alcoholic liquors, and that a committee of ladies would dispense tea, coffee and light refreshments to the delegates.

The executive of the Alliance requested the secretary (Mr. Barrett) to write to Archbishop Carr, as president of the united societies holding their celebrations on St. Patrick's Day, and congratulate him on the step taken. In reply, the following letter has been received:—

"St. Patrick's Cathedral,"

Melbourne, 28th Feb., 1908.

"Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter I am glad to be in a position to confirm the information which you have received. No alcoholic drinks will be allowed in connection with the St. Patrick's Day celebration this year. When we celebrate a historical or religious event, we should do so in a manner worthy of the occasion. Nothing is so likely to mar the celebration as the use or rather the misuse of strong drink."

I remain, dear sir,

Very faithfully yours,

Thomas J. Carr.

"Mr. J. G. Barrett, secretary Victorian Alliance."

**"MORE BEER THAN DUST."****THE ROCKCHOPPERS' STRIKE.****DOCTOR'S COMPLETE DENIAL.**

The Water and Sewerage Board is waiting for some approach on the part of the rock-choppers on strike; the strikers are waiting to be approached by the board.

That is the position in the rockchoppers' strike.

The board states that at the conference held last week the rockchoppers' delegates said that they had no power to accept the terms offered, and must refer them to the men.

The men state that at the conference they were offered £3 a week of 40 hours. Their object being to obtain a six hours' day the men understood that their answer was a refusal to accept this.

In reference to the allegation made by the men that Dr. Stokes said at the conference that there was more beer than dust in their complaint, Dr. Stokes has submitted the following statement to the board:—

"As certain misleading statements have been made with reference to remarks made by myself at the recent conference on the rockchopping question, I beg to submit the following statement:—

"At the conference Mr. Withers, president of the Rockchoppers' Union, said:—'Other medical men have stated that out of 250 men not one has recovered from the effects of the trouble. I believe Dr. Power said that.'"

As Mr. Withers quoted Dr. Power, I, in reply, quoted the following evidence given by Dr. Power before the Sewerage Works Ventilation Board in 1902:—

"Q. 2980. Do you account for that by the sharpness of the particles?—No; the dust being so fine, more of it is inhaled. I might say that in open-faced quarries, of which we have a number around Sydney—at Pymont, Paddington, and Woollahra—I have known men work for 17 and 20 years and never develop pneumokoniosis. That has been the case with a great number of men. In these quarries especially the men who drink invariably get the disease."

"Q. 2981. So that it is accelerated by intemperance?—Yes; I might say that every man who drinks will in time get it."

"Q. 2982. Is that a general statement applicable to other occupations?—It is very much more the case when applied to men in street-sewer workings."

"I merely quoted this without any comment, and, of course, cannot accept any responsibility for the accuracy of the statements therein, which, it must be borne in mind, are vouched for by the authority of the late Dr. Power."

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# Talk about People

## "Father" of the House of Lords.

The Earl of Leicester, the "Father" of the House of Lords, and one of the oldest Etonians living, has just entered upon his eighty-sixth year. His lordship, who is now rarely seen at Westminster, has but four seniors in point of age in the House of Lords—Lord Gwydyr, who will be ninety-eight in April; the Earl of Wemyss, who enters the ranks of nonagenarian peers in August next; Lord Strathcona, who is eighty-eight this year; and the Duke of Grafton, who will be eighty-seven in June. The Earl of Leicester is the father of eighteen children, fourteen of whom are living, and can number among his sons-in-law four earls, a viscount, and a baron. There is a difference of forty years between his eldest and his youngest child. To living the healthy, open-air life of a country gentleman, the Earl of Leicester attributes his longevity. Even now in his old age he eats heartily of simple fare. Neither does he pamper his guests, as may be judged from the fact that on one occasion, when the Prince of Wales was shooting at Holkham, Lord Leicester's Norfolk seat, it was announced formally at the breakfast table that the game cart would carry a lunch consisting of bread and cheese, raw onions, and beer, and that anyone who would like anything extra could cut a sandwich at the side table and put it in his pocket. The Prince of Wales was one of those who availed himself of this suggestion. He cut his sandwich, and pocketed it for a frugal lunch later in the day.

## Generous Statesman.

The Secretary of State for India, who has just celebrated his sixty-ninth birthday, has never disguised the fact that he has a greater love for literature than for politics. To be surrounded by books is his ideal of happiness, for apart from his extensive library he has no amusements. He is a capital walker, however, and for his age a remarkably active man. In appearance he strikes one more as an elderly musician or actor than a statesman, his rather sharp, clean-shaven features, and long, iron-grey hair being typical of one or two of the prominent lights in those professions. Personally, Mr. Morley is one of the kindest and most considerate of men. His love for dumb animals is well known, while on one occasion he was seen in the neighbourhood of Wimbledon Common, comforting a sobbing youngster who apparently had lost his way. If further proof of Mr. Morley's kindness of heart and generosity were required, it may be found in the fact that he has given a home to the wife and daughters of his stepson, John Ayling, who was recently sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for forging and uttering promissory notes, despite the fact that Mr. Morley's own signature had been forged on five of the bills.

## An Awkward Position.

"The most peculiar fix I was ever in," says the Rev. James Flanagan, who is at present in New Zealand, in "Scenes from My Life," "happened in a provincial city. I was announced to address a large gathering of temperance workers. The platform was a very strong one. An admiral of the British Navy was to take the chair. Many of the leading people of the city were also present.

"I had mistaken the time of meeting, and found I had but a very few minutes to perform my toilet. The last touch was given when, just as I was about to rush off to the hall, I found that I was minus a pocket-

handkerchief, which under the circumstances was a necessity. I hurried upstairs into my room, and saw what I thought was the very thing required. I had a faint idea when I thrust the handful of linen into my pocket that it was rather bulky. But I concluded that it might be because I seized two handkerchiefs instead of one. Contented with myself and my audience, and fully master of my subject, I rose to deliver my speech. I had only spoken for a few minutes, when I had occasion to use my cambric. Taking hold of the two corners, I allowed the beautiful thing to fall gracefully down before the eyes of the whole assembly. What do you think it was? A child's night-shirt!"

## A Famous Lady Speaker.

It is a generally admitted fact that the most celebrated lady speaker in England is Lady Henry Somerset, though she seldom graces the platform to-day. Lady Henry is, as our readers well know, a strenuous worker in the cause of temperance and women's work.

"I have never had a lesson in elocution," she says, "but by careful practice I am able to pitch my voice so that I can be heard, no matter how large the hall. When speaking in a particularly large building, such as the Free Trade Hall at Manchester, I usually take my maid with me and station her at the far end of the room. She has instructions to give me a certain signal if my voice is indistinct. While I am speaking I watch her, and if there is no signal, then I know that I can be heard."

## Humble Pie.

General French's adventures in the South African War were endless, but one of the most amusing occurred one morning, when a war correspondent, with a rather high-handed manner, came riding into camp. He saw a soldier outside one of the tents, so dismounted. "Is this French's camp?" he asked. "Yes," replied the soldier. "Then hold my horse while I go in search of him." "Yes, sir," said the soldier, and immediately obeyed. The war correspondent strolled off in search of French, and soon came across a staff officer. "Where is French?" he asked. "He was here a moment ago," replied the officer. "There he is—but what the mischief is he doing holding that horse?" The war correspondent took his way slowly back and for perhaps the first time in his life ate humble pie.

## "Housekeeping" for Royalty.

As is well known, the King likes plainness and refined simplicity in cooking, and the Kaiser's tastes lie in the same direction. During his stay at Highcliffe Castle, while on his recent visit to England, he expressed supreme satisfaction with the way he fared. Breakfast at Highcliffe was quite a l'Anglais. Evidently the Royal visitor felt that when one is in Rome one should do as the Romans do.

Eggs and bacon were a standing dish. Indeed, what with the Kaiser himself, his suite, who loyally followed his example, and the rest of the hundred-odd inhabitants of the castle, the daily consumption of eggs ran up into some four hundred or more, while the big cake which the Kaiser presented to the village school-children used up two hundred on its own account.

It is not surprising that the price of new-laid eggs in the district went up by leaps and bounds, till farmers within a radius of ten miles of the castle were riding in daily

## WOOD AND COMPANY.

— Apart from the fact that our —  
— charges are always consistently —  
— Lower than other Establish- —  
— ments, our position as Sydney's —  
— Leading Firm of Funeral Direc- —  
— tors is, in itself, a sufficient rea- —  
— son why we should be favoured —  
— with instructions. —  
— The perfection to which our ser- —  
— vice has attained is a result of —  
— 50 years' close application to —  
— the necessities of a situation de- —  
— manding thought and earnest —  
— consideration. —  
— Our employees are all experi- —  
— enced and trained men, as well —  
— as relatives of the family, and —  
— each funeral is conducted un- —  
— der the personal supervision of —  
— the Principal of the Firm. —

## WOOD AND COMPANY,

810-12 GEORGE-STREET, SYDNEY.

Tel. 726, etc.

## BRANCHES IN

238 Darling-street, Balmain; 120 Weston-rd., Rozelle; Burwood-road, Burwood; Victoria Avenue, Chatswood; 68 Miller-street, North Sydney; 6 New Canterbury-road, Petersham; 7 Norton-street, Leichhardt.

to supply them at the rate of twopence and threepence each.

Fried sole or plaice also frequently found a place on the menu, and his Majesty exhibited a fondness for toast.

He also followed the English fashion of rounding off his breakfast with a little jam or marmalade. Every morning fourteen kinds of jam appeared on the Imperial table—raspberry, strawberry, currant jelly, peach, plum, gooseberry, apricot, fig, pear, apple-jelly, cherry, pineapple, quince, marmalade—all had their turn. The majority of these jams were made at Highcliffe, and for the apple-jelly fruit was sent specially from Germany.

The Kaiser lunched punctually at one o'clock, and here again his love of simplicity asserted itself. Beef is his favourite meat—he dislikes mutton—and he never takes salt, pepper, or mustard.

He enjoyed plum-pudding, mince-pies, roly-polys, and pancakes—sweets which many a highly-priced cook would consider it beneath him to prepare.

He expects military punctuality at meal times. When the invited guests and the members of the suite are assembled a gong sounds and his Majesty proceeds straight from his apartments to the breakfast or dining-room. Even at tea-time he prefers everything to be ready and on the table before he makes his appearance.

At Highcliffe the Kaiser indulged considerably in the cup that cheers but does not inebriate. He drank little, if any, coffee. It was tea for breakfast, tea for—well, for tea, and even a small cup of tea after dinner. He invariably takes sugar in his tea but no milk.

## WHY WORRY ABOUT YOUR INSURANCES?

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

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

### A. B. PURSELL & CO.

(Established 1886)

INSURANCE BROKERS AND SUPERVISORS

105 Pitt Street, Sydney,  
and at Brisbane.

Over 5 Millions of Insurances supervised annually by A. B. PURSELL & Co.

We look after the Insurances of many of the leading Merchants and Manufacturers, Small as well as large Insurances supervised without charge.

Amongst our numerous clients we may mention as references the following:—

Anthony Hordern & Sons; John Keep & Sons, Ltd.  
Elliott Bros., Ltd.; Farmer & Company, Ltd.

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

**GRIT.**  
A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1908.

### A YEAR'S RESULTS.

The advocate of Liquor Reform is often met by the reply from the indifferent that "it is not possible to make people sober by Act of Parliament," as if such an answer were full and sufficient excuse for thus casually dismissing an appeal for personal support and co-operation. Not even the most ardent apostle of Temperance would argue that legislation by itself can remove drunkenness, but that it is possible to restrict the evil is convincingly shown by the results of a year's working under the amended Liquor Act of this State. From the report of the Inspector General of Police for 1907, we find that as compared with 1906, there was a decrease of 417 prosecutions in the Metropolitan area in respect of all offences under the Liquor Act; that prosecutions for selling liquor during prohibited hours last year were only 65 as against 123 in 1906, a decrease of nearly half, and further that the convictions in 1907 for drunkenness with disorderly conduct between 8 a.m. on Sunday and 8 a.m. on Monday were only 20. The figures which are compiled without prejudice from the Departmental Records must surely convince even the most unbelieving that Acts of Parliament can be beneficial in such a cause proving, as they so clearly do, that the amended Act makes for the decrease of Sunday drinking. Further testimony as to the benefit of the Act in this direction was

forthcoming at the Local Option Court last week, when a hotel keeper who was questioned as to entries in his books of money taken on Sundays, candidly admitted "that was before the new Act came into force." Whilst it is certain that "the means to do ill deeds oft maketh ill deeds done," it is equally certain that to remove the means is to check them to a very large extent. These results whilst in some degree satisfactory as showing what can be effected by legislation, are the more satisfactory for the encouragement to renewed effort, which they afford to those who worked so untiringly to bring the amended Act into being.

### INDUSTRIAL ARBITRATION.

The present Arbitration Act has been tried and found wanting, and the question now occupying the minds of all interested in the preservation of industrial peace, is by what means this can be effected. Last week the Premier introduced into Parliament a Bill to provide for the constitution of boards to determine the conditions of employment in certain industries; to define the powers of such boards and give effect to their awards; to prohibit strikes and lockouts, and generally preserve industrial peace. We sincerely trust that out of the deliberations of Parliament, an Act may be evolved which will secure the effect aimed at in the new Bill, but such may not be hoped for unless a real desire to avoid the disturbance of industrial peace is exhibited by all the parties who will have to work under the Act. No award which cannot be equally enforced on both parties to the agreement will ensure the cessation of industrial disturbance, and it is in this respect that the expiring Arbitration Act has proved a failure. It is no use making long and expensive investigations if the result in the end is to be refusal to accept the working conditions, which a legally constituted tribunal has decided are fair and reasonable. The only hope of success for the new Act, whatever it may be, is in the development of a fixed determination on the part of both employers and employed to loyally adhere to the working agreements entered into after impartial consideration of all the facts governing the question of any particular class of employment. In the past the employers have shown themselves ready to adopt such an attitude, and it is surely not too much to expect that the employed will show themselves equally ready to fall into line, and so promote peace and concomitant prosperity.

### A MINISTER TALKS ON WINE.

The Minister for Agriculture was present last week at what may be termed the christening of the champagne industry in this State, which took place at the Minchinbury Vineyards at Rooty Hill. The audience being sympathetic, Mr. Perry uncorked some of his best, both humorous and imaginative, and his contribution must have been "oil and wine" in the wounds caused by the late speech of the Postmaster-General. That

Mr. Perry should express his partiality for good wine is not surprising, but his reasons do surprise us. To speak of wine as a health-giving beverage, and to say the wine-drinking nations are the soberest people in the world, makes us wonder if he was "pulling the leg" of his audience, or only trusting to his imagination for his facts. The audience must have been "tickled to death," as the Yankee says, when Mr. Perry repudiated anyone's right to force cold water down the unaccustomed channel of his throat. It appears that some meddlesome people of great energy have been attempting this woeful feat. We sympathise with the Minister, and for his comfort draw attention to the fact that the No-License party seeks only to prohibit the sale, not the necessary use, of alcohol, and only wishes to do this by a majority vote on the democratic principle of the greatest amount of good to the greatest number.

### PITY THE DESTITUTE LIQUOR SELLERS.

Apropos of the above, the following advertisement, which appears placarded on the walls of the underground railway stations in London, is most interesting, and needs no further comment:—

"Pursuant to an Order of the High Court, £10,000 £1 ordinary shares, fully paid in.  
Bass and Co., Ltd.,

The world-renowned Brewers, Burton-on-Trent. Dividends for the last two years on the ordinary capital, 14 per cent., free of income tax.

Reserve fund ..... £1,400,000  
Ordinary share capital ..... £1,360,000

"Messrs. Edwin Fox and Bonsfield will sell the above at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, on Wednesday, January 15th, 1908."

### KEEP YOUR GRIT!

Hang on! Cling on! No matter what they say.  
Push on! Sing on! Things will come your way.  
Sitting down and whining never helps a bit; Best way to get there is by keeping up your grit.  
Don't give up hoping when the ship goes down;  
Grab a spar or something—just refuse to drown.  
Don't think you're dying just because you're hit.  
Smile in face of danger, and hang on to your grit.  
Folks die too easy—they sort of fade away; Make a little error, and give up in dismay. Kind of man that's needed is the man of ready wit  
To laugh at pain and trouble, and keep his grit.

—Louis E. Thayer.

WRITE, Call, 'Phone, or Send for the

<p>You are Cordially Invited to come and Inspect the School.</p> <p>POSITIONS FOUND FOR GRADUATES.</p> <p>Perfect Light and Ventilation.</p> <p>Skilled and Experienced Teachers.</p>	<p><b>NEW PROSPECTUS</b> OF THE <b>Metropolitan Business College.</b> (Estd. 1895) 122b PITT ST.</p>	<p>TUITION BY POST.</p> <p>Shorthand, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Shire Clerks' Examination.</p> <p>Send 1d. Postcard for particulars of Teachers, Fees, etc.</p>
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LEARN TO EARN, AND SAFEGUARD THE FUTURE

# How Men are Reached

As far back as 1845 an effort was set on foot by Joseph Sturge, the Quaker, to reach men who were untouched by any religious effort. Beginning in Birmingham, it soon spread to Sheffield, and has been spreading and growing ever since. Like many other successful movements, it began in a very humble way, until now it numbers its members by thousands. Strictly non-sectarian, the movement embraces all that is of interest to men spiritually, mentally and physically.

## THE ADULT SCHOOL.

Boys under 18 are not sought, the movement being a voluntary Unsectarian Democratic Brotherhood for Men. It is concerned with experiment rather than theory, and its basis is the practical teaching of Jesus Christ. It believes that life and religion must be one and the same thing, or neither is anything. The London "Times" aptly described the movement as "Common-sense Christianity with the starch taken out and brotherliness put in." The remarkable thing is that most of the meetings are held at 7.30 a.m. on Sundays, for an hour and a quarter.

Cow Lane (Coventry, Eng.) Adult School had its 24th anniversary last year, and between five and six hundred men marched to the meeting at 7.30 a.m. As may be supposed, many of these men are notorious, and their interest in the movement and their changed character goes a long way to get fresh members.

## CARD OF INVITATION.

### It is Never Too Late to Mend

**Play the Man**—Resolve to live up to your true self—the man you sometimes feel you ought to be.

**Give Yourself a Chance**—by signing the pledge, and giving all intoxicating drinks the go-by.

**Join an Adult School**, and look for pals who can help you.

**Above all**, let the Lord Jesus Christ help you. He came to seek, to save, and to restore, and invites us all to come and learn of Him.

SUPERINTENDENT ED. SMITH.

For twenty years or more, Mr. Smith has been engaged in this work. He is a Police Magistrate, and familiar with men and their troubles. An enthusiastic man, with a real faith in God and a great hope for all men; a bright sense of humour, and a nice friendly way of making people feel at their ease, has made him an admirable leader of his Adult School. At present Mr. Smith is in Sydney for a few days, and throwing his energy into the only Adult School in New South Wales, which is conducted by the Friends in Devonshire-street. The men who most need religious help have often said to Mr. Smith: "The church is too fashionable for the likes o' we," many have volunteered, "but here we be free, only at first we didn't like the idea of the school, thinkin' you'd be larnin' of us things."

This is just what the Association is doing, "larnin' of them things," but in such a way that even the most sensitive cannot take umbrage thereat. After some time these men each bring new "pupils." They have debating societies, read papers, have physical culture, and first-aid classes; indeed, they embrace everything of interest. Then the Bible classes are held, and last, but not least, a great singing class is attached to each school. And to think that otherwise these men (now a credit to their State) would be not only street-loungers, but for-

midable characters should be, indeed, an impetus to urge on such a work.

## A STREET-CORNER EXPLANATION.

A good idea of the value of the movement is gleaned from the remarks made by an Adult School man while addressing men in the street.

"Yer see, we used to get into trouble 'cause we were always going against somebody. We were craving for life. We wanted longer pay and shorter hours. Yet when we had shorter hours what did we do with our time? We had no social functions, no clubs, no idea what to do with ourselves, and our 'craving for life' only got us into a worse mess, and on Sundays lots of us had no clothes fit for church. So we just met together and planned mischief. But now, with our Adult School for men and women, we are, as it were, re-born, and able to take our place as responsible, respectable citizens."

## SIR WILLIAM COOK.

Sir William a few weeks ago finished his course, and might without egotism have said, "I have fought a good fight." He was described by a leading conservative paper as "Birmingham's greatest Liberal." Chief Magistrate and Mayor of Birmingham, he will be best remembered for the work he did and for which he was knighted, viz., the placing of the great town on a scientific sanitary basis. It is said the fruit of his effort was to reduce the death rate from 25 to 15 per 1000. As a young man he came under the influence of the Adult School, and finally brought face to face with the alternative—Drink and the Pub free and easy, or the Adult School, and he chose the School. Even when his public duties were most exacting, he never missed the Adult School at 7.30 on Sunday mornings, and felt it his duty to acknowledge the part it had played in his life.

## OLD SOL'S CELL.

In Winson Green Jail, they had a cell known as old Sol's, since he was there so frequently; but the day came when the School got hold of him, and the cell knew him no more. In telling his experience, his old friends used sometimes to call out, "Tell us of the kitchen paper," and old Sol, with a twinkle in his eye, but in the spirit of true humility, would relate how his kitchen was papered with 120 summon papers served on him in his irreligious days. At one of these meetings out of 34 sheaves (i.e., men won to Christ), 31 had served time in gaol.

## DO THEY STAND THE TEST OF TIME?

One notorious man who had become a teacher and had placed eleven years to his credit in the new life, on being asked if he might not go back, said: "I have passed through too much of the devil's country to ever want any more of it." Another man of 40, who had often signed the pledge and had often been helped only to fall again, said, when he came to the School, "I will sign it different this time, and ax the Lord to help me." Years have gone by and he still stands true, and often says he would have "got righted sooner if only he had joined the School before."

While the movement is undenominational, it is by no means antagonistic to the Churches. Many well-known public men and some bishops have lent their influence to the movement, and it is to be hoped it will get a foothold and spread in New South Wales.

## AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL — PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

Founded 1849.

The Best Mutual Life Office in Australasia.

Head Office: 87 PITT ST., SYDNEY.

Accumulated Funds .. £22,500,000  
Annual Income .... £2,900,000

Policies effected in this office prove an excellent investment. Most Economical Management. Unequalled Bonuses.

CASH BONUS DIVIDED FOR ONE YEAR, 1906, £664,693.

Every participating Policyholder shares in the distribution of the profits each year. Assurances can be Effected for Sums ranging from £5 to £10,000.

General Manager and Actuary: Richard Teece, F.I.A., F.F.A., F.S.S. Secretary: Robert B. Cameron. Manager Industrial Department: H. W. Apperly.

Sydney, 27th September, 1907.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Mr. Morton, 5s (24:10:08); Mrs. Spears, 2s 6d (17:4:08); Rev. Hain, 2s 6d (28:2:08); Mrs. Glading, 5s (11:9:08); Mr. A. M. McIntosh, 5s (20:7:08); Mr. Levy, 5s (29:8:08); Mr. Jamison, 5s (10:3:09); Mr. J. Keith Ross, 5s (10:3:08); Mr. Thorn, 5s (14:6:08); Rev. McDonald, 5s (11:12:08); Mrs. Marsden, 5s (1:8:08); Mr. V. C. Heydon, 3s 9d (29:2:08); Mr. Meeve, 2s 9d (18:3:08); Mr. Thompson, 1s (26:3:08); Captain Norrie, 5s (20:7:08); Mrs. Logan, 5s (3:10:08); Rev. E. Tuck, 5s (30:10:08); Miss Mann, 5s (10:1:08); Mrs. MacInnes, 5s (1:8:08); Mrs. Hull, 5s (10:2:08); Mr. Lonsdale, 3s 6d (4:4:08); Mr. King, 2s 6d (15:2:08); Mr. Mawer, 2s 6d (27:6:08); Miss A. M. Cooke, 2s 6d (6:9:08); Miss Glanville, 3s 9d (20:10:08); Mr. Mottram, 2s 6d (30:6:08); Rev. Doig, 3s (22:3:08); Miss Baddeley, 1s 3d (12:3:08); Mr. Wilkie, 5s (14:10:08); Mr. Norman, 1s 3d (23:4:08); Mr. Ella, 5s (29:10:08); Mr. Burrill, 2s 6d (8:2:08); Mr. W. Rogers, 2s 6d (4:6:08); Miss Livingstone, 2s 6d (20:8:08); Rev. H. G. J. House, 2s 6d (2:7:08); Mr. South, 5s (1:8:08); Miss Harris, 5s (9:3:08); Mrs. Tinson, 1s 3d (31:3:08); Mrs. Peirce, 1s 3d (31:3:08); Mr. Hoile, 1s 1d (14:6:08); Mrs. James Lane, senr., 2s 6d (14:9:08); Mr. T. Acres, 2s 6d (14:9:08); Mrs. Mc Conville, 5s (22:8:08); Mr. O. Parker, 5s (19:12:08); Mrs. W. F. Morris, 5s (2:1:09).

## NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. L. G. Jamieson, Mr. A. Maclay, Mr. J. Keith Ross, Mr. J. Mawson, Mr. A. T. Hoile, Mr. Arnott, Mrs. Powter, Mr. H. R. Thorne, Mr. Beatty, Mrs. J. Lane, senr.

## A DOG TAIL.

For more than a week a school teacher had been giving lessons on the dog, and so when the inspector came down and chose that very subject there seemed every prospect of the class distinguishing itself. Things were progressing quite satisfactorily, and the teacher was congratulating himself on the trouble he had taken, when, alas, a question was asked which made him tremble for the reputation of his scholars! "Why does a dog put his tongue out of his mouth?" asked the inspector. "Yes, my boy?" he said to a bright-looking lad who held up his hand, while the light of genius was in his eye. "To balance his tail!" shouted the bright boy.

Lady (to new milkman): "Now, Mr. Jones, I hope I can rely on the purity of your milk. I had to give up Mr. Smith because the milk was two-thirds water."

Mr. Jones: "You can rely on this, mum. It's been paralyzed by the public anarchist."

### A LETTER FROM A PRISONER.

[Written by a Convict in prison for shooting a Publican in Birmingham some ten years ago. His brother-in-law lent the letter, part of which we print.]

"My chief object in writing to you now is to ask you whether you have seen a small book which is being much circulated now; it is a little book entitled 'A Healthy Home and How to Keep it.' If I could I would buy one and send it to you, but as I cannot do that, I want you to try and get one for yourself. It is in two parts (though a very small book), the name of the authoress being Miss Florence Stacpoole. We each have one of them in our cells, and when reading it, the idea occurred to me of telling you about it. In one sense you will be disappointed with it, as it is not an elaborate and exhaustive essay on the subject of health, but it is something far better though and more suited to the general need; a simple, straightforward, plain-spoken pamphlet, which anyone can understand, and anyone can do. 'DO!' 'Ah, there's the rub,' as Hamlet says. If people would read the book and do it, they would be well repaid for their trouble; but for ten who read it, perhaps not half that number will show common sense enough to forsake their old dilatory, unhealthy habits, to form new ones, and live according to the laws of Nature as laid down for the preservation of health.

"You know, Harry, in our own case, that we might have grown up much healthier and stronger if Dad had been a temperate man and had tried to give us as much good food, pure air, and physical exercise as we needed. Instead of that, Art, Ben, and I, poked behind a dirty, stuffy bar as soon as we left school, improperly fed, taught to love drink before we knew the danger of it, breathing for 14½ hours a day instead of oxygen and nitrogen, a foul mixture of stale tobacco smoke, fumes of beer and liquors, and the bad breaths of drunkards, no wonder that two are dead and the other is a convict. My opinion is this, that parents ought to be made to know and feel their responsibility in the bringing up or misbringing up of their children far more than they are made to do at present. Laws are made to compel people to send their children to school, but the home education of the child is a far more important thing to it and society at large, than the mere school training of it; law should also be made compelling persons with children to attend more to their proper nurture and tuition at home. What I mean to say is that if children are carefully taught by their parents whilst they are young, to love cleanliness, to know the value of pure air and plain good food, the benefit of regular hours for eating and sleeping, the benefits of physical exercises; taught to know, in short, what is good for them and what is bad for them, both in regard to moral habits and the health of their

bodies, they would have a far better chance of growing up better and stronger men and women. Certainly the man who brings up his children so that they are, when arrived at man's estate, strong, healthy, active, sober and moral, is the man most to be envied in this respect, and who, when he gets past working for himself will stand the best chance of being comfortably provided for by grateful children.

"Bad tempers, aches and pains, unnecessary worries and doctors' bills, are largely the creation of our own dense ignorance, or the fruits of that of our antecedents. Nature is ever trying to heal man and to make him strong and fit for his lot in life; but the careless and evil, and often-times criminal habits of men, are more than a match for her generous efforts, and tend to make men the weak, unsound, enervated creatures many are. What sort of children can a man expect who is in the habit of imbibing large quantities of deadly poison taken in the form of spirits, beer, tobacco, etc. Bob's children, wherever they are at present (I believe they live yet though dead), must be living witnesses of his intemperance, and so would mine have been, if I had had the misfortune to have any.

"After all, we are but as men running a race. Some seem to be more heavily handicapped than others, but I believe that finally we shall be able to know that each one of us has been dealt with according to his or her especial need, and that God's ways with men will be abundantly justified. I think if men could always be true to the best and noblest that is in them, life would present but few difficulties for them. It is the wilful wandering astray that brings the moral darkness that blots out God, the brightness and good of our lives, from our hearts. One thing I know, that to have peace with Him is the true adjustment of our existence here; without it, all is wrong; nothing can be right. It is only when we humbly and sincerely turn to Him and regain that favour and countenance which we have lost, that the darkness which overshadows us, gives place to light, and the troubles, difficulties, humiliations, assume their true function and discipline, and, in the end, elevate and bless us."

### THE TRAMPS' DIRECTORY.

So that it should not be necessary for the tramp to put chalk signs on the gates of houses where he has found hospitality, Mr. Joseph Deedy has published a pamphlet, called "First Aid to the Unemployed and Poor."

Lists are given of people in a London suburb on whom the tramp should call, and from whom he can rely on getting help.

"If at any time," says Mr. Deedy, "you find yourself in want of shelter, food, clothes or work, you are advised to call upon any of the following addresses. If they decline to assist you, please let me know, as I do

Ask your Grocer for—

### GRANOSE BISCUITS,

Made from the choicest wheat. Easily digested, and rich in nutrition because of the preservation of the most vitalising elements that nature has stored in the wheat.

For these reasons also—

### GRANOSE CURES

all who are suffering from imperfect digestion of any kind, not by irritating the sensitive organs of digestion, but by restoring natural action.

The best food for everybody; the youngest child may eat them.

Distributing Agents for N.S.W.—

### THE SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD CAFE,

45 HUNTER-STREET, SYDNEY.

not wish the list to be a mockery to you."

A list of names follows, and there is an appendix of various charitable institutions.

"I once asked a boy to explain, if he could, the difference between animal instinct and human intelligence. It was a pretty hard question, but the lad was equal to it. 'If we had instinct,' he said, 'we should know everything we needed to know without learning, it; but we've got reason, and so we have to study ourselves most blind, or be a fool.'"

A Greenwich man, says "Harper's Weekly," tells of a Connecticut farmer, who, having driven a lot of hogs to Greenwich, sold them for precisely what had been offered him before he left home.

"You don't seem to have made much by bringing your hogs down here," remarked the man who tells the story.

"Well, no," replied the agriculturist, dejectedly, "I ain't made no money, but then, you know," he added, his face brightening, "I had the company of the hogs on the way down."

IS THE PUREST  
AND BEST  
**WADE'S**  
CORN FLOUR  
ASK YOUR  
GROCER FOR IT

ASK FOR  
**Pearson's**  
Sand-Soap  
AND TAKE NO OTHER.

# From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(BY UNCLE BARNABAS).

**C**HANTRY.  
AT.  
UP.  
ARVING.  
HISELLING.  
YCLOPAEDIA.

I used to live in a little English village in Derbyshire. It is called Norton. In that same village, long before I lived there, there was born a boy called Francis Chantrey. He was poor enough, and used to earn his living as a milk-boy, and every morning he might be seen with his donkey, and on the donkey's back two barrels of milk which he was taking down to the neighbouring city of Sheffield, just over the borders of Yorkshire. Now, if you had seen that poor boy whistling away as he drove his beast down Derbyshire Lane, you would never have guessed that his name would be found in years to come in every great English encyclopaedia. But there it is, sure enough, and if you will stop right here and get your father's Encyclopaedia down from the shelf, you will find this name: SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY! And you will find that he was the greatest English sculptor of his day. But what I (Uncle Barnabas) want to tell you is this—that when I was a little chap on my way to school I used to stop sometimes and look at a little cup chiselled in an old wall, and I used to think of Francis, the boy who (according to the village story) long years before had carved out that little hole in the wall. It was said that every morning, as he passed along, a cat would come out of the woods to say "Good-morning, Francis!" or rather (to put it into cat language) 'Mew-mew-meow!' The kind-hearted boy would stop and, as best he could, give pussy a wee drop of the nice fresh milk he was taking to the market. One day he hit upon a good idea, and, with a chisel and mallet, chipped out the hole in the wall of which I was telling you. Then every morning Miss Pussy would get her breakfast in fine style and with comfort, whilst Francis and Neddy jogged on to town. From chipping that stone—and other stones, just for fun—the boy took to carving faces in wood and then in marble, and he kept on chiselling and chiselling until he became, as I have told you, the master of face sculpture that he was, and his great masterpieces are to be found here and there through England to-day. Do you like the story of Chantrey and the Cat? I suppose you know the story of Whittington and his Cat? Those two famous Tabbies never guessed that they were rubbing their noses against such great people when they took liberties with Dick and Francis. I wonder if your cat ever rubs her nose and her sleek coat against the cheek of a "Seven-to-Seventeen" whose name will get into the "Encyclopaedia Britannica." I always think, anyhow, that a boy or girl who is kind even to a cat, has a good chance of living to beautify the world, if not with statuary, yet with kindly, helpful deeds.

**WEEK-DAY PUZZLE.**

- Add a letter to:—  
A boy's name, and make a vegetable.  
A cave, and make a clergyman.  
A tree, and make beautiful.  
A favourite, and make fuel.  
A covering, and make tidy.  
A boy's name, and make furious.

**SUNDAY PROBLEMS.**

- I.—(Questions from "Acts.")  
Who was spoken to by the Angel of the Lord?

Who fell asleep during a sermon?  
Who heard a knock, and was surprised?  
Who told a lie and was punished?  
Where was it that "many Jews and Greeks believed?"

Who was beaten by the Greeks?  
(The initials give the name of one of Paul's helpers mentioned in one of his letters.)

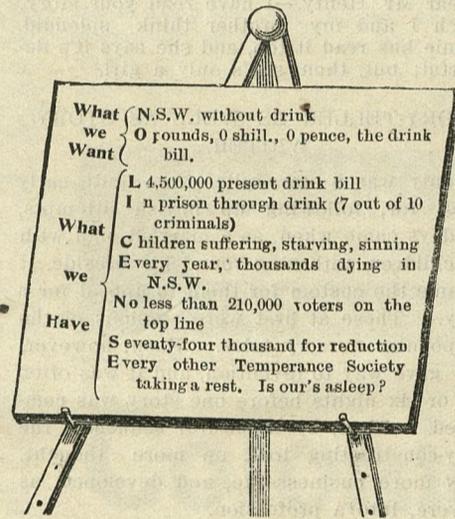
II.—Find this Text of Nine Letters.  
My first is in good but not in bad.  
My next is in sorry but not in glad,  
My third is in dear but not in cheap,  
My fourth is in dirt but not in sweep,  
My fifth is in sun but not in moon.  
My sixth is in blessing but not in boon,  
My seventh is in work, but not in play,  
My eighth is in van but not in dray,  
My last is in come but not in go,  
My whole is a text that all must know.

**TRANSPOSITION.**

Make one word (a very good word, too), out of these three words, using the letters only once: "It's in Charity."

**BLACKBOARD LESSON.**

For your next Temperance Meeting.



**THE HERMIT and HIS HINTS ON HAPPINESS.**

A Hermit there was, and he lived in a Grot,  
The way to be happy they said he had got,  
As I wanted to learn it I went to his cell,  
And when I came there the old Hermit said:  
"Well,  
Young man, by your looks, you want something, I see,  
So tell me the business that brings you to me."

"The way to be happy they say you have got,  
As I wanted to learn it, I've come to your Grot.  
Now I beg and beseech, if you have such a plan,  
That you'll write it all down, as plain as you can."

At this the old Hermit went off to his pen,  
And brought me this note when he came back again:  
"Tis Being, and Doing, and Having, that make  
All the pleasures and pains of which mortals partake.  
To Be, what God pleases; to Do a man's best,  
And to Have a good heart is the way to be blest."

A steamer was stopped in the mouth of a river owing to fog. An old lady inquired of the captain the cause of the delay. "Can't see up the river," replied the captain. "But I can see the stars overhead," continued the old lady. "Yes," said the captain, gruffly, "but until the boilers bust, we ain't a-going that way."

**THE CADDIE BOY.**

(With Apologies to R. L. S.)  
"O, I wad like to ken," to the caddie-boy says I,  
"Why the golfing-man is dancing, and fire flashes from his eye;  
And why strewn round in fragments his implements I see?"  
"The chap's gane aff his gem, sir," says the caddie-boy to me.  
"O, I wad like to ken," to the caddie-boy says I,  
"The words that he doth mutter, as he gazes at his lie.  
If an earnest, fervent prayer, or if naughty words they be?"  
"It's me that'll no' repeat them," says the caddie-boy to me?"  
"O, I wad like to ken," to the caddie-boy says I,  
"To what his round will mount to, when the last hole draweth nigh.  
Is he beating Colonel Bogey? Will the record broken be?"  
"I'm awfu' bad at coontin'," says the caddie-boy to me.  
"O, I wad like to ken," to the caddie-boy says I,  
"When he bounces of his score, in what fashion you'll reply,  
When you're questioned by his clubmates—'Did he do that hole in three?'"  
"It depends on hoo he peys me," said the caddie-boy to me.

—James Donald.

**Too Tantalising.**

Mrs. Scribbler (impressively): "Whatever you do, never marry a newspaper man."  
School Chum: "Why?"  
Mrs. Scribbler: "I married one, and I know. Every night my husband brings home a big bundle of newspapers from all over the country, and they drive me crazy."  
School Chum: "The newspapers?"  
Mrs. Scribbler: "Indeed they do. They are just crammed with the most astonishing bargains in shops a hundred miles away."

**SUN**

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GOOD CUP OF TEA AT ANY HOUR.

ALREADY NECESSARY TO ENLARGE THE PREMISES AGAIN

## HOW GEORGE A. HENTY WROTE HIS STORIES.

As a man as well as a writer the late G. A. Henty was the ideal of the British boy. His stories 'gripped' because the stirring adventures they described were founded on real adventures of his own, while personally he was a fine, sturdy Englishman, broad and deep-chested, who could swim, box, wrestle, row, and hold his own with almost any man with rifle or revolver. And yet this giant, who was muscular to a degree, was once a puny, sickly boy, who was looked upon by his relatives as one who could never by any possibility reach man's estate.

### MIGHT HAVE CAUGHT FIRE.

As a boy Henty suffered from numerous ailments, the most serious of which, perhaps, was a tendency to profuse bleeding. The great remedy for this complaint was camphine, nowadays known as petrol or paraffin.

"Henty recorded to one of his interviewers," says Mr. G. Manville Fenn in his "Life of Henty" (Blackie), "that he was so thoroughly dosed with this particular medicine that the specialist warned the nurse in these words: 'I don't say that if you put a light to the boy he will catch fire, but I advise you not to risk it.'"

### HOW HENTY GREW STRONG.

A thrashing which a bully at Westminster School gave him led Henty to take lessons in the art of self-defence, one of his instructors being Nat Langham, who, by the way, was the only man who ever vanquished Tom Sayers. He was also instructed in the art of wrestling by Jamieson, a champion of the Cumberland style, and in addition took up boating and cricket. The result was that from a "walking skeleton," as he once described himself, Henty developed into a big, muscular man, who confounded those who had prophesied for him an early grave.

### "AIN'T A-COMING ANYWHERE."

Henty went through the Abyssinian, Crimean, Ashanti, Franco-German, and other wars as a war correspondent, and in the first-named campaign men of the Naval Rocket Brigade assisted the military. The quaint humour of the sailors provided great amusement to the troops.

Henty mentions one sailor who was leading a mule, with a messmate walking behind, when they came to where a body of soldiers were posted. This did not seem to concern the sailors, who had been given orders to carry out, and so they went straight on. "Halloa, Jack!" cried one of the soldiers, good-humouredly. "Where are you coming to?" "Coming?" said Jack. "I ain't a-coming anywheres. I am only towing the craft. It's the chap behind me who does the steering. Ask him!" It was always the same with the tars. The mule's halter was either the tow-rope or the painter. They starboarded or ported their helm, tacked through a crowd, or wore the ship round in a most amusing manner.

### HENTY'S CAPACITY FOR STORY-WRITING.

Altogether Henty wrote close upon a hundred books for boys. His methods of writing were simple, and revealed a remarkable capacity for work.

"I do not write any of my books myself," he once said. "I get a man to do them for me—an amanuensis, of course. He does the actual writing. I never see any of my work until it comes to me from the printers in the shape of proof-sheets. My amanuensis sits at the table and I sit near him, or lie on the

# Griffiths' Teas

A CHOICE VARIETY

534 George Street

Opposite Town Hall

sofa, and dictate my stories. He comes at half-past nine in the morning and stays for four hours, till half-past one. We get through a good deal of work in that space of time. Then, perhaps, he comes round in the evening for a couple of hours; so in the course of a day I finish a chapter—that is, about six thousand five hundred words. I call that a good day's work.

### JUVENILE CRITICS.

These Henty had in plenty, and of both sexes. Girls, in fact, he once declared, criticised more intelligently, and evinced greater judgment, than their brothers. Nevertheless, he often received letters like the following:—

Dear Mr. Henty,—I have read your story, which I and my brother think splendid. Emmie has read it too, and she says it's delightful; but, then, she's only a girl.

### STORY-TELLER AS WELL AS STORY-WRITER.

Henty was a story-teller from quite early days; for, following up boyish attempts, the days came when, as a married man, with his children gathering round his fireside, it became the custom for them to appeal for a story. These at first were versions of the old popular nursery tales. Soon, however, they gave way to invention, and it was often five or six nights before one story was completed. Thus, by a natural sequence, the story-constructing took up more thought, grew more business-like, and developed, as it were, into a profession.

### HIS GREAT HOBBY.

Henty was passionately fond of the sea, and it is not surprising to learn, therefore, that in yachting he found his chief recreation. He bought several yachts at one time or another, the last being the "Egret," an eighty-three-ton schooner with which he hoped to carry off the German Emperor's Cup. That achievement, however, was denied him. Nevertheless, his sideboard had a pretty good display of yachting cups, which he had won in various races. These, however, were outnumbered by the silver trophies which he won as a member of the London Rowing Club.

### HENTY'S INVENTIONS.

Probably few people are aware of the fact that Henty invented a spar torpedo, as well as a contrivance for the practice of long-range firing where opportunity did not serve. By means of Henty's arrangement, practice up to a thousand or twelve hundred yards could be indulged in though only eighty to a hundred yards was available. When finished he offered the result to our War Office, but it was not accepted.

### THE WINE THAT DOES NOT INTOXICATE.

A Good, Wholesome, Delicious Drink at least French Wine without the poison of Alcohol.

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

### AN IDEAL WINE FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

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

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Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand,  
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### A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE.

A priest announced that a collection would be taken to defray the cost of coal for heating the church.

Everybody contributed but Tim Nolan, who gave a sly wink as the plate was presented to him.

The priest after the service took his parishioner to task.

"Now, Tim," he asked, "why didn't you give something, if it was but little?"

"Faith, I'm on to yez, that's all."

"Tim your words are disrespectful. What do you mean?"

"Oh, faith, father, a-thrying to make us believe yer wants the money to buy coal to heat the church, an' yer riverence knows it's heated by steam

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WILLIAM WHITE — Redfern and Newtown

## How the World Moves

More than 6000 women are employed in the Russian Secret Service. Some draw a salary of £2000 a year.

A deaf and dumb bride and bridegroom have just been married by typewriter at Minneapolis, U.S.A., the registrar typing the questions and the bridal couple typing the answers on the same slip of paper.

Three hundred streets in Berlin are planted with 44,000 trees, which represent a value of £38,000. The care of the municipal parks and gardens requires 250 gardeners and 700 assistants, male and female, principally the latter.

A dinner of big things was recently served by an American farmer. The table was set for twelve, and the bill of fare consisted of one 5½lb. potato, one 15lb. cabbage, one 10lb. chicken, one 6lb. turnip, one 2lb. onion, and three pies each made from a single apple weighing 1½lb.

Mr. Walter de Lancy Willson, late of Gateshead and of Kirklington Park, near Carlisle (Eng.), began work in a small grocer's shop in Bishop Auckland, becoming before his death a large provision merchant and shipbuilder. His will, which has just been proved, disposes of an estate sworn at a gross value of £207,135.

The Queen of the Hellenes probably dispenses more of what may be described as "official kisses" than anyone on earth. Every lady presented to her with whom she is on intimate terms she kisses on the cheek; others who have not the honour of knowing her well she kisses on the forehead.

The biggest cannon ball ever made weighed 2600lb., and was manufactured at the Krupp works, Essen, for the Government of the Czar. The gun from which this projectile was fired is also the largest in the world, and is placed in the fortifications of Kronstadt. This gun has a range of twelve miles, and it has been estimated that each shot costs £300.

The "oldest woman alive" is the record claimed for Sarah Bramley, spinster, of Nottingham. Official records show her to be aged 108, she having been born in Nottingham in 1799. She entered Nottingham Workhouse forty-four years ago, and has cost the guardians over £900 for maintenance. She can read without spectacles, though her eyesight is failing.

The proposal to employ women as railway booking clerks is only copying the example of Continental lines, where women are generally employed in the ticket offices. In the South of France you may also see, at the little wayside stations, women attending to the signals of the half-dozen daily trains; while the companies regularly economize at the level crossings by employing female labour. The husband can be seen at work at his vines upon the hillside, while the wife waves the green flag and keeps the children quiet.

In order to relieve the monotonous life of the convicts at Noumea, the capital of the French penal settlement in New Caledonia, the authorities have consented to the organization of an orchestra, recruited from the ranks of such prisoners as are musically inclined. The conductor, who formerly played at the Paris Opera House, has thrice been convicted of murder, the first clarionet was an innkeeper who slew six of his customers, while the operator on the big drum made away with his landlord. The solo cornet murdered his father, and the trombone his wife.

Arithmetic by Colour.—A wonderful calculating girl, Mlle. Diamandi, has just been presented to the Society of Anthropology in Paris. In the presence of many eminent mathematicians she performed several remarkable feats, such as working out almost instantly, and by mental process only, the square of twenty-five figures, subtractions of sums of twelve figures, the square root of from eight to twelve figures, and the cubic root of from six to ten figures. Mlle. Diamandi, who is only twenty and of Greek origin, says that every figure presents itself

to her mind's eye in a different colour. Thus No. 1 is always black, No. 2 yellow, No. 3 pink, and so on. This colour vision is constant, and is entirely independent of her own volition.

## A SMART YOUTH.

A well-dressed man, standing at an hotel door in Manchester, not long since, was hailed by a smart shoeblack with the usual question, "Clean your boots, sir?"

"What do you charge?" asked the man, who was noted for his stinginess.

"A penny, sir," was the reply.

"Too much! I'll give you a halfpenny," said the man.

"All right," said the youngster, and at it he went with might and main.

Very soon he had one boot shining like a mirror, but instead of commencing the other, he began to pack up his brushes.

"You haven't finished!" exclaimed the man.

"Never mind," replied the shoeblack with a twinkle in his eye. "I won't charge you anything for what I've done. Here comes a customer who always pays."

The man glanced at the shining boot, then at the other, which was rusty and bespattered with mud, and thought of the ridiculous figure he would make with one polished boot, and at last, amid the laughter of the bystanders agreed to give the witty lad threepence to finish the job, which he accordingly did in double-quick time and with very great pleasure.

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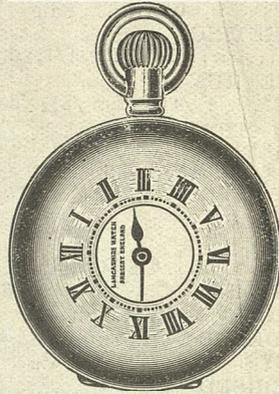
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The "Never Fail," 12/6

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Merrington's Special; a wonderful watch which I have run for 8 years, and has given utmost satisfaction. 17/6, 20/-; Silver, 30/- and 42/-

"Lancashire Lever." Silver, 50/-; Gold filled, 50/;

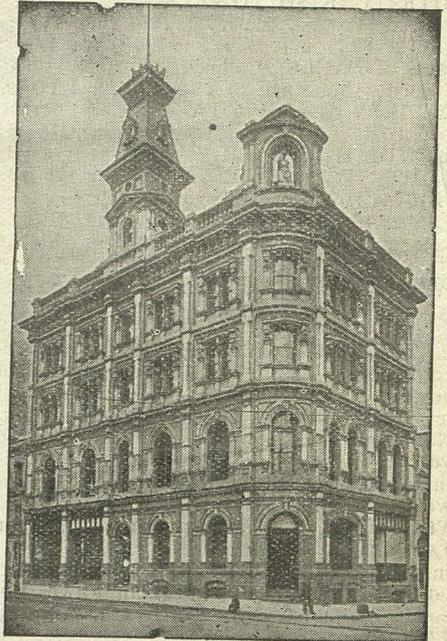
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PURE LINEN SHEETING, 54in. wide .....	1/11	for 1/1 yd.
WHITE APPLIQUE RUN- NERS, 14 x 42.....	11½	for 8½ yd.
WHITE FRINGED TRAY Cloths, Draw Thread Centres, 16 x 22.....	6½	for 2¾
COLOURED BORDERED FRINGED TRAY CLOTHS, Fancy Cen- tres, 16 x 22 .....	6½	for 2¾
HAND-MADE TENER- IFFE D'OYLEYS, 6 x 6	4½	for 3½
FANCY EMBROIDERED SILK D'OYLEYS, 6 x 6	7½	for 3½
WHITE MERCERISED TABLE DAMASK....	1/6	for 1/-
SERVETTES .....	2/3	for 1/6 dz.
WHITE MERCERISED SERVIETTES, 22 x 22	7/6	for 5/11 dz.
WHITE MERCERISED SERVIETTES, 24 x 24	10/9	for 7/11 dz.
COLOURED BORDERED TABLE COVERS, Fringed, 40 x 40, ....	1/9	for 1/3
WHITE MERCERISED DAMASK CLOTHS, hemmed, 64 x 82 .....	5/11	for 4/6
WHITE MERCERISED DAMASK CLOTHS, hemmed, 72 x 90.....	7/6	for 5/11
ALL-OVER TUCKED MUS- LIN, 30in., excellent quality .....	11½	for 6½
TURKISH TOWELS, 12 x 26	2/9	for 1/6 dz.
WHITE TURKISH TOWELS— 22 x 54 .....	6½	for 4½
25 x 60 .....	1/4½	for 1/-
GLASS TOWELS, Colored Border, hemmed, 20 x 28	6/6	for 4/11 dz.
CHECKED GLASS TOW- ELLING, 16in. ....	3½	for 2½ yd.
57in. WHITE DAMASK ..	1/11	for 1/6 yd.
72in. WHITE DAMASK ..	2/6	for 1/9 yd.
UNBLEACHED TURKISH TOWELS— 18 x 48 .....	7½	for 5½
18 x 54 .....	9½	for 6½

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42in. ALL-WOOL CREPOLINE, embroidered with Silk, Wine, and Cream; worth 2/6 down to 1/3 yd.
40in. PLAIN SILK VOILE in Pale Pink, Navy, and Mid-brown; worth 2/11, for 1/6 yd.
40in. ALL-WOOL CREPELINE, heavy-weight, in Nil, Fawn, Reseda, Grey, Helio., Vieux Rose, Mid-brown; worth 1/11, for 1/3 yd.
40in. ALL-WOOL CREPELINE, embroidered, self-coloured, silk sprig, in Fawn, Reseda, Turquoise, Nil; worth 2/6, down to 1/4½ yd.
42in. ALL-WOOL CREPELINE, embroidered, coloured, silk sprig, in Fawn, Turquoise, and Nil, worth 2/11, for 1/6 yd.
42in. SILK and WOOL TAFFETA VOILE, large 2in. check on small block ground in Grey, Sky, Turquoise, Nil, and Helio., worth 3/11; down to 1/9 yd.

42in. PHANTOM CHECK NUN'S VEILING, in Reseda, Mid and Light Grey; worth 2/3 for 1/- yd.

42in. ALL-WOOL FINE SERGE, Phantom Check, suitable for autumn season costumes, in Hydrangea, Blue, and full Helio. worth 2/6, for 1/3.

40in. SELF-EMBROIDERED PANAMA on Phantom Check ground, in full Sky, Reseda, Myrtle, and Sky; worth 1/6, for 1/1½ yd.

44in. PLAIN SICILIAN, in Hydrangea, Smoke-brown, Grey, Peacock, Cardinal; worth 2/11, down to 1/3 yd.

NAVY SICILIAN, Dark and Mid Shades; worth 1/9, for 1/- Light Navy and Black, bright-finish Sicilians; worth 1/3, for 1/10½.

42-44in. ALL-WOOL FRENCH CASHMERE, few odd shades in Greys, Helio., Peacock, Fawn; worth 2/3, for 1/1½ yd.

42in. LUSTRE, line-check design, on Cream ground, in Sky, Fawn, and Pink; worth 2/3, down to 1/- yd.

40in. ALL-WOOL CANVAS VOILE, in Fawn Grey, Nil, Reseda, Helio., and Light Brown; worth 1/11, for 8½ yd.

38in. CANVAS VOILE, in Grey, Cornflower, Helio., Reseda, Sea Green; worth 1/1½, for 5¾ yd.

44in. ALL-WOOL CANVAS VOILE, heavy-weight, in Eau-de-nil, Fawn, Helio.; worth 1/6, for 8¾ yd.

40in. ALL-WOOL CANVAS VOILE, in Fawn Grey, Helio, Nil, Peacock; worth 1/1½, for 7½ yd.

40in. VOILES, White-lined Check on Dark Grounds, in Navy, Red, Violet, Sky, Helio; worth 9½, half-price 4¾ yd.

40in. CHIFFON VOILE, Block Stripes, in Pinks, Helio, Black, Grey, and Navy; worth 1/6, for 9¾ yd.

40in. HAIRLINE VOILES, in Pink, Helio, Sky, with effective mercerised cord, ½in. apart, running through; worth 1/6, for 9¾ yd.

30in. HALF-MOURNING MUSLINS, Black Mercerised Stripe Ground, with White and Grey Spots, Stripes, Wave, and Medallion Designs, highly effective; worth 1/6, for 2¾ yd.

32in. PLAIN ORGANDI MUSLINS, in Black, Cream, Buttercup, Eau-de-nil, and Fawn; worth 1/10½, for 4½ yd.

26in. WHITE LACE STRIPE MUSLINS; worth 2¾, for 1½ yd.

26in. WHITE LACE STRIPE MUSLINS, worth 3¾, for 1/11 doz.

WHITE MUSLINS, Lace Stripe, Check, and Spot Designs; worth 5½, for 2¾ yd.

28in. FULL CREAM SWISS SPOT MUS-  
LINS; worth 5½, for 2¾ yd.

29in. PARIS GROUND SWISS MUSLIN,  
White Spot, Sprig, and Wave Designs;  
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