

PUREST **FRY'S COCOA** & BEST

GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

Vol. I.—No. 39.

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1907

Price One Penny

Some Peoples' Idea of Christmas

TO THE READERS OF "GRIT."

May your Christmas time be such as you will be able to cherish as a sweet memory,

and

May your New Year be a revised "edition de luxe" of 1907;

and

May our readers indeed become a union of all who love in the service of all who suffer, so that our good wishes may become actual experiences in the lives of an increasing number.

THE CRAZE OF THE MOMENT.

By this time, doubtless, many readers are well acquainted with the successor to ping-pong and pigs-in-clover. All one has to do, we are told, to play diabolo is to take two small sticks, joined together by a piece of cord, and a spool consisting of two cones joined at their apices—shaped, in fact, just like the old-fashioned hour-glass. Place the spool on the ground in front of you, with a stick in each hand, and the cord looped under the waist of the spool. With a quick movement of one hand raise the latter from the ground and set it spinning on the string, increasing the rotation by raising and lowering one stick. The game consists in making the spool rise and fall while spinning and catching it on the cord again, after throwing it in the air by suddenly tightening the cord. In full rotation the spool is said to spin 2000 times a minute.

For diabolo it is claimed that it not only provides amusement for children, but also



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grace for women and muscle for men; for it is a game demanding muscular strength, as well as dexterity and skill. As a matter of fact, it is suggested that diabolo may supplant lawn-tennis, the spool taking the place of the ball, and the cord and stick the place of the racket.

Mr. C. B. Fry, to whom the inventor of diabolo first went for suggestions for the development of the game on athletic lines, gives the following instructions for playing diabolo-tennis. With the spool spinning on the cord and well under control, the player faces his opponent, who is about 24 yards away, inside a chalk-line enclosure. Suddenly the slack cord becomes a tight cord, and the spool is shot across the net, precisely as an arrow from a bow-string. The receiver waits with his arms outstretched, so that the slender cord hanging from the batons is almost taut. No matter whether the serve is a lob, highflyer, or a skimmer, the spool always preserves its equilibrium, so that the receiver can catch it on his cord just as though he had thrown it up himself—always provided he is accurate enough of eye and quick enough of hand. When he catches it he retains it, still spinning, for a fraction of a second, just long enough to obtain control of it and gather direction for his return throw. So back and forth till skill fails. The sovereign merit of diabolo-tennis is that the surface of the court does not matter so long as it is not rough enough to trip one up.

It is a perfect game for ladies, and, curiously enough, the finest exponent of diabolo whom Mr. Fry has yet seen is Mlle. d'Hampol, a young lady still in her teens. This girl champion, of course, scarcely has the muscular strength necessary to emulate the feat of M. George Lefevre, a French champion, who can toss the spool 150ft. and catch it on the cord again. Another French champion, M. Bette, can throw the spool 200ft. from the cord before it hits the ground.

There are, however, many varieties of diabolo, and readers when they have mastered the art of spinning might try to make the spool run up the stick, whirl it in the centre of the taut cord, toss it from stick to stick, and catch it with the cord held behind the back.

The diabolo game can also be played by sides of almost any number—camps, as they are called in France—each side being disposed something on the plan of two Association football elevens at the kick-off, but with a space of some ten yards between the opposing forwards, and with each side confined within a square of a size suited to the number playing. This camp system of play is popular on the sands at the French "plages." The side that drops the spool or fails to return it loses a point. It is simple and very exciting.

Spools are made of wood, metal, and leather, although the best are said to be those of celluloid, with a miniature rubber tyre round the base of each cone. The wooden or metal double tops do not act so well, and are somewhat dangerous.

A diabolo novelty is the proposed musical spool. As made now, the spool has a small hole in one of the cones, so that when it is spinning at high speed the rush of air sets it humming like a wasp. It is hoped to make the spools on the principle of a mouth organ, with different notes, so that a number spinning together could play a simple tune. The spools would be sent up in the air and only retained on the cord when their places came in the melody.

Diabolo, by the way, promises to be the premier game, not only ashore but afloat. It is proving very popular on the Atlantic liners, ousting quoits, cricket, and other pastimes which have been deck favourites so long.

THE WAY TO LOOK.

"It is the same old story—he stepped off the car backward—looking toward the rear instead of the front, and fell, getting badly injured," said the one with the morning paper.

"That was the trouble with John," said a reminiscent voice. "He would look in the wrong direction, and at the wrong thing at the wrong moment, and make a failure of what he was doing at the time. If he was about to take up a new bit of work, he did not fix his mind and his eye on that or on the success he was going to make of it. Instead, he would raise up in memory all the other things he had tried and failed to accomplish and get so blue and discouraged that he would not have heart enough to carry him through the work in hand. It was pretty much like the man you were reading about just there. He didn't stop to think which way the train was going, which way the force of the motion would send him. He just turned round to face toward the path that had been gone over, and stepped off—and he got hurt. John gets hurt, too, every time he does the same thing. He can't see where he is going with the day's work for looking back over what he has tried before. If he would only pin down his efforts to getting the present task done well, then there might be some hope for him—for there would be something good to look back to and help him along to other successes. But looking ahead is the safest way, after all, I think," and the rest agreed with him.

A SUPREME COURT JUDGEMENT.

The following is taken from a judgment of the Supreme Court of the State of Kansas: "Probably no greater source of crime and sorrow has ever existed than social drinking saloons. Social drinking is the evil of evils. It has probably caused more drunkenness and has made more drunkards than all other causes combined, and drunkenness is a pernicious source of all kinds of crime and sorrow. It is a Pandora's box, sending forth innumerable ills and woes, shame, and disgrace, indigence, poverty, and want; social happiness destroyed; domestic broils and bickering engendered; social ties sundered; homes made desolate; families scattered; heart-rending partings; sin, crime, and untold sorrows; not even hope left, but everything lost; and even lasting farewell to all true happiness and to all the nobler aspirations rightfully belonging to every true and virtuous human being."

DRUNKARDS TARRED AND FEATHERED.

A message from Bayard, Iowa, gives a detailed account of extraordinary scenes recently witnessed there in connection with the inauguration of a campaign against drunkenness. Stirred by fiery addresses on temperance the women of the place met together with their faces heavily veiled and set out on a round of the saloons. On their round they found seven drunken men, whom they seized and tarred and feathered. Five of the victims were inconspicuous citizens addicted to habitual inebriety, but two were rich and prominent men of the district, to whom such an ordeal was degrading in the extreme. The women have sworn to repeat the treatment on any future offender against sobriety, and they have constituted themselves the guardians of the community so far as the indulgence in liquor is concerned.

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CURIOUS BRUSHES.

Willie, flushed and happy, had just come in from the barn where he had been playing hide and seek.

"I guess my little boy needs to find a brush," said mother, looking up from her work. For there were clinging to his pretty sailor suit bits of dry grass and seeds from the mows, and some were playing peekaboo in the little fellow's hair.

"O mother, can't I wait? I'm just too tired now."

"If flies had been playing at hide and seek they would not allow a speck of dust to stay on their heads; they'd brush it off," casually remarked Aunt Nan.

"Flies?" exclaimed Willie, incredulously. "Where'd they get their brushes, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, they have them, and use them," laughed Aunt Nan.

"Hair brushes?" questioned Willie, and his face took on a perplexed look.

"Yes; and they always keep themselves very clean. Have you never seen a fly rub his delicate front legs over his head?"

"Lots and lots of times," replied Willie, quickly.

"Well," resumed Aunt Nan, "there are a great many hairs on the underside of a fly's feet and legs, and these form tiny hair-brushes. When any dust gets on a fly's head, he brushes it off at once, and then he rubs his legs together, as you have probably noticed. This is so that no dust may cling to the little brushes."

"Hurrah, Mr. Fly!" exclaimed Willie; "I guess you needn't think you're the only one who can use a brush, even if the other fellow doesn't carry his brushes around with him on his feet!"

Away he ran; and when he came back, mother said her little boy looked neat enough to be kissed.

Thy Will be Done

(The Prayer of Alfred the Great at the commencement of each day was "Fiat Voluntas Tua." "Thy will be done.")

"Daddy! do let me come in now, daddy, this is the third time and it's only me."

The little voice was very wistful, far too wistful for Daddy to withstand its pleading for the third time in one evening; besides, there was no excuse; he had just written the final note for his sermon on the morrow and had laid down his pen.

"Well, then, 'only me' can come in now," he said, and the next instant a pair of soft rounded arms were clasped lovingly about his neck and his face was being covered with kisses.

"Sermons are a bother sometimes, daddy," went on the little voice, no longer wistful. "It has seemed such a long, long time, and while you've been shut in here things have been happening that have made me quite ill with longing to tell you—longing does make people sick sometimes, doesn't it? Sermons are hard lines."

"But supposing Sunday came and I had no sermon ready, how then, sweetheart, what would the people say? They would turn me out of their church, I'm afraid." The minister smiled as he made the suggestion.

"Oh, no, they wouldn't do that; you needn't be afraid, they loves you too much, better than sermons," was the reassuring answer, then—struck by a sudden thought, "Daddy, I thought you told someone once that I aspired your sermon, and you said that it meant that I helped you."

"Inspired, you mean, sweetheart. Yes, you do inspire me, but not by chattering like a little magpie in my study when I'm at work. Well, what is the news, what are these wonderful things which have happened?"

"I'm going to tell you in a minute, but daddy, while I remember please, what is the sermon about and what is the text? I must know, because I'm going to sit next to Mr. Jackson and I want to tell him what to put at the top before he writes it all down."

"Well, then, the sermon is about God's will and King Alfred the Great's prayer 'Fiat Voluntas Tua,' which is the Latin way of saying, 'Thy will be done,' and that is the text; not a very hard one for you, is it?"

"No; I shan't forget that, because I say it every day, but the other funny name, I must learn that before I can tell Mr. Jackson. Will he know how to spell Latin, Daddy?"

"Yes, I think so, Sweetheart."

"Then I needn't learn how to spell it, because I can say it. Listen, Daddy—that's right, isn't it?"

"Quite right."

Then after a pause—

"Do you think I might say it every day instead of 'Thy will be done,' just for a change? I do love a change."

"No, my darling. I would rather you said the Lord's Prayer in your own language, at present at any rate."

"Daddy," after another pause, "What does 'Thy Will be done' really mean? I don't think I know."

"Why, it means, sweetheart, just what I am going to tell you in my sermon, that whatever God wishes for us, whatever He orders, must be the best that can happen to us, that we must feel quite sure His Will is better than our will, before we can say those four little words, 'Thy will be done,' and mean them with all our heart. Do you understand that, darling?"

"But, daddy, supposing God wished something dreadful to happen, supposing it

was His will for Jip to be run over and killed, or for my darling pony to die." The little mind for the moment could conjure up no greater tragedy than these things. "I don't think I could say it was ever so good and quite the best, then; how could I, daddy? because it wouldn't be true if I didn't think so really, and I know I shouldn't." There were tears in the dark eyes, and the little voice trembled at the very thought of so much sorrow.

"It would be very, very hard for you, sweetheart, I know, to lose Jip and your pony," said the minister, kissing her tenderly, "but you are not old enough to understand just yet, that God's Love is at the back of all the sorrows that come to us; and it takes some of us a very long time to learn that, little one—a very long time."

"Daddy, are you old enough?"—a fresh thought had inspired the little mind—"have you learnt it, supposing something dreadful bad was to happen to you?"

... A moment's thought. ... "Supposing God was to let me be killed, daddy, would you think it was quite all right, and say, 'Thy will be done' then?" (this very anxiously.)

The minister winced as though a sudden pain had seized him, and his face paled as he looked at his little dark-eyed daughter, this precious treasure, whose birth had cost his sweet young wife her life. There was silence for a moment, then he said, striving to steady his voice: "Yes, my darling, I am old enough. I have learnt that what God orders is always for the best, even the things which seem most dreadful to us. But now," altering his tones, "I have told you all you want to know, so it's your turn to tell me the news."

In an instant the little mind had reverted to the joys of the present.

"Why, yes, daddy, it's my swing—the most beautiful swing; it's come, and Miles has put it up already, and he's been swinging me ever so high, all the time until I came here. You must come at once and send me up and try it yourself. You will try it, won't you, daddy?"

"I won't promise to do that, sweetheart. I might turn dizzy and fall off, you know; but I'll send you up."

"But I never get dizzy, daddy, not a bit, and I go ever so high—just as high as can be please. I'm not at all frightened."

"You mustn't run any risk, though, Jessie. I must tell Miles not to send you too high; it's not safe." He was thinking, as he watched the little white figure in the air and heard the frequent "Oh! daddy, it's just perfect," of their late conversation. "Miles," he said, addressing the gardener, "you will have a care when I'm not here, won't you?"

"You may trust her with me, sir, but bless you, she don't know what fear is, she won't come to no harm," was the reassuring response.

* * * * *

"Thy Will be done." A deeper hush than usual fell upon the listening congregation as the minister gave out his text, his face was very pale, but his voice was steady and his eye keen as ever, as he looked out upon the sea of upturned faces before him, and yet in spite of this, many of them knew that his thoughts during the service had been with a little figure which lay tossing helplessly in delirium upon a small white bed, that the little voice to which he had listened all through the past night, speaking in rambling, incoherent sentences, was still in his ears. "Daddy, isn't it a lovely swing?—but you don't think my pony will die? do you? God couldn't be so cruel—isn't it just perfect—

ever so high, please—you don't want me to say, 'Thy Will be done' in Latin—Mr. Jackson is waiting for me, he said he would. I can't say it now. Fiat—oh, dear!—oh, dear!—why is it so hot and dark?—Daddy, do try my swing—no, I won't fall, Miles is there—I'm not—Oh! daddy, catch me—catch me—I can't see . . . Oh! . . ."

Once again, like one in a dream, he stopped, and lifting the little white-robed figure, which lay so terribly still in his arms, carried it into the house and laid it on the bed—once again the doctor's voice, like a death knell, rang in his ears—"I can't tell yet—I'm afraid of concussion—I can't say how it may go with her."

"Thy Will be done—the sympathy of his people, like warm rays of sunlight from behind dark clouds, rushed forth and enveloped him, he could feel it—could see tears glistening in the eyes of some of the women as they lifted their faces to him—his critics were there too, he knew that, waiting and watching to see if his faith were vain—yes, this was the test—the terrible test, but like Abraham of old, he would be strong—he would not waver—"Take thy son, thine only son Isaac—" "Nevertheless, not My Will but Thine be done." In clear, calm tones he told them of how Alfred, the greatest of England's kings, prayed on the threshold of each fresh day "Fiat Voluntas Tua"—of how he made this his life's motto—of how even Mahomet the Prophet, the wild son of the desert, lived by this and taught it—of what the result would have been had He failed to say—"Nevertheless not My will but Thine. . . ." Never had he been so inspired, so strong, so intense in the earnestness of his message.

"My friends," he said, "we do not find this easy, you and I, this submission of our wills to His, we do not always see that our God is Love, only after infinite struggle, infinite joy, infinite sorrow, do we attain that infinite wisdom which bids us exclaim,

"Our wills are ours, we know not how

Our wills are ours to make them Thine."

He paused, and a smile broke over the pale face; then, with a note as of triumph in his voice, "Fiat Voluntas Tua," he said, and sank into his chair.

The organ played softly the first few bars of the closing hymn, "Peace, Perfect Peace." He rose again with the people; there was a mist before his eyes through which he saw Miles enter the church and make his way towards the vestry; then darkness closed about him, the book fell from his hands, and his head fell forward upon the closed Bible.

When next the minister opened his eyes he found himself stretched upon the vestry couch, and someone was bending over him.

"Ah! that's better," said a voice; "He's coming round splendidly."

"My daughter, my little Jessie! how is she? Tell me, I can bear it," he whispered.

"Getting on first rate," was the answer. "The danger has passed; she is quite conscious, and asking for Daddy."

M. A. HEPBURN.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS.

The man who laughs is a doctor without a diploma. His face does more good in a sick room than a bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. People are always glad to see him. Their hands instinctively go half-way out to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic, who speaks in the groaning key. He laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended with him, and you never know what a pleasant world you are living in until he points out the sunny streaks on its pathway.

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BISHOP AND UNFERMENTED WINE.

DISALLOWING ITS USE.

The Bishop of Manchester apparently can be as intolerant towards one of his own clergy as he is towards Nonconformist views of the Education question. Rev. George Denyer, vicar of Christ Church, Blackburn, gives an account in his parish magazine of extraordinary treatment by the Bishop. Dr. Knox refused to allow the vicar to use unfermented wine in the Communion service. Mr. Denyer and his two churchwardens waited on the Bishop and explained that, as many people in the congregation had formerly been addicted to over-indulgence in strong drink, the use of alcoholic wine would be a great temptation to them and there would be great danger of their lapsing into intemperance. "This the Bishop altogether ridiculed, telling me he did not believe my statements," writes the vicar. Subsequently the Bishop obtained a bottle of the unfermented wine used and sent it to the public analyst in Manchester. The result he did not communicate, but afterwards he suggested that he should preach in Christ Church, during the vicar's holidays, specially dealing with the question of fermented wine. Mr. Denyer did not consent to this, and now the Bishop punishes him by refusing to license a curate to the parish. He explains that he does not think the vicar fit to be entrusted with the training of deacons so long as he continues to use unfermented wine, and that he does not intend to allow any deacons to work in the parish. This practically denies the vicar the help of any assistant clergy, and, says Mr. Denyer to his people, "can only mean that I am to be forced into resigning my benefice—a course which I do not propose to take unless you wish me to do so." The vicar points out that the bishop (1) is commanding him to conform to a law that has not yet been established; (2) is insisting on his giving up a practice which many clergymen adopt, and notably Bishop Thornton, the vicar of Blackburn, who always uses unfermented wine at the inebriates' home; and (3) absolutely ignores the risk run by giving alcohol to reformed drunkards.

WHERE DOCTORS NEVER ASK FEES.

A Japanese doctor never thinks of asking a poor patient for a fee. There is a proverb among the medical fraternity of Japan, "When the twin enemies, poverty and disease, invade a home, then he who takes aught from that home, even though it be given him, is a robber."

"Often," says Dr. Matsumoto, "a doctor will not only give his time and his medicine freely to the sufferer, but he will also give him money to tide him over his dire necessities. Every physician has his own dispensary, and there are very few chemists' shops in the empire. When a rich man calls in a physician he does not expect to be presented with a bill for medical services. In fact, no such thing as a doctor's bill is known in Japan, although nearly all the other modern appliances are in vogue there. The doctor never asks for his fee. The strict honesty of the people makes this unnecessary. When he has finished with a patient, a present is made to him of whatever sum the patient or his friends may deem to be just compensation. The doctor is supposed to smile, take the fee, bow, and thank his patron."

LASHED TO THE MAST.

DARING VOYAGE THROUGH ATLANTIC STORMS IN A SMALL BOAT.

The Cunard mail steamer *Lucania*, from New York, arriving at Queenstown the other day, brought news of the arrival at New York on the 14th ult. of the sailing yawl *Catherine*—the "treasure seeker"—from Liverpool, after a passage of 129 days. The little craft experienced terrific weather, her main boom being broken, her sails blown into ribbons, cabin flooded, and her crew utterly exhausted by the constant exposure to storms.

Capt. Small, in charge of the tiny craft, left Liverpool on June 7 with two other men on board, their destination being a small island off the coast of Honduras, and their object the search for buried treasure.

After many rough experiences off the Irish coast they reached the Azores on July 20. Here they took on board provisions and water, and a fresh start was made. After

further privations *Bermuda* was reached on September 18.

After repairs they set sail again, only to encounter the worst storm of the entire voyage. The main boom and sails were blown away, the cabin flooded, and the crew had to lash themselves to the rigging to save themselves from being swept overboard.

Ultimately New York was reached. The log of the *Catherine* showed that 7210 miles had been covered.

A NEGRO COLLECTION.

It is fitting, that in the public worship of God there should be an expression of the Hebrew sentiment, "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase." An English gentleman, while travelling in Virginia, was much impressed with a negro service which provided for the due expression of this sentiment.

After the sermon, two deacons got up and stood behind a table below the pulpit. One deacon, addressing the men who sat together on the right side of the church, said:

"Now I want twenty shillings from the men."

"And I want the same from the women," said the other deacon, speaking to the women on the left.

All began to sing a hymn, but no one moved. Another hymn was sung, and at its close the Englishman walked up to the table and started the collection.

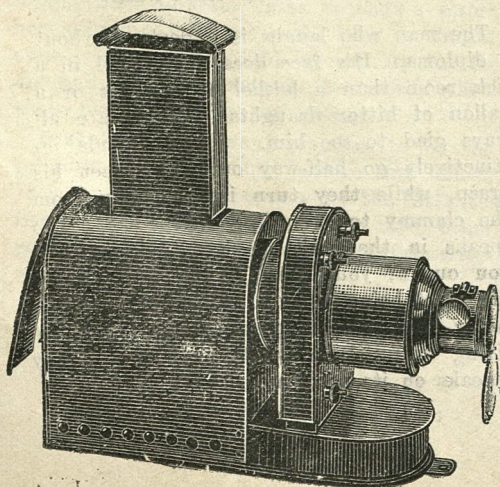
"We're getting on pretty well this side," said the deacon of the males, as he saw the contribution.

A stirring melody about "seeing de fine white horses when de bridegroom comes," broke down their bashfulness. One after another rose, and walking to the table, laid down a coin. When they sung the verse:

"Drive 'em down to Jordan when de bridegroom comes,"

the small change rattled, as it fell upon the table, a fitting accompaniment to the song.

Old Sir James Herring was remonstrated with for not rising earlier, and advised to make up his mind to it. "I can make up my mind to it," said he, "but I cannot make up my body."



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Talk about People

Tasting the Czar's Dinners.

The kitchens in which the food of the "Great White Czar" is prepared are extraordinary for the elaborate precautions taken to prevent any of his household tampering with his food. The kitchens themselves present the appearance of a strong-room of a modern bank, guarded by a regiment of soldiers, rather than the culinary department of a Royal palace.

Even the chef who presides over the Imperial kitchens, enjoying a salary of £4000 a year, and social privileges equal to those of a general of the Russian army, is not to be envied in his peculiar position.

As soon as dinner or lucheon is ready to be placed on the Emperor's table a very elaborate system of "tasting" has to be gone through; and when the Czar is in residence at Peterhof, not only M. Kratz himself, but also his under-chefs and certain high officials of the Imperial army are called in to taste every dish that goes to the Emperor's table, after which experiment a reasonable time is permitted to elapse to see whether or not the "tasters" are poisoned. This curious survival of other days comes from the time of Ivan the Terrible.

When the meals prepared for His Majesty are served, M. Kratz himself begins to taste; and after the strange "poisoning" interval has elapsed the dishes are placed in an electric elevator with a closed shaft, into which the military officials are locked, and up goes the lift to the antechamber of the Imperial dining-room. Here again the major on duty samples the dishes under the eyes of the Czar, after which the Imperial Family sit down to dinner.

No dish ever served on the Czar's table is permitted access to the dining-room save through the elevator shaft. Thus the food can in no way be tampered with save by the cooks themselves and the military officials on duty.

Lord Roberts Young at Seventy-five.

No one has the welfare of the rising generation more at heart than Lord Roberts, who recently celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday. "Healthy games, healthy foods, and healthy homes" is what the famous Field-Marshal says he would like to see every youth enjoying. "And keep young," continues the hero of Kandahar. "I have kept myself young on purpose. I never drink and I don't smoke, and I am really not a day older than after Majuba in 1880."

The Kaiser's Shorthand.

The Kaiser writes a very illegible hand, and his spelling is often of the most arbitrary and confusing nature, owing to his rage for contractions.

It is, of course, known that some Germans use the Roman character in writing, but the great majority still use the pointed Gothic letters.

The Kaiser uses both in the same sentence, often in the same word. He writes his name in half a dozen ways.

But it is in abbreviations where the master's hand may be best seen. He seldom writes an "e," omitting it wherever possible. Were we to write the last four words of the last sentence in the imperial fashion they would run thus: "Omitng it whrvr possbl."

It need hardly be said that the Kaiser knows all the rules of German orthography, but he has no time to be bothered about "e's" and, besides, his secretaries soon get used to his shorthand.

General Booth Better.

General Booth has practically recovered

from the illness which interrupted his American campaign.

During his stay in Washington the General, Miss Booth, and Commissioner Nicoll lunched with President Roosevelt at the White House, and the Chief's impression of the head of the United States is well exemplified in a phrase he used when describing the affair to the "Telegraph" correspondent—"He does things and he likes doing them."

The President showed himself well acquainted with the Salvation Army's work in the United States, and of their methods in appealing to the masses, and he expressed approval of the special missions to foreigners there in the language they understand.

"Mr. Roosevelt cheered me greatly," said the veteran General, "when he declared, in his hearty, unconventional way, 'There is no more effective method of evangelising people than with a brass band. I confess I like brass bands, and I like your brass bands.'"

The President was greatly interested as regards the ceremonial at Oxford, when the Doctor's degree was conferred upon General Booth, and he asked for details. When Lord Curzon's speech was repeated, and the narrative came to a point emphasising the force that General Booth led "as an army for the salvation of souls," which was the noblest work of all, Mr. Roosevelt said enthusiastically, "That's right! Quite right! It is the highest work of all."

Naturally, the constant meetings make the aged leader very tired. "I certainly could do with a rest," he said. "I work seven days a week, and I haven't had a day off for seventeen years. I shan't get a day off until I get to Heaven, and then I shall ask for six months' furlough."

Well-known Good Templar Dead.

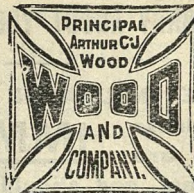
One of the best known Good Templars in England has passed away in the person of Mr. F. W. Dimpleby, J.P., of Richmond, Surrey, who died somewhat suddenly one Saturday morning recently. Deceased was Grand Councillor of the Good Templars, and was prominently associated with the temperance movement in the Church of England.

Mr. Dimpleby was also well-known in the newspaper world as the proprietor of the "Richmond and Twickenham Times," and several other journals. He took a keen interest in local affairs in Richmond, and was a generous supporter of many charities.

"This Land is Prohibitionist."

"I am strictly accurate when I say that the law of this land is Prohibitionist," declared Mr. Leif Jones, M.P., in an address to the Temperance workers of the West Riding, Yorks (Eng.). "The sale of drink is prohibited except by certain privileged persons in certain places." When people talked of "liberty" in this matter they were raising a question which had not existed for 400 years. Out of every 350 people 349 were prohibited and only one was allowed to sell alcohol. What was the justification of the stringent law prohibiting these 349 from sharing in a very profitable trade? There could be only one justification, and that was that the public interest demanded that they should not carry on that trade. They accepted the decision, but it carried with it a certain consequence. If one man was allowed to sell, he ought not to be allowed to sell longer than the public interest demanded. When the public interest ceased he must cease to sell. He must take his stand with

Four Reasons



- A perfect and unequalled equipment.
- Modern labor-saving machinery.
- The finest rolling stock extant.
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These four potent reasons combined with **PERSONAL** (attention explain why we conduct more high grade funeral work at **TEN PER CENT** lower rates than any other firm.

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the other 349 persons, and submit to prohibition. Mr. Balfour's Licensing Act of 1904 was flagrantly unjust, because it forgot this fundamental fact.

A Judge's Error.

An interesting story was told at a meeting of the Legal Temperance Society in Lincoln's Inn, London. "A very distinguished judge," said Hon. T. H. W. Pelham, "once made a very great mistake. A prisoner pleaded guilty, and said, through his counsel, that he would take the pledge and never drink again. The judge said, 'Come, you are promising too much. If you promised a little less I should believe you.' A distinguished barrister sitting next to me whispered to me, 'How very little he knows about it!' He did not know that it was very much easier for a man who had given way to drinking habits to become a total abstainer than to become what people called 'moderate.'"

A Big Movement.

The English Band of Hope movement celebrated its sixtieth anniversary on November 9. "The Band of Hope Review," which is now edited by Miss M. Jennie Street, was founded by Mr. T. B. Smithies fifty-seven years ago. Mr. Smithies was led to sign the pledge by Mrs. Ann Carlile, the mother of the movement. The first public Band of Hope meeting was held in the schoolroom of South Parade Chapel, Leeds. To-day 3,500,000 children in the United Kingdom are connected with the Band of Hope and other juvenile Temperance societies.

The first use of the word "strike" in its present accepted sense occurred in the "London Chronicle" for 1765. In September of that year are numerous references to a great suspension of labour in the northern coal-fields, and the colliers are stated to have "struck out" for higher wages.

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, DECEMBER 19, 1907.

NO CLASS DISTINCTION.

Christmas will be with us before the next issue of "Grit" reaches our readers. All sorts of ideas are entertained about Christmas, just as it is celebrated in all sorts of ways. The one outstanding fact about Christmas, however, which must commend it to everybody, is that it knows no class distinction, nor is its spirit helped or marred by poverty or wealth. It is a day of "glad tidings." "Christ is born!" should be the song in every heart to-day, as it was with the angels who first broke the news to the humble shepherds in the fields outside Bethlehem. So whatever of good cheer, of comradeship, of kindness or of sympathy the months have stored, let them out this Christmastime. The giving of gifts is one expression of that good will—but only one—and the only one, more's the pity, that the money standard of our time touches. Thank God, there are no standard weights and measures by which to gauge the value of a caress, a helpful warning, a laugh, or even a tear of joy or sympathy. Its spirit, therefore, being universal and its perpetuation within the reach of everybody, let each and every one of us try this Christmas to do something to keep its traditions alive and intact. The children first—remember: that little fellow who lies in

your mother-arms, staring straight up at the ceiling! In a year he will begin to understand, and in a year more to talk. Tell him the story of the Christ-Child. Hang up his stocking—a little baby one the first year, you own when his brain and wants widen. Then unfold Santa Claus and the true meaning of the giving of gifts, a lesson which, if you do your duty properly, will last him all his life. Cram his mind full of fairies; make Ali Baba real, and Alice in Wonderland a part of his religion. When he begins to doubt, and in these modern times he will begin to doubt—persuade him of their truth, opening up the world of dreams and keeping it real. He must soon enough begin the fight for existence—so much to earn, so much to pay out. It will be the law, or trade, or manufacturing, or politics, or ten hours a day over a ledger on a slanting desk, but the old legends will crop out to cheer him if you have taken care to plant well and water freely. Never let him forget the Christmas of his childhood. In the expressive vernacular of the day, "It is up to you," mothers, to do this. You hold him oftenest in your arms, and you alone have his first confidence. Above all, remember that the hope of the Christmas of the future lies in the child, and the hope of the child is the mother.

A PUBLICAN'S METHODS.

In Melbourne lately some curious things have been brought to light in the proceedings in connection with the reduction of licenses. Mr. Fitzgerald, a licensee, admitted that he had taken part, with others, in palming off a champagne bottle filled with dry ginger ale seven times on one customer, so that what cost 10½d, yielded 70s. Asked if he saw anything wrong in that, he replied, "Not if the man does not know the difference." In either case the victim would be both charged for, and charged with, gas, and gas minus alcohol is less harmful. On the other hand, unlicensed persons who rob drunken men are sent to Pentridge. Mr. Fitzgerald cynically said, "It's all in the game;" and so it is, but the sooner the game is stopped the better for the community.

It is, of course, impossible to say how many of the trade accept Mr. Fitzgerald's dictum, "it's all in the game," and it is equally unfair to infer that all publicans presume on the fuddled state of many of their customers to practically rob them; but it is quite fair to say that no other business places the purchaser at such a disadvantage, and no other trade can be proved so disreputable. That the trade offers great inducements to those who manage it to violate the law can be seen in the convictions against publicans. In 1905 there were 318 convictions, and in 1906 333 convictions against publicans; and if they had been convicted for serving a person in an intoxicated condition there would have been last year 25,326 additional convictions. Surely we would do no one so good a turn as the publican when we enact No-license?

DISASTROUS HOSPITALITY.

Just now, owing to the visiting teams from England, Fiji, and the neighbouring States, cricket is both prominent and popular. Much is naturally being said in praise of the successful men of the hour; their photos and their achievements are before everyone. It is equally natural to ask where are "the boys of the old brigade?" There is no sadder sight than the gaunt spectres that haunt every cricket-ground—failures years before their time, men whose eye has lost its brightness, and whose hand has lost its cunning. No need to ask, "How is it you are not playing, old chap?" The answer is only too evident. Albert Trott has placed the blame on the mistaken hospitality of those who have ever on their lips the invitation, "Come and have a drink, old chap." He says: "Let me beg of you never to treat players. At a great Surrey and Notts' match at the Oval on a Bank Holiday, I was asked over 500 times to have a drink. What wonder that men go wrong, and the worst of it is if once they go down they have no friends." There is no athletic circle that does not include its "has beens" and "might have beens," and this alone ought surely to be enough to swing the whole body of keen athletes on to the side of No-License, and thus banish that which has conquered so many champions under the guise of hospitality.

ROTTEN TO THE CORE.

The incessant revelations of the Divorce Courts in this country again and again obtrude the ugly fact that what is popularly termed "society" is rotten to the core. What a sorry spectacle the Melbourne court has presented during these past few weeks, as a result of the evidence adduced in a notorious society case! Could anything be more revolting? It is not necessary to believe that every witness has spoken the truth, to arrive at the sad conclusion that in many instances it is just as well that one half the world knows not how the other half lives. Sodom and Gomorrah had no more awful tale to tell than is ever and anon repeated from the witness box in the Divorce Courts. It seems plain that the easy methods of escape from the most sacredly binding ties of marriage suggested by our Divorce Acts, are contributing in an appalling way to the growing tendency to loose-living and disgusting immorality. Men and women alike may each well blush for their sex. Where is the guarantee of safety for the young, unsuspecting and pure-minded as they go into society?

The percentage of alcohol contained in Lager beer is 3; in London porter, about 4; in Edinburgh ales, from 6 to 7; and in the Burton ales, from 8 to 9.

Russia absolutely forbids the employment of children under 12 years of age in industrial establishments, whether conducted by the State or private individuals.

The Secret Drug Trade

"SACREDLY CONFIDENTIAL."

Many people are appealed to by the assurance that their communications will be treated "sacredly confidential," and commit to writing what they would not say to their most intimate friend. It will be very unpleasant, but a wholesome thing, that they should know what a sham this promise is, and to what a cruel purpose their communications are put.

Mr. Mark Sullivan, in "The Ladies' Home Journal," writes:—"I wish with all my heart that I could print, for the benefit of those women who write to these 'doctors,' and imagine their letters are 'sacredly' regarded, the nasty secrets of the correspondence department of a great 'patent medicine' concern, as they were disclosed before a Legislative Public Health Committee, by a man who was in charge of that department, and was compelled by law to tell what he knew."

REVOLTING DISCLOSURES.

A witness before this Public Committee stated that "the letters were passed from hand to hand from young men clerks to young women, and carried home for the delectation of their friends and families. When the daily quota of letters was finished these young fellows would pick out of the day's mail those letters which were most inviting and write elaborate replies—but the thing cannot be told in printable language."

This is the inevitable consequence where young clerks handle such letters. The proprietors, the "doctors" themselves could not help it if they would when thousands of letters are received each day.

That "sacred confidences" should be so treated is horrible, but that they should become the means of debasing young minds and lead on to cruel joking letters is nothing short of appalling.

A WOMAN'S SECRET FOR HALF A CENT.

What is even a more contemptible violation of the "sacred confidences" in these letters is one which some of the proprietors commit themselves, and commit deliberately for money. Mr. Mark Sullivan says:—"Let any woman who has written to some 'doctor,' who assures her that her correspondence is kept 'sacredly confidential,' tell me the name of the 'doctor,' and the year in which she wrote the letter, and it is pretty safe that I can give her the name of the letter broker from whom she can to-day buy her letter back—her own and the letters of as many more women like herself as she wishes—at so much per 1000."

Some of these "patent medicine" concerns will frankly say to you: "You can be perfectly safe in telling us what you would not tell your family doctor. Your secret is safe with us. We will guard it as secretly as you yourself." And yet these same concerns, when they get the last possible cent. from you as their victim, when you, as their dupe, refuse to believe any more of their false promises, deliberately turn your letters over to a letter-broker—sell it, and he, in turn, sells it to some concern who can approach you in a new way with a new remedy. These letters are sold to quacks for about a pound a thousand—the woman's secret, which is obtained under a promise, is sold for about a halfpenny to whoever will buy it.

TRAFFIC IN WOMEN'S LETTERS.

America leads the way in many things, and provides us with instances to prove what will—nay, what is already happening here, while the letters in America run into millions, those here run into thousands, and the methods of the letter-broker are there-

fore of unusual interest to us. An American letter-broker said:—"There are five million chronic sick and incurable in the United States, and I have got letters from one million of them right here in my office. To be sure, they have all tried one remedy or more; but that's all right; they'll keep on trying new remedies till they die. Buy or rent a few thousand of those letters from me at a few dollars a thousand, tackle 'em with a new proposition—something new with a new name—jolly 'em along a little, and they'll all come up with the money for a new treatment."

It would be interesting to know how many people started molasses after the prominence given by the daily papers to the case of a cure from cancer at Goulburn about a month ago, and yet in less than three weeks after the cure had been publicly announced the patient died. Great prominence was given to the cure. The death was announced without comment.

So with the letters and the testimonials so freely used in connection with secret drugs.

THE WORST MUST NOT BE TOLD.

Both the men who have in America done so much to attack this evil complain that "like other men who have investigated this patent medicine business, they cannot tell all they know," the only pity is they cannot.

Mr. Beale's report, when discussed in the Federal Parliament, was fiercely attacked because of its plainness of speech, and yet there is nothing there that cannot be seen in advertisements or obtained in pamphlets sent "free" under a "plain cover."

Of all things, it is urgent that the public generally, young and old, should know their dangers, and that measures should be taken to warn them.

THE PRESS CONTROLLED BY PARLIAMENT.

The remedy is the protection of the people in their lives and homes by Parliament in controlling the Press. This will involve a great struggle, because the profits at stake are enormous. Nothing less will be effective than that those who receive money to publish recommendations shall be responsible for the effects of the recommendations. We make no less a claim than the complete prohibition of announcements of cures and cure-systems, excepting in medical and pharmaceutical journals, and then not as paid advertisements. When the money is left out the iniquities will reach their end, but the price of freedom will be eternal watchfulness.

We can get some idea of what the press obtains from this source by a reference to a famous American case. The Cleveland "Press" published some sensational articles on secret drugs, and the Proprietary Association of America issued a letter to the manufacturers of patent medicines. Inside of forty-eight hours, telegrams from six manufacturers cancelling thousands of dollars worth of advertising were sent. One paper alone lost over 18,000 dollars in advertising.

The P.A.A. were delighted by the result of their move, as many papers dropped the crusade and stuck to the advertisements, and in the annual report of the P.A.A. their triumph over righteousness is referred to in these words:—"Gentlemen, when you touch a man's pocket, you touch him where he lives. That principle is true of the newspaper editor or the retail druggist, and goes through all business."

Money did not win in the slave trade, nor will it in the liquor trade or secret drug business, therefore we are hopeful even though moneyless.

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.

INSURANCE

FIRE OFFICE

Nearly 200 Years Old

N.S.W. BRANCH:

ROYLE & CO., 5, 7, AND 9 BOND STREET

The law of Germany requires every male citizen to serve three years in the standing army, four years in the reserve, and five years in the landwehr.

THE WINE THAT DOES NOT INTOXICATE.

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

THE FAMOUS "MAS-DE-LA-VILLE" WINE.

Recommended by the Rev. T. Spurgeon and others.

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

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

Reputed Pints,1/6 and 1/9 per Bottle
Reputed Quarts,2/6 and 2/9 per Bottle
Larger Sizes2/11 and 3/6 per Bottle
Sample Bottles of Sacramental Chateau Badet, 1/- each.

Champagne2/6 and 3/9 per Bottle

AN IDEAL WINE FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

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

Order from MANAGER OF "GRIT,"

BOX 390, G.P.O., SYDNEY

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

Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: WINN & CO., Botany Road, Redfern.

How the World Moves

London was the first city to use coal.

Kerosene attracts and destroys spiders.

Moths cannot endure the smell of cedar.

A flea can pull 1493 times its own weight.

Tigers cannot endure the smell of tobacco.

One hundred cod livers yield one gallon of oil.

An ordinary piano contains a mile of piano wire.

The world's pin consumption is over 600,000,000 a week.

By the wings of a fly probably 600 strokes are made per second.

The Mohammedans of the world are estimated at 200,000,000.

A lightning flash lasts for about one-millionth part of a second.

England's fishing fleet consists of 26,501 boats and 106,793 men.

The average depth of the Atlantic varies from 6000 to 9000 feet.

This century will have 24 leap-years, the greatest possible number.

Rubies and teakwood are the most valuable products of Burmah.

Two hundred thousand people are employed in the lace trade of France.

The heron makes from 240 to 300 separate movements with its wings in an hour.

The amount spent by tourists in Switzerland every year is estimated at £4,000,000.

London eats 180,000 tons of fish a year—more than half all the fish caught by British ships.

The United States has still 400 million acres of forest, Australia 60 million, India 45 million.

Three hundred English fishermen are drowned every year,—nearly nine in 1000 of those engaged.

The horseflesh restaurants in Berlin, Dresden, Hamburg, Magdeburg, and Frankfort do an immense business.

Four hundred millions of sardines are taken yearly off English coasts. Sardines are simply young pilchard.

In 1821 thirty-three per cent. of the population of Great Britain was engaged in farming; now, less than twelve per cent.

The English watchmaking trade is on the decline, owing to the sharp competition of the American and Swiss manufacturers.

THE DOCTOR'S MISTAKE.

A doctor, who thinks that all the ills of the human race can be traced to the drinking of coffee and tea, entered a restaurant recently and seated himself opposite an Irishman who was busying himself trying to dispose of a steaming cup of coffee.

"How often do you use coffee?" queried the doctor.

"I drink it morning, noon, and night, sir."

"Don't you experience a slight dizziness of the brain on retiring at night?"

"Indeed, I do, sir, very frequently."

"You have a sharp pain through the temples and in and around the eyes."

"Right you are," replied the Irishman.

"You are possessed with a drowsiness when you awake in the morning, and your head often aches and feels very heavy."

"Right again," answered the Irishman still sipping his coffee.

"Well, then," exclaimed the doctor, sitting erect in his chair, "aren't you now convinced that the coffee is the cause?"

"Is that so?" said the Irishman, in astonishment. "Faith, I always thought it was the whisky."

STATE MONOPOLY.

Of the £170,000,000 required annually for the expenses of the Russian Government, £75,000,000 comes from drink. The "Standard" reports a Russian speaker on this national vice as saying: "The peasants have always realised the dangers of drunkenness. Long ago thousands of villages all over the country began closing the public-houses. But there were persons in power who regarded the welfare of the people as unnecessary, or even dangerous. They pressed a button, and the Holy Synod sent out orders to the parish priest not to preach against intemperance. . . . Then came the State monopoly, with its dispensaries in every settlement, often against the protests of the population. Dispensaries were opened where vodka had never been allowed before; for instance, all along the canals leading from the Neva to the Volga. The State conscientiously supplies forty per cent. of poison. The public-houses used to sell diluted liquor, which was not nearly so harmful or so seductive. The consumption has grown by leaps and bounds since the monopoly was introduced. During forty years the use of alcohol has increased tenfold. . . . If our laws had been made by our worst enemy they could not have been better devised for our undoing."

AN ANGRY ANARCHIST.

Oh, he preached it from the house-tops, and he whispered it by stealth;
He wrote whole miles of stuff against the awful curse of wealth.
He shouted for the poor man, and he called the rich man down;
He roasted every king and queen who dared to wear a crown.

DIET and HEALTH.

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

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

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

The Sanitarium Health Food Cafe

supplies the food that repairs the waste tissue.

Address: ROYAL CHAMBERS,
45 Hunter Street, City.

Write for descriptive price lists.

He clamoured for rebellion, and he said he'd lead a band
To exterminate the millionaires and sweep them from the land.
He yelled against monopolists, their power he'd defy,
And swore he'd be an anarchist and blow them to the sky.
He stormed, and fumed, and ranted, till he made the rich men wince,
But an uncle left him money, and he hasn't shouted since.

FIRE INSURANCE.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE.

Established 1809.

Paid up Capital and Fire Funds, £3,650,000;
Total Funds, £17,800,000.

NEW SOUTH WALES FIRE BRANCH.
LOCAL BOARD: MARK SHELDON, Esq.;
SHEPHEARD E. LAIDLEY, Esq.

All Classes of Fire Insurance.

Country Agents Required.

GEORGE S. ARTHUR,

Resident Secretary,

64 Pitt-street, Sydney.

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).

WHAT IS THE BEST THING IN THE STOCKING?

Of course I mean the Christmas stocking! You will hang it up at the end of the bed, won't you? Think of the millions of stockings that will be tied to the knobs and the rails on Tuesday night! Millions? Yes, for all over the world where English people's children have found their way, the old custom will be observed. Down in Kabakada, and away in Kamtchatka, at Gobbagombalin, and on the Gold Coast, at Trincomalee and Trinidad, and at nearly every place under the sun, the stocking will be seen dangling, and Father Christmas will be waited for and watched for by millions of pairs of bright little eyes that belong to millions of bright little people that mean to catch him this time. But, of course, you bigger ones know very well they won't catch him, for you have tried it too often not to know that he simply can't be caught, and so the bright little eyes will begin to blink, and then, in a jiffy, they will be fast asleep, and then—it will be morning, and the stockings will be full! What shaking out of things will then begin! What untying of the parcels that would have needed a Brobdignagian stocking to hold! After the counting up, and the shaking out, and the fear lest something may have slipped through the hole—the hole that ought not to be there! "What have you got?" "Chocolates, of course!"—"A pair of shoes with silver buckles!"—"Well, I never!"—"A picture or story book."—"Just the thing!"—"A knife, or a silver thimble."—"Did you ever?"—"A new pair of —!"—"well never mind the name, but so useful!"—and "Hurrah! a little parcel that shakes out of the big toe!"—"what is it?"—"hard!"—"round!"—"bright!"—"silver!"—"with a picture of the King!" And is that all? Ah! there is one thing that the boys and girls nearly always miss seeing, because, it isn't there? No! it is there, but it can't be seen with common eyes, or be unwrapped or untied with selfish hands, and generally it slips out between two stitches, and in the general excitement is gone; and Father Christmas's best gift has never been noticed. Be sure you look out for it this year! And if you don't know what I mean, see if you can find its four letters from this little verse:

My first is in heel, but not in toe;
My next is in come, and is also in go;
My third is in silver, but never in tin;
My last is in everything, but not in a pin.
What is it?

CHRISTMAS CRYPTOGRAM

Key: The numbers stand for the numbers of the letters of the alphabet—thus, 1-A; 26-Z. What is all this about?

21, 14, 3, 12, 5; 2; 19, 5, 14, 4, 19; 8, 9, 19;
12, 15, 22, 5; 20, 15; 1, 12, 12; 8, 9, 19; 4,
5, 1, 18;
25, 15, 21, 14, 7; "7, 18, 9, 20;" 6, 18, 9,
5, 14, 4, 19;
8, 5; 8, 15, 16, 5, 19; 20, 8, 5, 25; 23, 15,
14, 20;
5, 1, 20; 20, 15, 15; 13, 21, 3, 8; 16, 21, 4,
4, 9, 14, 7;
23, 15, 14, 20; 7, 5, 20; 3, 18, 15, 19, 19;
23, 9, 12, 12; 20, 18, 25; 20, 15; 13, 1, 11, 5;
19, 15, 13, 5; 19, 9, 3, 11; 15, 18; 12, 15,
14, 5, 12, 25;
2, 15, 25; 15, 18; 7, 9, 18, 12; 22, 5, 18, 25;
8, 1, 16, 16, 25;
1, 14, 4; 23, 9, 12, 12; 12, 9, 22, 5; 8, 1, 16,
16, 25;
5, 22, 5, 18; 1, 6, 20, 5, 18.

GREAT ANNIVERSARIES THIS WEEK.

Dec. 18, 1862.—Slavery abolished in the United States. Who was the President then?

Dec. 20, 1888.—Battle of Suakim. Where is it?

Dec. 21.—The Longest day. Why is it so called?

Dec. 22, 1880.—George Eliot died. Was this a gentleman or a lady? Name a book written by "G.E."

SOME PUZZLES.

1. How many words can you make out of the letters S L T R E U, using all the letters each time? Uncle B. can make half-a-dozen well-known words. Can you beat that?
2. Write the number 100 with six nines.
3. There are seven little cakes to be divided on Christmas Day among seven little "Grit" boys. Each boy will get a cake, and yet one will remain on the dish. How will this be done?
4. Arrange the numbers 1 to 16 in a square so that the sum of the figures in any row, across, up, and down, or from corner to corner will be 34.

THE CAROL OF KING WENCELAS.

Good King Wencelas look'd out,
On the feast of Stephen;
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even.
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gathering winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou knowst it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence
By Saint Agnes' Fountain."

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither,
Thou and I will see him dine
When we bear them thither."
Page and Monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude winds loud lament
And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."

"Mark my footsteps, my good page,
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter wind
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the Saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

FOR SUNDAY.

I.—Buried Bible Names (Old Testament):

1. He would take no change of air,
2. The cart-rut has become deep.
3. I have very many friends.
4. We had a man to help us.
5. These things are not yours.

In Buenos Ayres, when a citizen with a plethoric purse goes to market he buys his vegetables in piles without regard to quantity or quality. Nothing is bought by weight. It costs too much trouble. If a man wants beef he simply tells the butcher he wants some meat, and he gets a chunk, pays the price, and goes home satisfied.

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ALREADY NECESSARY TO ENLARGE

THE PREMISES AGAIN

THE CURSE OF CARDS.

By HENRY W. STOUGH.

I have searched long and earnestly for a convincing argument against card-playing that would appeal to the intelligence and heart of the audiences to whom it has been my privilege to speak.

The question, therefore, it has seemed to me, must be a deeper one than that of Christian influence, example, or expediency, if it be successfully answered. If a moral basis could be discovered for argument, it might be made convincing and eradicate what many feel to be a crying evil in society. I am quite sure that we shall never be able to guide our young people aright unless we can show them sound reasons for its abandonment and abstinence. The whole question has been so pettifogged that even pastors have been led to condone, if not participate in the amusement. In this article it is my purpose to submit to the reader the results of the search for such a moral basis as may preclude if proven, the possibility of any person's playing cards who endeavours to be thoroughly moral, not to say Christian, in his conduct.

GAMES DIVIDED.

A fundamental principle must be laid down at the outset with reference to all games, viz., that all games are naturally divided into two classes—games of skill and games of chance. The former are always won by the accuracy of the eye, the training of the nerves and muscles, and the judgment. To this class belong such games as chess, checkers, caroms, crokinole, cricket, croquet, billiards, pool, golf, baseball, football, tennis, and even tiddlywinks. To the other class belong all card games, dice games and dominoes. Again, the fundamental principle of all games of skill admits no other factor in winning save that of skill, while in chance games the principle admits always varying proportions of skill and an additional element of chance. That is, in the latter class of games, no one can be absolutely sure of winning, however great his skill, because the ever-present element of chance may, at any moment, destroy the winning possibilities.

That the element of chance is the fundamental principle and source of interest and pleasure in card playing is an accepted fact. And the reason why card playing has become so popular, to the exclusion of other chance games, is because this strange assembly of pasteboards, with their varying values, admits of infinite multiplying and balancing of chances. The most recent craze for bridge whist, called in a current magazine "a social riot," admits of so many hazards for winning that the logic of the playing leads almost irresistibly to gambling.

RATIONAL BASIS OF CONDUCT.

If we inquire concerning a rational basis of conduct, we will discover that there are four psychological faculties upon which we base all conduct. These are the reason, the conscience, the affections and the will. They are the four pillars upon which the structure of consciousness rests—the guides along life's pathway. Any conduct that does not issue from the counsels of these inseparable four faculties becomes either irrational, immoral, fickle, or cruel. Any conduct that eliminates any one of them becomes abnormal and inhuman. The equations suggested will show the inevitable results upon the individual:—

Reason plus conscience plus will, minus affection, equal cruel fanaticism.

Reason plus affections plus will, minus conscience, equal moral monstrosity.

Affections plus conscience plus will, minus reason, equal idiocy.

If any of these faculties, therefore, thus set aside, should result in such doctored forms of character, it follows that anything which interferes with their perfect freedom of operation jeopardises their usefulness and tends to weaken and even to destroy them.

THE ASSAULT UPON THE FOUNDATION.

Chance is "any event, the manner and time of whose occurrence lies beyond our power of prescience." In every card game chance, by its very nature, assaults all four—the reason, the affections, the conscience, and will. For what the reason does not understand, the affections cannot admit to their devotion, the conscience cannot pass upon its moral worth, and the will cannot decide upon its action. These faculties thus bewildered and put in abeyance, so to speak, and "on the stretch," make impossible their free response to the emergency on hand.

For instance, the card player has before him his own "hand," which is the basis for all his "plays." All his faculties are brought to bear upon the problem. Now, in any game of skill, the eye, seeing the issues of the game spread out before it, enables the reason to act wisely and judiciously. In tennis, from the moment that the ball leaves the opponent's racquet, the other player knows exactly what to do, the speed with which to return it, and the place to return it beyond the opponent's reach. In the card game, the problem is altogether different. The eye sees the cards before it, but it cannot see what is in the deck nor in the various opponents' hands. So the reason, with only limited and at times very partial facts before it, acts upon a half or smaller fraction of truth and must hazard the rest. The result in the reasoning process is confusion, the unknown and the known facts thrown into a jumble of possibilities, so that the reason, the conscience and the will can only act upon what they know, hoping against hope that what they don't know may be played so successfully with what they do know that they shall win.

As the game progresses this confusion produces a feverish irritation of the whole psychologic nature. This in turn becomes unnatural stimulation, the reason buffeted by the will, the will by the conscience, and the conscience by the affections, and all at times, buffeted by each, and each by all. Constant playing produces aggravated stimulations which amount to intoxication. This, again, produces enervation and inebriation of the whole intellectual and moral nature. The effect is as paralyzing as whisky to nerve and muscle. Eventually, because of the close connection between mind and matter, the nerves become seriously affected. The act of card-

playing, therefore, becomes an unmoral, yes, more, an immoral act.

HOW GAMBLERS ARE PRODUCED.

The game for social enjoyment and the game for money is one and the same game. There are no more nor different elements of chance. In every game of cards, for whatever reason played, the odds of chance exist. In gambling, the player simply puts a commercial value upon them! And why card playing produces three-fourths of the gamblers is as easily explained as the transition from claret to champagne in wine drinking. It is the presence of the alcohol in each which dries the tissues and inflames and excites the nerve centres. The fever of stimulation in card playing cries for more stimulants, which enhanced chances through gambling furnish. Hence, card playing, as a rational game, has passed from the very simple forms to the most intricate and scientific; from pleasure playing to prize playing, and now to the frightful introduction of bridge whist parlour gambling.

THE MENACE OF PARLOUR CARD PLAYING.

When one discovers that there is really no essential difference in principle between a card player, howsoever refined, and the lowest gambler, just as there is no difference, save in degree, between a tippler and a gutter drunkard, one is not surprised to hear men, who have tasted of the dregs of the gambler's cup, call the parlour card table "the kindergarten to a gambler's hell." The parlour card table has become a menace of society and the church, for here, under the guise of respectability and refinement, the innocent are lured. Your boy and mine may take their first lessons in gambling from a decorous deacon who teaches them card playing, while their last are received from the man, "all the blood in whose frozen heart could be carried in a bottomless cup." Between the two, today, the parlour card table is infinitely more dangerous to the unsophisticated than the gambler's den. Young men do not start in the latter place.

No wonder that a convention of gamblers some years ago is said to have passed a resolution to the effect that above all things they should encourage parlour card playing!

And what folly for parents to introduce it as a salutary expedient for keeping a hold upon their children. Sam Jones said,

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"you might as well say, 'Give the little pig swill, and when he is a hog, he won't like swill. Create the appetite in the young lad, and you may inflame him with a fire that will only burn out in a hell of remorse.'"

When a census was taken of the gamblers in Chicago some years ago, seven out of ten declared that they began their careers by parlor card playing, and many in Christian homes! It is also easy to see why card-playing church members are rarely prayer-meeting-going and zealous in their work for souls, and why, when a church gets inoculated with the virus, it becomes wholly and dead.

A HEART CONFESSION.

If these statements are the truth, then God help the pastors and churches that are finding their members already in the first stages of this "social riot!" As a closing word of exhortation I append the confession of the leading woman whist player of the United States, who, two years ago, at Cleveland, won the championship and a one hundred dollar loving cup. She was recently converted in a series of evangelistic meetings. Her name and other details are withheld, but are filed with the editor for any validation.

"You ask me wherein I consider cards to be harmful. I will endeavour to answer to the best of my ability. The depth is fathomless, and I can never touch bottom regarding the harm. I think if ever anyone was in a position to give a tangible answer, it is myself.

"I was rocked in a Christian cradle, and my mother was one of the most consistent Christians that ever lived. I myself was a consistent Christian for many years. Coming to the city, I became infatuated with society, and then became a strong whist player. I absolutely had no time for the King's business. I found myself drifting, drifting with the tide. I would pick up the oars and try so hard to paddle back up the stream, only to find myself drifting down again. I firmly believe card playing and dancing are two of the greatest evils in Christian civilisation. If professed Christians would renounce cards, we would have no trouble converting the world. My Bible teaches me, 'The fountain cannot send forth sweet and bitter waters at the same time.' I knew what it meant when I began to go so far away from Christ. I would try so hard to live more closely, but how could I?

"Well, too, I remember, not so many months distant, thirteen nights and afternoons and dinner engagements ahead, all for cards. Wednesday night would come with the prayer meeting and the card party; then whist and luncheon. Saturday night a card club and dinner, and I would come home so tired at midnight as to be completely worn out with the work of revelling in a scientific and aristocratic way of gambling. I just could not go to the house of my Lord the next morning and commune with my Saviour. I was so heart-sore that I would not throw what little energy I had left into my God's face and claim Him my Debtor. So we go on until cards completely dwarf all religion in our souls."

MISTAKE MAKES FASHION.

The wife of an American millionaire has purchased many expensive leather belts, each made by master workmen and most of them gilded richly. The buckles are solid gold.

Here is a little secret about a fashion tip which this wealthy Western beauty was believed to have given to her friends. The maid charged with the duty of dressing the lady by mistake fitted her with one of these belts with the buckle in the back. Her mis-

tress got a glimpse of it in a cheval glass before the maid detected the error. Instead of becoming angry, the mistress was delighted, for she noticed that the larger buckle in front gave a more graceful slope to the waist-line. She refused to let the maid remedy the mistake, and she has worn all her belts that way ever since.

"What a happy idea!" exclaimed several of the women who saw her, and straightway followed her example. So wearing fancy belts with the smaller buckle behind has become the fashion with many in the "smart set."

SOME FACTS.

Celery originated in Germany.
The chestnut came from Italy.
The onion originated in Egypt.
Tobacco is a native of Virginia.
The nettle is a native of Europe.
The citron is a native of Greece.
The pine is a native of America.
The poppy originated in the East.
Rye came originally from Siberia.
Oats originated in North Africa.
Parsley was first known in Sardinia.
The pear and apple are from Europe.
Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia.

The population of London is greater than that of the entire kingdoms of Greece and Denmark combined.

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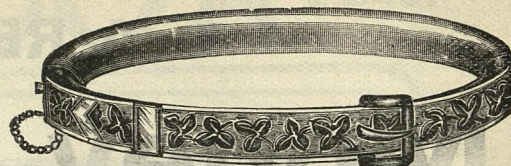
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TUSSORE SILKS,

23in. wide 1/3 yard.

27IN. TUSSORE SILKS,

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