

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. 40.

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1907

Price One Penny

❀❀❀ The Eternal, Unheeded Voice ❀❀❀

At an important station in New York City's underground railway there echoes constantly a dull, monotonous sound. This sound impressed itself on the mind of the artist, who handed a picture to the editor, saying: "Can you write an editorial about this?"

You see the picture here and perhaps you will read the editorial. The man in the underground railway holds a megaphone to his mouth, and all day long, as the crowds rush to the trains, pushing, jostling, struggling to achieve our great world's problem, **Movement**—he shouts his warning: "Watch your step!"

In the underground the trains and platforms are often separated by a considerable space; occasionally a passenger puts his foot in and is ground to death.

For that reason the megaphone man stands shouting his ceaseless warning.

This man in the New York Subway is a feeble imitation of the old man **Experience**, who, for centuries, day and night, has stood shouting to humanity the same thing—"Watch Your Step!"

But in the Subway station there are victims in spite of all warnings. And so it is among human beings. Our lives, graveyards, gambling houses, morgues, potter's fields, and insane asylums are filled with the human beings that have disregarded "Watch your step!"—the cry of old Experience.

The road of life on which we must all walk whether we will or no is full of crevices, chasms and dangerous spots. From the bottom of every hole we hear voices of warning.

At every dangerous spot there is the cry of experience—the voice of the man who has fallen in and climbed out again—telling us to be careful.

How many men can say that they ever actually learned **Anything** from the experience of others? A man may obey a com-

mand; he may live according to a wise habit contracted in early life. For that reason good habits are of the greatest value to human beings. But, how many have stopped, or gone back, or stepped to one side because some one cried, "I tried that and it cost me dear?"

Our recklessness, our refusal to listen to others and learn from them, is partly due

you reach my age you will bitterly regret what you are doing now. And when I tell you, as I do, where this path will lead you, you will wonder later in life that you ever took it—that you did not listen. And then you in turn will warn young men, and they will refuse to listen to you."

So it goes with all of us, the young refusing to listen and the old almost des-



to the conditions of change under which we live.

We have changed reverence for the old into contempt for old ideas. Whatever has been done in one way we want to do in another. This is good as regards machinery, it is good in industry, in chemistry, but it is not good in human life, morals, and conduct.

An old man sees a young man enter on a foolish path. He knows by his own experience just what that young man is going through. He says to him, truly, "When

pairing of any results as they give the advice or tell what experience has taught them.

It is a condition not creditable to human intelligence. The stupidity of animals—the dog chasing his tail, the sheep jumping over a precipice to follow a leader—need not surprise us, for animals cannot talk to each other.

Men can talk, and this power to talk is the very greatest intellectual possession of our race. Through speech we are able to give to those younger the information we have acquired. And by written speech we

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are able to get all the thought and all the knowledge of all the thousands of millions that have lived behind us.

Real intelligent life was impossible until speech came on earth, and yet how little the power of speech is used. How thoroughly we prove our primitive condition, the babyhood of our race, by the fact that although we are able to speak we will not learn from one another.

Old men regret bitterly that they did not study enough, use their minds enough when the mind was elastic. These old, disappointed men could better infinitely the lives and the happiness of hundreds of thousands of others younger if only their voices were heard.

Older women, who realise the foolishness, futility and disappointment in the mistaken aims and vanity of young girls, talk too often entirely in vain. How much they could do for the happiness of families and of mothers in the future if they could, of their own experience, convince young girls and young women that only a few good things are important in life!

Young boys and girls, and young men and women, should remember that while it is usual to ignore the advice and experience of others, it is not intelligent to do so. Men and women who have succeeded in this world have been those that knew how to learn from others. We absorb knowledge from our fellow beings, just as plants absorb knowledge from the earth.

We come into the world with a mind like a vacant sheet of paper, and all that we add to it we get from those about us, or from things taken in from books.

The process of getting knowledge through experience and advice is the important thing in all of our lives.

Young men, you see the people in this picture walking along paying no attention to the voice that is aimed at them. Try for your own sakes to be different from that. Let others, if they must, ignore the voice of age and the teachings of experience, but you get what you can from both.

And when you are finding out from successful men and women the causes of their success, remember that the things that they have not done are at least as important as the things that they have done.

How to spend time is one thing to know. How to protect your vitality by temperance, is another thing to know. How to read with intelligence so that you may build up a foundation of knowledge, and not gather together scattered, disconnected parts, is another thing to know.

How to make friends and to keep them, and what kind of friends to make, is another thing to know. It isn't the money a man has that makes him happy—although poverty, of course, is deplorable, as it is slavery.

It isn't millions of dollars that really give a man satisfaction in this life. To be respected, to have a mind well equipped, to know what the world is doing, having an intelligent, comprehensive interest in the great events, those are some of the things worth while.

And best worth while of all is the respect of other men, and especially the gratitude of other men, if you can earn it by unselfish work.

Let experience teach you. Listen to those that are old and respected to-day.

Listen to those that died long ago, whose voices are heard in their books, and in the stories of their lives.

Develop in your minds the faculty lacking to so many of us, that of abstracting knowledge and happiness in life from the experience and the mistakes of others.

THE GREAT VICTORY IN OKLAHOMA.

PROHIBITION BY THE VOTE OF THE PEOPLE.

While the liquor men of America are greatly alarmed at the strides Prohibition and Local Option is making, the Temperance forces are equally elated and pressing on in every direction for fresh victories. The latest is the news of the great victory in Oklahoma by which the people by a popular vote have carried the new State for entire Prohibition. The "Chicago Herald," of August 6th, 1907, says:—"During the past six months the legislatures of thirty-two States have been in session. No less than 1,159 Bills have been introduced detrimental to the liquor traffic. Of these 125 have so far become law." In Delaware it has been decided to take a vote on "License" and "No License" in November next, while West Virginia has also determined to take a vote of the people on the question of Prohibition "at an early date." In both States the friends of Temperance are sanguine of securing a majority. Our American comrades, however, do not wholly depend upon legislation any more than we do. Temperance sentiment has to be created by making total abstinents and Prohibitionists of the rising generation. Thus the drink is attacked as well as the drink traffic. The scientific Temperance teaching in all the public schools is having most beneficial results. The great colleges of the States are also coming into line on this issue, and the scholastic Prohibition movement, with 48,000 paying students in 125 of the chief colleges, shows that serious efforts are being put forth in training the future voters and legislators on right lines. The wonderful movement among the Friendly Societies has now reached great proportions, for no less than 65 of these great fraternal bodies, with a membership of nearly seven millions, bar liquor men from joining. "The Chicago Record Herald," of August 8th, 1907, in a special leading article on "Friendly Societies and Liquor Men," says:—"Liquor dealers are undesirable citizens from the viewpoint of fraternal societies. . . . Scores of Labour organisations have also taken action on the same lines, by practically expelling craftsmen who abandon their former vocations to embark in the liquor traffic." With such agitation and education there is no wonder at the legislation secured and the victories achieved.

OKLAHOMA.

The new State of Oklahoma, the forty-sixth of the Union, is part of the Western Division of the Southern States, which consists of the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas, and the Indian Territory and the Oklahoma Territory, which territories now form the new State. The whole of this great territory was originally part of Louisiana, which was purchased from France in 1803 for 15,000,000 dollars. After the State of Missouri and parts of other states had been taken from it, the unoccupied portion of the Indian territory was opened for settlement in 1889, and in 1890 was organised as the territory of Oklahoma. This name is a Chickasaw word meaning "beautiful country," and there is no doubt the name has been well chosen, for Oklahoma is a beautiful country, and free from the drink traffic, the character of its people will be in keeping with the country because of their sobriety. Oklahoma has had a legislature for several years for matters of purely local concern, subject, however, to the control of Congress. The growth of population created a demand for greater powers of self-government, and to this end the Congress was asked to form the two territories into one State with all the rights and freedom given to the other States of the Union. The State-

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hood Bill was introduced into the Senate during the session of 1904, and by a majority of 35-52 to 17—the Statehood Bill was adopted with a clause prohibiting the manufacture or sale of any intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes in the new State. The Bill, however, did not pass the House of Representatives, and was dropped. In 1906 the Bill was again introduced, and eventually became law, with a clause prohibiting the liquor traffic for 21 years, and until repealed by a vote of the people in that part of the new State covered by the Indian Territory. For Oklahoma territory it was decided that the people should settle the matter for themselves. The issue was a plain one, and thoroughly understood by all. The question was: "Are you in favour of the new State being admitted to the Union as a Prohibition State for 21 years, and so long after until repealed by a majority vote of the people?" That was the issue, and there is no mistaking the verdict.

GUY HAYLER.

"HAIRBREADTH 'SCAPES."

Railway annals contain many records of hair-breadth escapes, one of the most wonderful being that of the gentleman who, in the early days of corridor trains, stepped out on the wrong side of a Great Western Express running at sixty miles an hour, and alighted on the permanent way without receiving a scratch.

Almost more marvellous than this was the case of two men who, while crossing the line at Round Oak station, a little over four years ago, were run over by an engine and van. The engine was fitted with a water-scoop, which left less than a foot of space between it and the ground, and yet the two men were practically unhurt, and travelled by the train for which they had booked, the whole incidents of their arrival at the station, hairbreadth escape, and departure by train being crowded into the space of a few minutes.

The Gospel of Saving

"To speak no slander; no, nor listen to it!"

Mrs. Russell Sage is the widow of one of the richest men in America. What sort of an impression do those words convey to you? You can imagine a stately, distingue woman entertaining her guests in a palatial mansion, or watching horse-races from her motor-car.

Or you think of a sweet, white-haired old lady, with a benevolent smile, distributing prizes at some institution she has founded, or discussing with her secretary some new philanthropic scheme.

Or possibly you conjure up a mental image of a podgy, ruddy-faced woman, flashing with jewels, seated in her box at the theatre, applauding vociferously, or talking of her millions with a horrible nasal twang. That is a rather too popular conception of the American millionairess.

But Mrs. Russell Sage is none of these things.

She is just a quiet, demure, faded little old woman, dressed in the quietest possible way. She doesn't care the proverbial brass button for money, or for many of the things that money will buy.

When her husband died he left her with nearly two millions of money, and she simply doesn't want it—doesn't know what to do with it.

She could live quite comfortably and happily on a couple of hundred a year. Her wants are few, her tastes simple. She has not the faintest wish to make a "splash," or anything of that sort.

You see, she has always lived quietly—ever since her marriage, at any rate.

Russell Sage was one of those men who make their "pile" less by brilliant strokes and mighty schemes than by steady and consistent saving and economising.

He started business life at the age of twelve as an errand-boy in his brother's grocery shop. His wages were far from high, but he contrived to save a great part of them. By the time he was twenty-one he had scraped together £200, and with this he went into partnership with another brother, also in the grocery business.

And Russell Sage kept on saving.

Presently he bought the brother out and ran the business "on his own." The trade increased by leaps and bounds; from a retail business it became a wholesale one, with marked success.

And Russell Sage kept on saving.

At last he decided that the profits in the grocery line were not high enough. He sold the business, and with the capital he had amassed—some £15,000—took up money-lending on a large scale, his clients being principally stock brokers and large investors.

And Russell Sage kept on saving.

Economy Extraordinary.

He scarcely spent a penny on anything he could possibly do without. He never drank intoxicants, nor smoked. He never went to theatres, concerts, or anything of that kind. Nor did he ever entertain friends if he could help it, and is never known to have accepted an invitation out to dinner except of a business nature.

An interviewer once asked him if he never indulged in any pleasures.

"Pleasures?" said Sage. "I have but one pleasure, and that is to make money. The pleasure lies in the making, the deal, the risk, and then the delight of winning. And then—well, I put the money in the bank and look forward to the next deal."

His craze for economy was a standing joke in New York, and heaps of stories are told about his eccentric ways.

A well-known English author describes his first meeting with the financier.

He was strolling through New York with an American friend, when they came face to face with "a shabby, down-at-heel old man, with a thin, wizened face, and bright, restless eyes."

"His overcoat was shoddy, and absolutely rusty with age. His old felt hat was dirty and weather-beaten, his trousers baggy and frayed, and his shoes had not been blacked for weeks."

"When my friend introduced him as the famous Russell Sage you could have knocked me down with a feather."

As a matter of fact, Russell Sage invariably bought ready-made clothes of the kind we over here can get for 30s, and never indulged in more than three suits in a year.

A Twopenny Cheque.

A favourite story about him is the following:

He was in the habit of buying an apple every morning on his way to the office, for which he paid three cents (1½d). One day the fruiterer informed him that the price of apples had risen, and one such as he was in the habit of buying would cost six cents.

"Very well," said the man of millions: "in that case I'll take a smaller apple."

The following anecdote, too, is often told in the States:

There was a theatrical company in New York whose piece was going rather badly. So they resorted to a new advertising dodge to wake things up. They sent circulars to all the well-to-do people in New York, enclosing a cheque for twopenny, and a letter couched somewhat in these terms:

"Assuming your income to be £3000 a year, and that you appreciate the fact that time is money, we enclose a cheque for twopenny to recompense you for the time you will spend reading the enclosed brief and honest statement of the novel and applause-winning features of our new musical farce."

They hoped, of course, that the readers of this ingenious epistle would be interested and would buy tickets for the play.

Saving the Candle.

Going to the theatre wasn't in Russell Sage's line. He didn't buy any tickets.

But he cashed the cheque. He took it round to the bank himself, and rubbing his hands gleefully, said to the cashier:

"It's like picking up money in the street."

They say he was the only man who cashed one of those cheques.

But an even better story is the following:

A man called to see Mr. Sage on business at his private house one evening.

He found the millionaire sitting thinking in the dark, but a candle was promptly lighted as the visitor entered.

When the nature of the business was explained, Russell Sage asked:

"You've nothing to show me—nothing you want me to read?"

"Oh, no!" was the reply. "I just want to talk it over with you, if you don't mind."

"In that case," said the financier, "we needn't waste the light. We can talk very well in the dark."

And he blew out the candle!

"Holidays are a Nuisance."

"Uncle" Russell—this was his nickname among his business friends—did not believe in holidays, considering them a waste of time. He never took a vacation himself—except on one occasion when he was too ill to leave his room—and strongly objected to giving his employees any time off.

"What right," he used to say, "has a clerk to demand or expect pay for two weeks' time for which he renders no equivalent, not considering the serious inconvenience to which he often puts his employer? Holidays are a nuisance!"

It is understood that the majority of young people, at any rate in America, did not agree with his views on the subject, and that "Uncle" Russell was not very popular among them.

Even when he was a full-blown millionaire Mr. Sage did not launch out into any extravagances, or anything of that sort. He lived more quietly, more frugally, than many of his clerks.

His house was as far in the country as was convenient. He couldn't live very far from New York, because he invariably went to his office early, and returned late. But he appreciated the joys of a country life, and was particularly fond of discoursing on the state of the weather and the crops.

His one little extravagance was ponies. He had lived on a farm in his early youth, and loved horse-flesh almost as well as he loved money.

He used to go in for breeding splendid colts, and breaking them into harness was his principal amusement, apart from his business.

"Uncle" Russell's Pets.

He was fond of animals in a general sort of way. He had two Maltese cats, Malta and Malieta, to which he was devotedly attached. They lived according to the same methodical rules as their master. They rose punctually at seven o'clock in the morning, and breakfasted with him in the most domesticated way.

Regularly as clockwork they saw him off to business from the front steps, and met him there in the evening when he returned. After dinner, when Mr. and Mrs. Sage sat by the fire reading, the cats would perch on the mantelpiece, one on either side of the clock, and sit there purring quietly, so as not to disturb "Uncle" Russell's train of thought.

Precisely at ten o'clock Mr. Sage, Mrs. Sage, Malta and Malieta rose with one accord and went to bed.

Mrs. Sage also had two favourite parrots, Polly Gray and Polly Green, and would sit and listen to their chatter for hours.

How He Left His Money.

When Russell Sage died everybody began to ask, "What has he left to charity?"

The rich man in America is practically obliged to hand over large amounts for philanthropic purposes. "Uncle" Russell had never done so in his lifetime, and everybody wanted to know if he had done it in his will.

Not he! With the exception of some trifling bequests to distant relatives, he had left every penny to his wife.

Now it was known that Mrs. Sage was a kind-hearted sort of woman. She had never had much money to do what she liked with, but she had contrived to make little donations to various charities, and sent a sovereign every summer to each of the men employed in the Central Park as a reward for their kind treatment of the birds and squirrels there.

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So she was simply inundated with begging letters. And people waited around her house all day to get a chance to pour their tales of woe into her ear.

At first she tried to attend to these things herself. She opened the begging letters and sent cheques right and left. But, of course, she had had no experience, and soon found that she was simply giving money to utter imposters.

When she found how she was being imposed upon, she decided to hand over the distribution of her wealth into more capable hands. She engaged a secretary who was experienced in that sort of thing, and after that nothing was given away without strict investigation of the circumstances.

For herself she wants little more than enough to keep body and soul together. She spends practically all her time sitting on a bench in Central Park, New York, making friends with the squirrels that run wild there. And if she can entice a wild little squirrel to take crumbs from her hand, her happiness is complete.—"Home Chat."

CHILDREN IN PUBLIC-HOUSES.

CROWDS OF WOMEN DRINKERS.

An appalling report has been issued by the British Home Office on the immense number of women and children who frequent public-houses. Prompted by certain articles in "The Tribune," the Home Secretary addressed inquiries to the police authorities in London, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Leeds and Sheffield. The figures presented have not been prepared on any uniform principle. That is to say, in one city they may represent the extent of the practice in a number of licensed premises known to be most frequented by women and children, while in another city various classes of public-houses may have been taken, including some houses not likely—by reason of their situation, the class of customers or some other circumstance—to be much frequented by women and children. In Bristol, for instance, the table below shows 2441 children for 472 houses, but 15 of these houses alone account for 1542 of

these children. The figures are thus summarised:—

Place.	Number of houses observed.	Period of observation.		Number of women and children entering	
		Days.	Average hours per day.	Women.	Children.
Birmingham ...	10	16	7.62	—*	2,949
Bristol ...	472	14	8.57	—*	2,441
Liverpool ...	9	8.55	3.28	7,800	316
London ...	23	4	12.94	39,541	10,746
Manchester ...	24	12	8	—*	8,973
Sheffield ...	6	14	7.85	1,054	1,181

In London 1164 children in arms were counted, and generally three-fourths of the children were under five or six years. In one single London house 4215 women and 1453 children, and in one Birmingham house 2873 women, were seen to enter. The chief constables of the various provincial cities uniformly speak of the inevitably injurious effect on the children, especially when, as commonly, they are allowed to take sips of the intoxicating drink. A few large Manchester brewery firms instruct the licensees to discourage—and in a few instances to refuse to serve—women accompanied by children. As the figures indicate, in many Liverpool houses there are notices forbidding the presence of children in arms. Sometimes in cases of this kind, the women leave the children outside on the pavement and go in to drink. Or two women take it in turns to look after both their families outside while one goes in to drink.

* No special enumeration of women in these cases, though in Birmingham 2873 women were observed to go into one house.

NEWSPAPER TWELVE CENTURIES OLD.

The "Peking Gazette," the publication of which, according to a recent telegram, has been suspended, is a very venerable patriarch among newspapers, since it is said to have made its first appearance something like 1000 years ago; but it is not, as is often stated, the oldest journal in the world.

This distinction belongs to the "Tsing-Pao" (or "Peking News"), which was founded nearly twelve centuries ago and was venerable when its younger rival, the "Gazette," was cradled. Indeed, M. Huart, French Consul at Canton, claims a still earlier birth for the "News," which, he says, was founded early in the sixth century, 800 years before a newspaper was known in Europe. The "Tsing-Pao," which is the "Times" of China, now appears as a book of twenty-four pages, octavo size, tied in a yellow cover by two knots of rice-paper, and its price is about twenty cents a month. This is the "edition de luxe," officially recognised by the Emperor; there is also a popular edition.

Humbling Her Pride.

A well-known Scottish minister had a wife who was very fond of dress. Not only that, but she annoyed her husband by coming into church late, so that the congregation might admire her fine clothes.

In showing her husband a new bonnet, more elaborate than ever, he was much annoyed by her extravagance and pride, and warned her not to be late on the following Sunday.

Sunday came, and the minister was reading the Psalm, when his wife appeared in the doorway.

To the amazement of the congregation, and the horror of his wife, he paused in his reading and said in a loud voice:

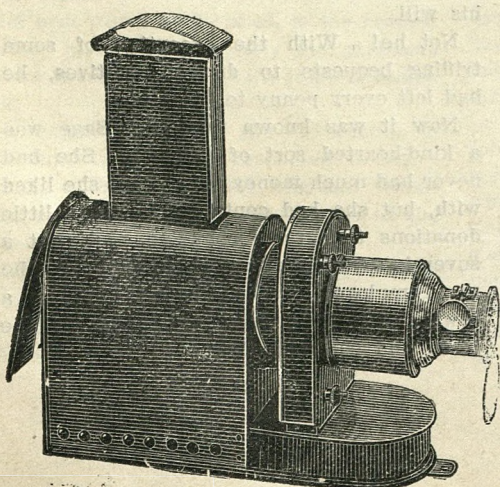
"Here comes Mrs. S— wi' the half o' ma steepend (stipend) on her heid."

Not in Church.

A well-known vicar gives a curious experience, which is worth relating. It was his custom to point his sermon with either, "Dearly beloved brethren," or, "Now, my brothers," until one day a lady member of the congregation took exception to this and asked him why he always preached to the gentlemen and never to the ladies.

"My dear lady," said the beaming vicar, "one embraces the other."

"But not in the church," was the reply of the astonished lady.



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NEGRO'S MAD RIDE.

EXCITING ADVENTURE ON THE FOOTBOARD OF AN EXPRESS.

Passengers by the Liverpool to Manchester express had an exciting experience one Saturday night last month.

While the train was travelling at nearly sixty miles an hour through Newton-le-Wilows a young negro sailor opened the door of one of the compartments and walked along the footboard. He returned safely, and endeavoured to persuade a fellow-passenger named Gray, who was the one other occupant of the compartment, to make the attempt.

Gray, not unnaturally, declined, whereupon the negro said he would show him how they travelled in America. He tried to drag him out of the door, but Gray managed to pull the communication cord.

When the train had stopped the guard found Gray in an exhausted condition and the negro trying to force him out of the open door.

After separating the men the guard locked the negro in a compartment by himself. By reaching the communication cord, however, the sailor automatically put on the brake and prevented the train from being started.

Next the guard enlisted the services of three other passengers to keep the negro under control, but after the train had proceeded a little further on its way it was again stopped.

Finally the guard and the three passengers were compelled to throw the negro on the carriage seat and sit upon him. In this way Eccles station was reached, when the turbulent black was given into the custody of the police.

UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH.

The most widely known and read liquor paper in the U.S.A. is doubtless the "Bar and Buffet." In a leading article, August 16th, 1907, under the astonishing heading, "What Must We Do to be Saved?" it says: "Georgia has gone dry. Another great State has placed the ban upon the liquor traffic. Furthermore, those who profess to be able to read 'the handwriting on the wall' say that all the rest of the Southern States will follow suit. That is the condition that confronts us. There is no theory about it. It is an undeniable and concrete fact. The Prohibitionists are gaining ground steadily and rapidly. While our ranks are torn by internecine strife, while the straight whisky people and the rectifiers are fighting each other, while the wine men are pulling one way and the brewers another, the cohorts of total abstinence are marching steadily on. In their ranks there is unity, well-defined aim, singleness of purpose, enthusiasm, and they all work together. In our ranks there is none of these. Instead, all is confusion. We are not only doing nothing to oppose the enemy, but we are playing into their hand by fighting among ourselves. Every thinking man of the liquor interest knows that this is true. The picture is not overdrawn. Prohibition is no longer a remote possibility, but a menacing probability. The movement is gathering strength like a prairie fire, and spreading almost as fast and relentlessly. And it is our fault. We have been blind. We have refused to see. We would not understand. We would not believe. Now we have to. We cannot longer evade the issue. We have to look the facts in the face, and we have to do it now—at once."

The article then concludes with these very significant words: "The whole trouble lies in the retail end of the business. Cer-

tain customs, methods, usages and practices which obtain among the wholesalers, brewers, and distillers, and which we hear so loudly criticised, and as nothing when compared with the disreputable saloon. It is the dive—the dogger—that is poisoning the business—the saloon with the sitting-room attached, the saloon where liquor is sold to minors, the saloon that caters to thugs and thieves. It has got to go, and the liquor interest must speed its going, or in the end go down with it. There is no alternative. There must be no temporising or delay. We either cast it overboard, and save ourselves, or we all go down together; which is it going to be?"

A WORD TO PARENTS.

A few of the many things that are productive of evil results in child-training are: Talking of a child's faults in his presence; speaking to him in a loud, harsh, or sarcastic tone of voice; punishing him while in a passion of temper; forcing obedience; the use of too great a variety of toys at one time; unduly praising him for a duty performed; presenting him to friends to recite or to render some act that will too early make him self-conscious; constantly threatening him with a report to his father of his bad behaviour during the day; conflicting parental authority; hearing adults indulging in adverse criticism of friends; scolding, nagging, and arguing with the child; the lack of courtesy in the family circle; the failure to remember that the child readily imitates that which is strongest in his environment, and the neglect of the sympathetic talk at night, when the day's failures and successes should be discussed and the child put to bed with a loving good-night kiss.

"POISON SQUAD" REVOLTS.

Dr. Harvey Wiley, head of the New York chemistry experimental bureau, who wishes to prove that he is correct in attributing the gastric troubles of the average American to the soda water fountain habit, is threatened with a strike by his "poison squad."

Twenty young men have been engaged during the last two months under the auspices of the Department of Agriculture, drinking chocolate cream sodas and acid phosphates, and now they have had enough of it.

Dr. Wiley had no difficulty in persuading 50 sociological enthusiasts to drink salicylic acid to demonstrate to the world that this much-used preservative is a poison, and another "squad" engaged to drink alcohol for the same purpose underwent the tests with the greatest enthusiasm.

The present "squad," however, describe soda water drinking as "the limit."

ECHO OF FAMOUS GAMBLE.

Mr. Thomas Riley, a Nottingham druggist, who died last month at the age of eighty-four, was associated with one of the most remarkable events of Nottingham history.

When the rebels, at the time of the Bread Riots, were marching about the city he tossed the coin which decided whether the parish church or Nottingham Castle should be burnt.

The rioters could not trust any of themselves to spin the coin fairly, so forced Riley, then a boy in the crowd, to toss. The result was in favour of burning the castle, and the castle was accordingly destroyed, one of the rioters being burnt in it. Six men concerned in the affair were afterwards tried at Leicester and hanged.

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- Modern labor-saving machinery.
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A PARABLE OF THE INEBRIATE RETREAT.

On the main street of a certain city a citizen tied a mad dog with a long tether. As the people passed, many were bitten, and soon showed signs of hydrophobia. Then the citizens said: "We must found a hospital, and fit it with the most improved apparatus for the cure of hydrophobia." While it was building, a plain man said: "Why build the hospital? Better kill the dog!" "Kill the dog!" exclaimed one of the wise men, "don't you know, sir, that that man pays well to keep that dog there?" The dog is the liquor traffic.

While this is a good argument for killing the liquor traffic, it is no argument against having as a temporary expedient a place where the unfortunate victim can be treated and assisted to recover from the disastrous liquor habit. It would be a reasonable thing for the liquor trade to provide such a place.

TO STOP BOY SMOKERS.

Mr. Herbert Samuel, Under-Secretary for the Home Department, received at the Home Office the other day a deputation from the National Hygienic League, of which Admiral Lord Charles Beresford is president.

It was urged that legislation should be initiated in the next Session of Parliament on the lines of the League's Bill, which concerns juvenile smoking.

Mr. Herbert Samuel expressed great sympathy, but could not pledge the Government as a whole to immediate legislation. However, he had every hope that their wishes would be met in the ensuing Session.

WHY WORRY ABOUT YOUR INSURANCES?

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

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

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(Established 1886)

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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 26, 1907.

A NEW YEAR'S REVERIE.

The night of New Year's Eve had come, and I stood under the stars in a garden brimmed with white moonlight, and set around with trees. In the garden all was still, and the sky was clear overhead, but low down on the horizon Night was plying her spindle, weaving floating and fleecy cloud-flax into the dark fabric of cloud-curtains, to be drawn ere long around the sleeping place of the moon. As a veil of fine lawn might cover a girl's face, so suddenly a wisp of white cloud-wrack drifted across the moon. I say "across the moon," but so undimmed was her splendour that one might have supposed the veil had been draped about her face instead of drawn across it.

As metal is cut by a die, as flesh is cut by a knife, so the moving mist seemed to be cut through on meeting the moon's edge. And so sharp was the severance, that when the cloud-wrack which aureoled the moon was suddenly stained luminous cinnamon—as a cloth is stained amber or topaz by spilt wine, as the clothing of a duellist is stained crimson by a wound—it seemed to me that the white cloud-wrack was stained with the ebbing of its own blood.

Suddenly, faint and far, wind-borne upon the breeze, came the first chime of a church bell striking the hour. The old year was irrevocably gone—a year of sin and shame and cowardice, of mean aims, mean acts, mean defeats and meaner triumphs.

Looking back upon the track I had trodden, it seemed to me like some slimy serpent-trail upon the face of God's fair world. I could not bear to think of it; and as an archer wings a shaft into the blue, so I strove to wing my thoughts, arrow-wise, into the unstained future.

I looked upon that future as a traveller standing upon a hill looks at dawn upon a far stretch of unknown country.

As to-morrow, and the days of the week which lie before us, differ not greatly from yesterday and the days of the week that have just gone, so, to the traveller, the face of the landscape before him—fields and lanes and highways, with here and there a common, and here and there a church—is not unlike the face of the landscape through which he has just passed.

In the immediate future there is no menace of that Unknown which is always the dreaded.

But beyond this near stretch of country the traveller realizes that—hidden in mists he cannot pierce—lies a strange and unknown land.

And looking into the year that lay before me, I fancied that—glittering above the smoking plain—I caught a glimpse of the towers and pinnacles of a great city. The next moment, towers and pinnacles were gone, and I saw only a desolate land of dark, the shadows of bare rock and brooding mountain, and, beyond the mist, the utter loneliness of the sea.

"The coming year! O God!" I cried, "what holds it for me of good or evil? Shall my feet indeed tread the streets of some city of light which I have seen mirrored only in my dreams? or shall they lead me to the sullen shore of Death's inexorable sea?"

But on the night there came no answer save the answer of my own soul:—

"To all men, even to the impure, God grants the gift of memory. But the memory of the impure is like an opaque-backed mirror hung on a wall. It shows only what lies behind. But sometimes, to those who are crystal-pure of heart, God gives, in place of memory's mirror, a magic glass, as crystal-pure even as their hearts—a glass in which may be seen, not only the mirrored picture of what lies behind, but also of what lies before. These are they whom men call poets and prophets, and of all men they most resemble God, inasmuch as in a measure they share the power to foresee what is to come, as well as to remember what is past. These are the pure in heart, and thou art not as they. Therefore, to look into the future is denied thee. Look back upon thy past thou mayest, for the past lies hidden in thine own thoughts. But the future lies hidden in the thoughts of God, and into the thoughts of God the impure heart may never see."

COULSON KERNAHAN.

THE CLERGY AND THE FOOD AND MEDICINE FRAUDS.

A few years ago the Birth-rate Commission revealed an appalling state of things, and the papers gave considerable space to the discussion of what was termed a "malignant growth." What was needed was a strong, well organized and courageous effort to educate the people of the State. No such effort was made, and the result is that to-day there is sad and unmistakable evidence that things are worse now than they were five years ago. The clergy and teachers of the people are once more under an obligation to organize a crusade against evils that threaten us. The text book for this crusade has been made available by the Federal Parliament. The Report of the Royal Commission on "Secret Drugs, Cures and Foods" can now be purchased, and every clergyman and teacher should immediately possess a copy. The report contains an immense amount of information, and is full of the most startling and revolting revelations. The press generally cannot draw attention to the evils, nor dare they denounce them, since their columns are full of advertisements that are frauds and worse. It is left to the clergy to take the matter up—the Commissioner has done his duty, the missionaries must now do theirs. We shall be glad to obtain copies of the report for any who may wish to discharge their most solemn obligations to their people, and educate them on the evils that reign, and those that threaten.

THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE.

The Liquor Trade of New South Wales has long posed as the friend of the people. The nasty knock the publicans received at the recent elections has roused the latter to respond to an honest blow with a very cunning hit below the belt. No sooner have the Reduction Courts met to give effect to the will of the people than the highly-paid lawyers of Beerdom block progress by means of technicalities. There can be no question as to the intention of Parliament in legalising the Local Option Bill, or as to that of the people last polling day. Yet no stone is being left unturned by the liquor party to render the Act ineffective. It is monstrous that the brewers and publicans should have either the power or opportunity to further delay the work of the courts, but it is fortunate that the Government has been enabled on the eve of recess to introduce a Validating Bill into Parliament. Is it strange that the Labour Party is obstructing the passage of the Bill? That party is supposed to accept the principle of the Referendum. The people have been appealed to, and have decided for Reduction. Nevertheless the Labour Members are blocking a Bill which has for its object the removal of obstacles in the way of giving effect to the expressed will of the people. The fact, we fear, is that Labour has tied itself to Liquor. Despite the tricks of "the trade," Premier Wade is more than a match for the combine, and there is every likelihood of the Bill of Declaration becoming law. The country will speak with greater emphasis when the time arrives, because of the despicable tactics of Bung and Co.

A Diabolical Patent Medicine Story

HOW TESTIMONIALS ARE OBTAINED.

Not long ago a man was engaged by a certain "patent medicine" concern to advertise its concoctions. After looking into statistics he made up his mind to one fact: that even if all the people in the country actually suffering from the disease which the medicine was supposed to cure bought the preparation, the receipts would not be enough to pay the advertising bills of the concern, let alone the expenses. So, to use his own words, this man adopted the following diabolical plan:—

CREATING "HYPOS."

"I set out in my advertising to create 'hypos,' and if it was not for the 'hypos' we couldn't do business. What are 'hypos'? Why, hypocondriacs, I mean; people who have melancholia, the blues, feel depressed, you know, but who in reality have nothing the matter with them. There are thousands and thousands of them already, but my trick was to make thousands more 'hypos.' How? Why, by making as many people as possible who really haven't got anything the matter with them think that they are suffering from diseases which our medicines are said to cure. See?"

"How is it done?"

"Why, this way—take your own case as an example: Suppose this morning you pick up your newspaper and read an advertisement with the heading 'Dangerous Symptoms,' in big black type. 'Do you ever have a headache?' the advertisement asks, and it goes on: 'That is Nature's warning of the near approach of nervous exhaustion. Use before it is too late. So much a bottle at all chemists.' Perhaps you happen to have a headache. At any rate, it is certain you have had one. But, even so, the advertisement doesn't make any impression on you. Next morning you pick your paper up again. For the second time the big black heading but this time it says: 'Don't neglect a pain in the back—take warning. You are facing the horrors of nervous exhaustion.' You get a headache or backache, or one of the little aches or pains which everybody occasionally feels, and you get a bottle of the patent medicine. Sooner or later this kind of advertising is bound to fetch a large proportion of people, especially women, because they are more imaginative than men. The 'hypo' is created. When the imaginary trouble has gone they swear by the medicine, and return to it every time they have an ache or a pain."

THE TESTIMONIALS.

"Yet," says some sceptical person, "how is it possible for these concerns to get those strong stories of cures and recommendations by well-known people, which we see in newspapers?" The question is a natural one. What is done by one patent medicine vendor may not be true of another, but the following facts are at least significant:—

The "Ladies' Home Journal" printed a testimonial of a lady, dated June 27th, 1905, and in the opposite column printed a photo of her grave in Pine Grove Cemetery, showing she died May 17th, 1883, or 22 years before. The same paper also printed a letter from Congressman White, of North Carolina, absolutely denying that he ever used the medicine referred to, or wrote any testimonial. One advertiser confessed his scale was as follows:—"Ten dollars for an ordinary politician; for the head of a department in the City Hall I'll pay 15 dol-

lars; the Chief of Police, 25 dollars. If you can get a Mayor it is worth 50 dollars." This was paid for a letter and a photograph. The writers were not asked to use the remedy, or test it in any way, and, in addition to the cash payment, it was usual to write them up in the paper in flattering terms. The class that can usually be obtained for such purposes would be politicians, and broken-down actors or athletes.

NOT ALL BAD.

But surely all "patent medicines" are not bad? That is true. It would be foolish for anyone to make that statement. But the risk in trying to select the good from the bad is too great for anyone to take on their own responsibility, since the undeniable fact remains that such of the "patent medicines" as are of the slightest use are in the vast minority. The majority are unquestionably either harmless or harmful, and in the one case do no earthly good to their consumer, and in the other do absolute harm. There is only one rule with regard to "patent medicines" of all kinds, and that is to take or give none under any circumstances, except by the advice of a fully qualified medical man. Then and then only are you safe.

THE FOLLY OF SELF-DOCTORING.

There is no folly more likely to be followed by disastrous results than this passion for self-doctoring. Thinking it to be the cheapest way, and erroneously reasoning that what one person found or thought helpful is sure to help you, many thousands become a prey to the "patent medicine" people. Ignorant alike of the nature of the disease and the remedy, it is no wonder that self-doctoring proves unavailing. And when it takes the form of administering to children "secret drug cures," that in reality contain alcohol, opium, cocaine, or morphine, the effect may be death, or worse—a life ruined by a habit fostered by the hands of their own parents. There are those who think it clever to do without a doctor, and boast that they know as much as the man who has spent years in study, and yet they do not see that they are the dupes upon whom the world's greatest frauds are perpetrated.

There could be no greater evidence of imbecility than in a man taking something, the contents of which he does not know, for an ailment that he only suspects. We repeat again if it is harmless it is worthless, and if it is harmful it ought only to be taken under the directions of a responsible person.

The Clerk's Revenge.

A rather amusing episode took place in one of the parish churches in Lancashire a few years ago.

The minister was going through the service in the church one Sunday afternoon when the clerk ventured to ask him if he would kindly cut the sermon short, as he had got an invitation to tea at the house of a friend.

The minister, knowing he was very anxious to go, and having a grudge against him, preached for more than an hour.

By this time the old clerk was at boiling point, and anxious to give the preacher tit-for-tat. So he bawled out at the top of his voice:

"Psalm 119. Fro' eend t' eend; he's preached all day and we'll sing all neet,

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.

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FIRE OFFICE

Nearly 200 Years Old

INSURANCE BRANCH:

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

Morse successfully operated the first telegraph instrument in 1835, but did not demonstrate it to the world until 1842.

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 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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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

TALK ABOUT PEOPLE.

The Archbishop of Canterbury's Unique Distinction.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is one of the few men who have reached the Primacy without ever having held a benefice, his only experience of parish work being a brief spell as curate at Dartford. As he himself has said, he owes his career largely to a lucky friendship and marriage—friendship with Craufurd Tait, son of Queen Victoria's favourite Archbishop, and marriage with his friend's sister. He enjoys, too, the rare distinction of being Archbishop and knight, in connection with which fact the following story is told. Not long ago, when his Grace was opening a Chess Congress, he delighted his audience by saying that, although he could not claim to be a good player, he had had a great deal to do with kings and queens, had lived in two castles, and was the only man living who was both a bishop and a knight. That the Archbishop has a very pretty wit is also proved by another story. When he and a number of clergy were adjourning for luncheon after an ecclesiastical function, a canon remarked unctuously, "Now to put a bridle on our appetites." "Now," retorted his Grace, quick as lightning, "to put a bit between my teeth."

Modest French President.

It would be difficult to find a more modest man in high places than M. Fallieres, the French President, who in his exalted station never forgets, and, indeed, proudly proclaims, the lowliness of his origin. "You are asking me," he said, not long ago, to an interviewer, "to blow my own trumpet, and I cannot gratify you. I remember every hour of my life that my grandfather was a blacksmith, while my father was a registrar." Although he is the ruler of nearly forty millions of subjects, his heart still remains loyal to the primitive people and surroundings of his youth; and to them he loves to escape for three or four delightful months every year, to lead the life of a peasant, and to work with his humble employees in his vineyard at Loupillon. M. Fallieres is the despair of interviewers. "The only time I ever feel inclined to turn tail and run away," he says, "is when I see one of them coming. The other day I was accosted in the Rue de la Sante by a correspondent of an American newspaper. I couldn't decently escape, so I submitted to the infliction. He asked me two questions—if I wrote poetry, and what I thought of advertisement. I told him I had never written a line of poetry in my life, and that I didn't care a brass button for personal advertisement."

A WHITE MAN'S FAME.

Ignorance is the mother of superstition, and, not infrequently, of scepticism.

"Now I know that you are a liar," answered

the King of Siam to the English traveller who had told him that in England water became so hard that an elephant could stand on it. The king disbelieved because he knew nothing of ice.

Old Takki, a chief of one of the Solomon Islands, was once visited by several Englishmen. Among them was a doctor who had a complete set of false teeth, which came out and slipped in their places again at the most unexpected moments. Occasionally they would appear on his plate at dinner.

Old Takki and his men were gathered about the white men, when one of the Englishmen said:

"Doctor, take out your teeth and show them to the natives."

A tin cupful of water was handed him, and the doctor, assuming a fierce grin which awed the savages, gave his jaws a twist and out came his teeth, top and bottom, and dropped in the mug.

The islanders screamed with astonishment. The doctor had to stand with his mouth open, while they satisfied themselves that he was toothless.

"I am an old man," said Takki, much calmer than his people, "and I am thankful that I have lived to see this day!"

The fame of the doctor's exploit travelled through the islands, and for several years he was remembered as the white man who could ship and unship his teeth.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND FINGER-MARKS.

The rectory garden was raided the other night, and most of the ripe fruit carried away. The only clue left behind by the predator was a finger mark on a plum. The vicar photographed this and enlarged the picture, and then went to an individual whom he strongly suspected to be the culprit. "By the way, John," he said, "I have got most of my fruit stolen on Monday night." "Indeed, sir," said John, rather self-consciously. "Yes," continued the rector, looking straight at John, "and I am able to trace the culprit by means of this," and he produced a large photograph. John turned pale. "'Taint no use a-denyin' of it, sir, though I'm blessed if I know how you managed to get that photograph of the seat of my corduroys."

WHAT IS A BILLION?

A billion in Britain is a million times a million.

But no man is able to count it. You will count 160 or 170 a minute. But let us suppose that you go up as high as 200 a minute hour after hour. At that rate you would count 12,000 an hour, 288,000 a day, or 105,120,000 a year.

To count a billion would require a person

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.

to count 200 a minute for a period of 9512 years 342 days five hours and twenty minutes, providing he should count continuously. But suppose we allow the counter twelve hours daily for rest, eating, and sleeping; then he would need 19,025 years 319 days ten hours and forty minutes in which to complete the task!

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 SHELTON, Esq.;
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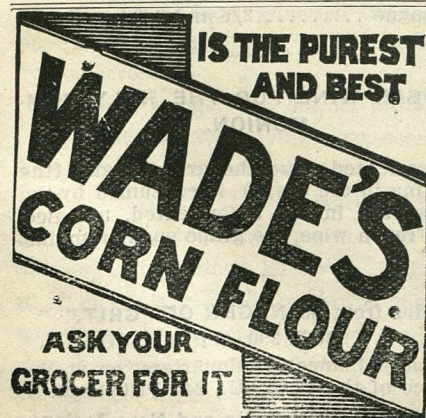
All Classes of Fire Insurance.

Country Agents Required.

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64 Pitt-street, Sydney.



From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(BY UNCLE BARNABAS).

361 GONE! 4 LEFT! | 1908

This long line stands for the 361 days that have gone since we were saying "I wish you a happy New Year." The clock has ticked 31,190,400 times since then. Most of us are remembering the things we have left undone that we ought to have done. That great and clever man, Charles Darwin, "never wasted a few spare minutes from thinking that it was not worth while to set to work." And Mr. Gladstone, too, used to write a postcard to somebody if he had five minutes to wait for a train. But I am afraid most of us have let a few million ticks of the clock beat out this record of our lives:—"He is doing no-thing partic-u-lar!" "She is doing no-thing worth speak-ing of!" There is a man in the Bible of whom it is said, "He left nothing undone." I wish that could be said of us. But there is the letter that we meant to write, still unwritten; there is the kind word we meant to speak, never spoken, the kind act we meant to do that has not been done yet. But see! there is a little way to go yet before this Old Year leaves us for ever. LOOK AT THAT LITTLE SPACE ON THE LINE! It stands for four days, and that equals 96 hours, 5760 minutes, or 351,600 seconds. Now there is time to do a lot of things in 351,600 ticks of the clock. Queen Elizabeth offered thousands of pounds for a moment of time. How much, I wonder, would she have given for these four days? WHAT CAN WE DO IN FOUR DAYS? In five seconds there is room to think a holy thought, to breathe a prayer, to trample on a temptation.

There is room in a minute to do a kind deed, and in half-a-minute to undo some mischief we have done.

In an hour we can get the letter written that ought to have been written months ago. In a day we can change our whole life, give up our bad habits, and indeed we can make this little space that is left of 1907 into the railway points that will alter the course of our life to all Eternity.

Will some of you try to make a sketch of the Railway of Life, showing the switch or points, and the pointsman waiting to send the train on to the right lines for 1908? If you will do this and send it to "Uncle B.," c/o "Grit," Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney, I shall be very pleased, and I will tell you in a future paper what I think of your work.

THINGS TO WORRY THE BRAIN OVER.

(1) Uncle B. can make at least six words (using all the letters each time) out of SLTNIE. How many can you make? No Proper names.

(2) Take any sum not exceeding £11 19s. 10d., provided the number of pence be less than that of the pounds. Deduct from it the same figures, only putting the number of pence in the pounds column and the number of pounds in the pence column. Then add the figures of the result reversed, and you will get £12 10s. 11d. How is it? Uncle B. cannot say, can you?

£ s. d.	£ s. d.
7 16 5	2 3 1
5 16 7	1 3 2

1 19 10	0 19 11
10 19 1	11 19 0

£12 18 11 £12 18 11

SERIOUS TROUBLE AT A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

At a Christmas Party at—where shall we say? Suppose we put it down in Allowrie, that gallant little electorate that carried No-License and then didn't get it. Well, as I was saying, at a Christmas party down that way, a queer trouble arose. It hap-

pened in this way. There were thirty children, all "from 7 to 17"—fifteen boys and fifteen girls. All went beautifully—the turkey, the jellies, the pudding, all went—until it came to the time for distributing the oranges, and it was found that there were only fifteen oranges. What was to be done? At first everybody said "Cut them in halves," but at last one very smart boy said, "No, let us sit round the table, and beginning at one end let us give an orange to every ninth person until the whole fifteen have been given to fifteen people!" "Hurrah!" they all cried, "well spoken." Then the smart boy said, "Now I will arrange you!" And to this they agreed also. But what do you think happened? Why! just this—the young scamp arranged them in such a way that every boy got an orange and fifteen girls were left wondering how it had been done, and saying unpleasant things about the clever boy that planned the thing so nicely. Can you find out how he placed them at the table? I will tell you next week.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES (Dec. 12th).

(1) How many boys went bathing? I am sorry to have to report that the answer is 6.

(2) How many birds were left on the fence? None.

(3) To prove that we shall only be able to call 326 days in 1908 our own. Forty will be Lent—don't you see

ANSWERS TO SUNDAY PROBLEMS (Dec. 5th).

(1) Ephesus.

Lystra.

I conium.

J ericho.

A i.

H ebron.

(2) "Fear God and keep His commandments" (Eccl. xii. 13).

(1) ANSWERS TO SUNDAY PROBLEMS (Dec. 12th).

(1) Miriam.

(2) Priscilla. (Sorry the letter "s" was accidentally omitted.)

(3) "Let not your heart be troubled."

SUNDAY PROBLEMS.

BURIED NEW TESTAMENT NAMES.

1. The swinging rope terrified the horse.
2. I like jam, especially with butter.
3. He deserves to be both praised and rewarded.
4. He made masses of snowballs.
5. "How is Philip?" "I lately had good news of him."
6. Her message was lost.
7. After leaving Ultimo, the useful horse died.
8. I thought it usual to do so.
9. The Adelphi lemons are the finest.
10. Twelve stones, I must remember, were in the Jordan.
11. The manna soon melted in the sun.
12. He strode into the barn, a basket in his hand.
13. I met him at the well.
14. It was a step he never could take.

A Bargain.

Amongst the guests at a dinner given some little time ago were a Roman Catholic priest and a Jewish minister.

It happened that these two were seated next to each other at table. The priest, thinking to have a joke out of his neighbour, asked the rabbi if he might help him to a little pork.

"Yes," replied the Jew, "your request will be granted when you allow me the honour of attending your wedding."

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EATEN BY A BEAR.

PERFORMING ANIMAL'S REVENGE ON A CRUEL TRAINER.

A bear-trainer named Stanko has just fallen a victim to one of his own animals whom he had severely chastised. A wandering company of Bosnians had given a performance with thirteen dancing bears in the village of Guenterode, and on leaving there proceeded to Heiligenstadt, in Eichsfeld. A portion of the party went on in advance by the main road, but Stanko, with two women and a boy of fourteen, delayed their departure till the evening. Each led a bear. Suddenly Stanko's animal turned, flung itself upon him, and threw him to the ground. A desperate struggle ensued, in the course of which the bear managed to free itself from its muzzle, and buried its teeth in the man's flesh. The women and the boy made frantic efforts to frighten the brute away from its victim, but unavailingly.

Recognising that they could do nothing without arms of some sort, they ran back to Guenterode with their dreadful news. A message was at once sent by telephone to Heiligenstadt, and villagers sallied out to the spot armed with pitchforks and axes. They were, however, too late, as the man was dead when they arrived. At about ten o'clock a gendarme came up with the other members of the troupe. The bear was then lying quietly over Stanko's mangled corpse. The gendarme wished to shoot the animal, but the other bear-leaders protested against the destruction of their valuable property, and were able to secure it without much difficulty.

A considerable portion of Stanko's body had been eaten, and the flesh in other parts had been torn away to the bone. The dead man had been beating his bear shortly before it attacked him. Up to this outbreak it had always borne a very good character.

THE LOOK OF A CHILD.

"I remember that the greatest lesson I have ever learned in my life," said the bystander, "was pointed out to me by my little daughter. I had never been a drinking man; but sometimes after the theatre, I am ashamed to confess, that I came home many a night slightly the worse for wear and liquor. The habit grew on me, in spite of tearful entreaties from my wife. I took a bottle of whiskey home one afternoon. After dinner I made for the bottle, which I had left in my study, poured out a glass and raised it to my lips, when I caught a reflection in the polished woodwork of the wall. I returned quickly, and there was my little daughter standing in the doorway looking at me. I could never describe the expression on her face. If one might say it of a child, it was a commingling of reproach, pity and disgust. Probably she had overheard conversations between her mother and myself; perhaps the mother had instilled that feeling; perhaps it was instinct. I have not taken another drink from that day to this."

WHAT TO TEACH YOUR CHILDREN.

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

You mothers are not doing good to daughter or son, you are doing harm, and the greatest harm to them, if you fail to bring them up to realise that the world is a rough world; that they will not find it an easy thing to get along in it; that they will have to struggle, to fight, to hold their

own, and yet that it is their prime duty to consider others no less than themselves.

"Above all, teach them that the first duty is to the family and within it, and that the greatest success, the highest happiness, comes only through the right type of family life. No man is to be excused if he does not devote the bulk of his energies chiefly to earning a livelihood for those dependent upon him as the woman is not to be excused if she does not devote herself to so using the money thus earned as to make it most valuable for the members of the family, up to the point when the real material needs have been met.

"But after you have reached that point happiness lies in some other direction than the mere amassing of additional wealth. Very wealthy men sometimes play a useful part in the community, but they very rarely indeed play as useful a part as those men whose life effort takes a different shape; or as those men whose life effort is expended in altogether different fields from the fields of mere money-getting."

CONCERNING MONEY.

The earliest records extant concerning money carry us back 2,250 years before the time of Christ, and pertain to the Chinese. This nation, like all other nations, had originally carried on its trade by a system of barter. While such a system is in vogue, the value of an article is measured by expressing the amount of some other standard article that it may be worth. Amongst the Chinese this standard article was sometimes pieces of cloth, and sometimes knives. A horse, e.g., was said to be worth so many pieces of cloth or so many knives; just in the same way as we speak of things as being worth so many pounds. These pieces of cloth or knives were not money in the full sense of the term; they only provided a means of measuring and comparing the values of things; they were not used as a medium of exchange. When, however, the Chinese began to use coin, they made their coins in the form of a shirt—the pu coins—or of a knife—the tao coins. As money is meant "to roll round the world," it soon struck our Celestial brethren that it ought itself to be round, and accordingly this more convenient shape was in process of time adopted. A singular feature worth noticing about the coins of the Chinese, and also of Japan and Corea, is the nail-mark upon them. This mark, which has characterised these coins for hundreds of years arose from a pure accident. The wax model of a proposed coin was brought to Queen Wentek for her royal inspection and approval. In handling it, however, her Majesty left the imprint of one of her nails, which was, and still is, faithfully copied.

Another curious circumstance connected with bank-notes is also worth recording, and occurred in China about 120 B.C. The court was sorely pressed for money, and the Prime Minister, after puzzling over various schemes, at length hit upon the following expedient. It was the custom for princes

and courtiers, when they came into the Imperial presence, to cover their faces with a piece of skin. A decree was issued that the skins of certain white deer in the royal park should alone be allowed for this purpose, the result being that these pieces of skin sold at a very high price, which went to the Royal purse. The pieces of skin were moreover, being very valuable, entered into circulation amongst the nobles as money, and in this way, it is said, bank-notes were invented by the Chinese.

Amongst primitive races, those things that are dealt in most largely seem to be seized upon and made to perform in some sort the duty of money. Thus in communities that subsist by the chase, skins are adopted. At one time the ordinary money of Russia was skins. When, however, their transactions became more numerous, and the skin was felt to be inconveniently bulky to carry about, a little piece was cut off and was taken to represent the entire skin—the ownership being proved when the piece fitted in the hole. The North American Indian measured the value of articles in skins, and an amusing method, though rather hard on the poor Indian, was adopted by the Hudson Bay Company's servants for exchanging their guns for the red man's furs. The Indian piled his furs upon the ground, the white man stood his gun upon its butt end, so when the pile of furs reached the same height as the gun, it was a bargain! The white man took the furs, the Indian the gun—an object of fear and admiration to him. The consequence of such a process was that orders were sent home to the Company to have the guns that they sent out made six inches longer! And yet Indian men pride themselves on their sagacity and cuteness.

WHAT HOSPITAL DOCTORS THINK.

The annual drink expenditure in nineteen London hospitals between 1884 and 1902 has been reduced from an average of 4s to 1s 10d per head—a decrease of 54 per cent. In the "Italian" Hospital it is 71 per cent.; "Metropolitan," 72; "St. Thomas," 73; "Royal Free," 84; and in the "Homoeopathic," 87 per cent. decrease. The "Metropolitan" dropped from 11s per head to 3s 1d, and the "Homoeopathic" from 3s 4d to 5d per head.

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How the World Moves

The thread of a silkworm is 1-1000th of an inch thick.

It takes a gallon of milk to produce a pound of cheese.

Twenty-five per cent of the population of England have their lives insured.

Out of a population of about 30,000,000 in Prussia, only about one-tenth of them possess, it is said, an income of 900 marks a year, which is equal to about £45.

Free electricity travels at the same rate as light—186,000 miles a second. Through wire, electricity moves at only 16,000 miles a second.

Among the richer classes 343 in 1000 live to 60 years of age, in the middle classes 175 do so, and 156 only of the labouring class survive to reach 60 years.

The Severn's record salmon was caught in 1889. It weighed 61lb. But the Tay can show a fish of 70lb. The average weight of salmon taken in Great Britain is 8lb.

The turbine steamer Viking, of the Isle of Man Steamboat Company, is said to be the fastest passenger steamer in commission. She averages 24½ knots an hour.

Carrier pigeons refuse food after a long and exhausted journey. They drink some water and go to sleep, not to resume their usual mode of life for forty-eight hours.

The Russian Government intends sending an agent to the United States to study home-stead legislation with the view of its partial application to the peasant communities.

Angst, in the canton of Aargau, is the survival of an ancient Roman "resort," and there has just been unearthed there one of the finest Roman temples ever brought to light.

There are 1047 women to 1000 men in Great Britain; but in Italy only 995 to each 1000.

Out of 30,000 inquests held yearly in the United Kingdom, there are 250 verdicts of "died of hunger."

A peculiarity of the blind is that there is seldom one of them who smokes. They say it gives them no pleasure when they cannot see the smoke, and some have said they cannot taste the smoke unless they see it.

Portable schoolhouses are being used in the congested districts of Boston, U.S.A. In time the congestion will be relieved, and the authorities will have no costly buildings on valuable sites thrown on their hands.

During the most peaceful years the world has 3,700,000 men, who are withdrawn from productive occupations to pose as soldiers. The pay, equipment, food, and clothing of these men cost the world's taxpayers nearly £1,600,000 a day.

If by any means a bird attained the lightness of a balloon it could not steer its course when in the air. A balloon drifts with every gust; steering is impossible. "Inventors," says a scientist, "will never perfect a balloon that can be steered till they resort to materials as heavy in proportion as a bird."

A Russian physician holds that the electric light is the least injurious to the eyes, and that candle-light is the most harmful. He states that the oftener the lids are closed the greater the fatigue and consequent injury.

The last European battle in which bows and arrows were used was that of Leipsic, in October, 1813, when the French were defeated by the Allies. The Russians brought into the field some Tartars, whose only weapons were bows and arrows, and a French general was wounded by an arrow in the battle.

From coal is obtained the means of producing over 400 shades of colours, a great variety of perfumes, explosive agents, various acids and medicines, insecticides, salts, saccharin, fruit flavours, asphaltum, lubricating oils, and varnish.

National flowers have been adopted in various countries as follows:—Greece, violet; Canada, sugar-maple; Egypt, lotus; England, rose; France, fleur-de-lis; Germany, cornflower; Ireland, shamrock; Italy, lily; Prussia, linden; Saxony, mignonette; Scotland, thistle; Spain, pomegranate; Wales, leek.

It is said that a red parasol destroys in a great measure the actinic power of the sun, and must therefore keep the skin from freckles. Photographers long ago availed themselves of this peculiarity of light transmitted through a red medium, and it seems reasonable to suppose that a red shade might protect the complexion.

Good Reasoning.

An old man was annoyed at his new vicar preaching from written sermons. When the vicar went to pay his first pastoral visit, he found the old fellow reading from the Book of Ezekiel, but he closed the Bible on the visitor's entrance.

"What were you doing, my friend?" asked the vicar.

"I was prophesying."

"What?"

"Prophesying," I said. "If you calls reading a sermon, preaching, I calls reading a prophecy, prophesying."

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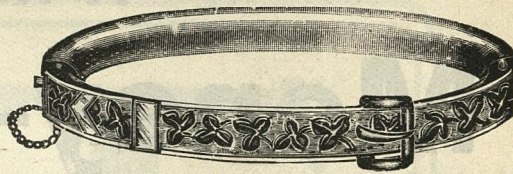
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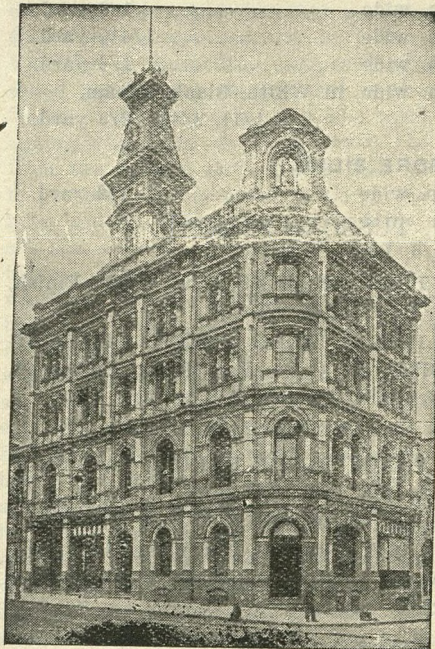
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21in. wide	10¾d yard.
23in. wide	1/3 yard.
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