

GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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Cleanliness and Godliness

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Man is supposed to be the highest type of animal created by God.

Yet cleanliness is acknowledged to be the attribute next to godliness.

In case this latter assertion is accepted, the first supposition must fall to earth. Man is, taken in his primitive state and studied in the aggregate, the most unclean of all animals.

It requires civilisation, education and prosperity to arouse in man an appreciation of cleanliness.

But the same is not true of animals. The wild beasts and fowls keep their bodies clean and move from lair to nest in search of neat home conditions. No mother animal or bird on earth will allow her young to lie in soiled beds, or will permit the helpless creatures to suffer from unclean fur or feathers.

The bear, the wolf, the dog, the cat, all carry their babies to fresh places when the old ones become unhygienic, and spend hours in washing their children with no sponge but the tongue. The horse is miserable when he is covered with dust and mud, and he rolls violently on the earth to cleanse himself the moment he is allowed the opportunity.

The pig alone seems as indolent and as filthy as man.

Yet even the wild hog is cleaner than the wild man.

The aboriginal tribes of human beings have never shown the ambition to combat dirt which all wild animals show, and one has but to visit the tents of the American Indian and the huts of the Jamaican negroes to see how little the influence of civilisation has affected these races in making them bathe their bodies or wash their clothes or scrub their homes.

And in most foreign lands the filthy conditions of the masses is appalling.

If cleanliness is next to godliness, it seems to me there are just four countries on earth that are approaching godliness.

These countries are (named with due respect to the precedence of age) Germany, Holland, England, and America. Wherever English or American rule is founded in southern or Oriental countries there is a vast improvement in the appearance of the streets, hotels, and the people who are under the influence of the new regime.

I saw Cuba before the Spanish-American War. It was dirty, unhygienic and devoured with fever.

I saw it four years after the war, when that great good man and martyr, Colonel Waring, had given his life to cleansing the city of Havana and teaching its people how

to be clean, and the transformation was beyond belief.

Cairo, Egypt, is undergoing a similar transformation, under British rule. But as England is slower than America in all it does, so the transformation in Egypt is slower than that in Cuba, but it is steady and sure.

The dirt in Cairo is still unspeakable; the filth in the streets of "Old Cairo" and the filth of the persons who compose "Old Cairo" is impossible to imagine or describe. It must be seen—and smelt!

Yet I am assured by resident natives that it is a state bordering on Paradise compared

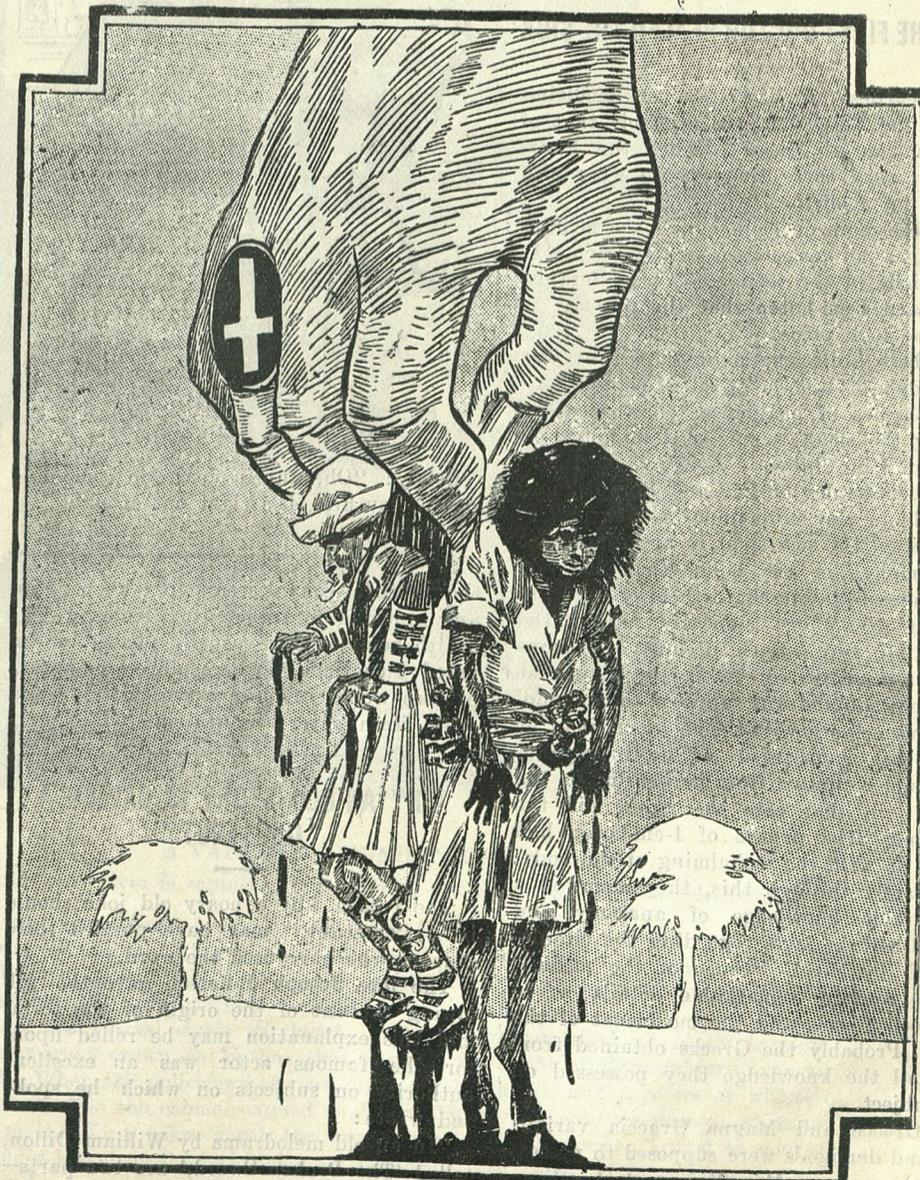
to what it was forty years ago, or even fifteen or ten years ago.

But England ought to organise a great society of medical people, men and women, doctors and nurses, who speak the Arabic language, and station them in Cairo.

Their work should be to teach mothers how to keep their children from becoming blind.

The awful preponderance of blind or half blind people in Egypt is appalling. I counted ten people with one or both eyes diseased in a drive of five minutes one morning.

And the whole cause is dirt with ignorance and superstition added. I saw mothers carrying dirty-faced babies through the streets, and making no effort to brush away the vicious flies that swarmed about the eyes and mouth of the poor infants.



Added to this, a brisk wind was blowing fine particles of sand; and one can imagine the results upon weak and inflamed eyes, unaccustomed to ablutions of soft, cleansing water.

Men lying on the ground in squares of the city, or beside the walls, taking a siesta, permit swarms of flies to buzz about and rest on their besmirched faces without a protest.

It is difficult to reach the Arab women. They are guarded by the men from European intrusion. Even the Coptics, the descendants of the first Egyptians who came under Christian influence, veil their women from public gaze, and keep them from the world as much as possible.

All this means delayed development, delayed progress, for the race. Wherever and whenever women are prevented from keeping step with the march of the world and allowed no opportunities for knowledge and education there and then the human family is retarded and wronged.

For the physical benefit of the generations yet unborn I would like to see all the world converted to a religion which includes cleanliness as one of its important features.

Clean up the world! O, you men in high places, whether in church or state or court! You can, if you will.

Clean it up first and evangelise it afterward.

While man is the dirtiest animal on earth let him not talk of being the highest expression of creation.

I know some dainty, exquisitely clean, devoted mother cats who take such care of their kittens that they seem a higher type of motherhood than the wretched-looking, ill-smelling hordes of women I have seen in many lands, nursing filthy children at unwashed breasts.

Cleanliness is next to godliness.

HOW THE FIRST DOCTOR HEALED THE SICK

The earliest work written on medicine among the Egyptians was probably that of Athosis, son of Menes. Under the Pharaohs in very early times there were also writers on medicine.

But the main development of the healing science was in connection with religion. It was chiefly in the temples of Isis, Serapis, Thoth and I-em-hotep that the practice of medicine took place.

Of these quite the most important was the temple of I-em-hotep at Memphis. All these shrines of healing are destroyed excepting the small temple of I-em-hotep on the Island of Philae.

In the temples of Isis and Serapis, and probably in the more important shrines of I-em-hotep, the sick slept in or adjacent to the temples, in the belief that the god would manifest himself to them or speak to them in dream or vision and suggest the method of cure. Such dreams or visions were interpreted by the priest, and the treatment adopted was supposed to be founded in accordance with them. Sometimes no dream was vouchsafed, or no interpretation could be drawn from its bearing on the disease; in that case the priest did the dreaming. The priests of I-em-hotep had also to do with the embalming of the body, and, partly through this, they acquired a considerable knowledge of anatomy and learned certain facts regarding the circulation of the blood. Some of the medical papyri contain remarkable details as to the blood vessels and the movement of the blood. Probably the Greeks obtained from them all the knowledge they possessed on this subject.

In Greece and Magna Graecia various gods and demigods were supposed to possess medical power. Men Karon at Laodicea was a health god much in vogue in Asia

Minor, and a large medical school was associated with his temple.

Apollo, Amynos, Asklepios, Hygeia, Amphiaras, Trophonios, Aphrodite and the Chthonic deities Pluto, Demeter, Persephone and others of lesser importance were eminent for their health-giving efficacy in Greece. Of these the cult of Asklepios was by far the most important. At numerous splendid temples, rich with the finest products of Greek art, the worship of the god and the cure of the sick were carried on for centuries.

Epidaurus was perhaps the most important of these shrines; it was a centre from which the cult was disseminated through other parts of Greece and the colonies. Trained priests, and also the sacred serpents, which were believed to be the incarnation of the god, were sent thence to carry on the work of healing in such places as Athens, Corinth, Delphi, Pergamon, Cnidos, Rhodes, Cos and many other cities.

An interesting feature of the life of these ancient health resorts was the provisions made for the entertainment and amusement of the sick visitors. A great open-air theatre was always at their disposal, where the works of the Greek dramatists would wile away many an hour of weariness and languor.

In later times an odeon, or music hall, was sometimes provided. The races at the stadium and the exercises of the gymnasium and palaestra would be good for many of



Bobby: "Oh, auntie dear, do come and look at my kite, it's right out of sight!"

the youthful convalescents to take part in, and amusing for others to witness. The health temples were usually placed in elevated situations, where pure mountain breezes would invigorate the visitant, and pure, fresh water was available.

WHY AN OLD STORY IS CALLED A "CHESTNUT"

The reason why a hoary old joke should be a "chestnut," may have puzzled some persons who have used the word.

The late Joseph Jefferson gave the following account of the origin of the term, and this explanation may be relied upon, for the famous actor was an excellent authority on subjects on which he spoke and wrote:

"In an old melodrama by William Dillon, called 'The Broken Sword,' are two parts—Count Xavier and his servant Pablo. The

Count is a sort of Munchausen, fond of telling stories of his exploits. He tells one:

"Once I entered the forests of Colloway, when suddenly, from the boughs of a cork-tree—"

"'Chestnut, count,' interrupted Pablo.

"'Cork-tree,' said the count.

"'A chestnut,' reiterated Pablo. 'I should know as well as you, for I have heard you tell the story twenty-seven times.'

"William Warren, who played Pablo often, was at a men's dinner once when a gentleman told a story whose age and originality were far beyond any doubt.

"'Chestnut,' murmured Warren. 'I should know as well as you, for I have heard you tell it twenty-seven times.'

"The guests took up the expression, and from that I believe comes the origin of the term."

WHY ANIMALS DO NOT LAUGH

By PROF. KRAMBERGER, of Vienna.

Probably everyone has wondered why animals always have a serious aspect, even when they are evidently pleased. When a dog wags his tail with pleasure he comes as near laughing as it is possible for him to come, but his countenance, except for the gleam of joy in his eyes, is no more suggestive of laughter than if he were suffering an agony of pain. Neither are his quick, sharp barks, which usually accompany the wagging of the tail, even remotely analogous to laughter. And as for the so-called "laugh" of the hyena, that, of course, is purely metaphorical.

Man is the only animal that laughs. Why?

To understand the reason for this it will be necessary first to understand what causes laughter.

"The sudden perception of an unexpected incongruity," says Herbert Spencer.

But this does not go far enough. Brutes are capable of perceiving incongruities. The incongruity must be between an object or event, and the idea which we have formed of it.

So, for instance, what can be more mirth-provoking to a boy than to see the wind blow the hat from the head of a dignified man and the latter go scurrying after, making frantic but vain attempts to recapture it?

A million horses, or dogs, or monkeys, might look on and never feel amused, whereas there is probably not a lad in all creation that would not laugh with glee. Not, forsooth, because the horses, dogs and apes are wiser, but because the boy sees the double incongruity between the runaway hat and the idea of the proper use of hats, and between the idea of what is becoming to dignity and the sudden lapse from that standard by the dignified man.

What, it may be asked, is to prevent any of the other animals from seeing the incongruities?

Simply this, that man is the only animal that has ideas. Ideas are formed by reason and can be grasped only by reason; and, as it is only by comparison with ideas that the incongruity in question arises, lack of reason forever precludes animals from enjoying a laugh.

A Memphis, Mo., man has discovered a new way to get rid of mosquitos. He says to rub alum on your face and hands. When the mosquito takes a bite it puckers his buzzer so it can't sting. It sits down in a damp place, tries to dig the pucker loose, catches its death of cold, and dies of pneumonia.

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

✦ The Parson's Friends ✦

(SPECIAL TO "GRIT.")

Let it be first understood what the Parson means by friendship. Friends are a man's richest possession, and the wealthy man without a friend is poor indeed.

The bonds of friendship are stronger than the ties of relationship, or even than legal unions, for in true friendship two human beings are held in the happiest fellowship and mutual trust.

A true friend is a diamond in the ring of acquaintance, the sunshine of calamity, the link in life's long chain that bears the greatest strain.

This being so, a man may have only a few friends, and he does well to keep his friendships in good repair. They are not always to be found among relations, or even equals, but from among those humble men who, loyal to the backbone and grateful to the core, have sense enough not only "to love you, and love your dog," but "to love you and put up with the dog in you."

Friendly with every one, but admitting into his friendship only a few, the Parson, above all else, thanks God for those few.

A DIAMOND IN THE MUD.

His only bed for the previous three nights had been in a cell at the Water Police Court, no proper food for days, insufficient clothing and friendless, he was a pitiable object.

The Parson was recommended as a "soft snap," and he came hoping to "chew his lug" (i.e., beg the price) for a bed and breakfast. He was only one of a hundred men equally unwashed and miserable, but the Parson thought he saw the gleam of the diamond in the mud, and as they gripped hands, an appointment was quickly made.

His response to a little kindness was so ready, and his gratitude so genuine, that the Parson's hopes rose high, and they have never been disappointed. In spite of an evil past he was one of nature's gentlemen, kindly, generous, sincere, and with a moral earnestness that is as refreshing as it is rare. With such a man friendship is a privilege, and many times his prayers, his notes of encouragement, his splendid buoyancy, and his unshakeable faith in the Saviour, have cheered the Parson, who is proud to call him friend.

A FLOWER ON THE RUBBISH HEAP.

Who has not seen some sweet, dainty flower growing on a rubbish heap, a striking contrast to its surroundings? Amidst the old tins, the dead and dying vegetation, in some strange way the seed has fallen, and the wee flower has opened to gaze upon its contrasting environment.

The man that put such a simile into the Parson's head was standing with a large number of prisoners in the gaol. His evident refinement, his small hands and feet, his clear, penetrating eye, and, when he spoke, his soft, well-modulated voice, all marked him as a man who in any company would command notice, and in this present company he appeared as a flower on a rubbish heap.

The Parson and the Prisoner were kindred spirits, and slowly and cautiously they reached out for the grip of friendship. Years have gone by, distance has long since severed them, but nothing can dim the sweet contentment of such a friendship, and should they meet again, in silence they will renew the old footing that is only possible to those who, frankly recognising all the faults, can forgive and forget them in the remembrance of the better parts they have discovered in each other.

A HUMAN WOLF.

When you have read Jack London's "White Fang," you have received a lesson in friendship. "Lightly come—lightly go"

is true of friendship as of money, and the long, wearisome conquering of "White Fang" was necessary to the firm, courageous, intelligent loyalty that was afterwards to be the Master's greatest source of pride and joy.

The rugged old man, who had cut himself off from all human kind, silent, morose, and distrustful, attracted the Parson. Few words were spoken during many months, and the Parson learned—more from the old man's dog than from the old man himself—that his visits were welcome. The dog ceased to growl, and though he did not encourage any familiarities, the wag of his tail was sufficient.

The first sign the Parson had of the old man's presence was the whiff of his unmistakable tobacco through the open church window one Sunday evening. Then came the eventful morning when the old fellow broke the ice and called to see the Parson, and they both said nothing, and yet the silence was not uncomfortable, and so these two, the young enthusiast and the old, world-weary man, came together in bonds that only death can sever.

They shook hands in parting, making no promises, expressing no regrets, and yet each felt as though he had lost an arm. The one too busy to write, the other too unaccustomed, and yet such is true friendship, that memory still keeps free from dust those many deeds of kindness and those few words so full of meaning that each has stored in his heart.

A country church offered such a very small salary that Mr. Spurgeon wrote to the trustees: "The only individual I know who could exist on such a stipend is the angel Gabriel. He would need neither cash nor clothes, and he would come down from heaven every Sunday morning and go back at night. So I advise you to invite him."

The big touring car had just whizzed by with a roar like a gigantic rocket, and Pat and Mike turned to watch it disappear in a cloud of dust.

"Thim chug waggons must cost a hape av cash," said Mike. "The rich is fairly burnin' money."

"An' be the smell av it," sniffed Pat. "it must be thot tainted money we do be hearin' so much about."

"It costs a lot to send an expedition to the North Pole," said the scientist. "Oh, I don't know," answered Mr. Cumrox, "not so much more than to go to some of the other summer resorts."



A VANISHING LONDON TYPE.

The old 'bus-driver is rapidly being replaced by the motor-omnibus chaffeur.

"All the time I was there I never travelled by a 'bus or a tram, and never went by the underground railway. They say that if I had gone on a 'bus the top might have fallen in. I don't know. Still, I never did. Everybody travels on the top of an omnibus at some time—often many times—in London. I didn't."

"We were given special motor carriages. In these we travelled all about London. The chaffeur wore a crown on his hat that gave us the right of thoroughfare over all other traffic. When the policeman saw us, up went his hand, and a series of whistles was blown, and while the cabmen cursed and the 'busmen raged, we passed whizzing along. When the King takes a cab the same sort of thing happens. I used to wonder why the cabbies blasphemed so violently as we rushed past them. I soon got to know."

—Sir William Lyne on his travels.

Talk about People

The King's Coachman

He hails from London, and was once an omnibus driver. He owes his present excellent position to the late Prince Henry of Battenberg, who saw him handling the ribbons on an omnibus, and, taking a fancy to him, secured him an appointment in the Royal stables.

He is a stout and portly figure, but an excellent whip, and what he does not know about horses veritably is not worth knowing. He is particularly good at driving a four-in-hand, and as his Majesty prefers his horses to be driven from the box and not by postillions, his peculiar skill is of great value.

The King's Many Hats

"Is it generally known," asks 'Le Matin,' "that his Majesty Edward VII. of England has the largest choice of head-gear of any living monarch?"

"His collection of hats is numerous and varied. Among them is the round grey hat, known in Paris as a 'melon,' and in London as a 'bowler.' This is a style of which the King is particularly fond. He wears it encircled with a thin black riband, and always travels in it.

"Then there is the 'Tyrolean,' a soft hat which he always wears when shooting, very large, and very supple, with a traditional feather—a partridge's in England, a grouse's in Scotland—stuck in the band.

"Special mention must be made of two kinds of Scotch cap. They are the bonnet and the glengarry. Each carries a silver medal pinned on the side, and one or other is a necessary complement of the Scottish national dress King Edward loves to wear.

"Then come the silk hats, the soft hats of all shapes, the army of caps, which alone cover thirty varieties. To be specially mentioned is the cap the King wears on board his yacht. It is of flannel or white cloth, with a device in gold thread running round it."

Puzzled the Poet

Mr. A. C. Swinburne, who has recently celebrated his seventieth birthday, is considered by many to be one of the finest poets of the last century. Mr. Swinburne, nevertheless, sweet and musical as he is, often expresses his ideas and sentiments so profoundly that his admirers are frequently at a loss to see clearly exactly what the poet is "aiming at."

On one occasion a great admirer of Mr. Swinburne's—a lady—wrote and asked him if he would be good enough to explain the meaning of a certain verse in a certain poem written by him.

"I'm rather in a fix," said the lady in her letter to the poet. "Could you explain to me a little more clearly the exact meaning of this particular verse of yours?"

Mr. Swinburne's reply was to the point. "When I wrote the verse you mention, madam, I most certainly knew the meaning of it. This was some months ago, however, and I am now in the same 'fix' as you are placed in."

President Roosevelt Never Smokes

The home life of President Roosevelt is extremely simple. He has never used tobacco in any form, and is not given to luxuries of the table, preferring simple, wholesome food, for which, leading as he does an extremely active life, he has a hearty appetite. His habits are regular. Work begins sharp after breakfast in the morning with the correspondence of the day. Of the 500 or so letters which arrive daily in the busy season, only about 10 per cent. require his personal attention, but even

these take some time to deal with. Following the correspondence, which is always entirely cleared off each day, the President receives callers on all sorts of business. These occupy his time till luncheon, which is usually a simple, informal meal. After luncheon the private secretary is on hand with other business, which keeps the chief executive busy till four or five o'clock. This, then, is the time for the day's exercise, from which the President returns in time for dinner at 7.30.

Sportsman and Preacher

Lord Tankerville is a man of versatile gifts and many accomplishments. Most people have heard of his evangelistic zeal and the religious fervour with which he has taken up mission work both in England and America. But he is also an ardent sportsman, having shot big game in the Rockies and elsewhere, and, moreover, a talented painter of miniatures, and much of his work has been exhibited and admired in the Royal Academy. Lord Tankerville served some years both in the Navy and the Army, and it was just after a term on the staff of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland that he went ranching in the Far West. He brought back with him the beautiful American-born Miss Leonora van Marter, a member of one of the oldest Dutch-American families, who is now Lady Tankerville. They lost their two daughters in infancy, but have two sons. The heir, now in his tenth year, is known as Lord Ossulston, though Lord Tankerville himself was designated Lord Bennet (a title which has no existence) in his father's lifetime.

The King and the Lady Journalist

An adventure the King is said to have met with while motoring in the country is related in the "Lady of Fashion." The car had come to a standstill opposite a small cottage, from which an old lady came and invited his Majesty and the gentleman in attendance upon him to have a cup of tea. Inside the house was a young lady. After an animated discussion on the drama, his Majesty thanked the ladies for their hospitality, and retired. That his identity was no secret the girl realised as she dropped the merest curtsy and said, "Good-bye, sir." Not long after the King saw her in the stalls of a theatre, and sent to inquire who she was. "Miss —, on a weekly paper," was the reply. A day or two later the lady received a little golden motor-car studded with diamonds. "With thanks for a welcome cup of tea."

Mme. Patti and the King

Mme. Patti, the famous singer, talking of her reminiscences to an interviewer from the "Echo de Paris," mentioned that she first met King Edward at New York when the then Prince of Wales was travelling incognito in the United States in 1859. Mme. Patti added, "I was sixteen at the time. So you see I am sixty-four years old, and I am not the least ashamed to admit it. It is forty-eight years since I first met the King of England."

Mme. Patti stated that she was going to Sweden with her husband, Baron von Cederstrom shortly, and after that would make her very last public appearance in a few English towns.

Heads and Tails

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, was attending one of Lady Minto's Receptions, when he was bored by a Yankee who began criticising the British Colonies, and Canada in particular. "Look here," he said, "why don't you choose some animal,

some bird or some big-sized beast, for your national emblem, and not just a maple leaf?" "We have the beaver," Sir Wilfrid reminded him—"the emblem of industry." "Beaver, indeed! Do you know what we call the beaver? A rat with a swelled tail," said the Yankee. "And do you know what some people call your American eagle?" retorted Sir Wilfrid, "a jay with a swelled head."

Methodical Madness

Sir John Fisher entered the Navy under the last of Nelson's captains, and his method and spirit are inspired by the one-armed admiral. Sir John has a Nelson corner in his room at the Admiralty, and from his writing-room he can see Nelson on his column in Trafalgar Square towering over the trees in St. James's Park.

A favourite story of Sir John's is the comment of the envious admiral to George III., "that Commodore Nelson of yours is mad."

"Mad, is he?" replied the King; "I wish to goodness he would bite some of my admirals."

The Prime Minister of France

M. Clemenceau, the French Prime Minister, is a prodigious worker, as well as a strenuous fighter. He rises, as a rule, at four o'clock in the morning, and is never at rest before eleven at night. Everything that he does is done quickly; even his dinner is not allowed to occupy him more than a quarter of an hour, or twenty minutes at the outside. He is a man of the utmost fearlessness. "I am to-day what I was yesterday," he once observed—"a fighting Republican, always to the fore when blows are to be received no less than when they are to be given." He has fought as many duels as most of his countrymen, but when he fights he insists that the battle shall be a serious one. Some years ago he refused to cross swords with an enemy who had challenged him except on condition that the duel was continued until blood was shed.

A. D. D. Who Breeds Bulldogs

The hobbies of clergymen are not, generally speaking, of a very varied or striking character, for the simple reason that as a rule parsons have very little time to indulge in forms of recreation. Consequently it is somewhat interesting to learn that the Rev. Dr. Ambrose Shepherd, Chairman of the Scottish Congregational Union, has earned the reputation of being a "doggy" man, on account of his knowledge of bulldogs. In fact, Dr. Shepherd is one of the best judges of bulldogs in the kingdom, and at one time had a kennel of twelve dogs, which enabled him to make a keen study of the psychology of his dumb pets. He also, let it be whispered, knows something about the methods of dog-stealers, whose tricks he exposed some time ago in a magazine article.

"I have seen it stated somewhere that the late Shah of Persia left 800 widows." "Jerusalem! Think of the job the fellow had whose duty it was to pick out the ones who were to ride in the front carriage at the funeral."

A little girl, who was trying to tell a friend how absent-minded her grandpa was, said, "He walks around thinking about nothing, and, when he remembers it, he then forgets that what he thought of was something entirely different from what he wanted to remember."

"Mamma, what would you do if that big vase in the parlour should get broken," said Tommy.

"I should thrash whoever did it," said Mrs. Banks, gazing seriously at her little son.

"Well, then, you'd better begin to get up your muscle," said Tommy, gleefully, "cos father's broken it."

The Cry of the Children

By GEO. R. SIMS, in the London "Tribune."

SIXTH ARTICLE.

It is with a deep sense of responsibility that I commence this, the last article of the series on behalf of the innocent children who are being sacrificed in their thousands and tens of thousands on the altar of ignorant or selfish Motherhood.

I am haunted by the fear that I may have failed to say all that might have been said to bring the Imperial necessity of swift and drastic reform home to the great public in whose hands my cause rests, and at whose bidding my plea for the children will succeed or fail.

It is because my appeal is addressed to the great public that I have endeavoured throughout to urge in simple and direct language two simple and direct points.

I have broken no new ground. I have brought forward no facts that are not familiar to all who have studied the question of Infant Mortality from the scientific or from the philanthropic point of view.

But I have endeavoured to bring the facts well known to science and philanthropy more directly home to the common sense and the patriotism of the general reader than the scientist and the philanthropist have so far been able to.

They have failed not from lack of will, but from lack of opportunity. It has not been their good fortune, as it has been mine, to have the hospitality week after week of the columns of a great and popular daily paper.

If with such opportunity I fail to accomplish the object with which I have written I shall feel that I have not been sufficiently skilful or sufficiently earnest in my advocacy of a Cause which is of vital importance to the future of our race.

CHRISTIANITY'S "BLACK STAIN."

The constant presence of infants and little children in public-houses and the dosing of infants and little children with alcohol by those responsible for their upbringing are blots not only upon our civilisation, but upon our humanity.

I have endeavoured to show the extent to which the evil prevails. I have endeavoured to show the terrible results of the evil.

Fearful of laying myself open to a charge of exaggeration and sensationalism, I have in many instances toned down or understated the abominations I have seen, the horrors which have been brought to my knowledge in the course of my sad journey through the Babes' Inferno.

I have not dwelt upon the awful cruelties practised upon unweaned infants and tender children by the worst mothers, and in fairness let me add by the worst fathers.

But the mother, the bearer and up-bringer of the child, is, in the matter of habitual drunkenness, the chief offender.

In the Lists of Habitual Drunkards published during the year 1906 there are 351 names. Among these "black-listed" habitual drunkards there are only 78 men, as compared with 273 women.

These unnatural parents, habitual and immoderate drinkers, are outside the pale of that Motherhood and Fatherhood whose sins against helpless childhood are sins of ignorance or carelessness.

If I wanted to harrow my readers with the details of this black stain upon our Christianity, I should let the children tell you the tale of their sufferings as many a tiny victim has lisp'd the tale to me.

Only a few days since a group of little ones told me in their own childish way of scenes in a home that was often their torture chamber—scenes that one would need

the pen of a Zola to paint in all their grim, revolting truth.

Most of these children bore upon their frail bodies or upon their thin and often prematurely old little faces the scars and bruises they had received when, as one mite of five put it to me, "muvver was boozed."

A TALE OF BRUTALITY.

That is the word among the little ones of the crowded, poverty-stricken, or criminal areas. They speak of the public-house as "the boozer." One little lad of seven, his eyes with the tell-tale gleam in them, his face thin and sallow, pointed to a deep cut on his cheek, and told me how it came there.

His mother had been "on the booze" all night. When she came home "farver rowed her." Then "she rowed farver," and



then this mother and father, heedless of the baby in the woman's arms, heedless of the little girl and boy who cowered and trembled, began to hurl at each other every missile that came to their hands.

The little girl of eight dragged the baby from the woman's arms and rushed out into the street with it to save it from being hurt by flying furniture and crockery. But the little boy was unable to escape. One of the missiles struck him in the face and cut his cheek open.

The tale of another child, though less brutal, was, in a sense, more terrible still.

The mother and father could find the money for drink, but the whole family lived and slept in one room.

There was one bed in the room, and in that bed or on the floor beside it slept the father and mother, the eldest daughter—a girl of twenty-two—another daughter, much younger, and the little boy of nine whose story I heard. The elder girl was taken from that one room in the last stage of consumption to die in the hospital. The little boy—can you wonder at it?—is consumptive. There is no youth or manhood for him.

For the dying girl and the helpless children, the father and the mother, there was the one room in which they lived and ate and slept.

There are scores of cases equally shocking, in which, with all the poverty and

squalor of their environment, the parents find the money for drink. They are nightly patrons of "the boozer," in which they drink away the souls and bodies of their children.

And there are horrors deeper and fouler than these that meet you now and then in the Babes' Inferno—horrors that could never be if the instinct of motherhood had not been poisoned at its source.

"LOST GLORIES OF ENGLISH MOTHERHOOD."

There is no journal that goes into English homes for English women to read that would let me tell of these things as I know them—as those whose life-work it is to save the children from brutality and black shame know them.

I am a journalist. I claim to be nothing else. It is because in the exercise of my calling as a journalist who sees things for himself I have been brought face to face with the abominations of the abyss, and because I have had the means of gathering the family histories of hundreds of these children who have been the victims of inhumanity, and worse than inhumanity, that my manhood has urged me to give the form of coherent words to the inarticulate cry of the suffering babe, the hysterical sob of the tortured child.

The law cannot give us back to-morrow all the lost glories of English Motherhood. The law cannot punish poor mothers for a neglect in one form which in another form well-to-do mothers habitually practise.

No law is likely to be framed to compel every woman capable of suckling her child to do so. But much of the incapacity has its origin in the dram shop, and it is there that the law can and should begin to deal with an evil which if it goes on unchecked can but end in the ruin of our race.

To shut the poor mother out of the public-house while the rich mother is free to sacrifice her motherhood as she chooses would be class legislation against which our English spirit of fairness would rebel.

But we can shut the children out.

That would be the beginning of a great hope. Thousands of children who now look upon the public-house as a natural resort would grow up with a knowledge that it is a place forbidden them, and as they grew older they would know why.

The babies and the little children who are now to be found in public-houses morning, noon, and night are—those of them who survive—the mothers and fathers of the future. Keep them out of the public-house and they will breed a better race—a race that may give us back the motherhood to which in the past Britain owed her splendid sons and glorious daughters.

The children of a degenerate motherhood can play no part in the proud carrying on of our Island story. They will fill the hospitals, the prisons, and the lunatic asylums, and leave them only to breed a race more degenerate still.

AN APPEAL TO THE NATION.

In the years that preceded the Decline of the Roman Empire, Favorinus, a philosopher held in high esteem in the Roman world, appealed to Roman motherhood to save the children. He cried out against "the unnatural nourishment of degenerate and foreign milk," and demanded that the babes of Rome should not be nursed by women who poisoned the source of an infant's life and strength with alcohol.

It was the Roman cry of "Back to the Mother's Breast!" The philosopher of old Rome saw peril to the State when the Roman women gave their children to foster-mothers. He did not dream that the day would come when the women of an Imperial race would put their children from them and give them for foster-mothers the beasts of the field.

It is for the women of England to echo the cry of "Back to the Breast!" through the length and breadth of the land whose sons and daughters the woman bears and rears.

It is for the law of England to say that from this time forth no babe shall have its chance of healthy, happy life ruined in the public-house, no little child shall have its nursery on the dram-shop floor.

If the advocates of Temperance will but recognise the immense advantage of attacking that which they wish to fight at the point of least resistance, and put the plain, clear issue first on their programme, this measure of National and Imperial necessity will not be lost in a vortex of side issues.

If the manhood and womanhood of England will but speak the word, the law will no longer hesitate.

Unless that word is spoken and speedily our appalling infant mortality will continue and will increase. Then the day will not be far distant when the pride of our race will be humbled in the dust, and the glory of our Empire will be as a memory of the past.

THE MODERN CURSE ON WOMEN

By IRVING R. BACON.

The hand that rocks the cradle now deals the cards.

Women, especially those of the leisured classes, are becoming inveterate gamblers; and stud poker is crowding the kitchen poker completely out of their lives.

It was only the other week that an American newspaper exposed gambling dens devoted exclusively to the patronage of women. These gilded palaces of fortune (or, rather, misfortune) could not exist unless there was a crying demand for them.

What is it that creates this demand?

Often when the cause of an evil is ascertained, measures to remove this cause prove successful and together with it, the evil, too, is abolished.

To close these gambling dens is but to cover up the symptom; and this is merely a momentary self-delusion with which society flatters itself it has performed its whole duty. Experience has given ample illustration of the effect of "shutting down the lid" in one place. Almost immediately "the lid" comes off in another spot, and the moral disease remains as rampant after as before.

There has been a great deal of speculation as to the real cause of the gambling fever that has at all times affected so many of the male contingent of humanity but has only recently taken such deep root among the women. Nowadays there is scarcely a social gathering in which bridge whist, poker, or some other form of gambling does not enter as the climax of the entertainment. And, in fact, invitations to households in which gambling is a matter of course are at an infinitely higher premium than those where merely intellectual pleasures may be anticipated to season the repast.

As to the consequences of this gambling mania, it is unnecessary to speak. Ruin and woe unutterably great follow in its wake. With its sister vice, drink, it holds equal place in strewing the sea of human life with derelicts. Even those who are so deeply engrossed in gambling that they have eyes or ears for scarcely any other thing, are well enough aware of its dangers. But this does not deter them.

It is to the cause of gambling, to the root of the disease itself that the axe must

be laid before any appreciable change for the better can be hoped for.

What, then, is the cause?

Is it desire for gain? This view has many advocates; and, no doubt, in most gamblers there is a feeling that but for the pleasure of the prospect of winning money gambling could not hold them enthralled.

But, surely, multimillionaires, who are accustomed to making or losing millions in a day cannot be thrilled by the prospect of the gain of a few hundred or even a few thousand dollars at poker! And yet some of these financial monarchs are the most seasoned poker players and high-class "crap shooters."

The true cause lies deeper than mere cupidity. It lies in our very nature, in the metaphysical part of our nature, in our character itself, which is but another name for our will.

Our intellect is a brain function performing mainly the duty of counselling the Will. The Will, although wholly independent of

motives to occupy his Will, and he will spurn cards, races and other forms of gambling.

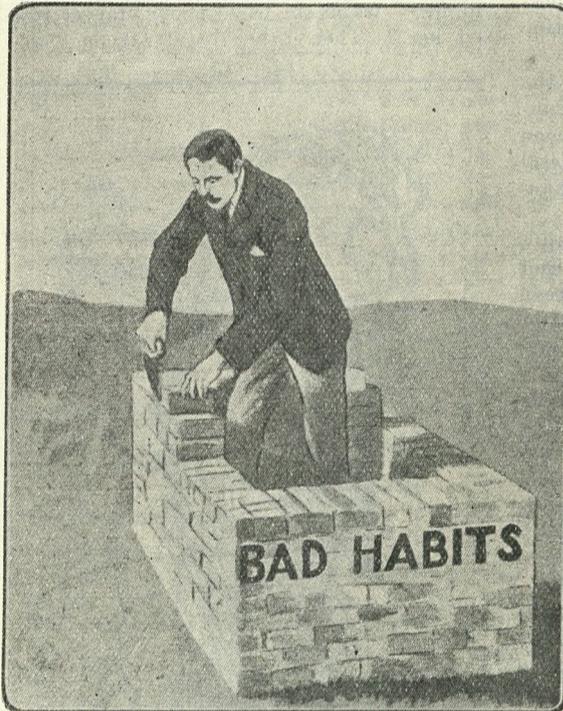
But, if his mind is not so elastic, if he remains content with his ignorance and, having amassed a fortune without the aid of art, science or culture, continues to look upon these as non-essential trivialities, he will soon experience a stagnation, a loneliness, a tedium which in time cannot but become infinitely more oppressive than the burden of the poverty which he had borne before.

His Will craves motives. Poverty was able to supply these; riches have emptied the mind and, in sheer despair, in order to stop the gnawing of the unappeasable will, the man has recourse to gambling. In poker, in speculation, at the races, he finds a panacea for his killing tedium.

Tedium is, in the last analysis, the underlying cause of the gambling madness that is now taking possession of women. The present condition of affairs has placed many of them above the need of attending to their household duties. Those of them that are philanthropic, or those that possess a mental equipment strong enough to insure them against tedium, find all the motives for the gratification of their Will in the practice of charity or the pursuit of intellectual delights.

Those who are not so blessed are driven to gratify the cravings of the restless will in whatever other way they can find. And gambling furnishes the handiest and most absorbingly interesting mode of escape for their insufferable tedium.

Education is one way to eradicate gambling. But this does not mean education of the head alone. Many a woman has passed through college, and yet "feels bored to death" at the very sight of a book. There must be education of the heart as well as of the head; and in the most of the schools this is ignored. The one hour a week devoted to this part of education in the Sunday-schools is ridiculously too little to counteract the allurements of gambling.



HOW ARE YOU BUILDING?

The man who yields to bad habits is building a prison house for himself from which it becomes every day more difficult to escape.

the brain and of the intellect, depends nevertheless upon the latter for guidance in its relations with the outer world. The will it is that supplies the power; but it is the intellect that furnishes the light.

In the interior physiological processes it is the same will that acts and keeps everything in working order, urged on by stimuluses which do not enter our conscious thought at all. But in its dealings with the outer world the Will is moved to activity by motives which are, in effect, nothing more than stimuluses that have passed through the brain.

Now when a person is pressed by poverty to labour hard for subsistence for himself and his family, his whole mind is taken up with the duty of supplying motives to his Will. To take the concentration of his mind for ever so little a while from this purpose would involve calamity; and therefore, it is the rarest thing in the world to see a labourer who is a true devoted husband and father spend any of his time gambling.

But let us assume that this same labourer suddenly acquires wealth, and, with it, leisure. What happens?

If he is gifted with a mind which finds delight in music, the arts and sciences and intellectual conversation the effort to encompass these will furnish forth sufficient

THE WORLD'S MOST TERRIBLE SECRET SOCIETY

WEIRD CEREMONIES AND WONDERFUL INFLUENCE OF THE MAFIA.

Undoubtedly the most powerful and terrible secret society in the whole world is the Mafia, which flourishes in Italy, and has done so for more than 300 years. It was founded (according to a London contemporary), in Sicily for protection against the injustice of foreign rulers; but it now embraces people of all classes and all religions, and its operations are not confined to any particular object except the gain of all the members.

He who is of the Mafia is almost sure to do well, and may even escape justice after committing the most serious crimes. It is said that the secret of the success of the famous Crispi was that he was one of the Mafia. If a member opens a new shop, the word is given round, and all the other members in the neighbourhood flock to it with their custom; if one of the Mafiosi, as they are called, is putting up for an election the influence of the order is set to work in every direction in his favour; if one commits a crime he may be let off because the judge and jury are his brothers; and not long since a man murdered another in the streets of Palermo, and was caught the next mo-

ment, but he broke away from his captors, and upon the instant the cry of "Mafiosi!" was sent round, and every impediment was put in the way of pursuit, so that it failed and the man got free. Subsequently the police discovered his whereabouts, but they dared not arrest him, for fear of the Mafia.

The society will allow any of its members to behave dishonestly or criminally towards any other man who is not a member. Of course, not being established for the purpose of committing crime, it does not encourage such acts, but when they have been committed it will do its level best to shield the perpetrators from the consequences.

But should a Mafiosi at any time do badly towards another, or in any way whatever fail in his duty to the fraternity, he may be sure that the penalty of death awaits him at a very early date. The Mafia never fails in exacting that penalty, and many of the quiet, undiscovered murders that are constantly taking place all over Italy are to be attributed to this cause. The Mafia is the most faithful friend and the most terrible enemy.

It is not an easy thing to join the Mafia, and the tests as to whether a candidate is fit for the fraternity and likely to be a good member of it are very strict. He has to go through many probationary trials, but when at last the committee are satisfied that he is a good candidate he is duly initiated. The candidate has then to go through a terrible ceremony.

First of all a cut is made in his body and a quantity of blood is drawn from it, and with this he smears an image of his favourite saint and then sets the image on fire, immediately taking an oath in the following words: "I swear on my honour to be faithful to the brotherhood. As this saint and the drops of my blood are destroyed, so will I shed all the blood I have for the fraternity; and as these ashes and this blood can never be restored to me, so can I never again become free from the brotherhood."

Then the new initiate has to draw a revolver and shoot at a crucifix, to show that he would be willing at any time to kill his nearest relation or most intimate friend if commanded to do so. He is then a full member, and he is said to be a wearer of the "red mantle."

His name as a member is not entered in any books, but it is duly forwarded to the headquarters, and then it is communicated by word of mouth to all the other members in the district where he lives. These other members teach him all the signs and customs of the fraternity which it is necessary he should know, and he at once becomes an active member.

The head-quarters of the brotherhood are being constantly moved about. One week they are in one place, and the next one in another at the other end of the country. Nobody ever knows, except the members, where to put their hands on the Mafia. In each town there is a kind of chief agent, who is kept posted with the doings and movements of headquarters, and he communicates them to those of the members who are concerned.

When a member wants the active assistance of the whole of the brotherhood this agent acts as the intermediary between the individual and headquarters, and so swift is the action of the brotherhood that in an extreme case the whole of Italy could be at work in favour of one of the humblest members within a few hours of the appeal being made.

The following is credited in a Southern paper to a politician: "I am up a tree, but my back is to the wall, and I'll die in the last ditch, going down with the flag flying and hurling defiance at the foe, soar on the wings of triumph, regardless of the party lash that is barking at my heels."

WHY NO-LICENSE?

Because in New Zealand they are emphatically pleased with the experiment. The No-License vote there advanced by 104-456 votes in nine years.

	1896.	1905.	9 years increase.
No-License vote...	98,312	198,768	100,456
Continuance ...	139,580	182,884	43,304

But the people who lived in the adjoining electorates to Clutha were the first to adopt No-License after its three years' trial. Bottle yarns and sly-grog scares did not weigh with those who had first-hand information.

Because it reduces crime, and generally lifts the moral tone of the community.

In Oamaru (population 5000) the last six months of license showed 138 convictions which dropped to 24 in the first six months of No-License.

The convictions in the four electorates, Ashburton, Port Chalmers, Bruce, Mataura, for the last year of license numbered 689, and these were reduced to 241 in the first year of No-License.

Clinton, a town in the Clutha electorate, showed 357 convictions in the last eight years of license, in the succeeding eight years of No-License there were only 41.

Because it reduces drunkenness. In Ashburton the convictions for drunkenness in 1902 under license were 91; in 1904, under No-License, this number was reduced to 23. The convictions for excessive drinking under license in 1902 were 26, and in 1904 there were no convictions. In 1901 for all New Zealand one "drunk" in 95, in Clutha in five years one "drunk" to 1963.

Because it reduces the amount of liquor consumed, which is the great reason for the liquor trade's hatred of No-License. In spite of all that one hears of sly-grog, the following facts are overwhelming. The figures are from a Parliamentary return presented in 1905 re Mataura:...

1900 Under License ...	45,716½	gallons
1904 Under No-License ...	7,264	"
1905 " " " "	6,635	"

Because the sly-grog bogey is, after all, like a hissing goose, quite harmless when you attack him. There are unfortunately always a low class prepared to break the law for financial considerations, but they are not confined to No-License areas.

In 1898 we find: Auckland (license) 30 convictions for sly-grog selling; Clutha (No-License), 10 convictions.

Because, tested by Borough finance, it has been a success. Rateable values: Ashburton, 1902, under license, £22,613; 1905, under No-License, £25,081. This increase is in spite of the fact that the rateable value of hotel properties under No-License was reduced by £993.

Invercargill in the first nine months of No-License, showed a decrease of £2319 in duty paid on alcohol, but an increase of over £6,000 paid on general merchandise.

BETTING IN PARIS

The French Department of Agriculture, which, as the official promoter of horse breeding in France, has the supervision of the racecourses, has published some figures concerning the amount of money wagered on the Paris racecourses. Since the opening of the present season, some time in March, the pari mutuel has received £4,040,000 in wagers. In the same period last year the amount wagered was £3,400,000, and the year before about a quarter of a million less.

Gate receipts have also increased. The amount paid so far this season is £114,400, or £12,000 more than for the same period last year. By the law which gives a percentage of the bets to the Treasury, M. Caillaux's department has already placed a third of a million in its coffers as the product of the State control of betting.

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GRIT.
A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1907.

A CHANGE OF TACTICS

"The time had gone by for them to be always advocating purely justice to the trade. In order to get a full measure of support from the electors the trade should advocate the legitimate requirements of the drinking public." This statement was made recently to a meeting of the Liquor Defence Union by the Secretary of that body. Presumably the liquor party have felt the sting of the criticism launched against its selfish policy of "protection for vested interests." They want now to change their tactics. Their plan of campaign in future is to mask their own selfish aspirations by an appeal to the people on the "liberty" argument. But there are few upon whom such a policy will have any great effect. The thinking public know well enough that the liquor business is run all the time on a pounds, shillings and pence basis, and that the convenience and well-being of the people is a mere incident so far as liquor traders are concerned. Of course the "drinking public"—that is, those men and women who have become slaves to the drink habit—may be expected to raise a "hullabaloo" about that which they deem to be an attempt to curtail their liberties. But the effacement of the liquor traffic is just as much in the interests of these individuals as it is in the interests of any other section of the community. It has been repeatedly shown that the greatest good for the whole body politic must be the paramount consideration in dealing with great social questions. The liquor party can never hope to show that their business is a public good, or that it in any way serves the best interests of the people as a whole.

A MEDICAL M.P. ON DRINK

In "The Drink Problem," recently published by Methuen, there is a chapter on "Alcoholism and Legislation," by Dr. V. H. Rutherford, M.A., M.P. Dr. Rutherford is frankly and emphatically a believer in Local Option without Compensation. "Compensation for the non-renewal of annual licenses and its discussion," he says, "scarcely come within the limits of a scientific work. Medical science, however, could roll up a big catalogue of damage done by alcohol, that would make a counter-claim look ridiculous." He concludes thus: "How much better the world would be without alcohol God only knows. For our own country no second sight is needed to foresee a mighty improvement in the lives and homes of the people, and in their material prosperity, in their physical efficiency, and in their spiritual beauty. The death-rate would fall, and the hospitals would be relieved of many of their patients, the cry of the little children would be turned to laughter, and the joy of parents would be as the noonday sun. While many of our prisons crumbled away, churches and schools would flourish like the green bay tree. With trade booming, and rates and taxes dwindling, civilisation would be equal to the problems of poverty, and able to cope with the difficulties of unemployment and provision for old age. . . . The black night of lunacy would be reduced by one-half. Private virtues, public morals, and national ideals would all participate in the grand ascent through freedom from alcohol. A new heaven and a newer earth might not be reached by the banishment of drink, but as a people and as a nation our influence for good would be enormously enhanced, and we should be a long way nearer that great day when there shall be no more curse."

MORE SOCIAL LEGISLATION

Members of the Legislative Assembly have met for the final session of the present Parliament. No one expects that there will be very much work performed. The average politician will be desirous of talking to his constituents from the floor of the House, rather than addressing himself to the serious business of law-making. There is one proposed bill, however, which, if taken in a non-party spirit will be a fitting conclusion to the work of Parliament under the guidance of the Carruthers Government. It is expected that Mr. Wade will introduce his promised measure to deal with those who are constantly being sentenced to short terms of imprisonment for drunkenness, vagrancy, and like offences. The Comptroller-General of Prisons has many times drawn attention to the inadequacy of the present system, and has urged that these unfortunate individuals should be placed under restraint for a term sufficient to give them a chance to break their old habits. Captain Neitenstein's suggestions are now to be given effect to, and it is hoped that in a few weeks' time better and more humanitarian ideas will be embodied in the method of treatment for these moral derelicts. The present Government has undoubtedly made some mistakes during its term of office, but

it still deserves consideration and support for having passed the Liquor and Gaming Acts; if to these two useful measures it adds the one above referred to, it will have still further claims upon the gratitude and assistance of every right-thinking person in the community.

THE USE OF ALCOHOL

SIR VICTOR HORSLEY ON HIS "BON-VIVANT" FRIENDS.

At the recent congress of the Kent County Temperance Federation at Tunbridge Wells an important gathering of the medical and teaching professions discussed the subject of scientific temperance teaching in schools.

Mr. J. H. Yoxall, M.P., presided, and the chief speaker was Sir Victor Horsley, who said the attitude of the medical profession towards this matter was no new one. As far back as 1842 the leaders of the profession in all the great cities signed a protest against the use of alcohol. The object of teaching temperance in their schools was to prevent physical and moral deterioration. The causes of physical deterioration were bad housing and alcohol, but they were all well aware that alcohol was indirectly responsible for bad housing, inasmuch as it led to indifference with regard to the surroundings.

Sir Victor eulogised the work of the bands of hope, and mentioned that he had been collecting reports from the headmasters of the chief secondary schools for the forthcoming Colonial Conference, and he was delighted to find that 85 per cent. could be called total abstinence schools. The medical profession asked four years ago that every child should be taught the principles of health and temperance. When he said medical profession he did not mean his sixteen bon-vivant friends who signed a statement in the "Lancet." (Laughter.) The medical profession desired that children should be taught hygiene and temperance, and it could be done without increasing the work of the teachers. But it would be necessary to recast the code, and that was what they must strive for. They must also have a medical man in the Board of Education.

Replying to some questions, Sir Victor Horsley said alcohol was undoubtedly injurious to those who took it—the "Lancet" statement notwithstanding. If it was injurious to young subjects under 21, he could not for the life of him understand why it stopped being injurious when people reached that age. The fact was that it was more injurious to the young growing subject than it was to a person whose tissues were more matured. Among the medical profession the use of alcohol had enormously diminished, and that example ought to be good enough for the public.

Mr. Yoxall said the code would have to be altered, and the teaching of temperance and hygiene included. He thought the majority of teachers would readily accept the idea.

Resolutions were passed favouring the medical inspection of children and the teaching of temperance to all school children.

He was hurrying along the street the other night, when another man, also in violent haste, rushed out of a doorway, and the two collided with great force.

The second man looked mad, while the polite man, taking off his hat, said: "My dear sir, I don't know which of us is to blame for this violent encounter, but I am in too great a hurry to investigate. If I ran into you, I beg you pardon; if you ran into me, don't mention it." And he tore away with redoubled speed.

London Slum Sketches

By COULSON KERNAHAN, in the Barnardo Memorial Volume.

Opening my newspaper I read that, owing to the removal of the works of two of the greatest ship-building firms from Thames side to the North, thousands of men had been thrown out of work, and great destitution prevailed. "The condition of things in East London"—so it was stated in the newspapers—"is more terrible than has been known within the memory of anyone alive, and it is no exaggeration to say that at this moment hundreds, if not thousands, of women and children are starving." Some instances which had come under the personal notice of the writer of the article were then given. Even to read them was painful; to try to realise them was heart-breaking.

"This may, or may not, be a piece of newspaper exaggeration, for the purpose of sensationalism," I said; "but if the half of

swer. "I served her with a farthing's-worth of bread. That's all she and her three children have for to-day."

The unemotional, matter-of-fact way in which she spoke was infinitely more significant than if she had put the point of exclamation to her statement by any melodramatic show of feeling, any play of features or gestures of hands.

"But such cases are not common?" I protested.

"No," she said, dully; "they're not. It's much commoner not to have the farthing's-worth of bread."

"Would you mind giving me that poor woman's name and address? I pledge you my word," I added, perhaps unnecessarily, "that I'll say nothing to hurt her pride or to wound her feelings."

"18, Cripps Court," was the reply; "and

the same flesh and blood as we are, and they're in want. What name shall I ask for them by?"

"Lowe," she said. "That's the name they go by anyway."

Thanking the good woman behind the counter for her help, I set out to find Mrs. Fred Frost.

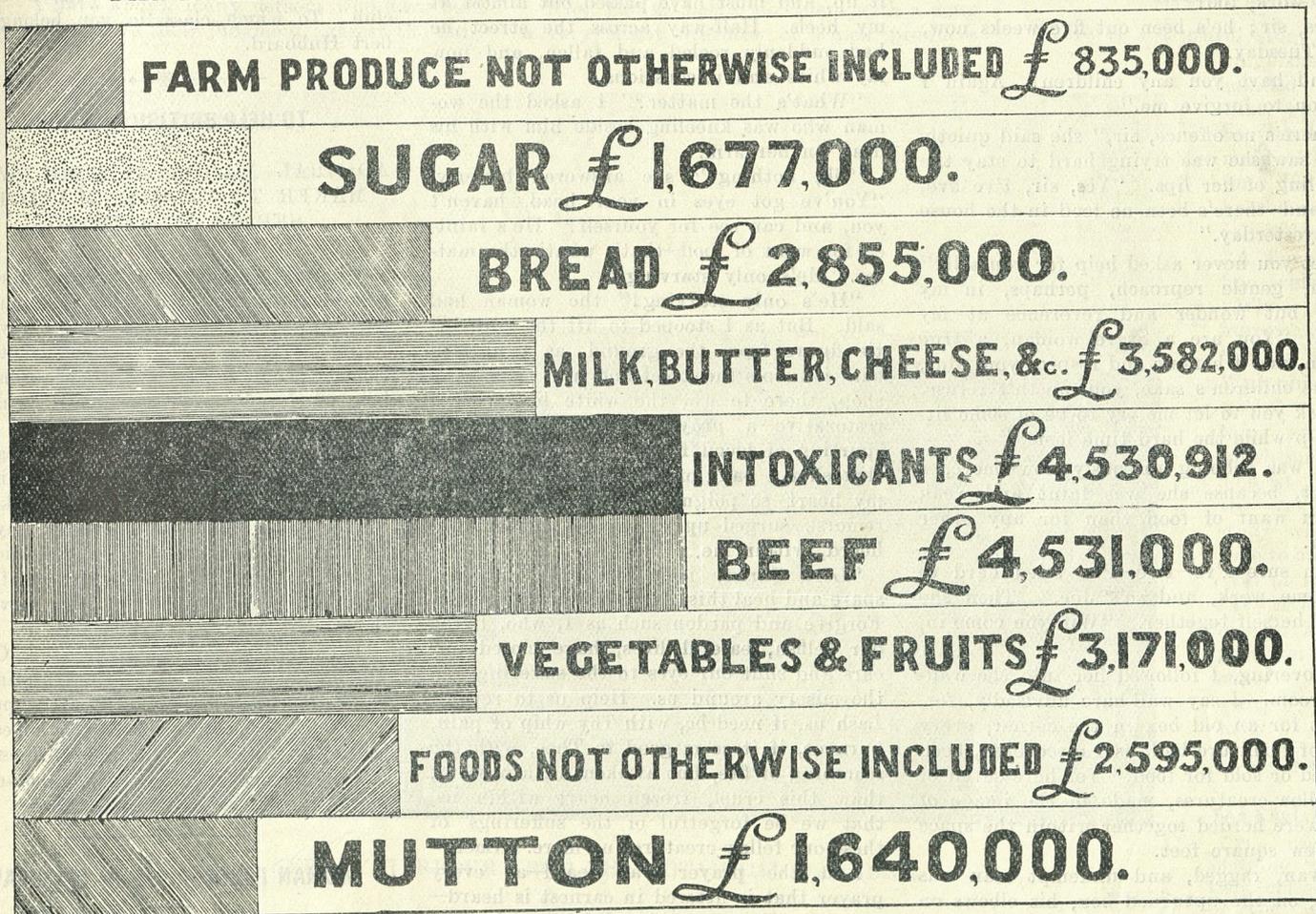
The door of No. 18, Cripps Court, was opened by a wan, haggard-looking woman, whom the summons had apparently disturbed in the act of suckling a sickly-looking baby which she held on one arm, while the hand of her other arm was fumbling at the unbuttoned bosom of her dress.

"Good-morning," I said, raising my hat. "Can you tell me, please, if Mrs. Fred Frost is in?"

"No, sir, she's not," she answered civilly; "her baby's dead, and she's gone to find her husband, who's trying to get a job at the docks."

"Oh! poor woman! I'm very sorry!" I said gently. "The fact is, her name was given to me as one whose husband is out of

The Drink Bill of N. S. Wales compared with the Expenditure on Food.



The figures given above are for the year 1905, and are compiled from Government Statistics.

what this man says be true, what right have I to be sitting here before a comfortable breakfast while little children are crying vainly for bread?"

I pushed my almost untasted breakfast away from me. I felt as if, with the wail of starving children in my ears, another mouthful of food would choke me.

Taking the train to Shadwell, I deliberately set to work to find the most squalid and poverty-stricken slum in the whole district. Then I entered the nearest baker's shop.

"Understand me, please. I don't come from any newspaper. I'm not working in connection with any charity, or any church, and I haven't very much money to spend; but if women and children are really starving, as I read in the newspapers, I want to do what little I can to help. Do you know of any such cases?"

"The last customer I served before you came in, sir, was a woman," she made an-

her name's Frost. But there's five families living in the house, most of 'em in one room, and two of them are Frost. The one you want is Mrs. Fred Frost."

"Thank you very much. It is very good of you to take this trouble," I said. "Are there any other cases equally bad that you know? If so, I'd be grateful to be told of them."

"Lots," was the laconic reply. "I can give you enough names, without your going out of this street, to keep you busy for a week. There's a couple at No. 9, in the top room. They've pawned every stick they've got, and are sleeping on bare boards on the floor. I know they haven't had anything to eat for two days. But you won't want anything to do with them, I expect. The man's a thief by trade, and the woman—well, she's worse, and I know for certain they ain't husband and wife."

"I don't care what they are," I replied hotly. "They're fellow-creatures, made of

work, and I ventured to call to see if she'd allow me to send in some groceries, and other things, by way of being of some assistance during the hard time. If you'll allow me, I'll call again."

"She'll be very grateful to you, sir, I'm sure," the woman replied. "Having the child ill has made it very hard for her just lately."

"Is there anybody else living here with whom things are going badly? If so, perhaps you'd tell me. I can't do very much, but what I can do, in the way of sending in some tea and some meat and a few groceries, I'd be very glad to."

"Well, sir," said the woman, "there's an old couple in the back room, living alone with their little grandson (the child's father and mother are dead). But they've gone out—all three of them—to try and get a relief ticket somewhere. If you were to ask for them when you come back to see Mrs. Frost, you'll see for yourself by the

very look of them how things are. The little boy—he's all right. They've managed it—though I don't know how—between them, 'cept by starving themselves to give to him, for skin and bone is about all that's left of the two old people."

"I'm very much obliged to you," I said. "And I shall venture, as I say, to call in again; perhaps in an hour's time. Good-morning."

"Good-morning, sir, and thank you," she said quietly.

As I was turning away, the sun, which had not before been visible that morning, suddenly broke out from behind the clouds. Standing, as she had been, in a dark passage, and partly behind the half-opened door, she was so much in the shadow that I could not observe her closely; nor, for the matter of that, had I tried to do so, being anxious not to seem curious or inquisitive. But as the sun fell full upon her face, and I marked the hollows in her cheeks, and the dark rings around her eyes, I stopped suddenly, impulsively.

"Please don't think me impertinent," I said; "but you look far from strong yourself. I hope—I do hope—your husband isn't out of work, too?"

"Yes, sir; he's been out five weeks now, come Tuesday."

"And have you any children? Again I ask you to forgive me."

"There's no offence, sir," she said quietly but I saw she was trying hard to stave the trembling of her lips. "Yes, sir, I've five, and—and—there's been no food in the house since yesterday."

"Yet you never asked help for yourself!" I said, gentle reproach, perhaps, in my voice, but wonder and reverence at my heart. "You are a brave woman, a true woman, and I honour and respect you. But, for the children's sake, you mustn't refuse, if I ask you to let me try to be of some little help while the hard time lasts."

She was sobbing piteously now—more, I suspect, because she was faint and weak and in want of food than for any other reason.

"I'm sure I've—I've—I've tried hard to get some work, and so's Joe." Then she pulled herself together. "Will you come in, sir?"

Uncovering, I followed her into the wall-bare room. I say wall-bare advisedly, for, except for an old box in the corner, every stick of furniture had, as I discovered, been pawned or sold for food. Yet here seven of my fellow-creatures, made in the image of God, were herded together within the space of a few square feet.

A wan, ragged, and unkempt man was sitting on the upturned box, his elbows on his knees, his hands thrust in the hair that was brushed over his ears.

He leapt up morosely, savagely, at my entrance, and muttered something about "More — spies!"

But I was not born an Irishman for nothing. Three minutes had not passed before I had won him to friendliness; five minutes had not gone by before the youngest child was sitting on my knee, listening open-mouthed, to stories about a performing dog.

After a little time I said:

"Now I wonder if Timmy there—he's nine, you said, Mrs. Wright—I wonder whether he's a good hand at shopping, and if he'd come with me to get a few things at the butcher's and the baker's and the grocer's, and then help me to bring them back? Do you know, Timmy, I'm a very, very greedy man, and want a cup of tea badly, and somehow I've got an idea that your mother, here, is a good hand at making tea; and when you and I come back, I'm going to beg her to be so kind as to make me a cup, and then while all the

rest of you have a cup too, and something to eat with it, I'll finish that story of mine about the dog."

But I had miscalculated Timmy's strength. He and I stopped at the first shop we came to—a grocer's—and borrowed a wicker basket. It had the word "Margarine" stencilled or painted in big black letters on one side; and by the same token, as for weeks to come, I had occasion to borrow that same basket, and came to be a familiar figure in the streets, I was known and spoken of in the district as "Mr. Margarine." Into this basket Timmy and I stacked away tea, sugar, butter, and other groceries. Then we returned to my friend the woman in the baker's shop, and added to our store a loaf or two of bread.

"And now, Timmy," I said, "I daresay this kind lady could find you a piece of cake and a glass of milk. Meanwhile, I'll run across the road and interview the butcher."

I had hardly entered the butcher's shop before I heard the sudden pulling up of a horse and cart, and saw the driver hastily dismounting.

Timmy, supposing I had meant him to follow at once with the basket, had taken it up, and must have passed out almost at my heels. Half-way across the street he had suddenly reeled and fallen, and now lay white and unconscious.

"What's the matter?" I asked the woman who was kneeling beside him with his head on her arm.

"Oh, nothing!" she answered bitterly. "You've got eyes in your head, haven't you, and can see for yourself? He's fainted for want of food—that's what's the matter. He's only starving!"

"He's only starving!" the woman had said. But as I stooped to lift the frail little figure from the ground, as I hurried with it across the street and into the baker's shop, there to wet the white lips with a restorative—a prayer that was like the spurting of blood from a wound, a prayer that shot a pang of actual physical pain to my heart—so poignant, so terrible was my remorse—surged up unuttered, but not unheard, within me.

"Lord Christ, lover of little children, spare and heal this Thy stricken little child. Forgive and pardon such as I, who, living our selfish, easeful lives, have closed our ears and shut our eyes to the suffering and the misery around us. Help us to repent. Lash us, if need be, with Thy whip of pain, burn us, if it seem good to Thee, with the scorching of fire, but awaken us, arouse us, thaw this cruel, frozen heart within us, that we be forgetful of the sufferings of these our fellow-creatures no more. Amen."

And the prayer was heard—as every prayer that is uttered in earnest is heard—on high. The restorative did its work. The cup of warm milk, which—perhaps with a thought of Him who said, "And whosoever shall give to drink one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, shall in no wise lose his reward"—was held to his lips by the good woman, put new life into him; and before long Timmy and I were able to gather together our belongings, and to return to No. 18, Cripps Court.

The teacher approached one little fellow who was present for the first time, and inquired his name for the purpose of placing it on the roll.

"Well," said the youngster, "they call me Jimmie, for short; but my maiden name is James."

"I think I'll try filling the tires of my automobile with illuminating gas," said the amateur chauffeur.

"Good joke," gurgled his fool friend. "Expect to make it light. Ha! ha!"

"Nothing of the kind," replied the amateur chauffeur; "I thought it might increase the speed of the machine. Just think how the stuff makes the wheels of a gas meter spin round."

INITIATIVE

The world bestows its big prizes, both in money and honours, but for one thing. And that is Initiative. What is Initiative? I'll tell you: It is doing the right thing without being told. But next to doing the thing without being told is to do it when you are told once. That is to say, carry the Message to Garcia: those who can carry a message get high honours, but their pay is not always in proportion. Next, there are those who never do a thing until they are told twice: such get no honours and small pay. Next, there are those who do the right thing only when necessity kicks them from behind, and these get indifference instead of honours, and a pittance for pay. This kind spends most of its time polishing a bench with a hard-luck story. Then, still lower down the scale than this, we have the fellow who will not do the right thing even when some one goes along to show him how, and stays to see that he does it: he is always out of a job, and receives the contempt he deserves, unless he has a rich Pa, in which case Destiny patiently awaits around the corner with a stuffed club. To which class do you belong?—Elbert Hubbard.

TO HELP BRITISH MISSIONS

ADMIRAL MAHON AND MR. WANAMAKER TO VISIT ENGLAND FOR SERIES OF MEETINGS.

Admiral Mahon, the great American naval expert, and Mr. John Wanamaker—the Philadelphia "universal provider," whose great shop is sometimes visited by 200,000 people a day—are to speak on English platforms next month on behalf of British religious missions in foreign lands.

Their visit to England was to begin on May 27, and will last about a fortnight.

Admiral Mahon and Mr. Wanamaker are interested in the United States Laymen's Missionary Movement, an organisation designed to educate the public in foreign missions. They desire that this movement should be extended to England.

A committee representing the Church Missionary Society and other leading organisations is now sitting for the purpose of arranging meetings, and it is hoped that leading British political and business men will be interested, and that much-needed new life will be put into the work.

WOMAN FOUND ALIVE IN HER GRAVE

The wife of a farmer of Mont de Marsan, in the province of Landes, was buried while in a state of catalepsy.

The woman had suffered from a lingering illness. The body was interred on May 3, and for some unexplained reason the grave was not filled at once.

Next day a man who was passing the grave heard stifled cries proceeding from it, and ran to the house of the mayor to give information.

The mayor summoned a doctor, and hurried off with him to the cemetery. When the coffin was opened the woman inside made a convulsive effort to rise.

The doctor put his arms round her and raised her to a sitting position. Her heart was still beating, but she died shortly afterwards.

The woman had torn her shroud to pieces in her desperate efforts to escape from her living tomb.

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

ALCOHOL AS A DRINK

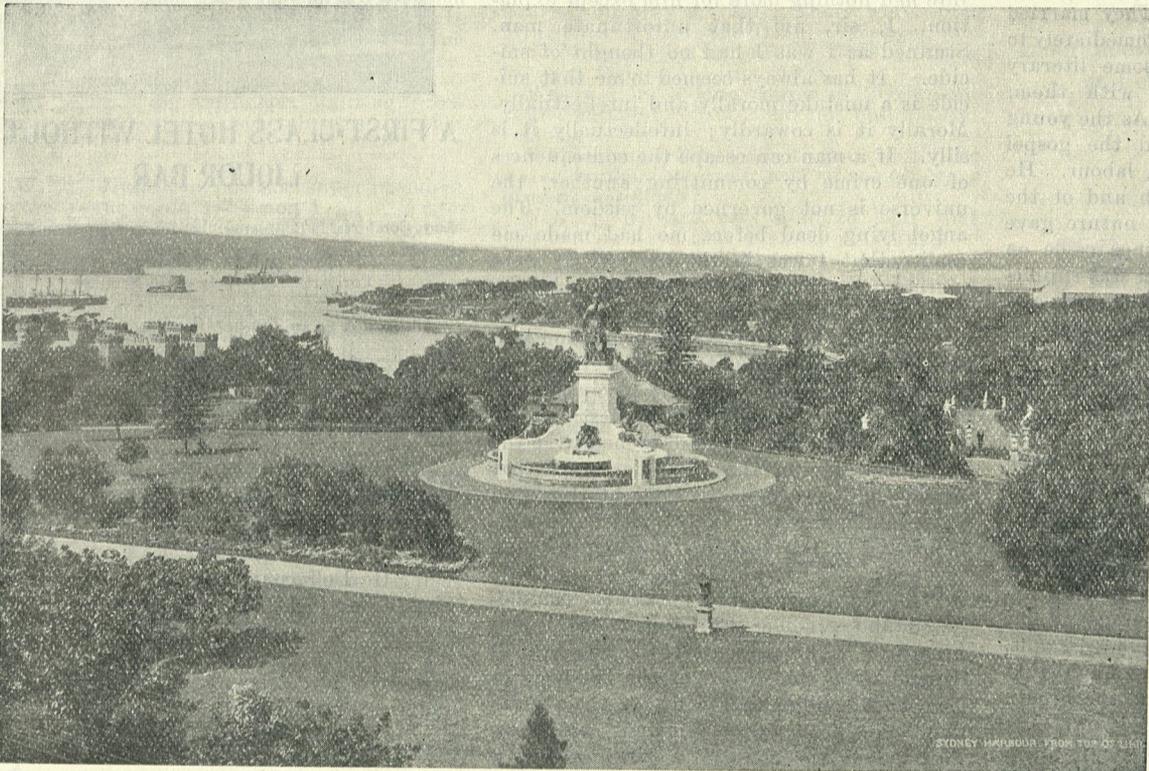
By LIEUT.-COL. F. A. DAVY, M.D.

Unfortunately the general public has arrived at a conviction—comfortable, perhaps, but erroneous—that if what people are pleased to call moderation be practised, alcohol, taken daily, though no need of stimulation be felt, not only does no harm, but may even do good. But as "moderation" is a word which means one thing to this man or woman and another thing to that, we are in the presence of an important difficulty; for alcohol is admitted by everybody to be a powerful drug. And even if we lay down definitely what amount of alcohol per day would constitute moderation, we should not, I fear, have advanced very far towards bettering the large percentage of the population which is being injured by it. Every man would still be a law unto himself. Scientific argument is of little avail. On this subject those who are convinced, are usually convinced against their will, and, as we know, "are of the same opinion still;" or act as if they were. But I have known many persons who have been led to give their judgment against the daily

favourable rates which are allowed to abstainers from it. It is a point worth pondering that we find committees of level-headed business men coming to a very definite conclusion on this alcohol question, from the point of view of their financial interests. Surely, you will say, there must be something in it. And of course there is. There is reason and common-sense in it.

Common-sense, then, is on the side of the view that the animal body is, let us say, A MACHINE TO BE WORKED BY WATER. Sir Benjamin Richardson used to say that we can see at once the absurdity of using for our steam engines a liquid unadapted to their construction, and that our mistake is soon seen if we put the water where the oil, and the oil where the water, ought to be. The point is that the machine must be altered if you would have it work under new conditions. And so, if we proceed to work the animal machine with a liquid which is not natural to it, we, as a matter of course, commence a process of altering the machine to meet the new requirements.

What had we better do, then, with a drug a very slight overdose of which produces



SYDNEY HARBOUR FROM THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

dietetic use of this powerful drug—upon whom argument produced no effect whatever—by means of some very simple and common-sense considerations regarding it.

REASON AND COMMON SENSE.

You point to a plant in a flower-pot. It is looking somewhat dried up. In want of water, you say. Yes; the food is all right. There is plenty of good-looking clay in the pot. But liquid is needed so to dissolve the food as to enable the roots to carry it into the circulation of the plant. Water alone will not do, nor will clay alone do. There must be both. Now, it will occur to the reader that the natural solvent for carrying the food of all animals into the circulation is water; and it may occur to him (as to the persons of whom I have spoken) that probably nothing else will do as well. A trial will show that if he give a plant alcohol mixed with water, it will fade away and die. And I may say here, that though animal tissues are not plant tissues, the insurance companies take a similar view of its effect on man: for they lay down that the man who habitually takes alcohol, even in moderation, must not be insured at the

headache, mental confusion, redness of eyes, loss of appetite, indigestion? Evidently abandon its habitual use, not its occasional use when a stimulant to the circulation is suddenly required. For it is as certain as the insurance companies make it that the habitual use of alcohol in sufficient quantity to produce a stimulant effect (short of which few people want to take it at all), is an outrage on nature, disturbs her processes of assimilation of food and of nutrition, and induces in time a morbid condition of the lungs, liver, kidneys, and brain.

The power of the body to eliminate poisons is very great; but the effort is not made on the part of the excretory organs without damage to them, and steady loss of this power. It is not merely a case of extraordinary work thrown on them, but unnatural work; and I need not argue that what is unnatural is necessarily injurious.

"Say, waiter, here's a hair in the butter."
"Yes, sir. A cow's hair, sir. The revised rules of the Department of Agriculture, require us to serve one with each pat, sir, as proof that it ain't oleo."

AMERICAN PULPIT HUMOUR

A noted divine in Chicago illustrated a point he was making about the want of depth of some people's Christianity by telling this story. "Friends," he said, "an ignorant old lady was asked by a minister visiting her if she had got religion; and her reply was, 'I have slight touches of it occasionally.'"

Another divine related how two little girls who were comparing progress in catechism study enunciated these remarkable views: "I've got to original sin," said one; "how far have you got?" "Me?" was the reply. "Oh, I'm way beyond redemption."

"But I pass," said a minister one Sunday, in dismissing one theme of his subject for another. "Then I make it spades," yelled a man from the gallery who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of euchre. It is needless to say that he went out on the next deal, assisted by one of the deacons with a full hand of clubs.

ABSENT-MINDED

There is a truthful story told of a distinguished but absent-minded head master that, walking one day, he met his own nursemaid with a perambulator. He was fascinated by the grin of the perambulator's passenger. "A fine child, a very fine child," said he. "Whose is it?" The nursemaid giggled. "Yours, sir," said she. With this should be recorded a tale of a certain great historian which some German humourist has produced. He was busy in his study when a servant came to announce the arrival of his fourteenth. "It's a boy, Herr Professor," said she. The professor looked up annoyed. "Tell him to wait," said he, irritably.

The Explanation

The teacher was explaining to his Scottish class the parable of the man who fell among thieves. He asked the class why the priest and the Levite passed by on the other side. Silence fell until the small boy raised his hand and his voice. "They knew he had been robbit already," he said.

Another Reason

"You admire that musician?"
"Very much," answered Mr. Roche.
"For his compositions or for his performances?"
"Neither. For his nerve in charging a guinea a seat."

In a little schoolhouse in the North of Scotland, the schoolmaster keeps his boys grinding steadily at their desks, but gives them permission to nibble from their lunch-baskets sometimes as they work.

One day, while the master was instructing a class in the rule of three, he noticed that one of his pupils was paying more attention to a small tart than to his lessons. "Tom Bain," said the master, "listen to the lesson, will ye?"
"I'm listening, sir," said the boy.
"Listening are ye?" exclaimed the master. "Then ye're listening wi' one ear an' eating pie wi' the other."

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

HOME'S WORST FOE

By MICHAEL CLUNE.

The audience in the western village was expectant. The fame of the man about to speak was great and growing. As he began in a clear tenor it was evident that he was interested in the story he told:

When Edward Smith asked Alice Brown to marry him she refused.

"I thought you loved me," said the young man.

"So I do," replied she. "I love you so much that I deny myself happiness for your sake."

"Please explain," said the disappointed lover.

"Well, replied the brave girl, "you are becoming a drunkard. If I marry you I shall have a short honeymoon of love and a long aftermath of sorrow."

"I shall reform," said the suitor.

"Do so before marriage," said she, "and I shall be as generous as you."

It was agreed that they should divide their savings and buy a ten-acre farm and cottage in the pine woods of Michigan.

Their new home was ten miles from the village and its temptations. They married in the early spring and went immediately to the farm. They both had some literary training and brought books with them. These proved a great solace. As the young husband was induced to read the gospel daily he found new dignity in labour. He thought of Christ in Nazareth and of the repose which communion with nature gave to life. As the winter evenings came on apace the chapter in the gospel was supplemented by long readings from the poets and dramatists. When without, the scene was bleak and uninviting, within, through the enchantment of the classic masters, they were surrounded by palm trees, and fountains that cooled the tropic plains. When without, the wind blew a furious gale, within, "It came o'er their ears like the sweet South that breathes upon a bank of violets, stealing and giving odour."

The evenings closed with prayers of gratitude and supplication. The sleep that followed such a day was as soothing as the murmur of drowsy waters over golden sands, and the dreams that flitted through that healthful sleep were as sweet as the breath of Lotos islands.

This happy couple did not enjoy the pleasures of marriage to shirk its responsibilities or frustrate its ends. With the apparent death of nature the approach of a new life within the home was joyously welcomed by both. She said one morning to her husband:

"I have been so well and strong that I have put off calling the physician as long as possible. Please get him to-day."

The young fellow gladly piled up the wood around the stove, prepared his horses and started for the distant village. He had put a liquor jug into the sleigh, as he thought his wife might need warm drinks during her convalescence. He reached the village about two in the afternoon. The doctor was out visiting a patient. The anxious husband decided to go to the liquor store, have his jug filled, and so be ready for an immediate start when the doctor returned.

The liquor store, as is usual in the country during the winter time, was filled with loiterers.

"Hello, Ed," said one, "what are you doing here?"

"My wife is ailing a little," replied the unthinking husband, "and I want some liquor to prevent her taking cold."

"Oh," said another, rightly guessing the happy secret, "We must have a drink to the young heir's health."

Although the fond father protested, he

was overruled. Drinks were ordered. He took a first drink. Other friends came in; he drank with them. Old times were rehearsed; old habits came back; the afternoon wore away; evening came on; Edward Smith was thoroughly drunk. As the latest loiterers were starting for home they put something under the drunken man's head and threw a blanket over him. About three in the morning he awoke. He realised everything. He arose in haste, got his horses ready and started for the doctor's.

"In God's name," said he to the sleepy physician, "come at once."

The doctor dressed himself and accompanied him. Snow had fallen and they made their way through the woods with difficulty. Before they covered the ten miles the short, wintry day had broken. As the anxious husband saw the sun reflected from the snow he thought the rainbow hues might speak of hope. In an agony of expectation he jumped from the sleigh, opened the door and saw a horrifying sight. The child had been born, the fire had gone out, and mother and child were both dead.

"I should not think he would care to live any longer," said an auditor.

"He did not," replied the speaker. "It would have been happiness for him to die. Life had nothing more for him except expiation. I, sir, am that unfortunate man. Stunned as I was I had no thought of suicide. It has always seemed to me that suicide is a mistake morally and intellectually. Morally it is cowardly; intellectually it is silly. If a man can escape the consequences of one crime by committing another, the universe is not governed by wisdom. The angel lying dead before me had made me realise that I was in the hands that were pierced for me on the cross. Even in the presence of her dead body I mapped out my life's work. I would try to bring home to others as I had brought home to myself the fascination of drink, like the fascination of the serpent, charmed only to destroy. I would strive to pour upon darkened lives the refracted light of those happier stars that for me had forever set. I might thus find peace and pardon. In the moistened eyes before me I see that my pardon is being invoked:

"One word more and I am done. The hallowed and gracious Christmas time is approaching. The presents to be bought will depend upon the wealth of the donors. In New York, millionaires will give their wives diamond head dresses and bracelets. Throughout the country a girl who has a fiancée inclined to drink can give him a more splendid present. She can, under God, give him back his manhood. She can unbind broken fetters from his wrists. She can tell this simple and o'er-true tale and ask him if Christ is coming to make him really free. Ladies and gentlemen, good-night."

CURIOUS COMPENSATION CASE

Although Royalties no longer employ private jesters, yet apparently American millionaires still do so, and this fact was the cause of one of the oddest compensation cases ever recorded.

A certain Captain Louis Ijams—his very name is enough to raise a smile—was employed as private jester by the late Mr. Abraham Brokaw, a wealthy resident of Bloomington, Illinois. Ijams received no salary, but his patron promised to remember him in his will.

Brokaw died, and Ijams found there was no mention of him in the will.

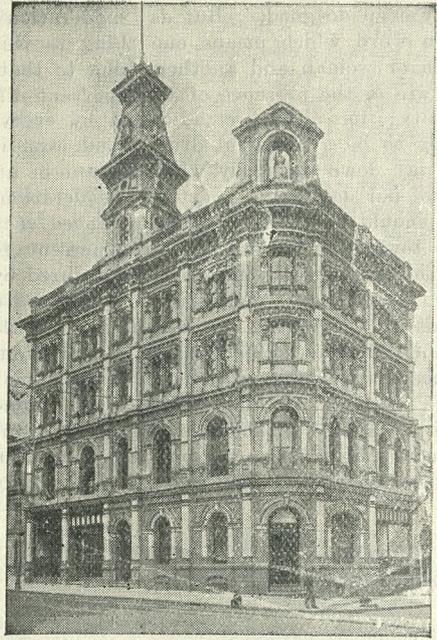
Whereupon he entered suit in the county court. He furnished a statement that he had told a thousand funny stories, and claimed £2000 in compensation.

In court the jester was obliged to retell some of his stories, whereupon the judge declared that two pounds apiece was too much

Where Shall I Stay in Sydney?

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for them. A pound each was ample, and Ijams was awarded £1000.

One more case, also from the far side of the Pacific. Certain doctors of Cincinnati had a badly-burnt patient, for whose wounds new skin was required.

W. G. Doll contracted to supply a piece of skin one inch long and six wide. When he came to, he found that the doctors had taken nearly twice as much as they had bargained for. He promptly brought suit, and was granted £80.

CHEQUES FOR £226,216

A YEAR'S COST OF EXTINGUISHING
LONDON LICENCES.

Last month the supplemental report of the County Licensing Committee for London, acting as the compensation authority, under the provisions of the Licensing Act, 1904, was presented at the quarterly meeting of the justices. From this it appears that the total number of licenses recommended for extinction on payment of compensation in 1906 was 107.

In 103 of the cases the parties interested had agreed to receive a total award of £226,216, as against the claims they originally submitted of £319,459 11s 4d. In the four remaining cases the parties had not come to terms, and the matters were therefore sent to the Inland Revenue for decision. The total amount claimed in these four cases is £6,319, and the authority's valuers recommended that £3,965 should be paid.

Cheques for £226,216 will be forwarded on May 18 to the licensees, brewers, mortgagées, and other persons interested in the forfeiture of the licences.

The Bartenders' Union of Minneapolis has filed articles of incorporation with the Secretary of State. The following is a part of the document: "The object of this organization is for the purpose of suppressing the sale of adulterated liquors, to espouse the cause of true temperance, and to instruct its members along moral and educational lines." Next!

"Mida's Criterion," a wholesale liquor organ, states that the wholesale liquor dealers and jobbers throughout the United States find that business has slackened up materially since the beginning of the year. The greatest contributory cause of the lull is, they believe, the apprehension regarding the inimical legislation now pending in nearly every State in the Union.

Dr. Edwin C. Dinwiddie, legislative superintendent of the American Anti-Saloon League, reports from Washington that under the provision of the Sundry Civil Bill of last year, liquor-selling stopped in the national soldiers' homes on March 4. Both Houses of Congress voted to continue the prohibition by a limitation on the sundry civil appropriation bill, during the coming fiscal year ending June 30, 1908.

Indianapolis has an ordinance prohibiting saloons within 500 feet of a park. Further regulation is pending, and likely to be enacted, prohibiting any saloon within 500 feet of a schoolhouse. The idea is to protect the boys and girls in both cases from unscrupulous dealers, who do not hesitate to sell intoxicants to minors if by so doing they can add a few dollars to their income. The "Toledo Blade" is advocating the enactment of such an ordinance, limiting proximity of saloons to schoolhouses in that city.

W. R. Hamilton, acting superintendent of the Tennessee Anti-Saloon League, writes that on April 4, the anti-jug bill preventing the shipment of liquor into dry territory in the State, has passed its final reading in the Senate. Any firm or corporation guilty of violating any of the provisions of the Act, shall, upon conviction, be punished with a fine of not less than 250dol. and not more than 500dol. for each offence. The grand juries of the State will have inquisitorial power to investigate violations of the Act.

The temperance wave which has been sweeping over the cities of Tennessee has at last reached Nashville. Encouraged by the signal victory of the temperance interests in the cities of Clarksville, Bristol and Knoxville, members of the Anti-Saloon League Alliance have called a meeting for the purpose of considering the proposition of uniting with the other temperance advocates in taking some action looking to calling an election. It seems to be generally agreed that, should the matter be tested there, the temperance people would carry the day.

About a year ago, after having been without saloons for several years, to the great advantage of legitimate business, through a series of errors among the temperance forces, Cambridge, O., adopted license by a majority of 19. The place now has in the neighbourhood of twenty saloons. One of the leading commercial travellers in the State said recently: "My collections have fallen off nearly one-half in Cambridge since the town went wet." This is as might have been expected. The interests of the business man and the community, as a whole, are best preserved where there are no saloons.

A campaign has been waged in Boston for several months against liquor advertising in street cars. Mrs. Fred. E. Britten has led the attack, and the sequel is a letter from Robert M. Durnett, secretary of the Eastern Advertising Company. "Our company," says Mr. Durnett, "controls the advertising space in 95 per cent. of the street cars in New England for the next ten years. I have given orders that from this time on no solicitation be made, and no advertising be taken for liquors, beer, or any other article coming in the line of intoxicants. We have one contract running now in the surface cars, and a small one in the elevated that we shall be obliged to carry until the contract terminates or suffer heavy damages; but after these expire, you may be assured that there will be no more advertising of this kind in our cars." It is said that this will mean a loss of 180,000dol. to the company in advertising this coming year.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

W.W. (Lithgow).—We probably answered your query to your satisfaction in last week's issue, under the heading of "The Reason Why." It would make no appreciable difference to close two pubs out of eight in a town, nor would it be easy to close 25 per cent. of the pubs in a town which had only three. Therefore we say to get any satisfaction it must be "No License" every time.

J.S.M.—We have no room in "Grit" for Alcoholic Afterthoughts, if they run in the direction yours appear to take. The only afterthoughts we appreciate are those which lead to a determination to leave alcohol severely alone.

Also Anxious.—We should say you are the victim of an active imagination. Try some form of healthy exercise for a few weeks, and you perhaps won't have quite so much time to think of yourself.

Kiama.—Very gratified to hear your news.

S.J.P.—If No-License is carried the "shouting" habit which you find so difficult to combat, will of necessity disappear. There should be no doubt in your mind which measure of reform to advocate.

Tiny Tim.—We welcome you heartily and your assistance can help the cause of reform considerably if you do as you say.

Canterbury.—Sir Henry Parkes died on April 27, 1896, and Mr. Eddy on June 20, 1897.

Federalist.—The first Federal Parliament was opened by the Duke of York in Melbourne, on May 9, 1901. There were three Ministries in 1904—the Deakin, Watson, and Reid-McLean. The present Deakin Ministry was formed in July, 1905.

Weary.—Try a long course of "Grit" for your complaint. You could not find a surer remedy.

Wollongong.—Why don't you join the water-drinkers yourself, and so remove your present handicap?

N.A.P.—We are very glad to hear that you can now see that there is a useful field for "Grit." We hope you will join the workers in that field and help to produce a good harvest.

Watchful.—We quite agree with you, and shall do as you suggest.

New Chum.—There is no need to acquire the lax habits of your new home. Strive rather to set a higher standard amongst those with whom you come into contact. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole," very often.

P.P.—No use to "Grit." Many thanks for your good wishes.

Propinquity.—There can be no doubt that "Opportunity makes the thief." Many a time a man would not trouble to go a long way for the drink he has because the pub is near at hand. Vote for No-License with the view of removing that particular form of temptation.

Burwood.—You must tell us your reasons before we can criticise them. A leap in the dark is often followed by disastrous results as you probably know.

THE
Colonial
Mutual Fire Insurance
Company, Ltd.

CAPITAL, £250,000

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N. S. W. Branch—

78 Pitt Street

S. HAGUE SMITH, Secretary **SYDNEY**

An Ian Maclaren Story

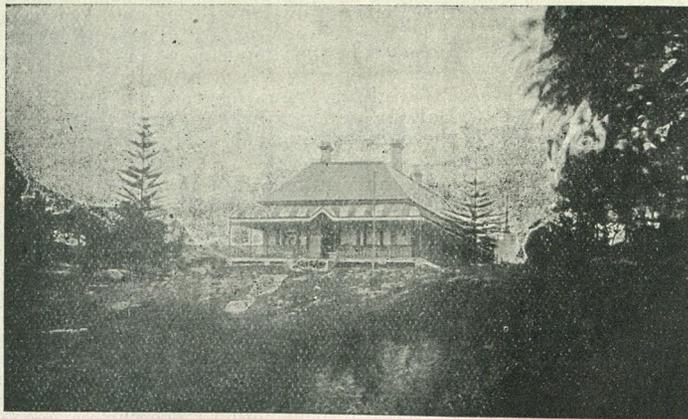
Ian Maclaren once told a good story of when he was travelling from Aberdeen to Perth. A man opposite to him in the railway carriage, pointing out of the window, remarked, "Can you see that? That is Kirriemuir." "Yes," replied Ian Maclaren, "Mr. Barrie was born there." "That is so," said the other, "and I was born there myself."

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

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FOR INEBRIATES

TELEPHONE 25 MANLY

THE HOME OF REST is an up-to-date Institution for the reception of the man who has become a slave to alcohol or other drugs.

About four miles from Manly on the Pittwater Road.

Ample provision is made to supply the best of food suitable for patients.

Experienced and capable Officers are in constant attendance, their only object being the comfort and welfare of the patients.

Arrangements have been made for a duly qualified medical man to visit the Home at regular intervals to examine and prescribe for the patients, if necessary.

We are pleased to say that several cases already dealt with have been attended with highly satisfactory results. Copies of Testimonials can be seen on application.

All personal applications and correspondence will be treated with the strictest confidence. Write to the Social Secretary, Salvation Army Headquarters, Goulburn Street, Sydney, or direct to the Manager at the Home.

CAMPAIGN NOTES AND NEWS

Things are waking up.
 A great demand for the new Alliance campaign leaflets is reported.
 Canvassing is still progressing briskly. More of this work is needed.
 Great meeting at Newcastle last Friday. Speeches by Rev. R. B. S. Hammond and Mr. Bruntnell.
 Mr. Bruntnell addressed a No-License meeting at North Sydney on Tuesday evening of last week.

The new branch of the Alliance at Granville intend opening their campaign at the local Town Hall on July 18.

Redfern No-License Committee held a public meeting at the Congregational School-hall on Tuesday evening, June 25.

Mr. F. H. Stewart, Secretary of the Wellington branch of the Alliance, was in town last week. He reports good work there.

It is proposed to have a big No-License meeting in the Domain next Sunday. Rev. Thomas Fee will be the principal speaker.

The new electoral lists are now ready. Inspect them at the local registrar's office, and make sure of your name being thereon.

Mr. G. B. Nicholls, of Otago, N.Z., has gone to Albury to take up the work of organising the temperance forces of that electorate.

A large No-License demonstration was held at the Church of Christ, Paddington, on Tuesday evening last week. Speakers were Revs. Hagger and Griffiths.

The Barrier branch of the Alliance (Broken Hill) are endeavouring to secure the assistance of Mr. W. H. Judkins for a few days' No-License mission.

There are a few metropolitan electorates which have not been organised for the No-License campaign. Arrangements are in progress to deal with these immediately.

Mr. A. M. Merrington, the enthusiastic secretary of Drummoyne No-License Committee, gave a lantern entertainment to a crowded audience at Drummoyne last Thursday evening.

The Rev. Thos. Fee had two splendid meetings at Gulgong and Mudgee respectively last week. At each place he was honoured with some opposition, which gave spice to the proceedings.

Fine open-air meeting at Petersham last Saturday evening. Messrs. Church, Lang, and Morton addressed a large audience, principally men. They received a good hearing, despite the efforts of some local liquorites to break up the meeting.

Miss Anderson Hughes returned to Sydney last week, after a highly successful tour on the Southern line. On Thursday evening Miss Hughes spoke to an appreciative audience at Rookwood, and again on Friday night at Alexandria. She left on her Illawarra tour on Saturday afternoon.

Saloons operated within 150 feet of a church must go, according to an opinion recently given by Assistant Corporation Counsel Miller, of Chicago. Mr. Miller held that the length of time the business was established could not be considered. The opinion was based on an ordinance affecting the old town of Lake, and does not apply to the rest of Chicago, the mayors having always refused to grant saloon licenses within 200 feet of a church.

The correspondent of an exchange, having heard in some manner that the town of Brown, Indiana, was short of churches, wrote the county auditor at Nashville a letter of inquiry, to which he promptly received the following reply: "I beg to say that we are not in the wilderness. We have an abundance of churches. You have been misinformed. We have no saloons in the county, and not one prisoner in gaol. Can your county say as much? We are a church-going, God-fearing people. John B. Seitz, Auditor."

**READ THIS
 Testimony from a Popular Methodist Minister**

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

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

Nitrous Oxide Gas Administered Daily
 Teeth Carefully and Painlessly Extracted, 2s. 6d.
 Pure Gold Fillings from 15s. each

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 SELLER OF (From Milsom and Son, Bath, England)
Pianos & Organs, Tuner, Regulator, Etc.
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We have just opened up a Large Assortment of
ARTISTIC GAS-FITTINGS FOR INCANDESCENT and ACETYLENE GAS,
 Also,
A VARIETY OF FANCY GLOBES.
 These can all be inspected at our Showrooms.
C.T. and ENAMEL PAINTED BATHS, GAS STOVES and BATH HEATERS.

A friend tells a writer in London M.A.P., that he met Mr. Arthur Balfour, the Prime Minister of England, one evening at a dinner party. The conversation turned on the importance in life of self-confidence. My friend repeated the saying, "God gie us a guid conceit o' oorsels." Mr. Balfour added quickly, "And that, sir, is the only prayer that is always answered."

By referendum the Canton of Geneva has suspended a law prohibiting the sale of absinthe. War against "the green peril" is thus renewed and strengthened in Switzerland. It is believed that the whole federation will presently follow the example set last September by the Canton of Vaud, centering at Lausanne. The Belgium Parliament voted against the manufacture and sale of absinthe in March, 1906. America is accustomed to consider itself a spectator of the absinthe ruin. Nevertheless, so far back as the fiscal year 1895 this country took 1,300,000 of the 3,000,000 gallons exported by Switzerland. A great deal of the stuff is used in New York, but it was in New Orleans that it first obtained an American vogue.

GARDEN HOSE AND ALL REQUIREMENTS FOR SAME.
 SANITARY WARE, WATER TAPS AND PIPINGS, ALL SIZES.
 We are **SOLE AGENTS** for the **STEEL STAR WINDMILLS**
 All Sizes Stocked.
Pumps and all Irrigation Plants kept in Stock and quoted for
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A.M.P. LIFE OFFICE.—If you desire full and reliable particulars ring Telephone 2179, and I will see you. **JOHN B. YODALE, City Agent, 108 Pitt-street, opp. G.P.O.**

How the World Moves

In 1307 a horse-shoe in England cost seven-pence.

Bohemia has nearly 140,000 separate manufactories.

Three thousand marriages are performed every day all over the world.

121 women are employed in English tobacco factories to every 100 men.

There are six canals connected with the Thames, which extend altogether 334 miles.

The total length of the military tunnels in the Rock of Gibraltar is sixty-two miles.

51 per 1,000 men, and 168 per 1,000 women marry younger than 21.

The ordinary weight of a human heart is 9½ oz. The record weight is 40oz. 12dr.

The population of England who live on canal-boats is estimated at 85,000

Eleven cubic feet of water, when frozen, makes twelve cubic feet of ice.

As a rule, tears do not accompany a baby's cries until it is three months old.

Dough is the latest adulterant of coffee, moulded in the shape of coffee-beans.

The New Forest is 67,000 acres in extent; the Forest of Dean, 23,000; Epping Forest, 7,000.

Web to the length of two and a quarter miles has been drawn from the body of a single spider.

A North Sea codfishing boat usually carries eight miles of lines with nearly 5,000 hooks upon them.

It costs about £650,000 a year to feed the horses of the British army when on a peace footing.

No fewer than fourteen patented appliances of Lord Kelvin's may be found on the latest warships.

The oldest warship in existence is the Victory. She was launched in 1765, and is therefore 142 years old.

The Emperor of Japan owns about 3,000-fine horses. Racing is his chief sport, but he allows no betting.

In males, the average weight of the full-grown human brain is about 49 or 50 ounces; in females, 44 ounces.

It is said that at the birth of Prince Edward of Wales, no less than half a ton of "poetry" was delivered at Sandringham House.

The Pope is one of the world's millionaires. The gold objects stored in the Vatican are estimated by weight alone to be worth £5,000,000.

Ellen Terry made her debut at the age of eight as a boy in "A Winter's Tale." She was spoken of as a youngster of great promise at the time.

The Danube flows through countries in which 52 languages and dialects are spoken. It bears on its current four-fifths of the commerce of Eastern Europe.

ONLY A MAN.

I asked Jack this morning to send me home some little things I could not myself go in to purchase. Away he went promising faithfully, and I had him tie a piece of string round his finger to remind him. Hour after hour passed, and I telephoned to him and heard him over the telephone say something that did not sound quite polite; but he is only a man.

He had quite forgotten, but he would attend straight away to my commissions. Now I was quite out of my usual Sunlight Soap, and I sent

over to a local store for Sunlight Soap for I could not wait, and they sent me a bar of soap that they said was "just as good." I had to use it, for I could not wait. "Just as good!" Ugh!

When Jack came home I was almost in tears, for that soap had kept me for hours toiling over filthy steam and the clothes were but half done though I had put in double time over them.

When Sunlight Soap arrived I just had to start those clothes all over again. Oh, what a difference Sunlight Soap makes in a woman's work!

The Archbishop of Canterbury has in his keeping the book in which the signatures of all Royal brides and bridegrooms married in England are written.

The heart of a vegetarian beats on an average 58 to the minute; that of the meat-eater, 75. This represents a difference of 20,000 beats in twenty-four hours.

The British Museum contains the oldest specimen of pure glass which bears any date. This is a little lion's head, having on it the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty.

The speed of an otter under water is amazing, fish having no chance against him. In some places in India otters are kept by the natives to fish for them. They are tied up to stakes like dogs when not working, wear plaited straw collars, and seem happy.

The bugle which sounded the charge at Balaclava when offered for sale by auction in London was withdrawn, the highest bid being £1050, and the reserve price £1500. Two Balaclava bugles previously sold realised respectively 750 guineas and £100.

In China, carrier pigeons are protected from birds of prey by apparatus consisting of bamboo tubes fastened to the birds' bodies. As the pigeon flies, the action of the air passing through the tubes produces a shrill whistling sound, which keeps the birds of prey at a distance.

A return presented to Parliament of the men found medically unfit to proceed with their drafts to India during a recent troop-ing season, showed that of the nine cavalry regiments the men left behind were 33, of the artillery 34, and of the fifty line regiments 755.

The Life Guards are known as the "Cheeses," the origin of this peculiar nickname being due to a peppery old fire-eating aristocrat, who declined to serve in the regiment when remodelled in 1788, on the ground that they "were no longer composed of gentlemen, but of cheesemongers."

According to official estimates, the pay, clothing, arms, and equipment for an infantry soldier of the line at home represents a yearly money value of £40 3s. Barracks, rations, church services, schools, medical attendance, and married quarters cost about £28 per man per annum.

A ship carrying an admiral is known by a white flag, with a red St. George's Cross flying from the foremast. A vice-admiral's flag is similar, the only difference being the addition of a red circle in the top left-hand corner; and a rear-admiral flies a flag with the same design, but with a red circle in each left-hand corner, top and bottom.

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W. H. HOLMES, ASST. MANAGER.

Prominent Features of the Company:

PROMPT AND LIBERAL SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS.

The National Temperance Society is organising "The Youth's Temperance Alliance of America." This is an alliance of the young people of the nation against the legalised liquor traffic, and for the surrender, without conditions, of King Alcohol. This alliance is to be an alliance of the youth of our Sunday schools, who will be gathered into fellowship. If its plans are carried out successfully, there will be a real "Federation of the churches," before the churches, in a technical sense, succeed in reaching formal federation.

The temperance people of Minnesota introduced a bill for a constitutional amendment, on March 30, with the request that it be referred to the elections committee. The text of the amendment read as follows: "The manufacture, sale or transportation of alcoholic liquors within the State of Minnesota for beverage purposes shall be prohibited forever after January 1, 1901. The legislature first convening after the adoption hereof shall enact appropriate legislation for the carrying out of the provisions of this section, subject to amendment or alteration by subsequent legislatures."

BUSINESS NOTICE.

All business communications and applications for advertising space should be made to the Business Manager, Box No. 390, G.P.O. Sydney.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE.

"Grit" will be sent POST FREE for a quarter to any address in the Commonwealth on receipt of postal note or stamps for 1/1 in advance, or twelve months for 4/4.

Address:— THE MANAGER, "GRIT," Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney

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BIG BARGAIN RUSH at

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DRESS GOODS GOING AT BANKRUPT BARGAIN PRICES.

HEAVY LIGHT GREY TWEED 54 in. wide, occasional flake, very effective, and smart; worth 2s 11d yard.
BANKRUPT BARGAIN RUSH, 10½d yd.
HEAVY GREY and FAWN HERRING-BONE TWEED, 54in. wide; worth 3s 11d.
BANKRUPT BARGAIN RUSH, 1s 11d.
HEAVY ROUGH SERGE, Light and Mid-Brown, Royal Peacock, Grey, Reseda; worth 4s 6d, for 2s 3d.
COLOURED MOIRE SKIRTING, over yard wide, in Navy, Emerald, Cerise, Peacock; worth 10½d.
BANKRUPT BARGAIN RUSH, 6½d yd.
BEAUTIFUL BLACK MOIRE SKIRTING, over yard wide; worth 1s 6d.
BANKRUPT BARGAIN RUSH, 9½d yd.
CREAM BEARSKIN, 50in wide, good quality; worth 5s 6d.
BANKRUPT BARGAIN RUSH, 2s 11d dozen.
ALL-WOOL FRENCH FLANNELS; worth 1s 9d.
BARGAIN RUSH PRICE, 7½d yd.

FANCY BLOUSING FLANNELETTES, Piles and piles of them; worth 5½d yd., BANKRUPT BARGAIN RUSH, 2s 11d dozen.
HEAPS AND HEAPS OF OTHER WONDERFUL BARGAINS FOR THRIFTY THOUSANDS.

BANKRUPT BARGAINS IN MANCHESTER GOODS.

WHITE CALICO, from 1s 11d doz.
WHITE TWILL SHEETING—72in., 9½d yd.; 90in. 11½d.
WHITE LACE CURTAINS, from 1s 6d pr.
UNBLEACHED ROLLER TOWELLING, 2½d yard.
STRIPED GALATEA 4½d yard.
TABLE DAMASK From 8½d yard.
WHITE BLANKETS From 3s 11d pair.
FLANNELETTE Rugs, from 1s 6d each.
LADIES' WALKING SKIRTS, from 2s 11d.
LADIES' FLANNELETTE BLOUSES, 1s 6d
LADIES' CORSETS, ... from 1s 6d pair.

LADIES' SMARTLY TRIMMED HATS, 4s 11d. Worth Double.
LADIES' BLACK LEATHER BELTS, half-price, 4½d.
LADIES' SILVER TINSEL BELTS, worth 1s 9d; 11½d.
LADIES' GOLD TINSEL BELTS, half-price, 7½d.
MEN'S MERINO UNDERSHIRTS, ... 1s.
MEN'S MERINO UNDERPANTS, ... 1s.
MEN'S CREAM SWEATERS, 1s 6d.
MEN'S CASHMERE SOX 6d pair.
MEN'S BLACK COTTON SOX, 3d pair.
MEN'S HARVARD SHIRTS, Collar and Pockets, 1s 6d.
BOYS' SPECKLED STRAW BOATERS, 1d
MEN'S CUBA OR BLACK TERAI HATS, 2s 11d.
MEN'S HARD BL'K FELT HATS, 3s 11d.
MEN'S DUNGAREE TROUSERS, 1s 11d
BOYS' SAILOR SUITS 2s 6d.
BOYS' REEFER JACKETS 2s 6d.
MEN'S TWEED SUITS 12s 6d.
MEN'S CARDIGAN VESTS 3s 6d.
DOUBLE-WIDTH PURE INDIGO SERGE, for Men's Suits—worth 7s 11d, for 5s 6d; worth 10s 6d, for 6s 11d.

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