

GRIFF.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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The Most Wonderful Thing in the World

There is nothing more wonderful, beautiful and mysterious than such a child as you see on this page. Every human being living, the greatest, most powerful, was once such a child as that, naked, weak, dependent upon others.

The only really important thing in the world is the human baby, each baby a drop in the ocean of humanity. **THE GREATEST WORK DONE IN THE WORLD IS THAT OF THE MOTHERS** who supply the

What a wonderful story a hairless, toothless, blinking child might tell!

We all wish that those who die and go off into the infinite might come back to tell their story. But every minute new lives come INTO the earth from that same mysterious, infinite unknown land. And although we do not realise it, they really do tell us the story of their origin, the story of that great power that has sent them here.

Every child as it begins to develop proves

from the great Power that sent her the love of children, and she is already preparing to take care of them. The greatest happiness in the world is found in the intense affection of a mother for the new child, and there is nothing more beautiful than the development in that child, almost before the capacity for speech, of the same mother love by which it is protected. Little boys in their activities, in their desire to do something, "to fix something," to be busy and rough and active, prove also that their work was mapped out for them long before they came.

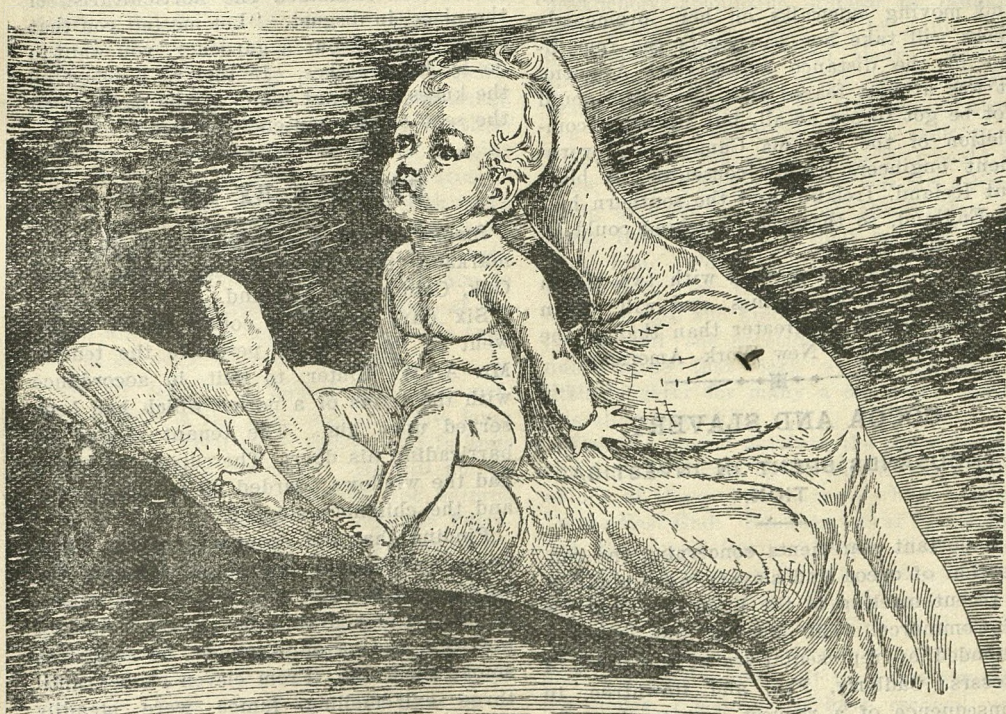
That baby on this page, representing the average little human creature in the average home, is indeed the most interesting thing in all the life of the world, the best worth studying. And that same baby, better than anything else we can think of, represents humanity itself—ignorant, feeble, just beginning to know some few of the secrets of the universe, and knowing them very imperfectly.

Ever since they appeared here men have been struggling for that knowledge, struggling to escape from babyhood, as the wriggling, struggling baby in the cradle works to develop its muscles and get out of its helpless, feeble state.

By constant struggle and effort and kicking the individual human baby DOES eventually get upon its hands and knees to crawl, and then upon its feet to stand straight and look at the sky.

In the same way—many years, probably many centuries, from now—the human race by its struggling and striving and its ceaseless efforts will also stop crawling and creeping, and get upon its feet and stand straight and be what it ought to be.

We that live shall never see that time. We shall not see the end of dull ignorance, the end of selfishness and brutality, and mere seeking for money and disregard for others. But we can have the satisfaction of realising our own littleness, realising that we are in the babyhood of the race, knowing that there is something better for hu-



One Little Drop from the Ocean of Humanity

children, giving to the world the power, the thought of the future.

Whenever you see a very small child, helpless on its back, or beginning to crawl about, looking upward at the big people, and the other big things, you see that which is more worthy of study and of thought than all things else on our little earth.

that it is sent by a beneficent Power, with fixed plans. Every growing child proves the folly of the dull-minded atheist or self-satisfied scientist who speaks of this earth as the accidental result of uncontrolled disorganised forces.

The little girl almost too small to talk begins playing with her dolls—she has brought

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manity in the future, just as there is something better for that feeble, helpless child.

Let us take comfort in the thought that there is a real manhood for this race ahead of it. And let us help along the improvement first of all by doing everything that we can for the feeble children as they come helplessly seeking for care and knowledge. Let us do for them as much as was done for us, or more, remembering that when we shall have gone and given up the struggle they will still be here working to make of the baby Humanity a grown up, dignified race, worthy of this world, able to read the great unopened volume of the eternal library.

FRIENDSHIP.

By CHARLES WAGNER.

Those who know life do not ask for categorical declarations upon every subject. There are so many subjects which require answers—if these are to be wise—full of reservations and contradictory elements. And pleasant though it be to affirm oneself without qualification the champion or the adversary of an idea, the occasions are scarce indeed when it can be done. Too many things bear the same name, which are, according to circumstances, good, favourable, fortunate—or harmful and deplorable.

If you should ask me so simple a question as "Is friendship desirable or not?" I could not possibly answer by a direct affirmative or negative. Firstly, there are all sorts of friendships, very different in value. Can friendship which is a tacit covenant of mutual admiration, a sort of complicity in indulgence for the respective faults of the friends, be compared with the friendship, sincere and courageous, which insists upon justice, straightforwardness, generosity in the friend, and is severe from very loyalty? Can one place in the same category the man loving his friend as one might love a good pear, a pleasant wine, and the one loving him with the whole ardour of devotion? Can we pronounce a single judgment upon such dissimilar sentiments?

Friendship, furthermore, even sincere and devoted friendship, does not produce the same effect upon all. To some it is strengthening, to others weakening; these live by it, those die from it. I have under my eyes a symbol of the friendship which kills.

From the side of this mountain-road, where a mossy rock affords me a comfortable seat, I look at an old acquaintance. It is a pine-tree, about twenty years old. When I first saw it, a wild clematis vine had entwined itself about the young tree's trunk; fit image of friendship which draws human beings close to one another. Lissome and graceful, the clematis, which without the propping pine-tree would have spread along the ground, begarlanded the stronger and older plant, and formed charming festoons among its lower branches.

I saw it a year later. The vine mingled its foliage with that of its friend up to two thirds of the latter's height, starring the sombre green of the pine with its snowy whiteness. It was as pretty as possible and touching to see, like the fusion of two lives. But I had secret misgivings. They are to-day justified by the event.

The clematis now clasps the friend's trunk with robust arms, winds itself spirally around each of its branches, curls its tendrils around its tiniest twig. The crown of the tree, which formerly reared itself skywards, vigorous and straight, has become invisible. Hundreds of shoots from the invading friend have reached it, grown beyond it, wrapped it round. The tree has disappeared, the vine smothers it. And now the one who appeared to me formerly

a graceful image of friendship, seems to me an unspeakable monster with numberless suckers, claspings its victim and drinking its blood.

And yet, has it not under that appalling form remained a representation of certain friendships—and what friendships, dear Lord, how unworthy of the name!

Are here not murderous friendships, annihilating their object, and in their horrible egotism feeding upon it?

What enemy can do us as much harm as friends of that kind?

SHIPS OF THE FUTURE.

On the Clyde, Jan. 20, 1925.—The new Cunarder Pneumonia was launched to-day. She is three miles long, has a beam of half a mile, and the distance from truck to keelson is six furlongs. Her engines develop four million horse-power, and it is expected that she will make a speed of a thousand knots, thus crossing the ocean in three hours, which is half a second better than the record of the Kaiser Schnitzel der Zehnte, of the Hamburg-American Line, made last year.

Bremerhaven, Jan. 23, 1927.—The new North German Lloyd liner Kaiserin Pretzel has just been launched. When her stern left the ways it was found that her bow was just off the Statue of Liberty, as her length, being three thousand miles, closely approximates the width of the Atlantic. The Pretzel's port rail overlooks Labrador, and an excellent view of the Bermudas may be had from her starboard deck.

It was necessary to curtail the height of her truck, as it was found that on launching it would prevent the moon rising, and thereby interfere seriously with the tides.

Of course, the Pretzel will be able to travel only about half a mile to her deck, and moving sidewalks on her promenade decks will take her passengers the remainder of the distance across the Atlantic. It was at first feared that the vessel could not be got to sea at all, but since the completion of the Panama Canal the Government engineers kindly consented to blast out Iceland, Ireland, and the southern half of England, so that the launching could be accomplished.

The Pretzel is equipped with two billion earthquake power engines, and will attain a speed something greater than that of the fastest comets.—"New York American."

COCOA AND SLAVERY.

THOUSANDS SPENT IN INVESTIGATION.

Important statements concerning the connection of cocoa and slavery were made at a recent meeting of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce. The meeting was specially attended by representatives of the firms of Messrs. Cadbury, Fry, and Rowntree, in consequence of a request sent to them by the chamber, asking them to abstain from purchasing cocoa produced in the Portuguese islands of San Thome and Principe. The request had been made in consequence of a statement by Mr. H. W. Nevins that slavery prevailed on those islands.

Mr. Wm. A. Cadbury explained that the three leading English firms, in conjunction with Messrs. Stollwerck, of Cologne, sent Mr. Joseph Burt to make a full investigation, which occupied nearly two years, both in the Portuguese islands and on the mainland in Angola. The investigations had cost the firms concerned some thousands of pounds. Mr. Burt's report was about to be presented to the Portuguese Government. The need for reform was ap-

parent. Gross cruelty attended the collection of the labourers in the Hinterland of Angola, and of the many thousands who had been brought from the mainland nominally under contract for a short term of years, scarcely any had ever returned.

The decision of the English firms to continue the purchase of African cocoa until Mr. Burt's report has been presented, and a reasonable time had been given for reply, met with the approval of the Foreign Office, and up to the present the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Societies had concurred in the course of action. In case the action taken in Portugal proves unsatisfactory the three firms would most carefully consider what further steps it would be right for them to take in the best interests of the natives of Angola.

The council passed a resolution that, while deploring the state of affairs in the region named, they were satisfied, after the statements of Messrs. Cadbury, Fry, and Rowntree with the action being taken by the Foreign Office and those firms.

IMPORTANCE OF THE PATCH.

An enthusiastic cultivator of flowers and shrubs recently had occasion to engage an odd-man gardener. One morning two applicants appeared—one a decidedly decent looking man, and the other of much less prepossessing appearance and manner.

After very little hesitation the man of the house chose the latter applicant.

A friend who was present evinced surprise at the selection, asking—

"Has that man worked for you before?"

"No," replied the other, "in fact, I never saw either of them until to-day."

"Then why did you choose the shorter man? The other had a much better face."

"Face!" exclaimed the horticulturist of the place, in disgust. "Let me tell you that when you pick out a gardener, you want to go by his breeches. If they're patched on the knees you want him. If the patch is on the seat of his trousers, you don't."

EVICITION BY SMOKE.

Smoke played a prominent part in a remarkable eviction at Goose Farm, Broad Oak, Canterbury, England.

Six days earlier a county court bailiff went to the farm to persuade the tenant, Mr. A. W. Minter, to quit, in accordance with the terms of a notice which had been served upon him. The tenant replied by barricading his doors. Thereupon the bailiff had the windows boarded up on the outside and the chimneys stopped.

Finding that the occupants of the farmhouse showed no sign of capitulation, the bailiff decided upon more forcible measures. By means of a drain-tester, a concoction of tartwine and cayenne pepper, he sought to smoke them out. From eleven o'clock until three evil-smelling fumes were steadily pumped into the building. Then the barricades were suddenly removed from the front door, and the farmer, accompanied by his mother, and a little terrier, appeared on the threshold. They were cheered by a huge crowd of villagers and visitors from Canterbury.

Parish of One Man.

During the revision of the voters' lists for the South-Eastern Division of Essex, at Rochford, it was stated that the parish of Havengore, one of the largest of the many islets in the estuary of the Thames, had no overseers, no list of voters, and no rates, and the only occupier, a policeman, was placed by the Revising Barrister, Mr. John Ogle, in the occupation list of Great Wakering, the adjoining parish.

Will Crooks as I Know Him

By C. SILVESTER HORNE, M.A.

Mr Will Crooks is undoubtedly one of the notable personalities of our time. He is emphatically a man of the century, a product of the new democracy. When some men speak to us, we are interested in their opinions, their principles and theories, but in the case of Will Crooks we are interested in him. The man in this instance is even greater than his message. He has been educated in a hard school, but there is no trace of hardness or bitterness in the product. All the world knows that he is a workhouse lad who has become a member of Parliament, the mayor and chief administrator of a great East End district, and one of the most versatile and popular speakers in the country. But he is infinitely more than all this. Will Crooks is a shrewd, humorous, kindly, Christian gentleman, of whom it might be said in the words consecrated to the greatest of all Labour's leaders: "He went about doing good."

Somehow, his personal appearance is significant, if only for the possibilities which it conceals. I remember hearing him describe himself to a lot of boys and girls. "Look at me," he said—"short and podgy"; and then went on to tell them in how many seconds he had once run the quarter-mile. He has a son, too, of whose swimming performances he is immensely proud. Well, you would not put Will Crooks down as an athlete, to look at that square-set figure, with the black beard and the drooping head; but, that, as I say, is characteristic. He is always surprising you. He drops in a casual way racy sayings that are the very concentrated quintessence of wisdom and humanity. Then, too, he does not look like an artist, but an artist in spirit he assuredly is. How incomparably he etches those vignettes of his of the life of the common people, its tragedies and its comedies! He is never rhetorical, but he is always eloquent with the artlessness that conceals art. I can never imagine him studying a peroration or elaborating a period. He does not trouble you with much logic except the logic of life. He shows you things, and leaves them to do their own work of conviction—takes you with him to the homes of the poor and the haunts of the out-of-work, and when he has told his tale, he has no need to point the moral.

Of all leaders of men I have ever met, Will Crooks is the most human. He loves his fellows; even their foibles and failings are treated with sympathy. He will put in a plea for the tired housewife, and enforce it in a way that shows his complete knowledge of all the pathetic shifts to make both ends meet. Then he is emphatically the children's friend, and the workhouse waifs of Poplar will get their "pat-a-cakes" so long as he has any influence. In this connection I have my own little story to tell. Not so long ago I took one of my little girls for a first sight of the House of Commons, and in the lobby we found Will Crooks. I was there on business, for which he had scant respect. He drew the little maid's arm inside his and marched her off to the House of Lords, descending on the pictures as they went. What they saw together I don't quite know, but she came back radiant with joy and bubbling over with laughter. Then he must hurry her off in the other direction, to "have a squint at the Speaker"; and when she reappeared from the inner lobby, with Will Crooks on one side and John Burns on the other, she was a proud but not in the least abashed or disconcerted person.

But one day when I had my great opportunity of getting to know Will Crooks as he is was when I sallied forth early one morning to seek him out in his Poplar home. I knew that I must be early if I was not to miss him; and when I had traversed

that desert of East End streets, I came upon the row of modest little houses in one of which Mr. and Mrs. Crooks have made their home. There was no doubt about the house, for there was Will Crooks himself standing at the door in his shirt-sleeves for signpost, and interviewing two or three out-of-works—a few units in the great army of the unemployed and the hard-up who besiege that ever-open door.

I went into the modest front parlour, and amused myself for a time with some of the cartoons and caricatures which Mrs. Crooks, his capable and loyal helpmeet, brought me to look at. Here was the Will Crooks of "Vanity Fair" and "Punch" and the "Westminster Gazette"—all happy and appreciative sketches, for Will Crooks has no enemies among those whose good opinion is worth having. Anecdotes, too, were told of the celebrated Windsor garden-party and the characteristic kindness and good sense of the King, who did himself honour by the attention he showed to the member for Woolwich and his wife.

The ordinary visitor to Poplar may be forgiven for supposing that it is not a very exciting district; but visit it in company with Will Crooks, and it is seen to be crowded with interest. We went first of all to the headquarters of the guardians. There we found a full room of men and women candidates for work and for relief. Truly it was a sight to melt the hardest heart. They were not in tears, these unfortunates whom the world did not want, and for whom London, with all its vastness, had no place. In their dry eyes there was an expression of deep melancholy amounting almost to despair. Will Crooks knew them all by name, and questioned one here and there. Most of them had been far afield that morning searching for work, but it was the old story—a hundred applicants for one poor post. There was, in one sense, little that could be done, but in a higher sense it was not a little thing to load himself with the burdens of these lives and carry their sorrows about with him. Neither, I could see, was it a little thing for them to have his word of cheer or wise and kindly advice. The friendly nod and the greeting by the Christian name made that dark winter morning a little brighter for many a one whose heart was almost breaking.

Then we passed out into the street again, and I found myself by his side in the middle of one of those open markets which abound in the East End. Business was at its height, but there were few in all that throng who did not seek to catch Will Crooks's eye for a glance and a greeting. One there was, as I well remember—a regular East End workman, who was only too obviously embarrassed, and would have given all his little remaining money, I believe, to have escaped unobserved. But Crooks took in the story in a moment—the marks of drink so early on in the day. He knew the man, and confided to me something of his history. I cannot give it here, but it showed me clearly that the man had one friend in Poplar who had not given him up as hopeless, and that friend was Will Crooks.

There were pathetic incidents in that little pilgrimage of ours. I saw the poor tenement where he was born, and of course we had to visit the workhouse where he was brought up. It is a kind of sacrament to hear Will Crooks speak of his mother. I should gather that she lives again in him; and it must rejoice her heart, in the life that is so near and yet so far, to know how her boy has consecrated himself to the service of the poor. Then, too, I saw the little front room to which Will Crooks brought his wife after their marriage. I could not help

feeling that this last reminiscence was in some respects the most poignant of all, for it recalled years of struggle. Never shall I forget how he turned to me and said: "Oh, the horror of those days—the poverty!" It was the tone of a man into whose soul the iron had entered. One thing is certain—he has never forgotten, and can never forget that experience. It has made him the life-long friend and chivalrous champion of those who are "down." It is one of God's methods to lead some men through deep waters, that they may know what the deep waters mean, and may ever after reach down a hand to others who are struggling in them. The House of Commons listens to Will Crooks today because it knows that he comes to it with first-hand experience of the pinch of poverty. So, as I said before, if he has been a scholar in a hard school, it has been that he may teach with authority the lessons learned there to the nation, and so become a real force in the great humanitarian movement of modern times.

HIS FAMOUS BROTHER.

A gentleman of a benevolent turn of mind and heart, when walking along a street in Glasgow, came upon a small, ragged, uncared-for-looking urchin, who was crying bitterly. "What's making you cry, boy? Have you no father to take care of you?"

"No, sir; my faither's deid."

"But where is your mother?"

"My mither's deid, tae, sir."

"Well, but have you not a brother?"

"Yes, sir, A' have ane brither."

"Where is he, Does he not take care of you?"

"No, sir; he disna look after me; he's in the University."

"He's in a position to pay fees and other outlays to enable him to attend the University, and yet leaves you in this starving, ragged condition! How long has he been in the University?"

"Three years, sir."

"Able to pay his way in the University all these years, and yet he lets you be in this deplorable state! His conduct is disgraceful!"

"But, sir, he didna pay onything to get into the University."

"How did he get into the University without fees?"

"Please, sir, he's in a glass bottle there. He was born wi' twa heids!"

FINDERS REWARDED.

The following unique notice was fixed to a church door recently:—

"Missing.—Last Sunday some families from church.

"Stolen.—Several hours from the Lord's Day by a number of people of different ages, dressed in their Sunday clothes.

"Strayed.—Half a score of lambs, believed to have gone in the direction of 'No Sunday School.'

"Misplaced.—A quantity of silver and copper coins on the counter of a public-house, the owner being in a state of great excitement at the time.

"Wanted.—Several young people. When last seen were walking in pairs up 'Sabbath Breakers' Lane,' which leads to the city of 'No Good.'

"Lost.—A lad, carefully reared, not long from home, and for a time promising, supposed to have gone with one or two older companions to 'Prodigal Town, Hark Lane.'

"Any person assisting in the recovery of the above shall in nowise lose his reward."

Judge: "What is the verdict of the jury?"
Foreman of the jury: "Your Honour, the jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane!"

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To all purchasers of a chest of Ashwood's Pansy Blend Tea at 1s 6d we will refund second-class fare to Sydney and back on production of railway ticket at our head office, 827 George-street.

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DOOLEY ON CHOOSING A CAREER.

In his most recently published sketches, E. F. Dunne, the inimitable humorist who created "Mr. Dooley," discusses the choosing of a career:

"I'm troubled about me son Packy," said Mr. Hennessy.

"What's happened to th' poor child?" asked Mr. Dooley. "Sure, it's nawthin' more thin a boyish prank, whatever it is. Has he kilt some wan? F'rigit about it. It's on'y his youthful spirits."

"It ain't annything like that," said Mr. Hennessy. "He's a good boy, but I'm wondhrin' what I'm goin' to make iv him."

"What ye'er goin' to make iv him?" cried Mr. Dooley. "Well, niver in me born days did I hear annything th' akel iv that f'r cheek. Th' more I see iv parents th' more I think they're unfit to have childher to look afther thim. Th' care and affection iv th' young are wasted on thim. They're a selfish, impertinent, meddling, self-indulgent class, that's what they are. Th' idee iv a battered, barnacled old derrick like ye'ersilf undhertakin' to map out a coorse in life f'r a bright, intelligent boy like Packy! I don't see how he puts up with ye'er impyndice. I suppose he's good-natured. Ye call it respect f'r ye'er age an' expeeryence. Go on with ye. Ye can't fool ye'ersilf an' ye can't fool th' childher. Ye know an' they know that old age is on'y a kind iv disease that has but wan endin'. An' as f'r ye'er expeeryence, what more is it thin a faulty recollection iv th' foolish things ye done; th' record ain't iv anny value except as a curiosity. Packy will find his own foolish things to do; he'll injye thim while he can, an' he'll regret thim whin he must."

"No sir, I wudden't know how to advise a young man, but I've often thought that if I had me life to live over again I'd be a lawyer. 'Tis a noble profissyon. It's nobler now thin it used to be in th' old days whin a lawyer had to go into coort an' holler till he was hoorse to arn his fee. In thim times 'twas no sinyeure, as Hogan says. If I had trouble with ye, ye hurrid off to wan lawyer an' I to another, an' the next month we were down in th' coort room hearin' what th' larned counsel had to say about us. No matter how th' judge de-

cided, I got me money's worth whin me attorney shook his finger at ye an' alluded to th' fact that ye are a low-browed ruffyan with a squint in ye'er eye. Thin his remarks about me. What a good fellow I was; how I sacrificed mesilf f'r me frinds; as he told th' story iv me life he wept an' I wept too, although this was the first I'd heerd iv it. I niver cud feel that he was doin' it f'r thirty dollars. An' thin whin he come to dhrag out th' authorities to support me! I wint to law with ye because I was cross an' wasn't sure whether I cud lick ye in a rough-an'-tumble fight, but whin me lawyer begin to talk, I seen at wanst that I was in coort to perform a disagreeable jooty in th' inthrests iv civvyllization an' humanity. Th' decisions were all on my side. Be hevens it looked as though they were all written with an eye to this particylar case. It didn't make anny difference whether th' decision was about th' capture iv fugitive slaves or consarnin' th' goold standard, it fitted onto my case as though it had been measured f'r it.

'Tis a grand pro-fissyon. An' if a man's a lawyer he can be ivrything else. When we want a man to do annything in this counthry fr'm conductin' a war to runnin' a polis force, we hire a lawyer. Nearly all prisidints have been lawyers. All th' la-ads in th' cabinet are lawyers. Whin an admiral comes home fr'm bravin' th' terrors iv th' seas an' th' strange dhrinks iv foreign lands 'tis to a lawyer he reports. Whin a gin'ral has commanded our gallant army in th' Ph'ilippeens an' suffered manny a savage thrust fr'm th' bolo an' the Springfield Republican, he comes home to injye th' greatest honour that a sojer can injye, th' honour iv reportin' to th' head iv th' army, a gallant warrior fh'm th' Yale Law School. Th' on'y man in th' govermint that ain't a lawyer is Tiddy Rosenfelt himsilf. But he gets th' best legal advice there is goin'. He has a cabinet iv lawyers, an' he consults thim an' they tell him he's perfectly right. An' so he is. F'r what is done to-day is th' law to-morrow.

"But, annyhow, Hinnessy, don't ye bother ye'er head about what's goin' to happen to ye'er boy. Whatever is goin' to happen will happen, ye can bet on that. What makes ye think ye can pick out a callin' f'r him? Here ye ar-re, goin' on I don't know how old, but ye'er older thin I am an' I can prove it. Ye'er hair has left ye; ye'er

brain goes as slowly to worruk as ye'er feet; whin ye want to read ye have to hook on spectacles that make ye look like a diver; ye can't stay awake afther ten o'clock at night or asleep afther four in th' mornin'; ye can on'y remember things that happened yesterday and forty years ago; if ye remember annything else it gin'rally isn't thure. Ye are hangin' on to a ledge iv what ye call good health, but that wud seem like a bad case iv sickness to a young fellow, an' all ye can think iv doin' is hawlin' inshtuctions to th' kinds around ye about what they ought to do and say an' think an' wear. There ain't anny good, reliable snap in human life," says Father Kelly. There are a few time-honoured marks to show where th' greatest dangers are, an' most hardy sailor men sail as close to thim as they can without gettin' wrecked. If they go too far away they'll find no wind to fill their sails. But no man can chart it all out f'r anny other man. Th' on'y thing we can do is to see that th' boat's made seaworthy an' is well-provisioned, toss out a few simple hints, an' lave it go at that. Ye can tell Hinnessy that th' boat is ready to sail an' 'tis time f'r him an' me to go ashore. We've told th' captain all we know. Fr'm now on he must take his chances, an' be th' look in his eye I guess he's ready."

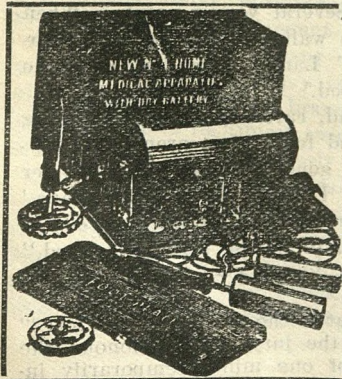
"I'd like to have me own life to live over," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I wudden't," said Mr. Dooley; "I wudden't dare."

A SPLENDID IDEA.

The prohibition party is certainly bent upon an aggressive campaign. Besides securing the erection of additional water fountains in the streets—a matter in regard to which it is negotiating with the civic authorities—the party resolved at a recent meeting to "create a special fund, with the view of getting ascertained facts in relation to the nature and effects of alcoholic liquors." These ascertained facts are to be posted up—so the council determined—at every tram and at every railway station in the State. So that alongside announcements of the virtues of particular brands of beers and spirits, there will be proclamations of the horrors of drink.

A MODERN ELECTRIC BATTERY



Medical Electricity is used all over the world in every Hospital and by every Doctor. But you can have a Battery right in your own home.

Our Medical Battery is of the most modern type, and is worked by means of simple dry cells. There are no acids to spill or burn, and there is no trouble. The Battery will last six months with daily use; and the Re-fill Battery is cheap, and can be put in by a child. Many drugs are poisonous, and therefore harmful: hence the argument in favour of Electrical Treatment. Electricity does nearly all that drugs can do, and leaves no poison behind in the system. It is both a tonic and a sedative. Properly used, it is a safe remedy that can be placed in the hands of any person of ordinary intelligence.

This Battery will cure Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous Disorders, &c.

Booklet of Full Particulars sent Free anywhere.

OSBORN & JERDAN, Ltd., Opticians and Electricians
"My Opticians,"
393 GEORGE ST. (facing Royal Arcade), SYDNEY

Talk about People

Why Mr. Spurgeon Abstained.

The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon and the Rev. W. Williams one day reached an hotel, where they were staying, after a long drive. Mr. Spurgeon was very thirsty, and someone said to him, "Now, would you not like a glass of beer, sir?" "Yes, I should, very much," he replied. "Then why not have it? Do you think it would be wrong?" "No, not wrong; but some poor fellow to whom drink is a temptation, might hear of it, and feel encouraged to take a dozen glasses. I abstain for the sake of such." We were sitting at a railway-station waiting for our train. He began reading the advertisements on the walls, and many funny things he said about some of them. Then he saw a notice of some special whisky recommended as being "elixir vitae." "The elixir of life," he said. "Ugh! death and damnation—that's what that is."

A Great Novelist.

The Rev. Silas K. Hocking has confessed that his first serious attempt at story writing was a dismal failure. He was sixteen years of age when his cupidity was roused by an offer of £100 by a temperance society for the best story setting forth the evils of strong drink. He quickly decided upon the plot of the story, but, alas! the embryo author's skill was of such an elementary character that by the time he reached the middle of the eighth chapter his characters had got themselves into such a hopeless muddle that Mr. Hocking gave up the task in disgust. For years after he stubbornly resisted the ingrained desire to be a writer of fiction. Plots evolved themselves unconsciously in his mind, but he put them aside. However, there came a day when he could resist the temptation no longer, and he sat down and wrote a story, which he thought so little of that he allowed a friend to publish it serially and anonymously for nothing. The story was so good, however, that a well-known London publishing house promptly secured the book rights, and asked for more work by the same author. Thus did Mr. Hocking, whose books for over twenty years have been selling at the rate of a thousand copies a week, and whose circle of readers is still increasing, abandon the pulpit for the pen.

Andrew Carnegie's Toffee.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie's magnificent gift of a quarter of a million to King Edward's Hospital Fund has been followed by the unyoking of a good many stories revealing various characteristics of the one-time bobbin-boy.

One story is as follows: When Carnegie was a young man, it is said he was inordinately fond of toffee, and if the scheme he adopted to keep himself supplied be true, it is easy to understand why to-day he is able to build libraries and disburse quarter-of-a-million gifts at fairly regular intervals.

Andy suggested to the other clerks in the office in which he was employed that they should organise a club for mutual improvement. One of the rules provided that any member guilty of using an improper or slangy word should pay a penny for each offence. Tobacco was not allowed in the office, so under the skilful organisation of Carnegie, it was voted that the fund should be used for the purchase of toffee. Carnegie was elected treasurer and disbursing officer of the fund, and, as he never had to pay fines for misconduct, his toffee cost nothing.

How Bishops Amuse Themselves.

Dr. Winnington-Ingram is not the only Bishop who can play a good game of lawn-tennis. He has at least one episcopal rival in Dr. Ryle, Bishop of Winchester, who is

an expert tennis-player as well as a clever cyclist. The Bishops of Durham and Carlisle are both keen cyclists; Dr. Robertson, of Exeter, is strong on golf and fives; the Bishop of St. Asaph rides and fishes; Dr. Kennion, of Bath and Wells, is quite a champion athlete, for he is equally good at boating, swimming, riding, cycling, and hunting, in addition to "all schoolboys' games"; while Dr. Ridding, of Southwell, was in his young days one of the finest oarsmen at Oxford.

£4000 for the Czarina's Perfumes.

The Czarina is said to spend £4000 a year for perfumes alone. Indeed, the Imperial lady seems to be something of a connoisseur in the matter of scents. Hundreds of girls are annually employed in picking blossoms of which the essence is to appear presently in the scores of little bottles that adorn the Czarina's silver and malachite dressing-tables. Every bottle is tested at the Government laboratory in St. Petersburg, and it takes a small army of officials and work-people to keep the Empress supplied with her favourite perfumes. The Czarina's soap, like most of her scents, is made in Paris, after a secret formula which is shared by no one else.

From Fitter to Admiral.

The retirement of Engineer Vice-Admiral Sir Albert John Durston from the post of Engineer-in-Chief of the British fleet sends a distinguished officer into private life. He reached the age limit for retirement a year ago, and his connection with the active list ceased, but the Admiralty decided to employ him in his post at Whitehall for twelve months longer, in order that certain changes initiated during his tenure might be completed or well advanced. Sir John Durston has been associated with the development of steam power and the gradual introduction of oil fuel and turbines. He was once a fitter apprentice at Portsmouth Dockyard. He entered the Navy in 1866, and became Engineer-in-chief in 1889.

Mr. H. De Windt's Expedition.

Mr. Harry de Windt has just returned to London from Kirkenaes, on the Arctic Ocean, where he has been for the purpose of making preparations for his forthcoming journey across Lapland to the Kola Peninsula. While on the shores of the Arctic Ocean (states Reuter's Agency), he arranged for a supply of deer and sleds for his journey of four months through the Kola Peninsula, a wild, hitherto unknown region of steppes and mountains.

Although within a few hundred miles of Arkangel, the country to be visited is more difficult of access than the regions traversed by the explorer on his last journey in north-west Siberia. Mr. de Windt will leave England on January 1. The sun only rises in the Kola Peninsula on the 18th of that month. He will proceed via St. Petersburg and Helsingfors to Uliaborg, at the head of the Baltic. Thence he will travel in sleds a month's journey across Lapland to the Arctic Ocean. It is expected that the exhibition will last about six months. Its object is to obtain closer geographical knowledge of the unknown Kola Peninsula, and also to study the condition and life of the natives in the interior.

INFLUENCE OF THEATRE POSTERS.

The Godalming (Eng.) Sunday School Union have protested to the town council against the posters used by travelling theatrical companies, which the Union considered were likely to prove harmful to the

Four Reasons



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

Wood & Company

Funeral Directors,

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Head Office and Mortuary Chapel:—

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TELEPHONE 726, &c.

young life of the town. They suggested that posters should be submitted to the General Purposes Committee of the council before being given to the billposter.

FROM PORTER TO MILLIONAIRE.

Mr. James Bradford, J.P., of Buckingham-place, Brighton (Eng.), who was formerly a railway porter at Helpstone, near Peterborough, has just presented his native place with a block of almshouses, which he has endowed. He was long identified with Spiers and Pond's, and the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, and is now reputed to be a millionaire. Helpstone, the birthplace of John Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant poet, owes many benefactions to Mr. Bradford's generosity and love of his native place.

A FARMING ACHIEVEMENT.

Two crops of early potatoes have been grown on the same piece of ground by Mr. S. Jackson, of Kingsland, Shrewsbury (Eng.), who, in a letter to the "Daily Chronicle," says: "The first lot was lifted in the beginning of July; the second was planted on July 8, in the spaces between the rows of the first. The same ground can now be planted with late celery or other winter vegetables, so that three crops will be obtained in the year. There can be no doubt that if such an easy method as this were generally adopted it would add greatly to our food supply, and would help many, and especially the poor."

The Duke of Bedford has the most complete collection of willow-trees in England at Woburn.

WHY WORRY ABOUT YOUR INSURANCES?

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

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

A. B. PURSELL & CO.

(Established 1886)

INSURANCE BROKERS AND SUPERVISORS

105 Pitt Street, Sydney,
and at Brisbane.

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

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

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

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

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

GRIT.
A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1907.

THE LAW AND REDUCTION.

"Was Reduction carried?" at the recent Local Option Poll is a question which has been agitating the legal fraternity, stimulated by fat fees from the Licensed Victuallers, who are more keenly anxious even than their legal friends to discover a fatal flaw in the Liquor Act. Morally of course Reduction was carried in a big majority of the constituencies. Whether it was legally carried, or whether the Act is too ambiguous to allow of anyone deciding the point, is another matter. The matter was tested at the Special Court presided over by Judge Backhouse last week, and Mr. Ralston raised two points which were thought likely to prove fatal and render the voting in 65 out of 90 electorates abortive.

"The first point was that, in accordance with the Act, there was nothing to show that 'reduction' had been carried at the election. The voting at Alexandria, for instance, it was mentioned, had been 2874 for continuance, 1144 for reduction, and 2100 for no-license." The Act clearly laid down that 'continuance' or 'reduction' should be carried if a majority of votes were recorded in favour of either. This was the only way provided in the Act by which reduction could be carried. Another clause said that if 'no license' were not carried, the number of votes recorded in its favour might be added to those given for reduction, but did not declare that reduction should be carried

by such addition; nor was there any result of such addition more than suggested." The second point taken was based on the notification in the "Government Gazette" subsequent to the taking of the vote not being sufficient to meet the requirements of the Act, which required not only that the result of the voting should be gazetted, but that a notice as to the carrying of reduction or no-license should be gazetted. "There was a 'Gazette' announcement of the voting," it was held, "but none of the result of it, which could only be calculated by the reader if so disposed." Mr. Ralston submitted that reduction had not been carried in accordance with the wording of the Act, and that if carried it had not been gazetted, as the Act demanded.

The Court regarded the points raised as important, and reserved decision until Monday. In the meantime the Government caused a notice to be inserted in a special "Gazette" on Saturday, complying with that part of the Act referred to by Mr. Ralston in his second point, and when the Court met on Monday, Judge Backhouse said the Court considered itself bound by that notice. The other point was a much more difficult one, inasmuch as the provision of section 69, which says that if any resolution is carried it shall be notified in the "Gazette," had not been complied with when the point was taken. A notice had appeared, signed by the returning officer, under sub-section (h) of section 75, and in the form prescribed by the regulations which have been made under the Act; but in the Court's opinion this could not be said to take the place of a notice required by section 69. It was not stated by whom the latter notice was to be given, but certainly a returning-officer did not appear to be the proper person. The provisions of section 69 were not a mere form, as it would seem that some official interpretation, an interpretation which it was difficult at times to put upon the figures, must be given to the votes polled, and that interpretation notified to the licensees in the several districts affected before steps could be taken to give effect to any resolution as to reduction or the granting of no licenses. Until that was done it might be argued that the licensees might fairly say that they had no knowledge of any resolutions being carried. At least fresh notices of the holding of the courts would have to be given, although it now appeared that the notice required by section 69 was published in the special "Gazette" last Saturday. Whether the contention was a good one or not, the Court were of opinion that seeing that it was at least so doubtful, they were adopting the wisest course in upholding the point, and commencing anew. "The effect of our decision," observed the Judge, "is not, as has been stated, to nullify the votes taken in favour of reduction. At most, it will delay matters a little, and this delay can be reduced to a minimum as the experience which we have gained will enable us to expedite matters." And here for the present the matter ends, though for how long rests with the lawyers and their clients of the Liquor party.

THE CAUSE OF VICE.

The cause of vice is lack of moral power. Moral power is power to resist the temptation to practice vice. Man is morally sick, hence morally weak. In proportion as men indulge in the practice of vices, other

things being equal, do they show lack of moral power. If the working man lacks the moral strength to keep him from squandering his hard earned money on his vices he would spend the money of the magnate on such things if he had it. Better let the magnate keep it. The magnate is selfish and unjust, because he lacks the moral power to be generous and fair. The drunkard is a slave because he lacks the moral power to be free. The harlot is a slave, and goes to ruin because she lacks the moral power to rise above her condition. The gambler is a slave for lack of moral power. The working man is a slave for no other reason than that he lacks the moral power to be free. Everywhere the man who cannot resist temptation goes down. Such are going down all around us in both high and low stations in life. Jesus Christ says, "Every one that committeth sin is the bond servant of sin."

THE CURE OF VICE.

The cure of vice is more moral power. The only being that can cure the vices of men is the one who can infuse more moral power into them. Jesus Christ is the only reformer earth ever saw who ever pretended to impart more moral power to men. Men cannot impart moral power to any one for they are lacking of it themselves, and show it by failing to keep their own moral precepts. Man can only attempt to save men by precept. Jesus Christ saves men by the power of a life. It is not faith in any creed or philosophy that makes a man a Christian, but faith in the person who alone can give the new life with its new impulses. It is not the teaching of Christ that has been the greatest force in making the world better, but the lifting renovating power of the new life he gives.

The country is full of theorists who would right our wrongs by reorganising society. They forget that they would have the same old people to deal with. Vicious people with good laws and institutions would still make vicious communities. Good people compelled to live under bad laws would still make good communities. But good people will make good laws and corrupt people will make bad laws. Mend the individual and all will be mended. Jesus Christ, of all the world's reformers, worked on the individual man. He made no attempt to reorganise society, bad as it was in his day. He says to each, "Cast out first the beam out of thine own eye." When each individual does that the cure will be complete. No need of trying to reform the magnate. Let every man reform himself, not to get the magnate to obey man's law, but for the working man himself to obey God's law. That done he will be the man of power in spite of all opposing forces.

No demands of organised labour, no enactments of law will do. These are all outside the man. It is the man that needs mending. Man will never rise above vice until he has the moral power to do so, any more than he will rise above ignorance until he has the intellectual power to do so, or fly in the air until he has the physical power to do so.

The true solution of the labour problem is in more moral power for the individual man. Develop a manhood above vice, and thus above every form of slavery. It is a task for a God, to lift the world's manhood above its vices. Jesus Christ is the only being who ever made progress in that direction. He begins with the root of the difficulty, by mending the individual man. He was not in the popular sense a scientist, a statesman, an inventor, or financier, but a messenger of moral forces. And it is only the being of moral force who makes progress, and that progress is in proportion to his moral power.

The Cure of the Drunkard

MANY CRUEL AND HARMFUL FRAUDS

Many times have we been asked to suggest a cure, or to pass opinion on some supposed cure for intemperance, and we find it a sad business. In the first place, nothing is more difficult to cure, and in the second place it is a sorry business exposing the so-called cures. Those who desire to cure their friends of the alcohol habit must remember that the results from treatment in Government institutions, both in England and New Zealand, under the most favourable circumstances, have been very disappointing. It is absolutely wrong and misleading to quote results until they have had at least a three years' test. A month or three months after any so-called cure, a person may feel so well, and be so entirely without desire for alcohol, as to lead them in all good faith to speak in glowing terms of what they believe has done them good, and, in spite of their enthusiasm, fall back into the slavery of the alcohol habit again before the ink on their testimonial is dry. We find only about 22 out of every 100 treated may be truthfully said to be cured. There are two things that have played into the hands of the bogus cure, one being the anxiety of friends to do anything to save their loved one, and the other being the sincere hopefulness of the patient, who, in gratitude for immediate benefits, writes testimonials that are undoubtedly misleading, but are excellent things for the advertiser.

WHAT IS THE CAUSE?

The drunkard is produced by any one or any combination of three things. Social custom, physical and nervous trouble, and moral weakness. If a man's drunkenness arises from the company he keeps, and the business he transacts, no drugs will cure him; this man will be most likely to be cured by religious conversion, and the consequent change of environment. If his trouble arises from nervous depression, resulting in a physical state that makes him long for something to liven him up, then medical treatment may help him. If moral weakness lies at the root of the trouble, it is best met by hypnotic suggestion, which will strengthen his will, and religious conviction that will give him moral backbone. Many cases show a combination of causes, and the cure will then be such a one as will meet the various needs of the patients.

UNCONSCIOUS DRUNKENNESS.

Unfortunately the alcohol habit is acquired by the unsuspecting, and when so acquired leads to the same overmastering desire and shameless conduct that always characterises the unfortunate victim. The following case is quoted by the "Journal of the American Medical Association":—A respected clergyman fell ill, and the family physician was called. After examining the patient carefully, the doctor asked for a private interview with the patient's adult son. "I am sorry to tell you that your father is undoubtedly suffering from chronic alcoholism," said the physician.

"Chronic alcoholism! Why, that's ridiculous! Father never drank a drop of liquor in his life, and we know all there is to know about his habits."

"Well, my boy, it's chronic alcoholism, nevertheless, and at this present moment your father is drunk."

It was only too true, he had on the advice of a friend taken a patent medicine, which contains 28.5 per cent. of alcohol, that is, about three-fourths the strength of whisky.

ALCOHOL IN PATENT MEDICINES.

In comparing patent medicines with whisky, let it be remembered that the advertised nostrums do not contain any whisky; it is usually potato spirit or white spirit from fermented molasses, the worst of ethyl-alcohol, because of impurities, whilst some have been shown to contain wood spirits. Proof spirits contain 49.24 per cent. of ethyl-alcohol; say half spirit and half water. Whisky is about 20 per cent. under proof when bottled, say, 40 per cent. of alcohol.

A well-known patent medicine concocted by the Kentucky Whisky Distilleries Company, has nine-tenths the strength of whisky, and has no medicinal property for the ills advertised. Many might be named, but even the truth is libellous. A long list of them was published in the "Ladies' Home Journal" some time ago, but sufficient has been said to enable one to show the utter madness of taking patent medicines.

DRINK CURES.

Not all the drink cures are such harmless trickery as "Mrs. Terry's," quoted by Dr. Robert Hutchinson, which consists of sugar 98 per cent., and common table salt 2 per cent. Antidipso is chlorate of potash and sugar, which could never cure any drunkard, and, in fact, never did so. Many of the so-called cures contain a large proportion of white spirit, up to 82 per cent. Thus the unfortunate wife or mother denies herself clothing and necessities so as to purchase "medicine," which is not only useless, but distinctly harmful, containing as it does impure spirits, calculated to intensify the craving.

Mr. O. C. Beale very pertinently says:—"If there be merit in the cures there should be no secrecy; if there be secrecy, it is incredible that there should be merit."

They are not remedies, but substitutes, and frequently more harmful than the original drug.

While personally knowing many reclaimed drunkards, and being hopeful of the cure of many more, we must emphasise the truism that prevention is better and easier than cure. As individuals let us taste no alcohol, as a community let us sell none.

DRINK AND CRIME.

The liquor advertising daily press of New South Wales is quite concerned because Mr. Justice A. H. Simpson has said, "but for the excessive use of alcohol there would be little or no poverty, and a large diminution of crime. One paper gives prominence to the views of an unknown detective, and another takes the judge to task in a leader. We only warn the public that they can expect nothing else from the press that accepts thousands of pounds per annum from the liquor trade. Wendell Phillips said:—"The newspaper is parent, school, college, pulpit, theatre, example, counsellor, all in one. Every drop of our blood is coloured by it. Let me make the newspaper, and I care not who makes the religion or the laws."

We live in days when the liquor trade and the quack medicine people, by virtue of £ s. d., dominate the press. The press is guilty of suppression, distortion, and misrepresentation on the liquor question, and upon most questions of moral reform, they give reports in their columns which are toned down in their leading articles, and their constant refrain is "it might be right

Australian Mutual = Provident Society.

FOUNDED 1849.

The Best Mutual Life Office in Australasia.

Head Office: 87 PITT ST., SYDNEY.

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

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

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

Every participating Policyholder shares in the distribution of the profits each year.

ASSURANCES CAN BE EFFECTED FOR SUMS RANGING FROM £5 TO £10,000.

General Manager and Actuary: Secretary:
Richard Teece, F.I.A., F.F.A., F.S.S. Robert B. Cameron
Manager Industrial Department: H. W. Apperly.
Sydney, 27th September, 1907.

and it might be wrong, and that is the burden of all their song."

That excessive drinking produces poverty is too well known, and too easily proved to call for any special article from us just now, and the relation between crime and drink is so intimate that the public must see clearly that the special pleading of the daily press in articles that are flanked with liquor advertisements are in conflict with the facts of experience.

In Servia the dislike entertained to fair hair is so acute that it extends even to the white hair of old age. No Servian woman who respects herself would appear in public with white hair. Nor does she attempt to conceal the fact that she dyes it periodically. The custom has come down to her from time immemorial.

THE WINE THAT DOES NOT INTOXICATE.

A Good, Wholesome, Delicious Drink at last. French Wine without the poison of Alcohol. THE FAMOUS "MAS-DE-LA-VILLE" WINE. Recommended by the Rev. T. Spurgeon and others.

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

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

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

Champagne 2/6 and 3/9 per Bottle

AN IDEAL WINE FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

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

Order from MANAGER OF "GRIT,"
BOX 390, G.P.O., SYDNEY

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

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

MAINE, BEFORE AND AFTER.

WHAT PROHIBITION HAS DONE FOR THE PUBLIC MORALS.

Fifty years ago, before the prohibitory law of Maine was enacted, there were fourteen distilleries in Portland, where shiploads of molasses were converted into New England rum, which sold at six cents a pint. Drunkenness was common and passed unnoticed on the street, unless the drunkards were obtrusive or helpless. In the village of South Berwick there were five bar-rooms. Albion had six; Readfield, seven; Clinton, ten; and in the small town of Wayne were eight saloons and over forty notorious drunkards. Ministers used liquors then and drinking was so common that they had to exercise care, when accepting hospitality during a round of pastoral calls, not to be intoxicated at night. William Wood, an aged merchant at Calais, remembers when every grocer in Yarmouth sold intoxicants, and J. C. Connor of Pittsfield recalls a retired minister at Dover, who maintained himself by the sale of liquor. At the dedication of the East Otisfield church and at the ordination of the ministers in York, Minot and other towns, liquor was consumed in quantities and paid for by the church. Drinking was an accompaniment of funerals and weddings, and drunkenness on holidays claimed a considerable percentage of the adult male population.

At this time there is probably not an open bar in the State of Maine, besides the one maintained by the United States government at the National Soldiers' Home at Togus. In only a few towns and cities is it now possible to procure liquor for beverage purposes. Liquor continues to come to the state, but in express packages, rather than in carload lots. We still have liquor sellers, but their resorts are disreputable, unattractive places doing a small business and selling a gallon where a licensed saloon would sell a barrel. For the last five years the commitments for intoxication in Maine have diminished. There has been an annual decline for the same period in the population of the state prison, this falling from 240 to 169. Sunday, August 20, there was no arrest in Lewiston, our second largest city. The sentiment is strong against the liquor traffic.

A man in Warren called a neighbour liquor-seller, but could not prove it. The court awarded the latter 600 dollars damages for defamation of character.

Last fall the state election turned on the issue of the faithful enforcement of the liquor law. Mr. Cobb, who stood for this, was elected governor by about 26,000 majority. The other candidate's platform favored local option. Prohibition has not injured Maine in a business way. One third of our population have savings accounts. The per capita deposit is 103.73 dol., compared with 10.71 dol. in Ohio and 13.43 dol. in Illinois. The largest hotel in the state, the Poland Spring House, has run for over fifty years without a liquor bar. The Con-

gress Square Hotel (Portland), unsurpassed as a commercial hotel, prefers the same policy.

Our people adopted a constitutional prohibitory amendment in 1884 by a vote of 70,630 to 23,658. Thinking that the law was secure, they discontinued temperance work and the retrograde began at once. Property owners who housed vice were not molested; convicted liquor sellers were permitted to serve as jurors; defaulted bonds were not often sued; judges permitted fines to take the place of jail sentences; county commissioners determined in what towns the law might be violated in return for revenue and campaign funds; constables, postmasters, and other officers sometimes tended bar; the chairman of the Lewiston Republican city committee solicited funds from Boston wholesale liquor dealers, and when the Democrats got office they did the same. In 1889 Auburn was the only city out of twenty which did not have numerous open bars. A little later we had a governor whose hotel contained a bar and the attorney general sent throughout the state recommendations for wholesale liquor sellers.

The Christian Civic League of Maine was organized 1889 by the religious denominations of the state for an interdenominational, non-partisan work in behalf of good citizenship, law enforcement and the election of honest officials. The Good Templars, Prohibitionists and W.C.T.U. have each done valuable service, but the last named organisation had no voting constituency and the other two had no representative giving his whole time to the urgent work of reform. The Civic League employs three men, besides office help. Our first work in time and importance has been to get facts bearing on local and general civic issues. In five years we held over 1300 good-citizenship meetings in 500 towns. One result was that many bad officials were displaced by good ones. Among these whom the League supported successfully were half a dozen Democratic high sheriffs and one who was a Prohibitionist. The last named was Samuel F. Pearson, who demonstrated afresh that even in the largest city in our state Prohibition prohibits, when it is in the hands of earnest officials.—"Lincoln Magazine."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

When parents cannot agree on any one name for a child, they can compromise on several names. This compound name sometimes has a rather bulky effect. The specimen of one here given illustrates parental intelligence as well as liberality.

"And so you've named your baby, have you?" said one woman to another.

"Oh, yes."

"What is it you call him?"

"Thomas Muscovy Martin Luther Benson."

"The poor little dear! Why did you load it down with so much name?"

"Well, it seemed as though I couldn't

THERE IS

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Our **Sanitarium Health Food** dishes command the highest appreciation from those who give them a trial. They are Tasty—they do not cause any disagreeable after effects—they are sustaining—and strengthening.

Send for our . . .

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The Address is:

THE SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD CAFE,
Royal Chambers
45 Hunter Street, Sydney

slight my own brother, and I insisted on Muscovy on his account."

"But how about Martin Luther? You wasn't under any special obligations to him."

"No, but my husband was determined that he should be named after one of the apostles, and Martin was my choice of the lot."

FIRE INSURANCE.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE.

Established 1809

Paid up Capital and Fire Funds, £3,650,000;

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From Seven to Seventeen

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN.

(BY UNCLE BARNABAS).

THE EDITOR'S OFFER TO "UNCLE B."

Someone out Bathurst way said that G.R.I.T. meant "Get Ready In Time." And it is quite true that this little paper is getting ready for the good times that are coming in New South Wales, when "the pub" will be closed, the cigarette burnt out of existence, when "bridge" will be done for and "the sweep" will be swept away. The Editor thinks that between "seven and seventeen" is the right time for making reforms, and he has made a fine offer to Uncle Barnabas (whom, to save time, we will call "Uncle B.") This is the offer—every week he is to have room in the paper for about 1000 words for the people who read this paper who are between "seven and seventeen." Are you one of them? Have you had seven birthdays? Are you under 900 weeks old? Nine hundred weeks, mind! not nine hundred years! We don't object to Methusalehs READING these columns, but we want them please to understand that if, when they are reading them, they feel as though they had on a pair of boots or a suit several sizes too small for them, they must not complain, as there is plenty of room in other parts of the paper, and these columns are to fit readers who were (speaking under the date of present issue) born in or between the years 1890 and 1900. Is that you? Then Uncle B. will say:

My first I hope you are;

My second I see you are;

My whole I know you are.

What is that? See next week for answer.

Uncle B.'s OFFER TO YOU.

As the New Year is almost at the gate, Uncle B., with the kind assistance of "Grit's" purse, has decided to offer a New Year's Gift or two, first for an Acrostic, and second for a Limerick.

THE ACROSTIC.

1. All boys and girls born since December 31st, 1893, may send in an acrostic, or twenty if they like, over their own name.
2. It doesn't matter who helps you, so long as you can get a good acrostic.
3. The answers must be sent before New Year's Day to "Uncle B." care of "Grit," Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney—funny-looking address, isn't it?
4. The prize will be either a post-card album or a cricket ball, but there will be no prize unless ten compete.
5. The acrostic is to be on the word "Grit," and, for fear you should not know what a cross stick is, and no one be able to tell you, Uncle B. will give you a sample—not "made in Germany"—but made, like the old man's wooden bedstead, out of his own head:—

Gee-up little paper!

Right you are!

I'll help you if I can!

Think I'll get that cricket-ball?

THE LIMERICK.

1. All boys and girls born since December 31st, 1890, may try for this.
 - 2 and 3. Same as above.
 4. The prize will be a rather nice watch or a very nice brooch, but no prize if not ten competitors.
 5. The Limerick is to be about "Grit," and this might do for a sample:—
- There's a fine little paper called "Grit."
It's a great little paper, "on dit" (!)
It's capital reading,
It's just what you're needing,
It's a penny a copy, is "Grit!"

142,857.

This is a queer number, for if you multiply it by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6 you will get the

same figures in the same order, beginning at a different point, thus:—

142,857

4

571,428

Multiply it by 7, you get all nines.
Multiply it by 8 you get 1,142,856, that is to say, one is taken off the last figure 7, and tacked on in front.

FOR SUNDAY.

The first letters of the names of these cities make up the name of a great prophet.

1. A city where there was a great bonfire. (Acts 19.)
2. A city where Paul was nearly worshipped, then stoned. (Acts 14.)
3. A city from which good men fled. (Acts 14.)
4. A fine city with a bad water supply. (2 Kings 2.)
5. A city whose name has only two letters. (Joshua 7.)
6. A city of refuge. (1 Chron. 6.)

MISSING WORDS OF SOLOMON TO MAKE UP A TEXT.

"It shall be well with them that God." (Eccl. viii. 12.)

"For shall bring every work," etc. (Eccl. xii. 14.)

"..... He shall direct thy steps." (Prov. iii. 6.)

"..... thy heart with all diligence." (Prov. iv. 23.)

"He that covereth sins shall not prosper." (Prov. xxviii. 13.)

"Let thine heart keep my " (Prov. iii. 1.)

What is the missing text and where is it?

Send your answers to above to "Uncle B.," c/o "Grit," Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney. We will publish names of those whose answers are correct.

KNEW HIS WORTH.

Master Tommy, a boy of four, has developed an early fondness for coins of every denomination, and, although he never asks directly for them, wherever he goes the air is full of hints. There is an old lady living near Tommy who is very fond of him, but who also is extremely careful of her small change, so that none of it ever finds its way into the little fellow's pockets.

Tom had nearly exhausted his ingenuity in hinting, and at last, by a fortunate hit, succeeded. He went over there the other morning in a penniless condition and leaned affectionately against the knee of his old friend, who at once possessed herself of one of his chubby hands and began to fondle it.

"I would give a thousand pounds to have such a nice little boy as you for my own," she said, petting him.

"How much is a thousand pounds?" asked Tommy, with wide-open eyes.

"It's a great deal of money," said the old lady, with a sigh.

"Am I worth as much as that if papa would sell me?" inquired the young speculator.

"Yes, dear, and a great deal more," said his friend.

"Then," said Tommy, with a cherubic smile, "don't you think it is worth sixpence just to hold my hand?"

"What is an agnostic?" asked Rollo. "An agnostic," replied Uncle George, "is a man who loudly declares that he knows nothing, and abuses you if you believe him."

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ALREADY NECESSARY TO ENLARGE

THE PREMISES AGAIN

LAW IS THE EDUCATION.

By JOHN B. FINCH.

Law is not passed for men who will obey,—it is passed for the men who are not educated up to the point of doing so. If all the people of this country were educated up to the point where they would not steal, would you want any law against stealing? If they were educated up to the point where they would not murder, would you want any law against murder? What do you want any law against stealing for? Not for the men who are educated up to the point where they will not steal. You want a law against stealing for those who are not educated up to the belief that it is particularly wrong to take your horse. You do not want a law against murder for men who are educated up to the point where they will not kill, but you do want a law against murder for men who are not educated up to the point of regarding human life as sacred. The whole theory of law is, to deal with the law-breaker and not the man who will obey. It is for the men on a degraded plane, and not for the men on an exalted plane. Law is the educator.

In my own State, in the cattle counties, for several years, the law against murder was practically a dead letter. Public sentiment was very low. It was really considered a mark of honour to have killed a man. If a man told another he lied, a revolver would be drawn, and life lost. The people said: "Served him right." A man going along the street was pointed out as having killed two men. Several times I have been touched on the shoulder by a friend who said: "That person has killed a man." Public sentiment justified it. For a long time it was impossible to indict a man for murder and convict him on trial. Perhaps there was not a man on the jury but had committed a murder himself. The result was "not guilty," or "killed the man in self-defence." But the Government did not pass laws on the level with the moral sense of the people. The Government did not say: "We cannot prohibit you from shooting, so we will pass a license law and allow you to shoot, if you will give us \$500; we will keep the penalties down until you are educated up to the point of thinking it is wrong to kill." The Government said, "It is wrong to kill," and it held the law over these counties, till the people came up, up, up to the law, and to-day there is no portion of the United States where the law is better enforced. It is better enforced in the counties of Nebraska than in the cities of Chicago and Milwaukee. The State acted on the correct principle; the law was used as an educator.

REVIVAL MIRACLES.

EXTRAORDINARY CLAIMS MADE BY VICAR OF MONKWEARMOUTH.

GIFTS OF STRANGE TONGUES.

WOMEN DESCRIBED AS "DRUNK WITH THE WINE OF THE LORD."

Scenes of a most extraordinary character have marked revival services promoted by the Rev. A. A. Boddy, vicar of All Saints, Monkwearmouth (Eng.) For a long time the vicar has preached healing by faith, and he is now assisted by Mr. T. D. Barrett, a pastor who has conducted similar missions in Norway. The gatherings are held in a building recently consecrated by the Bishop of Durham, and during the proceedings the worshippers, mostly women,

give way to hysterical convulsions, howling, cheering, laughing, and throwing themselves in contorted attitudes on the floor.

The preachers claim that the gift of tongues descends on their hearers. Mrs. Boddy professes to translate the language used, though they appear to impartial observers to be merely incoherent ravings. Mr. Boddy claims that his two little daughters—Jane, aged 14, and May, aged 15—have received the Holy Spirit, and that Janey, under its influence, talks in a tongue which a missionary recognised as Chinese.

"I have every reason," said Mr. Boddy to a "Lloyd's" representative, "for believing that I have been chosen by God as the instrument for spreading this wonderful influence over the whole of the universe."

"Some time ago a young Sunderland builder related to me an extraordinary vision. He first of all saw, as it were, a great light surrounded by a number of dim figures. For some time all remained vague and indistinct until the figures resolved themselves into people he knew. The light itself then developed into a form, and presently he knew that he was before the Divine Presence. Patiently he waited for an interpretation of the vision. In a while his mind was able to grasp more and more detail, and at last he saw Christ Himself seated on a throne handing gifts to one of the figures standing by.

"Did he recognise the recipient?"

For some moments the vicar paused, as if to weigh his reply. Then he slowly made answer: "Yes, I was the recipient."

It was shortly after this episode that he went over to Norway and returned with Pastor Barrett.

"THE LANGUAGE OF ANGELS."

Mr. Barrett, asked to give a description of the phenomenon that is described as "speaking in tongues," placed his hand to his face, and said: "I feel, first of all, as if my head were suddenly clamped with iron bands. I lose all control of speech. Then, as the influence of the Holy Spirit increases, I feel as if the iron bands were beginning to work. Presently words come rolling out. They are literally shot from my mouth—sometimes in language I cannot for the moment understand. When this happens I wait for the interpretation, which the Holy Spirit never fails to send me."

One night recently the following sight was witnessed by several people during a prayer meeting in the vestry. With a loud cry a young man suddenly threw himself to the floor from his seat and began a series of convulsive rollings, which carried him half-way across the room.

Others who have "broken through," as Mr. Boddy describes the process of spiritual "surrender," have remained on the floor for a long time. "A young woman cried when the Spirit came upon her with a piercing cry, but came gloriously through, speaking in tongues. Another fell from the form her whole length upon the floor."

Here is another incident vouched for by Pastor Barrett:—

"A lady who is seeking her Pentecost,

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whose whole demeanour was quiet, was so affected that she burst into tears. She got a stream of God's fire into her, and during the night she got through, speaking in tongues.

"She was, indeed, so drunk with the Lord's wine, and it was with difficulty we got her home. Had it been in the middle of the day we would have had company through the street. She and her friend, Mr. Boddy, and I were all so overpowered by what God had done that the street resounded with 'Glory!' 'Hallelujah!' 'Hallelujah!'"

All these things Mr. Boddy honestly believes to indicate the awakening of new life in the Churches. Several Protestant clergymen in other parts of the country are in touch with him, but locally he has been to a certain extent ostracised.

ENCOUNTERED AN EXPERT.

"Woman," said he, in agonised tones, "you have broken my heart."

She laid her ear to his manly bosom.

"No," said she, after listening intently, "there is not the slightest evidence of organic lesion. There is a slight palpitation, due, perhaps, to cigarettes. That is all."

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How the World Moves

Life insurance in England dates back to 1583.

Germany and Italy have each twenty-one universities.

In the reign of George III. hats of above 12s. in value paid a tax of 2s.

The office of Commander-in-Chief of the British Army dates back to 1660.

The "State" uniform of a trumpeter of the Life Guards costs about £120.

Boston Church is one of the largest without side aisles in the country. It is 290ft. long by 98ft. wide.

In China the agricultural land of the river valleys is estimated to support over 3500 people per square mile.

In the lungs there are 175,000,000 cells, which would cover a surface thirty times greater than the human body.

There have been ninety-three Archbishops of Canterbury, the first being St. Augustine, who became bishop A.D. 597.

Sailors, when receiving their pay, take off their caps, as a rule, and the paymaster drops the money on to the crown.

Germans eat more bread than any other European nation. The German consumption is 11½ lb. per head a week, or more than a third greater than ours.

The custom of taking the "Queen's shilling," by which is understood the taking of the coin by a man constitutes his enlistment, ceased to exist twenty-six years ago.

That well-known corn, the "London Scottish," like a good many others, was raised in 1859. It originated at a small meeting held at Freemasons' Tavern on July 4 of that year.

The greatest battle of the last century was that of Leipsic, fought on October 16, 1863. Napoleon had 190,000 men, and the Allies no fewer than 200,000. The total loss of the two armies was 106,000 men.

The Duke of Connaught entered the Army in 1868, when eighteen years of age. He has seen some fighting, and is said to be remarkably cool under fire by those who have watched him during a battle.

Divers in the Royal Navy are paid according to the depth they go down. Thus, for working in six fathoms of water they get 4s. for the first half-hour; twelve fathoms, 4s. 6d., and beyond this 5s.

The cost of clothing a British soldier for a year varies very considerably. A staff-sergeant of the Royal Horse Guards costs for clothing about £14 10s., and an infantry private about £3 3s. A militiaman's clothing only costs £1 6s. 3d. a year.

The rum served out to men of the Royal Navy was first termed "grog" in 1740, after Admiral Vernon, who instituted the practice of watering it in preference to giving it to the men undiluted. Admiral Vernon's nickname was "Old Grog," on account of an old grogam coat he used to wear in rough weather.

By a special act, Nashville has segregated her saloons within a certain business section, clearing them out of the residence districts. The segregation law has been held valid by the courts. It took effect July 1st. Tennessee papers are now excited by the discovery that the law was so drawn as to really exclude saloons from the whole city. There has been a defect, either in the construction or in the engrossing of the law, through which the segregated areas are so loosely indicated that there is really no definition of territory whatever, and the whole city is included.

Electricity is much used on a modern battleship, and in many of them over 800 lights of from sixteen to twenty candle-power are in use. More than half of these are burning night and day. The chief engineer is responsible for the efficient working of the engine which generates the electric current necessary for these lights.

The King and the other members of the Royal Family are entitled to an artillery salute of twenty-one guns. The same salute is extended to foreign kings and queens or members of their families, as well as the President of a Republic. There are twenty-two stations where these salutes are fired, St. James's Park and the Tower being two of them.

Nine lessons based on the municipal poster against alcoholism have been given in each of the elementary schools of Newcastle and Gateshead (Eng.) by the Council teachers, with the sanction of the local education authority. Some 2000 of the children assembled in the Newcastle Town Hall to receive prizes and certificates (provided by members of the Band of Hope Union).

Herr Kubelik has insured his fingers for £20,000. Paderewski's hands are peculiarly the most precious in the world. Each year he pays a premium of £1,000 on them. Should Cavalliere, the famous singer, become afflicted with a chronic sore throat she would be comforted in a measure with £10,000, and a Bohemian painter named Mucha has insured his eyes for the same sum.

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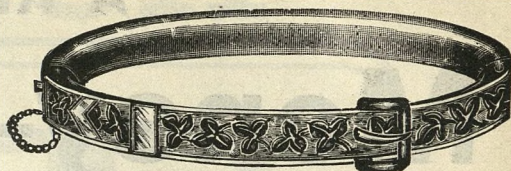
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21in. wide	10¼d yard.
23in. wide	1/3 yard.
27in. wide	1¼d yard.
27in. wide	1/6 yard.
27in. wide, in White, Black, Cream,	
1/9, 1/11, 2/4½, 2/9 yard.	

TUSSORE SILKS,

23in. wide. 1/3 yard.

27IN. TUSSORE SILKS,

1/6, 1/8, 1/9, 1/11.

34-35 TUSSORE SILKS, Fine, Bright Finish, 1/11, 2/3, 2/6, 2/9.

21in. FANCY LINED CHECK BLOUSING SILK, in Grey, Beautifully Embossed, Brilliant Grounds, 1/6 yard.

ALL LESS 2/- in the £.

23in. FANCY BLOCK STRIPE, JAP. SILK, Sky and Pink, 2/3 yard.

19-20in. STRIPED SILK WEFT ZEPHYRS, in Pink, Sky, Nil, Turquoise, 8½d yard. Very popular; excellent Washing Fabrics.

COLORED MOUSSELINE LOUISINE and PAILETTE SILKS, 20in. wide; worth 2/11 for 1/11.

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20in. SPUN WASHING BLOUSING SILK, White Ground, Navy and Black Line Checks; worth 2/9 for 1/9.

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All other SILKS, SATINS, not mentioned are subject to the same Discount of 2/- in the £, with the exception of our 36in. BLACK GLACE SILK; worth 4/6 at 2/11, and BLACK MERVEILLEUX SILK; worth 1/6 for 1/1½d.

WHITE HONEYCOMB QUILTS, at WINN'S LOW PRICES, less 2/- in the £ Discount.

SINGLE BED QUILTS, 1/11, 2/3, 2/6, 2/9, 3/3, 4/3, less 2/- in the £.

THREE-QUARTER BED QUILTS, 2/11, 3/3, 4/6, 5/9, 5/11, 6/11, less 2/- in the £.

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White Turkish, 16 x 33, 4¼d; 19 x 37, 6d; 20 x 39, 7¼d; 23 x 46, 8½d; 22 x 45, 10½d; 23 x 56, 1/-; 22 x 60, 1/3; 26 x 60, 1/4½; and all less 2/- in the £.

Brown Turkish Towels, less 2/- in the £, 15 x 32, 3¼d; 17 x 38, 5d; 16 x 34, 5¼d; 18 x 42, 6¼d; 18 x 44, 7¼d; 21 x 42, 8½d; 20 x 59, 9d; 22 x 46, 1/-; less 2/- in the £.

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80in. 1/- yd.

90in., 1/3 yd.

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Real Torchon Insertion

1in. wide, worth 3¼d, going at 2¼d yd.; 2¼in. wide, worth 4¼d, going at 3¼d yd.; 3in. wide, worth 6¼d, going at 4½d yd.; 4in. wide, worth 7¼d, going at 6½ yd.; less 2/- in the £ discount.

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