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Vol 12—No. 653.]

[Saturday, August 20, 1892.

The Bulletin

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The Bulletin.

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BOSISTO'S PARROT BRAND.
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 This pamphlet is especially written to show a method of
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 benefit from the perusal of this work.
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 is made of treatment, he should lose no time in writing
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 will be made of doing so. My long experience in the
 treatment of Nervous Diseases has made me thoroughly
 conversant with all their peculiarities. I am prepared,
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Guarantees a Permanent and Complete Cure in every case I undertake.
 I invite the fullest investigation into my qualifications. For some time I was House Surgeon to the Great
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 S.R.—I would advise all patients, before placing their case in any practitioner's hands, to first ascertain if he is
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 Also at London, Edinburgh and Melbourne.

VICTOR V.—Another day, and still no signs of anything to eat. It must be nearly four months since food passed my lips. This sinking sensation at the stomach is horrible, but I must struggle for Florence's sake. *(Falls down and breaths desperately, then resumes talk in a dazed manner.)* How did I come by these clothes? Ah! I remember. One day I was sitting on the bank of a river when I saw a missionary returning with the tide. An alligator swam out from the reeds almost at my feet and seized the missionary in its cruel jaws. *(Starts at the recollection.)* The brave fellow started a hymn as the reptile dragged him down, and his red blood left a ghastly track on the water to tell the awful tale. O Heaven!—why didn't the alligator take me instead of the other good man? Perhaps I was too thin, too thin, too thin. *(His mother slight attack of delirium and convulsions.)* The missionary was quite plump. He had left his clothes on the bank higher up the stream. I put them on—yes, I remember now. There was a Bible in the tail-pocket, and that nourished me for a while. I read the Psalms and covered the cover. Let me draw some more cover. *(Picks up cover and finds it all gone. Guesses vicinity of the cave.)* This horrible pain! *(Falls back again on the desert.)*

Enter a strange figure, crawling along on its hands and knees. VICTOR remains conscious and perceptive object.

VICTOR.—Ha! What's that? A wild animal! Providence has sent food for the wanderer. *(Takes up and sniffs figure, which calls over and exclaims "O, Gawk!" VICTOR looks forward and proceeds to examine his prey. It sits up—faintly—and declares face of KEWTE.)*

VICTOR.—You here!
KEWTE.—Yes, I came over to Timbuctoo on business, and I got bushed in the desert.
VICTOR.—I thought you were a lion when I fired.
KEWTE *(inquiring V.'s hands)*—I'm sure you didn't take me for a lawyer. But I deserved to be shot—most lawyers do. Go back to England and take possession of the Old Home. Those papers were forged. Ransdy Dayish got me to do it. Return as soon as you can, or he will rob you of your promised bride. Forgive me. *(VICTOR supports him in his arms.)* You'll find the papers wrapped round some hair sandwiches in my hat. I've been—a—bad—man—in—my—*(KEWTE chokes and dies. As he falls back his hat rolls off, and the papers are discovered.)*

VICTOR *(with much fall of sandwiches)*—I am saved, saved at last!

SCENE II.—MURDER ROOM at WREKHAM MANOR. SIR REGINALD and RANSDY discovered.

SIR REG.—Yes, my boy, it was her mother's dying wish that the money should remain in the family. Florence must and shall be yours. *(Rings bell.)* *(Enter SUSAN FERRELL.)* Tell your mistress that I would speak with her.

SUSAN.—Well, I ast your pardon, sir, but I hope it ain't about that thing. *(Points at RANSDY.)*

SIR REG.—Pardon, Susan, and do as you are bid. *(Exit S.)*

RANSDY.—Why do you have that girl in your service?
SIR REG.—It was a whim of my daughter's. Florence is attached to her for the sake of—well, you can guess the foolish reason.

Enter FLORENCE.
FLORENCE.—You wished to see me?

SIR REG. *(affectionately)*—Florence, my dear, you know I desire to see you happily married before I am put away in the vault with my long line of ancestors. Your cousin Ransdy is the husband I have chosen for you, and he is equally anxious for the day to be named. *(She shudders.)*

RANSDY.—Florence, have you no word of encouragement?
FLORENCE.—My heart and hand are promised to another, and I cannot change. Some girls, who have not been trained in the Sims and Pettit school, might forget an impetuous father after he had been gone for six long weary years, but my love for Victor feels ever on the hope of seeing him return with a large fortune. Night or day he is never out of my thoughts.

RANSDY.—How can he return when he's dead?
FLORENCE.—I'll not believe it. He couldn't possibly die. He was so phenomenally strong and energetic.

RANSDY.—But suppose I show you proofs *(brings out forged letter and shows it to SIR REG., who reads it upside down.)*

SIR REG. *(putting hand gently on FLORENCE'S shoulder)*—This letter, my child, is indeed from Victor. He wrote it in Darkest Africa eleven days ago. It states that he has only five minutes longer to live, and concludes with the hope that you will marry your cousin as soon as possible.

FLORENCE.—How kind and thoughtful he ever was! *(falls across the table and sobbively.)*

RANSDY *(takes her hand)*—And you will be mine, dear cousin?

FLORENCE *(rising solemnly)*—The wish of the dead is my command.

RANSDY *(aside)*—At last! The forged letter was a happy thought. *(Tableau and curtain.)*

ACT IV.
SCENE.—Same as Act I.

(Enter CHIPPY, who sings chorus of comic song. Enter SUSAN, crying.)

CHIPPY.—Weeping, my angel, and we're to be spliced in another month! Can't you wait?

SUSAN.—Impotent wretch. *(Slaps his face.)* It's the young mistress I'm crying about. She's going to be married to-morrow, and never the wiser.

CHIPPY.—Who to?
SUSAN.—That there snake with an eyelash, dirt him!

CHIPPY *(whistling)*—Don't be so sure, Susan. I've got a surprise for you. Who do you think is doing the village at this blessed moment?

SUSAN.—Not Mr. Victor!

CHIPPY.—The very same! Mr. Victor, with a 'dime on his head and a lot of medals on his chest, looking as handsome as my new grey mare.

SUSAN *(shrinks and falls into CHARLIE'S arms.)*

SUSAN.—Let me go. I must run up to the Manor and tell the news. *(Exit SUSAN.)*

VICTOR.—Back once more at the dear old home! *(Sits down on stump of tree.)* I bought this uniform and medals at a pawnbroker's in London, so that I might reappear in good style. I will wait here for something to turn up. The dear old home—how peaceful everything seems!

Enter FLORENCE.
FLORENCE.—My heart is too full to let me speak. Victor—see, darling, the red sun is sinking in the West, the crows are prowling across a Moorland Meadows just as they always used to crawl, and in the bright future we shall look back on the dark past and rejoice in the—*(rest of the speech drowned by noise of audience clearing out.)*

(Curtain.)
Use BAYBRO'S Baking Powder.
The Eucalypti Lozenges for colds, made by Coleman and Sons, are unsurpassed.

under my pillow this last night of the old life. Dear Victor! How strong and brave he was! *(Turns and sees V.)* Victor, my love! then you are not so dead as they told me!

VICTOR.—No, darling, not dead, but back again to claim you and the old home *(they embrace.)*
Enter RANSDY, SIR REGINALD, SUSAN, CHIPPY and VILLAGERS.

RANSDY *(to V.)*—Stand back, you leech! *(to SIR REG.)*—What is this! We all thought your bones were bleaching in Darkest Africa. Did you not write this? *(provides letter.)*

VICTOR.—That letter, Sir Reginald, is a forgery like these papers *(provides papers)*. The deeds said to have been drawn up by my great-grandfather—bless his memory! *(proves last)*—were the vile invention of Silas Kewte. He confessed his guilt to me, with his dying breath, in a distant land.

RANSDY *(aside)*—Confusion!
CHIPPY.—Rather rough on the rattlesnake, eh, Susan?

VICTOR *(taking R. by the throat)*—You dog! It was all your work. You plotted to drive me from the old home—you forged this story of my death! *(kicks R. a few paces.)*

SIR REG.—The case looks somewhat black against you, Ransdy. What have you to say?

RANSDY.—It's a pack of infamous lies! This leech's word is not worth a snap of the finger *(opens 'em)*, and there's no one else who can produce proofs against me.

(Enter RUTH, JIM, and KNUBBLY in a hurry.)
RUTH.—Yes, I can prove you to be a black-hearted villain.

JIM and KNUBBLY.—Ditto here, Capting. RANSDY *(takes aback)*—Who is this woman?

RUTH.—The girl who's been betrayed. KNUBBLY.—The girl you paid us art-price to check down a wall. We've turned Queen's Evidence, me and Jim, and the game's up with yer royal highness.

Enter policeman, who puts handcuffs on RANSDY.
RANSDY.—Curse you all! *(Exit JIM, KNUBBLY, and RANSDY with policeman.)*

CHIPPY.—Bless you, Mr. Victor! I know it would all turn out right. I told Susan you'd come back in time to stand godfather to our first.

(SUSAN tries to stun him. More comic relief. SUSAN rushes to FLORENCE and kisses her hand.)

VICTOR *(leading F. forward)*—Have you your consent at last?

SIR REG.—Yes, my boy. To refuse you would be to insult the uniform of that Grand Old Queen in whose service you have evidently won the rewards which no money could buy. I refer to those medals on your breast. *(Shows V. by the hand.)*

VICTOR *(nearly)*—God bless you, sir! *(Aside)*—I thought they would please him.

FLORENCE.—My heart is too full to let me speak. Victor—see, darling, the red sun is sinking in the West, the crows are prowling across a Moorland Meadows just as they always used to crawl, and in the bright future we shall look back on the dark past and rejoice in the—*(rest of the speech drowned by noise of audience clearing out.)*

(Curtain.)
Use BAYBRO'S Baking Powder.
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Jamestown (S.A.) once stood in the centre of a dusty and treacherous plain, but years of ploughing operations have turned it into a verdant pasture. Arthur Day is now quite a recognized institution throughout the province.

WOLFE'S SCISSARS.—Sturdy refuse incinerators. The writer was once on a Melbourne daily, whose general manager used to say: "Ah, I would treat the literary staff with more liberality if those fellows appeared (the printers) were not such tyrants." Which proves the benefits of Wolfe's Scissars and offers a hint to individual reporters.

To Eat Well—To Sleep Well, to Work Well, to Feel Well—Take WOLFE'S SCISSARS.

Diets dining with Queen Victoria's hangers-on was not a more melancholy object than Bismarck stamping Germany in the interests of "Government by the representatives of the people." Yet the Germans appear still to believe in the man who was crushed by his own idea of doctrine of absolute power for the Crown, and even in Vienna they have been shouting: "Long live the great Bismarck!" He seemed to be great as long as he had a million bayonets at his back, but in 50 years' time, when Germany has revolted against military tyranny, and learnt that duty means heavy taxation and empire are vain things, historians will quote Bismarck as an instance of how little real wisdom is required in the governing of a docile people by main force. Meanwhile, however, it is rather rough upon the knocked-out bully that somebody should have found a strong personal resemblance to him in—Carrington.

Wolfe's Scissars may be used upon in all seasons as the purest and best of liquors.

Five ingenious birds of prey, including a larcenist they had many Australian victims, were recently captured in London on a charge of forming bogus "literary" societies for the annexation of all they could get their hands on. These societies, which lasted just as long as the landlady of the "head" office gave credit for the rent, and collapsed when he put the ban on them, invited entrance-fee and annual subscriptions in advance, and undertook to publish books, procure purchasers for pictures, and further the interests of art in general, on the sole security of lump sums of money paid down. When a hopeful had come along with a roll of pounds the society arranged to pay half the expenses of publication if the board paid the other half. He usually jumped at the offer, and waited with a knitting eye for the triumphant success of a volume that never came out, what the society invested his deposit in larcenist and riotous living. A victim, when he came worrying for profits, would be told that the printer had caught his mistakes, and so the game went on until it was time for the society to wind itself up in the middle of the night and start again under a new title. Nobody seems to know for certain what became of the MSS. confined to the basement and his four pals, but it is supposed that they used to sell reviews, historical works, trigonometry, comedies, magazine articles, and collections of poems, in blank verse or otherwise, at a half-price, a pound to the bundle, so that nothing might be wasted. For twenty years these kindred societies have brewed on the crooked crop of young literary ambition, and Heaven only knows how much material for heart-rending stories lies hidden beneath the rough details of this unique fraud.

Nothing in modern times has been so copied as WOLFE'S SCISSARS. Beware of imitations.

He won't be happy 'till he gets it!

PEARS' SOAP

AUGUST 20, 1892.

Medical.

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PREPARED by a legally-qualified medical Practitioner for the past 20 years. It is Not a "Cure All," but an absolute cure for INDIGESTION.

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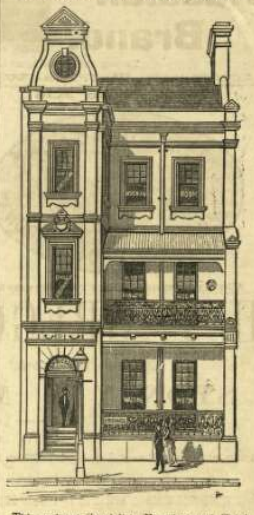
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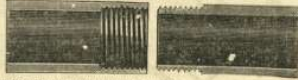
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Vol. 17—No. 683

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1892.

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The Bulletin.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1892.

Had! Depression.

The depression which has for the past seven years weighed on the spirits of the Australian people has levelled even worse than Satan himself. There has never been a good word said for it, whereas a many No. 2, "characteristically despondent of standing with both sides, once remarked that "Gon is good, and the Devil's no see bad." It is about time, therefore, that somebody should take the part of the Depression. We propose, consequently, to assume the rôle of succuba Diaboli in this particular. We fortify ourselves, at the outset, with a quotation, "Sweet are the uses of adversity." It can be demonstrated, we believe, that the real malady which Australia has been afflicted by has not been Depression at all. The real sickness was the boom—the Depression is merely the prostration and disturbance occasioned by the effort of the industrial constitution to throw off the maddening and rally from its effects. There is a score of mineral discoveries equal to the Broken Hills hole and the Mount Morgan crater to be made, simultaneously with the occurrence of a succession of good seasons and a rise in the market price of pastoral, mineral, and agricultural produce, these young communities would experience a healthy development of growth, quite distinct from the puffly inflation which preceded the still existing prostration. Real and substantial expansion of that kind, in which the formation of bone and sinew, blood and fibre, would proceed simultaneously, would involve no subsequent reaction. The growth of the body politic and economic might, and doubtless would, after a period of rapid expansion, settle down for awhile to consolidate what it had gained. There might even be a partial contraction while the young tissues solidified. But there would be none of the feverish prostration which has followed upon a mere morbid puffing out of the membranes. Australia is not nearly so sick as she has been while people have ignorantly been boasting of the financial drop which exaggerated her economic bill, the fire with which fever lit her eyes, and the flush which it imparted to her cheek. Her financial condition looks bad just now to the uninitiated, because corruption of blood and boils disfigure the surface and the epidermis is peeling from the body.

To drop figures of speech, the condition of affairs was infinitely worse while the bogus financial syndicates and companies were in the fall and active employment of their malignant energy, than it is now that these mischievous institutions are reduced to impotence. The boom period was a carnival of chicanery. The men who received greatest prominence and most distinction and success were the men who to interested energy added the hardest unscrupulousness. The real heroes of, say, the N.S. Wales boom, have been such poor as BALZ and DAVIS, who before they sagaciously bolted with their moderate plunder, were regarded in financial circles as gentlemen of admirable enterprise and marvellous financial endowments. Equal to them in dashing initiative, but inferior in the judgment which teaches when the moment for realisation has arrived, was Mr. TAYLOR, lately laid by the heels. So

much for New South Wales heroes of the boom. In Victoria the same story is to be told. The bold and much admired operators who suddenly sprung from monetary insignificance to deal in operations of tens and hundreds of thousands sterling, are either in goal, or disporting in plain why they should not be placed on fiscal deposit for a term of years.

It is not at all remarkable that some of the earliest sufferers from the operation of the criminal law, consequent on the collapse of the boom period, have received their sentences with a pained surprise, which had every appearance of being genuine, and which was evidently shared by quite a number of sympathising friends. Mr. James Melbourne was convicted in many quarters as a martyr, and in Sydney, FRANK J. SMITH, ex-M.P., and his pals appealed for alleviation of sentences which were supposed to be a genuine sense of being suffering innocents. The fact is, that the practices for which these offenders were subjected to punishment have been so universally adopted by speculative commercial adventurers, that their essential criminality was commonly lost sight of. In reality, it needed either a very fine intelligence, or a peculiarly delicate conscience, to distinguish between the class of transactions which are covered by the conventional and speculative business and those which lie outside the pale of the permissible. It may be questioned whether there is one among the offenders, for which persons have already been convicted, which would, if known to ordinary business men, have exposed the perpetrators to anything like commercial ostracism. There is room for doubting whether dealings between financiers and institutions and the directors of them, such as have already brought some persons into goal, are really so outrageously unusual as might be supposed from the attitude of virtuous horror assumed by persons connected with the latter established and wealthier class of establishments. Granted such searching inquiries into the dealings of these latter institutions, especially as regards their earlier stages, and there is every likelihood that discoveries would be made quite on a footing with those which are causing people to raise their eyebrows to-day in connection with smaller and more recently-lauded societies, &c. No one engaged in speculative finance considers it criminal to bet upon a certainty, so to speak. Such a course is deprecated, indeed, and never open to censure. But he is indeed an innocent who is unaware that persons "in the know" habitually employ their advantages to acquire shares in other valuable concerns at a lower price than sellers would consent to were they placed in possession of knowledge which they are entitled to have, and which it is the bounden duty of the very men who profit by their ignorance to communicate to them. The reverse process goes on with equal constancy. For a manager or a director to refuse to raise money for the value of properties which he controls is a thing practically unheard of. If the steamboat reaches its destination as intended, they are never found to be carrying an unpleasant baby at the end of the trip. It is only when the ship strikes a snag half-way that they are caught so unawares.

The distinguishing virtue of periods of depression is that they serve to administer a fillip to the public conscience, which, in times of prosperity, is very apt to go to sleep. The thieving and swindling is going on all the time, but it is only during a cold snap that it is found out. During series of years when community is steadily progressing in wealth or even advancing on an upward grade of fictitious advancement, the two latter classes convert trust-moneys to their own temporary use and speculate with them; directors make advances to each other of depositors' funds; one confederate lends property from another as a fictitious value and passes it off with the help of a third robber to the financial institutions which the two latter classes and after awhile it is split up and mixed with other deals and partly realised upon till it becomes untraceable, and no one can tell whether the deal ended in a profit or a loss. It is in such good times that the enterprising cashier abstracts a roll of notes and pulls off a venture and goes speculating in a property which has done so well that the original sum is of no consideration, and he replaces it. It is then that the large-hearted and enterprising adventurers go through the same performance with all the faults they have access to, and emerge from the transaction with big bank-balances, and parcels of title-deeds truly and really their own, and maintain on perfectly safe and solid ground the swaggering ostentation and display of wealth and public spirit and piety which at the outset were but part of the machinery of their swindle. During these epochs of financial buoyancy and progressive inflation the victim who has had a property palmed off on him at a dishonest increase on its productive value gets over his first burst of indignation very promptly when he perceives that he will be able to pass it on to somebody else at still a larger imposition. He is like too many people when they find that a bad half-crown or a forged note has been played upon them. If they can get rid of them in making a purchase, they are content to avoid the trouble of prosecuting the original criminal. Thus, when times are good, most people are gaining wealth, or at any rate believe that they are, although what they mistake for substance is frequently mere shadow. If a man is hit in one transaction he in turn hits in several others, and cannot conveniently display animosity, because somebody else has dealt with him just as he has treated other persons. As for the honesty of the transactions which take place, that is a consideration which, if people troubled themselves about it, would be too apt to trammel them in their operations. The jubilant, prosperous crowd makes over the carcasses of those who have slipped, and drowns their cries with a chorus of delight. Very few men have the moral fibre which would enable them to resist the impulse of example. The delirium infuses all sorts and conditions of men, till the turmoil of speculation resembles a witches' sabbath.

It may be opposed to this description that it appears an entire suspension—if not an utter

negation—of commercial morality and common honesty. These are fine phrases indeed; but have they any actual meaning? Is honesty so common? Does commercial morality exist? If honesty be common, why are preliminary notes and written receipts so universally demanded? If commercial morality exists, where is its abiding place? Is it commercially moral to label the worst quality of goods "best," and reverse the terms "superior" and "superfine" to indicate better grades? Is it commercially moral to put a pint and a half bottle in a quart? Is it commercially moral to announce that articles are for sale at less than cost price when they carry a substantial profit? Was it commercially moral for Horatio, of London, to buy British Funded Stocks after Waterloo when in exclusive possession of the intelligence that Napoleon was crawling? Is it commercially moral to deal, with a knowledge that your gain could only be achieved by another's ruin? If so, what is there that commercial morality prohibits? Is it commercially moral to gamble in stocks and shares, even without exclusive intelligence? If so, then it is commercial morality to gamble, which is another name for speculation without relation to commercial ethics. That is to say, that which is wrong per se is not wrong when judged by commercial canons. When, therefore, a poor devil of a speculator dotting and clinging to anything within his reach which seems likely to enable him to climb to affluence, and, when he is successful, to get into blissful and reposeful dignity magnates who, he knows, scrawled up by the very methods which he is employing, what is there to remind him that these methods are not merely dishonest, but actually criminal in the eye of the law, when they eye happens to open?

It is very hard upon men of enterprise and courage when they fall upon the evil times of a protracted depression, and so many would-be climbers prostrated here; themselves; and the clamour of shrieks and groans disturbs the torpidity of justice and excites her to the point of raising for a moment the customary bandage from her eyes. And it must be peculiarly aggravating to them for Justice to assume an air of surprise and virtuous indignation at the prospects presented them at the moment, and to begin to lay about her with her sword. It must seem very cruel to the thieves and rogues, and more especially when they know that the criminal who shrinks to justify his crime, to smite and spare not are numbers of individuals who only lacked the vigour or the chance of doing as they have done. But, none the less, the catastrophe has peculiar charms for the few who had recognised the opportunities for plunder all along, who are now enjoying the trophies of their raids, and snarling under the weight of the fluctuations which their own unjustifiable equipment exposed them, scorned to seek consideration at such a moment. When rogues are brought to grief, honest men have some chance of meeting with appreciation and, possibly, of material prosperity.

The Abolition of Debt.

A few days ago a deputation waited on the New South Wales Minister of Education to point out that the Civil servant is a privileged individual who, in many cases, practically impervious to his creditors, and asked that some alteration should be made in the law, so as to reduce this greedy, high-collared potentate to the level of ordinary humanity. The man who is not a householder but a mere cogger or denier of a boarding-house, as is the case with a large proportion of Civil servants, is practically unsubject to the statute of distress. His movables cannot be seized in satisfaction of his debts, and this is a very real reason why his creditors are not pressed against him, and in a large number of instances he lives on confiding in his creditors, and old women who keep boarding-houses, and on everybody else who chances to be of a trustful disposition. Also, he lives on many others who are not trustful, but who give credit simply because the vicious system of credit has eaten into the soul of the nation, and the tradesman has either to treat customers who, he well knows, will seldom pay if they can possibly avoid it, or else do no business at all. This vision of bad debts and unpaid bills—moral Monster Symptom that he ultimately proposed to do something, the nature of which was not definitely specified, to put the Civil servant on the same level as his erstwhile creditor. Whether he proposes to effect this by making the debts of this privileged class recoverable in the ordinary fashion, or whether he intends to make the debts of the whole population equally irrecoverable, is a subject for conjecture. THE BULLETIN devoutly hopes, for many reasons, that he will move in the direction of adopting the latter course.

The abolition of debt would be an unmissable blessing to humanity, and the shortest road towards abolition is to make all monetary obligations—save those gratuitously incurred—irrecoverable by any legal process whatsoever. A debt is an amount which one man hopes, contrary to all reason and in defiance of common sense, that another man will liquidate at some more or less indefinite period, and if it becomes a matter of certainty that nobody ever will liquidate it, the debt is dead, and the debt is abolished. Credit and faith are very closely allied; the faith is the art of believing things which the believer knows are not true, and credit is the mystery of waiting for money which the creditor knows will never come. It is also an enlarged form of the old, familiar "confidence-trick," which latter device, for some unexplained reason, the law refuses to regard as credit, and defines instead as crime. The "confidence-man" lives by inducing his victim to believe in him, and, in most cases, the victim

is still waiting, and the confidence-man has not come later; the successful deluge induces some tradesman to wait while he goes round the corner with his unpaid for goods, and the tradesman, like the other victim, is still waiting. There is a striking similarity between credit and crime, that the one waste is extinguished as badly as the other. And when debts are made irrecoverable some of these twin evils will be extinguished. There are possibly some men in Australia who would pay their liabilities without compulsion and purely as a matter of conscience; but they are so very small a proportion that they need not be taken into consideration. With the great mass credit, under the new regime, would be merely a giving away of valuable property without any compensation, and therefore it would become as moribund as charity, which has to a great extent been replaced by that Christian virtue which is embodied in a hungry longing for bold advertisement.

With the extinction of credit, bankruptcy would become a thing of the past, and the great art of cooking the accounts and the mystery of paying the bill would sink into abstrusum. The science of cooking the accounts and keeping fraudulent ledgers would perish, for the chief object of cooking the accounts is to get other people's money on deficient security, and as no one would then get other people's money under any circumstances, there would no longer be any purpose in the names, and the principal motive for fraudulent ledgers is to deceive the fraudulent individual's creditors, therefore, when he was unable to service creditors by owing money, and under a better system no one would have the opportunity to own money; and the "legitimate" banks would ultimately die in the liquidation which would not be a subject for serious regret, as the chief difference between the bank that is legitimate and that which is not legitimate is that the one is honest and the other is not. Further, money would shiver up like a worm in Topkai, for the principal and the 100 per cent would be equally irrecoverable; and at least half the trade that now exists—the half which the world does not want—would be wiped out, and commerce would be reduced to the limits of actual necessity. And, in addition to all this, three-fourths of the classes which produce nothing but merely live upon the producer—the middlemen, brokers, agents, bill-discounters, share-exchange "bulls" and "bears," the bill-of-sale mortgagors, and a large proportion of the shopkeepers, of whom there are now at least three times as many as are really essential—would vanish; and the great joint-stock system would all but disappear, for the debenture holders and depositors' money, which is generally irrecoverable as a matter of reality, would become entirely so as a matter of law. Considering that about 75 per cent. of joint-stock enterprises are mere graves for the savings of a deluded public this latter result would cause no special lamentation except among promoters, "guinea-pig" directors, and other sharks of the same order. The banking industry, so much of it as is really necessary—the insurance business, and the like, would become State monopolies; and private enterprise would presently fill the place which is now occupied by syndicates and corporations.

When the State ceased to recognize private debt, it would, at the same time, at the same time, to recognize written evidence or acknowledgments of debt. It could not logically do otherwise; when debt is not recognized it practically ceases to be, and the written evidence of the existence of that which is non-existent is an obvious anomaly. Therefore, bills, promissory notes, mortgages, bills-of-sale, debentures, and the like would become waste paper, and the only recognised obligations would be those of the State. These must necessarily remain in force, for the State is the people, and the State's internal liabilities are the liabilities of the people to the people—the debt which each citizen owes to himself and to no one else. Very other sense the nation would be reduced to one act to a cash basis. The art of living beyond one's means would become extinct, for so one could live beyond his means except by open robbery, which would promptly land him in goal. The still greater art of living without means, which is merely credit in its highest state of development, would go the same road. There would be a stupendous curtailment of that comprehensive thing generally described as "commercial enterprise," and humanity would reap much benefit thereby, for "commercial enterprise" consists almost entirely of borrowed money, bills, debentures, &c., commissions and percentages, of gathering in the fruits of other men's labours, of "jumping the claim" of the worker and "freeing out" the inventor, and perpetrating huge land-steals and promiscuous robberies. There would be the greatest wiping out that the world has yet seen of the classes which neither toil nor spin, but which live luxuriously upon the toils. There would be an end to the curse of interest, because interest, like other debts, would cease to be recoverable, and Capitalism would thereupon begin to flounder out, and change would even in a strictly legal sense, unto a great injustice and right a great wrong. Credit is given because the Law undertakes to protect the creditor, yet it fails so utterly to do so that no man with reasonable capacity and a thorough knowledge of legal intricacies need pay anxiously unless he feels so inclined. If the Law will cease this vain pretence and admit its own impotence, the evil will die out of its own accord.

The great obstacle in the way of this much-needed reform is that the Anglo-Saxon, like the Hebrew, has a superstitious reverence for the science of creating debts. When depression settles down heavily upon the nation his lament is that Credit is at a low ebb; when prosperity returns he shrieks because Credit has been restored. The word, whether used in this wide and general sense or restricted to its narrowest significance, amounts to exactly the same thing. When the periodical boom arrives in the

land it means that every importer is buying great quantities of goods that are not paid for, and selling them and not getting the money—that a large number of property-holders are borrowing money from banks and syndicates on the security of their freeholds and that banks are borrowing large sums from their depositors to supply this demand—that speculators are purchasing shares on a liberal thing in small allotments in the same fashion that all sorts of companies are borrowing money from the nation at large, in order to do all manner of things more or less impossible or short, that there is a general outbreak of debt, and a temporary madness, in which everybody has a profound faith in the value of everybody else's P.N. at three months. All this is described as Credit, or occasionally—for the sake of euphony and to avoid much damnable iteration—as the return of Confidence. The depression which ensues means that the unyielding P.N. has been abandoned, that the child-like confidence of the nation has been entirely misplaced, and that the great outbreak of credit has become a bad debt. Up to date, every boom in all the world's history has burst, except one or two of very recent date which will burst shortly; and every time the world has exhibited that quality which is described, in a commercial sense, as "Confidence in money," more and more than it does cholera; a thing that undergoes restoration every few years and which immediately afterwards falls again more heavily than ever might be well left prostrate.

PLAIN ENGLISH.

The Caucasian—Played Out?

There is something seriously wrong with the Australian white race. White business has been going from bad to worse during the past seven years or so, while employment has become constantly harder and harder to get, and small shopkeepers have been going under in shabs, while farmers have been moaning over their inability to keep their heads above water, thousands of men of alleged inferior race have been prospering to an extraordinary extent. In Sydney the vegetable-market on Saturday morning early in a sight, once seen, never forgotten. The Corporation sheds are criss-crossed with carts heaped up with produce—about 400 of them—and every cart belongs to a Chinaman who wholesale to a crowd of white grocers and hawkers. An excursion round Botany, Cook's River, and even as far on the other side as Manly will show all the best bits of land—best business have been made best—in the hands of Chinamen. There are just exceptions enough—a few white market-gardeners steadily prospering to show that it is not absence of profit which throws the business into the Chinaman's hands. Then, again, the Mangrove has been, and is, steadily eating the white shopkeeper from the streets leading from Belmore Park citywards. During the same period, while the numbers of the Australian unemployed have been constantly growing, hundreds of new-claim Levantines, Sicilians, Neapolitans, and Maltese have come out to New South Wales and found a living as fishermen and fish-lump keepers. These latter have been able to seize upon the oyster-roe business. And it is just since "the depression" began that Italians and Sicilians have been steadily taking the fruit-selling business, having opened hundreds of shops in Sydney and suburbs. The land settlements are being levied upon by Indian hawkers and peddlars, some Greeks or Bulgarians have commenced a really formidable onslaught on the holly-trade. It is useless to explain away this state of things by saying that the former "live on the smell of an old rag." They don't sell their wares at the price of city rags. Jews, Chinamen, by no means gives away his vegetables, and fish is not a drug in the market since the Italian conchoidal business and sellers, and in regard to the fruit shops, choice sorts are as dear as ever. But the show-windows are attractively dressed, and the shops themselves tidy, which is more than the small fruit shops run by "white" men and women can boast, as a general rule. Another formidable invasion of industry is in progress, the Chinaman having now begun to assault the regular farming business. They have obtained possession of the pick of the flats round Tamworth and have commenced the fodder trade, sending down by rail compressed hay, lucerne, and so forth. Thus in the mining industry they are scattered over a bit of country, taking all alluvial gold themselves with misery gains either. One of them in a New England district "goes on the herd" as regulated by the Government, and the superior race, and knocks down a respectable sheep every six months or so, and on recovering goes off quite cheerfully saying, "Soon make plenty." It is not hard to bring down wages if white men, unable to find hired employment, were to become their own employers on less than current wages returns on the fields and alluvial gold deposits; and it seems absurd that the experienced Englishman should "lump money" along the bush-tracks, while his black, tawny, or yellow brother lings a pack of trumpety odds and ends, and trades it off for enough to pay his way and make more than wages as he goes along.

Subsidising the Silver Companies.

The New South Wales Government has granted to the silver-mining companies of Broken Hill another month's suspension of the labour certificate under which their leasehold rights, in the presence of maintaining a neutral attitude had better be altogether dropped; it was a very thin pretence at the best, and of late it has become so miserably attenuated that what remains of it isn't worth keeping. When any-

body preserves an attitude of neutrality between two combatants, according to any reasonable interpretation of the term, he shows that his differences are non-existent, and so the Minister of Mines has granted certain concessions to support the selector and his family in reasonable comfort, shall be absolutely exempt from seizure by creditors under any circumstances whatsoever. Whether the land is freehold or leasehold under the State, this system ought equally to apply. It would involve no injustice to the creditors, as it would merely limit the extent to which credit would be granted. At present the storekeeper, the stock-aleman, and everybody else with whom the selector has dealings allows him to incur debts just so far as they are certain of recouping themselves by the sale of his home and his furniture and his 640 acres; under the more equitable system they would stand as only as far as they could recoup themselves by the seizure of 540 acres—the house and furniture and the balance of the land being exempt. And, as a further extension of this system, it would be a wise and statesmanlike proceeding if furniture up to limit of, say, £100, and household property—in the personal occupation of the debtor—be, say, twice that value, were exempted in like manner under all circumstances.

DAVID SYREY'S mission to England was to hunt after railway expert evidence wherewith to fight SPEIGHT'S action against the A.C.E. Poor DICKY will have to wait until February 1 for the return of a "commission," which SYREY swears is indispensable to his case. "I believe" to have been applied for "solely for the purpose of delay." Whether or no, the six months postponement was granted by Judge FITZGERALD, presumably, a member of the English, all of them more or less acquainted with SPEIGHT, will be requested to say that he managed a railway system of which they know nothing at all. If they be prepared to give evidence unfavourable to SPEIGHT, which seems almost unlikely, and the verdict of an Australian jury should be affected by it, then SPEIGHT, one supposes, would get an order for a new trial on the ground that said evidence was wrongly obtained or something. And if the A.C.E. come to grief then David SYREY, perhaps, will get a new trial on the ground that he is prepared to pay for any loss, no judge being disposed to refuse any application that tends towards a further fattening of the legal vultures. There are many European countries, not to mention America and the far East, where DAVID SYREY can take out commissions, and long before he has obtained the expert evidence of the world he will be dead and his legal estate forfeited. Also SPEIGHT will be dead and most of the witnesses gone for ever. This is a somewhat melancholy outlook for a man who has been seeking redress for an alleged grievance against the A.C.E. already commencing to discover that his most real grievance anyway is against the law.

THE faults of SPEIGHT'S railway management may have been many, and the Victorian Government may have done well to dispense of the once-battered autocar, but the alleged contempt with which he received some of Minister WELLESLEY'S proposals has never been thoroughly justified, anyhow. It was demanded of SPEIGHT that he should draw up a scheme for increasing the railway receipts by £150,000 a year, and when he refused to admit the possibility of so doing, and indirectly hinted that WHEELER didn't know what he was talking about, the Government got rid of SPEIGHT as a man of his "incapacity," "introtability," and general no-goodness. Yet last week WHEELER actually took credit for the fact that under new management the railway receipts for the quarter ending August 4 were only £30,000 less than for the corresponding three months of last year! WHEELER raised the fact and the fact of his "incapacity" a fair trial, and his receipts have decreased to the same amount that SPEIGHT was asked to increase them by.

Settling the People on the Land.

It is one of the recognised axioms, or rather one of the time-worn cant expressions, of every politician that the people require "to be settled on the land" in order to create property in the distressed colonies of Australia. Whenever these provinces are a little more hard-up than usual the ancient woe, in a trotted out, and then a big land-sale, or a series of land-sales, is held with this end in view. Generally the land is bought, not by genuine settlers, but by big speculators or speculators, and by the agents of British absentee, but, as a rule, a few lots are disposed of to local *de facto* agriculturists, and the settlement of the people on the land is understood to be progressing favourably. All the same, settlement never seems to get very much further advanced, as the melancholy list of bankrupt selectors in almost every daily paper will testify. The selector is usually ignorant, sanguine, and business-like. The object of everybody with whom he does business is to give him credit—for the sake of doing business with him, as his little farm is sufficient security for his debts, and to sell him up afterwards to recover the money; and as the average human being has an ineradicable tendency to take all the credit he can get, regardless of consequences, the selling-up process goes on gaily. Then the little selection is traded off to some already overgrown landowner, and another "money-played" drifts in purposeless fashion to the overcrowded city, and another big estate is created to

be an incubus upon the nation. The process of settling an agricultural population on the land will never begin in real earnest until it is conceded that on every holding the honest, and a certain proportion of the land—say 100 acres—sufficient to support the selector and his family in reasonable comfort, shall be absolutely exempt from seizure by creditors under any circumstances whatsoever. Whether the land is freehold or leasehold under the State, this system ought equally to apply. It would involve no injustice to the creditors, as it would merely limit the extent to which credit would be granted. At present the storekeeper, the stock-aleman, and everybody else with whom the selector has dealings allows him to incur debts just so far as they are certain of recouping themselves by the sale of his home and his furniture and his 640 acres; under the more equitable system they would stand as only as far as they could recoup themselves by the seizure of 540 acres—the house and furniture and the balance of the land being exempt. And, as a further extension of this system, it would be a wise and statesmanlike proceeding if furniture up to limit of, say, £100, and household property—in the personal occupation of the debtor—be, say, twice that value, were exempted in like manner under all circumstances.

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QUEENSLAND, on the eve of the desperate and fatal battle in which all democratic Australians must take a part, can ill-afford the view which has been adopted by the Government to emigrate to the 410,000 acres of land placed at the disposal of the new Australian Co-operative Association by the Argentine (S. Amer.) Government. To any patriotic Australian mind, it savours of cowardice to thus desert a land the ultimate destiny of which—whether through peaceful legislation or through fiery and bloody ordeal—is white, democratic freedom and the complete emancipation of labour. Yet these eager spirits, desirous of tasting even for a moment from our country, under the shadow of the Andes, the possibilities of full freedom for themselves, and not content to merely pave the way for their posterity, have much excuse in the shameful betrayal of their manhood rights by JUDAS politicians, the abominable tyranny of the usurping classes, and the need, submission to existing wrongs of weaker-blooded men who abjectly kiss the rod.

BISHOP GOE, at the recent annual meeting of Melbourne Charity Organisation Society—Labour is a commodity, and no sympathy should be extended to those persons who appear to be the sharer of the pick after having refused lower wages than those offered for.

It is painful to witness the humiliating spectacle of a self-appointed teacher of ethics, whose inexcusable deficiency in the rudiments of knowledge prevents the issue observation that labour is a commodity, and of no more earthly consideration than the wages of a common labourer. It is a pity that the market at the mercy of the highest bidder. If this be so, then God himself is merely a lump of matter, and the world a vast vacuum in the clerical department of Melbourne, whose location is dependent on the market price offered for his services by rival politicians, and whose only show is determined solely by the fluctuating receipts of the oblation-box! And yet, the other day, the abolition of State endorsement of religious operations, as a supplement to fixed stipends, was recently abused by the Holy Church of England!

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NEW SOUTH WALES Executive is worried about the revision of the Commission of the Peace, and suggestions have been made that a new system should be adopted, the most important of the mooted proposals being that "the Judges of the Supreme Court, assisted by the Under-Secretary for Justice and the Principal Under-Secretary might be constituted a Permanent Commission to periodically revise the roll of the unpaid magistracy." The one great desideratum is to obtain impartial and non-political Justice. Taking the case of any likely Justice, resident in a distant country district, the Judges and the two Under-Secretaries allied to can have no special means of information concerning his integrity, his political views, the estimation in which he is held by his fellow-citizens, and his fitness to administer justice; therefore, there is no natural reason why the selection of J.&P. should be placed in their hands. It is highly probable, in fact, that such a Commission would assess a man's qualities by the extent of his acres, or the swollen aspect of his bank-book, besides that very doubtful appearance known as his "social status" in which eventuality, the Commission of the Peace would necessarily include all the violent partisans of Property, and would more than ever interpret the law in favour of the rich, the fat, and the gorgeously-waistcoated, and to the increased detriment of the poor, unskilled, landless and unprotected. The trend of the democracy is towards the popular election of magistrates, ay, and even of judges. The magistracy is logically held to be a creature of the law, and it is a legitimate extension of the democratic principle that the people themselves should interpret those laws by appointing their own legal administrators. The people of each district may fairly be trusted to elect a magistracy, only such fellow-citizens as have honourably earned public confidence.

THE N.Q. station-manager who, on 3rd June last, with the aid of his man, is avowed to have kidnaped a girl pianist from Ballia, and carried her off 160 miles before he was captured by a constable, is an aristocrat

with influence. The police-court evidence was distinct as to abduction, as to the girl being, and it never began to be taken as a stragg, as to her being beaten, and as to her being rigged out in boy's clothes and styled "Bob." The Ballia residents became cognizant of the affair, because the girl's mother, a domesticated darkey, after the manner of her tribe, lamented her child's loss by powdering her hair with lime and by howling loud lamentations. The two men were committed for trial. Since then, the Queensland press has been remarkably dumb about the affair. The case has progressed curiously. It has been postponed for six months, the bail has been reduced from £100 and two sureties of £100 to £40 and two sureties of £20, and the Crown Prosecutor at Winton (to whom court the pair were committed) has altered the charge from child-stealing to "common assault." By the time the six months' extension has expired, the mother-in-law may be dead or missing, or something. What in Somebody's is a grate spark, in the man of nobleskin would be a case of "lail refused."

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Personal Items.

Beyond doubt, Saul Samuel hates Dibbs cordially.

There are 46 Smiths in the Queensland Civil Service, only one of whom is a "John."

The heir to the Irish Barony of Dunasalla is a well-known venerable figure on the Sydney block.

J. S. Johnston, one of the managers of the Actors, is the sole survivor of the Melbourne Corporation of 1843.

"There is no medical reason why Gladstone should not live to be 200 years of age," says Sir Andrew Clark, M.D.

To-day (20th Aug.) is the 90th birthday of Sir Alfred Stephen, and the 35th anniversary of the wreck of the Danbar.

Chief Secretary Cockburn (S.A.) telegraphed congratulations to Sir Henry Parkes on the birth of his new baby.

They call the Queensland bogey-man Griffiths, in the Review of Reviews. How do Parkes and Dibbs look in print?

It is still seriously believed by Melbourne people that David Syme, of the Age, bought a share in one of the native whisky outfits.

Robert Barr Smith, by whose advice the Commercial Bank of South Australia still stands, is the ready money millionaire of Adelaide.

A certain N.S.W. District Court Judge seems to think that the greatest happiness in life is to try prisoners all day and play whist all night.

There are, it is said, now living at Bourke (N.S.W.), in lambo positions, a nephew of Marshal Blicher and a full brother of Alexander Dumas.

It is related of a certain ancient German member of an Austrian Parliament that, in the early days of the prussian, he used to plough his land with his wife and an ox lashed to the implement.

Cardinal Moran (in a satirical mood): "Lord Jersey does not represent Her Majesty better than when taking part in works of love and charity."

Howard Spensley, of the Royal Arcade, Melbourne, has made another unsuccessful attempt to enter the British Parliament for Boston as a Gladstonian.

A fat pension falls into the N.S. Wales Treasury by the death of that accomplished botanist, ex-Deputy-Surveyor-General R. D. Fitzgerald, F.L.S.

The late Hugh MacCallum, who died the other day at Toowoomba, N.S.W., aged 102, who considerably over the years of age, rode over 100 miles in two days.

Bailey of Bailey's Hotel, South Kensington, for years a haven for Australians in London, has sold out to Spensley. Fond for a third of a million—£250,000 in cash.

THE BULLETIN hears, on reliable authority, that since Sir G. Ripponian Dibbs put himself into the hands of a London tailor and a French barber of Regent-street his old friends have hardly recognized him.

Major Alfred Calhoun, who made his debut in Sydney as a special travelling delegate for the U.S.A. Bureau of Statistics, now assumes definite shape as an agent of the Keeley highlands of gold-drunk-cure.

The late W. Higgins, solicitor, of Geelong (Vic.), "cut up" for £136,549, which a Victorian paper describes as "the result of a penny-saving and industrious life." Mr. Higgins' life was insured for £17,000.

One of the humorists claimed for a Sydney merchant returned at the recent Irish Parliamentary elections: "He was selected by the Government as a magistrate for the entire colony of New South Wales!"

Louis Brennan, late of Melbourne, doesn't, it appears, get that £136,549 for his terrolo patent. The Salsbury Government paid the amount mentioned, and some officials are supposed to have snatched it freely.

Sydney Burdickin, M.P. (N.S.W.), when tanned at a public meeting with being a will-lionaire: "I only wish I was the millionaire you think me." If reported aright, Mr. Burdickin is certainly not a millionaire in genuine money.

People are noticing that Parkes now never tries to make a big political splash except just after his marriage, or some other interesting domestic event. Also, Parkes is the only politician who reserves seats for ladies at his meetings.

The Hingnet brothers, of Mackay district (N.Q.), claim to be heirs with five other persons to an estate in the American law courts amounting now to 100 millions of dollars, left by an intestate Marquis de la Roche, who died a century ago.

Solomon has the most acute seat in the N.S.A. Assembly. He represents the Northern Territory, and it is said by those who know best that his colleague after the next general election will be "the man whom Solomon may happen to nominate."

The father of ex-Premier Playford (S.A.) fought at Waterloo, and, was being over, took up the guise of peace. For many years he ran a little convention in Adelaide, and volumes of his sermons may still be picked up at the second-hand bookshops.

Physiologist Bischoff, of Munich, always strongly insisted on the intellectual inferiority of women to men. Man's brain, he said, weighed 1300 grams; woman's, only 1250. Bischoff is dead. His own brain weighed but 1240 grams. The woman smiled.

Demand increasing daily—G N U N Darlings.

S. C. Burt, a very old-time Sydney man who twenty years ago created a great sensation by leaving suddenly for Fiji in his own yacht, died last week in Woolloomooloo. Mr. Burt, who was considered a very capable financier, returned to Sydney some eight years ago.

Mr. Frank Rogers, Q.C., the recently-retired chairman of the N.S.W. Land Board, appeared before the Board at Bourke and in three days' sittings received over 200 pounds in fees for professional work. Mr. Rogers' yearly stipend as chairman was only £200.

Wyllie, "the Herd Laddie" (draughts-champion), is, we read, now 73 years of age, and was once a jawbreaker. We are not surprised at this, remembering the eagerness with which the old man clutched at the "shandil" you had to give him before he would play a game with you.

At the top of King-street, Sydney, it is generally considered that Mr. C. G. Heydon will be the next N.S.W. Supreme Court Judge. THE BULLETIN thinks, however, that the little blunder in Burt's case has postponed that appointment indefinitely. One of the District Court Judges should go up.

Frederick Morton, a Brisbane (Q.) man, has just been left £62,000 by a maiden aunt. "I love maiden aunts," once said Marcus Clarke, "because when they ask you 'Now, my dear, which would you rather—sing a hymn or eat an orange?' and you reply, 'Sing a hymn, aunt,' they always give you two oranges."

Her Majesty remained standing during the entire conversation with Mr. Dibbs, which reminds us of the policy adopted by Anne Editor Haddon, of Melbourne, who keeps, or used to keep, only one chair in his room—the one used by himself. When a visitor came in, Mr. Haddon (who, being a newspaper editor, never wanted anyone to stop) stood up himself and asked the visitor to sit down. The caller soon departed.

The lady who (as per cable) has purchased the Athorp Library in England lately, for £250,000, presented it to the City of Manchester, is not Mrs. Rylands, as the S.M. HERALD tells us in no less than three places in one issue—but Mrs. Rylands, widow of the late Peter Rylands, long one of Gladstone's staunchest supporters. He separated from his leader on the Home Rule question; and the latter gave great offence on both sides of the House, by saying: "Old Peter's gone to the ball." It is said that Rylands never spoke to Gladstone afterwards.

Samuel Samuel, M.L.A., who died the other day in Victoria, was a solemn example of the vanity of earthly ambition. For 29 years he worked to get into Parliament, and failed regularly. He was defeated three times by Premier Sibley, and three or four times by other members. But he had a big speech on some financial topic preying on his mind, and he resolved to get into Parliament and deliver it. He got in. He was the first man to select a seat in the new Parliament. Then he was taken ill and he had a chance to offer a single observation, and the night before the financial statements

Fitz, appears to think that floating a large loan in this country can be managed by the same methods as are adopted in getting capital for a gold mine in Collins-street. Look here, old chap, this is a rare chance, and I give you first offer as a pal. There are three men I know who will jump at it if you don't take it. But this is not the way things are managed in Lombard-street. Not will Pommery '80 do it.

Sir George Grey, as described by the WEEKLY PRESS (Christchurch, N.Z.):—An old man—old and weary; whose eyes, having seen the beginning, are quite dim; whose hair, being the ending of the century, very aged, weak and worn, but with a personality. Reverse in Marlborough Street, Sir George Grey, and to describe him, therefore, would be an easy task; and I, as a man, well-attested. For the old knight is in his way absolutely unique, and though so very familiar yet so absolutely mysterious and mysterious. . . . Not much to look at at first. Old, very old—a constant yawning, a first counter, his hands, now irresolutely yawning a first counter, now faintly and vainly struggling with a great seat, until some kind soul aids him who no aid sends. With these wrags some of the feebleness falls away from him. We take another look. We note the plain but well-fitted clothes, a white waistcoat, a pair in the bottom-hole perhaps. A man of seventy; there on the occasion no more! He smoothes the silver hair; comes a little to the front, face Mr. Speaker with his eyes, casts his swift glance around—Bates the whole scene. He is about sixty five, Mr. Speaker, Sir? He is quite sure now, Sir? He may be it is not more than 60; just in his prime. "How will the Harlow look?" whisper the ladies next to him with their faces this, quavering somewhat, but, as it warms, his cheeks, if you will, of a pale, and coming in a flash, then, as you see, "Warner still! Into over-correctness the man. It tells the people of their wrongs. It marshals the jobs of the states—the wrongs, it marshals, and in mournful march, shivering—always shivering—they sink, with naked feet, shaking, coughs. The electric lights dazzle our eyes. A heavy drop, at of summer cold, falls on a blind eye with a bad cold, which makes his eyes water, nothing more. The voice goes lower and lower—deeper and deeper—the speaker may feel agony as exclaiming, and yet go on speaking. . . . A Minister suggests: "Talk out your Jew's blunders. Round comes the virile champion of the nation, smiling, quivering with excitement. Both ladies in their arms, his hands together, as to speak, picks up and plucks that snail Minister, holds him before him, before him, pines whip, rives him with lightning, descends him meaning chastised. Stop! gages at it first him with a look of scorn; thunders with the prophet of old. "That's what was once a Minister into a far corner for the rest of the day wall to eat. . . . And so he goes on. Now coming to answer some questions, or to turn the clock, fails to profit; now interrupted by Mr. Speaker, some more often Mr. Speaker interrupted by Mr. Speaker, some for a moment's converse with one who offers a suggestion, discharging a job article and face back to the members of the nation, and at last—his seat. And—what but we said? Said he laughed? "Was the number of saying it we came to see and hear; for thus in led one Sir George Grey.



THE PERFUMED FUTURE.

Mrs. S. : "Why in the world will you eat onions before waiting at table?"
 Bridget : "Shure this, nunn, when I git as rich as you I'll eat catch-owa."

The postmistress at Traralgon, Gippsland (Vic.), who was so neatly victimized to the extent of £40 by smart telegram-operators, is the widow of Joseph Henry Dunne, the well-known and able Victorian barrister, of "rhinolynx" celebrity. B. G. Amphlett, who was also made a postmistress—at Emerald Hill.

The discarded "tart" of the Crown Prince of Roumania, Mile. Varesco, is said to be making herself unaccountably nasty since her Adolphus became engaged to the Duke of Edinburgh's daughter. Every second or third day she posts one of the Prince's old love-letters (some of them very warm indeed) to his bride seat.

London DAILY CHRONICLE settled Stanley's chance of election for Lambeth by reprinting his own sanguinary narrative from the DAILY TELEGRAPH OF 1875:—"Forty-two avenges were counted on the field lying dead, and over 100 were seen to retire wounded. On our side only two men suffered contusions from stones." H.M.S. couldn't get over this ancient history.

Parkes was born tongue-tied, and still he was seven years old, he was considered of by no means a god of intellect, owing to this defect. Several doctors who saw him refused to operate, but at last he was seen by Dr. Ritter, who, with much trouble, persuaded Parkes' pa to let him unlock the Roadgate of Henry's tongue. Years afterwards this Dr. Ritter came to N.S.W. and Parkes made him visiting doctor to some Government institution. The doctor lived in Parramatta until a few years ago.

Incomparable—G N U N Darlings.

he died—accustomed to chloroform and sulphonal with his oration undelivered, and his old enemy, Sibley, adjourned the House as a token of respect for the deceased.

By the death of T. K. Pater, P.M., the Adelaide (S.A.) police-court has lost its presiding humorist—a man with strongly marked, tight-skinned features, guttered with the visible signs of concenious smartness, and yet strangely fond of the grin overseas by the leaky nose. Pater's humor never cooled out of him; he pumped it up with a force-pump, and moreover, he always let you know when he was going to pump it. It usually came out frothy and small beer. Originally an Old Bailey barrister in London, Pater opened out as a second-rate general practitioner in Adelaide, utilised some side-sessions politically, and was for six years Northern Territory Judge; returned to Adelaide two years ago with "a fearful liver," and accepted the stipendiary magistracy of the city, becoming a stern father to the juvenile offender, and a rough doctor to the chronic drunk. He was 64 years old.

The flowery Fitzgibbon (writes our correspondent) is in London, large as life, but the greater personality of the N.S.W. Premier quite eclipses such a minor light. Fitz is on borrowing bent, and, as Australian credit is fast rising, he will probably be successful, and will go back with a wonderful financial and diplomatic reputation. Fitz has already commenced to try some of his gammon." He has caused it to be whispered that, in the event of his proposed Melbourne loan not being taken up in England, a syndicate of French capitalists will be prepared to find the required money. Which, of course, is all my eye.

The hanging penalty passed upon Joseph James Carter, the Magill (Adelaide, S.A.) murderer, in the first death-sentence which the most fully-disposed Judge Buxton has ever been called upon to pronounce. Carter was convicted chiefly upon the evidence of his own eight-year-old son, whom he sent to knock at the door of his victim's residence, while he waited outside with a loaded rifle, ready to shoot on sight. Carter, though drunk at the time, was guilily premeditative. It is probable that his sentence will be commuted to a long term of penal servitude, as the death-penalty has been practically dispensed with in South Australia.

"Thou Shalt Not Bear False Witness."

One of the divine Commandments directs that man shall not bear false witness against his neighbor, and I regret that I should again find it necessary to warn the public against designing and dishonest impostors. In the first place, "Clements Tonic" does not mean "a Tonic" made by "Clements"; "Clements Tonic" is the name of the remedy—it must have a name—because the word Tonic appears, many ignorant people run off with the erroneous idea that it is merely "a tonic." It is time that such fallacies were explained away. Again I state, Clements Tonic is not a physio—but a food. It does not create an appetite for food which the stomach can't digest, but, by enriching the blood, it increases the supply of pancreatic and gastric juices, and thus enables the stomach to digest more food to supply the wear and tear or destructive metabolism which goes on throughout the human body every moment of our lives from the cradle to the grave. I want the public to know that the "Dyspeptic" processes adverted with such plausible lies are only disguised charlatans, that the temporary relief is only due to the purging, and not any permanent benefit can be derived. These nostrums are simply commercial speculations, and are prepared by men who never had an hour's instruction in, or study of, either pathology, pharmacology, or therapeutics. Is it any reason because a man has tried to be a shoe-maker and failed that he is qualified to treat disease? If he can't feel shoes, can he heal blood? Does it stand to common sense or reason that a man who has never had an hour's medical experience knows more about the human body than men who have devoted their whole lives and ability to the study of it and its ailments. These lies are written in the interests of sufferers and not in mine, it is no less to me if you spend your money or put your faith in injurious preparations, and as far as Clements Tonic is concerned, it stands on its own merits; it has grateful patrons in every city, town, and village, and has lived every day, all opposition and calumny, and is now the standard of excellence and comparison; and is recognized and recommended by faculty, press, and public everywhere, and so long as this is the case it has no cause to fear the base misstatements of envious pirates who on one get to Darlington. —Frost & Shipham.

Both as an anodyne and expectorant, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is prompt in its action. It checks the advance of disease, allays all tendency to inflammation and consumption, and speedily restores health.

Use BATH'S Baking Powder.

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 A COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFIT.
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 The "DEMON" ENLARGING APPARATUS, for enlarging pictures taken by the "Demon" Camera, up to any size, 7s. 6d. Post, 1s. extra.
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FROST & SHIPHAM,
 Electricians, Opticians and Photographic Merchants,
 462, 474 & 597 George Street, Sydney.



A bill to abolish vaccination is before the Victorian Assembly.

Fitzgibbon would make a better (and more expensive) Agent-General than any of them.

The cant of the Vic. Assembly is that nobody has charged Agent-General Mann's with anything dishonourable.

The N.S.W. Government has sold the entire woolly site at Bective, close to a railway station, to Vickers, M.L.C.

The Holder Cabinet (S.A.) dangle before their supporters a Bill for the appointment of a seventh Minister of the Crown.

The Queensland Parliamentary committee pay. The BULLETIN the honour of excluding it from the library of the House.

Sydney D.T. gives Parkes' speech two columns, and Bruce Smith's (in same issue) three. And now you know how the cut jumps.

The next Australian military expedition will not be to the Sudan, but to the Northern Territory, to follow the Chinaman into the Anfrasa Sea.

N. S. Wales' share of special cable subsidy, in consequence of reduced rates, amounts to £10,000. Hence, throats of a return to previous rates.

The only magistrates who could fairly hold the scales of justice between the Broken Hill miners and the strikers, is long dead. And his name has slipped our memory.

The departing Professor Pearson's little pig of dynamite. "The secular system of morality is the highest one, and works to a higher purpose than the priest's system."

"The Republic of Australia is the inevitable destiny of this great country. In due time she shall become a separate free and independent state."—Sir G. Rippon, *Zulu*.

Attend any city unemployed meeting, and then read the "Judiciously condensed" reports of the daily press. You'll swear that either you or the reporters were never there at all.

A prominent legislator turned up in the S.A. Assembly the other day in a state of drink, and distinguished himself by a manly denunciation of one of the speakers on the gallery.

The National Ass. is agitating itself over the proposed N.S.W. State irrigation works. Which denotes that the late Premier expects a great increase in values at public expense.

The S.A. Ministry at once snuffed out Caldwell M.P.'s proposal that only perpetuated women shall vote. Caldwell doesn't think the time ripe to enfranchise the general body of the sex.

The other day, at Rockhampton, a man possessing burnt politician Crombie in effigy, and then "rubbed it in" by sending Crombie an S.S. 41 "saddest" message advising him of the proceedings.

On no occasion have the workers of N.S. Wales refused to submit to the award of an arbitrator. The employers have gone back on arbitration at least twice recently, notably at Wallend.

Premier Ballance: "The Government would give freshed tenure to village-settlement campers if the people wanted it, but he believed that the people would be educated up to the leasing system."

Paddy O'Sullivan, M.P. (Q.): "The great thing which struck me when the Chief Secretary (Griffith) was speaking was the fact that he never shutted, nor did anything to show that he was humbugging us."

Adelaide merchants and shipping firms are withdrawing advice, from the papers which dare to speak kindly of the Broken Hill strikers. Boycotting is only permissible when practised by the Employer Union.

Tasmania's deficits don't evoke the wrath of John Bull like those of the rest of the Australian provinces. Reason: She takes out her foreign bills in British goods in lieu of hard cash, and that's the whole secret of the matter.

One of the commonest anomalies in the Australian press is found in the article which caves about our national freedom and complete independence under the "silken bonds," and abuses us the "colonies" in every other line.

Minister Tomer's detectives attend the indoor meetings of the workers' political associations. There is a fortune to be made in Queensland by a "Pickering" agency, run on "private enterprise" lines. The Government runs it at present.

Having wronged the right to coin its own silver, the best thing Victoria can do is to adopt the decimal system throughout its currency and weights and measures, and discard the old "112s. law" anomaly. This would be a step towards separate national life.

On an attempt being made to enucleate the new Maori Land Bill, the main principle of which is perpetual leases, Premier Ballance accepted the amendment as a vote of want of confidence, and lost the Property party by 39 votes to 21. This indeed is the Revolution!

A 10s. duty on the imported hellebore is petitioned for by the Victorian tariff-revision committee. It is to be hoped that the Government will substitute a 2s. impost as more suitable, and that the local distillers will then charge about 30s. for the fitting emblems of abstinence.

Gladstone, in the latest phage of his Home Rule, makes it very clearly seen in the near future the abolition of an hereditary peerage. Which question, by the way, logically includes the smaller one of an hereditary monarchy. From that to no monarchy at all is but a "mark-time" movement.

WOLFE'S SCRAPPS—21 orders.

Parkes, according to Sydney E. News, emphatically declines to again assume office in N.S.W. The BULLETIN also declines the billet of Emperor of China, and the rumour that it intended to accept the position of Archbishop of Canterbury and their Apparent to the Crown is entirely unfounded.

Little Hodgkinson, the Queensland Minister for Mines, has impudently appealed to his electorate to accept a land-grant railway, which would entail a wholesale alienation of mineral rights along the country traversed. The electors met and decided that if they could only catch hold of Hoop, they would make history.

Prompted by his greed for power, Griffith has always made a dead set at anything like ability in the Queensland Assembly. Aided by a sycophantic following and a long monopoly of office, he has succeeded in this so well that the man for whom the nation yearns must be sought for outside of Parliament. Where is he?

A Geraldton (N.Q.) police-magistrate who endeavoured to abolish Kanakas intimacy with aboriginal women, was not so very long ago removed by means of the representations made by local, lordly slave-holders, who seemed to be generally of the opinion that to allow the Kanakas free license among black-gin kept "the boys" in a good humour.

Tonkinson, ex-bank manager, who drew a pension of £1000 a year, has a bill before S.A. Legislative Council to withdraw payment from members of the House, which now contains three direct representatives of Labour. His proposal is that present members shall continue in possession of their salaries but that future members shall not receive remuneration.

Melbourne STANFORD, in an imbecile scrap of verse, calls upon the "sturdy working masses" not to allow "muddled-making asses" to sever them from the labour-giving classes. "Labour-giving classes" is excellent. The STANFORDS frantically

scholar himself, has been compelled to trust in a Mongolian *Mitrovich*, and is not quite sure that these papers don't contain all points useful for the guidance of Choosy who want to dodge the tax.

Gold-getting here (Port Darwin) is becoming so entirely a Chinese transaction that it hardly matters to us whether the yield is one ounce or one million. . . . Another five years of John Chinaman and there will be no need for European warehouses at all. We are teaching the industrious pagan to wipe out, and he is quickly learning his lesson."—VICTORIAN EMERALD TREAS.

Jawbone Neild, M.P., (N.S.W.) might follow up his Divorce Bill and Infants Protection Bill with a measure to legitimize the natural children of persons who afterwards inter-married. This practice was enacted 30 years ago, in the interest of half-caste children, in Marliland. A one-clause bill would have a good chance of being passed in the lifetime of the present N.S.W. Parliament.

DEAR BULLETIN.—Economists of all classes seem to find considerable difficulty in agreeing upon a common definition of Capital. How is this? "Capital is wealth containing within its elements the active principle of any industrial process. When wealth of this nature—or when wealth wherein such features are wanting—is ingeniously employed for the purpose of producing individual profit, it then becomes Capitalism, which is a totally different thing."—G. JONES.

To hear Parkes "cos" re his determination to keep Australia inviolate for "people descended from that best type of men, the Anglo-Saxon and Celt, to inherit their lands free from the possible danger of any inferior class being established amongst them," one would hardly recognize in the speaker who declared that he had "always held one opinion, the quarrel printer who employed half nig. compositors at low wages to run out

with the land. A man occupying his own house would be comparatively independent, but so long as he was a tenant of his Co. he was to that extent an industrial slave." Callaghan runs up Carnegie as "an intelligent, selfish demagogue," who, among 40,000 hands, employ 30,000 half-rate mean-whiles. According to Australian notions, Carnegie's record justifies the Pittsburgh strike, and would justify the dynamiting of all his Pittsburg works with Carnegie (say) Fawcett on the summit of their tallest chimney. He has succeeded fully in plotting against the honest toilers, whose extremity has been his opportunity, whose wasted blood has dropped into his wallet silver dollars, and whose corpses are the walls of his mint.

"I imagined my discourse," said a clerical plagiarist.

Use BATHO'S Baking Powder.

What is the difference between a kangaroo and a jackaroo? One hops, the other crawls.

Room to the suffering—G N U N Darlings.

Conrad (to Brisbane bailiff): "Do you know whether you paid the man as trustee or as a private person?" Bailiff (dazedly): "I paid him in my sitting-room."

For Dyspepsia and General Depression—Take WOLFE'S SCRAPPS.

A Victorian country editor complains of the Village Settlement Scheme. He says that in his village the subscribers all want to settle with firewood and onions.

Use BATHO'S Baking Powder.

A Charters Towers publisher once refused a quarter share in the Victory Mine for £38. That portion has since paid £25,000 in div. and is worth £100,000 today.

Always the same—G N U N Darlings.

The Bungee man went to see the Melbourne Sculpture Gallery and exclaimed, before the bust of Socrates: "Hallo! Here's old Tom Carpenter!"—perfect likeness.

When your nerves are laid or you want brains use WOLFE'S SCRAPPS.

The latest Salvation hymn:

There's flies on you and there's flies on us;
There's flies on them and flies on us;
There's flies on him and flies on us;
But there's no flies on the Lord.

Use BATHO'S Baking Powder.

An old Queensland bushman, who, despite his score of years residence in the Gulf country, has never lost his Irish tongue, was down in Brisbane the other day, spending his "mumchance."

A miserable, half-civilized aboriginal accosted him: "Fair thin," and the linguist—"pawat trouble do you belong to?" "Mip been Irishman yew; bungary Roman Catholic plenty good as my fellow Roman Catholic longa Brisbane sit down."

All civilised races smoke G N U N Darlings.

A bit of unrecorded Queensland history. Drayton (Q.) is about three miles from Toowoomba. In the early days the teams loaded Westward spelled at Drayton after the long pull up the ranges, to enable them to better negotiate the black will flats beyond. It was then a busy, thriving place whose future seemed to be assured.

Toowoomba consisted of an hotel built beside a swamp. The District Court held Sessions in the long dining-room of an hotel in Drayton. One day the court offended the politicians, who promptly flung it out. The hotel at Toowoomba was then regarded as the future place of Session. Other Government offices gradually came into existence there, and the place grew. Today Drayton is almost deserted and the other place is a large thriving centre. All because an insignificant politician had an evil temper.

WOLFE'S SCRAPPS—Something out investigating.

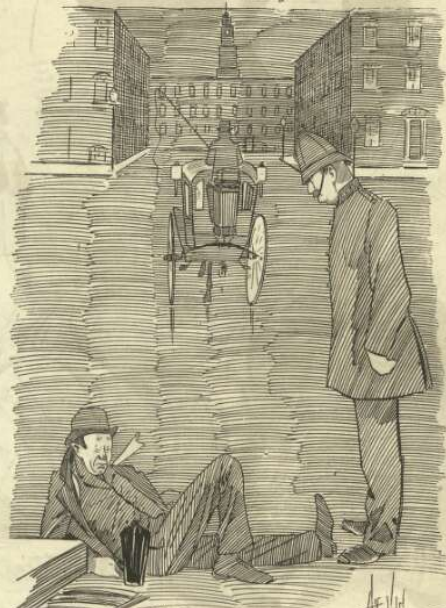
DEAR BULLETIN.—A proposal your and: "The Churches are dying." Two schoolmates, Joe and Fred, left Adelaide for Bathurst (N.S.W.) to study for the R.C. priesthood. Joe was a "praised" man. His only brother was a "licensed to kill" and his parents had to find a profession for Joe. Two years after, his mother returned from vesper one Sunday night to find the accursed by the kitchen-fire, and divil a rosary-bead in his belt. Fred, got so far as the Toowoomba, Rome, lost his "vocation" during a stroll through the Callahan or somewhere, avowed that it in "dog Latin," and, after an unsuccessful visit, returned to S.A. a travelled man. There has only been one Crowder, Neddy O'Brien, in the S.A. secular clergy. A splendid type of Australian manhood, his purse was always open to the poor, and he died leaving behind him not a solitary cent.—YOUNG 'S.

Use BATHO'S Baking Powder.

DEAR BULLETIN.—A roundabout note as to the Richmond (N.S.W.) Church register entry—"Margaret Ostlepole" is not the heroine of the book. And thereby hangs a story! Nor was it a Cape who was a member of the Sydney Mechanics' Committee in '48. It was W.T. Cape—one of those grand-children, by-the-lys, a daughter of one of the Riverina Leungs, was quietly married the other day at St. Mark's, Darling Point, having come all the way from England to be wedded. Cape had the distinction, one of many having switched learning into a Premier and a Chief Justice. Sir John Robertson once told me "all the (imaginary) staff he ever learned at the (real) school was knocked into him by Timothy Sheehan, 'Eight-leeches.'" I was coming up from Watson's Bay on the steamer with the old warrior on that day, and, fool that I was, I offered to assist him across the gang-plank. Need I say what happened? And, passing to another par. in your last issue; if William Dixon had been 94 years in N.S.W., how could he have come by "the first fleet?"—PICK WARDEN.

For debility and dyspepsia, WOLFE'S SCRAPPS.

DEAR BULLETIN.—My friend, an Adelaide medical student, writes me—"This week we post-mortemed the famous 'Captain Thunderbolt.' He began by sticking up his own father with a scent bottle and extracted 1s. 6d. from the old man. Masked, he rode his duck bag with white bandages on the forelegs and a white rag (drape) down the forehead, and in this manner stuck up deaths and private trials. Then, decamping, he dressed himself in dignified, removed the 'litter' from his dark bay, and rode solemnly back to town. He was seated in the body of the court whilst two of his comrades were summoned to 'life.' Next day he wrote to the duties that the ringleader had been present at the trial, that those convicted were innocent, and that, as he was in way of 'easy,' day would hear of him in the immediate future. Two days after he robbed a coach. The post-mortem revealed a heart which, from its magnitude, is anatomically termed *cor-de-bœuf*, or bullock's heart. His kidneys were of an alcoholic and gouty type, whilst one of the most important centres of his brain had a companion (foreigner) in the shape of an extravasation of blood. This latter caused lateral palsy of the right side, from which he was recovering when death overtook him."—YOUNG 'S.



SCIENTIFIC ITEM.

POLKEMAN: "What are you doing here?"
DUNN: "Killing (sic) microbes" (sic).

believes that it is within the power of the "classes" to stop production and gravitation, and to put in the plug and shut off the sun.

Under the new Queensland "retrenchment" (i.e. anti-Labour) rules, the Speaker is to be the sole judge as to what speeches shall or shall not be printed in *THE HARRISON*. The Kanakifer thus deliberately proposes to keep the official records of parliamentary proceedings, to officially publish a weekly lie, and to make suppression of the truth the official standard of morality.

The N.Q. Separation movement was begun by a peak of 18-ollers eight years ago, when the M'Leith's could see no need of admission to Queensland. If it is a success now it is quite likely that instead of a boodleground it will turn out to be the last most democratic province in Australasia. Its big willow are the mining population consists of some of the sturdiest stuff extant.

A fact not emphasized by the daily press. The Pastoralists' Association of New South Wales has declined to register under the Trades Unions Act—so that it may not be compelled to nominate representatives in the Court of Conciliation. The pastoralists, you see, being determined to rule by brute force, and hence force only, snap their fingers at public opinion.

Old man Parkes (77). "Five days ago Tomney was 85 years of age; on 26th Dec. Mr. Gladstone would be 83; and if the children here-to-day lived to be the age of Tomney and Gladstone, there would then be in this country 83,700 persons." On what basis of reproductive computation? The fertility of the old man?

Victoria has had the anti-Chow-influx regulations printed in Chinese on large bills, which are to be posted up in the Mangrove swamps. Premier Shiels, however, not being a Chinese

white typos. of "the best type of man" in connection with his long defunct *EMIR*.

One George Pike, who is obviously English, writes to the Sydney B.T. to point out that all the political troubles that have ever existed between France and England arise from one cause, "the patriotic over-zeal of the French consular and mercantile agents, the English in all cases only entering into the contest for self-protection." In other words, G. Pike reluctantly admits that his country is always right, which remains a good deal of Yim-Yim's innocent surprise on discovering, upon her own evidence, that she was the most beautiful individual on the whole earth.

Frons B. Ringrose Wise's recent oration at Waaga (N.S.W.):

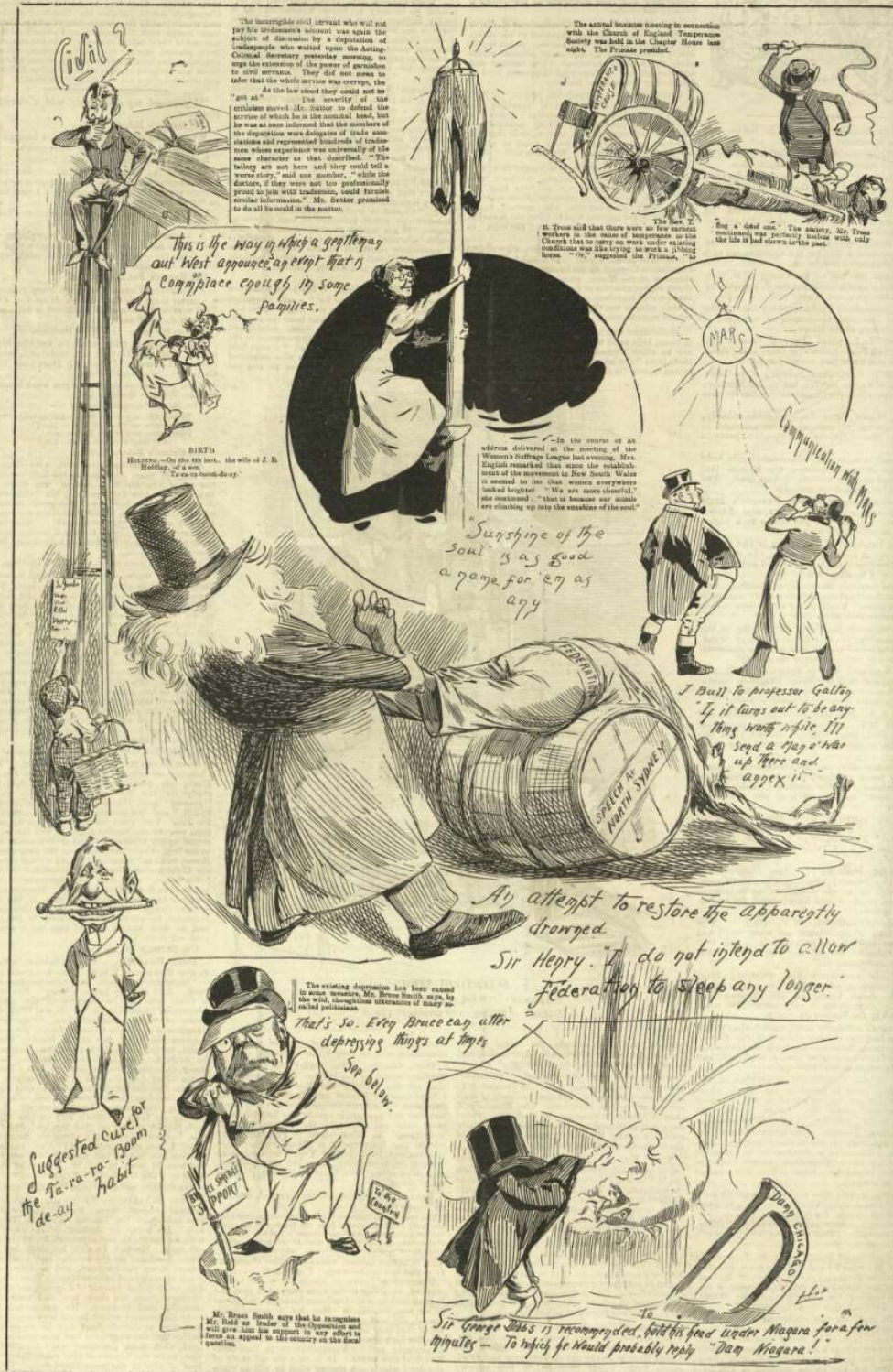
The Freedraders believed that as everything came from the land, the land should bear the burden of taxation, but the members of the Upper House would not agree to tax as long as the working men of the colony pleased taxes upon themselves merely means of Protection.

The BULLETIN's fervent contradicts this statement from one end to the other. The N.S.W. so-called "Freedraders" were in power for nearly half-a-century, and they never even suggested that the land should bear the burden of taxation. Ringrose Wise was himself in office for a considerable period, and said not a word about it. A political belief that only holds good when the party is out of office isn't worth calling a belief and is of no use to anybody, and the Freedrades faith in land-taxation is of this order. It is only the old story of the devil who is sick stating what he will do when the devil gets well again.

The land is the lever. Major Callaghan, just from America, to a Sydney D.T. reporter:

"Again and again the Carnegie Co.'s workmen have endeavoured, by establishing co-operative buying associations, to become their own landlords, but the Co. has invariably refused to part

WOLFE'S SCRAPPS is the only pure and original Schnapps. To be safe, ask for an unopened bottle.



CHIEFLY IN NEW SOUTH WALES.



MOSTLY IN MELBOURNE.



The position in a much-talked-of society-theatrical divorce suit, in which an Australian lady is involved, was served on the respondent last week.

Millionaire Bardenhe, after his return to N.S.W. Parliament for the Hawkesbury a week or so ago, mailed visiting-cards of himself and wife to all the friends of sufficient social standing.

It was hard upon the Dibbs that, his value having been taken away by mistake from Hatfield House, he should be compelled to dine, and on Sunday, too, in morning dress.

The Dibbs was to give an elaborate dinner of 100 covers at the London Metropolitan, on 2nd July, as a sort of return for the hospitality he had experienced in England.

The Bulletin's London correspondent:— You may take it from me that, with the exception, perhaps, of Sir Charles Tupper, no Australian politician has ever been so well received or had so much thought of as George Dibbs.

An historic N.S.W. family's property is coming into the courts—on a friendly suit! The parties (three) are all minors, and the trustees in each case are either lawyers or financiers!

The Australian Banking Company's alleged defaulters, who were not removed with head, were taken from Sydney Water Police Court in the prison-van, stripped, and bathed, and measured, and incarcerated in solitary cells for six hours daily.

A Woman's Suffrage oratoress in Sydney, last week, told the League that since the commencement of the movement in N.S. Wales, the housewives were "conscientious, because our minds are climbing up into the sunshine of the soul."

At a recent meeting to establish a N.S.W. Social Party Vigilance Association one speaker suggested that women who had borne illegitimate children should be given low paid and hard labour—as a punishment—and be imprisoned.

The public must insist on having full details of the medical staff at Sydney Hospital. Semi-suppressed rumours that patients are being bolted to make a doctors' holiday strike at the very root of the usefulness of the institution, a usefulness which is founded on poor and ignorant patients' belief that they will be carefully and skilfully treated.

WEST AUSTRALIA

It is the coming valley. Halfway and Harbor works are in a contracted. The gridstone are proving to be rich, extensive and permanent.

The first treatment to Building Aliments at PERTH and ALBANY, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

CITY LOTS from £55. SUBURBAN BLOCKS from £30. ALBANY LOTS from £15.

When, by reason of a cold or from any other cause, the secretary organs become disordered, they may be stimulated to healthy action by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

A correspondent tells us that a matter which needs looking into is the singularly unequal relations of the Sydney University medical students to the obstetric practice at the lying-in section of the local Benevolent Asylum.

It was very kind indeed of Mr. Whippingdale Johnson, S.M., to admit that Banker Cotton, in wielding a heavy ebony ruler on labour-delegate Shashi's head, "used a weapon hardly justified under the circumstances."

All the Melbourne papers give "Mr." Cotton's statement of the occurrence, and "Shashi's" version.

Geaham Berry mentions that whilst Victoria has retrenched in beef and mutton and other necessities, the spirit-duties come in to the full extent.

The hungry eat when times are good And people buy the things they need; For come ye short of clothes and food Except when times are bad indeed.

Exodus of Melbourne prosens. Two ABE men have typed of leaving David's legs, and will be provided for in Sydney.

One of the many unsuccessful searches for a certain missing explorer some years ago died and was buried in a few miles distant from a N.Q. station now owned by his wealthy relative.

There are some deep drainage excavations on in a Sney Hill (Sydney) street. One day recently a child of very tender years was playing on the verge, and when a yellow from a window to a lad, aged six or seven, to pull the little tot back.

A very high dignitary in Adelaide used influence with the Law officers of the Crown to prevent the prosecution of a Civil servant attached to the Supreme Court.

THE LAMP BEYOND. O, know you the land that is out at the back of all dreaming.

When things are at their very worst And duns are dogging round the door, The man who can't afford a third Must be, forewarned, absolutely poor.

Letter lately received by the N.S.W. Postmaster-General:— July 21, 1902, Sydney, N.S.W. Dear Sir G.P.M., of Sydney, I come to the present time near your Massey and with a big House let you now.

PEMELL'S GOLDEN MEAL. Never refuse a nip of WOLFF'S SCHWAPS. It is the best invigorator out.

Millionaire Jimmy and his brother, William Tyson, were travelling to Narrabri, N.S.W., per Newland's coach, about the year '72.

With reference to a MARRIAGE between JOHN LEOPOLD VON DITTELER and ROSE MACCABE in this morning's ADVERTISER, I DITTELER the said VON DITTELER as MY SON.—H. VON DITTELER, August 1, 1902.—ADVERTISER, Aug. 3.

I AM surprised to see by the ADVERTISER that H. VON DITTELER has married Miss MacCabe. I suppose, he has married Miss MacCabe.

One of the banks, it is said, now intends taking a certain solicitor before the N.S.W. Full Court on a motion to leave his name struck off the roll.

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A few years ago a society lady, in a Southern city, vanished unexpectedly with a financier, leaving her husband, a well known business man, and her father-in-law, in the lurch.

"I HAVEN'T FOUND HIM YET." "I haven't found him yet!" I am almost "on the spot."

I was nearly wedding Charlie, Who was really very nice, But I found out that he gambled, Played at cards, and shook the dice.

Carbolic acid is the present Sydney suicide tipple. They must be mad. It is like chewing a red-hot poker.

N.S.W. country policemen are prohibited from owning private horses, on the ground, apparently, that, though they may be trusted to deal righteously with the public, they cannot be trusted to deal honestly with any Government provender that may be placed in their charge.

HER SENTIMENT. (FOR THE BULLETIN.) She was a British girl, Her parts, well-ordered lips Displayed a row of pearly Behind their ruby tips.

I saw her at the Show, I marked her modest name, Her peach-dimples all glow With happiness serene.

With reverence enwrapped, A holy calm was she; Her very presence breathed an angel purity.

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THE DESERTION. "How I ain't it splendid yet?" The shock dispelled my valour!

A Sydney Israelite who owns a terrace of houses which returns £2 per week each, lately reduced his rents a half/peony!

DRINK ONLY LEEBVEE & SON'S PURE. DRINK ONLY LEEBVEE & SON'S PURE. DRINK ONLY LEEBVEE & SON'S PURE.



At London fashionable summer parties they take out the windows and radiators—save an excellent idea for Australia.

Parson A. J. Webb (Wesleyan, of Brisbane, Q.)—"Amidst the Darling Range, and almost in a world of its own, there is growing up a race, strong, healthy, energetic, intelligent, but minus a religion. Sunday is marked only by a change of week, religious services are rare, children are unchristianized and complex are unchristianized. Profanity hails the air with unbroken a stupor of its meaning and Christ's name is freely used by men who do not know who He is."

A Berlin newspaper affirms that British missionaries in Africa carry the Bible in one hand and a rifle in the other. This is right enough as far as it goes, and just what THE BULLETIN has stated repeatedly. But the German paper has imperfect information. It would be more correct to say that the missionaries have a Bible in one hand, certainly, but the average missionary to the heathen always seems to have about as many hands as the graven images of the Hindus, and as many eyes as Argus. He uses his hands for rifles, guns, and axes, while still having a lot to graze his hand; and he keeps several of his eyes on Heaven and the balance on the lookout for crows and connoisseurs.

Use Barrow's Baking Powder.

Furniture, etc.

LAWLER and SONS' "SPECIALTY" BARGAIN SALE.

The marvellous success attendant upon our Half-yearly "Stock-taking Sale has induced us to re-mark the whole warehouse and to throw open to the public the whole of the stock, and in the same character of a "SPECIALTY BARGAIN SALE" continue the bargains in all our departments, and maintain the reputation that amongst bargain-lovers we have gained.

LOOK IN at LAWLER'S WINDOWS, and NOTE the PRICES.

Ask to be shown "LAWLER and SONS' SURPRISE-GIVING" TABLE COVERS at 12s. 6d. This is a line cannot be lost at 22s.

LOOK IN at LAWLER'S WINDOWS, and NOTE the PRICES.

Ask to be shown "LAWLER and SONS' SURPRISE-GIVING" SET of SIXTEEN DISH COVERS at 1s. Yes, this is a "SPECIALTY" BARGAIN SALE.

LOOK IN at LAWLER'S WINDOWS, and NOTE the PRICES.

Ask to be shown the 23s and 25s Set of Large Dish Covers, and you'll say they are worth twice the money.

LOOK IN at LAWLER'S WINDOWS, and NOTE the PRICES.

Any quantity odd "Crest" bottles for Pepper and Vinegar at 4d. each; also odd chambers, any quantity, 1s. 3s. 4s.

LOOK IN at LAWLER'S WINDOWS, and NOTE the PRICES.

Bargains abound, and to such an extent as to make it utterly out of the question to convey an idea of their extent.

LOOK IN at LAWLER'S WINDOWS, and NOTE the PRICES.

Ask the CARPET DEPARTMENT to show you the VELVET PILE TABLE COVERS at 21s., reduced to that figure from 32s. 6d.

LAWLER and SONS, LAWLER and SONS, LAWLER and SONS, LAWLER and SONS, LAWLER and SONS, LAWLER and SONS, LAWLER and SONS, LAWLER and SONS, LAWLER and SONS, LAWLER and SONS.

As "Complete" and "Throughout" Economical House, Shop and Hotel Furnishers, LAWLER and SONS HAVE NO EQUALS.

FURNISH AT LAWLER'S IF YOU WANT TO BE SAFE. FURNISH AT LAWLER'S IF YOU WANT VALUE. FURNISH AT LAWLER'S AND SAVE 30 PER CENT. FURNISH AT LAWLER'S AND YOU'LL BE SATISFIED. FURNISH AT LAWLER'S AND HAVE NO TROUBLE.

Get "Lawler and Sons' Furniture Guide or Household Companion, which enables you to furnish at your own time, just as completely as if on the floor of the house. Furnish now and save money, but whatever time you furnish call upon

LAWLER'S, 608, 610 and 612 GEORGE STREET, Sydney.

Miscellaneous.

The Calligraph advertisement featuring an illustration of a man writing and a large 'Calligraph' logo.

40,000 in the Record, 125 words per minute. Used by almost every Government Department in Australia, and in all the leading newspaper offices.

FAC-SIMILES of the beautiful Academy Plates, "HEADS OVER TAILS," by Miss DOROTHY TESSANT.

LEVER BROS., LTD. Clearance Stock, Sydney, 25 SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS.

THE GRAND TOLLET CLUB, 30 Hunter Street, Sydney. The pleasure of Sydney; in catering for your patronage.

THE AUSTRALIA HOTEL, CASTLERIDGE STREET, SYDNEY.

THE PREMIER HOTEL OF AUSTRALIA, and worthy competitor with the best in Europe and America.

THE TARIFF includes all meals, and ranges from 12s. 6d. per day.

T. R. HALL & CO'S ALE & STOUT.

QUALITY UNSURPASSED.

Advertisement for SURGEON LANGSTON, M.R.C.S., Eng., featuring a portrait of the surgeon and text describing his qualifications and services.

SURGEON LANGSTON, M.R.C.S., Eng.

Late of Imperial Force, Army Medical Staff, Royal Engineers, Practitioner in England and Australia, and authorized by Act of Parliament to practice all the branches of Medicine and Surgery.

Being convinced that a vast deal of misery and suffering is caused by the treatment and complication of disease.

My life-long experience, extending over 45 years, and practical method of treatment insure a speedy and permanent cure in all cases.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, ORGANIC WEAKNESS, LACK OF ENERGY, FAILING MEMORY, PHYSICAL DECAY.

BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES all forms affecting Body, Hair, Throat, Skin and Bones, Rheumatism, Eruptions, Acne, Bores, Old Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Scalds, from whatever cause, treated by means of Safe, Painless Remedies.

SURGEON LANGSTON, M.R.C.S., & Co., 121 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

CONSULTATION FREE.

Medical.

THE GREAT CONSUMPTION CURE! NANCE'S "MIA-MIA."

A new Eucalyptus lily found in the wilds of Australia, and admitted by all to be the most potent and best Eucalyptus known.

480 Oxford-st., Wholesale; 113 The Strand, SYDNEY.

"ANTICUTA" Immediate cure effected (some application only) for scabies, itching humors, cracked hands, eruptions, and sores and wounds of every description.

Hayman's Balsam The most Safe and Speedy Remedy for INFLUENZA, COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, &c.

DRINKENNESS Golden Disinfectant Specific

GOLDEN DISINFECTANT SPECIFIC

DRINKENNESS GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO.

Office—Advertisements for Current Week cannot be received LATER than 1 p.m. on THURSDAY.

A CELEBRATED NOVELIST

CHARLES DICKENS.

This clever novelist was by far the most popular writer that ever lived in England. Living as he did at the same time as Thackeray, he reached a class of readers whom Thackeray could not touch.



It must be admitted that Dickens was the first to bring home with anything like convincing force to the minds of Londoners the increasing flow of tragedy and comedy which was going on around them.

POPULAR WATCHES AT POPULAR PRICES:

THE WATERBURY WATCHES.

have established for themselves an enviable reputation as ACCURATE, RELIABLE, and INEXPENSIVE TIMEKEEPERS, and for all special purposes are UNRIVALLED by any other low-cost watch in the world.

READ THE OPINIONS OF THE PUBLIC.

Mr. JOHN J. HILLY, Berivina Downs, Warragabri, writes, under date 7th July, 1892—"I have worn your 'J' series and 'E' series Waterbury Watches, and have found both kinds to be excellent timekeepers."

Mr. W. H. CLAYTON, Hillston, 8th July, 1892—"I have received my Waterbury Watch, 'L' series, which has been repaired by you, greatly to my satisfaction, and at such small cost. This watch I have had for three years. It has been an excellent timekeeper, and I would recommend anyone wanting an inexpensive watch to purchase from your company. This is the first time watch has been repaired."

Mr. GEO. B. MORRIS, Public School, Lauriston, June 23rd, 1893—"I have much pleasure in stating that I have had a Waterbury constant use for about seven years, and it has given me much satisfaction, being a reliable timekeeper and standing rough usage. It has been cleaned and repaired, and upon two or three occasions, never costing more than 2s. or 2s. 6d. Twice it was thrown down heavily by a child which caused the need for repairs. It has just been cleaned, and I expect it to go for two or three more years."

SERIES 'L' the old long-winding Pocket Series; 'G' (the Gem) and 'L' (for Ladies), the fine pocket watch; 'W' (the Wonder), are to be obtained at popular prices within the means of all.

SERIES 'K' THE NEW GENTLEMEN'S WATERBURY, and SERIES 'N' THE NEW LADIES' WATERBURY, in Nickel, Sterling Silver, or Rolled Gold Cases, from 5s. to 7s. 6d.

WATERBURY WATCH CO.'S REPAIR DEPOT, 26 Margaret-street, Sydney.

August 29, 1902.

The Wild Cat Column.

The country is generally in a healthy state. The number of cases of influenza... The report of the Anglo-Australian Co.'s... The English and Australian Mortgage Bank... The private-arrangement insolvency dodge... A certain Sydney financial stability company... When a big land company sells the white... A big effort was made somewhere... The balance-sheet of the Beaumaris (Vic.)... There are ugly rumours about about a Northern... 'Mining in Australia,' says an English...

where he has a splendid estate. He made over £100,000... Rich specimens fascinate the public less than... The liquidation of that miserably insignificant... The Earl of Hopetoun... It is said that the United Bluey that, owing to... It is a fair assumption that upwards of a million... It is said that the returns of ore sent to Germany...

Yes, we have inspected a model showing... Dear BULLETIN.—Allow me, as a Melbourne... The Tory Forrest Government of West Australia... 'An o'd Ballarat Miner' writes to the S.M... The treatment of ores by the McArthur-Forrest... From September, 1886, to May 31, 1892, Mount... A well known Australian land-boomer has... To look through the list of the respectable but... Charters Towers mines paid £20,263 in divs... The Rothschilds hold a big share in the Alder... There is a dispute at Inverell (N.S.W.) over the... Some of the biggest papers in North Queensland... S. A. Assembly has passed the second reading... The Tasmanian Agent-General has published a... Consequently on the fall of silver lode mines...

The unfailingly accurate D. H. Miller... Prahran Telegraph, a Melbourne suburban... Sydney (N.S.W.) owns the champagne...

When lovely woman wash is kept in... Premier Griffith, having failed in his... The Earl of Hopetoun... It is said that the United Bluey that, owing to...

J. H. Giddes & Co., The Pastoral Finance... It is most convenient to have a first-class... Dear BULLETIN.—Allow me, as a Melbourne...

It is most convenient to have a first-class... Dear BULLETIN.—Allow me, as a Melbourne...

WADES! Use Only on your hair. BROWN'S SATIN POLISH Sold by all Dealers. B. F. BROWN & CO., Boston, U.S.A., Mfgs.

ANN A RUPPERT, the celebrated American... SMITH BROTHERS (F. R. SMITH) 39 EAGLE STREET, BRISBANE. Custom, Shipping, Forwarding, Commission, Insurance, Buying and General Agents.

ANDREW USHER & CO'S WHISKIES. NOTICE. The undersigned have been appointed Attorneys... Andrew Usher & Co's OLD VATTED GLENLIVET WHISKY.

ADAM BEDE The ORIGINAL PROMOTER, all the YEAR round on PRINCIPAL EVENTS. METROPOLITAN STAKES—Run at Randwick, September 13, 1902. MELBOURNE CUP 1902, 25,000 at 10—Flemington, Nov. 1, 1902.

Miscellaneous.

THE 'AUXILIARY' or 'WISCONSIN' ZEPHEUS is a new and wonderful machine... Life, Adventures, and Confessions of a Sydney Barmaid... DR. H. E. KUGELMANN, in Australia, may now be CONSULTED FREE at his... TAKE CLEARLY IN THIRD FLOOR. Following are the DAYS for BRITANNIA... UNLIKE other DOCTORS M. KUGELMANN can tell his Patients what is the matter without being informed...

DOCTORS, CHEMISTS AND OTHER HERBALISTS

May Imitate Herr Rassmussen, but they cannot Equal him,

See the "Australian Workman," July 17, 1902.

Alfaline Vitality Pills,

A Guaranteed Cure for Nervous Diseases.

Boxes—6s., 12s., 25s. 6d. and 42s. 6d. Posted duty free.

Cured Patrons Testifying to Genuine and Wonderful Cures effected.

REGISTERED

GOLD



REGISTERED

MEDAL.

100,000

Alfaline Lock Pills,

A Guaranteed Cure for Blood Diseases.

Boxes—6s., 12s., 25s. 6d. and 42s. 6d. Posted duty free.

Cured Patrons.

To Herr Rassmussen.—Dear Sir,—This is to certify that your Universal Alfaline Pills cured me of a very serious blood disease, after many doctors had failed.—JOHN KETROLOS, Chappel-st., Leichhardt, Sydney.

To Herr Rassmussen, Danish Herbalist.—Dear Sir and Benefactor.—It gives me great pleasure to testify to your wonderful skill in the treatment of disease. Your remedies cured me of a terrible complaint after the doctors gave me up, and although it is four years since, I am as well as ever. I shall recommend your remedies to all—Yours gratefully, R. ALBY, 64 Washington-st., Sydney.

To Herr Rassmussen.—Dear Sir,—I hereby certify that I have been under your skillful treatment for a very obstinate case of Nervous Delirium, and that your remedies cured me, one course of your Universal Alfaline Pills being sufficient.—D. M. McNEILL, Hornsby Junction, N.S.W.

To Herr Rassmussen.—I have found your Alfaline Liver and Kidney Pills most invaluable for the Liver and Kidneys, also for Indigestion. I have always recommended them to other sufferers; I have found them to be worth their weight in gold.—GEORGE WAST, Railway Crescent, Berala, N.S.W.

To Herr Rassmussen.—Your remedy completely cured my chest, I shall always be grateful to you.—F. BURMAN, 22 Market-street, Sydney.

Herr Rassmussen's remedies saved my son after many doctors failed to do him any good.—A. ARUNSON, Port Campbell, Victoria.



SWORN TESTIMONY.

Statutory Declaration.

I THOS. MUDIMAN, Master Tailor, of 515 George Street, Sydney, in the colony of New South Wales, do hereby solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:—

WHEREAS, I suffered severely from a very troublesome affection of the Nerves, which affected me so much that I was quite unable to attend to my business. I tried several Doctors and many Remedies, but all of no avail. WHEREAS, I, as a last hope, obtained some of **HERR RASSMUSSEN'S PURELY HERBAL "UNIVERSAL ALFALINE PILLS"**, which I hereby solemnly and sincerely declare **COMPLETELY CURED ME**, within a few weeks, and although this is over five years ago, I have remained well ever since.

THE ALFALINE PILLS also cured my wife, and I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing the same to be true.

THOS. MUDIMAN.

Subscribed and declared at Sydney, this 23rd day of November, 1891, before me.

S. F. WHITFIELD, Justice of the Peace.

Also witnessed by A. BALY, Esq., a Commissioner of the Supreme Court of New South Wales and Victoria.

To Herr Rassmussen.—I have much pleasure to inform you that your wonderful Herbal Remedies cured me of a most obstinate case of Nervous Delirium of 22 years standing, after trying several Doctors and all other known remedies. I shall always feel grateful to you, and will always recommend your remedies to my friends, and I am willing at any time to be interviewed by any person who doubts this Testimonial.—Wm. ATKINS, 211 Crown-st., Ultimo, Sydney.

Herr RASSMUSSEN,

THE CELEBRATED DANISH HERBALIST,



DISCOVERER and PROPRIETOR OF THE WORLD-famed

REGISTERED ALFALINE REMEDIES (Purely Herbal).

Only Herbalist in Australia

Who has been awarded a GOLD MEDAL for his Remedies, honourably mentioned in the "Centennial History of New South Wales" for Herbal Discoveries, and Author of "THE NATURAL DOCTOR."

Universal Alfaline Pills.

A guaranteed cure and a universal remedy for Blood and Nervous Diseases, Various Pains, Nervous Delirium, Loss of Vitality, Nervous Youth, Barrenness, and all irregularities of the System, a guaranteed preventative against disease of any kind. Ordinary course, 25s. 6d. posted. Special powerful double course, 42s. 6d. posted. Boxes at 6s. and 12s.

Alfaline Vitality Pills.

Guaranteed to cure Nervous Delirium, Vital Weakness, Despondency, Sexual Delirium, Errors of Youth, Nervousness. Boxes posted, 6s., 12s., Ordinary Course, 25s. 6d. Special Powerful Course, 42s. 6d., Posted.

Alfaline Lock Cure Pills.

Guaranteed to cure all Diseases of the Blood, Stricture, Headache, Discharges, Sores, Pimples, Scab and Scurfy. Boxes posted, 6s., 12s., Ordinary Course, 25s. 6d. Special Powerful Course, 42s. 6d., Posted.

Alfaline Rheumatic Pills.

An infallible Herbal Remedy for all kinds of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis and stiff Joints. Boxes, posted, 3s., 6s. and 25s. 6d.

Alfaline Liver and Kidney Pills.

Guaranteed to cure Catarrhes and the Liver and Kidneys. Boxes posted, 6s., 12s., 25s. 6d.

Alfaline Asthma and Cough Pills.

A wonderful Herbal Remedy for Asthma, Coughs, Bronchitis and Colds. Boxes, posted, 6s., 12s., and 25s. 6d.

Alfaline Hair Restorer and Beautifier.

A guaranteed remedy for preventing the Hair turning Grey and falling off. Posted, 3s. and 6s.

Alfaline Complexion Beautifier.

A guaranteed pure and harmless remedy for curing Pimples and Freckles, and wonderful for Beautifying the Complexion. Posted, 3s. and 6s.

Opinions of the Press.

A REAL MAN OF MARK.

"Herr Rassmussen's Cures are so remarkable that we make no apology for referring to some of them. Mr. Rassmussen's case is the most wonderful, and his remedies cured him in six weeks, after many Sydney doctors gave him up. We may also state that a gentleman in this district, who has been a martyr to the demon Dyspepsia for more than 100 years, after trying several "doctors" with no benefit whatever, is recovering under Herr Rassmussen's Herbal Remedies. Herr Rassmussen possesses undoubted skill, and we wish him a long life to continue his useful mission in the cause of suffering humanity."—KANGAROO VALLEY PROGRESS, N.S.W.

A JUST REWARD.

"Herr Rassmussen, of whose famous Herbal Remedies everybody has heard, has held the position of Lecturer to several Botanic Societies in Australia; he soon became known by the wonderful cures effected by his remedies, of which he has numerous tokens of gratefulness, including a beautiful Gold Medal, brought him into the front rank of botanic scientists. We have seen and examined letters from all parts of the world—are assured that he has saved a world of suffering and cured people of many complaints, after they had given up all hope."—THE AUSTRALIAN WORKMAN, Sydney, 9th January, 1892.

WHO IS RASSMUSSEN?

"Herr Rassmussen is a wonder. We have sufficient proof that his Remedies have cured thousands. He was awarded a Gold Medal for his Alfaline Remedies, and he is author of some valuable Medical Works. We hope he will be as successful in Victoria as he has been in New South Wales."—THE ESSENDON AND FLEMINGTON CHRONICLE AND NORTH MELBOURNE ADVERTISER.—1st July, 1892.

"Herr Rassmussen is a skilled botanist."—LUNNONSTON DAILY TELEGRAPH, TORONTO.

Registered Alfaline Remedies.



Herr RASSMUSSEN'S HERBAL REMEDIES having been greatly improved, and being now perfected, they will in future be known as

Herr Rassmussen's Alfaline Pills.

Which stand Unequaled, Unexcelled and Without a Rival.

Head Depot—547 George Street, Sydney. | Branch Depot—150 Bourke Street, Melbourne.

Important—Herr Rassmussen's Remedies are now sent Duty Free, and without delay, to Victoria, Queensland, and most other Colonies. His little pamphlet, "THE ALFALINE MEDICAL GUIDE," sent entirely free.

The Bulletin.

AUGUST 20, 1892.

HIS EXCELLENCY LORD ONSLOW

SPRAYS UP FOR

Mother Mary Joseph Aubert.

In a letter to Dr. De La Bachoue—

[CORRE.]

Wellington, 18th, September, 1891.

MONSIEUR DOCTEUR.— Je vous remercie de votre reconnaissance pour les consultations que vous m'avez données...

Veuillez transmettre mes félicitations à M. de Metz au sujet de ses travaux. Ils sont d'une grande valeur pour le soulagement des misères humaines...

ONSLOW.

Dr. DE LA BACHOUE, Consulat Français, Wellington.

[TRANSLATION.]

Wellington, 18th, September, 1891.

My dear Doctor.— I feel grateful to you for your advice to try the essences extracted from New Zealand plants...

Be good enough to convey to the Rev. Mother my congratulations on her success in her work...

Accept, my dear doctor, the assurance of my appreciative feelings. (Signed) ONSLOW.

Dr. DE LA BACHOUE, French Consulate, Wellington.

RESUSCITATION.

Everyone who has been attacked with the prevailing epidemic of influenza, knows that it is very fleeting...

Now, it is highly necessary that some Tonic Medicine should be taken to bring the system up to its proper standard...

His Excellency Lord Onslow has commented the fact to Mother Mary Joseph that the remedy, KARANAA, as prepared by herself...

Those persons who are troubled with a Cough, or an aching chest, from influenza, are particularly requested to give KARANAA a fair trial...

It may be as well to mention here that these Remedies are no cheap and noisy preparations...

No medicines previously introduced into New Zealand have reached a total sale of eighteen thousand bottles in four months...

Kindly remember that KARANAA is invulnerable to the system, and that MAXIMA will successfully combat with any Cold, Cough or Bronchial Affection.

USE ONLY THE

MAGIC CLEANSER

Cold Water Soap.

(BEST IN THE WORLD.)

To be obtained from all Grocers and Storekeepers throughout the Colony.

The Sydney Soap & Candle Co., Ltd., 37 KENT STREET, SYDNEY.

ADD NEWCASTLE.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

A pure and scientifically prepared tooth powder, antiseptic, anti-carious and slightly astringent...

ROWLANDS' ESSENCE OF TYRE

One of our best hair preparations. Brown or black hair will grow again...

ROWLANDS' articles of 20, Hulton Garden, London.

BUSHRANGING & OUTLAWRY

IN AUSTRALASIA.

BY PRICE WARING.

(FOR THE BULLETIN.)

The Beginnings of Bushranging.

The first criminal court in the colony was assembled on the 11th February, 1788, four days after formal proclamation of His Government had been made by Phillip...

That is, had they gone. But they were never consigned to the destined spot of exile. The South Cape (though James Ruse, the historian does not seem to be aware of it) was, of course, the South Cape of what is now Tasmania...

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On the occasion the Governor considers it necessary to say he had frequent reason to think the information practice has been often created in this colony for the purpose of obtaining a reward...

To Norfolk Island Michael Robinson went accidentally, and Sydney did not know him again for a year or so. He lamented his fate, but we must say he was not a man to be pitied...

Robinson was not improperly sent to the Island, even then deserving the title conferred upon it at a later date of "the Gardens of the Waters."

His walk through longest paths to man; Her with a name for the unfair. When falsehood called he still was there, And when least best need as he was there...

This straggled Michael in his opening verse— Oh, George, thy life how lowly runs. The green grass of years!

And so on for fifty lines. We may not print more; and we quote this chiefly to enable us to remark that, with "lofty" changed to "altruistic," and with "venerable" substituted for "generous," the identical message almost given appears in some other's "Ode on His Majesty's Birthday of 1818."

Now, in moments of reflection, Robinson had other aspirations than those which prompted him to weave "poetic laurels round royal brows." He sighed in his inland retreat for the unrestricted freedom of the "magazine of the woods."

And do not meet with justice. I will see, oh, how soon I'll be free! I'll see, oh, how soon I'll be free! I'll see, oh, how soon I'll be free!

And now to get back to the "first of the bush-rangers" John Caesar, whom we are now able to identify with Michael Robinson's aid, as one of the "lunatic tribes," and with the Caesar of Collins.

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after the return of the Sirius with a cargo of flour from the Cape, he was caught. Collins estimated Caesar at "no more than a ravenous brute from the scrub," but there was something more than brutish cunning in his consenting to be re-enclosed...

On Garden Island, "they, and for four years afterwards, a handsome gem of natural beauty, lost at the time of present writing, the most art-damaged spot on earth, this roving Caesar worked so as to secure the remains of his crew. Then, writes the historian, "with a mind immensely alike to kindness and punishment," he made his escape in a canoe, in which the other people working on the island went to and from their labour.

That was the first notable exploit of the first bushranger. A paltry deed, no doubt, compared with the Emperor's Forest robbery, or the sticking-up of the Bank of N.S.W., at Katoomba, but as things were, an old bushcock and a canoe constituted "a big haul."

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"August Flower"

Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction into your head or medicine into your system.

Thomas. My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She vomit became so bad at last that she could not eat.

Every Meal. She had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower have cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it.

BROOME'S MUSIC

- Full Music Size and Guaranteed Correct. No. 40. Call Me Back Again. No. 121. Starlight. No. 122. My Heart's a Tender. No. 123. White Wings. No. 124. The Yellow Rose of Texas. No. 125. Song that Reached My Heart. No. 126. A Little Touch in an Orchard Tree. No. 127. Gipsy Countess (vocal duet). No. 128. Love in the Rain. No. 129. Love in the Rain. No. 130. Music Mamma's Home.

THE HOLBORN MUSIC STORES.

15 HOLLOWAY, LONDON, E.C. ENGLAND. Every class of Music and Musical Instruments in Stock. How to Learn "The Boston Bow Lesson." Post free. Cat. 1845. Cat. 1845. Can also be obtained from any local music store or bookseller.

BRIGGS' TRANSFER PAPERS.

A Warm Iron passed over the Back of these Papers Transfers the Designs to any Fabric. BRIGGS' Book of Conventional and Monumental Designs. Post free, 5s. BRIGGS' Book of Heraldic and Costume Designs. Post free, 4s. BRIGGS' Book of Floral and Fanned Designs. Post free, 8s. BRIGGS' Book of Ecclesiastical Designs. Post free, 3s. BRIGGS' Book of Initials and Monograms. Post free, 4s. BRIGGS' Book of Australian Native Flowers. Post free, 8s.

All the above Books, containing upwards of 700 Designs, bound in One Volume, post free, 3s. 6d. BRIGGS' Flosside Silks are the brightest in the Trade.

B326 Flinders Lane, MELBOURNE.

A GOLDEN SHANTY.

SPORTING NOTICES.

In answer to a correspondent, THE BULLETIN has to say that when Adam Bede (the original Adam Bede) first started appearing in Sydney and undertook to have...

Tom Pleasant, in whom the world appears just now to see the coming middleweight champion, came away with a very good result on Monday last...

The public don't go to boxing-matches to see a man in a fit of unprovoked rage trying to pulverise his opponent...

At last week's races at Emson (Melb.) a fine feat of horsemanship was performed by Mr. F. D. Brewer...

A word to the Cruelty to Animals Prevention people. It seems that some kind of act by having their own...

Dan Creedon is a better fighter than he looks. On Saturday night he fought the fight between Chubbey Ryan and Alex. Stuart...

Next Saturday the University and Handwicks meet in their Association football in the heat for the local football championship...

Totalisator versus Bookmakers. At Adelaide on Saturday the winner of the Water Handicap, B avo, paid 47 to 1.

In the match, Sydney University v. Wallaroo, Adelaide, of the former club, made it out of 16 goals by his side, and had a big day in the other two. This looks like a record.

The entries for the Parramatta River Sculling Carnival, to consist of on this year, would hardly do justice to the long-dreaded sport of professional sculling...

Last week THE BULLETIN suggested that Freeman would be worth looking for in the Goughland-N. Harpich case if the Miller didn't run their case against him...

Griffo wants to have another go at Barkos. Manager he's trying to knock out Honourary Elder, Gilbey, Graham, Foster, and a few other old-timers...

At Brisbane. Exhibition grounds last Saturday the high-jumping contest for horses resulted in a deadlock between Perwick's Spectacular and Kennedy's Medals...

Eric he was known to fame, the Agent, the game little hunter, was owned by St. Gamber man, who put him up for sale in the local market...

William Beach will be 42, Sept. 6th. The Miller, it is said, regretted not having entered the ship for the Melbourne Cup.

Having improves the breed of horses. Yes, out of the 77 entries for the Goodford Grand National Steeplechase, there was not one horse about 20 being geldings and the rest worse...

J. Silberg, establishes a prominent racetrack owner and bookmaker (the man who had A.C. Dorcy with Woodlands), is dead. He had faced rather badly of late years, say the papers. This is indeed getting it badly.

Young Rame, son of the popular Tom Rame, formerly of Northampton Down, set to play for Harrow in the Eton Harrow cricket. He is a fine bowler.

Two Australians—Dudley Danger, son of F. H. Danger, and young Dick Eady—played Nov. 2 and 3, respectively, in the Java College eight which won the Thomas Challenge Cup at Hedy this year.

Dan Creedon, the Melbourne pug, is scarcely up to Dobby's weight, but he has had a bit of a run here again—condition and constitution. It is wonderful how many pug players in the country manage to go on "out" in the second or third round, and never get up for them.

For the first time, the Diamond Sculls have been taken out of England—the winner being a gigantic Dutchman, Mr. Ouse, of the Spectator Rowing Club, Amsterdam, a very strong sculler.

Thoroughbred horses were to be had cheap last week. At the Melbourne sale of the Brisbane Park stud, some forty-eight lots, including brood mares, two-year-olds and yearlings, were knocked down at from 15 to 25 guineas apiece.

A Melbourne (Vic.) suburban mayor has been disqualified for two years by a local racing club for suspicious conduct in a connection with pony-racing. He now sits heavily as a magistrate on all persons accused of betting, or horse misdoings.

Tattersall's Club, Sydney, will on Monday next, at a special meeting, take into consideration the advisability of charging N.S.W. bookmakers £250 a year, in addition to the two guinea for membership.

This year only 96 bookmakers registered for the Faculties' book on August 11 last year, and for the bill is at present 124. Two years ago there were 130 each for public and bill.

Wright and W. T. Carter were the chief opponents of the Victorian Totalisator Bill, arguing that the fact of levying a vote by the State would result in national demoralisation. Second reading passed the Assembly by 25 to 13.



A GIANT ATHLETE FROM UP NORTH.

ANDREW'S TIP. (FOR THE DEBATE.) If you're only met Dick Andrew you may think him a good sort. But, take my advice, be careful, if you ask him about sport...

Amusements.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Solo Lessee Mr. Geo. Higgold. Treasurer, New York, C. B. Haggard. Under the sole direction of J. C. Williamson.

GARRICK THEATRE. THE SHERIDAN SEASON. FAREWELL TO AUSTRALIA. AN IMMENSE SUCCESS!

The Shaughraun. A Revelation. A Triumph. SHERIDAN'S Original Conception of CONN. Give New Life to Bowdler's GREATEST DRAMA.

Miss WHITEFOOT as MOYA. Mrs. LIDDHARD as CLAIRE. Mr. CHARLES BROWN as KINCHELLA and an entirely new DRAMATIC COMPANY.

GARRICK THEATRE. EMERSON and WARD'S ALABAMA MINSTREL COMPANY. Special Contribution direct from America.

'Robin Hood's' MONSTER CASH PRIZE LIST. CAULFIELD C.—DATE, OCT. 15, 1902. MELBOURNE C.—DATE, NOV. 7, 1902.

THE IMPERIAL ARCADE HOTEL. (Extending from Pitt to Castlereagh Streets.) KING & MARKET STREETS, SYDNEY.

WANTED TO SELL. Complete FILE of BULLETINS, New Series. Apply E. NAYLOR, 105 George Street, North Adelaide.

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LOHSE'S MAIGLOCKCHEN LILY OF THE VALLEY PERFUME AND TOILET SOAP as the most excellent in the world sold by all high class Perfumers. GUSTAV LOHSE, BERLIN.

Government Notices.

TENDERS FOR PUBLIC WORKS AND SUPPLIES. Sydney, August 16, 1902. TENDERS for the Works, &c., specified below will be received at this Department until 11 o'clock a.m. on the dates mentioned.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24. Construction of Cable Tramway from King Street to Ocean Street, Contract No. 1. Supply of Cast-iron Pipes, &c. Contract No. 1. Parkes Water Supply.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3. Supply of Ironwork, &c., and Construction of Approaches and Bridges, Coleraine River, near Gorton. The ironwork for this Bridge is to be manufactured in the colony.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10. Supply of Cast-iron Pipes, &c., for the Water Supply of the Parkes Water Supply. Construction of a Sewerage System, near Gorton. The ironwork for this Bridge is to be manufactured in the colony.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7. Supply of 15,000 tons Steel Rails, to be manufactured in New South Wales. WILLIAM JOHN LYNE, General Post Office, Sydney, 17th August, 1902.

FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN & INVALIDS. Benger's Food. THE MOST DELICIOUS, NUTRITIVE & DIGESTIBLE. Retail in Tins in 6d., 2s. 6d., & 5s. and 10s. of Chemists, &c., Everywhere.

August 24, 1892.

The Bulletin.

21



Ayer's Sarsaparilla

It is everywhere recommended as the best remedy for the cure of scrofula, leprosy, and...
Cures Dyspepsia, and makes the weak strong. No other...
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.
Cures others, will cure you

Cures Dyspepsia,
and makes the weak strong. No other...
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.
Cures others, will cure you

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Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.
Cures others, will cure you

Sold by Confectioners and Grocers Everywhere

CALLARD & BOWSER'S
BUTTER - SCOTCH
THE CELEBRATED CHILDREN'S SWEET
Nestlé's Infants' Food
St. John's Works, London W.C.
CAN THIS BE TRUE?

MACK'S
DOUBLE STARCH
Beware of Frauds. Drink WOLFE'S SCHARP'S
The energetic and clever Philip Memell
is starting a new Anglo-Australian paper in London.

A Perfect Food
HORLICK'S
Malted Milk
FOR INFANTS. FOR INVALIDS.
FOR THE AGED. FOR TRAVELLERS.
Malted Milk is made from the richest and purest milk, combined with the nutritious and digestible parts of wheat and malted barley.

Alcohol and Morphia Cravings.
DR. MANNINGTON GAFFYN, of SOUTH YARRA, MELBOURNE, HAS OPENED AN HYDROPATHIC INSTITUTION, for the cure of the above, Acute Hysteria and other mild nervous by the most modern methods.

The Overflow of Clancy.

(On reading the Banja's "Clancy of the Overton.")

I've read "The Banja's" letter, and I'm glad he found a letter.
Bill's than he had upon the station where I met him years ago;
He was "shushy" then for Scotty, but the "bush-land" sent him "datter".
So he "rose up, William Riley," and departed down below.

He "rolled up" very gladly, for he had bush-ferri-lyally
When he left "the smoko" to wander "where the wattle-blossoms wave,"
But a storm of "sing and howl" seems to make the bush-struck toady
Kinder weaker on the wattle and the bushman's lonely grave.

Safe in town, he spins romances of the bush until one faints
That it's all top-boots and choros, logs of run and "strips" of grass
And the sheep off camp go straining when the "horns-in-charge" is singing.
While we "blow the cool tobacco-smoke and watch the white wreaths pass."

Yet, I guess "The B." feels fitter in a biled shirt and "hard-bitter"
Than he would "gray down the Cooper" in a flannel smock and "soles."
For the city sure has leisure to indulge in stocks of pleasure.
But the drover's only pastime's cooking "Blat's" that "on the coals."

And the pub, both friends to meet him, and between the ads they treat him
While he's swapping "fairy twisters" with the girls behind their bars,
And he sees a vista splendid when the ballet is extended,
And at night he's in his glory with the comic-opra stars.

I am sitting, very weary, on a log before a dreary
Little fire that's feebly hissing "death a heavy fall of rain,
And the wind is cold and nipping, and I curse the ceaseless dripping.
As I slosh around for word to start the embers up again.

And, in place of beauty's greeting, I can hear the dismal bleating
Of a cow that's smoking out among the marshes for her lamb;
And for all the poet's "alitia" that a new-chum takes delight in,
The drover's share of pleasure isn't worth a tinker's d—n.

Does he sneer at bricks and mortar when he's squinting in the water
After riding fourteen hours beneath a sullen, overcast sky?
Does he howl and thank it, as he spreads his sodden blanket?
For the drover has no time to spare, he has no time to cry.

If "The Banja's" game to fill it, he is welcome to my bullet;
He can "take a turn at droving"—wages three-and-a-half-day
And his throat'll get more gritty than mine will in the city.
When with Mister Lawson's squashes I can wash the dust away.

H.H.C.C.
Beware of Frauds. Drink WOLFE'S SCHARP'S
The energetic and clever Philip Memell is starting a new Anglo-Australian paper in London.
WOLFE'S SCHARP'S—avoid cheap imitations.
The dreariest sights in Queen-street (B.) are those two great piles of buildings in which the Cottagers and the Tenants are connected. Beyond the stairs, no one occupies them except the rats.

"Ten per cent. of the working classes go to Church."—Archdeacon Forster.
Bishop Moorhouse illustrates Higginbotham's saying that Australia follows England in Liberal movements. In Melbourne, at first, his church protestations were stout, but now his protest and apostasy at the Dissenting Congregational College meeting, Manchester.

NEW ZEALAND LOAN & MERCANTILE AGENCY CO., LMTD.
ESTABLISHED 1862.
Head Office: London, E.C.
Branches in Australia: MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, ADELAIDE, BRISBANE and ROCKHAMPTON.
BROKERS IN WOOL, GRAIN, TALLOW, HIDES, SKINS, LEATHER, ETC
General Manager in Australia DAVID ELDER.

BOMBALA TIMES (N.S.W.) announces that "the man who dies in debt to his newspaper goes straight to hell. This is the reason why hell is so full and newspaper proprietors so poor."
WOLFE'S SCHARP'S—Pure, Palatable, Perfect
The Hartingtons and Marlboroughs will be glad to hear that a cousin of their relatives, the Wilsons, was married at Ipswich (Q.) the other day to a man who ran a pub—not an hotel, mind, but a pub.

THE GREAT SMOKE OF THE DAY!
"PYRAMID 3-STAR TOBACCO."
Awarded 1st and Special Government Prize '93
Grand Metropolitan Exhibition of the Agricultural Society of New South Wales.
"BUDS," "HAPPY MOMENTS," "FIGARON," "KEY WEST" and "BUFFALO" CIGARS
Sole Agents: MCCARTHY & CO.
Everything in connection with the Trade stocked. Stockkeepers and Tobacconists supplied on most Reasonable Terms. File the Address:
MCCARTHY & CO., Tobacco Merchants,
609 GEORGE STREET (HAYMARKET), SYDNEY.

BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS
FOR THE HAIR AND SKIN.
ESTABLISHED 1861.
An elegant dressing exquisitely perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair and causes the hair to grow thick, soft and beautiful. Infallible for curing eruptions, dandruff, itching scalp, itching face, and itching of the hands, feet, and neck, and quickly healing cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, &c.
Barratt & Co., New York, attend to each bottle.

BROWN'S PATENT DERMATHISTIC CORSET.
ELEGANCE! COMFORT!! DURABILITY!!!
"The actual wearing out of such a Corset so thin becomes an absolute impossibility."
"An ingenious method of insuring durability."
"More than one pair would be a source the whole course of her natural life."
SPECIALITE. BONES, BUSKS, & STEELS. PROTECTED BY LEATHER.
Principal Colours: Black, Cardinal, Fawn, Gold, Ruby, Turq. Green, Scarlet, Silver, White.
The Registered "Clock Spring Buds" with which these Corsets are now fitted are Patented Inalienable.
Every Lady should try them. Order at once.
Caution—Do not take a Substitute; Beware of Worthless Imitations.

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WILL FIND
BAILEY'S HOTEL
American Elevator, Modern Sanitary Facilities, Electric Light, Special arrangements for Families.
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Replete with every possible comfort and convenience.
JAMES BAILEY, Proprietor.

BARRY'S PEARL CREAM
FOR THE COMPLEXION
Imparts to the darkest skin a clear, natural white, tinged with the faintest rose-bloom. Speedily removes Wrinkles, Freckles, Sunburn and Tan, and restores the pale and faded look with youthful bloom and beauty.
CAUTION—None genuine without the Trade Mark of BARRATT & CO., New York, affixed to each bottle.

"When slovens get tidy they polish the bottoms of the pans"—When
SERVANTS
are given **SAPOLIO** they are never tired of cleaning up.
Two servants in two neighboring houses dwelt,
But differently their daily labor felt;
Jaded and weary of her life was one,
Always at work, and yet 'twas never done.
The other walked out nightly with her beau,
But then she cleaned house with SAPOLIO,
SOLD BY GROCERS, CHEMISTS, AND IRONMONGERS.

Her Little Boomerang.

A Warning to Tailor-made Wives. (FOR THE BULLETIN.)

Mrs. Smith was a fashionable, pretty woman who would have amused her children... The husband turned back, and had no intention of repeating her. She looked at him and found that he had quietly passed her, and was slowly vanishing in the distance...

had probably turned back, and had no intention of repeating her. She looked at him and found that he had quietly passed her, and was slowly vanishing in the distance...

It is easy for a guilty woman to look innocent if she is guilty enough; but for a carefully selected herself in a careless position which she had expressed her belief that the wicked eye of man could not reach her there, by having seated herself in a careless position which she had expressed her belief that the wicked eye of man could not reach her there...

"And yet you were crying over him?" "Yes, I suppose I was." "And you ask me to believe that he is not your lover?" he said, incredulously. "I do not ask you, I do not care what you believe when you leave to be asked to believe it, she retorted."

Clear out! You can't fool me; I want the London & Sydney Tea Co's TEA! I never drink any other, it's the best & cheapest. 1/6 - 1/4 - 2/ per lb. 20 & 40 lb. Chests. Delivered Free. Address 167 Clarence St. Sydney. W. H. Murrell, Manager.

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Purity
OF
BLOOD
Use

FRAZER'S

SULPHUR

TABLETS

TEST THEM
FREE OF CHARGE

THE BLOOD.

Pure blood is a life-long delight. It is health—real good health and strength—free from pimples, spots, sores and aches.

Have pure blood by taking Frazer's Sulphur Tablets internally, and use a really good modern soap—Frazer's Sulphur Soap—externally, and you ensure a clear skin and a good complexion.

It is a mistake to suppose that a good skin or a clear complexion can be secured by Soap alone. It cannot. A pure Soap—Frazer's Sulphur Soap is an invaluable aid to personal beauty, but the first essential is pure blood. This must never be forgotten. If we can't have the blood quite pure, then we must get it as pure as we can.

A man wants a clear skin and a wholesome complexion, in profession or business. Else if he be blotchy, pimply, or disfigured, other men fight shy of dealing with him. Let the man take Frazer's Sulphur Tablets internally and use Frazer's Sulphur Soap externally.

A woman needs a good complexion else her happiness is decreased, and her charm to the other sex much lessened. Let the woman take Frazer's Sulphur Tablets internally and use Frazer's Sulphur Soap externally.

A child for its health's sake needs a rosy skin, free from eruptive blemish, and a blood free from the taint of fever and infectious germs. Let the child take Frazer's Sulphur Tablets internally and use Frazer's Sulphur Soap externally.

Frazer's Sulphur Tablets used internally ensures good blood—pure blood that holds disease at bay and gives health.

Frazer's Sulphur Soap renders the skin soft, supple and smooth, neither drying the oils of the skin, nor shrivelling the nails, nor splitting the hairs. It is a mild soap, contains extra balm, and is free from excess of alkali or fat. It is simple and truly the best of all Soaps, and contains Oil of Eucalyptus.

Frazer's Sulphur Tablets are put up in 1/6 packets (post free 1/8); Frazer's Sulphur Soap, in Green Boxes, price 9d. (Post free, 11d.) Three packets, post free, 2/6.

Frazer's productions are sold by, or may be ordered of, all chemists and medicine vendors at home or in any part of the world. Sole Proprietors, FRAZER'S TABLETS, LTD., 11, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.

TEST THEM FREE OF CHARGE.

Write for samples of "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets, naming BULLETIN, and they will be sent you gratis and post free. "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are the pleasantest and most efficacious of all Spring medicines. They are invaluable in the treatment of all Blood and Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Eczema, &c. They are specially indicated for children, being safe, pleasant, and efficacious. As a remedy for women's complaints they are of great service in the treatment of these complaints. They are the best of all blood purifiers, and ward off influenza and infectious complaints.

Frazer's Sulphur Soap contains also a proportion of Eucalyptus, and is a valuable excellent and antiseptic soap.

Those who desire a good skin and complexion, clear, healthy, and free from blemish, are specially recommended to use "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" internally, and "Frazer's Sulphur Soap" externally. The last named is the purest of all soaps, and absolutely the best. It leaves the skin soft and smooth, and neither dries the nails nor hair. It is free from excess of alkali or fat, and contains extra soft cream, which is especially soothing and beneficial to the skin.

"Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are put up in 1/6 packets (post free, 1/8); "Frazer's Sulphur Soap," in green boxes, price 9d. (Post free, 11d.) Three packets, post free, 2/6.

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Australian Depôts
56 MARGARET STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.
293 LITTLE COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE, VICTORIA.

Ye Chant of Ye Bedlamites.
(FOR THE BULLETIN.)

The Bishop of Exeter has lately been giving religious instruction to the inmates of a lunatic asylum. He says he does not think that lunacy prevents a man enjoying religious truth.

You may be cracked and crazy (said the Bishop) (yesterday).

You may believe yourself a goat and try to feed on hay.

You may believe yourself a hen and do your best to lay.

And yet your brain may comprehend the whole the Prophets say.

You may in fitful frenzy's fire have kissed your man-in-law.

You may believe a woman's tongue can sleep within her jaw.

You may believe an M.L.A. could pass the whisky by.

And still your mind may drink the Truth that comforts when you die.

You may believe yourself a hog and start to raise a pig.

Or, like Davaria's Ludwig, build yourself a nest on high.

You may believe the modern dance has brains within its lead.

Yet see the mystic drift of all the ancient Hebrews said.

You may believe yourself a sage and think you often saw

An honest man in wig and gown and practising the law.

You may believe the engraver never tells a lie.

Yet you may grasp Salvation's scheme—and see the reason why.

You may be the veriest essence of a sublimated man.

Believe yourself a top-balloon and fill yourself with gas.

Believe no person eyes the screw—where'er he gets "a call."

Yet you may weigh the Scriptures well and understand them all.

You may believe you're made of lead and fear the summer sun.

Believe yourself the princely heir of a certain Gracious One.

You may believe the good old press is straight and staunch and true.

And yet pursue the Blessed Book—and comprehend it, too.

You oft may need a padded cell and eke a jacket strap.

You oft may need a little lee to cool your heated pate.

You oft may need the midnight air with many a human yell.

And yet trouble the precious news the Bishop has to tell.

So, hear the gladsome tidings now—Ye Bedlamites—with joy!

Let holy hymns and saintly psalms your local hours employ.

The Bishop says—the dogmas dark that puzzle all the sane

May yet be comprehended—when there's water on the brain.

Quiescent. P. LOTTIE.

The Primates of Ireland takes his holy place on the platform at anti Home Rule meetings at Belfast, as an outward visible sign that God disapproves of Gladstone's policy.

In your loggy, smoky G N U N Darlings.

The editor of D.D. GAZETTE (Toowombul, Q.) pathetically implores someone—anyone—to restore him his lost spectacles. That's the worst of country editors; they are continually mislaying their brain-power.

In the train, smoky G N U N Darlings.

In England the other day a law-case had to be postponed on account of the non-appearance of an essential witness, who, ere being served with a subpoena, had arranged to get married at that very hour. The judge held the excuse to be valid. Lovely woman before ugly law any day in the week, ain't it?

On the train, smoky G N U N Darlings.

Twenty-six thousand aliens, mostly Russian and Polish, swarmed into England during the month of May. 22,900 of them were supposed to be on their way to America, and the rest, being entirely stone-broke, had come to stay. It is the everlasting influx of these poor drudges, who seldom eat or sleep, never wash themselves, and have no ambition but to exist on starvation wages, that makes at the eight-hours agitation in our dear old mother-country.

On the bus, smoky G N U N Darlings.

The will of William Astor, Murkan money-bags, went out of its way to mention that testator's brother Henry was to get nothing from the estate. Henry, long years ago, hurried his blighted family by marrying the daughter of an impetuous farmer for love. His father cut him off with a solemn curse, and his miserable brother Bill signified the enduring quality of Astor snobbery in the manner aforesaid. Henry seems to have made a pile for himself all the same. He occupies the big house in a village called Astorville, built and created by himself, and is believed to be the only happy member of all his dollar-damned clan.

At Fremont you can buy G N U N Darlings.

In the Mauritland courts they are getting very tired of that eternal small debt case, in which the book-keeper sues the subscriber for non-payment of the bill for a book of literature. Mauritland now is roused against the book-keeper man two years ago, and every day since then, in almost every court in the country, a mild, deliberate, neat person, with black hair, has climbed into the witness-box and made this statement: "I canvassed the defendant and gave him an idea of the scope of the work; when he decided to become a subscriber, he signed the agreement which I now propose." Then the defendant, who is generally hot and excited, with grass-seeds in his hair, gets into the box in his turn, and unburden himself thus: "I signed the list as a patron to acknowledge the work, and I put my name and address on a blank sheet of paper for the canvasser to call again, but I never signed any other document. They always tell the same story, both of them, and when they are through the Court gives judgment for the plaintiff with costs; and then the case of another excited defendant is called, and the canvasser tells the same story over again with the same inevitable ending—He decided to become a subscriber, and signed the agreement which I now propose."

Are you there? Send me up a G N U N Darling, please.

IV AMY BURROUGHS, Bookseller, Scott Chambers, 80 Pitt street, Sydney.

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For Strengthening, Beautifying and Preserving the Hair.

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Used by thousands daily. Its Superiority is Unsurpassed.

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Positively Forces
Luxuriant Hair,
Whiskers
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Moustachios
To grow heavily in a few weeks, without injury to the skin, and no matter at what age.

THE WORLD-RENOVED REMEDY FOR BALDNESS
from whatever Cause arising. As a producer of WHISKERS and MOUNTACHIOS it has never been equalled. AS A CURE OF

Weak & Thin Eyelashes, or Restoring Grey Hair to its Original Colour never fails.

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Nothing so Effortful as EDWARDS' 'HARLENE'. "Dear Sir, I am very pleased to say that your 'Euclyne' is taking effect upon my hair. Have tried several remedies, but none have proved so effectual as EDWARDS' 'HARLENE'. E. RICKET, 225 High Road, Gunningbury."

"A Wonderful Discovery." "Dear Sir, Yours is indeed a wonderful discovery. I have used one bottle, and can detect an improvement in my hair already. Please send another bottle. W. A. RUDSTAD, 48 Handsworth Street, Glasgow."

AN ASTONISHING FACT.—"Dear Sir, I am pleased to testify to the efficacy of your 'Harlene'. My little boy (4 years old) has had a bald spot on the back of his head from his birth. I applied the 'Euclyne' to the place daily, and the result has been most satisfactory. Name and address expressed by letter. Original may be sent. 1s., 2s., 6d., 3s., 6d., and 5s. 6d. per Bottle. To be obtained from the leading Merchants, Wholesale Druggists, Chemists, and Perfumers throughout the Colonies."

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BLENDS ADMIRABLY WITH ALL GRAVIES, WITH SOUP CHARMING.

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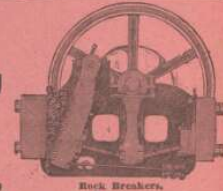
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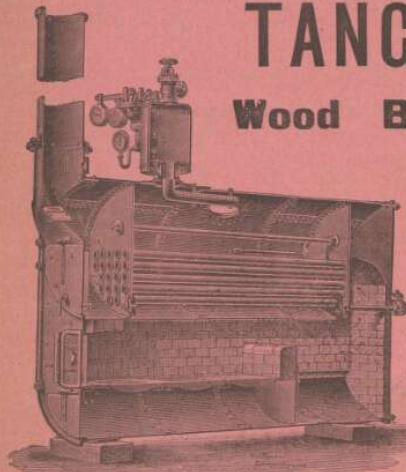
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