

STATE LIBRARY OF N.S.W.  
MITCHELL LIBRARY

DSM/  
QA827/  
I



2962  
I

# JOHN W. JAFFRAY & CO.,

ENGINEERS, HARDWARE & MACHINERY MERCHANTS,

BRIGHTON PLACE, 504 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

(Between Park Street and Royal Arcade).

If you want to BUY or SELL Machinery of any kind, send for copy of **JAFFRAY'S MACHINERY REGISTER**, it will be comical if you don't find what you want in it. Consult it if you want a BARGAIN. The only medium of the kind in the Colonies.

**JAFFRAY'S HANDY TABLES**, now in the press. Everyone his own Engineer. The Pumping and Irrigation Tables will be found invaluable to farmers, &c. Price, One Shilling, but don't send the stamps until you see it.

— AUCTION SALES CONDUCTED by a Practical Engineer. —



THE ILLUSTRATED

# COMIC BUDGET

FOR GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION

AT THE

N.S.W. Agricultural Society Show,

EASTER, 1890.

WHEN REQUIRING

# MACHINERY

OF ANY KIND, WRITE OR CALL ON

## TANGYES, Limited,

HAY STREET, SYDNEY.

— THE LARGEST STOCK IN AUSTRALASIA TO SELECT FROM. —



# WIRE NETTING.

PROOF AGAINST



*Alfred Lee.*

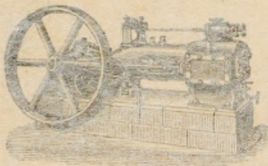
CASE \_\_\_\_\_ SHELF \_\_\_\_\_  
 No \_\_\_\_\_



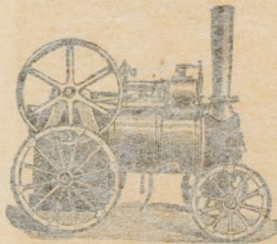
SAMPLES,  
 PRICES,  
 and all  
 PARTICULARS  
 on  
 APPLICATION.

l., Manufacturers, 29 O'Connell St., Sydney

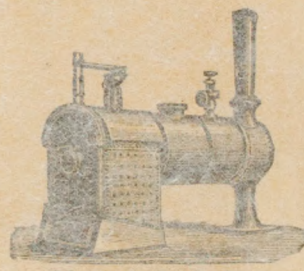
JOHN TOWLER & CO. (Leeds.) Ltd., LEEDS, ENGLAND.



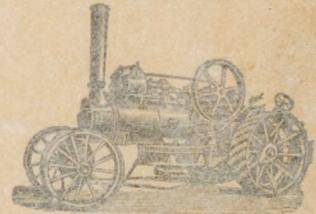
Horizontal Engines.



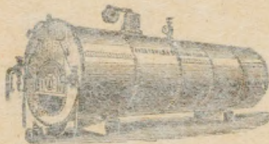
Portable Engines.



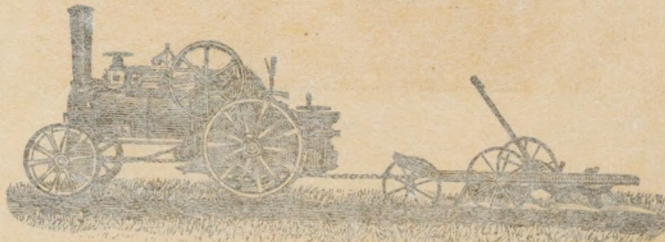
Multitubular Boilers.



Steam Ploughing Machinery suitable for any class of soil.



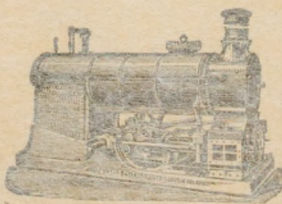
Cornish and Lancashire Boilers, for Mills, Factories, &c.



Ploughing by Direct Traction.



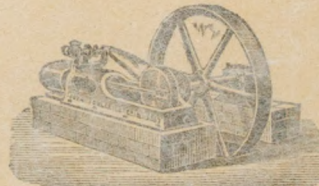
Portable Railway and Rolling Stock for all purposes.



Compound Semi-Fixed Engines.



Locomotives of all Gauges.



Horizontal Engines.



Balance Plough, for Double Engine system.

Colonial Office:—WYNYARD SQUARE, SYDNEY.

# The Mudgee Sharpening Stones for Shearers.

there is a certain electric current established, small, no doubt, in itself, but of great power if properly hunched. You have all felt it! Oh! don't blush! Something like your arm getting asleep, or hitting the funny-bone on the elbow!

Well, this wire was placed so that the arms of the young people would touch it. On they came, and just as they were passing the toll-gate they began to sit closer, and before they got much farther the little lamp began to throw out light! It went under the horse's feet, and lit up the road for several yards! And the young people were almost as much astonished as the horse was. The young couple began to get alarmed! They thought there was some one following them and watching them with a lantern! So they straightened themselves up and—the light went out! And every now and then they would again get close together, and squeeze and kiss each other slyly, and immediately the light would blaze up!

The girl at last became really frightened, and insisted on the young man sitting more apart! He was beginning to feel rather queer himself now. But he thought how he came out to kiss, hug, and be merry! And he was going to hug, kiss, and be jolly if it turned night into day! So he began to tell the girl about the horse being a phosphorous horse. Some horses were so full of phosphorous that when they got warmed up a little from driving they shed light all around! Then the young couple got nearer, and the electricity again appeared, and for an hour they rode along in the evening by the bright light.

The experimentalist passed them a number of times in another gig, and he is so well satisfied with his idea that he intends applying for a patent.

The young girl was very much annoyed at the light. Yet she admits having enjoyed the ride; but she has requested her young man to be careful next time when they go riding, and not get a phosphorous horse, or she should certainly blush!

A preacher once elucidated as follows in connection with the parable of the ten virgins: "In ancient times, my beloved friends, it was the custom, after a couple had been married, for ten virgins to go out with lighted lamps, and meet them on the way home, five of these virgins being males and five females!"

A publisher has sent us a circular asking us to buy a "Book of the River Trout," which gives all the particulars of how to land trout after they have been hooked. Well, if any one ever sees us with a big trout on a hook, waiting to read a few pages in a book before we can find out how to pull him in, they can take our clothes!

"You should have seen the situation of her lips!" said the young clerk, enthusiastically. "What did you say?" "The situation!" repeated the young clerk. "The situation?" "Yes, the situation!" "Well, what did you do?" "I grasped the situation! That's what I did. In fact, I grasped the situation several times before I left!"

A citizen of New Mexico being informed that in his absence a panther had attacked his wife, and that she had beaten off and killed the animal, merely shrugged his shoulders and said, "Ef that panther had knowed her as well as I do, he'd never a riled her up, you bet!"



Old Girls and New.

The Venus of Milo is commonly regarded in theory as the perfection of shapeliness in woman. Practically, if you were to put her in clothes and start her off to do the block, she would attract attention by her ungainliness, and not by her beauty. Such a Venus may do well enough in statuary, but not as a fashionable woman.

A party of school girls who measured the waist of a *fac simile* of the famous statue in a gallery last week declared that, if she was alive now, "Mr. Milo's Venus would be compelled to wear a 32-inch corset and No. 9 shoes, and would absolutely have no style about her."

The argument of the modern girl is that we go in for curved lines more than the Greeks did, and for greater delicacy. There is no use in saying that they were right and we are wrong, because that will not alter the matter. Centuries of tight-lacing has moulded the civilised female form into its present hour-glass proportions, and it is enough that the men of the period like it so. The real Venus shape is not appreciated in refined society.

What is a fashionable woman's real shape, anyhow? One day she is one thing, and next day another, according to the style of her bodice. The diversity of prevailing modes favour this uncertainty. No lover can now tell which is his own girl by hugging her in the dark.

If you are about to Furnish, inspect our large and well-assorted stock.

Campbell Brothers, Complete House Furnishers, 428 George-st

# NETTING.

ROOF AGAINST

COLONIAL

MADE.

BEST

and

CHEAPEST.



RABBITS



HARES



MARSUPIAL

SAMPLES,

PRICES,

and all

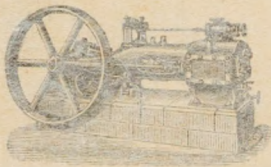
PARTICULARS

on

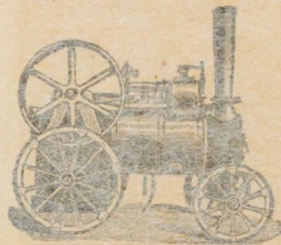
APPLICATION.

LYSAGHT BROS. & Co., Ltd., Manufacturers, 29 O'Connell St., Sydney

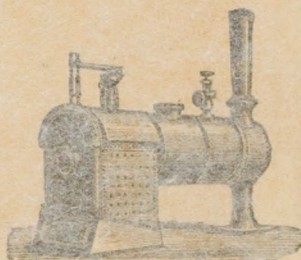
JOHN FOWLER & CO. (Leeds,) Ltd., LEEDS, ENGLAND.



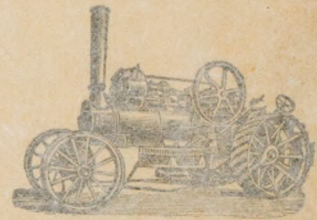
Horizontal Engines.



Portable Engines.



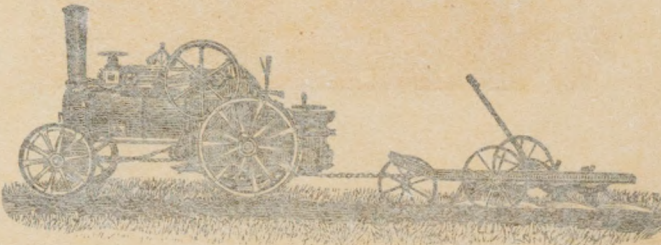
Multitubular Boilers.



Steam Ploughing Machinery suitable for any class of soil.



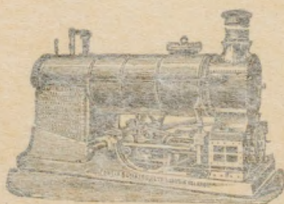
Cornish and Lancashire Boilers, for Mills, Factories, &c.



Ploughing by Direct Traction.



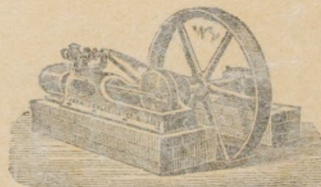
Portable Railway and Rolling Stock for all purposes.



Compound Semi-Fixed Engines.



Locomotives of all Gauges.



Horizontal Engines.



Balance Plough, for Double Engine system

Colonial Office:—WYNYARD SQUARE, SYDNEY.

# The Mudjee Sharpening Stones for Shearers.

there is a certain electric current established, small, no doubt, in itself, but of great power if properly hused. You have all felt it! Oh! don't blush! Something like your arm getting asleep, or hitting the funny-bone on the elbow!

Well, this wire was placed so that the arms of the young people would touch it. On they came, and just as they were passing the toll-gate they began to sit closer, and before they got much farther the little lamp began to throw out light! It went under the horse's feet, and lit up the road for several yards! And the young people were almost as much astonished as the horse was. The young couple began to get alarmed! They thought there was some one following them and watching them with a lantern! So they straightened themselves up and—the light went out! And every now and then they would again get close together, and squeeze and kiss each other slyly, and immediately the light would blaze up!

The girl at last became really frightened, and insisted on the young man sitting more apart! He was beginning to feel rather queer himself now. But he thought how he came out to kiss, hug, and be merry! And he was going to hug, kiss, and be jolly if it turned night into day! So he began to tell the girl about the horse being a phosphorous horse. Some horses were so full of phosphorous that when they got warmed up a little from driving they shed light all around! Then the young couple got nearer, and the electricity again appeared, and for an hour they rode along in the evening by the bright light.

The experimentalist passed them a number of times in another gig, and he is so well satisfied with his idea that he intends applying for a patent.

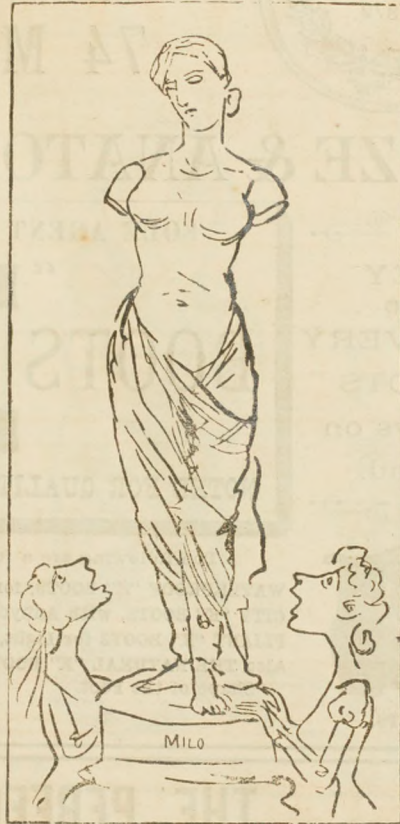
The young girl was very much annoyed at the light. Yet she admits having enjoyed the ride; but she has requested her young man to be careful next time when they go riding, and not get a phosphorous horse, or she should certainly blush!

A preacher once elucidated as follows in connection with the parable of the ten virgins: "In ancient times, my beloved friends, it was the custom, after a couple had been married, for ten virgins to go out with lighted lamps, and meet them on the way home, five of these virgins being males and five females!"

A publisher has sent us a circular asking us to buy a "Book of the River Trout," which gives all the particulars of how to land trout after they have been hooked. Well, if any one ever sees us with a big trout on a hook, waiting to read a few pages in a book before we can find out how to pull him in, they can take our clothes!

"You should have seen the situation of her lips!" said the young clerk, enthusiastically. "What did you say?" "The situation!" repeated the young clerk. "The situation?" "Yes, the situation!" "Well, what did you do?" "I grasped the situation! That's what I did. In fact, I grasped the situation several times before I left!"

A citizen of New Mexico being informed that in his absence a panther had attacked his wife, and that she had beaten off and killed the animal, merely shrugged his shoulders and said, "Ef that panther had knowed her as well as I do, he'd never a riled her up, you bet!"



Old Girls and New.

The Venus of Milo is commonly regarded in theory as the perfection of shapeliness in woman. Practically, if you were to put her in clothes and start her off to do the block, she would attract attention by her ungainliness, and not by her beauty. Such a Venus may do well enough in statuary, but not as a fashionable woman.

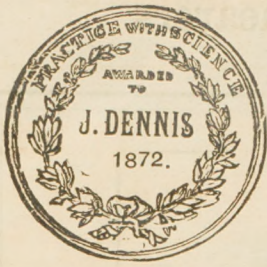
A party of school girls who measured the waist of a *fac simile* of the famous statue in a gallery last week declared that, if she was alive now, "Mr. Milo's Venus would be compelled to wear a 32-inch corset and No. 9 shoes, and would absolutely have no style about her."

The argument of the modern girl is that we go in for curved lines more than the Greeks did, and for greater delicacy. There is no use in saying that they were right and we are wrong, because that will not alter the matter. Centuries of tight-lacing has moulded the civilised female form into its present hour-glass proportions, and it is enough that the men of the period like it so. The real Venus shape is not appreciated in refined society.

What is a fashionable woman's real shape, anyhow? One day she is one thing, and next day another, according to the style of her bodice. The diversity of prevailing modes favour this uncertainty. No lover can now tell which is his own girl by hugging her in the dark.

If you are about to Furnish, inspect our large and well-assorted stock.

Campbell Brothers, Complete House Furnishers, 428 George-st



# J. DENNIS,

## 74 MARKET ST.,



### PRIZE & ANATOMICAL BOOTMAKER,

JOCKEY  
AND  
LIVERY  
BOOTS  
always on  
hand.

SOLE AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED  
"K"  
BOOTS **K** BOOTS  
NOTED FOR QUALITY, FIT, COMFORT & DURABILITY.

PERSONAL  
INSPECTION  
OF  
THESE GOODS  
SOLICITED.



"K" BOOTS.

The following are a few of the leading varieties of the "K" make.  
WATERPROOF "K" BOOTS, for Shooting, Fishing, and heavy wear.  
CITY "K" BOOTS, with Anhydrous Waterproof Soles, for all-the-year-round wear.  
PLIANT "K" BOOTS for Light, Easy Wear, made on an improved Principle.  
Also THE NATURAL "K" BOOTS, made on Scientific Principles to Fit the Exact Shape of the Foot.



LIVERY BOOTS.

### THE PERFECT SHEEP MARKER.

# "TATTOO OIL"

TRADE]

[MARK

### NON-INJURIOUS TO THE WOOL.

The Mark remains Distinct and Legible.  
Undoubted Success after 5 years' Practical Tests.

### MIXED READY FOR USE.

KEPT BY ALL LEADING MERCHANTS AND STOREKEEPERS.

SOLE PROPRIETORS:

## DAVID STORER & SONS, LTD.

Avoid Worthless and Dangerous Imitations.

# The Mudjee Sharpening Stones impart a keen edge.

and hit upon the scheme of selling kisses. An attractive assortment of ladies of all ages and dimensions were brought into the scheme, and these consented to be kissed for charitable purposes at so much per kiss. A schedule of prices was arranged in this way. Girls from sixteen to twenty, fifty cents; ladies from twenty to twenty-five, seventy-five cents; married ladies under thirty, one dollar; married ladies from thirty to forty, fifty cents; widows under thirty, seventy-five cents; maiden ladies over, two for five cents. The kissing was done in the presence of a committee, one of whose members held a watch and counted. A large business was done, chiefly in the higher grades of kisses, but the town is now torn up with divorce cases, broken engagements, and all that sort of thing. The opinion is general that it costs more than it's worth to raise money in this way.—*New York Sun.*



**Bondi, 1887.**

In the lanes where I wandered in boyhood, and oft,  
I linger once more with a sigh;  
And 'twas there that again in an attitude soft,  
I saw the sky-blue of her eye.

'Mong the hills grown familiar by earlier days  
Once more would I gambol and trip;  
For 'twas there that again, with a fond, loving gaze,  
I saw the rose-red of her lip.

On the sands by the wavelets of ocean caressed  
Let me linger again, love, I beg;  
For 'twas there, that, with feelings but poorly sup-  
pressed,  
I saw the snow-white of her leg.



**A Young Grammarian.**

"Well, my son, you have got into grammar, have you?" said a proud sire to his thickest chip the other night. "Let me hear you compare some adjectives."

*Chip:* "All right. Little, less, least; big, bigger, beast; mow, more, most—"

*Proud Sire:* "Hold on, sir, that's not right; you—"

*Chip:* "Toe, tore, toast; snow, snore, snort; go, gore, gout; row, roar, rout—"

*Proud Sire:* Stop, I say; those adj—"

*Chip:* Drink, drank, drunk; chink, chank, chunk; wink, wank, wunk; think, thank, thunk—"

*Proud Sire:* "You infernal little fool, what in thunder—"

*Chip:* Good, better, best; bad, wusser, wust; bile, biler, bust; sow, sewer, soup; pew, pure, purp—  
Ouch! oh! geminiently, dad—oh! oh! oh!"

The enraged parent had broken into the recitation with a bootjack.

A French widow, in bewailing the recent loss of her husband, remarked: "I have at least one consolation—I now know where he spends his nights!"

A girl coaxed her lover to take for a drive, and the horse ran away and killed her! (Showing this paragraph to your girl will save you some money.)

Sole Agents for New South Wales for Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines,  
Campbell Brothers, Complete House Furnishers, 428 George-st

TO OUR FRIENDS—THE VISITORS TO THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW OF 1890.

Furnish your Homes at

**DAVIDSON & Co.'s**

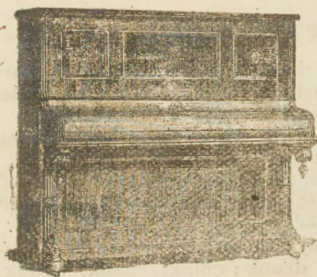
**Federal Furnishing Arcade,**

**81 OXFORD STREET & RILEY STREET,**

AND

**RILEY PLACE, SYDNEY.**

Furniture, Bedsteads & Bedding, Carpet, Floorcloth, Cutlery, Ironmongery, Crockery and other Household Requisites always in Stock to select from at lowest possible prices.



BE WISE IN TIME.

If you want a really good serviceable Piano, one that will be a boon and never-ending source of pleasure and satis-



faction, or if you want any kind of Musical Instrument, go to

**W. H. PALING & CO., Limited,**

the oldest Established and leading Music Warehouse in Sydney. They have the largest stock, greatest variety, best selection, and lowest prices. 356 George Street (2 doors from the General Post Office). Easy Time Payments.

**W. H. PALING & CO., Limited,**

**356 GEORGE STREET.**

**PIANOS.      ORGANS.      MUSIC.**

# The Mudgee Sharpening Stones for Carpenters.



Moonlight on an Excursion Steamer.

A reporter who was out the other night on a moonlight excursion down the river says: The young man was very abundant, but his extensive existence was equalled by hers. The sexes were as equal in number as a spinster could desire. It was easy to see that they were arranged in series of twos without end.

They trooped out on the pier, and strolled back and forth in the inevitable couples as the band blared "Mother's Going Far Away."

Occasionally they drank beer. At 10 o'clock the big boat snorted like an enraged father, and paddled towards home with all the palpitation of a corpulent mother pursuing an errant child!

One of the young men on board, who wore a check shirt, a No. 9 shoe, five-ply collar, and a white hat bandaged with black, reached for a chair that had a comfortable aspect. A young man in very large trousers, with a straight rimmed Derby tipped very far down and a cigar tipped very far up, seized the chair at the same time.

"Drop that, you terrier," cried the man with the bandaged hat.

"No, my son," answered the other.

"What are you?"

"I'm the party that takes this stool."

"Not to-night. Some other night."

"Make no error, Augustus, I'm goin' to get it and make no mistake," and the gentleman in the sorrowful hat drove his fist under the chin of the gentleman in the copious trousers and staggered him. The respective ladies screamed. A crowd formed and the belligerent gentlemen were dragged apart, promising to "slog"

one another as soon as the boat landed. Half an hour later the white hat rested benignly on the floor beside a pair of No. 9 shoes, from which protruded a young man in a check shirt with his head resting on the shoulder of his girl. This seemed to be a favourite position with the majority of the excursionists. They always rested their heads on her shoulder with faces destitute of expression, while she looked straight ahead as though a young man was the furthest thing in the world from her thoughts.

The reporter stayed and saw the people troop ashore. Some were moonstruck, and some morose, and some were quarrelling bitterly.

"It's always the way," said the steward, as he smoked his pipe. "They goes off in the best of humours, and comes home in a state of mind. We used to have a gent here who had charge of these excursions, and whenever they'd land he'd get off that there poem of Byron's about the moon."

"How does it run?"

"This way," said the steward:—

Up rose the yeller moon—  
The devil's in the moon!  
More mischief's done in a wicked way  
On which three hours of moonshine smile  
Than sees the longest day  
Of all the wicked year!



The Price of a Kiss.

Some inventive mind in Georgia turned its attention to making money for a charitable purpose the other day,

Goods Packed for the Country, or Delivered within 15 miles of the City,  
Free of Charge.

Campbell Brothers, Royal Furnishing Arcade, 428 George-st.

# ENGLISH FURNITURE.

Pier Glasses, Toilet Glasses, English and ITALIAN FRAME  
WORK of the Latest Designs, for Drawing & Dining Room.

CANE FURNITURE.

AMERICAN & AUSTRIAN FURNITURE.

JAVA KAPOK. INDIAN KAPOK.

CEYLON FIBRE. FLOCK, &c.

Telephone No. 979.

Cable Address,  
"Harkness," Sydney.  
P.O. Box, 1428



**PYMAN, HARKNESS & CO.,**  
WHOLESALE FURNITURE WAREHOUSEMEN,  
EASTERN AND GENERAL IMPORTERS,  
**250 KENT STREET,**  
NEAR ERSKINE STREET.

UNFRAMED  
PICTURES.

Room Moulding.

**PICTURE FRAME MOULDING**

Large Stock of Photo. Mounts, and other requisites for  
Picture Framers and Photographers, always on hand.

N.B.—The Largest Importers of Moulding in the Australian Colonies

# G. & C. HOSKINS,

ENGINEERS,

Boilermakers and Ironfounders.

Head Office : HAY ST., SYDNEY.

ALSO, MAKERS OF

WROUGHT IRON PIPES, for Water Supply, Irrigation  
and Mining Purposes,

AT OUR

**NEW PIPE WORKS, ULTIMO.**

VARIOUS TYPES OF BOILERS ALWAYS KEPT IN STOCK.

The SILVER SHEEP SHEARING MACHINE, with Flexible Shaft, can be seen working on the Grounds.  
 ANDREW ROWAN & CO., Sole Agents, 13 Pitt-street.



The Sea Serpent.

The sea serpent is classed by some naturalists as a reptile, and by others as an animal; but this trifling disagreement has no effect on the general health of the monster. He is always in a jolly mood and the best of spirits. He is not quite as domestic in his nature as an old tom cat or a boy with three stone bruises on each foot, but he is seldom met with any great distance from home.

While other snakes go to heaps of trouble to get into a house and curl up in an old straw hat on the top shelf of a bedroom closet, the sea serpent keeps himself modestly in the back-ground.

While children may cry for this reptile, they hadn't better play with it, as it is plain that he is very whimsical in his nature. Captains have taken one stiff glass of grog, and gone on deck to behold a sea serpent humping away from the ship as fast as he could go. Other captains, belonging to the same Sunday school, and wearing the same sized boots, have taken two glasses of grog, and seen the serpent swim all around the ship, and lift its head thirty feet in the air, and open his jaws as if he scented roast chicken. It may all be in the grog, or it may be the variable nature of the serpent. Until the real truth is known, the tow-headed boys of the land had better not run after this marine novelty.

While it is known that the house fly lives six months, and the elephant 100 years, nobody knows how long it takes a sea serpent to die of old age. He may droop and die just as he has learned the ropes and come to know all about the game, or he may hang on and witness the passing away of seven generations of long-lived old Jack Tars. It is, perhaps, just as well that some little mystery is allowed to enshroud this strange inhabitant. If we were privileged to slam him around as we do turtles, or kick him out of the path as we do an old hat, with a rock under it, we should feel a contempt instead of an admiration for him, and when a ship came home and reported seeing a monster sea-serpent in the neighbourhood of section 3, latitude 11, in range 13 east, the captain would be asked to look in our eyes and answer if he saw a vegetable garden there.



Josh Billings' Wisdom.

The man who gets bit twice by the same dog is better adapted for that kind of business than any other.

There is a great deal of religion in this world that is like a life-preserver—only put on at the moment of immediate danger, and then put on half the time hind side first.

Experience is a school where a man learns what a big fool he has been.

The man who doesn't believe in any hereafter has got a dreadfully mean opinion of himself and his chances.

There are two kinds of fools in this world: Those who can't change their opinion, and those who won't.

A good doctor is a gentleman to whom we pay a guinea a visit for advising us to eat less and exercise more.

Out in the world men show us two sides to their characters; by the fireside only one.

The world is filling up with educated fools; mankind read too much and learn too little.

Every man has follies, and oftentimes they are the most interesting things they have got.

"What shall we do with our daughters?" began the lecturer (a lady, fair to look upon). "Judging from what I see before me," said a modest-looking, middle-aged gentleman in the audience, "I shouldn't suppose there need be any trouble about that question. A question more to the point would be, 'Have you enough of them to go round?'"

A lady has, by way of experiment, run her bonnet through a "clothes-wringer," and now she has the most stylish hat in the city. The ribbons and trimmings resemble watered silk, with smashed soap-bubbles on the strings, and miniature snow-balls of starch clinging to the tips of the feather.

Sole Manufacturers of the Standard Woven Wire Mattresses (see Exhibit),  
 Campbell Brothers, Royal Furnishing Arcade, 428 George-st.

( ESTABLISHED 1841. )

# THOS. J. BOWN & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

## Plumbers' and Gasfitters' Materials,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Gas Chandeliers, Brackets, Pendants. Hall, Vestibule, and Reading Lamps.

**FLETCHER'S IMPROVED GAS HEATING STOVES.**

Instantaneous Water Heaters for Baths. Improved Gas Stoves for 1, 2, 3, Laundry and Tailors' Irons.

**VERITY BROTHERS' PATENT GAS FIRES.**

**PEEBLE'S AUTOMATIC GOVERNOR BURNERS, SAVING 30 TO 40 PER CENT.**

**BRASS PUMPS ON OAK PLANKS.**

**IRON PUMPS, Common Lift and Lift and Force. Winn & Co.'s Registered Frame and Fly Wheel Pumps.**

**Black and Galvanized Iron Tube and Fittings,  $\frac{1}{4}$  to 6in.**

**LEAD PIPE,  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 inch. BRASS, COPPER, TIN, AND COMPOSITION TUBE.**

**BEER ENGINES (Stocker's Patent Motion), in 1, 2, 3, and 4 Pulls.**

**WATER METERS, Various Makers,  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 inch.**

**Chatwin's Tools, Stocks and Dies, Tube Vices, Tongs, Screw Tools, &c.**

**CLARK & CO.'S ENAMELLED IRON BATHS, SINKS, WASH BASINS AND URINALS.**

**TWYFORD'S SANITARY WARE, UNITAS AND NATIONAL CLOSETS, WASH BASINS, &c.**

**FIRE EXTINGUISHING APPARATUS,**

Comprising Engines, Hand Pumps, Improved Wheel Fire Valves, Ball Hydrants, Hydrant Stand Pipes, Branches and Unions, Hand Woven Canvas, India Rubber and Copper Rivited Leather Hose.

**SLUICE VALVES OR LOCKS, 2 to 4 in.**

101, 105 & 107 BATHURST STREET,

SYDNEY.

# The Mudgee Sharpening Stones are free from flaws and veins.



## Lost His Books.

"Say, John, can you pay me that bill?" asked a soap and starch man of a Fulton-street laundryman.

"Can't payee any billee. Slumblody stealee my books. Melican man loosee blocks no payee. Raisee row. Say clan't find 'clounts. Chinaman allee samee."

"What do you mean, you wall-eyed heathen? Going to pay that bill or not?"

"Me no payee. Me allee time likee Bloard of Edlecaation. Allee time raisee hellee, splend money and loosee blocks. You findee blocks me payee."

"Where'll I find your books, old chop sticks? You pay up or I'll bounce you."

"You no bouncee me. You cloward and liar! You makee me mad, Chinaman firee you out Joss dlam quick. Melican man splend money, makee assee of self, and hiree man to stealee blocks. Chinaman allee same. Me defaulter. Me bustee up. You gettee clommittee investiglate. Chinaman allee samee Melican man. Ki ya!"

They are an imitative race, the Mongolians, but then they don't thoroughly understand the American method of business. An individual can't do what a corporate body can, and the Chinaman will find it out some day.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"What must I do," asked a mean and conceited man of a friend who knew him well, "to get a picture of the one I love most?" "Sit for your own portrait," was the reply.

When a pair of lovers are sitting alone in the parlour conversing about love and other sentimental things, the suddenness with which the young man changes the subject to domestic economy when the lady's paternal parent enters the room almost makes the young man's collar button fly off.



## A Liberal Reward will be Given.

To the young man who doesn't think the girls are all dying after him.

To the writer of the press who never said that his contribution was dashed off.

To the young woman who wouldn't choose an ice-cream to a substantial meal.

To the woman over thirty who never had an offer.

To the young lady graduate who would not rather have a white satin dress than high honours at the graduation exercises.

To the married man who never considered the possibilities of a second marriage.

To the married woman who does not sometimes wonder how she came to say "Yes."

To the clergyman who doesn't feel just a little proud of the tears he calls up at a funeral.

To the tramway conductor who does not take peculiar pleasure in helping the ladies off his car.

To the man who never exchanged umbrellas and went off with a worse one than he left behind.

To the small boy who never whistled.

To the doctor who has the hardihood to tell a wealthy patient that nothing ails him.

To the boy of 18 who does not know more than his parents.

To the widow who does not like to have her mourning becoming.

To the school-teacher who can talk without seeming to watch every word she utters.

Standard Woven Wire Mattresses. Cool, Comfortable, Cheap,  
Durable, Inexpensive.

Campbell Brothers, Complete House Furnishing, 428 George-st.

# DO YOU USE IT ?

If not, you certainly ought, as it far surpasses all other makes, and is appreciated as an inestimable boon by those who have learned its value.

THERE IS NOTHING ELSE OF THE KIND EQUAL TO IT.

**TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT!**

and you will soon be convinced of this,

## Waugh's Baking Powder

IS UNDOUBTEDLY

### THE BEST.

It is prepared with the utmost care, by the aid of Special Mixing Machinery, and the ingredients used are the PUREST and BEST obtainable.

Puddings, Cakes, Pastry, &c., &c., are so much better with than without it.

Mixed with Dry Flour it makes the very best Self-Raising Flour, and this should be prepared only when you require to use it.

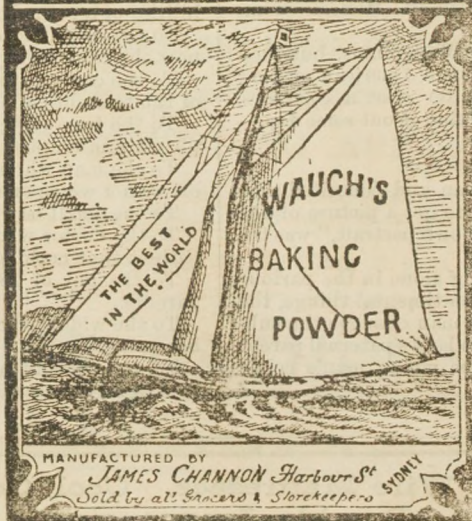
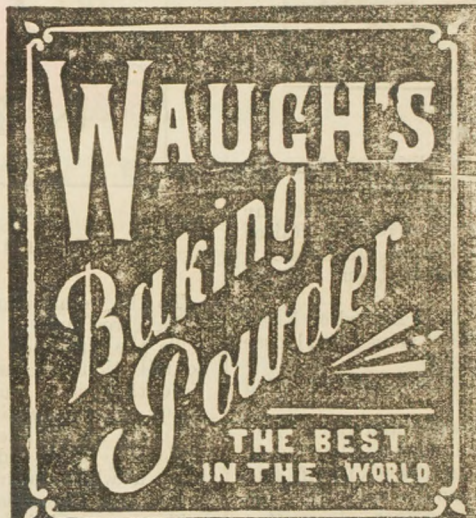
It will be found a great deal better than the so-called (ready made) Self-Raising Flour, which costs you more, and you do not know what is in it.

The superior quality of WAUGH'S BAKING POWDER is at once apparent the first time you use it, and all who have used it can testify to its excellence.

AT THE  
**GREAT INTERNATIONAL  
EXHIBITION,**

Where a number of different Baking Powders were entered in competition, the **First Place**, and the **ONLY First Class Award** was given to WAUGH'S, and WAUGH'S alone, therefore, received

**The International Prize  
Medal.**



#### Breakfast or Tea Cakes

(Very nice).—Two cupfuls flour; one and a half teaspoonful WAUGH'S BAKING POWDER; a little salt; and a table-spoonful or so of fine sugar. Mix. Next take a small piece of butter, rather larger than a walnut, and work it into the flour; add one egg (more if preferred) well beaten, and a few drops of lemon or other flavoring essence. Make into a batter with water or milk, or milk and water. Be sure and not make the batter too stiff, and do it quickly. Have ready a quick oven, but not hot enough to burn. Pour the batter into shallow baking pans well greased or buttered to prevent sticking (round flat tins about 10 inches in diameter and 1 inch deep will be found convenient), and spread evenly about  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch in depth, put into the oven at once, and bake about fifteen minutes. When baked, the top may be glazed with white of egg, or milk and sugar, brushed over.

#### Jam Sandwich.

—Two cups of flour, two cups fine sugar, two teaspoonfuls WAUGH'S BAKING POWDER, five or six eggs, a small piece of butter dissolved in half-cup boiling water, a little essence of lemon. Mix dry ingredients (except sugar) as usual, beat the eggs well on the sugar, and add to the flour. Make into a batter quickly with hot water and dissolved butter. Have ready your shallow baking tin (as used for breakfast cakes) well buttered, pour in a thin layer of the mixture, spread evenly, and bake in a quick oven. Have ready a sheet of paper sprinkled over with sugar, and turn the sponges when baked on to the sugared paper. When cold, spread one with jam and place another layer of the sponge on top.

# The Mudgee Sharpening Stones will not break if allowed to fall.



**The Grasshopper.**

The insect which I hold up before you is a grasshopper. In some localities he is termed a locust, but he is the same bird under all names. These insects date back to the time when the first rail fence on earth was built, and they were only two weeks eating up the last of it. He hasn't got as many legs as he might have, but he is not the grasshopper to sneak off and pout over that. You will see that the number he has are unusually long and stoutly jointed, and so spread out that when he comes down on anything there are no slips and sprains in store for him.

Observe his eyes. They are so set that he can see in all directions at once. While chewing away on the handle of a barn-shovel he can look for late corn with his left eye, and squint for the farmer's dog with his right. When tired of walking around over the stubble fields, some old hopper gives a signal toot on his horn and away goes the whole drove, sometimes in one way and again in another. There is always someone on hand to estimate the exact number of a cloud of these insects. It is generally the postmaster or someone else good in figures, and the number is always given as twelve billions. If there happen to be two or three over they are some lame or blind old insects not worth counting.

Grasshoppers were built to be hungry. They can eat seven or eight square meals per day and pick away at the bones of a grindstone between times. They would, no doubt, thrive much better on a steady diet of raisin cake and plum pudding.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"I'll raise your wages," said the thief to the working-man, as he lifted his week's wages from his pocket.

The man who was struck with astonishment saved himself by catching hold of the chain of circumstances.



**A Malicious Chemist.**

A retired chemist had the curiosity to keep the bulk of the misspelled letters which he received from various sources and paste them in a scrap book. We publish the following specimens:—

One small scrap of paper contains simply the words "Car bolick assid."

Another contains the cabalistic words, "Surep epeak."

No one except a chemist would know that the person who wrote for "perovd bark and allus" wanted Peruvian bark and aloes.

The person who wrote for "one ounce of grose of suppliment" wanted corrosive sublimate, no doubt.

A person with a weak back writes for a "bourous plaster."

A "shamie leather skin" is called for by a person who wants a chamois skin.

"Bickrement off potash," which is called for in one note, probably means bichromate of potash.

In another note bichromate of potash is tortured into "prock mate of potash."

"Bludroot" and "liqurash" are called for in another note.

Some persons wrote for "anuff yellow to culler to bbls of cotton raggs."

Opodeldoo is spelled "oberdelduck" in one note, and in another seidlitz powders come in for the following: "Sutlife powders."

It was a very careful person who wrote magnesia thus: "Mag-ne-cia."

An ounce of "read percipity" is called for in another note.

"Corgal for a baby" is called for in one letter, and two ounces "Camfur" in another.

The Most Complete Furnishing House in the City,

The Royal Furnishing Arcade, Campbell Brothers, 428 George-street.

# ARTHUR S. SEARLE,

Agent and Importer,

78 CLARENCE STREET, SYDNEY.

---

India-Rubber Goods,  
Ebonite & Gutta Percha Goods,  
Waterproof Manufactures.

Packings, Insertion, Sheet Rubber Valves, Washers,  
Tubing, and every description of Mechanical  
Rubber Goods.

---

## LUBRICATING OILS.

MACHINERY AND CYLINDER OILS, OILS FOR AGRICULTURAL  
MACHINES, MILK SEPARATORS, &c., CASTOR,  
COLZA AND OLIVE OILS, BOILED AND RAW OILS.

---

SOLE AGENT IN N.S.W.

FOR

**THE INDIA-RUBBER GUTTA PERCHA**

AND

**TELEGRAPH WORKS CO., LTD.**

SILVERTON, LONDON, ENGLAND.

THREE GOLD MEDALS AWARDED CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION,  
MELBOURNE, 1888-9.

# The Mudgee Sharpening Stones will not break when penetrated by the oil.

The simple word "Arnicky" stands out solitary and alone on a small scrap of paper. It cannot be taken for anything in the drug line except arnica.

Here is one that "takes the cake," as the boy says: "Keyan pepper, Cam fire, Lod nom, Rheu bub, Pepper mint."



Indeed his very own.

The tremulous moonbeams toyed with the restless leaves and the whispering winds of the August night, like the sigh of some passing spirit, seemed the kind of sort of—like it was—or something like that.

As he held her for one moment in his passionate embrace, holding her to his breast as though he would concentrate all the wild, burning love of his life in that one caress, there was a sound like a hawser parting in a gale, and she gently stopped him.

"Darling," she said, tenderly, "it is sweet to be loved, but corsets cost money, and there goes the third steel since Sunday."

The ardent boy held her off with both hands—he was only a child of forty-two—and looked at her face as though he was examining a suspicious bank note.

"My own," he said, "how well I love you your heart can tell. What have I not endured for your dear sake? Twice last week your father rebuffed me; on Tuesday last your brother scorned me in the public street; and should your mother find me here to-night—oh, help me, immortal gods! But I will die if they should find me, I will die at your feet. This it is, my own heart's darling, this it is to love fondly, eternally and unselfishly. Fly with me now; we will to yonder isle"—

"But there is such a difference in our ages, dear," she sighed, smoothing the rumpled ribbon at her waist;

"the days of the years of your pilgrimage are forty and two, and I am but a little girl of nineteen brief but happy summers. And oh—"

"Think you," exclaimed the grey-haired boy, impetuously, "think you that I am proud beyond my love, and would spurn you because the world may taunt you with your youth? Oh, no; in my arms I would shield you from its cruel sneers, and for your sake I would forget how young you are. Besides, is not my ripe experience old enough for both of us?"

"And you are poor," she said, once more nestling in his arms, "you are so poor, they say."

"Poor!" he exclaimed, rapturously, "and they who say it do not know how poor I am, sweetheart. By yon bright moon I swear I am poor enough for ten men. With me, you could not ask for more poverty and less clothes than I would bring you."

"And I am rich," she said, turning her face so as she could look into her lover's eyes. "Pa says that when he dies I will have £50,000."

But there was no shade of sadness, no passing shadow of renunciation in his steadfast eyes. Twining his arms around her yet more closely, he said more earnestly than he had spoken yet:

"And am I base enough to give you up for that? Think you I will tear you from my arms for that? Fairest and best, believe me, I do love you well enough to overlook your wealth, and if you will come to these arms of mine, bring it all with you—nay, do not start, believe me, for my heart is in the words; bring it with you, every whit, and see, if to my constant heart it will not make you even doubly dear."

The sound of an old man was heard in the shadowy distance, and with one lingering embrace the good youth fled. And on her pillow that night long hours the maiden brooded o'er his constancy and the exceeding faithfulness of his love. And murmuring, "He loves me for myself and all I have; I am, indeed, his very own," she fell asleep to dream of him.

And how did she reward his constancy? Oh! faithlessness of woman's fickle vows! Oh! bleeding ruin of man's loving constancy! It has ever been so. Within three months that girl married a young fellow, a son of a banker, and worth about £50,000 in clear money!

And the discarded lover, loving his false one no less dearly than before—indeed his very own—got a confidential clerkship under the husband, because he was an old friend of his wife's, and he is now robbing his employer at a daily rate that shows how his heart still fondly clings to the love of other days.

CUSTOM OFFICER: "What have you in that parcel?"  
"Only my laundry." "Open it and let me see." Man reluctantly opens package, disclosing shirts, collars, cuffs, &c., and a bottle. "I thought you had nothing but laundry in that parcel. What's in the bottle?" "Night-caps!" "Pass on, sir."

A fashionably-dressed lady got into a tram-car the other day, which was full, and, glaring around in a very uneasy manner, exclaimed, "Such a lot of impolite gentlemen I have never seen!" "Indeed?" answered a gentleman who was balancing himself on another gentleman's lap. "Well, madam, you can take my place with great pleasure."

If you are about to Furnish, inspect our large and well-assorted stock.

Campbell Brothers, Complete House Furnishers, 428 George-st

# TURPIN & BRIAN,

IMPORTERS,

Wholesale and Family Grocers,

Have much pleasure in submitting a few quotations for the benefit of their Country Customers, and others visiting the Agricultural Show:—

Boxes Tea, splendid quality, from 10s. 6d.

White Sugar	-	-	-	2½d. per lb.
Sperm Candles	-	-	-	5d. „
New Dates	-	-	-	3d. „
New Figs	-	-	-	6d. Box

Superfine Flour, 5s. per 50 lb. Bag.

NOTE THE ADDRESSES—

## TURPIN & BRIAN,

Importers, Wholesale & Family Grocers,

623 GEORGE STREET, Near Goulburn Street,

AND

CORNER HUNTER & PHILLIP STREETS, SYDNEY.

# The Mudgee Sharpening Stones can be obtained at all leading Ironmongers.



**A Mule with a Mouthful of Polonaise.**

While passing through this vale of tears one will occasionally see a cunning girl, one who seems by every action, every twitch of her apparel, to say that she knows it all, and that it would be an impudence for anyone to tell her that in ten years she will look back and see what a confounded fool she was in this year of our Lord, 1887. There was one the other day tripping down Blackfriars Road when it was so hot, looking as though nobody had any sense but her. She was beautifully dressed, and carried a parasol of many colours, all of which were red. Everybody else was warm, and she must have been, although she didn't show it.

A tram-car was crossing the street, and she walked right up in front of the mules as impudent as a summer resort hotel waiter that has been paid the price of an inner for bringing it to you. She was going to cross the head of the mules, and she looked at the driver and the passengers as if to say, "If you don't like the pups you can drown them." The driver turned the brake, the car slackened, and with a scornful smile she cleared the track. Just as she passed the head of the near mule, that sagacious beast reached his head around and took hold of about a bushel basketful of green polonaise that stuck up just below her belt, and he raised the male with the circus parasol right off her feet, and then dropped her. She struck on her feet like a cat, and took just two jumps to get to the pavement, and a scarter girl you never saw." Her impudence and about half a mouthful of polonaise were gone, and she put her left hand around where a boy would feel for his pistol pocket in such an inquiring manner that we could have bet the mule got hold of some of the good flesh that but a moment before had been wiggling self in defiance of all in sight, though we wouldn't vear to it. Anyway, she was a changed girl from that

moment, and as she closed her parasol and held it over the place where the polonaise was wont to be, and walked toward a millinery establishment in a becoming manner, with no perceptible wiggle, we thought, "What poor creatures we are. Even a mule can teach us a thing or two, if we put on scollops around in front of him." If we live here a thousand years we never expect to see that girl twist and wiggle along the pavement again as she did that day. Though she may not have been injured in the fracas so as to make her limp, she will always feel that if she travels on her shape something will happen to her that will make her appearance as ridiculous as she did when the bay mule went one way with a mouthful of polonaise, while she went the other way without a mouthful of polonaise to her back.



**A Lucky Slip, or how the new "Slide" became the Style.**

[Scene, the greenroom of a theatre. Enter M<sup>lle</sup> Bondirette—in private life Nell Flanders—followed by Signor Tomasine—known to his friends as Bill Stubbs—maitre de ballet, and especial adorer of M<sup>lle</sup>. Bondirette.]

M<sup>lle</sup>.—"No, it's no use to talk to me. It was that beastly piece of wax that you dropped. It was all over the sole of my slippers, and, of course, I slipped. If you don't keep out of my way I'll murder you. Old Tendon has been ready to discharge me any time this three weeks, ever since he set eyes on that horrid Mitchel girl; and now it's all up, and it's your fault."

Goods Packed for the Country, or Delivered within 15 miles of the City, Free of Charge.

**Campbell Brothers, Royal Furnishing Arcade, 428 George-st.**

# TURPIN & BRIAN,

IMPORTERS,

Wholesale and Family Grocers,

Have much pleasure in submitting a few quotations for the benefit of their Country Customers, and others visiting the Agricultural Show:—

Boxes Tea, splendid quality, from 10s. 6d.

White Sugar	-	-	-	2½d. per lb
Sperm Candles	-	-	-	5d. „
New Dates	-	-	-	3d. „
New Figs	-	-	-	6d. Box

Superfine Flour, 5s. per 50 lb. Bag.

NOTE THE ADDRESSES—

## TURPIN & BRIAN,

Importers, Wholesale & Family Grocers

623 GEORGE STREET, Near Goulburn Street,

AND

CORNER HUNTER & PHILLIP STREETS, SYDNEY

# The Mudgee Sharpening Stones can be obtained at all leading Ironmongers.



**A Mule with a Mouthful of Polonaise.**

While passing through this vale of tears one will occasionally see a cunning girl, one who seems by every action, every twitch of her apparel, to say that she knows it all, and that it would be an impudence for any one to tell her that in ten years she will look back and see what a confounded fool she was in this year of our Lord, 1887. There was one the other day tripping down Blackfriars Road when it was so hot, looking as though nobody had any sense but her. She was beautifully dressed, and carried a parasol of many colours, all of which were red. Everybody else was warm, and she must have been, although she didn't show it.

A tram-car was crossing the street, and she walked right up in front of the mules as impudent as a summer resort hotel waiter that has been paid the price of a dinner for bringing it to you. She was going to cross ahead of the mules, and she looked at the driver and the passengers as if to say, "If you don't like the pups you can drown them." The driver turned the brake, the car slackened, and with a scornful smile she cleared the track. Just as she passed the head of the near mule, that sagacious beast reached his head around and took hold of about a bushel basketful of green polonaise that stuck up just below her belt, and he raised the female with the circus parasol right off her feet, and then dropped her. She struck on her feet like a cat, and took just two jumps to get to the pavement, and a "scarter girl you never saw." Her impudence and about half a mouthful of polonaise were gone, and she put her left hand around where a boy would feel for his pistol pocket in such an inquiring manner that we would have bet the mule got hold of some of the proud flesh that but a moment before had been wiggling itself in defiance of all in sight, though we wouldn't swear to it. Anyway, she was a changed girl from that

moment, and as she closed her parasol and held it over the place where the polonaise was wont to be, and walked toward a millinery establishment in a becoming manner, with no perceptible wiggle, we thought, "What poor creatures we are. Even a mule can teach us a thing or two, if we put on scollops around in front of him." If we live here a thousand years we never expect to see that girl twist and wiggle along the pavement again as she did that day. Though she may not have been injured in the fracas so as to make her limp, she will always feel that if she travels on her shape something will happen to her that will make her appearance as ridiculous as she did when the bay mule went one way with a mouthful of polonaise, while she went the other way without a mouthful of polonaise to her back.



**A Lucky Slip, or how the new "Slide" became the Style.**

[Scene, the greenroom of a theatre. Enter M<sup>lle</sup> Bondirette—in private life Nell Flanders—followed by Signor Tomasine—known to his friends as Bill Stubbs—maitre de ballet, and especial adorer of M<sup>lle</sup>. Bondirette.]

M<sup>lle</sup>.—"No, it's no use to talk to me. It was that beastly piece of wax that you dropped. It was all over the sole of my slippers, and, of course, I slipped. If you don't keep out of my way I'll murder you. Old Tendon has been ready to discharge me any time this three weeks, ever since he set eyes on that horrid Mitchel girl; and now it's all up, and it's your fault."

Goods Packed for the Country, or Delivered within 15 miles of the City,  
Free of Charge.

**Campbell Brothers, Royal Furnishing Arcade, 428 George-st.**

BEWARE OF THE INFLUENZA,

AND TAKE



WATT'S CARRAGHEEN,

OR

IRISH MOSS.

A FEW DOSES WILL CURE.

Price 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d. per bottle.

PREPARED ONLY BY

A. J. WATT, SON & CO.,

528 GEORGE STREET.

# The Mudgee Sharpening Stones can be obtained wholesale at Andrew Rowan & Co., 13 Pitt-street.

Signor—"Now don't take on so—"

M'lle—"Take on! Who wouldn't take on? Will keeping still pay my fine, I want to know?"

Sig—"But if you'd be quiet—"

M'lle—"Will it get me another engagement to keep quiet? And that hateful Mitchel dancing here in my place! Oh, I've no patience; I—"

Sig—"Hush! here comes Tendon."

[Enter Mr. Tendon, the manager.]

Ten—"Well, miss; so you call that dancing, do you? Slipping about the stage like a cow in mud! I've had patience enough with you, one would think, to give you time to keep on your feet, if you can't learn to dance."

M'lle—"I'm sure, sir, that—"

Ten—"Don't talk to me! Did you hear the house laugh! I'm sure, too, of one thing; and that is that I can find somebody that can dance, if you can't; and—"

[Call-boy rushes in.]

C. b.—"Where in the world is M'lle? Don't you hear them calling for her?"

Ten—"Calling for her?"

Sig—"Don't go, you'll be hissed."

M'lle—"Get out of my way, you fool: I'll go if they throw their boots at me!"

[Exit M'lle. Enter Tom Jones, a man about town.]

Tom—"Well, Nell has made a hit this time, that's sure."

Sig—"Eh?"

Ten—"What—that is—so it took, did it?"

Tom—"Immensely. That slide was the most devilish clever thing I ever saw in my life. Who got that up?"

Sig—"I—"

Ten—"Why, the fact is, Tom, it's a trick I invented. I thought it would take with the swells. [Enter M'lle.] Ah! here you are, my dear; I was just telling Mr. Jones how deucedly hard you had to work to get that slide so perfect. But you did it to perfection, Nell; just as I planned it, in fact."

M'lle—"Well, it was a smart thing, especially for you, Mr. Tendon. You don't always have so clever a dancer to carry out your bright ideas. You remember you said that if it took you'd double my salary."

Ten—"Not double it, Nell; only raise it."

M'lle—"No; double it. Why, just before I went out a minute ago, you said you were proud of me and meant to double it at the very least. I can give you your exact words. You said, you know, that I—"

Ten—"Yes, yes; it was double it. I remember now."

M'lle—"There, Mr. Jones, you are a witness. Ta-ta! I must go and dress."

Ten—"But you must practise the step every day, Nell."

M'lle—"Of course. I'm not a fool."

Sig.[aside].—"I suppose you'll forgive me now, won't you?"

M'lle.[aside].—"Yes, Bill; but get a good supply of wax for me."

And for the rest of the season M'lle Bondirette, in her new "slide," is all the rage.

Some housekeepers are so wasteful that the more flour they have the more they knead.



Giving an Account of Himself.

A small boy, who seems utterly destitute of holiness, is in the country spending his vacation. If he doesn't make things lively and bring his parents to grief before the summer wanes away it will be wonderfully remarkable. Here is an extract from a letter written by him to a schoolmate: "This is the best place in the world to have fun. There is six of us fellers, and an old man who lives here says he wishes we were all in hell. We threw his wheelbarrow into a well, and he couldn't get it out, and that is what made him swear. I got a fish-hook stuck into my nose, and don't you forget it ain't sore. The farmer folks put tin pans out into the sun to dry, and they are sick pans to hold milk after we jab some holes on 'em. The farmers mow down hay with a horse-rake, and scatter it around and pile it up. Gripple got one of his legs in a hay machine and got cut immense, and when he gets home he won't have any legs only one; he'll be a healthy kid to play foot-ball. There was a great circus when Jimme's mother came and found him crazy, he was so sick; he et too many cucumbers and two quarts of filberts, and I et mor'n he did. I want you to see Hickey and swap my rabbits for his gun. We fired a pistol four times at a cow yesterday and didn't kill her. Pistols ain't no good for game. We drowned six hens in a brook yesterday; it was sport to see 'em flop round. We shall drown some more to-morrow, and we shall drown some more every day. The doctor has cured Jimme, and his mother was goin' to take him home, but here is something funny, Jimme put some mice in his box and they et his clothes all up. When you send the gun, send a lot of powder and a lot of matches. We are goin' grouse shooting next week."

Sole Agents for New South Wales for Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines,  
Campbell Brothers, Complete House Furnishers, 428 George-st



Shirts Made  
to Order  
from 6s. 6d.

# A. J. TORNING,



Fit, Style and  
Workmanship  
Guaranteed.

From *FARMER & CO.,*

## Practical Shirt Maker,

GENTLEMEN'S MERCER,

HATTER, HOSIER, GLOVER, &c.

---

**476 GEORGE ST.,**

*OPPOSITE THE MARKETS,*

**SYDNEY.**

---

Private Dressing Room for convenience of Customers.

---

N.B.--PYJAMA SUITS a Speciality.

The **SILVER SHEEP SHEARING MACHINE**, with Flexible Shaft, can be seen working on the Grounds.

**ANDREW ROWAN & CO.,** Sole Agents, 13 Pitt-street.



### Tea-table Etiquette.

Some time ago we published an article on table-etiquette, and at the solicitation of our million or more of readers we have prepared the following additional rules:

1. Under no circumstances eat soup with a fork. The tines are apt to become dull from spearing soup.
2. Potato forks were not made to eat potatoes with. They were originally designed to raise baby "murphies" from the ground.
3. When the host is saying grace, pocket all you can grab. This will enable you to insist that you have a small appetite, and will insure a little private picnic when the company adjourns.
4. The northern fashion of eating with a coal shovel does not take here.
5. Never wipe your nose on the napkin, as you are apt to get your face dirty.
6. The teeth should never be picked with the knife handle. If the blade is sharp a severe wound may result.
7. A pocketful of torpedoes will cause untold fun at a supper. Occasionally plunk the old gentleman who talks so much on his bald head with one. To distract attention, begin an argument on some religious subject as soon as you have plunked.
8. When a toast is being proposed make all kinds of faces at the little boy of the house. He will roar. If possible, reach under the table, give him an awful pinch, and then look solemn. He will roar again. He will then be taken out into the back room, and you can make a few remarks on the depravity of the youth of our day.
9. Insist upon holding the baby. Then jump up, make a grimace, and run to its mother with it. This invariably creates much laughter. The young ladies will make believe blush, and the young men will snort.
10. After you have buttered your bread make believe to rub it on your hair. Nothing could be funnier—except the frog.

11. If called upon for a speech, make your lips move and gesticulate wildly with your arms. Do not speak a word, however. Continue this for half an hour or so.

12. In sitting down, manage to kick the chair and sit down on the floor. Grab at the table-cloth, and when you arise scowl at the small boy next to you.

13. Before sitting down, tie a string to the handle of the soup-tureen, and pass the string under the table to your place. When the hostess attempts to ladle the soup out, you can jerk the string and upset the tureen. This creates considerable amusement.

If the above rules are religiously followed by our young men, they will at once become popular, and will receive many invitations—to act as targets for wearing out shoes.



### Trying on a Bonnet.

A gentleman, whose business keeps him up late at nights, was persuaded to do a millinery errand for his wife the other night, and, as a result, stumbled up the front stairs about two o'clock in the morning with a brand new bonnet held carefully under his arm in a tissue paper. As soon as he turned on the gas his better half rubbed open her eyes and drowsily inquired:—

"You—forgot my—bonnet, didn't—you?"

"No, I didn't. Here's the business."

"Oh! is it?" and she sprang up and ripped the wrappings off in a jiffy, and, throwing her nightcap into the corner, adjusted the new purchase carefully on her head.

A boy was recently asked in school to name some part of his own body. He thought for a moment, and then replied, "Bowels; which are five in number—a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y."

Sole Manufacturers of the Standard Woven Wire Mattresses (see Exhibit),

**Campbell Brothers, Royal Furnishing Arcade, 428 George-st.**

# H. P. GREGORY & CO.

## ENGINEERS

AND

## General Machinery Merchants,

### 161 CLARENCE STREET,

### SYDNEY,

— HAVE FOR SALE —

## Pumping Machinery of every description,

And are prepared to give Estimates for the Supply alone,  
or including erection, of Irrigation Plants,  
to be worked by

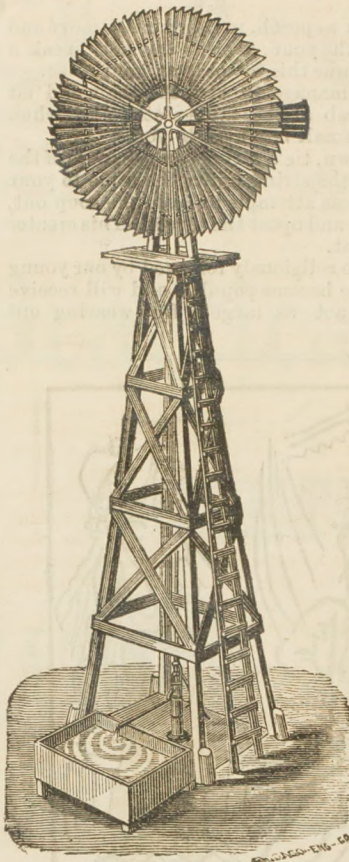
HAND POWER,

WINDMILL POWER,

HORSE POWER,

STEAM POWER—Direct Acting,

Or STEAM POWER from PORTABLE or other ENGINE.



SOLE AGENTS FOR

THE

Eclipse

Windmills,

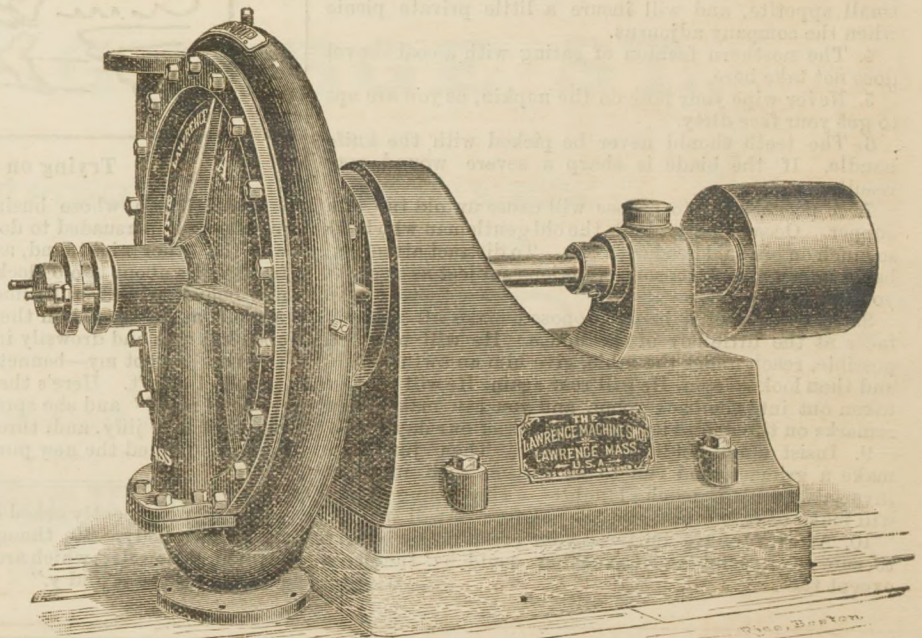
Blake's

Steam Pumps,

Laurence

Centrifugal Pumps

*All Enquiries  
cheerfully responded to.*



**Note the Address: 161 CLARENCE ST., SYDNEY.**

# The Mudgee Sharpening Stones are superior to all imported ones.



## The Woes of a One-legged Man.

Yesterday morning while the main guy of the *Boomerang* sanctum was putting some more carbohic acid in the paste pot, and unlimbering the genius, and tuning his lyre preparatory to letting loose a few stanzas on the mid-summer cucumber, a man with a cork leg, and the chastened air of a man who is second lieutenant in the home circle under the able and efficient command of his wife, came softly in and sat down on a volume containing the complete poems of Noah Webster.

He waited patiently until he could catch the speaker, humming softly to himself—

“Green grows the grave by the wild, dashing river,  
Where sleeps the brave with his arrow and quiver.”

When the time had arrived for the lodge to open up unfinished business, communications and new business, he ran his wooden leg through the rounds of a chair and said:

“I desire to make a few remarks on the subject of home government, and the rights a husband may have which his wife is bound to respect.”

“Yes, but we don’t enter the family circle with our all pervading influence. We simply attack evils of a public or general nature. You should pour your tale of woe into the ears of an attorney. He will dish out the required balm to you at so much per balm.”

“I know, but this is not strictly a case for the courts. It’s a case which raises the question of the husband’s priority and agitates the whole social fabric.”

“Last week I celebrated my 43rd birthday, or I started to celebrate it, and circumstances over which I had no control arose and busted the programme, as mapped out by the committee of arrangements.”

“It was the intention of the party, consisting of myself and several other of our most eminent men, to go over to Sabille Canyon with a mountain waggon and a

pair of pinto plugs for a little wholesome recreation. We had some weapons for slaying the frolicsome jack rabbit and the timid sage hen, and had provided ourselves against every possible rattlesnake contingency also. We had taken more precautions in this direction, perhaps, than in any other and were in shape to enjoy the wild grandeur of the eternal hills without fear from the poisonous reptile of the rugged gulches and alkali bottoms of this picturesque western country.

“We were all loaded up in good shape for the trip, and drove around to my house to get a camp kettle and some lemons. I went into the pantry to get a couple of pounds of sugar and a nutmeg.

“My wife met me in the pantry and roughly and brutally smelled of my breath.

“This was not the prerogative of a true wife, but she weighs 200 pounds and is middling resolute, so I allowed her to do so, although every man’s breath is his own property, and if he allows his wife to take advantage of her marital vows to smell his breath on the most unlooked for occasions, what is to become of our boasted freedom?

“I then went up stairs into a closet after a lap robe and a pillow to use in case any of us got sunstruck.

“My wife came in just then, and as I started away with the pillows she tripped me up so I fell inside the closet, and before I could recover from my surprise, she sat down on me in such a solemn and impressive manner that my eyes hung out on my cheeks like the bronze door-knobs on a Pullman car.

“There I was in the impenetrable gloom of a closet, with the trusting companion of my home life flattening out my stomach till I could feel my watch chain against my spinal column. She then unscrewed my cork leg in a mechanical kind of way and locked it up in the bureau drawer, putting the key in her pocket.

“After that she fastened the closet door on the outside, and told the party that I would be unable, owing to the inclemency of the weather, to take part in the exercises at Sabille Canyon.

“All through that long, long weary day, I stood around on one leg and looked out of the window, thinking what a potent spell is exerted over the wooden-legged man by an able-bodied wife.

“It is a question, sir, which is of vital interest to us all. Must the one-legged minority continue thus to subserve the interests of the great two-legged majority? I ask you as the representative of the all-civilising, all-levelling, all-powerful, and all jewillikin press, how long the corklimbed, taxation-without-representation masses must limp around the house and sew carpet-rags, writhing in the death-like grip of two legged oligarchy?”

He did not wait for an answer. He simply gathered up a few of our freshest exchanges and stole softly down stairs.

We decline to make any comment one way or the other, because we do not know that the country is ripe for the discussion of this question, but it deserves cold, calm, candid thought on the part of all thinking men, to say the least.—*Boomerang*.

“Women are so contrary,” said Blobbs. “I thought when I got married my wife would darn my socks, and let me alone; instead of that she lets my socks alone and darns me.”

Standard Woven Wire Mattresses. Cool, Comfortable, Cheap,  
Durable, Inexpensive.

Campbell Brothers, Complete House Furnishing, 428 George-st

# MUNN'S MAIZENA.

A SPECIALLY PREPARED FOOD

FOR

**Invalids and Children.**

MAKES DELICIOUS PUDDINGS AND BLANC MANGES.

**HAS TAKEN 21 FIRST PRIZES**



**MUNN'S**

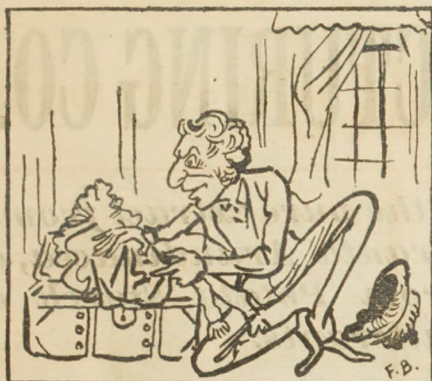
**AUSTRALIAN CORN FLOUR**

IS UNEQUALLED FOR

**Purity and Freshness.**

Ask your Grocer for it, and take no Other.

The SILVER SHEEP SHEARING MACHINE, with Flexible Shaft, can be seen working on the Grounds. ANDREW ROWAN & CO., Sole Agents, 13 Pitt-street.



There's the Difference.

Mr. Bowerman and his wife left for the country last week. One could tell that their boxes were not half full, as they were pitched into the luggage van with a crash. They began packing a week ago. When the subject was broached, he said he preferred to pack his own box, and he didn't propose to take a month to do it either. All he intended to take along with him was an extra suit, and he could throw that in almost any way. Night before last he began work. It struck him that he'd better put in an extra pair of boots as a foundation, and he flung 'em in and braced 'em in the corners with his clean shirts. The shirts didn't seem to ride very well, and he braced them with two pair of trousers. Then he stuffed his Sunday coat-pockets with collars and cuffs, and found a place for it, used his white vests for "chinking," and the balance of his clothing just fitted in nicely.

"The man who takes over ten minutes to pack a box is a dolt!" said Mr. Bowerman, as he slammed down the lid and turned the key.

Mrs. Bowerman had been at it just seven days and seven nights, and when the husband went upstairs at ten o'clock she sat down before the open box with tears in her eyes.

"You see how it is," she explained, as he looked down upon her in awful contempt. "I've got only part of my dresses in here, saying nothing of a thousand other things, and even now the lid won't shut down. I've got such a headache, I must sit down for a few minutes."

She went away to rest, and Mr. Bowerman sat down.

"Space is space. The use of space is in knowing how to utilise it," he mused.

Removing everything, he began repacking. He found that a silk dress could be rolled to the size of a quart jug. A freshly starched lawn was made to take the place of a pair of slippers. Her brown bunting fitted into the niche she had reserved for three handkerchiefs, and her best bonnet was turned bottom up in its box, and packed full of underclothing. He sat there viewing sufficient empty space to pack in a whole bed when she returned and said he was the only real good husband in this world, and she kissed him on the nose as he turned the key.

"It's simply the difference between the sexes," was his patronising reply, as he went downstairs to lock up for the night.

When that wife opened that box ——! But screams and shrieks would avail nothing.



Making both ends meet.

The baby rolls upon the floor,  
Kicks up his tiny feet,  
And pokes his toes into his mouth—  
Thus making both ends meet.

The dog attached to a tin pail  
Goes howling down the street,  
And as he madly bites his tail,  
He maketh both ends meet.

The butcher slays the pensive pig,  
Cuts off his ears and feet,  
And grinds them for a sausage big—  
Thus making both ends meet.

Whenever young ladies learn so to stick a pin in their apron-strings that it won't scratch a fellow's wrist, there will be more marriages.

A clerk went to his employer and said to him, "My uncle has arrived from the country to spend a few days, and I would like to be excused from the shop for a few hours, just to show him over the establishment." The master became enraged, stamped his foot, and loudly said, "Your business is in the shop. If you choose to go away from your business I shall stop your wages. We are too busy just now, and you can't go—if you do, you may go to the devil!—there!" "Well, sir," said the clerk, "I'm rather sorry, for if I don't see him he may buy his goods at some other house. He usually buys to a considerable sum." "Is that so?" said the master, calming down, and with a smile saints might have envied, "Why didn't you tell me that before, so that I could meet him at the railway when the train comes in?" appearing most gracious.

The Most Complete Furnishing House in the City,

The Royal Furnishing Arcade, Campbell Brothers, 428 George-street.

ORDER FOR YOUR OWN USE

THE

# IMPERIAL MANUFACTURING CO.'S

ARROWROOT

*Which is the pure extract from the plant Maranta Arundinacea, and is free from Potato Starch and other adulterants.*

CULINARY ESSENCES

*Which are the best that can be manufactured, one drop equal to two of any other.*

BAKING POWDER

*As ALL sufferers from indigestion should use this Baking Powder; it makes bread light as feathers.— Look for the Ship Brand.*

CORN FLOUR

*Which is made from picked Corn, and is guaranteed unsurpassed for freshness, purity and excellence of quality.*

ALL BEARING THEIR TRADE MARK



---

IMPERIAL COMPANY,

Make a Speciality of CEYLON TEAS, and are representing some of the best Plantations in Ceylon.

# Andrew Rowan & Co., 13 Pitt-st., Sole Wholesale Agents for the Mudgee Sharpening Stones.



**A Fishing Excursion Spoiled.**

At 8 o'clock the other morning a wife followed her husband down to the gate as he was starting for town, and kindly said to him:

"William, you know how sadly I need a blue serge dress."

"Yes, dear," he remarked, "but you know how hard up I am. As soon as I can see my way clear you shall have a new dress and a new hat to boot. Be patient, be good, and your reward shall be great."

Forty minutes afterwards he emerged from a restaurant with a big basket and a fishing rod, bound up the river. In the basket was a chicken, pickles, a cake, fruit, and a bottle of liquid of a rich colour, and he was just lighting a sixpenny cigar when his wife came along.

"What! you here?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I'm going West. Where are you going—what's in the basket?"

"I was going to carry this fishing-rod round to a friend," he modestly answered.

"And that basket?"

"This basket—well, I was going to take it to the orphan asylum as a present to the children. It is a donation from six leading tradesmen."

"William, I don't believe it."

"Sh! Don't talk so loud."

"William, I shall talk louder?" she exclaimed. "I am sure you are going a fishing."

"Mary, have I ever deceived you?" he plaintively asked.

"I never have. As a proof of my sincerity you can take this basket to the asylum yourself."

"And I'll do it," she promptly replied, as she relieved him of it.

"Mary, hadn't you—"

"No, sir, I hadn't! You'd better hurry up with that fishing-rod, as the man may want it, and be careful how you stand in the hot sun."

She left him there. He watched her take the 'bus for home, and then he returned the fishing-rod and crossed the street and said to an acquaintance:

"Tom, I'm suffering with neuralgia, and the excursion is off till next week. Too bad, but we can never tell what a day may bring forth."

There was chicken and other good things on the table at dinner, but he never smiled. Even when his wife wished she was an orphan, if that was the way they were fed, he never betrayed the gloom in his heart. It was only when she handed him the bottle he had so carefully tucked into the basket, and he saw it labelled, "Good for Little Children," that he said:

"Mary, it is an awful thing for the wife to get the impression that her husband is a cold-blooded liar!"

"It must be," she replied, as she took the other chicken wing, and looked happy and contented.



**The Rhinoceros.**

The rhinoceros lives in Ashar, and you kant stick a pin in 'im 'cause his weskit is bilt ov ole stoves. When a rhinoceros is gonter be killed you muz always go up to him from before soez he'll kno somethin' of it an' try an' make a place for a bullit to git in. His nose is got a upper teeth that's got no businez ware it iz, and if a boy should set on it he better stay plugged up else he'll be all one pore. I'd rather be a polliwig if I wuz a rhinoceros, tho' I spose if I wuz I wooden't.—Little Johnnie.

If you are about to Furnish, inspect our large and well-assorted stock.

**Campbell Brothers, Complete House Furnishers, 428 George-st**

# PRIDDY & CO.,

THE PREMIER **HATTERS** & MEN'S MERCHANTS

COUNTRY ORDERS  
FOR  
LATEST FASHIONS  
And BEST VALUES  
PROMPTLY ATTENDED  
TO.



HATS OF EVERY  
DESCRIPTION.  
—  
SHIRTS, COLLARS, TIES,  
UMBRELLAS, &c.

438 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY,

NEARLY OPPOSITE LASSETTER'S.

Branch: 678 GEORGE ST., BRICKFIELD HILL

ESTABLISHED 1850

## H. PRESCOTT & CO.,

Wholesale Grocers & Provision Merchants,

PRODUCE COMMISSION AGENTS & SHIPPING PROVIDORES,

101 SUSSEX STREET, SYDNEY,

Undertake the disposal of all descriptions of Farm and Dairy Produce on moderate terms, and are prepared to supply these goods and groceries to buyers at reasonable rates.

COMMERCIAL AGENTS

FOR THE

AUSTRALASIAN NEW HEBRIDES COMPANY, LIMITED.

# The Mudgee Sharpening Stones may be had in all sizes.



## We must have Reform!

One day a Lobster, who had been beaten at Old Sledge, went over to see the Shark about it, and the two poor souls talked it over, wiped their eyes, and finally decided to call a reform convention. A call was written out, signed "Many Citizens," and duly posted, so that all might read. When the hour arrived it brought the Shark, the Lobster, the Devil Fish, the Wolf, the Tiger, the Eagle, the Serpent and the Alligator, and it was really affecting to see their tears as they shook hands and spoke of the painful necessity that had brought them together.

The Shark took the chair, and announced that he was a strong advocate of reform. He had heard of the Wolf eating sheep, and he felt that such things must be stopped, or the country would be lost.

"If it's any worse to eat sheep than sailors, then I want to know it?" retorted the wolf. "Besides that, it is the Tiger who raises all this outcry by his misdeeds. I move, sir, that he be reformed."

"Gentlemen," slowly remarked the Tiger, as he rose up, "I have been maliciously slandered. I'm a peaceful, law-abiding citizen, and I think it too bad that every murder committed by the Devil Fish should be laid at my door. I hope he will reform."

"Mr. Chairman, I'm astonished," remarked the Devil Fish, as he took the floor. "I supposed you all knew me to be one of the humblest, feeblest creatures in the world. I wouldn't hurt anybody for a penny; but it is the Alligator and his doings which has made this convention necessary."

"That's another!" exclaimed the Alligator. "For years past I have borne the odium of crimes committed by the

Eagle, and I'll be hanged if I stand it any longer! Reform must begin with the Eagle."

"I rise to say," exclaimed the Eagle, "that I look so much like the Serpent that he shoulders his misdeeds off on my back. I hope the convention will hurt his feelings as he has hurt mine."

"Well, now, but I am surprised!" observed the Serpent. "The wicked Lobster has so managed that I must suffer for his crimes. He comes on shore, kills an ox or horse, directs the finger of suspicion at me, and then hustles back to his water home and is safe. Gentlemen, I ask to be set right in the eyes of the world."

The Lobster arose, heaved a deep sigh as he looked around, and then said: "If the Fish Worm had been invited to this convention I should have had a chance to clear myself by charging him with having committed crime in my name. Under the circumstances I move that we adopt a resolution to the effect that the Hare must be hung for highway robbery, and then adjourn."

MORAL: Never begin a reform at home.



## Awkward Predicament.

Last evening particulars were learned of a distressing occurrence at Elborough. There lives within the limits of the town named a middle-aged farmer, named Henry Goodplower, who, although honest, is not addicted to the careful observance of the Biblical injunction to keep holy the Sabbath, which is indicative of a pious man.

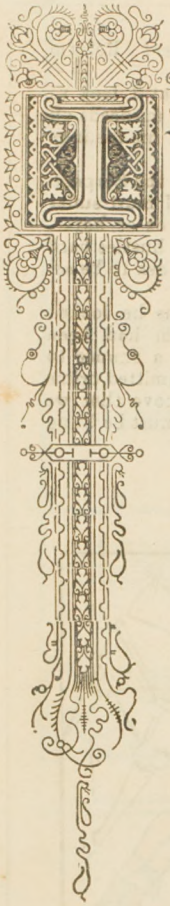
On Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Goodplower attended the circus, and the lady remarked, with feelings of admiration and astonishment, the contortions of the india-rubber man, who placed his feet on the back of his own neck with manifest ease and grace.

The circus ended, and the Elborough audience returned to their homes, Mrs. G. deeply thoughtful.

Yesterday, the farmer, who, as stated above, is not a member of any religious denomination, accompanied by his

Sole Agents for New South Wales for Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines,  
Campbell Brothers, Complete House Furnishers, 428 George-st

# CHOOSE YOUR PRINTER.



**N** this progressive Nineteenth Century business men are apt to look with suspicion upon the firm whose Memoranda, Billheads, Handbills, Circulars, &c., are printed in a careless style; and it behoves every Tradesman to see that he entrusts his work to none but competent artists. It may cost a little more at the outset, but depend upon it the extra outlay will be amply counter-balanced by the confidence of his customers, and the additional patronage which will assuredly fall to his share in consequence.

THEREFORE A TRIAL ORDER GIVEN TO

**BATSON & CO.,**  
**Fine Art & General Printers,**  
BOOKBINDERS,  
MANUFACTURING STATIONERS, &C.,  
195 CLARENCE STREET, SYDNEY,

WILL PROVE THE WISDOM OF YOUR CHOICE.

## UNSOLICITED OPINIONS.

*From the Evening News, Jan., 1888.*

A PRETTY SOUVENIR.—The “companionship” of printers on the staff of the *Evening News* and *Town and Country Journal* were resolved not to allow the momentous epoch of our Centennial to pass without some appropriate souvenir, and so got a beautifully designed and appropriate card produced, which has been forwarded to kindred bodies of “brethren of the craft” throughout the Colonies. MESSRS. BATSON & Co. were entrusted with the task, and have furnished cards which reflect high credit alike on the originators of the movement, and on the artists and printers employed in the production. The design is unique, and shows a delicate and tasteful manipulation of colours.

*From the Sydney Morning Herald Staff, Jan. 2, 1888.*

In referring to a Centennial Greeting Card, they say:—“The neatness of the design of the card, and also the printing on it, have been generally admired, and we feel a little proud of the belief that OUR CARD will not be excelled this year.”

Messrs. Ryan, Hammond & Donkin, Stock & Station Agents, &c., on retiring from business, write:—“We beg to express our satisfaction at the way you have done our printing, and to say that we consider your charges reasonable.”

Speaking of *Martin's Home & Farm*, the *Blayney Argus* says:—“The name of Batson is sufficient guarantee that it is beautifully printed.”

The SILVER SHEEP SHEARING MACHINE, with Flexible Shaft, can be seen working on the Grounds.  
ANDREW ROWAN & CO., Sole Agents, 13 Pitt-street.

hired man, betook himself to the cornfield to make up for lost time.

After the men had departed Mrs. Goodplower sat down on the floor to carry out a plan which she had been turning over in her mind. She is of a very emotional nature and the more she thought of the indifference of the men the more she became fixed in the belief that she must make her efforts. The first feat she accomplished was to get at the back of her neck with her hands, a feat which she accomplished with the most circumstantial care.

She then proceeded to get up and to go to the window and to look out at the good night foot of the moon, a desperate effort which she made less than a week ago. She would not have done this if the woman gave her any help.

In the meantime, the clock struck twelve and the hired man were breaking the Sabbath and the cornfield look sick. All the morning they toiled, and as noon came on they looked anxiously and expectantly toward the house, but no signs that dinner was ready were received.

At last the shadows and yearning stomachs convinced the reapers that dinner-time was long past. The farmer led the way to the house, and on entering the door, his startled gaze fell upon the form of the wife of his bosom coiled up on the floor like a section of hose, the fire out and the dishes unwashed. The horrified man at first thought it was an attack of green cucumbers, but on attempting to raise his helpmate discovered the difficulty.

The knots were untied, the kinks untangled, and the woman straightened out. She will resolve herself into a circus no more.

A poor man ought never feel lonely while he carries the rheumatism around with him in his bones!

While warehouses are full of patented medicines, which on the certificates of clergymen, will cure every known disease, people are actually to be blamed for dying.

A little girl was arrested recently for cutting the cushions in a first-class railway carriage. In answer to the magistrate, she said she wanted to get hair to stuff her doll with!

Marson thinks that Miss Prim must be close on forty! He says that a tree adds a ring to its growth every year, and he has counted nearly forty rings on her taper fingers! She will be, perhaps, less proud of them when she sees this paragraph!

He was a hard drinker, and had quite a claret-coloured nose, but was a most kind-hearted and amiable man, for when the flies gathered upon his nose, he used to say, "Oh, don't drive them away; they're having a good time, and if they can get their liquor without paying for it, I don't mind."

It appears rather strange to hear that Sarah Bernhardt lately remarked that she did not intend to marry, was never married, but the ambition of her life is to give her two sons brilliant educations. If she has never been married, where did she raise—? But, of course, it is none of our business.



About Love.

- That the boy who is most afraid of the girls is the first to rush into matrimony.
- That the little boys prefer boys to girls.
- That they soon change never to go back to their early love.
- That little girls love the girls best.
- That they don't get over their preference as soon as the boys do—some of them never.
- That the women love the men because they love everything they have to take care of.
- That men love women because they can't help it.
- That the wife loves her husband so well that she has no thoughts for other men.
- That the husband so loves his wife that he loves all women for her sake.
- That a married man is apt to think himself all-killing among the fair sex simply because he has found one woman fool enough to marry him.
- That homely husbands are the best. They never forget the compliment paid them by their wives in accepting them.
- That homely wives are the truest. They know how to make the most of what they have.
- That the man who marries late in life does well.
- That the man who marries young does better.
- That the man who never marries is to be pitied.
- That the woman who marries does well.
- That the woman who does not marry does better nine times out of ten.

"What is the greatest charge on record?" asked a professor of history. And the absent-minded student replied, "£2 3s. for cab hire for self and girl for two hours!"

Goods Packed for the Country, or Delivered within 15 miles of the City—Free of Charge.

Robb Brothers, Royal Furnishing Arcade, 428 George Street





THE

IMPERIAL MANUFACTURING CO.'S

SHIP BRAND

PORTABLE TABLET

Flavoured with Lemon, Pineapple, Strawberry, &c.

AND

PORTABLE CALVES' FEET JELLY.

THESE ARE

Delicacies within the reach of all.

When asking for the Imperial Manufacturing  
Compy.'s Goods,

LOOK FOR THEIR TRADE MARK



WITHOUT WHICH NONE IS GENUINE.

J.P.  
C.

MSM ML Q 1827 I

# The Genuine Mudgee Sharpening Stones.



## Philosophy Consoling Love.

Oh, why did she ever return them,  
 This bundle of fond billet-doux?  
 There's nought for it now but to burn them,  
 After reading them through if I choose.

Withered fruits of a once blooming passion,  
 They have fallen like leaves from the tree,  
 And the girl that I once was spoons on  
 No longer is sweet upon me.

As fondly past pleasures recalling,  
 I think of my lost love and all,  
 I know the sad tears should be falling—  
 But somehow the tears will not fall.

There's a consciousness over me stealing  
 That, whatever people may say,  
 No sensible girl of fine feeling  
 Would ever have thrown me away.

Why, look at this note I am reading.  
 By George! who would ever have guessed  
 She could have resisted the pleading  
 Of a passion so neatly expressed?

And why should a man feel dejected  
 Who's been casting his pearls before swine?  
 Why, hang it! I'm really affected  
 On reading these letters of mine.

It strikes me that for delicate fancy,  
 Quaint conceits full of feeling and art,  
 They're unique, and really I can't see  
 How she read without losing her heart.

Here's a poem; how consummate that verse is;  
 Ah, the maid who could read it unmoved  
 By the love it so sweetly rehearses,  
 Surely does not deserve to be loved.

Had she feeling and wit she'd not spurn them;  
 Well, I'll read them all over, and then  
 I think, on the whole, I'll not burn them,  
 Some time I may use them again.



## "Oh! Don't Blush!"

Since the electric light has proved a success for lighting large buildings it has occurred to a scientific man that electricity could be used on wheeled vehicles. He knew by experience that there was always more or less electricity wasted—for instance, when a young couple were out riding. So he experimented. Those who were out on the Enfield Road last Sunday evening may have been astonished at the unusual light that shone the whole length of the road as a certain carriage passed along; and they probably observed the fright of the two occupants. The scientific man had learned that a certain young man had engaged a gig at the livery stable for the evening, so he bribed the livery man to let him experiment with it.

The young experimentalist commenced by putting a small electric lamp on the lower part of the dashboard, out of sight of the driver, and ran small copper wires to the back of the seat. It was known to this student of nature that when a dark young man and a fair girl, who act as the positive and the negative—that is, he is positive he will put his arm around her, and she negatives the arrangement at first (until after dark!)—

The Most Complete Furnishing House in the City,  
 The Royal Furnishing Arcade, Campbell Brothers, 428 George-street.

# ANGUS & SON

CARRIAGES

BUGGIES

WAGONS

HARNESS

Country Visitors are invited to inspect the magnificent stock of every description of vehicle at our large and well-lighted showrooms.

See our exhibit in main building, and all information from attendant.

ANGUS & SON,  
73 & 75 CASTLEREAGH ST., SYDNEY,  
NEAR KING STREET.  
STEAM FACTORY: NEWTOWN.

## CREELMAN & CO.,

PHOTOGRAPHERS,

IN THE

**SYDNEY ARCADE,**

Have greatly  
Reduced their Prices  
for  
Photographs.

CABINETS

NOW

**15s.**

**PER DOZEN.**

DSM/ QA827/ I  
The illustrated comic budget  
: for gratuitous  
distribution at the N.S.W.  
Agricultural Society Show,  
Easter, 1890.

**STATE LIBRARY  
OF N.S.W.**



N2148396

