



ST. MARTIN'S PLACE.—POST OFFICE ON LEFT.

Cheap Jacks.—

"A real Californian gold stamped ring—what, no bid! Well, gentlemen, I'll tell you what I'll do; I am not here to-night to do business for myself, but for my employers, Messrs. Lettum and Company, Limited, of Number 3. I will, gentlemen, give you—this is a real gift, mind you—one of our peerless, untarnishable, watches; yes, and what is more, I will also, in addition, besides, as well, gentlemen, make you a further gift of a pair of solid stamped Blackchapel solitaires and a set of studs!

"This, gentlemen, is an offer never yet before made to the British public, and I'm sure you will not let this opportunity of a life-time escape your notice!

"Yes! Solid gold rings, our patent automatic balancing movement watch in solid imitation gold, together with a set of sleeve links—yes! the lot, I will not say a dollar; no, gentlemen, my price to-night shall not be half a dollar, nor a florin, or eightpence, but a bob the lot, gentlemen!

"And thank you; that gentleman over there; ten shillings—you want some change—is there so much money in the world?

"I have only a few dozen sets left now of these marvellous offers, and want to clear the lot to-night; and last week at Reading I sold over four dozen gross of these goods, and could have sold as many again—and thank you—who gave me the half-a-crown with a hole in it?—was it you?—you, sir?—and do you expect a bob and a tanner back? I guess it's a 'wrong 'un.' 'Ere, you give me back my lot, and see if you can buy anything like it in this town at half the price of bad oof!"

"Yes! the whole of this for the ridiculous sum of one shilling!!!! Rear in mind!

"Ah! sold again—and again—thank you, gentlemen.

"Now, here are unredeemed pledges, a fresh line; seeing that, gentlemen, you are one and all supplied with our peerless ring and free golden gifts.

"Ah!—now here, look you here; did you ever see anything like this in the way of . . ."

. . . but I was not tempted to squander any money on these bargains-of-a-lifetime.

The site was a market square of a flourishing riverside town on a Saturday night, when you could get teeth extracted or pulled for nothing excepting torture, by "tooth-tuggers," who displayed an array of weapons upon the seat backs of a hired wagonette. It was harvest time, and the labourers were there in great numbers and somewhat flush of cash.



THE PROCESSION COMING OUT OF THE DOMAIN.

The Commonwealth Celebrations in Sydney.