



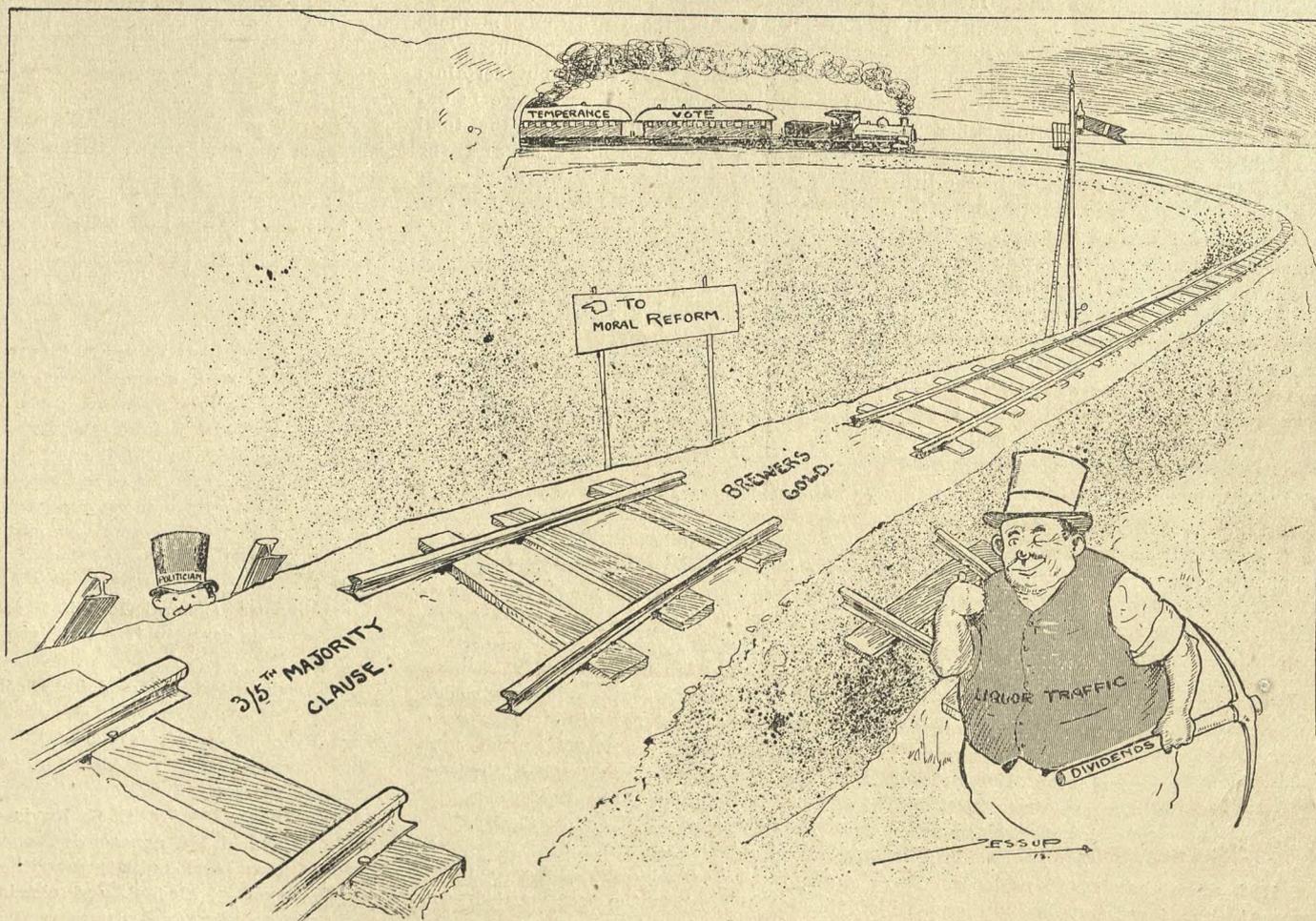
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Grit.

A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. VII. No. 41. Price One Penny. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1913. Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by Post as a Newspaper.



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A Famous Non-Alcoholic Experiment.

FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF THE LONDON TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL.

CHARLES E. BAILEY, Wheatley, Doncaster, England.

Without question utilization of alcohol for supposed medicinal purposes has proved one of the greatest obstacles to universal adoption of total abstinence principles. Thereby non-teetotallers considerably sympathetic with the temperance movement's aims have not infrequently been prevented from definite rejection of intoxicants, wives and mothers have been allured to drinking habits, and reformed drunkards have relapsed into their previous inebriate ways. A few decades past on both sides of the Atlantic alcohol was regarded as the panacea for well-nigh all ills to which the human body is subject. Britain's late primate, Archbishop Temple, could remember the time when if any hospital in England and the sister countries had refused to place alcohol in the list of remedies to be employed, the leading officials would have rendered themselves liable to a charge of manslaughter. To-day a vast improvement in medical opinion and in public sentiment is evident in this respect. Largely, though not entirely, alcohol is now discarded in the treatment of disease. Conspicuous among the causes which have led to this remarkable change for the better is the London Temperance Hospital with its lengthened and exceedingly satisfactory experience of total abstinence methods.

Methods and Practical Results.

The Hospital has existed just forty years. For some time prior to its commencement the temperance leaders of Britain had been convinced of the serious perils lurking in the alcoholic prescription, and those particularly conversant with the physiological phase of the movement were convinced also of the very little real utility alcohol was as a medical aid. Accordingly it was resolved to inaugurate a practical test. During the first seven months seventy-three patients were treated; the following twelve months 129; and during twenty-five years, to the end of 1898, more than 15,000 patients. To the present time there have been approximately 35,000 and additionally an enormous number of out-patients. The scope of the experiment can, therefore, scarcely be doubted. Sometimes, in view of the excellent results obtained, the allegation has been made that the cases to be treated are selected. Refuting that statement, Sir Vesey Strong, chairman of the annual meeting this year, said: "Our wards are open to all needy cases, and if we differentiate at all it is to

give preference to the most serious cases." While strict abstinence is the rule pursued, alcohol may be given in special cases if deemed advisable by the medical officer in charge. Such cases have, however, been extremely rare, only ninety-five in all when the last report was presented, and in the preponderance of these cases the patients have died. Of persons of all classes treated the majority have been non-abstainers, no restriction of Hospital help to teetotallers obtaining, and "while the temperance methods practised and temperance atmosphere experienced exercise their silent but certainly very effective influence, no pressure is exerted upon the patients to sign the total abstinence pledge. The methods and the results are simply allowed to leave their indelible impress. "They do cure yer," as one woman expressed it, "though they don't give yer no brandy."

Wisdom of its Founders Demonstrated.

A remarkable success, the experiment has demonstrated beyond dispute that strict abstinent methods are equally efficacious with ordinary methods in treatment of hospital cases, and much superior to the strongly alcoholic methods formerly in vogue. During the first twenty-five years of the Hospital's existence 1062 deaths occurred in the 15,274 cases treated, a ratio of under seven per cent., a figure comparing most favorably with the results in other hospitals of like general character in Britain. The report issued in March, 1901, states: "From the opening of the Hospital to the end of 1900 the in-patients numbered 17,910. The cures were 10,372 and the deaths 1290, giving the low percentage of 7.2 per cent." Four years later a leading British medical journal, summarizing particulars of more than thirty of London's hospitals for the preceding year, showed the proportion of deaths in the whole to be just over 9 per cent., but that in the Temperance Hospital only 7.3 per cent. In 1911, due doubtless to the protracted dryness and heat of the summer months, the mortality was somewhat above the average for the years previous, but last year was normal again, 7.6 per cent. This figure expresses, also, practically—7.7 exactly—the percentage of deaths throughout the whole of the Hospital's history to December 31, 1912. Surely these authoritative statistics speak for themselves and render comment needless. During this period of forty years, said the

Board of Management in April last, "a great advance has been made in demonstrating the wisdom of the founders of the Hospital as to the moral and social evil resulting from the general practice of the indiscriminate administration of alcohol in the treatment of diseases."

Influence Upon Medical Practice Generally.

Clear additional evidence of the Temperance Hospital's success is seen in the adoption of similar total abstinence principles in other medical institutions, and in the remarkable diminution of the amount of alcohol used in hospitals not characterised as "Temperance." In 1893, largely through the energy of Miss Bettina Hoffker, the New York Red Cross Hospital was established with a clause in its constitution providing that all cases were to be treated if possible without recourse to alcohol, and in 1895 no fewer than 433 were thus treated. A few years previous Dr. A. Monae Lesser, the first executive surgeon, constrained by force of the London Temperance Hospital results, had conducted an experiment with non-alcoholic methods and been thoroughly convinced after twelve months' experience that alcohol was entirely, or almost entirely, unnecessary for medicinal purposes. Similarly established and conducted, the Frances Willard Hospital of Chicago, the Kane Hospital of Pennsylvania, and the Battle Creek Sanatorium of Michigan have given like demonstration of total abstinence success. In the famous Royal Hospital, Edinburgh, the alcohol bill for the year 1840 was approximately eleven dollars per bed; now it is very near the vanishing point. During the year ending March, 1875, the cost of stimulants in the Cork Street Hospital, Dublin, was twenty-one dollars per bed; during the year ending March, 1908, it was much less than one dollar. Though in sixteen years the number of patients in the London County Asylums has doubled, the consumption of wines and spirits has been reduced to one-seventh, and that of beer to little more than one-three-hundredth of the previous amounts. As stated by Dr. R. C. Cabot of Boston, the expenditure on alcohol for each patient in the Massachusetts General Hospital decreased from forty-six cents in 1898 to thirteen cents in 1907.

"No Illness Ever Cured by Alcohol."

Important corroboration of the London Temperance Hospital's proof of the advisability of non-alcoholic medication has been manifest in many directions. From April, 1896, to June, 1899, Dr. C. G. Davis of Chicago performed 550 consecutive operations, some of most serious nature, without any use whatever of alcohol, and obtained exceedingly satisfactory results. Regarding non-utilization of alcohol he wrote: "I am not prejudiced against its use. Beyond scientific medical association I belong to no temperance society. My action is based entirely upon scientific thought, observation, and experience." The late Dr. J. J. Ridge, and Dr. Hay, eminent physicians of London and Liverpool respectively, have similarly

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The Man Who Made Christmas.

By DR. NORMAN PORRITT.

"There, that shall be the last this side of Christmas," said the busy mother, as she threw the card of hooks and eyes into the heaped-up basket at her feet. Then rising from the hard, wooden chair, she drew off her thimble and stabbed her needle into the pin-cushion hung like an ornament below the black, ugly mantel. The only ornaments the mantel boasted were a pewter candlestick disfigured by guttering tallow, and a paraffin lamp with a broken, grimy chimney. The sputtering glow of a coke fire, eked out with pieces of coal the elder boy had gathered in the street as they fell from passing carts, served to bring out not merely the lack of ornaments but the obtrusive dinginess and bareness of the little room. But the exuberance of childish anticipation was not to be repressed by weird and gloomy surroundings.

"Look what a lot. My! Shan't we get something for all these!" said the elder boy, a lad of eleven, who kneeling on the piece of sacking stretched across the hearth, buried his arms in the cards of hooks and eyes in the basket.

"How many packs will there be, mother?" asked his sister Myra, a pale-faced child a couple of years younger than her brother.

"Twenty dozen," shouted four-year-old Harry, clapping his hands, as he sat in the baby chair he always filled. "An' I linked," and in his old-fashioned way he opened wide the eyes that looked a size too large for the thin face in which they were set, and paused a moment to consider—"Twenty thousand dozen."

"Mother, listen to Harry," begged Myra, laughing.

"Well, now, we'll count them and find out," mother replied, as an answering smile spread over her thin, worn face.

Instantly the two elder children were on their feet, handing the cards to their mother, who laid them in heaps, a gross in each heap on the table. The children kept count as each fresh heap or pack was completed, whilst little Harry, whose legs had been paralysed since birth, was lifted to the table, and sat like a little king surrounded by the heaps, his wistful face full of restrained excitement, as his staring eyes watched each fresh heap grow around him.

"That's eleven."

"Leven," repeated Harry.

"That's twelve, and there's lots more," cried his brother.

"Twelve," repeated Harry. Then "Thirteen," and finally "fourteen" was announced, with Harry's solemn confirmation of the count "tirteen," "tourteen."

The packs were then replaced in the baskets ready for the messenger, who was expected at any moment, to take them to the factory and bring back the money.

The lamp having been lit, mother and children gathered round the table for tea. As a special treat—a reward for industry—a herring graced the board, and divided be-

tween the family, helped down the weak tea and the dry bread, on which the portions were placed for want of plates. But this frugal meal did not check the children's rising spirit, weary as they were with their monotonous labours. Together they had put 48,384 hooks and eyes on the fourteen gross of cards, the mother stitching them on the cards, whilst the children linked them together.

"It'll be fourteen shillings, won't it, mother?" asked the elder boy, his mouth watering at the prospect of such affluence. "It'll buy ever so many nice things, and Myra and me will be able to have evergreens and flags and Chinese lanterns and a real little Father Christmas to go wassailing with, and I know a terrace where we'll get ever so much money."

"And I know another," said Myra. "I do wish Christmas was here."

"Mother," broke in Harry, who, in his little chair by his mother's side was receiving the greater part of his mother's share of the herring, "who made Christmas?"

"I know," answered his brother eagerly. "God made it. Didn't He?"

"Where did He make it?" continued the child, with whom the answer to one question only suggested another. "Did He do it down here, or right above the top of the sky, in Heaven?"

With a loving smile, the mother glanced down at her cripple as she answered—"Both."

"And do they have Christmas in Heaven?"

"Yes, it's always Christmas in Heaven."

"Never anything else?"

"No, never nothing else."

"My! how nice. It must be a grand, lovely place. And did God send Christmas down from Heaven, like He sends the snow, and the frost, and the rain?"

"Not quite, Harry. More like the sunshine and the warmth and the spring-time and the flowers, to make us glad and happy."

"And then, mother," said Myra, "Christmas always comes in the night, and God sends him right from the sky and down the chimbley when we're all asleep. And though we never see him, yet, when we waken in the morning, he's been and gone, and we know Christmas has come."

"Does no one not never see him?" asked Harry. "Never?" he repeated, after one of his thoughtful pauses.

"If they looked and tried to see him, they would frighten him away, wouldn't they, mother?" Myra asked.

"But I wouldn't frighten him," Harry replied. "I'd give him," and he looked up at the dirty, almost plasterless, ceiling, to consider, "twenty thousand kisses. Mother," he begged, "I do want to see the Man what makes Christmas."

"He can't, can he, mother?" the elder boy asked.

But mother's sad face was thoughtful, and she answered nothing.

"But I do so want to see him," the child repeated. "Just to tell Him how much I love Him. He wouldn't be cross, would He, mother?"

"No, He loves children too well for that."

"And shall I never see Him?" he asked.

"Never see the dear good Man what makes Christmas?"

"Some day, love, you'll see Him," the mother answered, as the suspicion of a tear trickled down her wasted cheek, and she brushed it away with the corner of her apron. "And till then we must try to have Christmas in our hearts, and when I get the money for the hooks and eyes, we'll buy something nice for Christmas Day dinner. What would you like best?"

"Pork with stuffing," the bigger boy answered promptly. "Won't it be grand?"

"I'd rather have dumplings and broth, like we get at the soup kitchen," said Myra.

"And I'd rather have—I don't know what I'd have, cos' I only wants to see the man what makes Christmas," Harry moaned.

"Hush," said the mother, as a heavy step was heard coming up the court. "Here's father."

Instantly the two elder children fled to the bottom of the steps leading to the upstairs room, and waited there in watchful trepidation. The latch rattled under the awkward attempt to raise it. At length the door yielded, and a big, burly laborer, with hot, flushed face, and glistening eyes, his head drooping over his breast, and his hat askew, staggered into the room. His wife rose to go towards him. Harry shrieked in terror. At the sound the man looked up in a dazed, muddled way, then muttering something inaudible, either lost the use of his legs or tripped on the uneven brick floor. He fell headlong. The table, where the paraffin lamp burnt amid the remains of the tea, was in front of him. He was just far enough from it to fall against it with his head and shoulders. The mugs and teapot rattled together as the table tilted. Worst of all, the paraffin lamp toppled over. A stream of blazing paraffin poured upon the hearth and soaked into the sack hearthrug. Harry, in his little chair, was in the path of the blazing stream.

Shrieks of pain were now added to his shrieks of terror. The father heeded them not, for he lay helpless on the brick floor, his benumbed faculties lapsing into the oblivion of a drunken sleep. The mother flew to her child, dragged him out of the sheet of flame, tore off his burning rags, dashed the flaming "hearthrug" against the fire place, and taking the little sufferer in her arms, waited while the terrified, shrieking Myra ran upstairs for a shawl, and her scared, weeping brother fetched a neighbor.

"You must get him to the 'ospital as soon as possible," said the neighbor.

Between them, they covered him with such wrappings as they could borrow, for there were none suitable in the house. Heedless of his father, snoring away on the floor

(Continued on Page 10.)

"Quality Tells"

AT

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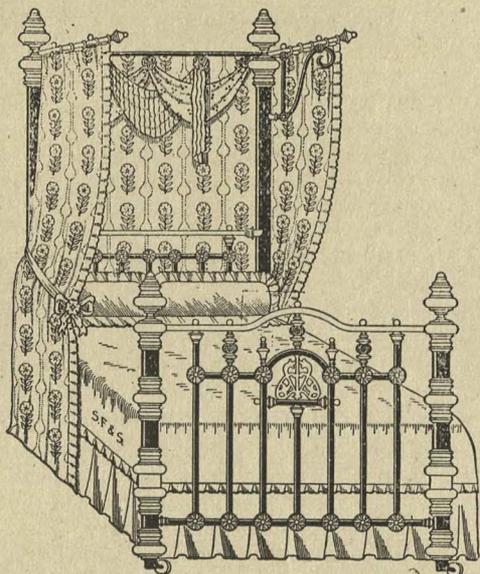
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New South Wales Alliance.

STATE COUNCIL MEETING.

The first State Council meeting after the poll was held on Monday night. The Ven. Archdeacon Boyce presiding. The campaign was discussed, and it was resolved that a special committee be appointed to go carefully into the results of the poll and formulate plans for future action.

The Council placed on record its high appreciation of the services rendered to the cause by the President, and made special mention of the platform work of Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, J. Paterson, M.A., A. M. Yeates, M.A., G. Cranston, and others, whilst the Speakers' Team received a well-merited pat on the back.

GOULBURN'S GREAT FIGHT.

Nothing has been finer in the recent fight than the way Goulburn has responded. Under the skilled direction of Mr. Arthur Toombs, the vote has increased by 8 per cent. The amount of money spent is possibly the highest for any one electorate in this State, reaching £600, and the local committee has finished almost free of debt. This but serves as an illustration of what can be done, when there are skilled workers

to manage, and enthusiastic supporters to stand behind and help.

BURWOOD'S GOOD SHOWING.

Another electorate worthy of special mention is Burwood, which finishes with a 55.20 vote. Messrs. Francis Wilson (president), J. Hetherington (secretary), and O. A. Piggott (organizer) are a trio that "bung" will need to watch anywhere, and when supported by that veteran Mr. J. Strongman, the fight got fast and furious. We have such a fine lot of local experts who have shown exceptional qualifications in anti-liquor fighting, that it seems a pity we could not engage them to go right on giving their time exclusively to this great work.

THE WORLD-WIDE MOVEMENT.

Good news is to hand from everywhere. Here are a few items indicating the trend of opinion from various parts of the globe, and cabled to Australia this week.

FROM NEW ZEALAND.

Mr. Massey, the Premier, has promised to introduce a bill in the next session of Parliament reducing the percentage required to carry from 60 to 55 per cent. The cables also tell us that Mr. J. McComb has been

elected as the new representative for Lyttelton. Mr. McComb has been persistently on the track of the liquor men for years, and his able articles were of immense value to us in the recent fight in this State. In Parliament he will be able to advocate a fair deal for the Anti-Liquor Party, and we most heartily congratulate Mr. McComb and the N.Z. Alliance on his election.

CANADA AGAIN.

On Wednesday morning the dailies published the following cable:—"Toronto, Monday night.—As the result of the local option vote throughout Ontario 502 municipalities decided in favor of prohibition out of a total of 835." Well done, Ontario.

NORWAY AND SWEEDEN.

Here is another interesting cable:—"Christiania, Dec. 14.—The Parliamentary committee has decided to introduce a bill to prohibit the importation of spirits into Norway." Politicians in Sweden, who are favoring the teetotal movement, intend to propose similar legislation.

UNCLE SAM OUT FOR PROHIBITION.

Still during the same week news comes from U.S.A. that a bill providing for National Prohibition in the States is being discussed, the resolution being in the hands of Mr. Hobson. The proposal caused a scene, which accounts for it being reported. The debate has been adjourned, but the growing temperance sentiment of America points to the time, and that not far distant when the final struggle to free the nation from the slavery of drink will be fought and won by the forces of morality.

FINANCIAL CAMPAIGN.

After the Christmas holiday the Alliance will organize a financial appeal, and a special effort will be made to end the financial year, March 31, free of debt. In the meantime those desirous of helping to meet the heavy expenses of the campaign are requested to send in contribution to the Head Office, 33 Park-st., Sydney.

GRIT SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

W. H. Snelling, 11/6/14, 3s.; Mr. Spangle, 6/12/14, 6s.; Mrs. Copley, 12/1/15, 6s.; Mrs. Opie, 10/1/14, 6d.; Mrs. H. Nankerville, 11/12/14, 6s.; E. B. Braithwaite, 11/12/14, 6s.; Mrs. J. H. Arnold, 11/6/14, 3s.; Mrs. J. Somerville, 11/12/14, 6s.; Mrs. Menzies, 11/12/14, 6s.; Mrs. Poole, 11/6/14, 3s.; Mrs. M. J. Taylor, 11/12/14, 6s.; W. R. James, 11/12/14, 6s.; Mr. Sweeney, 11/12/14, 6s.; R. C. Dunbar, 11/1/15, 6s. 6d.; P. S. R. Brown, 6/6/14, 3s.; F. Highman, 6/12/14, 6s.; A. C. Bridley, 6/6/14, 3s.; W. Warren, 6/12/14, 6s.; Mrs. Mead, 6/12/14, 6s.; A. T. Hancock, 18/7/12, 20s.; C. R. Graham, 6/12/14, 6s.; Mr. Hodge, 30/4/17, 20/-; Mrs. W. A. Hubbard, 31/12/13, 6s.; Miss Campbell, 31/12/14, 6s.; Miss R. Edwards, 31/12/13, 12s. 5d.; Miss Molster, 31/12/13, 6s.

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Insist on BURNET'S 1d. JELLIES, because they are made out of the purest ingredients. BURNET'S 1d. JELLIES are crystal, clear, and delightfully flavored. Don't take the cheap and nasty kind, but insist on BURNET'S 1d. JELLIES. The cherry flavor is a rich red in color.

GENT'S HATS, MERCERY, AND CLOTHING.

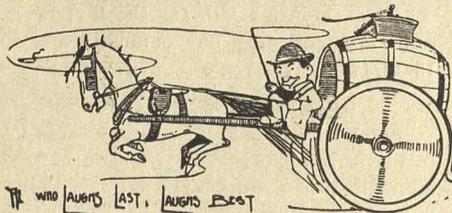
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COMMENTS OF
THE MAN ON THE
WATER WAGGON.

THE WIND BLOWS LAST, BLOWS BEST

THE FIGURES.

Although we cannot rest satisfied with what we have achieved at this election, yet it is pleasant to contemplate the fact we have not gone back at all. We must remember that every decision for reduction is a step in advance in itself—and that a similar vote at a subsequent election still further tells and counts irrespective of the former.

The Leaguer is fighting for his life, and there is no question of "addition" to the existing hostilities. This in itself proves that by general consent the liquor traffic is considered dangerous. What we have to deplore is the big vote for continuance in the very spots where reduction is urgently needed.

The "open bar" is most dangerous in the heart of the city—and right there "continuance" was carried by a large majority. It is to our eternal discredit that we have not been able to lower that majority—and it is a call to arms for us—the very fact that we have failed. Still, on the whole, we can flatter ourselves we have moved a little nearer to our objective, but so little that most people will not have noticed it at all.

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

The disappearance of several young girls of late has led the whole community to discuss the probability of the existence of the above deplorable evil in our midst. Much as we would prefer to believe that such did not exist, yet we must not imitate the ostrich and hide our features in the sand—we must face the question and form our own judgments. That we have in the community individuals capable of the exploitation of girls we cannot doubt—the question is, are they able to carry out their saturnine designs? We trust not. Are they able to successfully decoy and imprison our girls? To what extent are the latter parties to the seduction if at all—that is the question.

The "Man on the Waggon" had a very interesting conversation with a young Englishman on this subject, particularly interesting since the newcomer took up a manly and serious attitude that showed appreciation of his and every other man's responsibility for the care of our womenkind. We were discussing the "traffic" from the point of view of the compulsory or kidnapping aspect, and what the Londoner thought was as follows: Whilst such cases do at times occur, the great majority of girls were led into brothels by

a more devious and clever strategy. Most have already been seduced by some lover (?), and feeling degraded and ashamed are easy prey to the "hawk" who entices them. Many (said he) remain for a long time on the verge of an impure life—none of their friends suspect it—they would, in fact, be astounded at the mere hint of such a fact—but it is nevertheless true. A few fast friends—some indiscretions—the leaping into life of a latent tendency—and they are just ready to be led into ruin. Round the defenceless lamb steal softly and silently the social pariahs—watching her, our friend stated, oftentimes for months.

At last an opportunity occurs. With devilish cunning the girl is enticed away. This is a method far more likely to succeed than the rough and ready one of force and imprisonment. Watch, say the carrion to their satellites; watch for the girl whose own nature and indiscretion have already marked her out for a victim—she will easily enter the net spread out for her—and so she does.

THE MORAL.

Ah, yes—the moral—is it hard to read it?

Girls—oh, girls, value above all things terrestrial your virtue and modesty. Stop dead—and THINK HARD, when your conscience tells you you are learning to be less easily shocked at immorality and vice, no matter how beautifully veiled or garbed. Yours will be a tender and sensitive conscience at first. List, we beg of you, to its voice. It is God-given, and will not let you stray if you really mean to heed it.

XMAS GREETINGS.

Once again the Waggoner extends to his readers the season's greetings. This is now the third occasion on which he has been able to wish them every good thing at Yuletide.

Many opinions may have been expressed in this column during these three years that did not quite harmonise with yours, good reader, but you have been very indulgent, feeling, apparently, that the Waggoner meant well—and recognising that he who won't talk straight and wax enthusiastic some time or other isn't worth a dump in any organization.

If the Editor doesn't sack your humble servant—and it wouldn't surprise him if he did—the "Man" will try and get on to what the Yankees would call some "new stunts" in the year of grace "one nine one four"—but new

stunts based on the good old principles: Readers, Good cheer,

Local or State Option.

New Zealand is frequently quoted as furnishing the final answer as to advantages of a State vote over a Local Option Vote, and the difference between the votes polled in 1911 on local No-License and National Prohibition cited in support of the popularity of the latter issue. Without expressing an opinion as to the merits of the respective issues, it is desirable that the real facts of the case should be more thoroughly known.

The No-License percentages for the Dominion from 1896 to 1911 are at the polls as follows:—

1896	37.82
1899	42.23
1902	48.88
1905	51.27
1908	53.45
1911	49.74

In 1911 when the National Prohibition issue was placed before the people for the first time, the percentage of votes polled in favor of Prohibition was 55.82.

While it is true that the National issue exceeded the local issue by over 6 per cent. in 1911. The National issue only exceeded the local issue of 1908 by 2.27. This increase was only .18 greater than national increase between 1905 and 1908, and then did not reach the natural average increase recorded in the six licensing polls that have been held in the Dominion.

Another consideration lies in the fact that at each previous poll something was accomplished and altogether 12 electorates went "dry," whereas in 1911 not one single bar was closed in the whole of the Dominion.

One of the lessons from the forgoing figures is that the inclusion of a National issue has not augmented the natural increase of the New Zealand anti-liquor vote, but has practically crippled the local vote.

Whilst the general opinion amongst those who favor State Option is the retention of Local Option, seeing that State Option has the effect of stunting the local issue, is it worth while at the present juncture to abandon the lesser for the greater, or keep on using the local option machinery until such time as public opinion has ripened for a clean sweep of the liquor traffic from the whole State?

Conversationalists are people who don't have to stop talking when they've got nothing more to say.—Estelle Klauder.



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Baker,

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TRY OUR STEAM-MADE BREAD.

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"BY THEIR FRUITS SHALL YE JUDGE THEM."

The Result of a Vote for Continuance.

We have been told ad nauseam what the "awful" results of No-License might be, we intend to produce each week a record of what the actual results of license are under the liquor man's boasted strict Government supervision.

A young man drunk may be but his father's vote staggering round.

KILLED WHILE "SKYLARKING."

TEMORA, 12/12/13.—The Coroner yesterday concluded the inquiry concerning the death of John Evans (45).

Deceased was "skylarking" with a man named Michael McNamara at the Barellan Hotel, when both men fell, deceased being underneath. He was rendered unconscious. The matter was reported to the police, who brought deceased to the Temora Hospital, where he died. The Government Medical Officer found that death was due to compression of the brain.

The Coroner said that one witness swore that when he went to the deceased shortly after the occurrence he was told by a man to go away. That showed that there was a spirit of aggressiveness somewhere. Then it was given in evidence that McNamara, after falling with deceased, got up and sat on a form while his supposed chum and drinking companion lay unconscious in the street. That was not the attitude of a friend whose mate had become injured while "skylarking" or engaging in horse-play, as it was termed. Regarding the treatment, or rather the lack of treatment, of the deceased by the manager of the Barellan Hotel, or those responsible for the conduct of the business, he (the Coroner) was compelled to say that it was nothing short of callousness and inhumanity. A dog could not have received less consideration. He understood that the licensee was absent in Sydney, otherwise these remarks might not have been necessary. Any how, those who were left in charge were deserving of severe censure for their negligence in allowing the man to remain in ashes all night and part of the following morning in an unconscious condition, to be attacked by scores of green blowflies, which swarmed from his mouth the next day when he was being washed.

The Coroner's finding was that deceased died from compression of the brain, and that Michael McNamara did feloniously and unlawfully kill John Evans.

McNamara was committed for trial at the Cootamundra Quarter Sessions. — "Daily Telegraph."

"LUNATIC SOUP."

At the Licensing Court at Ultima (Vic.) much was said as to the quality of the wine supplied by wine halls in the Mallee, and the Bench said that they would be very watchful in the future on this point. One witness (Constable Dunn) said that the wine

was known in the district as "lunatic soup." He often watched men go into a wine hall perfectly sober, and come out in a quarter of an hour mad drunk.—"Sun," 15/12/13.

A FULLY QUALIFIED LICENSEE.

William Edward Hartnett, licensee of the Exchange Hotel, pleaded guilty at the Summons Court to-day, to selling liquor on Sunday, November 30, and was fined 20/-, with 6s. costs. A young man, named Karl Reynolds, who was found on the premises on the same day, was fined 10s., with 6s. costs, or seven days' imprisonment. — "S.M. Herald," 16/12/13.

DEAD.

A man who was arrested in Newcastle on Saturday on a charge of being drunk, was, after spending the night in the cell, removed to the hospital next morning, and died shortly after midday. A policeman noticed the deceased fall on the footpath on Saturday, and took him to the lockup. He could not at that time give his name, and when asked next morning no satisfaction was obtained. It was seen that the man was suffering, and he was at once removed to the hospital, where he died a few hours later from a fractured skull.—"S.M. Herald," 16/12/13.

SLY GROG-SELLING.

Melbourne, 17/12/13.—John Blake was presented at the Cobden Court on Saturday on three separate charges of sly-grog selling at Curdie's River. Sub-Inspector Backman said that the case had cost the department £110. The magistrate imposed a fine of £40, with £5/0/6 costs, in default ten weeks' imprisonment. The other charges were withdrawn.—"S.M. Herald."

HOTELKEEPERS' LOSS.

Bendigo, 16/12/13.—At the annual Licensing Court to-day, a hotelkeeper at Golden Square, in explaining a falling off in his 3 per cent. returns, stated that one of his customers, who used to spend £4 a week in beer, had died during the year.

Mr. Bartold, P.M.: It's a good thing he did.

Witness: Oh, he did not drink it all himself.

Mr. Bartold: Then he must have been generous to a fault.

SALVATIONIST ATTACKED.

It is a risky business attacking a Salvation Army officer, as Alfred Grounds, a man 41 years of age, found out at the Central Police Court.

Neil Smith, the officer concerned, said that at 10.15 last night he was standing at the door of the Workmen's Home, Sussex-

street, when Grounds attempted twice to hit him on the head with a bottle of beer. At the same time he used indecent language. Grounds was partly drunk.

Grounds pleaded guilty and had nothing to say.

Without comment, Mr. Love fined Grounds £10, or two months' jail for the assault, and £5, or a month's jail, for the language, the imprisonment to be cumulative.—"Sun," 15/12/13. * * *

GRIEVOUS BODILY HARM.

"Samuel Williams (20) was charged with inflicting grievous bodily harm upon William James Whitney on October 31 last in Reservoir-street, Sydney. The Crown Prosecutor said that on the evening of October 31 a dispute arose between the parties over the issue of a summons against a woman, and that whilst Whitney was in an hotel accused struck him a blow on the face, which broke his jaw."—"Daily Telegraph," 13/12/13.

It is noteworthy that these fights do not take place in a grocer's or chemist's or at the post office, the licensed house under strict Government supervision has a monopoly of these disgraceful scenes.

GARROTTED AND ROBBED.

"Maurice Brown was charged with having, in company, on October 14, at Sydney, garrotted and robbed William Edward Brown of a purse and four pawn tickets. The case for the Crown was that accused met a namesake in an hotel at Darling Harbor, and when William E. Brown went into the yard accused committed the offence complained of. When asked by the Crown Prosecutor to detail the circumstances, prosecutor said he had no recollection of what took place. The Crown Prosecutor said this was the witness that the Crown was relying upon for its case, and under the circumstances there was no alternative but to acquit, which was accordingly done."—"Daily Telegraph," 13/12/13.

Again we find the bar promoting thieving and providing the customers with the alcohol that makes it impossible for them to recollect the circumstances or prove their case.

PETTY ROBBERY AND DRINK.

"Alphonsus Bishop and John Farrell, two young men, were charged with assaulting and robbing, in company, John M'Gregor of a hat and 9d. at Sydney on November 16. There was a second count of common assault. The accused, who were undefended, pleaded not guilty. The prosecutor said he was drunk on the night in question, and did not recollect what took place. The police evidence was that the two accused were seen in the company of the prosecutor, who was lying in the carriage-way. Constable Paulett saw Farrell rush at prosecutor and catch him round the throat, and Bishop knocked him down. The two accused then leant over M'Gregor. Both accused gave evidence, and denied having assaulted or robbed the prosecutor. The jury acquitted both accused, who were discharged."—"Daily Telegraph," 15/12/13.

Lessons of the Anti-Alcoholic Congress

By WILLIAM E. JOHNSON.

Milan, Italy, October 1.—The Twenty-Eighth International Anti-Alcohol Congress having closed its sessions in this city, the time is at hand to take some account of stock in its results and in its achievements.

Twenty-eight years ago, a devoted scholarly and energetic woman, Charlotte A. Gray, began to promote the idea of the biennial gatherings which have developed into what is now known as these biennial congresses. She nursed it in its infancy. She poured out her time, her strength and her life into the scheme and it now stands as a monument to her devotion and to her activity. It is well said that it stands as her monument because she passed over the river to the other side during the past year. But like John Brown, her soul still marches on.

In the beginning, the gatherings were merely assembled to discuss the "abuse" of alcohol but the study of the "abuse" soon led to the conclusion that drinking the stuff was an "abuse" and the congress came to be known as the International Congress "Against Alcohol." But while this is true, it is also true that the doors were by no means closed to those who believed in the moderate use of alcohol and these were properly admitted to the counsels on precisely the same footing as the ardent Prohibitionist like myself.

And this very policy bore abundant fruit for the discussions from year to year led the moderates into becoming abstainers and even Prohibitionists. A marked example of this is Dr. John Genser, of Berlin, the head and leading spirit of the German organisation against the misuse of alcohol and which has much strength in the Kaiser's domain. Prof. Genser not only became a total abstainer but he is in real danger of becoming a Prohibitionist. "I want to come to America and study your laws. I may yet become converted by doing so," he said to me. It is immensely to the credit of himself and his associates that he confines his efforts to urging heavy drinkers to become moderates and never makes the mistake of urging abstainers to become moderates. And he has set the example of teetotalism to his moderate friends in his own life.

SOME LANDMARKS OF THE REFORM.

Purely through the natural advance in the reform, the advocates of moderation have become vastly in the minority. This has come to pass simply through the earnest study that the habitues of the congresses have given to the question from year to year. Those who insisted upon urging the beneficial character of wine, when taken in moderation, are now enormously in the minority. One person tried hard to get a paper before the late congress advocating the necessity of the use of wine in moderate

quantities. So persistently did she labor in this direction that she aroused the general suspicion that shew as working in the interests of the wine growers. Failing to get her paper before the congress, she tried to get in a resolution to the same effect but was compelled to subside because of the sheer opposition of the delegates who would not listen to her. Her treatment was very significant as marking the progress of the reform from its primitive days.

Those interested in pushing such schemes as the Gothenburg plan, disinterested management and kindred nostrums as a cure for the evils of alcohol met with a similar fate. These cohorts were led by Dr. Eggers, a splendid, scholarly German, a keen debater and one of the most powerful men on the floor of the congress. He dragged out the skeleton at every opportunity and was always ready to leap to his feet with an answer whenever his pet ideas were attacked and they were assailed again and again.

Yet while these things were defended and promoted by a master mind, one of the very best advocates on the floor of the congress, they made no headway against the overwhelming sentiment of the body. Dr. Eggers was always respectfully heard but a wooden man with his eyes shut could see that he got nowhere. The delegates were all thoroughly convinced that it was the drink that made a man drunk and that the effect of liquor was the same no matter whether it was sold by a deacon or a horse thief.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Another phenomenon that apparently marks an epoch in the reform was the attitude of the Catholic church. The congress being held in a Catholic country, the attitude of the church became a matter of prime interest and importance. The situation was complicated by the peculiar relationship existing between the Vatican and the Quirinal. Because of this strained relationship, and because the congress was held under the invitation and under the guidance of the Italian government, the church could not be expected to take any official action regarding the congress.

Yet there was plenty of unofficial co-operation and support. The Archbishop of Milan entertained the Catholic delegates at his palace and privately commended their work. Cardinal Ferrari, who is unofficially stated as the next Pope, celebrated a special High Mass for the Catholic delegates and gave their work a special blessing.

All this is immensely important and gratifying for it indicates the coming into the reform of one of the greatest social and religious powers of the whole world. The Catholic church on account of its great size

and varied interests as well as on account of its history and traditions moves exceedingly slow in respect to matters of social progress, and its great activity in the Milan congress therefore becomes epochal as well as significant.

A BROAD GAUGE REFORM.

The curse of alcohol is so universal, showing itself in so many ways and developing in so many places and under such diverse circumstances that it of necessity must be combatted in many different ways.

The members of the congress were all broad between the eyes and could see this fact. They were big men who could welcome as a friend and an ally any man who was earnestly trying to combat the evil no matter what his methods were and no matter at what point lay his attack. And so the moderates, the Gothenburgers, the disinterested management men, the high license men and the Prohibitionists fraternised on equal terms, differing among themselves, arguing among themselves, studying, comparing notes, all earnestly seeking a solution of the colossal burden of the Age.

The man of small calibre, suffocated in his own importance and worshipping his own shadow, impugning the motives of reformers who did not agree with him were not present. They knew it all and there was therefore no use of their coming to the congress.

THE WINE AND BEER CURE.

It is another significant fact that the congress was held in a wine country where light wines are drunk in large quantities, and where certain American wine bibbers insist that there is no temperance question because of the free use of wine. The Italian government, practically the whole ministry of which was on the honorary committee of the congress, and under the auspices of which the congress was held, would be glad to know that it was all a mistake and that there was no temperance question in Italy. The five or six hundred Italian nobles, priests, doctors, economists, lawyers and scholars who participated in the congress with their voice, their money and their time would be glad to know that it was all a hallucination and that after all, there is no temperance problem in Italy.

Three-fourths of the speakers and the members of the congress came from Italy, France, Germany, Austria and Switzerland, the very countries where there is supposed to be no temperance question on account of the widespread use of wine and beer. It immensely adds to the interest of the congress and of the movement to write big in the record this fact so that all may see.

It is these things recorded here that makes the Fourteenth Anti-Alcohol Congress the most significant; if not the largest, gathering of this sort yet to be held.—"The New Republic."

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A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

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

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1913.

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The Case for No-License

IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

By ARCHDEACON F. B. BOYCE.

Published by the N.S.W. Alliance, 33 Park Street, Sydney. PRICE, SIXPENCE. A large reduction for quantities. The third edition just out with new diagrams.

Over twenty pages of the 100 are given to interesting illustrations of the splendid success of No-License in Canada, the United States, and New Zealand. The exaggerations and bogeys put forth by License advocates in the last campaign here are exposed.

It is as a handbook to the No-License controversy in this State, and is right up-to-date. Speakers, writers, and other helpers in the great cause will find it invaluable.

A Personal Chat with my readers

CHRISTMAS WISHES.

I hear much of a complaining and fault-finding character and it is well to remember lest we fall into this prevailing mood, that "we must not look a gift horse in the mouth." There is nothing about which we cannot easily complain, but on the other hand there is nothing that does not contain some good, bright or hopeful streak. I want to look on the bright side of Christmas, the kindly spirit, the generosity, the evident good will are gladsome things, and we may well enjoy them and thank God. Some people grumble because there is a wee cloud in the glorious blue of heaven. Others find reason for rejoicing because there is a peep of blue sky among the dark lowering clouds. In the Christmas time of 1913 there is more blue sky than clouds. So let us look up and smile our good will on every one. Personally I have so much to be thankful for that I most heartily wish all my readers a glorious and Happy Christmas. Lock up all the skeletons, turn your back on all the nasty things, forget all the ingratitude, and just rejoice in God's great gift of the Christ and His living influence in Christmas tide. Find your joy not in what you get, but what you give, and that source of joy is in your own hands.

Gather up the sunbeams ere the shadows fall,

Soon the gloomy clouds will all depart;

Laugh away your troubles, life is but a span,

Keep the bird songs ringing in your heart.

IT NEED NOT BE SO. Some people scowl and say it is not their fault, and that they can't be different. Of course this it not true. We cannot stop birds flying over our head, but we can stop them building their nest in our hat.

Two men toiled side by side from sun to sun
And both were poor;

Both sat with children, when the day was done,
About the door.

One saw the beautiful in crimson cloud
And shining moon;

The other, with his head in sadness bowed,
Made night of noon.

One loved each tree and flower and singing bird
On mount or plain:

No music in the soul of one was stirred
By leaf or rain.

One saw the good in every fellow-man,
And hoped the best;

The other marvelled at his Master's plan,
And doubt confessed.

One having God above and Heaven below,
Was satisfied;
The other, discontented, lived in woe,
And hopeless died.

I do not say that it is as easy for the one man as the other, but it is possible to him to "look up and smile." Our outlook is largely a matter of habit, and some of us may need a slow and patient re-educating but don't shrink—it is worth it. Practise looking for the nice things, meet the impulse to blame by finding something to praise, and soon you will be like the famous Mrs. Wiggs of the cabbage patch, whose husband did his best to lead her a dog's life as he hurried along the alcoholic route to the next world, but she found at least one quality in him that she could dwell on with pride, and she never tired of stating that "Anyhow, he wrote a beautiful hand."

ONLY ONE RETURNED. Of the ten lepers whom Christ made whole, it is recorded that "only one returned to give thanks."

No doubt all were thankful, no doubt all intended to express their thanks if they got a good opportunity, but "only one returned," actually took the trouble to hunt up a chance to find an expression for his thanks. Have you ever been on a thanksgiving pilgrimage? There is no doubt it is a thrilling experience. Nothing gives so much pleasure as expressing gratitude, it brings a sense of gladness to one thanked, and it gives a glow of satisfaction to the one who does it. Try it this Christmas. You may, like the leper who "returned," have to hunt round a bit for a chance and for the right way in which to express your gratitude, but it is worth it quite apart from the fact that it is right.

THE CHRISTMAS TRINITY. Here is the true Christmas Trinity:

The happiness of being remembered:

The Holy Festival of the child;

Making happy the poor.

That makes a Divine Christmas. It was what God intended and did on Christmas Day, and intended that we should do. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." And as we carry gladness into little hearts that otherwise might remain cheerless on Christmas Day, there will come from Him to us a sense of Christmas gladness born of the consciousness of making His day like Him.

The Editor

The No-License Vote.

A BIG VOTE WHEREVER EDUCATIONAL WORK WAS DONE.

The No-License returns are coming in very slowly; in fact, it amounts to a scandal that they are incomplete a fortnight after the poll. This is one of the things we had to put up with, as we are not ruled by reason or by right, money being the god of power in these days. Everyone without money or money interests has simply to stand on one side and wait.

The following returns are not complete, but they are interesting enough to print:—

	Con.	Red.	No-L.
Albury	1640	230	550
Alexandria	3639	309	1465
Allowrie	3882	249	3138
Annandale	4799	654	3127
Armidale	2700	440	1700
Ashburnham	1006	50	564
Ashfield	3418	397	4703
Balmain	4050	621	2781
Bathurst	3602	319	2768
Bega	4177	419	2256
Belmore	4753	565	1408
Bingara	3474	652	2080
Bondi	4417	824	2021
Botany	4651	315	2537
Burrangong	829	65	1047
Burwood	3125	600	4594
Byron	3624	253	2826
Camden	4002	411	2515
Camperdown	4705	597	2109
Canterbury	5384	538	4995
Castlereagh	—	—	—
Cessnock	3555	147	2720
Clarence	2608	109	1723
Cobar	—	—	—
Cootamundra	5302	436	3032
Corowa	3964	1050	1453
Darling Harbor	3899	448	1164
Darlinghurst	4411	1275	1594
Drummoyne	4309	615	3906
Dulwich Hill	3654	497	4452
Durham	3656	464	2747
Enmore	4591	611	3367
Glebe	5792	686	2430
Gloucester	2707	113	4080
Gordon	3594	423	4754
Gough	5094	330	2463
Goulburn	3715	102	4010
Granville	4159	324	3910
Gwydir	4283	493	1837
Hartley	4164	232	3952
Hastings and McLeay	—	—	—
Hawkesbury	3681	275	2349
Hurstville	4950	587	4487
Kahibah	3749	577	2195
King	4063	798	1349
Lachlan	—	—	—
Leichhardt	4617	514	3302
Lismore	3357	199	3727
Liverpool Plains	—	—	—
Lyndhurst	4649	381	2945
Macquarie	4882	365	2198
Maitland	4654	487	2805
Marrickville	4522	374	2725
Middle Harbor	4853	753	2968
Monaro	4138	345	2098

	Con.	Red.	No-L.
Mosman	4316	647	3812
Mudgee	4639	685	2228
Murray	2175	509	776
Murrumbidgee	4683	491	2391
Namoi	3372	343	880
Newcastle	4727	642	2581
Newtown	4238	544	2125
Orange	4085	316	3500
Paddington	5046	919	2186
Parramatta	4599	565	3891
Petersham	2314	147	2975
Phillip	3890	419	1004
Raleigh	4125	289	3163
Randwick	4368	609	2725
Redfern	4465	525	1875
Rozelle	4085	375	2241
Ryde	3866	374	4827
Singleton	4065	475	1714
St. George	4366	391	4832
St. Leonards	3916	966	2458
Sturt	3864	73	2503
Surry Hills	4574	725	1602
Tamworth	—	—	—
Tenterfield	2291	47	1908
Upper Hunter	4732	1045	1933
Wagga Wagga	5043	641	1839
Wallsend	4063	239	2506
Waverley	4612	970	2978
Wickham	4328	418	3158
Willoughby	4347	633	3349
Willyama	2785	143	2081
Willoughby	4482	661	3512
Wollongong	3989	217	2862
Woollahra	4470	1088	2046
Yass	5302	445	2986

For Our Encouragement.

WHERE ONTARIO STANDS.

The position and strength of the movement for the suppression of the liquor traffic in the Province of Ontario may to some extent be learned from the following tables:—

THE PRESENT STATUS.

Municipalities under prohibition ..	502
Municipalities under license	333
Total liquor licenses granted in 1875	6185
Total liquor licenses granted in 1913	1620

THE ONWARD MARCH.

The number of wet and dry municipalities in each of the last seven years has been as follows:—

Year.	Wet.	Dry.
1906	552	242
1907	508	286
1908	492	312
1909	475	332
1910	407	405
1911	380	440
1912	365	463
1913	333	502

The foregoing figures do not show what has been the extent of the fighting, inasmuch as

there have been many contests in which the temperance party have not been victorious. All the changes from wet to dry indicated in the foregoing table were won by the polling of a fifty per cent. majority in favor of prohibition, in each municipality. Under the Ontario law a municipality cannot carry prohibition unless the vote for prohibition is fifty per cent. more than the vote against it. During the seven years in question, the temperance party had majorities less than the necessary fifty per cent. in 235 contests.

During these seven years, from 1907 to 1913 inclusive, the total number of contests was 535. The liquor party had majorities in 147 cases, and the temperance party had majorities in 388.

THE LIQUOR PARTY'S FAILURE.

There were also some contests brought on by the liquor party in "dry" territory with the hope of turning it over to "wet." This movement was a sad failure. The following table shows the number of places in which the liquor party might have brought on repeal contests in each of the last five years, the number of places in which they actually did succeed in bringing on repeal contests, and the number of places in which they won in the contests they brought on:—

Year.	Dry Places that Have Voted.	Dry Places that Did Vote.	Dry Places that Voted Wet
1909	97	29	2
1910	111	12	2
1911	134	3	0
1912	178	15	0
1913	240	22	1

The foregoing table shows that prohibition stays when it has been adopted. In a number of the places that were open to repeal contests, the repeal might have been secured by a simple majority in its favor; in others a three-fifths vote would have been required.

Alcohol in Hospitals.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—Under the above heading in your issue of the 4th instant, Rev. James Steele is alleged to have stated that the 216 patients treated in the Windsor Hospital consumed nearly half as much alcohol as the 7115 patients in the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital. This statement is untrue, and is calculated to do our institution a grave injury unless contradicted. I have been deputed by the committee of the Hawkesbury Benevolent Society and Hospital, to which institution the reverend gentleman evidently refers, to put the true facts before the public. I have before me as I write the reports of both institutions for the years 1911 and 1912, and find as follows:—

1911. — Royal Prince Alfred Hospital: Wines, beers, and aerated waters, £83/17/11; stimulants, £51/3/-; total, £135/0/11.

Hawkesbury B.S. and Hospital: Wines, spirits, and mineral waters, £3/16/-.

1912. — Royal Prince Alfred Hospital:

Wines, beers, and aerated waters, £47/14/7; stimulants, £9/2/7; total £56/17/2.

Hawkesbury B.S. and Hospital: Wines, spirits, and mineral waters, £3/7/-.

The reverend gentleman never mentioned that the extravagant amount of £3/16/- for 1911 and £3/7/- for 1912 included also the stimulants supplied to the old inmates of the Benevolent Asylum (whose daily average is about 12). No stimulants are given unless by the order of the medical officers, and did not average for the years mentioned 1½d. per head per annum. The above figures speak for themselves.—Yours, etc.,

R. B. WALKER,

President H.B. Society and Hospital.
Windsor, December 10.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—In your issue to-day, Mr. R. B. Walker, president of the Hawkesbury Benevolent Society and Hospital, takes exception to my statement, as reported in yours of the 4th inst., as to the amount of alcohol used in that institution being much greater in proportion to that used in the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital. Mr. Walker also quotes certain figures from the respective reports for 1912, but if he had made further inquiries he would have learned that the amount for wines and beer and aerated waters, £47/14/7, is used entirely by the resident staff and not by the patients. Therefore I maintain that I am correct in saying the Windsor institution used 3.72d per patient, while the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital used only .307d (less than a halfpenny) per patient.—Yours, etc.,

JAS. STEELE.

The Manse, Windsor, December 12.

The Verdict of Experts

(Continued from Page 2.)

experimented. One thousand cases of scarlatina with only one death were treated by the former without alcohol; and the latter with total abstinence methods had much better results in several pneumonia cases than in other cases of the same disease ordinarily treated. Not a few of the world's ablest medical experts now eschew alcohol in their practice. Recently Sir James Barr, president of the British Medical Association, declared that he did so. Sir Victor Horsley, the renowned surgeon, does likewise. Many years ago Dr. Nathan S. Davis, president of the International Medical Congress, expressed his dread as to the results if he prescribed alcohol for his patients, and last year London's Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Crosby, a noted physician, stated that after sixty years' experience as a medical adviser and practitioner in the city, he could unhesitatingly affirm that he knew of "no illness that is answerable for its cure to alcohol." Illustrative of the absence of any necessity for alcoholic prescriptions Dr. J. J. Ridge sometimes told an amusing story. A mother took her pale, anaemic daughter to a physician for examination and advice.

After diagnosis of her ailment the physician prescribed for her. "Give your daughter two glasses of claret each day," said he. The mother who was rather deaf promised to do so. Several days later they returned and the daughter's appearance indicated considerable improvement. Expressing his pleasure at this, the doctor suggested that evidently he had rightly diagnosed the difficulty and prescribed the right remedy. "Yes," replied the mother, "I have done exactly as you said, doctor. Since we were here last I have given my daughter two carrots every day as you prescribed." Moral: When alcohol is prescribed carrots will probably be equally or more efficacious, and certainly far less perilous to the patient's higher nature.

Referring in warm commendation to the kindly Christian spirit exhibited in the London Temperance Hospital, an Iowa patient wrote: "The writer's personal observation and experience as a typhoid patient for many weeks justifies the statement that this institution is unique in the field of temperance reform and merits the highest praise for professional skill and for the excellent care shown its patients. It is to be hoped that American travellers visiting London will not fail to visit the Temperance Hospital, and if any should be so unfortunate as to become ill while in the city, their greatest hope of recovery will be to secure the care of that institution."—"Union Signal."

The Man Who Made Christmas

(Continued from Page 3.)

where he fell, he was carried through the streets, past the shops bright with light and gay with Christmas fare, through the crowd of light-hearted loiterers already feeling the influence of King Christmas, to the ever-open door of the hospital. The doctors gave no hope. The burns were so extensive. They did all that could be done, and told his mother she must not leave him.

And there in the hospital ward, dressed in its Christmas green, and gay with Chinese lanterns and paper roses, the mother sat within the screens the Sister had drawn round the suffering child. For some time he lay moaning and crying, in spite of all that nurses and doctors could do to ease him. But as the flame of life began to flicker, he grew calmer, and as Big Ben boomed the hour of twelve, and the merry parties gathered to see Christmas in, were drinking healths and shaking hands and wishing each other a merry Christmas and all the compliments of the season, little Harry opened his eyes.

"Mother!"

"What is it, my darling?"

"Mother, I'm going now, mother; going to see the Man what makes Christmas." Then the pained look of suffering fled and a happy look of peace and content filled his face. He seemed to fall asleep. And when he awoke, he knew that his wish had been granted.—"Alliance News."

Christmas Appeal

"If you give to those who give to you, what thanks have ye? Even sinners do the same."

A cup of cold water in the name of the Lord will not be forgotten.

Christmas is not my birthday or yours; therefore it is not for us to receive; it is the Lord's birthday; therefore let us give.

There are many to whom Christmas is not a day of rejoicing. For some the breadwinner is out of work, others have seen the comforts of life eaten up by drink and the innocent called on to suffer. Whatever may be the reason, let us remember that He whose birthday we commemorate on December 25 next set us a noble example, for "He was kind to the unthankful and the evil."

Christmas is a time when we might well display kindness, and more especially towards those who are least favored and least fortunate.

Already a sum of £3 has been sent by "Ivanhoe," and I will be glad to receive any other sums and use them for the donors to brighten the lot of those whose life may be under a cloud at this season of cheery good will.

"God so loved that He gave——"

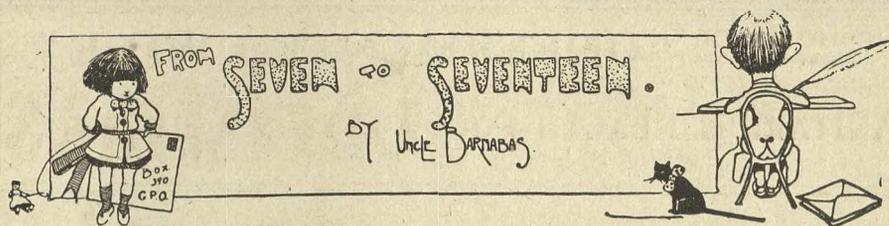
Is there any love that He does not give? Are you prepared to let your religion be judged by your generosity?

Is there any generosity that does not bear the marks of self-sacrifice?

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A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

My dear ne's and ni's, my heartiest, warmest and most loving wishes for a Happy Christmas to you all. I hope you will write and tell me all about this brightest and happiest day in the year. I am sure Santa Claus will find you out, and I hope he will give you just the very thing you need. I am keeping some lovely letters for next issue, as I want to give you a fairy tale that I know you will just love to read. Those of you who come to Sydney must come and claim the ice cream I always have ready for and ne or ni who calls at "Grit" office.

UNCLE B.

Why Santa Claus was taken Prisoner.

A FAIRY TALE.

By S. LUTLEY.

Santa Claus had finished filling stockings one Christmas Eve and was going homewards. He had been right down to Land's End, and was now snugly seated in his sledge with his four beautiful reindeer, galloping merrily northwards. He was nearly out of Devon when his gallant animals came to such a sudden stop that he nearly bounced out on the top of them. Looking round he saw he was completely surrounded by several hundred Brownies, all of whom were pointing their sharp black-thorn spears straight at him and looking very fierce indeed.

"Eh!" said Santa, "Whatever is the —"

"Santa Claus," screamed the Brownie captain, "I call upon you to surrender."

"Certainly," replied Santa. "Anything to please the little folk."

He was now ordered to get out of his sledge and march towards a funny little hut on the top of a hill called Culmstock Beacon Hill. Now this hut is just like an upside-down pudding basin, you cannot tell exactly where the wall ends and the roof begins, and it only has two sides, the inside and the outside, for it is quite round; indeed, if it were not for the holes in it it would do very well as a thimble for a giantess. Many years ago people used to fill it with browse and sticks and set them ablaze. Then the flames would stream upwards through a hole in the roof, till they could see a long way off, and that was the way they used to telegraph a long time ago.

But you need not think those Brownies were going to make a beacon fire of Santa. Oh dear no. When he had managed to squeeze himself through the wee doorway, he found the place full of fairies, with their Queen in the middle of them. She was wearing a dark colored frown on her face, which kept

often slipping off. It did not really fit her, being a borrowed one. She did not, as a rule, keep any frowns herself.

The fairies could not have chosen a better place to use as a Court of Justice. No building of their own was big enough to hold such a prisoner as Santa, and on a dark cold night like this no mortal would be at all likely to climb Beacon Hill and disturb them.

The only furniture in this pudding basin—I mean—this hut, was a wooden seat that went all the way around. In between the stones grew tiny ferns, while the floor had a nice carpet of dry earth.

Santa bowed politely in different directions to the fairies who crowded the seat on every side, apologising that as they were all around him he could not help turning his back on some of them, no matter how he tried not to. He went down on his knees in the middle of the place, the better to see the Queen. She looked rather queer with that frown slipped to one side.

"Santa Claus," she began, "we are sorry to have had to capture you in this way, but we have a very serious question to ask you."

"But," said Santa, "you are breaking the rules to be serious on Christmas Eve."

"Never mind," she replied, "if I can't mend them I'll make some new ones. Now we wish to know why you carry presents to rich and happy children, but hardly any to the poor and miserable ones?"

Santa's face grew very sad as he heard this question. "Madame," he said, "the reason is that whenever I go into a poverty stricken house, I see such terrible things that my heart swells till it would burst if I stayed long enough to fill the poor little stockings I see there. Gladly would I go to those houses with presents, but nothing can cure my heart of its strange behavior. It begins to ache even as I think of them. But now, this is what I will do if you agree to help. If you will bring all these poor children to my house at the North Pole, I will give them the jolliest time they ever had in their lives, with as many presents for each as the number of Christmases each child has lived to see."

All the fairies clapped their hands at this, and the Queen's frown slipped right off. She rubbed her little nose for a minute and then said: "If we could borrow the magical carpet from the Sultan of Kammazoogyland, it could be done."

Then Puck, who stood just behind the Queen, said: "I'll go at once and ask him." So he flew up through the hole in the roof and was gone in a twink.

Then the Queen smiled sweetly and said: "We are satisfied with your answer to our question, so we won't keep you any longer. We are very glad that you do really love the

poor children as well as the rich ones, and we accept your invitation to them with pleasure."

Then Santa kissed the Queen's hand, bowed again, all the way round, and went out of the hut, jumped into his sledge, whistled to his reindeer, and was soon home safe and sound at the North Pole.

Those poor children never could remember exactly how it was they got on the magical carpet, but thousands of them got there right enough. The journey through the air was a dream to remember. I could not tell you half the things they saw, or when they arrived at the Pole of the glorious fun that they had. They stayed there a week, and then the Flying Carpet took them all back again. Each had a load of presents to carry, and each thought what a happy thing it was to be happy.

Now among those children was a boy called Jack, about twelve years old, who when all the others were leaving, hid himself away. When all were quite gone, he left his hiding place, stole up behind old Santa, put his arms round his neck, gave him a smacking kiss, and said very softly: "Santa, don't you want a little boy of your own just for company?"

Santa jumped up very suddenly. "Oh!" he said. "I thought it was one of my polar bears hugging me, you young ragamuffin." But he was not cross, for he did not know the way to be.

"You won't send me back, will you?" pleaded Jack. "I've got nobody to go to, nobody wants me. I'm always in mother's way, or the pleeceman's way. Let me stay, and I'll work for you like a brick."

"I'll see if you are a good boy," said Santa.

"Hooray!" shouted Jack, and immediately went and pulled a Polar bear's tail as it hung down from the North Pole, which the bear was climbing.

Soon Jack learned to make the toys ready for next Christmas. When that time came they made two sledges ready, one of which was for Jack, who agreed to try whether or not he could take presents into the houses of the poor and ragged children. But even he who had seen it all before, felt his heart nearly burst with the sorrow and grief of it all, and he was obliged to give it up before he had half finished.

Jack stayed with Santa until he was sixteen years of age, and then he said he must go away. Santa did not want him to go, but Jack said he wanted to see if he could not kill the Giant who had captured all the poor children's parents and made them his prisoners.

"Other Jacks have killed giants, so why shouldn't I?" he said. "If I could kill this one, those poor children would be poor no longer, and you would be able to carry presents to all."

So although Santa was dreadfully sorry to part with Jack, he let him go, first, however, fitting him with a suit of magical armor, all white and shining.

"As long as you wear this, and if you never

turn back on him, the giant can never kill you," he said. "So never take it off, it will grow as you grow."

Then Jack mounted a reindeer and was soon flying southwards.

It was easy to find the Giant's castle, for its towers were so high they cast their shadows over all the land. Jack rode boldly straight up to the big door, and blew with all his might on the horn that hung outside. Presently the door opened, and out came, what should you think, but a great spider! It was so big that its legs were like telegraph poles. It seemed to think Jack was a fly, for it began to sing:

"Will you walk into my parlor said the spider to the fly,
'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy."

"It looks too much like a bar parlor, so I'd rather not, thank you," said Jack, "but," he went on, "are you ready for a fight?"

The spider seemed quite ready, for as soon as Jack began to chop away at one of his legs, the brave boy found himself kicked at least half a mile away. He soon rose up and rubbed himself. He was not hurt at all, but thought he had better wait a little before having another turn with the Giant.

He could not rest long, however, and was soon marching again up to the Castle door, and sounding the horn with a terrible noise. Then the great door opened just a few inches and an adder glided out and began to raise its head towards Jack. Instantly he drew out his sword and cut off its head, but he was horrified to find that another head immediately grew out in the place of the other. He tired himself with chopping at the creature, but he could not kill it, so he went away once more.

But Jack did not think himself beaten, of course not, was he not an Englishman? The third time he came up to the castle door, he blew the horn so loudly that it burst all to pieces. Instantly the door opened with a terrible bang, and out sprang a monstrous lion, which roared most fearfully. When it could stop roaring, it shouted out, "I am the British Lion; how dare you keep on disturbing me so?"

Now Jack had heard that if you stare a wild beast in the face, it will soon lose its fierceness and walk away from you. So he stared it steadily in the eyes. And so he saw that they were not really lion's eyes, and the

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SYDNEY.

next thing he did was to walk straight up to the lion and catch hold of its mane, pulling at it with all his might. Would you believe it? That lion's head was only a stuffed one, and it came right off in Jack's hand! And there stood the Giant himself, who by magic had, turned himself into a spider and an adder. He was much uglier than anything you ever saw. Jack and he now had a great fight together, and Jack gave him many sad strokes indeed, but could not kill him. He went away and rested himself, and polished his armor, and came back many times and fought again with this Giant. Since then, many other brave knights have come to help Jack, and they all hope to kill or imprison the ugly monster very soon.

They would be very glad if you would come and help, too, for then he would be got rid of all the sooner.

His real name is Drink Traffic. He is quite easy to find, although he appears in many different shapes. Often he is like a spider weaving cobwebs called Public-Houses to catch foolish flies in. Very often indeed he is an adder trying to sting anyone who comes too near him. A very old adder too, for nearly three thousand years ago someone said to him, "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder," as you may see if you look in the Bible.

Then again he often tries to make folks believe he is the British Lion, but he is not, as you can always see if you stare very straight at him. He has many castles called Breweries. They are so big that they cast a shadow over nearly everything.

Now you understand why so many children get no nice things in their stockings on Christmas Eve. This dreadful Giant has captured their parents, and left the children in such a terrible state that the tender heart of Santa Claus is ready to break with sorrow if ever he goes down the cold chimney of any house where they live.

Let every boy be a Jack the Giant-killer, and every girl like Joan of Arc, or Deborah of the Bible, ready ever to fight the great enemy of their country.

GETTING OLDER.

Elaine Roddan, Astolat, Murray-st., Cooma, Nov. 30th, 1913, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I have not much to tell you. We are having nice days here now. It is my birthday on the 7th of December, and I am going to have a party, and our school is having a fair two days before. Mother said I ought to have my birthday on the day of the fair. I am put up in another class now at school. Our Sunday school is in the afternoon now. I think this is all for

(Dear Elaine,—Many happy returns of last this time.—I remain your loving niece.

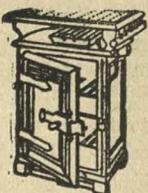
Sunday. I am afraid the No-License ~~po~~ has put many birthdays out of my head, but I will soon get back into the right and good old way. I hope you and all my ne's and ni's are going to make a good start in the new year and write a letter some time in January.—Uncle B.)

TEACHING THE DOLLS.

Dulcie Swain, Waipawa, Dec. 3, 1913, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—You forgot all about my birthday, but I am always going to count your birthday on mine, so I am sending you a pretty paper called the "Auckland Weekly" for a birthday present, and to wish you and Aunt Barnabas a very happy Xmas. If all the nieces and nephews sent you a birthday present on their own birthdays, mother says all the trains in Sydney would be running all day, and you would be buried deep under the presents. I am six now, and help mother to wash up. Santy is going to send the little slum children something soon from the Sunbeams. We watched and watched like anything, and you never said if you got our Sunbeam present last year. It was £4. Did it go safely? I teach my dolls to take nice clean clothes and food to all the ragged little dolls. I make the ragged, cold, hungry dolls live in the slums, and the rich dolls bring the doll's pram full of lovely things, and make them happy, and mother gives me bits of cake and I wash their faces and dress them up, and give them food, then they go and live with the clean new dolls.—Your loving little ni.

(Dear Little Dulcie,—I feel such a naughty, naughty Uncle B., but I am sure I wrote about that lovely big generous gift of £4 a year ago. It did come, and it helped to make so many sad ones glad. The "Auckland Weekly," came and it is really lovely. I am going to frame some of the pictures. I hope many of your "cousins" will follow your example and teach their dolls as you do. I wish I could pop into Waipawa on a surprise visit. It would be just lovely. Forgive me, dear, and try and remember that often I forget because I am so rushed and worried to do more than I am able.—Uncle B.)



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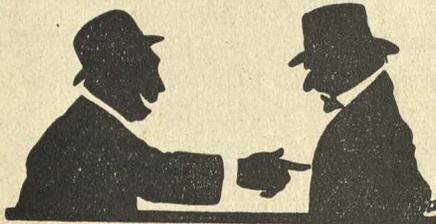
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JOHNNY'S PROGRESS.

"I am glad to see you home, Johnny," said the father to his small son who had been away at school, but who was now home on his Christmas vacation. "How are you getting on at school?"

"Fine," said Johnny. "I have learned to say 'Thank you' and 'If you please' in French."

"Good!" said the father. "That's more than you ever learned to say in English."

* * *

JUST GOOD FORTUNE.

"Tommy," said his mother, at dinner on Christmas Day, "do stop eating. How can you possibly eat so much?"

"Don't know," said Tommy, between bites; "I guess it's just good luck."

* * *

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"Now, Harry," asked the Sunday-school teacher, "what must we do before our sins can be forgiven?"

"That's easy," replied Harry. "We must sin."

* * *

AND IT WAS.

A teacher recently received the following from the mother of an absent pupil:—

"Dere mam: please eggscuse Willy. He didn't have but one pair of pants an' I kep him home to wash them and Mrs. O'toole's goat came and et them off the line that awt to be eggscuse enuff, goodness nose. Yours with respeck, Mrs. B."

HER PRESENTS AND HER PRESENCE.

"Before we were married, Henry," said the young wife reproachfully, "you always gave me the most beautiful Christmas presents. Do you remember?"

"Sure," said Henry cheerfully; "but, my dear, did you ever hear of a fisherman giving bait to a fish after he had caught it?"

* * *

HIS LETTER.

A section foreman on a railroad was ordering a list of supplies. He had completed his letter when he found he was in need of a "frog" for a switch, so his letter ran as follows:—

"Mr. Supervisor.—Dear Sir: You will please ship me some pick handles, spike mauls, spikes and wrenches.—Yours truly, Pat Hogan and a frog."

* * *

PREPARING IN TIME.

Louise had made loud and repeated calls for more turkey at the Christmas dinner. After she had disposed of a liberal quantity she was told that too much turkey would make her sick. Looking wistfully at the fowl for a moment she said:—

"Well, give me anuzzer piece an' send for the doctor."

NO PROMOTION.

The late Bishop Doane, of Albany, a strict conservative, had his own views as to woman's place in the world. No feminist this good Tory Bishop, no advocate of "newness of any sort."

Bishop Doane believed in marriage of the real old fashioned kind, and to bridegrooms at weddings he used sometimes to make a little speech.

"My young friend," he would say to the pale and nervous bridegroom, patting him on the back, 'you are now embarking on a long, hazardous voyage, and I bid you remember the Finnish proverb.

"For the Finnish sailors have a proverb to this effect:

"The man who on the ship of matrimony signs as mate will never get promoted."

* * *

HIS GENTLE HINT.

An old fisherman used to bring him a splendid salmon the first of every month, and he always received a tip. One morning he was very busy, and when the old man brought the fish he thanked him hurriedly and, forgetting the tip, bent over the desk again. The old man hesitated a moment, then cleared his throat and said: "Sir, would ye be so kind as to put it in writin' that ye didn't give me nothing this time, or my wife 'll think I've went and spent it on rum."

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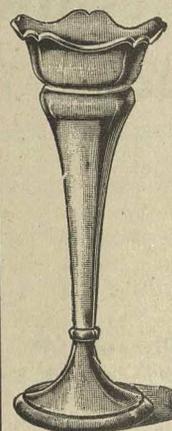
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The Story of Christmas Customs.

WHY WE CELEBRATE ON DECEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH.

Nobody knows whether that is the exact date on which Christ was born, or what people first celebrated the festival on that date. After the triumph of Christianity the prejudice of the early Christians against the celebration of birthdays as heathenish died out. Some time between 337 and 352 Pope Julius directed Saint Cyril to ascertain the correct date. He reported that the Western churches observed it on December 25, although other churches kept the day in January, April, May, March and September. Pope Julius was so satisfied with Saint Cyril's report that he set December 25 as Christmas Day, and our observance of that date has come down to us from that decision.

* * *

SANTA CLAUS AND CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.

Saint Nicholas seems to have been the original of our Santa Claus. He was the Bishop of Myra about the year 300, and was very popular because of his good deeds and kindness, especially to children, whose patron saint he is supposed to be. An old legend says that he wished to bestow a gift surreptitiously upon an old nobleman who, though poor, did not want anyone to know of his poverty. When the good Bishop reached the house he saw the old gentleman asleep by the fire, so he climbed to the top of the chimney and dropped his gift therein, thinking it would fall on the hearth. But it so happened that the money fell into one of the old gentleman's stockings, which his daughter had hung up to dry, where it was found and used as a dowry for his oldest daughter. And the old story says that Saint Nicholas never failed to put a gift in the stockings which were hung for him thereafter whenever a daughter of the house was to marry. When our Saint Nicholas comes around on Christmas Eve we look for gifts in our stockings.

The date of the Bishop's death, December 6, is observed in many countries, and the closeness of his feast to that of Christmas Day has probably confounded the two celebrations. Santa Claus seems to be the name by which the good spirit of Christmas is most generally known.

* * *

WHY DO WE PRESENT GIFTS?

It was the custom among the Romans to make gifts to each other at their winter festival and this custom also may have descended to us from antiquity. But Christians like

to feel that it is because the Wise Men brought gifts to the Infant Jesus, and because of the gift of God to the world. Gifts to the poor seem from the earliest Bible times to have been an expression of a thankful heart. We bring Him gifts when we give to those who are in need.

* * *

WHY WE SING CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

Singing Christmas carols is a custom so old that even the origin of the word is in doubt. The first carols were modelled on the songs written to accompany the choric dance and caroling—a combination of dancing and singing—which found its way from the pagan rituals into the Christian church.

In the year 589 the Council of Toledo forbade dancing in the church on certain days, and in the following year all secular dances in the church were forbidden. However, the custom did not die out until about the year 1209.

Many of the carols dating from the Fifteenth Century have the characteristics of folk songs and preserve curious legends. Carol singing flourished during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries, and the greatest English writers, Milton and Ben Jonson among them, produced some beautiful carols. A century later Charles Wesley wrote the famous "Hark, How the Welkin Rings," better known as "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing."

The earliest printed collection of carols was issued in 1621. It contained the famous "Boar's Head" carol, which is still sung every year at Oxford College.

The carol exists in France, where it is known as "Noel," and it is also existent in Germany and Italy, although the custom has died out in Scotland and some of the Continental countries.

* * *

WHY CHRISTMAS CENTRES ROUND A STAR.

When Jesus was born in Bethlehem it was the boast of Rome that "Miliarium Aureum," the Golden Milestone, from which her great military roads diverged, marked the centre of the world. To-day that stone is in fragments, while from the star that marks in the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem the place where Jesus was born and commemorates the star that shone in the heavens o'er Bethlehem on the first Christmas night, radiates the influence that uplifts mankind, civilises the world and makes all men brothers.

WHERE WE GET THE CHRISTMAS CARD.

Christmas cards were first printed in London nearly seventy years ago, but did not become popular until fifty years ago.

The first Christmas card was only a visiting card on which was written the greeting, "A Merry Christmas," or "A Happy New Year." Snow scenes, holly branches and robins appeared later on embossed cards, probably picturing English Christmas scenery, as the robin is known in England as the Christmas bird, and also as "The Saviour's bird," because of the legend of its red breast. This bird is still seen on Christmas cards, but not so often as formerly.

* * *

HOW THE CHRISTMAS TREE CAME TO BE.

Saint Winfried, who was, in the Eighth Century, a missionary to the Scandinavians, is credited in an ancient legend with having caused to be set up the first home Christmas tree. He tried to show the people that the Druid priests had made them worshipers of trees only, and not of a living God; and on Christmas Eve he hewed down the great oak tree around which they had gathered to offer a human sacrifice. As it fell a young fir tree seemed to appear miraculously beyond it, and Winfried said to the people:—

"Here is the living tree, with no stain of blood upon it, that shall be the sign of your new worship. See how it points to the sky. Call it the tree of the Christ Child. Take it up and carry it to the chieftain's hall. You shall go no more into the shadows of the forest to keep your feasts with secret rites of shame. You shall keep them at home, with laughter and songs and rites of love. The thunder oak has fallen, and I think the day is coming when there shall not be a home in all Germany where the children are not gathered round the green fir tree to rejoice in the birthright of Christ."

* * *

WHY WE EAT PLUM PUDDING AND MINCE PIE.

The Christmas pudding in its contents is thought to symbolise, as does mince pie also, the rich offerings made by the Wise Men to the Infant Christ, and dates back to the early Christmas.

"Once upon a time" plum pudding was called "hackin," signifying the "hackin" or chopping of the ingredients—meats, suet, fruits and spices. After the revolution that enthroned the "merry monarch," Charles II., the "hackin" of our ancestors was baptised "plum pudding."

It is said that a Frenchman will not taste thereof. There is a funny story that a French nobleman, wishing to please an English ambassador on Christmas Day by serving a plum pudding, procured a recipe and gave his chef minutest instructions as to ingredients, the quantity of water in the kettle, etc., forgetting only one thing, the pudding cloth, and the dish was served up like so much soup in a large tureen, to the surprise of the honored guest.

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