

## ALWAYS GREEN COUPONS.

The Green Coupon Company now enters upon its eighteenth year, and as the result of experience can give you no better advice than it has done year after year in the past, viz.:-



- 1st. Decide to pay cash for your purchases.
- 2nd. Do business with a tradesman who gives Green Coupons.
- 3rd. Ask him to supply you with a Green Coupon Directory.
- 4th. Demand one Green Coupon for every sixpence you spend.

- 5th. Gum them in your Directory Book.
- 6th. When you have a hundred or more collected visit the Showrooms of the Green Coupon Company.
- 7th. Select a useful article or articles for your household.
- 8th. Continue the operation until your home is well furnished.



REMEMBER THE ADDRESS: 697 GEORGE STREET, HAYMARKET.



## A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. VIII. No. 43. Price One Penny. THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1915.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper.



### THE BAR-WART.

THE DOCTOR: "Yes, a nasty disfiguring growth, but we'll restore his good looks in spite of his friends."

**SILVESTER BROS., The Strand.**  
CHOICE SANDWICHES FOR LUNCH.

Specialities: Salmon and Egg, Roast Pork, Ham and Tongue.

TRY YORKSHIRE SAUSAGE FOR LUNCH.

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## THE BREEDING PLACES OF DISEASE.

By Dr. W. E. BARRON.

Note.—The Medical Society of Steuben County, New York, has never been noted for its anti-liquor proclivities. A more positive statement, indicating its contrary tendencies, would not be questioned by many of its members. On October 13 last its Ninety-seventh Semi-annual Meeting was held in the city of Hornell; and physicians were in attendance from all parts of the county. Dr. W. E. Barron, vice-president, presided, and gave an address which we are glad to produce much of it here.

"Must there be a choice of preventable causes of death for the State Department to hammer away upon?"

"If a choice, why not pound the hardest against the one which causes the greatest number of deaths?"

"If a choice, why not knock vigorously against the one which is the greatest cause of the ignorance and poverty which make it so futile to prevent the spread of contagion?"

"If a choice, why not leave the entrenchments and charge the enemy which causes more misery, unhappiness, disease, poverty and death than all the preventable diseases of contagion in the State of New York?"

"If a choice, why not be sincere, and attack the breeding places of a disease whose roots entangle the efforts of a powerful State department?"

### BOOZE RESPONSIBLE.

"It is not necessary to attempt to convince those present of the truth of the statement that alcoholic beverages—booze—are responsible, directly and indirectly, for more deaths in the State of New York than any other preventable condition."

"How many times a year do you write in the death certificate apoplexy, uremia, Bright's disease, pneumonia, organic heart disease, killed by cars, accidental drowning, or various other causes as primary, when you know full well booze contributed, and probably was as much or more the primary cause as the name you gave!"

"And why don't you put in the right name? It's because there may be a life insurance policy, or you do not wish to embarrass the family, or maybe there will occur a damage action."

"A man fell out of a waggon and broke his neck. He was saturated with alcohol. Which was the proper cause of death to write in the certificate that the State Health Department might correctly tabulate the report? The family did not wish alcohol to be mentioned, and it was not."

"Is it possible that our State Health Department is in ignorance of the number of deaths in the State due to alcohol? Is it true that there were only 1035 deaths from alcohol in the State during 1913? That is the number tabulated, but if you multiplied it by ten would you not then have it too small? Any other vital statistics report sent to the Capitol that was not within 1000 per cent. of being correct would receive serious consideration."

### CONFIDENTIAL REPORTS: WHY NOT?

"If the department is not properly informed as to this item, would it help any if a confidential report of any such cause of death should be sent to the department direct, that the list might be correct?"

"If it could be demonstrated that 15,000 to 20,000 deaths annually in our State were due to booze, directly or indirectly, and that the use of alcohol as a beverage was responsible for most of the poverty and ignorance which is the barrier to better sanitation and a lower death rate for many other diseases, would the department or the Public Health Council make as heroic an effort to correct this enormous death rate, as is made to prevent epidemics of smallpox, with its single death in 1913?"

"A reduction in the annual death rate shows efficiency. A reduction in the mortality from booze, brought about by efforts of the department, would show wonderful efficiency; would bring health and happiness to countless homes; would do more to banish poverty and ignorance than any other one thing; would reduce the mortality rate more than all other efforts combined, and you know it, and the Commissioner of Health knows it, and our sanitary supervisor knows it."

### SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

"The Real Estate Board of the City of New York criticises the health board which asks

for an appropriation of three and a half million dollars. The Real Estate Board does not attempt to analyse the estimate, but says: 'We must call your attention, however, to the increased activities of the department itself.' The true function of the department should be to make and enforce sanitary regulations. At its inception it was not contemplated that it would take the place of the physician, the nurse, the druggist and the dentist in the family. Neither was it contemplated that it should supervise and control the daily life of the citizen."

"The fundamental wrong in the whole matter is that free medical service, free nurses, and all the various things done for people by the Board of Health are done only for a small part of the community. While all are taxed, mainly the part of our population which is always seeking to get something for nothing is benefited."

"Some of this criticism may apply up-State, but it is capable of demonstration that if booze could be done away with there would soon be no use for a visiting nurse, and if health departments are to supervise and control the daily life of the citizen then they had better begin and end with the part that booze plays in that daily life."

### EDISON'S VIEW OF IT.

"Thomas A. Edison—ripe of years, a sage, an analyst—who has no superiors in intellect—has recently said, 'Nothing in the world is more dangerous to the efficiency of humanity than stimulation. The elimination of all stimulants would be a fine thing for the race. The war against stimulants is a fine, big human sign. The temperance movement's advance ought to be a subject for general congratulation.'"

"The Czar has ordered all grog shops closed throughout the Empire during the war, that his soldiers may the more effectually deal out death to his foes."

"Let us close the grog shops in Steuben County and throughout the State that the death rate may positively be reduced."

"The West Virginia State Medical Society went on record in 1912 for State-wide prohibition."

"Why should this county society be ashamed to announce to our citizens the truth of this great curse to life and health?"

"This resolution is now offered:

"Resolved,—That the Medical Society of the County of Steuben, in session assembled, believes it to be for the best interests of the citizenship of the county and of the State, economically, physically and morally, that the sale of alcoholic beverages be prohibited."

Many of the members voted to adopt the resolution, but it was laid on the table.—"The National Advocate."

## HAVE YOUR CLOTHES TAILORED BY AN EXPERT.

TAILOR, COSTUME  
and  
BREECHES MAKER.

## W. NICHOLSON

(Late Druce)

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Opposite Hotel Australia.

Any Order Executed from measures left  
when visiting Sydney are guaranteed to prove satisfactory.

Exclusive Designs Arriving each  
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ESTABLISHED 1887.



# The Little Sardinian Drummer

On the first day of the battle of Custoza, sixty soldiers belonging to one of the Italian regiments, ordered to garrison a lonely house on a height near by, were suddenly attacked by two companies of Austrians, who, assaulting them on several sides, scarcely gave them time to take refuge within the house and hastily barricade the door, leaving their dead and wounded on the field.

The door, being well secured, our soldiers hastened to the windows on the ground floor, opened a deadly fire on the besiegers, who opened a deadly fire on the besiegers, who replied vigorously as they slowly approached in the form of a semi-circle.

The sixty Italian soldiers were commanded by two subaltern officers, and by a tall, silent, grim old captain, with white hair and whiskers.

With them was a little Sardinian drummer, a boy scarcely more than fourteen years old, but who did not look even twelve, with his dark, olive skin, and black, deep set eyes that flashed fire.

From a room on the top storey the captain directed the defence, every order sounding like a pistol shot, his iron countenance showing not the slightest emotion.

The little drummer, pale, but with his feet firmly planted on the table, and holding fast to the walls, stretched out his head and neck to look from the window, and saw through the smoke the Austrians steadily advancing over the fields.

The house was near the top of a very steep hillside, so that but one small high window in the upper storey looked out over the crest.

The Austrians did not threaten that side, nor was there anyone on the hilltop. The fire was directed against the front and the two sides.

The fire was infernal—a close, heavy hail-storm of balls rained upon the walls and through the broken roof, tearing out the ceiling, shattering the beams, doors, furniture, filling the air with fragments, plastering, and clouds of lime and dust, utensils and broken glass whizzing, clattering over their heads, rebounding from the walls with a noise and clash that made the hair stand on end.

Now and then a soldier, stationed at the windows fell inward and was pushed one side, others staggered from room to room, stanching their wounds with their hands. In the kitchen lay one soldier, pierced through the forehead. The enemy was closing in. At last the captain, until then impassible, began to show signs of uneasiness and hurriedly left the room, followed by a sergeant. In a few moments the sergeant came rushing back, called the drummer, telling him to follow. The boy raced up the stairs after him and entered a dilapidated garret, in which he saw the captain with pencil and paper in hand, leaning on the window sill, and lying on the ground at his feet was a rope belonging to the well.

The captain folded the paper, and, fixing on the boy those cold, grey eyes before which every soldier trembled, said abruptly:

"Drummer!"

The little drummer's hand went up to his cap.

The captain said:

"Thou art brave?"

The boy's eyes flashed.

"Yes, captain," he answered.

"Look down yonder," said the captain, taking him to the window, "on the ground, near the house of Villafranca, where those bayonets glisten. There is our regiment, motionless. Take this paper, grasp this rope, let yourself down from the window, cross the hill like lightning, rush through the fields, reach our men, and give this paper to the first officer you see. Take off your belt and knapsack."

The drummer took off his belt and knapsack and hid the paper in his breast pocket; the sergeant threw out the rope, holding fast one end, the captain helped the boy jump through the window, his back towards the fields.

"Be careful," said he, "the salvation of this detachment depends on thy valour and thy legs."

"Trust me, captain," said the drummer, sliding down.

"Crouch low when you drop," again said the captain, taking hold of the rope, too.

"Have no fear."

"God speed thee!"

In a few moments the boy was on the ground, the sergeant drew up the rope, and disappeared, while the captain hastened to the little window, and saw the drummer racing down the hill. He now hoped he would escape unseen, but five or six little clouds of dust rising from the ground warned him that the boy had been discovered by the Austrians, who were firing down from the top of the hill.

Those little clouds were the earth torn up by the balls.

But the drummer continued running at full speed. After a while the captain exclaimed in consternation:

"Dead!" but scarcely was the word out of his mouth when he saw the little drummer rise.

"Ah, it was but a fall"; said he, and breathed again.

The drummer again ran on, but he limped.

"He has sprained his foot," said the captain.

A little cloud of dust rose, here and there, around the boy, but always farther from him.

He was beyond their reach. The captain uttered a cry of triumph; but his eyes followed him, tremblingly, for it was a question of minutes. If he did not soon reach the regiment with the note asking for immediate succour, all his soldiers would be killed, or he would be obliged to surrender and become a prisoner of war with them.

The boy ran for a while rapidly, then he stopped to limp; again he ran on, but every few minutes he stopped to limp.

"Perhaps a ball has bruised his foot," thought the captain, and he tremblingly noted all his movements, and in his excitement he talked to the drummer as if he could hear him. Every moment his eyes measured the distance between the boy and the bayonets that glistened below on the plains, in the midst of the golden wheat fields.

Meantime he heard the whistling and the crash of the balls in the room below, the voice of command, the shouts of rage of the officers and sergeants; the sharp cries of the wounded and the noise of broken furniture and crumbling plaster.

"Courage! Valour!" he cried, his eyes followed the drummer in the distance. "Forward! Run! Malediction! He stops! Ah, he is up again! Forward!"

An officer out of breath comes to tell him that the enemy, without ceasing fire, wave a white handkerchief, demanding their surrender.

"Let no one answer!" shouts the captain without taking his eyes from the boy, who was now in the valley but who no longer ran, and who seemed hopeless of reaching the regiment.

"Forward! Run!" cried the captain with teeth and fists clenched. "Bleed to death, die, unfortunate boy, but reach your destination!"

Then he uttered a horrible oath.

"Ah, the infamous idler has sat down!"

In fact, up to that moment the boy's head, that could be seen above the wheat, now disappeared as if he had fallen.

After a moment his head was again seen, then he was lost behind the wheat field, and the captain saw him no more.

Then he hastened down. The balls rained, the rooms were full of wounded, some of whom rolled over like drunken men, catching at the furniture; the walls and floors were covered with blood. Dead bodies lay across the threshold; the lieutenant's arm was broken by a ball.

Smoke and powder filled the rooms.

"Courage!" shouted the captain. "Stand to your post! Succour is coming! Courage a little longer!"

The Austrians had approached closer. Their disfigured faces could be seen through the smoke.

Through the crash of balls could be heard the savage cries insulting them, demanding their surrender, and threatening to cut their throats. A soldier, terrified, withdrew from the window, and the sergeants again pushed him forward.

The moment came when the Austrians redoubled their efforts, and a voice thundered, at first in German, then in Italian:

"Surrender!"

"No!" shouted the captain from a window. The fire became more deadly, more furious on both sides. Other soldiers fell. There was more than one window without defenders. The fatal moment was imminent.

(Continued on Page 15.)





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a Caddy of this

**Delicious Tea**

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We assure you that you will be  
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**GRIFFITHS BROS.,** WENTWORTH AVENUE and  
Opp. TOWN HALL, SYDNEY.

## New South Wales Alliance.

NOTES BY THE GENERAL SECRETARY.

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BE INDEPENDENT. OWN YOUR OWN HOME. DO IT NOW.

My Lists are at the disposal of "Grit" readers in town or country who are desirous of purchasing a House, a piece of Land, a Business, etc. Let me know what you want—I probably have it; if not, I am prepared to do my utmost to get it for you. My advice is yours for the asking,  
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Country Readers Requiring Accommodation in Sydney  
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## HERE IS A BARGAIN!

BALGOWLAH HEIGHTS, MANLY.

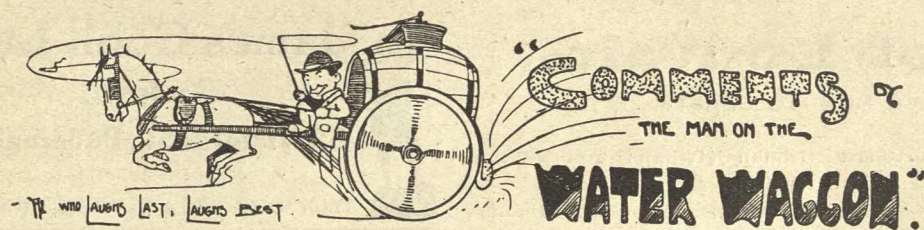
CLOSE TO TRAM. LOVELY VIEWS.

NEW D.F. COTTAGE, built of reinforced concrete, containing 4ft. hall, 2 rooms 13 x 14, 2 rooms 12 x 13, kitchen (gas stove), detached laundry (wooden tubs), verandah (ironite) 7 x 27. Land 50 x 132. Torrens Title.

A Charming Home at the low cost of £575.  
Terms arranged.

**H. S. PULSFORD,**  
Real Estate Agent,  
8 YOUNG ST., CIRCULAR QUAY.





### WAR AND ALCOHOL.

During the Peninsular war Wellington had to issue a strong letter of admonition, in which he said: "I am concerned to observe that the army under my command has fallen off in this respect (intemperance) in the late campaign, to a greater degree than any army with which I have ever been, or of which I have ever read."

These were the circumstances: "The soldiers having plundered the caves where the wine of the vintage was stored, became mutinous and disorderly. The guns could hardly be dragged through the mire of the roads, and the disorganisation of the regiments was completed by the universal intoxication of the men. The losses of the Allies during the retreat from Burgos amounted to nearly 7000 men, principally drunken stragglers."

Take another record from history of the same campaign:—"And now commenced a scene which may cause the historian to blush, not only for his country, but for his species. The long endurance of the assault and the slaughter of their comrades at the breach had wrought the soldiers up to perfect madness. Breaking into the burning houses, they rolled spirit-casks into the streets, and emptied them on the spot, till vast numbers fell motionless, and many lifeless, while the wretched inhabitants, driven from their houses by the flames, fell a prey to the brutal passions of the soldiery. In spite of all the efforts of the officers, pillage, rape, and massacre were carried to a pitch almost unheard of, and the scenes transacted remain on record as an eternal blot on the past, and warning for the future."

"Oh, but that's a hundred years ago." Well, if so, human nature is just the same to-day. We have read in our telegrams that during the past few weeks German soldiers, under the influence of liquor, have done just the same. I say all honor to Lord Kitchener for calling a spade a spade, and not an agricultural implement. Society is suffering to-day owing to the lack of "plainness of speech."

It is asserted by those who know that we have lost 800 men by drink from the N.S.W. contingents since the war began. If they act so badly here, how much worse may we expect them to act among strangers if drink is available. Surely we do not exaggerate when we call liquor the Empire's greatest enemy.

### TO A FALSE PATRIOT.

(By SIR OWEN SEAMAN, in London  
"Punch.")

He came, obedient to the call;

He might have shirked like half his mates,  
Who, while their comrades fight and fall,  
Still go to swell the football gates.

And you, a patriot in your prime,  
You waved a flag above his head,  
And hoped he'd have a high old time,  
And slapped him on the back and said:

"You'll show 'em what we British are!  
Give us your hand, old pal, to shake;"  
And took him round from bar to bar—  
And made him drunk—for England's sake.

That's how you helped him. Yesterday,  
Clear-eyed and earnest, keen and hard,  
He held himself the soldier's way—  
And now they've got him under guard.

That doesn't hurt you; you're all right;  
Your easy conscience takes no blame;  
But he, poor boy, with morning's light,  
He eats his heart out, sick with shame.

What's that to you? You understand  
Nothing of all his bitter pain;  
You have no regiment to brand;  
You have no uniform to stain.

No vow or service to abuse,  
No pledge to King and country due;  
But he had something dear to lose,  
And he has lost it—thanks to you.

These lines may not become as popular as the "Absent Minded Beggar," but they ought to be as widely known, and "Grit" readers should play their part in making them known.

### WOMEN'S VOTE.

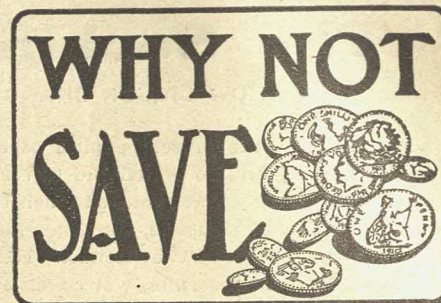
The fact is the women's vote is a most disappointing thing. We expected too much. All normal married women vote with their husbands. There are just as many bad women as good, and the bad ones vote more readily and for badness. The good ones are not always wise, and certainly slower to vote. I am sure the women's vote is not what it was hoped it would be. The following States in America are a striking comment on the disappointing women's vote:—

#### Suffrage States.

State.	Year Won.
Wyoming .....	1869
Colorado .....	1893
Idaho .....	1896
Utah .....	1896
Washington .....	1910
California .....	1911
Arizona .....	1912
Kansas .....	1912
Oregon .....	1912
Alaska .....	1913
Nevada .....	1914
Montana .....	1914

#### Prohibition States.

Maine: Statutory prohibition, 1851; constitution prohibition, 1884.  
Kansas: Constitutional prohibition, 1880.



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Our Prices have not been raised.

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PETERSHAM.

Phone 513.

North Dakota: Constitutional prohibition since statehood in 1889.

Georgia: Statutory prohibition, 1907.

Oklahoma: Constitutional prohibition, 1907.

Mississippi: Statutory prohibition, 1908.

North Carolina: Statutory prohibition, 1908.

Tennessee: Statutory prohibition, 1909.

West Virginia: Constitutional Prohibition, 1913.

Virginia: Statutory prohibition, 1914.

Colorado: Constitutional prohibition, 1914.

Oregon: Constitutional prohibition, 1914.

Washington: Statutory prohibition, 1914.

Arizona: Constitutional prohibition, 1914.

In New Zealand and our own State, the women's vote has not given us prohibition, of woman's greatest rival and enemy—alcohol. As far as we can analyse the vote, if left to the women alone, we would not have prohibition in either New Zealand or N.S.W. It seems that women did better when they were men's superiors than now that they are men's equals. Perhaps the following story has some foundation in fact:—At a luncheon in New York Dr. Lyman Abbott told a woman suffrage story. "I had heard a lot," he said, "about the success of woman suffrage in Australia; so, meeting an Australian woman one day, I asked, 'How did you vote, madam, at the last election?' She answered, 'In my mauve pannier gown, with a large mauve hat trimmed with mauve ospreys!'"

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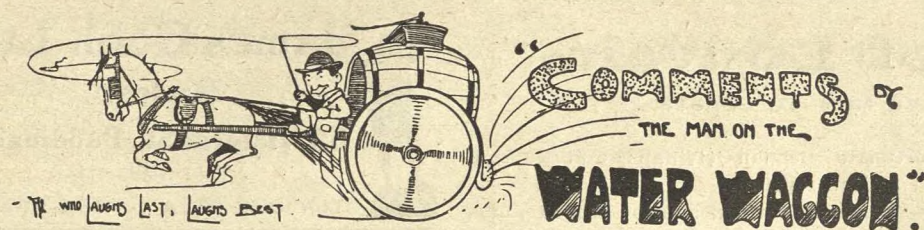
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### WAR AND ALCOHOL.

During the Peninsular war Wellington had to issue a strong letter of admonition, in which he said: "I am concerned to observe that the army under my command has fallen off in this respect (intemperance) in the late campaign, to a greater degree than any army with which I have ever been, or of which I have ever read."

These were the circumstances: "The soldiers having plundered the caves where the wine of the vintage was stored, became mutinous and disorderly. The guns could hardly be dragged through the mire of the roads, and the disorganisation of the regiments was completed by the universal intoxication of the men. The losses of the Allies during the retreat from Burgos amounted to nearly 7000 men, principally drunken stragglers."

Take another record from history of the same campaign:—"And now commenced a scene which may cause the historian to blush, not only for his country, but for his species. The long endurance of the assault and the slaughter of their comrades at the breach had wrought the soldiers up to perfect madness. Breaking into the burning houses, they rolled spirit-casks into the streets, and emptied them on the spot, till vast numbers fell motionless, and many lifeless, while the wretched inhabitants, driven from their houses by the flames, fell a prey to the brutal passions of the soldiery. In spite of all the efforts of the officers, pillage, rape, and massacre were carried to a pitch almost unheard of, and the scenes transacted remain on record as an eternal blot on the past, and warning for the future."

"Oh, but that's a hundred years ago." Well, if so, human nature is just the same to-day. We have read in our telegrams that during the past few weeks German soldiers, under the influence of liquor, have done just the same. I say all honor to Lord Kitchener for calling a spade a spade, and not an agricultural implement. Society is suffering to-day owing to the lack of "plainness of speech."

It is asserted by those who know that we have lost 800 men by drink from the N.S.W. contingents since the war began. If they act so badly here, how much worse may we expect them to act among strangers if drink is available. Surely we do not exaggerate when we call liquor the Empire's greatest enemy.

### TO A FALSE PATRIOT.

(By SIR OWEN SEAMAN, in London  
"Punch.")

He came, obedient to the call;

He might have shirked like half his mates,  
Who, while their comrades fight and fall,  
Still go to swell the football gates.

And you, a patriot in your prime,  
You waved a flag above his head,  
And hoped he'd have a high old time,  
And slapped him on the back and said:

"You'll show 'em what we British are!  
Give us your hand, old pal, to shake;"  
And took him round from bar to bar—  
And made him drunk—for England's sake.

That's how you helped him. Yesterday,  
Clear-eyed and earnest, keen and hard,  
He held himself the soldier's way—  
And now they've got him under guard.

That doesn't hurt you; you're all right;  
Your easy conscience takes no blame;  
But he, poor boy, with morning's light,  
He eats his heart out, sick with shame.

What's that to you? You understand  
Nothing of all his bitter pain;  
You have no regiment to brand;  
You have no uniform to stain.

No vow or service to abuse,  
No pledge to King and country due;  
But he had something dear to lose,  
And he has lost it—thanks to you.

These lines may not become as popular as the "Absent Minded Beggar," but they ought to be as widely known, and "Grit" readers should play their part in making them known.

### WOMEN'S VOTE.

The fact is the women's vote is a most disappointing thing. We expected too much. All normal married women vote with their husbands. There are just as many bad women as good, and the bad ones vote more readily and for badness. The good ones are not always wise, and certainly slower to vote. I am sure the women's vote is not what it was hoped it would be. The following States in America are a striking comment on the disappointing women's vote:—

#### Suffrage States.

State.	Year Won.
Wyoming .....	1869
Colorado .....	1893
Idaho .....	1896
Utah .....	1896
Washington .....	1910
California .....	1911
Arizona .....	1912
Kansas .....	1912
Oregon .....	1912
Alaska .....	1913
Nevada .....	1914
Montana .....	1914

#### Prohibition States.

Maine: Statutory prohibition, 1851; constitution prohibition, 1884.  
Kansas: Constitutional prohibition, 1880.



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Phone 513.

North Dakota: Constitutional prohibition since statehood in 1889.

Georgia: Statutory prohibition, 1907.

Oklahoma: Constitutional prohibition, 1907.

Mississippi: Statutory prohibition, 1908.

North Carolina: Statutory prohibition, 1908.

Tennessee: Statutory prohibition, 1909.

West Virginia: Constitutional Prohibition, 1913.

Virginia: Statutory prohibition, 1914.

Colorado: Constitutional prohibition, 1914.

Oregon: Constitutional prohibition, 1914.

Washington: Statutory prohibition, 1914.

Arizona: Constitutional prohibition, 1914.

In New Zealand and our own State, the women's vote has not given us prohibition, of woman's greatest rival and enemy—alcohol. As far as we can analyse the vote, if left to the women alone, we would not have prohibition in either New Zealand or N.S.W. It seems that women did better when they were men's superiors than now that they are men's equals. Perhaps the following story has some foundation in fact:—At a luncheon in New York Dr. Lyman Abbott told a woman suffrage story. "I had heard a lot," he said, "about the success of woman suffrage in Australia; so, meeting an Australian woman one day, I asked, 'How did you vote, madam, at the last election?' She answered, 'In my mauve pannier gown, with a large mauve hat trimmed with mauve ospreys!'"

**PASS "GRIT" ON.**



# The Sacking of Louvain.

HOW LIQUOR CHANGED BRAVE MEN TO BEASTS.

From Antwerp, the present capital of the Kingdom of Belgium, to which the Government of that country was removed when the Germans threatened Brussels, Dr. Chas. Sarolea has written to "The London Daily Chronicle" a letter concerning war conditions in which there are set out some very interesting facts.

The awful cruelties and brutality perpetrated at Louvain by German troops, which have shocked civilisation, seem to have been at least to some extent chargeable to alcoholic indulgence. It is not strange that what makes men beasts in time of peace should do the same degrading work when men are excited by the horrors of war. There is a terrible lesson for civilised governments in a part of Dr. Sarolea's communication in which he says:—

"Few readers realise under what difficulties just now we are carrying on our work as war correspondents. We must be prepared ten times a day to be arrested as spies. We live in an atmosphere of suspicion, and especially in a city like Antwerp, which has been infested with German spies, we must be prepared to be expelled at a moment's notice. I am even now served with a decree of expulsion at the instance of the British War Office, yet amidst nerve-shattering difficulties and the fatigues of the campaign we must bring to our work, in addition to the literary qualifications of the ordinary journalist, the special mental equipment of an examining judge.

"Like the chemist, who hastens to extract an ounce of radium from tons of pitchblende, the war correspondent has to extract an atom of truth from a mountain of irresponsible fiction. We have to struggle with the reticence and the hushing-up of the official censor, and, worst of all, we have to grapple with the wild rumors of the panic-stricken peasant and the exaggerations of the sensation-monger.

## TWO CERTAINTIES.

"The public confidently believe that they have been served with a complete and satisfactory version of the tragedy of Louvain. I have tried hard, but I have not succeeded in getting such a final version. Even at this moment I do not know whether the burning of the town has been accompanied by a wholesale slaughter. It seems a probability; it is not a certainty. The only certainties which emerge from the chaos of conflicting evidence are these: First, it is certain that the Germans have deliberately burnt the whole section of Louvain extending from the station to the centre of the town, thus destroying the University library and the Eglise Saint Pierre. Secondly, it is certain that the pretext and occasion of the conflagration was a ghastly mistake of the German soldiers. They mistook the German troops routed at Malines for Belgian troops, and to hide their mistake and to be saved from court-martial they accused the

unfortunate Belgian civilians and caused such savage reprisals.

Such are the two gleams of proved facts emerging from a tragedy still wrapped in darkness, but those facts are so inconceivable and so incredible that they only raise other formidable questionings. How could the organised armies of a civilised State perpetrate such barbarities, and how could German officers and soldiers commit such a ghastly mistake as to shoot down their own men?

As to the facts referred to, I want to submit a simple theory which I think it is necessary to emphasise because I believe it to be of the highest importance, because I believe it has been systematically ignored, and because if it is accepted it will explain a great many facts hitherto unexplained. My simple theory is that the German soldiers who fired at their own troops were hopelessly drunk, and that the tragedy of Louvain is primarily a tragedy of bestial intemperance, and only secondarily a tragedy of brutal cruelty.

## ATTRACTIONS OF THE CELLAR.

And the theory applies to Aerschot. I am convinced that the cause of drink has played an appalling part in the conduct of the German campaign in Belgium. It ought to be borne in mind that the Germans are naturally a nation of heavy drinkers, and that the German soldiers found in Belgium every facility and temptation to indulge their national intemperance. Officers and soldiers were largely quartered in the houses of the bourgeoisie and in the chateaux of the country gentlemen. Now, we know that every bourgeoisie dwelling or country house possesses a well-stocked cellar. For ages the best wines of France found their way into Belgium. A Belgian bourgeoisie invests in choice vintages as in other countries he would invest in bric-a-brac. A Belgian cellar sometimes represents the accumulated stock of two generations. We know for certain that from the day the Germans entered Belgium their practice has been to sack the cellars of their hosts. Invariably their first visit is to the cellars, and the wines which those cellars contain are peculiarly "capiteaux" and dangerous to the gluttonous German.

Rich Burgundy is inoffensive when it is sipped by the Belgian or French epicure. It becomes deadly poison when it is gulped by the Teuton, and the Teuton has been drinking his bottle of Burgundy as he swallows his gallons of lager beer. I have repeatedly cross-examined Belgian country gentlemen.



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**TRY OUR STEAM-MADE BREAD.**

They have unanimously emphasised the drunkenness of the German soldier. Only yesterday my cousin, M. Edouard Rolin, told me that at his chateau of Gomzee the soldiers gave themselves up to an orgy which lasted three days.

Even at the Chateau de Lacken the first deed of the German superior officer was to sack the cellars of King Albert, and we have the significant little fact that the first order which the German commanding General issued on entering Brussels forbade the serving of alcoholic drinks. The General knew from experience what the soldiers were capable of when they were in their cups.

## INTEMPERANCE OF THE TEUTON.

If we keep in mind this curse of drink, and if we remember that for four weeks the German troops have been emptying the cellars of Belgian chateaux, we shall have much less difficulty in explaining some of the worst atrocities of the war and in recording the conflicting evidence about those atrocities. We do worry about the contradiction of a man who is sober. We do not worry about the contradiction of a drunkard. It does not require a stretch of imagination to conceive that a German officer under the influence of drink will either get lively or quarrelsome, or will suffer from delusion. In his muddled condition he will quite easily shoot a German for a Belgian, and, losing all self-control, he will only too naturally become violent, take liberties with the women, or even commit brutalities on peaceful citizens, and those Belgian citizens may be compelled to use their weapons in self-defence.

It is, to my mind, quite inconceivable that the helpless Belgians should have gratuitously invited the vengeance of their enemies by firing on them. It is, on the contrary, quite conceivable that the Belgians may have had to fire under intolerable provocation in defence of their lives or of their honor.

If I am correct in my estimate of the enormous part played in recent events by the intemperance of the Teuton and vintages of France, the atrocities problem loses much of its difficulty. The atrocities are still staggering, but they cease to be unintelligible. They are still the deeds of brutes, but they are not mainly the deeds of callous brutes acting in cold blood. They are the crimes of brutes acting under the influence of bestial intemperance.

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# The Trail of the Corkscrew.

CORKSCREWS HAVE KILLED MORE THAN CORK BELTS HAVE SAVED.

Many people think the No-License people exaggerate the evils of liquor, and are inclined to discount our accounts of drunkenness and crime. To be on the safe side, we are always conservative in our estimates, and prepared to rely on the reports published in the daily papers of those outrages that alcohol is responsible for. The following is a sample. We reprint the headings and letterpress just as it appeared in the "Sydney Morning Herald" of January 11, 1915:—

CONSTABLE KILLED.  
PUSH OUTRAGE.  
STRUCK WITH BOTTLE.  
STREET FIGHT.

HOBART, Sunday.

A shocking tragedy occurred at Lovett, in the Huon district, on Friday night. Henry Arthur Harris, of Huon police force, stationed in the Port Cygnet district, being done to death while in the execution of his duty.

About 11.25 o'clock on Friday night Trooper Harris and Constable Watson, also stationed in the Port Cygnet area, were standing outside the Imperial Hotel, Lovett, kept by James Dance, when a number of young men, variously estimated at from 10 to 20, came out of the hotel. Most of them were under the influence of liquor, and one commenced to make use of bad language. Trooper Harris spoke to him about it, and, as the man continued his objectionable conduct, the trooper proceeded to arrest him. The man resisted, and in the scuffle the trooper was hit and knocked down, and while lying unconscious on the ground was beaten heavily over the head with a full beer bottle.

Constable Watson went to his comrade's assistance, and was also assaulted with a beer bottle, but sustaining slighter injuries than his fellow officer, was able after the affray, in which the two main assailants are said to have received more or less active assistance from a number of their companions, with help to remove the latter's apparently lifeless body out of the crowd. None of the bystanders rendered any aid to the police during the progress of the affray, and it was only when Harris lay stretched motionless on the ground in a pool of blood, which still poured from a ghastly wound in his head, and Watson himself was bleeding profusely from wounds to his face, that he succeeded in getting a man named Sullivan to help him remove Harris' senseless form to the trooper's residence.

Dr. Wade was called in, and found Harris to be bleeding from a frightful gash in the head and quite unconscious. He was brought speedily to the Hobart General Hospital by motor car, and the operation of trepanning was performed, as there was an extensive fracture of the skull and laceration of the brain. Harris, however, never regained consciousness, and died on Saturday night. He leaves a widow and two children.

On Saturday afternoon the police arrested James Cleary, aged 19, on a charge of inflicting grievous bodily harm on Harris, and the same evening apprehended Thomas Leahy, aged 24, on a charge of assaulting Constable Watson.

## A SYDNEY CASE.

The "Daily Telegraph," of January 12 last, is responsible for the following:—

### CONSTABLE CHARGED.

#### TROUBLE ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Constable Thomas Patrick McMahon, attached to the Walter Police, was charged before Mr. King, S.M., at the Water Police Court yesterday, with assaulting Robert Gemell Lawson on New Year's morning, and was committed for trial.

Robert Gemell Lawson stated that he was manager of the Port Jackson Shipping Ferry Company, which ran a service of launches to ships in port. At about 3 a.m. on New Year's Day he was walking along Circular Quay, in company with two friends. McMahon was standing opposite the Watson's Bay Ferry Wharf, and witness called out, "A Happy New Year, old man," as he passed. McMahon did not answer, but immediately hit witness a heavy blow in the eye, knocking him down, and McMahon fell on top of him. He had spoken to the constable before, and had always been friendly with him. Witness was not drunk, though he had several drinks early in the evening. He made a complaint at the Water Police station, and afterwards went to Sydney Hospital.

Medical evidence was called to show that Lawson had been treated at the hospital twice on New Year's morning, as a result of the injury. He was not intoxicated on either occasion. It was stated that Lawson had lost the sight of the eye, and there was only a remote chance of its being restored.

Frank Hart, a stoker on H.M.A.S. Encounter, and John North, a laborer, who were with Lawson at the time, gave corroborative evidence.

Senior-sergeant Wallace said that he saw the accused at about 4 a.m., and he was then under the influence of liquor. When brought into the station, McMahon denied the assault. He appeared to be intoxicated.

McMahon, who reserved his defence, was allowed bail.

### SOLDIERS AND LIQUOR.

We challenge the Minister for Defence to make public the number of men who have been dismissed from the various training camps since the outbreak of war for offences due to drink. We are prepared to say it far exceeds 500. Day after day we find soldiers in the Court, and the following incident was duplicated in Sydney last week:—

At the Coburg Court, Melbourne, William Scott, a private attached to the military forces at Broadmeadows Camp, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment on a charge of

having stolen £4 10s. from Henry Tilley, a private in C Company at Broadmeadows, on January 2. Scott said that he had no recollection how the money got into his tunic pocket. He had been drinking heavily.

It is a poor kind of patriotism that limits its indignation to German atrocities and overlooks liquor outrages on the defenders of our Empire.

### THE PATRIOTIC WHISKY SELLERS.

A liquor firm advertised last week as follows:—

#### "SUPPORT THE BELGIAN FUND!"

"We have arranged with the Consul for Belgium to donate 2s. a case on the total sales of whisky.

"By drinking this whisky you will not only be assured of obtaining a fine, fully-matured, full-flavored, and perfectly pure whisky, but will also assist in promoting the fund of our brave Allies."

Estimating twelve bottles to the case and 4s. 6d. per bottle, it works out about this way—

The Belgian gets 2s.

The whisky seller gets 20s.

The drinker gets drunk.

The policeman gets a job.

The family get hell.

It is evident that patriotism is like whisky—there are some inferior brands.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "GRIT."

W. Stewart, 31/12/14, 17s.; R. C. Wardill, 31/12/15, 6s.; John Best, 31/12/14, 7s. 10d.; T. Neilson, 1/1/16, 6s.; J. J. Collins, 1/1/16, 6s.; Peter Morgan, 31/12/15, 6s.; Rev. T. Hughes, 31/12/15, 6s.; Rev. E. E. Crosby, 31/12/15, 6s.; C. H. Davis, 31/12/15, 6s.; Rev. A. E. Rook, 30/6/15, 3s.; Mrs. A. R. Burgess, 31/5/15, 3s.; J. T. Craddick, 31/12/15, 6s. 6d.; Miss Arnold, 30/6/15, 4s. 11d.; Mrs. H. H. Thompson, 31/12/15, 12s.; J. T. Craddick (don.), 14s. 6d.; L. Lambert, 31/12/15, 16s.; L. Lambert (don.), 6s. 6d.; Miss E. Stevens, N.Z., 17/12/16, 7s. 6d.; Thos. Cowin, 12/2/16, 6s.; R. J. Fyfe, 30/6/14, 3s.; Nor. Donaldson, 15/1/16, 6s.; W. D. Bohn, 31/12/15, 6s.; Miss Dorothy Dudley, 20/6/13, 4s.; E. H. L. Young, 31/12/15, 12s.; J. B. Baxter, N.Z., 31/12/14, 14s. 9d.; J. Hamilton, N.Z., 31/12/14, 7s.; Mrs. W. S. Ward, N.Z., 31/12/14, 8s. 6d.; Mrs. A. W. Barnett, N.Z., 31/12/14, 7s.; W. Morice, N.Z., 31/12/14, £1 2s.; J. G. Booker, N.Z., 31/12/14, 14s. 9d.; Mrs. Bowen, N.Z., 31/12/14, 18s. 10d.; Mrs. Bowen, N.Z. (don.), 1s. 10d.; T. W. Wall, N.Z., 26/11/15, 7s. 6d.; Rev. D. H. Fawcett, N.Z., 15/10/15, 7s. 6d.; Jno. Ward, N.Z., 3/12/15, 7s. 6d.; G. S. McDonald, N.Z., 26/11/15, 7s. 6d.; A. L. Wills, N.Z., 15/10/15, 7s. 6d.; S. J. McHarg, N.Z., 15/10/15, 7s. 6d.; Mrs. Gill, N.Z., 31/1/15, 1s. 1d.; Mrs. West, N.Z., 31/12/15, 7s. 6d.; R. M. Wallis, N.Z., 31/12/14, £1 0s. 6d.; Mrs. Heenan, N.Z., 15/1/15, 2s.; R. G. Cutfield, N.Z., 15/10/15, 7s. 6d.; Mrs. Mason, N.Z., 15/10/15, 7s. 6d.; Thos. Baylis, N.Z., 15/10/15, 7s. 6d.; Mrs. A. T. Cumming, N.Z., 15/10/15, 7s. 6d.; N. Cocker, N.Z., 26/11/15, 7s. 6d.; A. Morrison, N.Z., 15/10/15, 7s. 6d.; E. A. Westerman, N.Z., 15/10/15, 7s. 6d.; E. G. Hullett, N.Z., 15/10/15, 7s. 6d.; Mrs. Usher, N.Z., 17/12/15, 7s. 6d.; G. Boyes, N.Z., 31/12/15, 7s. 6d.



# GRIT.

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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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1915.

## MY LETTER BAG.

I find that many people enjoy reading the children's letters to Uncle B. I am sure they would find those written to the Editor even more interesting. What are you to make of the man who writes—

"I enclose the sum of 30s. to cover my debt for 'Grit,' as per enclosed account or to help on the work. Please discontinue the sending of the paper, as I never read it."

This man, who wants to help on the work, has left his account unpaid for four years. He is sympathetic, but never reads the paper. How can you reconcile that? How can we please a man who never reads the paper? Another subscriber writes—

"The one blot in your paper is the advertisement of 'The Worker,' and if it continues when my subscription is again due I will not be taking it any more after that."

I wonder if this subscriber finds a liquor ad. a big enough blot to stop him from reading any daily or weekly paper? I am afraid "Grit" must continue to be like a rose, and they all have a thorn.

One of the first subscribers to "Grit" writes and says:—"My reason for stopping the paper is that I expect to be leaving here shortly." This is discouraging, as we cannot

afford to lose old friends, and I am inclined to think old friends cannot afford to lose "Grit."

Then comes a letter that revives hope and good feeling in my heart once again. Admiral Sir George King-Hall writes:—"I am more and more convinced that if we could only abolish the use of alcohol in the old country, crime, poverty, and bad housing would vanish away to a very large extent, and the country and nation would be happier, more prosperous, and blessed in every way. I congratulate you on the great fight that you are making on the drink question, and wish you every success. I read 'Grit' regularly, and am much obliged for its being sent."

I welcome criticism, I can even stand abuse, but friends who won't read and sympathisers who won't pay—well, they are worse than barbarians.

One of the big American dailies says:—

**PROHIBITION.** "The law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquor in Oregon goes into effect on January 1, 1916. Its enforcement in a State having as large a city as Portland (207,214 population, according to census of 1910) must raise new and interesting problems. Washington, with Seattle (237,194) and Spokane (104,402) will, of course, assist in the solution of these problems. This is a period of beginnings in many lines of human effort. Much of the progress being made is accomplished without the guidance of precedent. Commission government, equal suffrage and prohibition are all making paths of their own. The belief that a great reform of any kind may work well in a small community but will fail in a large one is giving way before the logic of facts. If prohibition is a good thing and a feasible thing in a State that can boast only of cities of the smaller class, it ought to be, and it undoubtedly is, a good and feasible thing for a State with cities of the larger class.

"But haste is not the first essential in this important matter. Desirable as we believe prohibition to be, we do not think it should be forced upon the country. It is of far greater importance, as we view it, that the moral sense of the country shall be convinced of the righteousness of this cause than that it shall be maintained by constitutional provision or statutory enactment. The United States will not be a prohibition country until it is for prohibition at heart and in conscience. We believe it is rapidly becoming

so, and that the final victory will be achieved through education rather than through agitation."

I agree most heartily with the idea that education is the only successful way. I hope all my readers will note the letter by Geo. H.W. on another page.

## MANY THANKS, "FAIRPLAY."

The organ of the Liquor people often helps us, and it is up to us to say "Thank you!" for the two following items. What becomes of the brewery? "Fairplay" says:—

"What becomes of all the breweries that are swept out of existence as the 'dry' wave moves across a State (says an American exchange). They're turned into ice cream factories! That was the gleeful announcement made at the convention of the Pennsylvania Ice Cream manufacturers here. The largest brewery in Fairmount, W. Va., has been turned into an ice cream establishment, and reports of dozens of similar conversions come from Illinois. The manufacturers assert that the brewers are finding ice cream making much more profitable than beer making."

What becomes of the farmer? "Fairplay" says:—

"The Norwegian Government has prohibited the use of grain for brewing purposes, in order to prevent agriculture from being crippled by the war. Many breweries have been closed, and their barley silos were emptied to feed the farmers' live stock."

Again we say, "Thank you!" "Fairplay."

*The Editor*

## MODERN METHODS.

A curate was recently addressing the Sunday-school children in the parish church of a small town in the Midlands, taking for his text Mark i. 3: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight." He told them of the Eastern custom of preparing the way for the coming of a king by levelling the roads, etc., and explained how John the Baptist prepared the way for our Lord's first coming.

"Now, children," he asked, "can you tell me who is to prepare the way for our Lord's second coming?" One little fellow held up his hand and proudly answered: "The council men."



# Serving Intoxicated Persons.

THE LAW A DEAD LETTER.

Speaking before the Enmore Brotherhood last Sunday, Mr. James Marion (General Secretary of the New South Wales Alliance) said that whilst 1914 had been the year of the greatest success in temperance work from a world-wide standpoint, the position of affairs in this State, and especially in the city of Sydney, was deplorable. The Liquor Act was practically dead, and drunken men were served by hundreds in hotel bars by publicans. He attributed this to the apathy of Christian and moral citizens, who, by their extraordinary apathy, did nothing. "If every moral citizen did his part they would soon clean the city up." The condition of affairs had become so bad that a bar-smashing crusade had been seriously suggested in order to attract public attention. "Whilst," said the speaker, "I would not endorse such tactics, something desperate needed to be done; first of all, to arouse the citizens to their duty, and in turn deal with the criminal stupidity of allowing the perpetual manufacture of derelicts."

## THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

In its sub-leader columns the "Daily Telegraph" made the following comment:—

"If the statement by the Secretary of the New South Wales Alliance that the 'Liquor Act was practically dead, and drunken men were served by hundreds in hotel bars by publicans,' is correct, there is palpably something wrong with the administration of the law. To say that an Act is dead means that it is not being enforced. To speak of drunken men being served by hundreds is to declare that the law is being openly broken. Either these statements are true or they are not. If they are, it is a reflection on the administrators of the law that they should be allowed to treat it as though it no longer exists. If they are not, the Secretary of the Alliance is scattering broadcast assertions reflecting on a large body of business men following a lawful occupation. Where there are hotels there must be drinking, and where there is drinking there will be instances of excess. But if the conditions are as bad as the accusations made in the Secretary's speech, it is time that there was a rigorous investigation."

## WHAT ARE THE FACTS?

The convictions for drunkenness in New South Wales number about 33,000 a year. These people are not merely intoxicated, they are usually helplessly drunk; having handled over 16,000 at the Central Police Court in the last two years, we speak of things we know. Their condition before they received their last drink was such as to have brought them under the prohibition of the law which forbids any licensee or his servant to supply any person in a state of intoxication with liquor. The courts have decided that a person is in a state of intoxication within the meaning of the Act if he has lost the normal control of his bodily and mental faculties. We know that it is difficult to get a conviction owing

to the fact that it is always possible to get some sympathetic witness to swear the person was perfectly sober and then a kindly bench gives the licensee the benefit of the doubt, and this discourages the police from taking action. While we have found the police with very few exceptions ready and willing to do their duty, yet there is no doubt in our mind that some of them would sooner face an armed burglar than a publican. Very seldom do the police take a run through the rooms of a drinking place; he could hardly do so without laying a charge for permitting drunkenness on the premises, even if they did not catch anyone serving an intoxicated person.

We might well ask who served the policeman who was committed for trial at the Water Police Court last week? Will the man who served the drinks in the case of those men who killed the police officer last Saturday night near Hobart be charged as an accessory before the fact, or will he even be charged with serving intoxicated persons? Unfortunately such instances are so common that they pass without comment. We emphatically assert that there is no serious attempt being made to enforce the law and the police have not the courage to dare or the power to do such a thing.

It is not drunkenness that is unforgivable, but the encouragement of drunkenness; it is not vice that is intolerable, but the artificial stimulation of vice for profit. The first step towards the elimination of drunkenness is to get after the man who makes money out of it. Some of the religious people are beginning to realise that there is even a better thing than playing the good Samaritan, namely, catching the thieves that robbed him before they leave their next victim "robbed, bleeding and dying" by the roadside.

## THE INEBRIATE.

Dr. R. W. Braithwaite, inspector under the Inebriate Act in England, recently spoke of the necessity of having a more satisfactory definition of "habitual drunkard," and suggested the following:—"An inebriate means a person who habitually takes intoxicants, and while under the influence of such intoxicants, or in consequence of the effects thereof, is at times (a) dangerous to himself or dangerous or a cause of terror to others; or (b) a cause of serious harm or suffering to members of his family or others; or (c) incapable of managing himself or his affairs."

We commend this to the authorities, for the number of inebriates is so great and their

neglect so reprehensible that we urge that something be done at once.

## A PLACE FOR TREATMENT.

We need a depot under the care of a medical enthusiast, who will treat these men who come before the Court, and any others who may come of their own free will for treatment. Magistrates some times remind me of the story Dr. Wiley told concerning the American canners who were violating the pure food law. 'They said he had no experience in the canning business, while they had been at it for years. He said: "It reminded me of a woman I once saw in my young days, feeding a babe a few months old on bits of fried fish and pickle. 'Don't do that,' I said. 'Don't do that, madam! It's most unhealthy to give fish and pickle to so young a child.' The woman frowned upon me. 'Huh,' she said, 'don't you try to teach me how to feed babies. Why, young fellow, I've buried seven!'"

The magistrates have sentenced hundreds of thousands at the rate of 50 in 20 minutes, and the number increases, their harm to the community grows, and their offspring follows in their steps.

What are you going to do about it?

## EDUCATE.

To the Editor of "Grit."

Dear Sir,—It is safe to say that every subscriber to "Grit" is a keen enough supporter of No-License to appreciate every progressive step towards that greatest of all prohibition desires—a sober world.

Therefore the recent restrictions of Russia and France and great strides made in other countries will encourage many to a greater enthusiasm.

For the first mentioned great initiative steps were taken by responsible governing bodies on behalf of those who apparently might not have voted so themselves, met with no protest, and therefore may have in them more significance than the nation-despoilers would think.

How does it strike you, reader?

Well, be your own opinion what it may, there still remains the fact that you are No-License enough to be pleased and enthusiastic enough to wish others could see with your eye to eye.

Therefore, join in the great educating campaign, and send in your contribution to the free distribution of the only weekly temperance journal in New South Wales.

Educate! Educate!

Yours faithfully,

January 12, 1914.

GEO. H. W.

A BREAKFAST, DINNER, AND TEA BEVERAGE.

**FRUCERIA ESSENCE**

Superior to Coffee, and does not attack the heart and nerves like Coffee and Tea do.  
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# CITY OF CRANIA.

(By HENRY JONES, for "Grit.")

## MIRTHFULNESS.

It was no easy task for Gall to convince the people of his own country that during his travels through Crania he had discovered that the organ of mirthfulness or wit was peculiar to man and it occupied a special centre in the brain. There is no subject which is better appreciated than that of wit or mirthfulness. Everyone seems to know what it means except, perhaps, a few unfortunate individuals who are not at all, or slightly, endowed with it; notwithstanding everybody seems to know its meaning, writers and speakers find the greatest difficulty in defining it. There is in the mind of man undoubtedly a primitive individual faculty which enjoys sport and gaiety, which appreciates the witty and ludicrous, the droll, the comical, the incongruous, the eccentric, and Gall took pleasure in saying that it is one of the distinguishing characteristics of man.

It is not permitted to the lower animals to laugh or comprehend the cause of laughter. The reason writers and philosophers differed, and still differ, so much in their definition and explanation of wit is, that this organ acts through or in conjunction with so many combinations of other faculties that the wit of no two persons seems to be alike.

## ITS PLACE IN THE FOREHEAD.

The organ of wit is situated on the upward and outward part of the forehead—a little outward of what may be called the corner of a square forehead. Its activity causes the corners of the mouth to elevate or curl up and give to the face a lively humorous expression. A man or woman may have this organ large, yet be so serious looking that anyone not versed in the science of phrenology would conclude they are devoid of it. I knew a man who was always considered serious, morose, and melancholy, but he would keep a room full of people in roars of laughter when he so desired.

Some people have this organ large, but do not possess language sufficient to express their humor. Others are endowed with it but it gives them the appreciation of wit without being able to originate a joke. We often hear definitions of wit, but I think about the best definition I ever read was that by Dr. Henniker, who, on being asked by the Earl of Chatham to define wit, answered: "Wit, my lord, is like what a pension would be, given to your humble servant, a good thing well applied." That was both a good definition and expression of wit.

## THE MANY FORMS OF WIT.

There are many ways mirthfulness appeals to us and many ways we manifest it. One man is noted for bulls or blunders, another for humor, another for sarcasm, another for repartee, and still another for pure unadulterated witticism. An example of a bull may be found in portion of the printed article of the new Burial Society in Manchester, England, which begins: "Whereas many persons find it difficult to bury them-

selves," etc. Another in the records of the debates in the House of Commons. Lord Eldon introduced a bill for abridging the liberty of the press. An Irish member moved an amendment, "That every anonymous work should have the author's name printed at full length on the title page." This is akin to a boy, once employed in Fowler and Wells' publishing firm, who wrote, viz.: Fac-simile of the handwriting of Cxxxxx Lxxxx, written by himself."

When the organ of mirthfulness is large and influenced by benevolence, approbateness, and language, it manifests itself in paying compliments without being rude. An Irish hod-carrier rescued a lady's parasol which had blown away, and handing it to her he said: "Och, if you were half as strong as you are handsome it never would have got away from you." She replied: "I do not know which most to thank—you for your kindness or your compliment." He responded: "Never mind, a single glance at your beautiful eyes pays me for both." The wit of this consists in embracing an opportunity to say a brilliant, pleasing thing without being rude, and we must admire it more than we laugh at it.

## THE HIGH COMMISSIONER.

Perhaps no Australian politician possessed a larger organ of mirthfulness than the Right Hon. G. H. Reid. If you notice the upper portion of his forehead and compare it with past and present politicians you will find it broader than any one of theirs. He has the vital temperament, large agreeableness, benevolence, and moderate distinctiveness. He always infuses humor into his speeches and deals in repartee. You are acquainted with his round, full and capacious body. Well, one night in East Sydney he was addressing a meeting through a window on the second story of an hotel. The window was so small that it would hardly permit of him squeezing through. The audience was large and noisy. One man, who evidently was the leader of an opposing crowd, kept up a running fire of interjections, such as "Oh, shut up," "We don't want you," etc. G.H.R. put his eyeglass up to his eye and looked straight at the interjector, and said, "Will my friend down there hold his tongue?" "No," replied the interjector. "Well," responded G.H.R., with a beaming smile, "I will have to make you." "Will you," cried out the man down below; "you won't silence me." "Won't I," said G.H.R., struggling to make himself more comfortable in the window; "I'll fall on you." The effect of this remark was the conversion of the interjector. The audience roared, and the interjector was heard to say, "Love me, ain't he a break-up, I'll vote for him."

## THE USE OF WIT.

When mirthfulness co-operates with the reasoning faculties it enables us to see absurdities and perceive incongruities in reasoning. It enables us to find occasion to laugh, and by laughing we exercise muscles

which assist digestion, circulation, and excites the liver. After all there is a great deal in what "Punch" said years ago when replying to the question, "Is life worth living?" The answer "Punch" gave was: "It all depends upon the liver." Mirthfulness is the basis of gaiety; it gives the mind joy, and serves to smooth over many of the rough passages of life. It gives to the face a bright, cheerful expression that pleases and encourages our fellow-workers when things don't go just right. We should endeavor to cultivate clean, wholesome humor, because by so doing we avoid the danger of becoming narrow, fanatical, and sour. By the aid of this faculty we are able to see the "point" or



LILY PRESTON.

"moral" in the cartoon that adorns the cover of "Grit," and perceive the truths contained in "A Personal Chat with my Readers."

Lord Kelvin was an able scientist, but lacked the talent for teaching when a young man because he took his duties too dead serious. When he returned to the University after laying the first Atlantic cable (for which he was knighted), the students lined up to welcome him. As he came up the aisle one of the wags stood forth and said, "Behold the Knight cometh when no man can work." I am certain many an enthusiast would have greater results if they had more of the saving grace of mirthfulness.

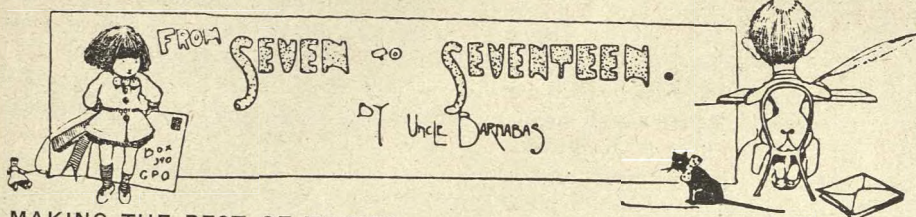
"A little humor now and then  
Is relished by the best of men."

"Character Building" series will begin next week.

## LILY PRESTON.

This girl represents a long-lived stock of people on one side, and from that side she has inherited a good hold upon life. She is capable of resisting disease and overcoming  
(Continued on Page 12.)





### MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS.

A child may know more than a philosopher about some things. A little girl entered the study of Mezeray, the celebrated historian, and asked him for a coal of fire.

"But you haven't brought a shovel," he said.

"I don't need any," was the reply.

And then, very much to his astonishment, she filled her hand with ashes, and put the live coal on top. No doubt the learned man knew that ashes were a bad conductor of heat, but he had never seen the fact shown in such a practical manner.

That child was observant, and able to make the best of things. It had no shovel, but it found something that did just as well. I wonder if you are wide awake, and if you take notice of things. Some one says: "What you know is easily carried about." So keep your eyes and ears open and do not be afraid to ask question, and the day will come when you will find yourself able to do things when others have given up in despair. Did you ever hear of the man who was called into see some electrical machinery that would not go. Half a dozen workmen had tried to make it work, and finally they sent for this man, in less than ten minutes he had it going alright. He sent in his bill for £50, and they were most indignant, and asked him what he was charging for since it had only taken him ten minutes. He replied, others had failed and the machinery was useless, so he charged five shillings for what took him ten minutes to do, and £49/10/- for knowing how to do it. The people who are able to make the best of things are called resourceful. If one way does not do they try another. They succeed where others fail.—Uncle B.

### LOST.

What! Lost your temper, did you say  
Well, dear, I wouldn't mind it.  
It isn't such a dreadful loss—  
Pray, do not try to find it.

'Twas not the gentlest, sweetest one,  
As all can well remember  
Who have endured its every whim  
From New Year's till December.

It drove the dimples all away,  
And wrinkled up your forehead,  
And changed a pretty, smiling face  
To one—well, simply horrid.

It put to flight the cheery words,  
The laughter and the singing;  
And clouds upon a shining sky  
It would persist in bringing.

And it is gone! Then do, my dear,  
Make it your best endeavor  
To quickly find a better one,  
And lose it—never, never!

— "Harper's Young People."

### BIRTHDAYS IN JANUARY.

Namoi Wingfield, 1st; Molly (Wellington), 3rd; Myra Price, 4th; Frances Boulton, 6th; Gordon McCutcheon, 7th; Rosina Muller, 9th; Oñslow Waller, 13th; George Banner-man, 13th; Maggie Watt, 19th; Steptol, 23rd; Len Smith, 25th; Esther House, 26th; Iris Paine, 31st. My warmest greetings to you all. May you have a very happy birthday, and may you find a chance to make some one else happy that day.—Uncle B.

### A NICE INVITATION.

Iris Paine, Dartbrook Road, Auburn, Nov. 26, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Daddy says that I will be on the dreadful scalawag list if I don't write again. We have a new little baby brother since I wrote last. His name is Norman Leslie, and we think he is the dearest baby in all the world. My birthday is on the 31st of January. We had our S.S. picnic in Auburn Park on Saturday afternoon, the 7th of November, instead of going away, and the money we save we are giving to the Belgians. I went with the Sowers' Band to the annual meeting in the Sydney Town Hall on the 19th of September. We went to the Gardens in the morning, and to meeting in the afternoon. And I enjoyed it very much. My S.S. teacher's name is Miss Olds, and I like her very much. We have a nice garden. Daddy gets up early and works in it before breakfast. We always have a lot of fruit and vegetables. Don't you think he is very good? We always have plenty of figs and grapes and water-melons for my birthday. Would you like to come and have some? If you are up in Auburn next January pop in. Now I must close with much love.—From your loving niece.

(Dear Iris,—The reason your letter has waited so long is that your wrote on both sides of the paper, and I put it on one side until someone would write it out again, as the printer only likes writing on one side. Your garden must be lovely, and I wish I could accept your kind invitation. There is no knowing I might pop in some day. I wonder do you help Dad before breakfast?—Uncle B.)

### THE FUN OF A STORM.

Hope Begg, "Hope Villa," Railway Parade, Hurstville, writes:—

Dear Uncle B., or rather, Candle-box Orator,—Just this last letter for this year. Fancy Christmas so near. Why, it seems no time from last; but time soon passes when you are young and happy. When we were getting ready for Sunday school to-day the weather changed quite suddenly from hot to windy, so we did not put on our best clothes, and a good thing too, for my white dress got drenched. The wind was simply awful, and when I was coming over the bridge I thought

my umbrella was going to take wings. Half way down the street I met mother with our coats. I was so near home I did not put mine on. Mother passed a few steps to meet the other children, when all at once I heard r-i-p! Looking round I saw the silk in the umbrella (which happened to be one of father's) had split, so mother and I exchanged. I got a few paces from the front gate when again I heard "rip, bang!" The umbrella was inside out. Off came my hat, which I managed to catch on my shoulder with my chin. To make matters worse, a train passed, and please imagine what I looked like, trying to get in the gate. (I'm sure the people in the train must have laughed.) I felt like sitting down and killing myself with laughter. My white dress drenched, my hat under my chin, and an umbrella stick with beautiful ribbons floating in graceful waves behind my back; my arm with my coat on it was trying to shield my Bible, prayer, and hymn books, one of my friend's prize, and a Christmas text card from my teacher. At last I got in, after giving the gate a vigorous kick, and just as I got a few feet from the door the rose tree kindly christened my hat, which hitherto had escaped a wetting, so luckily ended my troubles, but I had to laugh in spite of them, what was the use of being cross?

We received our prizes on Friday night, but I was not over at the giving, as my mate and I went to town to do shopping. I received a first prize (mine is "Barabbas," by Marie Corelli). I have not had time to read it yet, but my mate says it is a lovely book. Have you read "Kept for the Master's Use," by F. R. Havergal? I think it is simply lovely; it is the first one of her books that I have read. By the way, Uncle, can you tell me how many pubs. (excuse slang) there are in Sydney. In George-street alone there seem to be no less than about 50, one at every corner and one in between. I do not agree with you about the sea. I simply love it, though I do get a little seasick. I could live by the sea always. I love to hear it moaning. Wishing you every success in New Zealand, I remain, your loving ni.

(Dear Hope,—You make a good story out of the storm, and it made me smile to picture your plight—it is just lovely to find you were able to enjoy your disasters. I hope you will always be able to look at your troubles in that sensible and Christian way. So you also are among my prize winning ne's. I wonder just how many prizes you all won between you this Christmas? Yes, I have read Miss Havergal's poem, and quite agree with you, it is lovely. I do not know the number of pubs. in George-street, but will have them counted out of curiosity—and will tell you later on.—Uncle B.)

### PASSING "GRIT" ON.

Violet Morris, No. 6 Oswald St., Randwick, near Sydney, Dec. 22, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,

You see from the above address that I have moved from Surry Hills where I was when I wrote to you last. Now, I am settled down at Randwick, and I attend St. Jude's



Sunday School, and I am quite as happy as I was when I was at St. Michael's in Surry Hills.

Now Uncle, allow me to thank you most sincerely for the parcel of "Grit" which I received this week. It must have come from "Grit Office," so either you or Mr. Hammond sent them. I suppose one dozen does anything without the consent of the other. I am glad Mr. Hammond has returned from N.Z. What puzzled me was how did Sydney get on without him. When I heard he was going away I thought there would be a stop traffic in Sydney, but it seems to me that things went on just as usual; even "Grit" was kept going. I was very sorry to hear that Mr. Hammond was sea-sick, and I heard that all the fish laughed at him. However, I am glad he is home again well and hearty.

I told you last time that I came from England, and never saw a copy of "Grit" there, but I am sure you will be pleased to learn that since then I have sent some copies home and I hope and trust they will pass them on to many others in England.

Mr. Henry Jones' remarks about some of the cousins are very striking and interesting. Oh, by the way, Uncle, when will your photo come out. With Mr. Jones' bump notes they would be interesting no doubt, as I think you have a wonderful head containing wonderful brain shells.

Is the war not dreadful, Uncle. I wish it were all over.

I wonder how all the cousins are in Surry Hills. I wish Rose Luzzi would arouse the interest of French people in "Grit," which is as I said before the "Paper of Papers."

Now, Uncle, I wish you a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year. With every success to Mr. "Grit," Rev. Mr. Hammond, and you Uncle, and all the cousins. Please reply soon. Your Loving niece.

(Dear Violet,—Your letter is most interesting. I am so glad you sent copies all the way to England. The more people who see "Grit" and further it travels the better. Will you send your photo for Mr. Jones to have a look at? So you were puzzled to know how "Grit" would get on while Mr. Hammond was away, and may be Uncle B. was also away. I would love to tell you how it was done, but it would give me away if I did, so mum's the word.—Uncle B.)

#### THE BEST.

Myrtle Luxton, "Will-Al-Myr," Woodend-road, Ipswich, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.—Enclosed you will find a postal note for 1/- in aid of your annual "poor children's Christmas." Who won the Original Temperance Story Competition? I did not hear the results.

It is very warm here. Each day seems to worse.

I am getting my photo. taken this afternoon, so when they are ready I shall send you one to give Mr. Jones if you will, just to see what would be my best calling in life. No more news now, so shall conclude wishing all "Grit" cousins, readers, yourself, and the "poor children" a Merry Christmas and

a Happy New Year." With love from your loving niece.

(Dear Myrtle,—I hope the photo. will arrive here safely, and I am glad you want to know "the best calling" for you. So many are satisfied with anything or even the second best, that I am pleased to have a ni. who wants "the best." Thanks very much for your donation. I am quite ashamed that no announcement has yet been made about the story competition, but there's a reason, though I cannot explain or tell why, but as soon as I can overtake some more of my work, it will be settled.—Uncle B.)

#### ONE OF THE NIGGERS.

Hedley Carr, Tyneside, Sale-st., Orange 21/12/14, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,

Well Uncle, I am glad to see that you have accepted me as one of your nephews. I got a letter from one of my uncles a few days ago, and he said that he was going to be a doctor at the war, but I hope he does not get shot by a mistake. Father said that we are going to Manly on New Year's Day, so very likely the next letter you get from me will be from Manly. The Orange District School broke upon the eighteenth. On Wednesday night the 16th, prizes were given out at the Sunday School, and there was a nice programme. Then when the prizes were given out, and after that they had a little nigger song, and I was one of the niggers. When it was all over I went and I got a prize. It has been raining nearly all to-day and yesterday afternoon. At the Orange District School the men have been putting up a new fence and painting the whole of the school. Well, I can't think of much more news, so I must close with much love to all my cousins, and not forgetting yourself.

(Dear Hedley,—So you were one of the niggers! What fun you must have had. What did you get the prize for? Having a big smile, or making fun?

I wonder are you at Manly now? If so, will you write and tell us all about the fun of surfing. Hope to hear from you soon.—Uncle B.)

#### THE DUCKS' CHRISTMAS.

Elaine Roddan, "Astolat," Murray-street, Cooma, Jan. 2, 1915, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.—I think it is time I wrote. It was very dull here at Christmas. We had a lot of rain on Christmas Day. There was

an old duck who had been setting on twelve eggs, and all her eggs were floating round her. She tried to keep them under her, but she couldn't, so my sister went out and she found eleven. We have ten dear little ducks now. I got a lot of cards at Christmas. I have had a bad cold, and I am not well yet. You would not think it is summer in Cooma now, it is so dreadfully cold, and we have to light a fire. I think I must say good-bye now as my arms are getting tired.

(Dear Elaine,—What a time those poor unhatched ducks must have had; it is a wonder they ever came out. I pity the poor mother duck chasing round after them. I hope your cold is alright by now. Don't get on the scallywag list this year.—Uncle B.)

### CITY OF CRANIA

(Continued from Page 10.)

it when it attacks her, which is not often. The height of the forehead shows that she is highly endowed with benevolence and human nature. She intuitively reads character, and is more inclined to pity than condemn. The mouth shows a little more gravity than girls usually possess, consequently I judge her to be serious in her studies and capable of forming ideas worthy of persons of an older growth. The personal qualities are ambition, will power, good opinion of herself, reverence, and a good sense of moral obligation.

The forehead is full and well proportioned. In her studies she ought to do well in history, arithmetic, music, and color work—this embraces painting, fancy work, and decoration. Perhaps later on she will display this talent in designing and trimming hats. If her circumstances permit she should study for the profession of teaching, cooking demonstrator, or nursing. There are signs of talent for music (instrumental). She is affectionate and fond of pets. Under proper influences she will be orderly, neat, cleanly, and generous. She likes praise, feels hurt when found fault with, and apt to retaliate when interfered with. To get the best results from this girl she should be kept employed, reasoned with, and given a full measure of approbation, but never threatened. No matter what work she engages in she will always be fond of home and mother. A true friend, courageous, champion and defender of the family is Lily.

### IF BAD TEETH BAR A MAN FROM SERVING HIS COUNTRY

should they not also be a drawback to him in his business life—?

Most assuredly. Dirty, smoke blackened, decayed, yellow fangs—foul breath—and a mouth displaying ghastly gaps are scarcely the best helps to a man when he seeks to make an impression.

Let me help you out of the difficulty. I can remove all of those decayed teeth. I can CLEAN those yellow and dirty fangs. I can fill those gaps, and I can—WITHOUT PAIN—make your mouth an object of admiration—NOT disgust.

Will you allow me to do it this week?

## DENTIST REANEY

REANEY'S CORNER. "The Dentist you can confidently trust," OPPOSITE GRACE BROS.



# Christians and the War.

A MESSAGE FROM THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

We find ourselves to-day in the midst of what may prove to be the fiercest conflict in the history of the human race. Whatever may be our view of the processes which have led to its inception, we have now to face the fact that war is proceeding upon a terrific scale, and that our own country is involved in it.

We recognise that our Government has made most strenuous efforts to preserve peace, and has entered into the war under a grave sense of duty to a smaller State towards which we had moral and treaty obligations. While, as a Society, we stand firmly to the belief that the method of force is no solution of any question, we hold that the present moment is not one for criticism, but for devoted service to our nation.

What is to be the attitude of Christian men and women and of all who believe in the brotherhood of humanity? In the distress and perplexity of this new situation, many are so stunned as scarcely to be able to discern the path of duty. In the sight of God we should seek to get back to first principles, and to determine on a course of action which shall prove us to be worthy citizens of His Kingdom. In making this effort let us remember those groups of men and women, in all the other nations concerned, who will be animated by a similar spirit, and who believe with us that the fundamental unity of men in the family of God is the one enduring reality, even when we are forced into an apparent denial of it.

## AGREED PRINCIPLES.

Although it would be premature to make any pronouncement upon many aspects of the situation on which we have no sufficient data for a reliable judgment, we can, and do, call ourselves and you to a consideration of certain principles which may safely be enunciated.

The conditions which have made this catastrophe possible must be regarded by us as essentially unchristian. This war spells the bankruptcy of much that we too lightly call Christian. No nation, no Church, no individual can be wholly exonerated. We have all participated to some extent in these conditions. We have been contented, or too little discontented with them. If we apportion blame, let us not fail first to blame ourselves, and to seek the forgiveness of Almighty God.

In the hour of darkest night it is not for us to lose heart. Never was there greater need for men of faith. To many will come the temptation to deny God, and to turn away with despair from the Christianity which seems to be identified with bloodshed on so gigantic a scale. Christ is crucified afresh to-day. If some forsake Him and flee, let it be more clear that there are others who take their stand with Him, come what may.

This we may do by continuing to show the spirit of love to all. For those whose conscience forbids them to take up arms there are other ways of serving, and definite plans are already being made to enable them to take their full share in helping their country at this crisis. In pity and helpfulness towards the suffering and stricken in our own country we shall all share. If we stop at this "what do we more than others?" Our Master bids us pray for and love our enemies. May we be saved from forgetting that they, too, are the children of our Father. May we think of them with love and pity. May we banish thoughts of bitterness, harsh judgments, the revengeful spirit. To do this is in no sense unpatriotic. We may find ourselves the subjects of misunderstanding. But our duty is clear—to be courageous in the cause of love and in the hate of hate. May we prepare ourselves even now for the day when once more we shall stand shoulder to shoulder with those with whom we are now at war, in seeking to bring in the Kingdom of God.

## WHEN THE WAR IS OVER.

It is not too soon to begin to think out the new situation which will arise at the close of the war. We are being compelled to face the fact that the human race has been guilty of a gigantic folly. We have built up a culture, a civilisation, and even a religious life, surpassing in many respects that of any previous age, and we have been content to rest it all upon a foundation of sand. Such a state of society cannot endure so long as the last word in human affairs is brute force. Sooner or later it was bound to crumble. At the close of this war we shall be faced with a stupendous task of reconstruction. In some ways it will be rendered supremely difficult by the legacy of ill-will, by the destruction of human life, by the tax upon all in meeting the barest wants of the millions who will have suffered through the war. But in other ways it will be easier. We shall be able to make a new start, and to make it all together. From this point of view we may even see a ground of comfort in the fact that our own nation is involved. No country will be in a position which will compel others to struggle again to achieve the inflated standard of military power existing before the war. We shall have an opportunity of reconstructing European culture upon the only possible permanent foundation—mutual trust and good will.

Such a reconstruction would not only secure the future of European civilisation, but would save the world from the threatened catastrophe of seeing the great nations of the East building their new social order also upon the sand, and thus turning the thought and wealth needed for their education and development into that which could only be a fetter to themselves and a menace to the

West. Is it too much to hope for that we shall, when this time comes, be able as brethren together to lay down far-reaching principles for the future of mankind such as will ensure us for ever against a repetition of this gigantic folly? If this is to be accomplished it will need the united and persistent pressure of all who believe in such a future for mankind. There will still be multitudes who can see no good in the culture of other nations, and who are unable to believe in any genuine brotherhood among those of different races. Already those who think otherwise must begin to think and plan for such a future if the supreme opportunity of the final peace is not to be lost, and if we are to be saved from being again sucked down into the whirlpool of military aggrandisement and rivalry. In time of peace all the nations have been preparing for war. In the time of war let all men of good will prepare for peace. The Christian conscience must be awakened to the magnitude of the issues. The great friendly democracies in each country must be ready to make their influence felt. Now is the time to speak of this thing, to work for it, to pray for it.

## THE CHRISTIAN SPIRIT.

If this is to happen it seems to us of vital importance that the war should not be carried on in any vindictive spirit, and that it should be brought to a close at the earliest possible moment. We should have it clearly before our minds from the beginning that we are not going into it in order to crush and humiliate any nation. The conduct of negotiations has taught us the necessity of prompt action in international affairs. Should the opportunity offer, we, in this nation, should be ready to act with promptitude in demanding that the terms suggested are of a kind which it will be possible for all parties to accept, and that the negotiations be entered upon in the right spirit.

We believe in God. Human freewill gives us power to hinder the fulfilment of His loving purposes. It also means that we may actively co-operate with Him. If it is given to us to see something of a glorious possible future, after all the desolation and sorrow that lie before us, let us be sure that sight has been given us by Him. No day should close without our putting up our prayer to Him that He will lead His family in a new and better day. At a time when so severe a blow is being struck at the great causes of moral, social, and religious reform for which so many have struggled, we need to look with expectation and confidence to Him whose cause they are, and find a fresh inspiration in the certainty of His victory.

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### A GOOD IDEA.

(This wins the Prize.)

It is said that when Von Holwegg informed the Kaiser of the capture and destruction of the Emden by H.M.A.S. Sydney, one of the Australian fleet, after the usual ravings of the Kaiser he asked: "Who are these Australians, Holwegg?" "I do not know much about them, your Majesty, but I heard that eleven of them defeated All England!"

Kaiser: "Mein Gott! and they are sending 20,000 of them over here. What steps do you intend taking, Von Holwegg?"

Holwegg: "Very long steps, your Majesty."  
(Sent by E. Highman.)

### A SLIPPERY TALE.

One day Rebecca's intended called to see her and Pa opened the door. On the young man asking if he could see his lady love, the father called upstairs: "Rebecca, your young man wants to see you." She replied: "I can't come, I am having a bath. The father said: "Never mind; slip on something and come down quick." She slipped on a piece of soap, and accordingly came down quick.

(Sent by H. Riddle, N.Z.)

### A LUCKY RABBIT.

Pat and Mike were out shooting one day, and unluckily ran out of cartridges.

Presently Pat saw a rabbit. He very quickly shouldered his gun and took aim.

"You've no cartridges, you silly," yelled Mike.

"You blitherin' idiot," cried Pat, "the rabbit didn't know that."

(Sent by M. Schafer.)

### IRISH WITH AN AMERICAN FLAVOR.

The following conversation actually took place at an Eastern post office:—

Pat: "I say, Mr. Postmaster, is there a littler for me?"

"Who are you, my good sir?"

"I'm meself, that's who I am."

"Well, what is your name?"

"An' what do you want wid the name? Isn't it on the littler?"

"So that I can find the letter if there is one."

"Well, Pat Byrne, then, if you must have it."

"No, sir, there is none for Pat Byrne."

"Is there no way to get in there but through this pane of glass?"

"No, sir."

"It's well for ye there isn't. I'd tache ye bitther manners than to insist on a gintleman's name; but ye didn't git it after all—so I'm even wid ye; divil the bit is my name Byrne."

(Sent by Victor Purnell.)

### FUNNY PIECE.

Housewife stalked indignantly into the baker's. "Those currant buns you sent me yesterday." "Nothing wrong, madam," ventured the baker. "Yes there is. One of them had a dead fly in it in place of a currant." "I am most awfully sorry," said the baker. "I can't let a serious thing like this pass. Well, madam, if you will return me the fly I will give you a currant in exchange."

(Sent by Doris Bannerman.)

### PAT'S OPINION.

Pat and Mike were discussing the affairs of a limited company, and the latter exclaimed: Do you think F——'s money is tainted? Yes, replied Pat, it has two taints on it; 'taint yours and 'taint mine.

(Sent by T. G. Ross.)

Bishop Olmstead was talking about boy nature. "I once said to a little boy: 'Do you know the parables, my child?'"

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"And which of the parables," said I, "do you like the best?"

"I like the one," he answered, after a moment's thought, "where somebody loafs and fishes."

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## THE LITTLE SARDINIAN DRUMMER

(Continued from Page 3.)

The captain's voice died away in his throat as he exclaimed:

"They do not come! They do not come!"

And he ran furiously from side to side, brandishing his sabre convulsively, ready to die. Then a sergeant, rushing down from the garret, shouted with stentorian voice:

"They come!"

"Ah, they come!" joyfully shouted the captain.

Scarcely had he mounted when he heard the sound of hurried footsteps, accompanied by a formidable "hurrah!" and the pointed hats of the Italian carabinieri appeared through the smoke; a squadron of double-quick, a brilliant flash of swords whirled through the air above their heads, their shoulders, their backs; then out charged the little detachment, with fixed bayonets, led by the captain. The enemy wavered, rallied, and at last began to retreat. The field was evacuated, the house was saved, and shortly afterwards two battalions of Italian infantry and two cannon occupied the height.

The captain and the surviving soldiers were incorporated with their regiment, fought again, and the captain was slightly wounded in the hand by a spent ball during the last bayonet charge. The victory on that day was won by the Italians.

But the following day the battle continued. The Italians were conquered, in spite of their heroic resistance, by superior numbers, and they were in full retreat toward the Mincio.

The captain, though wounded, marched at the head of his company, weary and silent, arriving at sunset at Goito on the Mincio. He immediately sought his lieutenant, who, with his arm broken, had been picked up by the ambulance, and who must have arrived before he did. They pointed out to him a church in which the field hospital had been installed. He went there, the church was filled with the wounded, lying in two rows of cots, and mattresses laid on the floor. Two physicians and several practitioners were busily coming and going, and nothing was heard but groans and stifled cries.

Scarcely had the captain entered when he stopped and glanced around in search of his subordinate.

At that moment he heard near by his name called faintly:

"Captain!"

He turned. It was the little drummer. He was stretched upon a wooden cot, covered up to his neck with a coarse old red and white check window curtain, his arms lying outside, pale and thin, but with his eyes burning like two coals of fire.

"What! it is thou?" asked the captain in surprised, abrupt manner. "Bravo! Thou hast fulfilled this duty."

"I did all that was possible," replied the drummer.

"Art thou wounded?" asked the captain, glancing around at the beds in search of his lieutenant.

"What could you expect?" replied the boy, who was eager to speak of the honor of being wounded for the first time, otherwise he would not have dared to open his lips before his captain. "I ran as long as I could with my head down, but though I crouched the Austrians saw me immediately. I would have arrived twenty minutes earlier had they not wounded me. Fortunately, I met a captain of the general staff, to whom I gave the note. But it was with great effort I got along after that caress. I was dying with thirst. I was afraid I could not arrive in time. I cried with rage, thinking that every minute's delay sent one of ours to the other world. But at last I did all I could. I am content. But look, captain, and excuse me, you are bleeding!"

In fact, from the palm of the badly bandaged hand the blood was flowing.

"Do you wish me to tighten the bandage, captain? Let me have it for a moment."

The captain gave him his left hand, and stretched out his right hand to help tie the knot; but scarcely had the little fellow risen from the pillow when he turned pale, and had to lie back again.

"Enough! enough!" said the captain, looking at him and withdrawing his bandaged hand, which the drummer wished to retain. "Take care of yourself instead of thinking of others, for slight wounds, if neglected, may have grave consequences."

The little drummer shook his head.

"But thou," said the captain, looking attentively at him, "thou must have lost much blood to be so weak."

"Lost much blood?" reported the boy smiling. "Something more than blood. Look!" and he threw back the coverlet.

The captain recoiled in horror.

The boy had but one leg; the left leg had been amputated above the knee.

The stump was wrapped in cloths.

Just then a small, fat army physician in shirt sleeves passed.

"Ah, captain," said he rapidly, pointing out the little drummer, "there is an unfortunate case. That leg could easily have been saved had he not forced it so much, caused inflammation, it was necessary to amputate it. But he is brave, I assure you. He shed not a tear, nor uttered a plaint. I was proud, while operating, to think he was an Italian boy, my word of honor. Faith, he comes of good stock."

And he went away.

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The captain wrinkled his bushy white eyebrows, and looked fixedly at the little drummer, while unconsciously, yet still looking at him, his hand went to his kepi, which he took off.

"Captain!" exclaimed the astonished boy. "What, captain, for me?"

Then that rough soldier, who had never spoken a gentle word to an inferior, replied in a soft and exceedingly affectionate voice:

"I am but a captain, thou art a hero."

Then he threw his arms about the little drummer and kissed him with all his heart. —"Short Stories."

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