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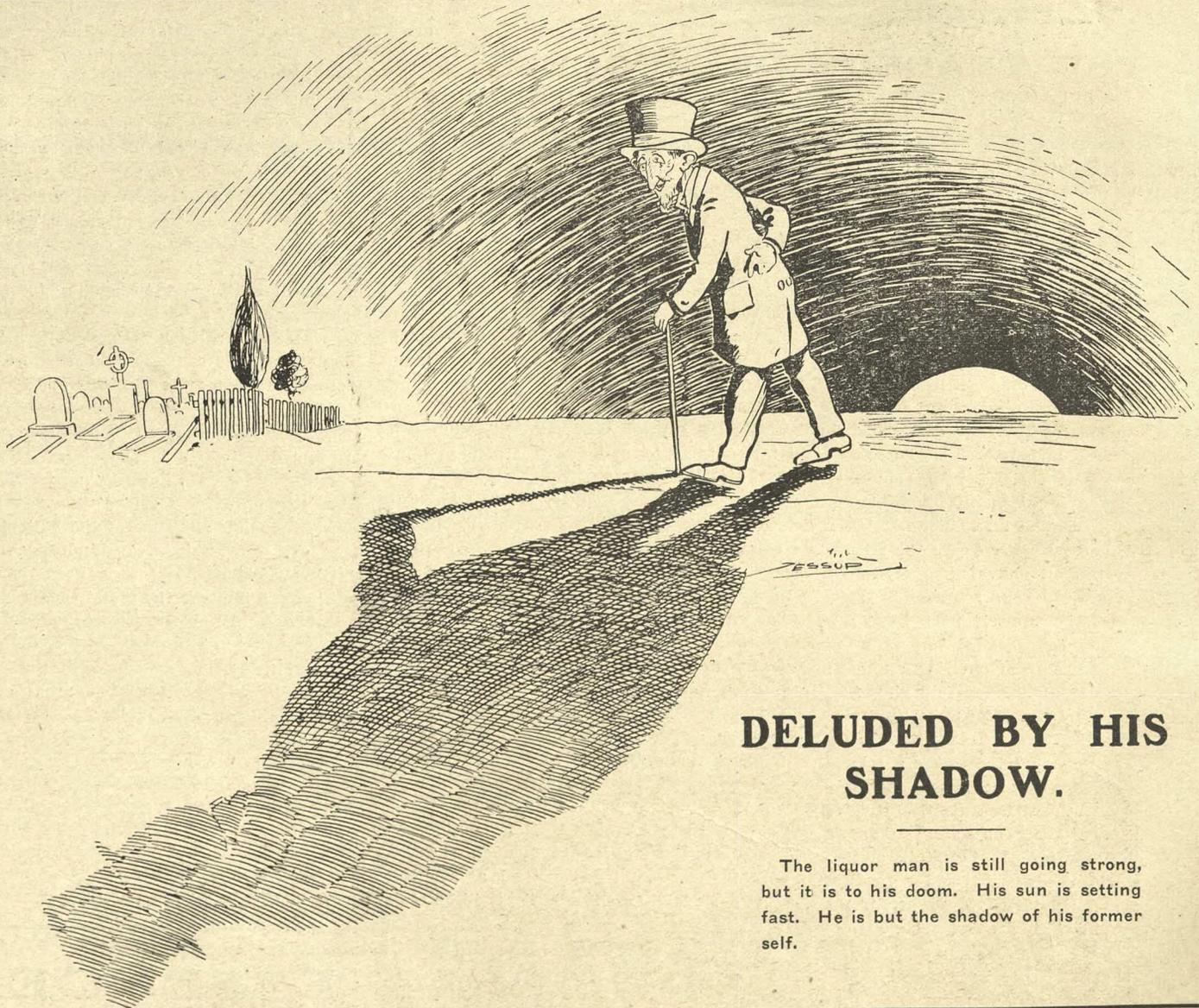
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A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

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Price One Penny. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1914.

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DELUDED BY HIS SHADOW.

The liquor man is still going strong, but it is to his doom. His sun is setting fast. He is but the shadow of his former self.

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1911, 1912,
1913, 1914.



THE TRAGEDY OF NEGLECT. A PLEA FOR THE EARLY TREATMENT OF THE INEBRIATE.

By J. A. DAVIDSON, M.D.

While clearly recognising that the suitable treatment of an alcoholic depends entirely upon the type of case under consideration, and that no single method is desirable or applicable to all inebriates, the fact remains that in this country the treatment of inebriety is carried out to a large extent in institutions usually designated "retreats." In such places doubtless much good work is being done that could not well be accomplished otherwise or elsewhere; but one is struck by the long history of alcoholism in most of the cases, and the question arises as to whether these inebriates could not with advantage have been brought under supervision and treatment at an earlier date than is generally the case. For years the friends of the inebriate must have recognised that his habits were not beyond reproach; but although the patient himself may have desired treatment, he was prevented during those earlier stages from entering an institution for one, or all, of the following reasons: (1) He could not afford the time; (2) he could not afford the expense; (3) rightly or wrongly, he felt that there was a stigma attached to the fact that he was an inebriate in need of institutional treatment. Provided we could remove those objections, there is good reason to believe that certain classes of cases would be brought under medical supervision and submitted to proper treatment earlier and with greater success than results now.

Two methods of treatment suggest themselves—(1) Home; (2) dispensary

Home Treatment, though widely advertised in the daily Press, is undoubtedly unsatisfactory—if for no other reason, on account of the absence of the moral force of sugges-

tion, and the restraining influence of supervision. Home treatment as administered by a physician will not be considered here as a distinct method of treatment, but, being identical in its application, will be considered with non-residential.

Dispensary or Office Treatment.—The great advantages of this form of management are its economy in the time and expense incurred, and the possibility of its being carried out without publicity, and consequently the greater ease with which one can get a patient to undergo treatment. From my own experience of cases treated thus, what appeared to be of the greatest importance was the fact that the treatment demonstrated to the patient his ability to abstain from alcohol while living his life under the same conditions and with the same associations as he had encountered as an alcoholic, and that this fact gave him confidence in the treatment and in himself, and constituted an important factor in his restoration to health. Such treatment is already in operation on the Continent and in Canada. In Russia "suggestion" occupies a prominent position as a mode of treatment, while in Canada drugs are principally used. At the clinic for inebriates which, it is confidently hoped, will be opened in London shortly, probably the "combined" method, as suggested by Dr. Hugh Crichton Miller, will be pre-

ferred. There is no doubt as to the great need for such an institution, as there are few, if any, facilities for the treatment of the alcoholic who, though he realises his need for help, is unable to give up work to enter an institution.

When the Inebriates Bill at present before Parliament becomes law, the inebriate in sheer self-defence will be desirous of undergoing treatment, that he may avoid coming under the new legislative powers. He may voluntarily place himself under a "guardian," but, unless the "guardian" is willing and able to carry out treatment, the limited supervision resulting is not likely to avail much in the majority of cases.

There is reason to believe that such a clinic as I suggest would be "recognised," and appointed to act in suitable cases, in the capacity of guardian, being granted the powers of guardianship, and possessing as its inherent qualities the will and ability to help, or, where such help is inapplicable, to refer the patient to an institution where more complete supervision and restraint could be exercised. The "after-care" of cases so treated is of great importance. Supervision for a protracted period will be necessary. Here the co-operation of the Church is most desirable, when alcohol, which occupied so large a share of the thoughts and time of the patient, has been cast off. This great hindrance to an actively religious life having been removed, nothing can improve the moral tone and help a patient in his endeavor to resume a useful life so much as his enthusiasm for, and practical application of, the tenets of the Christian religion.—"The British Journal of Inebriety."

Prohibition is a farce and a fake, etc., nevertheless George Woodland, found guilty at Stillwater, Oklahoma, of violating the State prohibition law for selling liquors, was sentenced to five years in the State penitentiary.

A BREAKFAST, DINNER, AND TEA BEVERAGE. **FRUCERIA ESSENCE**

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The Story About Dad Morgan

(Continued from last issue.)

For an hour they smoked without exchanging a dozen words. Then the opium having brought them the temporary contentment and relaxation which costs such a bitter price in the end, little snatches of conversation began to enliven the circle—a story from Lewes, a few of the Joke's lugubrious witticisms, an anecdote from the Kid at the expense of a green pickpocket who had tried to "crack wise" (use thieves' slang) and, not knowing what he was saying, had floundered into all manner of pitfalls. Blackie lay silently staring through unseeing eyes, unconscious of the merriment around him.

"Blackie is as funny as one of Jimmy's jokes," said Lewes at last. "What's the matter, Chief? You act like we were all inside looking out through the bars, instead of lying here with a fresh can of 'hop' just opened and enough sparks planted down below to let Broadway know we're in town when we hit the bright lights in little old New York."

"I was thinking of different Christmases I have spent," Blackie answered, the far-away opium stare still in his eyes. "One in particular I was thinking about. I was in the 'stir'" (penitentiary) "and something happened on Christmas night and I've never been able to forget it quite. Cushions started me thinking about it by talking about Christmas presents a while ago.

"It was while I was doing that five spot in California," he began, after Lewes, always politic, had given him two pills in succession. "They had more men than cells at the prison and had to use big dormitories holding a couple of hundred 'cons' apiece in order to house all the prisoners. I was in one of the dormitories, being a short-timer with only a few months left to do. There was an old man bunking next to me with whom I got to be friendly. He was no thief. He was as much out of place in stripes as I would be in a copper's harness, star and all. He never should have been in the penitentiary. That's the trouble with the courts, they don't use any judgment in sentencing men, and so make criminals instead of curing them. I rob a bank, for instance, because that's my business. I go to the penitentiary. You rob another bank because your wife and children need a doctor, or food, or a roof to shelter them, and you'll work in stripes right beside me. When we come out we're both criminals—usually.

"The old man and I got chummy. Morgan was his name—'Dad' Morgan we called him. He was sixty-nine years old and was just starting on a five-year jolt. His hands and deeply-lined face showed he had worked, and hard, too, all his life. He was doing time because he'd borrowed five hundred dollars from a loan shark on his little home, saying it was unencumbered when in reality it was already mortgaged. He couldn't give the money back, so they sent him over the road for false pretences.

"It was months before he told me his story and then it came out piecemeal. He had a daughter, an only child. Her mother was dead and he had taken care of the girl ever since she was born. He didn't just live for her—she was his life, all of it. At the time he was arrested for bilking the money lender, she was engaged to be married and came to him for money for a trousseau. I gathered from between the lines in his talk that she felt she was marrying above her station in life and was very much in love. Dad Morgan didn't have the money she needed.

"'But father, I can't go to Rob without clothes, like a beggar girl,' she told him. 'I wish I were dead.' Then she began to cry. That settled it. Dad went out and got the money from the loan shark, and the girl kissed him and they were both happy.

"'I would have paid the money back, every cent of it,' the old man told me in his quavering voice, 'if they'd given me a chance to work. I'm good for several years yet and I was waiting to take a job on one of the aqueduct gangs when they arrested me. Maybe I did wrong, but I didn't intend to. You see, Millie needed the money and there was no one but her old dad to get it for her.'

"That was his whole philosophy of life. Whatever Millie wanted he had to get. One night he showed me her picture. He kept it in a little old locket hung round his neck. One look at the photo would have given me the key to the whole story even if the old fellow's unintentional disclosures hadn't betrayed it.

"Women sure are a puzzle. There's nothing half-way about them. They're either all right or all wrong—pure gold or common brass. The brass ones help fill the penitentiaries, but I'd rather have one 'right' woman who loved me working to free me than the best lawyer money could hire.

"Old Morgan's picture showed a pretty doll-like girl with big coils of yellow hair and a petulant, wilful mouth. There was something I can't just describe in her eyes, too, that tipped her off to me. Vanity and selfishness were stamped on her face plain as a cattle brand. But to old Dad she was perfect.

"After her father was arrested she visited him once at the jail. She cried and talked about the 'disgrace' he had brought on them and how 'noble' Rob had been about it. They were going to be married right away and go to San Francisco to live. She begged him to plead guilty and avoid the publicity of a trial; 'That is, if you are guilty, Daddy,' she said, 'because it might come out in court that you gave me the money for a trousseau and I know that would mortify Rob terribly. He's so sensitive.'

"And so the old man pleaded guilty, offering no excuse or explanation, and came up to the Big House with his five years to put

in. Millie lived in 'Frisco, just an hour's ride from the prison, and when I first knew Morgan he was still rejoicing because he had been sent there where Millie could come over and see him on visiting days.

"During visiting hours on Saturdays and Sundays the Captain's runner came through the gate with passes for the lucky ones who had friends in the reception-room. The runner came into the yard where the men were loafing, being off duty at those hours, and called the numbers from his slip. Then the lucky ones, all smiles and happiness for the moment, took their passes and went out for a half-hour with wives and mothers and children—everything we 'cons' mean when we say the 'outside.' And how the neglected ones envied those whose numbers were called! It used to get me sometimes, too, and I was an old-timer at the game even then.

"An hour before the visitors were due, old Dad would plant himself where he could get the first glimpse of the runner as he came through the gate. There he waited, anxious, expectant, picking flecks of dust off his striped coat or brushing and rebrushing his shoes with an old bandana handkerchief. Finally, in would come the runner, a sheaf of passes in his hand. Dad's number was 22,492. Often there would be a number commencing with the same figures as Morgan's.

"'Number twenty-two thousand four hundred—' the runner would call, slowly. At each word the old fellow rose from his bench, inch by inch, his dim old eyes lit up like a boy's, with the hope in his heart. '—And seventy-six,' the runner would finish, while Dad dropped back on his seat with shaking hands and an agony of disappointment in his eyes.

"This went on week after week, month after month. Every visiting day Dad was there, bathed, cleaned, and brushed long before the visitors' hour. And he waited long after there was the slightest chance of any more passes. He always took his place on the corner bench, hopeful, and always left it at lock-up time utterly crushed, with drooping shoulders and the eyes of a hurt animal.

"Each week found him a little frailer, a little more tremulous. He was failing fast, and we boys all knew it."

The "hop" lamp burned low and Cushions at a signal from Lewes rose noiselessly and filled it from the can of peanut oil. Blackie went on with his tale. Opium had taken him back to the days of which he told. His half-closed eyes saw only the prison yard, walled in on every side and hundreds of striped figures tramping, tramping endlessly back and forth with the hopeless restlessness of caged creatures.

"Sometimes Dad got a letter from Millie, but as the months dragged by they came at longer and longer intervals," he continued. "He gave me one to read once, a short, perfunctory note, hastily written and as chilling as a slap in the face. But the old man read into the lines what had never been there. I used to humor him and praise the

(Continued on Page 14.)



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Delicious Tea

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We assure you that you will be
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New South Wales Alliance.

ACTING PRESIDENT IN NEW ZEALAND.

Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, acting president of the Alliance, left Sydney on 10th inst. by the Marama for New Zealand. He has commenced a lecturing tour in connection with the forthcoming poll which will be taken throughout New Zealand early in December. Referring to his visit, the New Zealand "Vanguard" says: It will be good news to our workers everywhere that the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, of Sydney, has definitely arranged to come over again to our help in the fight. Mr. Hammond has established a reputation in New Zealand as one of the most attractive speakers that have visited our shores, and a cordial welcome awaits him in all parts of the Dominion. He is as familiar with the conditions here as he is with those in Australia, and may be trusted to deal some vigorous blows at the defences behind which the liquor sellers set up their plea for continuance."

THE SPEAKER TEAM ACTIVE.

With the warmer and finer nights, the Alliance speakers' team is having splendid open-air meetings. There was a large and attentive audience at Summer Hill on Friday night. The meeting lasted for over two hours, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. F. Wilson (leader), J. Marion, Phillips (2), Dillon, and Payne. Mr. Dillon told the story of his 30 years of heavy drinking and his 11 years of total abstinence. "When I was drinking," he said, "I had nothing but rags, my family was in rags and starving. Now I have everything that a working man wants in his home, from a piano to a fountain pen, with a telephone thrown in."

Mr. Payne gave experiences of his life in the British navy. The homely character of the meeting and the interesting experiences of some of the speakers was nicely sandwiched in with the weightier arguments from a scientific and economic standpoint. Members are wanted in the team to take the

places of Messrs. Hetherington and Gerretts, who have joined the Expeditionary Force.

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE SUNDAY.

This great annual event will be generally held throughout the world on the 2nd Sunday in November (8th). The Alliance is appealing to the convenors and secretaries of the various church committees to make full use of the day both in church and Sabbath school work.

A suggestion has been made that a change of pulpits could be arranged for that day.

Any preacher or speaker desiring special information can obtain the same by writing to the General Secretary of the N.S.W. Alliance, 33 Park-street.

AFTER OFFENDING PUBLICANS.

Still another case against an hotelkeeper is pending. A man in a most drunken condition was served in a city hotel. Messrs. Creagh and Marion, at considerable risk, entered the hotel, secured the attendance of a policeman. The bar was crowded, and the landlady used threatening language. The police are prosecuting. The case will be heard shortly.

QUARTERLY LICENSING COURT.

The Metropolitan Quarterly Licensing Court opened on Thursday last. The list of cases set down for hearing contained an application for a conditional publican's license at South Kensington, and six colonial wine licenses in city and suburbs. Mr. Clegg, on behalf of the Alliance, opposed all licenses. One of these, for the Allora Refreshment Rooms, 111 Pitt-street, was withdrawn, as the notice had not been displayed on the front door of the premises sought to be licensed.

The application of Thos. Savage for a license at 808 George-street, was dealt with and refused, on the grounds that the reasonable requirements of the neighborhood did not justify the granting of such license. It was shown by a sketch plan of the neigh-



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borhood that there were seven hotels and two wine licenses within 200 yards of the applicant's premises.

KENSINGTON LICENSING CASE.

This interesting case took an interesting turn at the Quarterly Licensing Court.

On the recommendation of the Court of Inquiry, the Governor in Council approved the granting of a license at South Kensington. Having succeeded so far, Mr. Watt, on behalf of the applicant, Donald McKenzie, applied for a conditional license. The objectors (instructed by Mr. W. C. Clegg) raised the point that there was no power under the Act to grant a conditional application, and it was contended that before a license could be granted the building must be erected.

The objection was unanimously upheld by the Bench and the application refused.

The position as it now stands, necessitates the applicant putting up the building and finishing it before the court will hear a further application. Should the Licensing Magistrates grant the same, the objectors have the right to appeal to the Quarter Sessions. Interesting developments are anticipated.

As the present case involves important legal points of far reaching effect, money is urgently needed to meet the costs of same. Should the Alliance succeed, valuable precedents will be established which will not only save Kensington from having a drinking place inflicted upon it, but will prevent the issue of new licenses elsewhere.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

In an excellent pamphlet issued by the N.S.W. Department of Public Instruction on "Consumption: Its Cause and Prevention," a full page photograph is given of an intoxicated man, sitting on an empty barrel. The letterpress is brief, and to the point.

It reads as follows:—

"Intemperance predisposes to consumption; intemperance renders a person very liable to consumption; intemperance is a cause of consumption."

The pamphlet is to be widely circulated throughout the public schools of the State. It is signed by Dr. C. S. Willis, Principal Medical Officer.

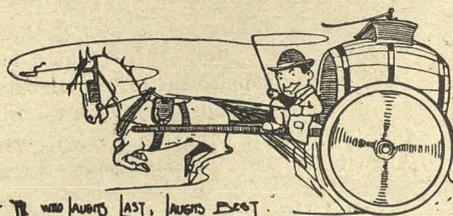
SYDNEY CITY COUNCIL TRAFFICS IN LIQUOR LICENSES.

The following resolution has met with the approval of the Sydney City Council:—

3497/14. Purchase of License of Albert Park Hotel.

8.—That the offer made by Messrs. Puig and Hegewald for the purchase of the license of the Albert Park Hotel for the purpose of transferring same to the Great

(Continued on Page 13.)



**COMMENTS OF
THE MAN ON THE
WATER WAGGON.**

ARCHBISHOP KELLY ON TEMPERANCE.

The Archbishop spoke out very freely at the children's temperance day celebrations at St. Mary's Cathedral. He condemned the drink habit unsparingly, and begged the girls and women of his audience to avoid it entirely. Referring to the prevalence of drink in Sydney his Grace brought forth this startling indictment:

"I do not know what to say about sinful Sydney. Beer is drunk here like water. There are girls under 15 years of age who have gone through more sin than people of 30 years of age in other places."

Dr. Kelly urged our avoidance of alcohol, which led women and girls to nameless evils. Glad indeed are we that the head of the Roman Church is not afraid to speak out plainly and condemn what he feels is a national evil. His appeal to the weaker sex is a logical one.

How we deplore the indifference of our mothers and sisters to the temperance appeal. A woman does not need to have a particularly powerful thinking plant to be aware of the devastation caused by the drink habit in the home.

If she herself has not suffered one of her next door neighbors is always sure to have done so. There the degradation of the home by drink can be fully estimated.

In the face of this damnatory evidence of the evil of the accursed habit, there are thousands of women who still declare they "wouldn't give you twopence for the man who couldn't take his glass." This is an old and somewhat vulgar saying, but it obtains to-day in thousands of homes. What folly on the part of women—this playing with fire until they get hurt? Our canvassers could tell a tale—of rebuff from women and scorn and contempt—of open condonation of the drunkard's vice.

Sooner or later the bitterness of participation in the results of drunkenness comes home to some silly women—but until that moment women still (in many cases) defend the drunkard. Women! Rise in your strength and lead in the van of progress; strike a note for clean living and healthy homes; condemn the one cause of half the worries of life.

DESTRUCTION OF ALCOHOL.

We learnt recently by cable that the Belgians, when deserting their fine city, "destroyed all the alcohol they could find," as the Germans were accustomed to imbibe first and then destroy the towns they entered. When properly drunk their barbaric feelings were aroused, and at the same time the least degree of "art appreciation" or finer sentiments they may have possessed were dissipated. Truly a fine advertisement for alcohol.

The worst in us rises to the surface; the best is suppressed. That is the rule—it cannot be denied.

How many thousands of homes could testify to it?

The once-loving parent most rapidly deteriorates into the selfish pig—his relatives do not recognise him at all. The Belgians did well to destroy this evil genius, and it is to be hoped they will permanently ostracise the arch fiend.

Let us all sit up and take a lesson from them.

WAR AND DROUGHT.

Undoubtedly we shall suffer from these two factors to a very great extent, but it won't matter much if we learn to be brave and make the best of things.

Our attention should also be directed to those who are having a bad time in our midst—and we should help them.

Every one is eager to stand by the wounded in time of war, and house and nurse them, but how about those good souls who suffer just as severely from the economic effects of war and get little sympathy.

Each one should interest himself in their welfare, and seek to aid them.

How extremely welcome is the helping hand in time of trouble?

None fully realise what it means to have a friend, but those who most need one.

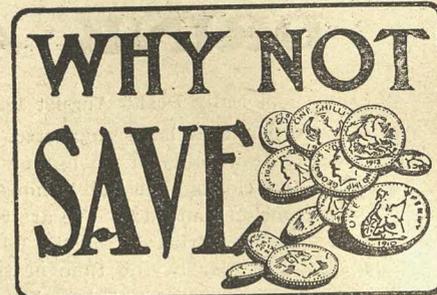
Your duty and mine, fellow reader, is to place ourselves, so to speak, in the firing line, and do all we can to minimise the discomforts of others at this season. It is the least that we can do.

SELF-RELIANCE.

One effect of the war will be to raise up in all of us a germ at least of the fine quality—self-reliance. Individually we shall have to exercise courage and determination—collectively the young nation will learn to look after itself in an economic sense.

Both lessons are sorely needed, for Australia has had little experience in what might be termed "crises"—and the lesson should be a salutary one.

How we all expected absolute ruin and chaos if ever we were plunged into a Euro-



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pean war. Here we are in it, and doing very well indeed, considering everything.

Be brave, comrades, and we will pull through alright with the blessing of the Almighty.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "GRIT."

H. Westbrook, Tas. (31/12/14), 13s.; F. E. Pulsford (bound copies), 20s.; E. McGeorge (31/12/14), 15s.; L. Conkey (31/12/14), 12s.; P. T. Prestley (17/12/14), 1s. 6d.; Mr. Saunders (28/2/15), 3s.; Mrs. Wood, Tas. (30/6/15) 6s.; J. Kent (31/12/14), 10s.; Gordon Graham (Educational Fund), £5; E. Longhurst (31/12/14), 4s. 4d.; A. S. Maher (31/12/14), 1s. 9d.; J. G. Snow (31/12/15), 20s.; Mrs. Tamlyn (30/4/15), 20s.; R. Watson, N.Z., (31/12/14), £1 2s. 6d.; Miss M. Burnan (26/9/15), 6s.; Mrs. Sheath, N.Z. (31/12/14), 7s.; J. W. Stewart, N.Z. (31/8/15), 20s.; Miss A. Murrie, N.Z. (31/12/14), 15s. 6d.; O. J. Howard (31/7/15), 15s. 6d.; Mrs. Howard, senr. (31/12/14), 4s. 6d.; Miss Snape, (31/12/14), 18s. 3d.; R. J. Miller (31/12/15), 17s.; T. McCloy (31/12/14), 17s.

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"Painless Expert in Difficult Extractions,"

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DRINK AND WAR.

(From "Liverpool Daily Post," August 18.)

Several correspondents have suggested in our columns the desirability of closing, or at any rate partially closing, the public-houses while the war tension continues. We are reminded that in South Africa during the Boer war, and also last year at the time of the riots, liquor was either quite unobtainable or obtainable only for a short time each day. The immediate result was that ordinary crime and street accidents ceased. This corresponds with our own experiences in Liverpool in the August, 1911, strikes, when an almost miraculous effect came from the restriction of the hours for the sale of drink. It cannot be said with any confidence that the conditions generally prevailing at the present time are comparable to either of the cases we have quoted. All the same, there is really a considerable feeling among the public that no harm could be done, and much good might ensue, from the adoption of similar precautions in regard to licensed houses. The only objections we have seen may be disregarded. They have borne on their face the unmistakable mark of inspired special pleading on behalf of "the Trade"—taking, of course, the form of a vigorous defence of the right of the working man to use his night "club."

CURTAILING DRINKING HOURS.

The difficulty is that, so far as we know, the magistracy have no special powers under which at such a time they can curtail drinking hours without the consent and co-operation of the licensed victuallers; and if we may judge from what has happened at St. Helens—where an early-closing order was made and afterwards suspended because of the opposition of the licensed interests on the ground of illegality—there will be no hurry to subordinate the public-house to the public interests in this way. It is not so in Newcastle-on-Tyne. There a simple closing order by the licensing justices has been put in force, and a "Times" commissioner on a visit of inquiry and observation reports that a transformation has been wrought in the habits of a community which at ordinary times keeps much the same hours as any other city. The most noticeable change, he says, is the sudden quiet which descends on the streets at nightfall. By 9.30 the central thoroughfares are almost deserted. By ten o'clock most of the working-class streets are in darkness; everybody is in bed. Every licensed house in Newcastle has to be closed at nine o'clock. Similar orders have been made for Gateshead, Jarrow, Sunderland, Wallsend, and Whitley Bay, and the movement will probably soon be extended to all the coastward parts of Northumberland and Durham. There is every indication that the clubs will fall into line by refusing to sell intoxicating liquor after nine o'clock. "This," remarks the "Times" correspondent, "is an eminently commonsense regulation, and the ease with which it has been carried out, and the unquestioning loyalty with which it has been accepted, taken in conjunction with other restrictions, show how

readily the English people will fall in with exceptional requirements in a time of emergency. A democratic form of modified martial law causes no resentment among the working classes."

Why should not Liverpool attempt—if it can be proved necessary or even desirable—what Newcastle has thus well achieved? In some parts of the city abundant evidence might, no doubt, be collected of the evil results of excessive drinking during the last two hours of the legal opening time. We have heard, on the very best authority, of one instance concerning a public-house in a neighborhood where soldiers are quartered. From 9.30 p.m. to closing time it is pandemonium; and the unrestricted supply of liquor to the men is a source of endless trouble to the officers. Perhaps such cases will be met by the new Government Order which has been issued, and among the provisions of which is the liability to penal servitude for life for any person who gives or sells to any member of His Majesty's force employed in the defence of any railway, dock, or harbor—even when he is off duty—any intoxicating liquor with intent to make him drunk. But there must be many cases which it does not meet. Failing any direct action by the magistrates and the licensees, the most we can hope for is that the public of all grades may see the folly and the wickedness at a time like this of the loss of self-restraint, and, more especially, the wickedness of any incitement of soldiers of the King to indulgence in drink.

TREATING TERRITORIALS.

We are prepared to admit that a great deal of what happens—particularly in regard to the baneful practice of "treating" Territorials—is attributable to admiration and to well-meant good fellowship and hospitality. In effect, it is a crime against the man who is treated and the country that he serves. If it be meant to steel his courage in the tasks that lie before him, let it be understood that Dutch courage of this sort, never of any practical use and always unwholesome, is especially not needed in connection with such a war as the present. There is so strong a spiritual stimulant in the cause of which our soldiers are fighting that spirituous stimulant is entirely superfluous. Let everybody, soldiers and civilians, call to their aid in these exceptional days that steadfast sobriety and dignity, that courage and restraint, which, as Mr. Lloyd George has said, are the best bulwark to the worst consequences of war. If British soldiers doing battle for their country stand not in need of Dutch courage, neither do those who are left behind to watch and to wait and to pray, stand in need of Dutch comfort.

LICENSED PREMISES IN WAR TIME.

(From the "Morning Advertiser," August 15.)

In certain places orders have already been made for the closing of licensed premises at hours in the evening much earlier than those at which they are closed under the ordinary

law. The authority under which that was done was not at first evident, but it is made clear by the supplement to the "London Gazette" issued on Thursday, which contains the full text of an Order in Council made on August 12. That proclamation is made under the powers of the Defence of the Realm Act, 1914, one of those Acts which were passed rapidly through all their stages in both Houses of Parliament immediately after a state of war between Great Britain and Germany had been declared. The Act empowers His Majesty during the present war to issue regulations for securing public safety and the defence of the realm. The Order in Council contains the first set of regulations so made. Of these regulations No. 7 is as follows:—

"The competent naval or military authority may by order require all premises licensed for the sale of intoxicating liquor within or in the neighborhood of any defended harbor to be closed except during such hours as may be specified in the order."

By regulation 27 the competent naval or military authority is defined as "any commissioned officer of His Majesty's Naval or Military Forces, not below the rank of commander in the Navy or lieutenant-colonel in the Army, appointed by the Admiralty or Army Council, as the case may be, to perform in any place the duties of such an authority"; and it is further provided that any harbor declared by order of the Admiralty or Army Council to be a defended harbor shall for the purposes of these regulations be treated as such.

It will be observed that the exercise of this power under these regulations is restricted to harbors declared to be defended harbors, and their neighborhood; and that it applies to all premises licensed for the sale of intoxicating liquor. This includes off-licensed premises as well as on-licensed, and places licensed for the sale of liquor wholesale as well as those with retail licenses. But it does not include clubs, and if any order has been made closing clubs, it is in excess of this regulation. Some orders of the kind were undoubtedly made before the date of this Order in Council. They were, perhaps, in intelligent anticipation of it.

BILLETING.

The orders which have been recently issued with respect to billeting relate to billeting on private houses and public buildings in an emergency in which the Territorial Force has been embodied. The list of payments to be made in respect of these billets does not apply to licensed premises. The liability of licensed premises to billeting remains precisely what it was before, and the payments to be made to license-holders remain the same. The payments to be made to occupiers of private houses are in general 50 per cent. higher than those made to license-holders.

DRINK AND WAR.

(To the Editor of the "Alliance News and Temperance Reformer.")

Sir,—I have just returned from Norway after a very trying experience. I learned on
(Continued on Page 7.)

"ALARM LEAGUE."

FRENCH TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

EVILS FROM ABUSE OF ALCOHOL.

"The campaign against alcoholism in France is one of the highest importance," says the American "Review of Reviews." The most ardent efforts are put out to help the organizers of the movement, by "all those who love France and have her welfare at heart." A writer in "La Revue" suggests that France, having imposed upon herself a very heavy burden in establishing the three years' military service, might not be able to stand the "double sacrifice demanded by militarism and alcoholism, the supreme destroyers of the race." Subjected to the conditions of these two calamities, will not the country find itself paralysed and ruined?

THE "ALARM" LEAGUE.

"The curse of alcoholism must be abolished at all cost in order to safeguard our national life and defence," continues this writer.

"The legislators with the lightness which often characterises their generous impulses have entirely forgotten this side of the question. An elementary concern for the interests of the Fatherland ought to have compelled them to add to the law of three years' military service an indispensable corollary; the vote for suppressing the privileges of the liquor manufacturers and for limiting the number of places where alcoholic drinks are sold. All selfish interests would have been silenced in the face of the patriotic consideration of the welfare of the country. However, it is never too late to do the right thing. The 'Alarm' League, in identifying alcoholism with anti-patriotism, will not fail to arouse the national conscience—which in time will not fail to respond in the face of the ever-growing burdens that the thought of the salvation of France imposes upon it."

WHY DOES PARLIAMENT PERMIT IT?

"It would seem superfluous to speak again of the cure of alcoholism," remarks M. Leonard Rosenthal in another issue of "La Revue," "considering that we are taught even in school that, in a generation or two, France will cease to exist if it continues to alcoholise itself. Compulsory courses enlighten the youth upon all the fatal consequences of the evil. Later on these young men will read and wonder why Parliament permits this dreadful plague to sap the vitality of the nation."

FOUR LITRES PER PERSON.

"It might be profitable to compare the progress made by alcoholism with the efforts that are being made to check its ravages,"

says M. Rosenthal. "Here are a few figures:

"The number of saloons in France has grown to 480,000, which means one saloon for every eighty-nine inhabitants, or, to be more exact, one for each twenty-two male adults. The consumption of alcohol has reached the average of four litres of alcohol per person. This places France in the very first rank of the list of alcohol-consuming nations."

What has been done to resist this rising wave of evil? Much by private enterprise. There have been anti-alcohol leagues upon leagues formed in France, at the head of which stands the National League. These associations are strengthened by the newspapers which they own, and which carry the good word to the most obscure corners of the country.

"Each league has its seat of government in Paris, or other large city, and branches in the smallest villages which carry on the disinterested, humble work of winning over as many people from the saloons as they possibly can. There are innumerable other societies beside the leagues referred to which work toward the same end. Every anti-alcoholic meeting called in the cities is sure to bring a large number of representatives from feminist societies. Are not women the first to suffer from the intemperance of their men-folk? Also from athletic, sporting, and boycotting societies."

IMPORTANCE OF SPORTS.

M. Rosenthal lays great stress upon the importance of sports and athletics as a means of regenerating the race, and says:

"Sports have been developed in France to an astounding degree within the last five or six years. There is not a city, town, or village where there does not exist at least one society devoted to outdoor sports. The young members of these admirable associations have realised that to be fit and to develop the maximum of strength and endurance one must renounce the use of alcohol. They furnish an example to the working classes, to whom they prove that it is not necessary to drink alcoholic drinks in order to be strong."

While admitting the progress made by these associations, M. Rosenthal sadly remarks that, with the immense growth of the business in alcohol in France, the temperance societies gain one member while the saloon claims ten. To the workingman and the average tradesman the sight of a well-lighted and well-heated saloon, where he may chat

with a companion or friend over a glass, is far more attractive than the austere hall where anti-alcohol meetings are held and homilies delivered.

DEPOPULATION.

M. Rosenthal points out that it is to the promulgation of laws limiting the production and the using of alcohol that they must look for salvation, and he cites the examples offered by Sweden and Norway—not hoping, however, to obtain such prompt results for the French, who are temperamentally different from the Scandinavians. But, he continues, Italy resembles France in many respects—and she is passing laws forbidding young men under seventeen to enter either a saloon or tobacco shop. And yet "Depopulation" is the cry in everybody's mouth. Everybody talks about it and laments, but nobody does anything to prevent it.

MORE DREADFUL THAN WAR.

Statistics are valuable. They have shown us that the recent Balkan war has not cost the five countries that took part in it more than alcoholism costs France annually. Germany understands this situation very well. "The growth of Germany's population compared to the ravages that alcoholism makes in ours," says M. Rosenthal, "makes Germany look on calmly and consider an early war with France as quite unnecessary."

DRINK AND WAR

(Continued from Page 6.)

the Continent that the German Government had prohibited the sale of all intoxicating liquors, and on August 4 the King of Norway issued a proclamation prohibiting the export of foodstuffs, etc., and decreeing that:—

"Until further notice it is forbidden to employ grain or potatoes for the production of beer or brandy (the native ardent spirit), likewise the sale and retail of such spirits is forbidden."

Surely the British Government will forthwith prohibit the manufacture of beer so that the grain may be used for the food of the people, and stop the sale of spirits in the interest of the health and sobriety of the huge mass of men now under arms.

The early closing of all public-houses would be a great blessing in these times of war.—
Yours, etc., GUY HAYLER.

Alcohol is the greatest cause of disobedience to discipline, and of all the punishments given to sailors in our navy, and it would be a great blessing to our naval forces if we could get rid of the use of alcohol.—Prince Bernadotte, Swedish Admiral.

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and No-License.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1914.

EUROPEAN RAILROADS ARE FOLLOWING EXAMPLE SET BY AMERICA.

As is generally known, American railroads are almost universally insisting on total abstinence in operatives, certainly while on duty. European managers are now rapidly working in the same direction. The Prussian-Hessian railroad finds that its orders against the use of alcohol not only make the men more fit for service, but affairs move with greater certainty and more smoothly, as the employees show more consideration and willingness, cases of insubordination and disputes have become less frequent, and the number of cases of sickness resulting from the use of alcohol has diminished.

"Little by little," says the "Metal-Arbeiter-Zeitung" ("Metal-Workers' Journal"), "business managers have come to see that a higher degree of efficiency can be sustained by the men when sober." Knowledge of the dangers of the use of alcohol is making constant headway, especially among the younger men. The railroads are not only requiring sobriety, but are making it easy for the employees to obtain non-alcoholic drinks by opening counters where tea, coffee, milk, mineral waters and cheap but nourishing food can be obtained.

TRUE LOGIC. What do you think of the following piece of logic?—

"G. I. Lovegold" advertises in "The Coudersport (Pa.) Enterprise" for a license to steal horses. He announces that he is willing to "pay liberally," and pledges himself not to "take the senses of any man, nor rob his purse; not to cause men to beat their wives, damn their children into the world, or to commit murder; not to steal horses on Sunday, nor on election day, nor on legal holidays, nor after 10 o'clock at night; not to steal colts, nor horses that have no sense, nor old, broken-down plugs."

Says "Mr. Lovegold": "If I don't steal horses somebody else will. All attempts to prohibit horse-stealing only result in producing sneaks and liars. I am emboldened to make this application by reason of other special privileges petitioned for about this time of year by other citizens of 'good moral character.'"

It always amuses me to note the law's insistence on the liquor seller having a good character, as though it needed a clean man to do a dirty job. I am not concerned because the people in the job don't agree with me. If you join a mountain train at night, and get into a full second-class carriage with every window closed—a few cigarette smokers, a few orange chewers, a bottle or two of liquor, and the atmosphere will seem repulsive to a degree in comparison with the fresh air you have just been inhaling. If you dare to put a window down and admit fresh air you are apt to cause a riot. These travellers have become accustomed to the poisoned air and do not notice it, but their callousness is no argument that it is healthy or good or necessary. In this case, and in the liquor selling case, the outsider is the best judge.

A QUESTION OF COMPANY. The temperance speaker who has most impressed me is John G. Woolley,

his logic, his language, his humor blended as in no other speaker I have ever heard. "The New Republic" from time to time prints some of his stories. I reprint from this journal one that has a direct message for the New Zealand voters at this time. He says:—

"In the race between Hobson and Underwood for the United States Senatorship in Alabama, both candidates, happily, are men of high character. But the personality of Mr. Underwood is particularly attractive. He is a man of means, of social culture and proved ability in great affairs. His lead-

ership in Congress has endeared him to all sorts and conditions of Democrats.

"But there is a fly in the ointment. The liquor interests are united in supporting him for Senator. This he ventured to say, and his friends say gingerly, is not his fault, and many Prohibitionists, it is claimed, will support him.

"Which reminds me of a story Thomas Fitch used to tell, in the Greeley Campaign. An old man had two sons, both dutiful and reputable, one shrewd and thrifty, the other simple-minded and affectionate.

"The family property consisted mainly of a flock of sheep, of which one was a great pet of the simple-minded brother. He had rescued it from peril at lambing and brought it up by hand, and it reciprocated his affection.

"On his deathbed the father arranged for a division of the property.

"The shrewder son was to divide the flock into two parts, and his brother was to have first choice.

"The elder brother, not being entirely free from guile, selected out the odds and ends of the flock and put them with 'Billy,' the idol of his brother, and called upon him to make his choice.

He did. He walked around the two flocks and eyed them critically—with 'Billy' following him at every step. At length he stopped and laid his hand on 'Billy's' head, and said, 'Billy, I love you better than anything in the world. I am still your friend. But here we must part, you are in such a darnation bad company. I don't blame YOU. But good-bye, "Billy," good-bye!'"

THE VALUE OF TIME. It is a very common thing to hear people say, "I have not time," when they have all the time there is. The following lines are good food for thought:—

"I have only just a minute,
Only sixty seconds in it,
Forced upon me; can't refuse it;
Didn't seek it, didn't choose it;
But it's up to me to use it;
I must suffer if I lose it,
Give account if I abuse it.
Just a tiny little minute—
But Eternity is in it."

The Editor

A Personal Chat
with my readers

Drunken Soldiers Served in Sydney Hotel.

"VERY SERIOUS CRIME," SAYS MAGISTRATE PAYTEN, WHO CONVICTS.

The publicans of Sydney have during recent years not only driven the proverbial coach and four through the licensing law of the State, but have been taking repeated joy rides, with the result that they have juggernauted an unusually large number of their customers whose wounded and helpless position can be verified by a visit to the Central Police Court.

Amongst those who have been special victims during the last few weeks are members of the Imperial Expeditionary Army Force.

With their usual rapacity (notwithstanding their loud acclamations of patriotism), city hotelkeepers have been responsible for bringing disgrace upon several members of the Force by supplying them with liquor when in a state of intoxication.

MORAL SUASION FAILS.

Appeals were repeatedly made by citizens to hotelkeepers not to serve these men when under the influence of liquor, and to citizens who gloried in "shouting" for the troops to refrain from doing so, but with very little success. It requires legal suasion in police court convictions to bring some liquor sellers to their senses. Also, owing to the inactivity of the police in the past, the law respecting the sale of liquor to drunken persons had practically become a dead letter.

The Alliance officials threatened to personally get busy if matters did not improve.

THE POLICE AND THE PUBLICAN.

As repeatedly pointed out in these columns, it is astonishing that law-breaking publicans are rarely brought before the Courts, although the Liquor Act is shamefully violated in hundreds of cases weekly.

A policeman, in conversation with the writer, gave a possible explanation of this. He said quite frankly, "I am glad the temperance people are taking this matter up. Something needs to be done. But if we interfered we would get such a hot time that life would not be worth living."

In a circular issued by a liquor organization in 1908 urging all hotelkeepers to join the same, it was pointed out that one advantage of that organization was the fact that they were able to deal with the police where they were over-officious; and "in this connection had been very successful."

Other police officers say that it is very difficult to get convictions. That this is not so is evidenced by the following case, which concluded in the Central Sydney Police Court last week, and resulted in the magistrate convicting. Here is a report of what led up to the conviction—the attempts made to defeat the ends of justice and the result of same. Follow the drama closely. We will call it, what the magistrate called it—

"A VERY SERIOUS CRIME."

Scene 1 (Park-street).—Two drunken soldiers staggering along the street, crowd watching their antics. Both humorous and

pathetic. Rev. R. B. S. Hammond calls attention of Messrs. Marion and Creagh to the condition of soldiers.

These three reformers decide to watch developments and follow soldiers. Soldiers enter Castlereagh Hotel—liquor refused. Then the soldiers again stagger along Park-street to Kimes' Hotel, and liquor again refused. On to Messenger's Hotel, Market-street—barman turns them out.

Scene 2 (Arcadia Hotel)—very toney place—employs eight barmen and seven barmaids. Soldiers breast bar. Liquor supplied to soldiers. Enter Messrs. Creagh and Marion. Rev. R. B. S. Hammond goes for police. Mr. Creagh points out to barman that men are intoxicated. Hands liquor to Mr. Marion, who smells same and puts it back on counter. Barman wants to take liquor back to avoid further trouble. Mr. Creagh (an old hand) objects (as the liquor had already been supplied to the men) desiring to retain same till police arrives. Argument ends by soldiers drinking liquor. Enter policeman, arrests soldiers on charge of drunkenness.

Takes name of barman. Soldiers, policeman, parson, Alliance secretary, and police court missionary leave the bar. Close of second scene. Barman's countenance very sad.

Scene 3 (Central Police Station)—Soldiers charged with being drunk. Station officer takes special notice that they are drunk.

Next morning—soldiers agree to plead guilty. Enter secretary racing club, and solicitor. Men interviewed, and decide to plead not guilty. Ask for remand till next day. Granted. Secretary of Racing Club (of which hotel owner is president) goes bail.

Next morning—case called on. Soldiers do not appear. Bail estreated.

Scene 4 (Summons Court).—Mr. Payten, S.M., on bench. Mr. Drew appears for barman. Inspector McLean prosecutes. Charges barman with supplying liquor to intoxicated persons. Case lasts three days. Above facts recited.

Lawyer Drew says it was all a mistake, and that the trouble all due to "over-zealousness" of the Alliance men who "butted" in.

Magistrate quotes Supreme Court ruling as follows:—"It was no defence that the publican did not know the men were drunk. It was his duty to ascertain their condition in every case before serving them."

Lawyer pleads that it was not proved that the soldiers were supplied because they had not taken physical possession of the liquor before Creagh and Marion interfered, and barman afterwards offered to take drink back.

The magistrate says with emphasis: "The objection you have taken is that the defendant did not supply the liquor. Well, for the sake of the defendant I am sorry that I have to take a different view. Every man who gets his drink, whether he takes it up and consumes it or not, is supplied with liquor.

The soldiers had been to three hotels and were refused liquor. No doubt, for the one reason that they were intoxicated, and the defendant, either from carelessness or indifference, served them with liquor.

"No drunken man ought to be in the bar of a public house.

"It is a very serious crime, and if the publican had been charged—and he could have been charged—it would have rendered the house liable to cancellation." Court spell-bound.

The magistrate then reads out his decision. Defendant convicted in both cases. Fined £6 in all and £2 2s. costs, or one month hard labor. Curtain falls.

WE MUST GO ON WITH THE CRUSADE.

Temperance reformers in every part of the State should insist upon a rigid enforcement of the law. In the above case the lawyer pleaded that the hotelkeeper felt the position very keenly. No doubt. But what of the unfortunate drunkards and their dependents? They feel the position very keenly also.

The Continuance party have spoken so eloquently upon the virtues of "strict Government supervision." Very well—if the electors are not sufficiently enlightened to vote out the liquor traffic, reformers must "shake things up," and push for law enforcement. We have been told that prohibition doesn't prohibit. Does regulation regulate? Evidently not at present, but a few convictions such as that recorded against the "Arcadia" will do a great deal towards bringing about a better state of affairs, even if it does reduce the publicans' takings and the brewers' profits, and perchance bring a cheap sneer upon those who are alert for righteousness.

PUBLICITY WANTED.

Unfortunately very little publicity can be obtained in cases of this kind. The "Sydney Morning Herald" did not give any account of the Arcadia Hotel conviction, although the same was specially brought under their notice. Had it been a sly-grog case from a No-License district in New Zealand we would have had such an item of news cabled over at cost of 4½d. per word, and a solid black heading given to it.

NAW! PROHIBITION DON'T PROHIBIT.

The sales of beer in the United States for January, February, March, April, May, and June of 1914 have in every case been less in volume than for the corresponding months of 1913. The decrease in January was 267,606 barrels, and in June, which shows the smallest decrease, the figures were 15,250 barrels. The net decrease for the first six months of 1914 over the same months for 1913 was 827,494 barrels, or approximately 410,337,000 drinks. It is estimated that this amount of beer would float a United States battleship or run a resident of Milwaukee for nearly two months.

The City of Crania.

A STORY OF A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY

BY HENRY JONES, FOR "GRIT."

(Continued from last issue.)

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"That may be," said his guide, "for in your country people are not always kind to them, and as animals and birds have marvellous memories, and they do not readily forget an injury; but here, in the town of Ifeel, people are taught to be kind to them. Boys are taught the sinfulness of robbing birds' nests, or killing them for sport, and the men are taught to use and not to abuse animals. Every living creature is sacred to them. Taught by the Power that pities them, they learn to pity the animals; so the animals, birds, and butterflies soon realise this and cease to fear man."

A RESOLUTION.

This information was appreciated by Gall, and he resolved to tell his fellow countrymen when he returned how foolish they were to encourage sport that injured animals, and how cruel it was to rob birds' nests and kill them for their beautiful plumes just to gratify their vanity. They then entered the town called Parental. Here Gall noticed children playing with pets, nursing dolls, and being instructed by elderly men and women. As he walked along the street he was amazed to see how the children helped one another, and to see how kind and attentive grown-up people were to the children. Just as he halted in front of one house he saw a little girl coming along carrying a heavy baby, and the girl was smiling and singing merrily. Going up to the girl he asked:

"Is he not too heavy, my little maid?"

"Heavy!" replied the girl with a beaming smile, "No, he's not a bit heavy; he's my little brother."

"These children," said the guide, "are taught from their infancy, by precept and example, to love each other; to feel an interest in every living creature and bear each other's burdens. Not only are they taught to honor their parents, but their parents are also taught by the Prefect to honor their children, hence the kindly feeling and devotion to duty you notice in all the people living here."

PATRIOTS.

From the suburb of Parental Gall wended his way over the hills and across the fields until he arrived at another place where people seemed to dwell in groups or parties. After he entered the gates he heard the strains of the well-known song, "Home, Sweet Home." Then he noticed that each house had a flag flying from the roof, and right in the centre of the reserve or park there was a high flagpole and a few men standing round it. Just then the singing in the houses ceased, and a few moments after out of each house marched children and parents. When they reached the park they formed four deep, and to the tune of stirring martial music, marched round the flagpole, while the men who were standing round

it when Gall first arrived, hoisted a streaming banner of red, white, and blue, which was cheered to the echo by all present. Turning to his guide, Gall asked the name of the suburb. The guide answered "Inhab."

"These people," said the guide, "are taught to love home, country, and even the old trees and houses. They do not like to see children grow up with a weak love for old institutions. All children are taught the meaning and value of home life, to love the house in which they were born and the country of their birth. If you notice," said the guide, "these people are more attached to cats than dogs."

WHERE ARE YOUR BRAINS.

When Gall looked about him he did notice a remarkable number of cats when compared with dogs, and then he remembered how the people in Paternal were usually accompanied by a dog. The guide, observing the puzzled look on Gall's face, said:

ANIMALS TEACH US.

"The love of home and the love of animals are two distinct faculties. In the cat we find the love of home; that is the reason it makes no attempt to follow a family when moving from one house to another. The cat will remain on the doorstep, sleep patiently and without regret accommodate itself to the incoming tenant. But," said the guide, "it is different with dogs. When his master commences to pack up for a journey or change of residence he will bark, strain at his chain, and become frantic in his effort to be with his master. If you notice, all the dogs in this town have a rise or hump between the ears, while the cat's head is flat and sometimes concave at the same point. "The people, too," continued the guide, "have a very remarkable fullness of the brain behind the ears. In this town people are taught to feel and think in such a manner that certain organs of the mind are used and exercised in a natural way, so their head is shaped in accordance with their thoughts. If we would only look at the back of a girl's head, instead of her face, we would be more likely to choose a better wife, nurse girl, or companion. If a boy or girl has a flat back head, that is, if there is not much distance from the ear to the back of the head, you can be sure they do not like animals, parents, country, or friends. But when," continued the guide, "boys and girls have a large back head, no matter if they have no intellect, they will be fond of home, kind to animals, and very thoughtful about the care and protection of birds."

THIS ONE THING I DO.

After the guide had finished speaking, Gall asked him about the people they saw, a little way back in the field; people walking arm in arm.

"These people," replied the guide, "came

from the suburb of Ami, and are remarkable for their friendliness and attachment to one another. They stand by friends because they have learned to value a good friend. The Prefect insists upon all in this City of Crania to be single in their affection. To concentrate their minds upon what they have in hand, and complete all tasks commenced. One thing at a time is the motto these people adopt, so in after life they find it easy to put the necessary amount of energy into their undertakings."

Ah! thought Gall, I fancy in my country, when children are preparing for examination, it would be a wise thing to teach and train all to concentrate as well as consecrate their powers. How many boys, and men, too, fail just because they lack application, or the faculty of stick-at-it. Great men may succeed equally well in a number of occupations, but the majority of us are only adapted for one or two walks of life so let us direct our existing energies into proper channels and become fuller and more useful members of society.

TO THYSELF BE TRUE.

The shape of the heads of the people of the town of Ifeel so impressed Gall that he could not rest until he drew an outline of them (which will be given in next issue. The faces of the children living in this town also impressed Gall. They were rosy cheeked, full round features and clear skin. This fact Gall noticed also in youths and maidens.

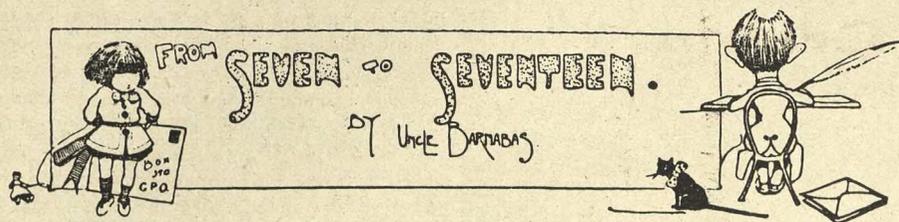
The guide told Gall that all in this town were healthy and clear-eyed because they thought in a healthy manner. Parents told their children the truth and the children were encouraged to tell their parents the truth, so there was perfect confidence between them. Boys often, through fear of father or mother, struggle against temptation and hide the results of sin and fall lower and an easier prey to new temptation, whereas if they made a clean breast of the matter they would feel free and more powerful to meet and overcome every form of sin along the path of life.

"Remember," said the guide to Gall, "if these people neglected to love animals, to think kindly of one another, or reverence their parents, or the parents their children, they would become defectives, and their children would inherit their defects, because if we do not use, we lose our faculties—think this over." (To be Continued.)

A despatch sent out from Columbus, O., to the daily press said that under a new excise law, to take effect November 1, 3341 liquor places of the 8485 in the State would close. The new law limits licenses to one in every 500 inhabitants.

"MY MILLINER."

MRS. ANDERSON
LATEST CREATIONS IN
TRIMMED MILLINERY
7 THE STRAND, SYDNEY.



THE VALUE OF BEING BUSY.

Someone has said that the devil loves idle people; they are so easily tempted. You know how hard it is to get a word in edgewise when some people are talking. Well, if we are really busy, we will be really happy, and the devil will not be able to get a temptation in anyhow. I do not know who wrote these lines, but they are worth while learning by heart:—

If you were busy being kind,
Before you knew it, you would find
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
That someone was unkind to you.

If you were busy being glad,
And cheering people who are sad,
Although your heart might ache a bit,
You'd soon forget to notice it.

If you were busy being true
To what you know you ought to do,
You'd be so busy you'd forget
The blunders of the folks you've met.

If you were busy being right,
You'd find yourself too busy quite
To criticise your neighbor long,
Because he's busy being wrong.

UNCLE B.

GIVE OR RECEIVE?

By VERA MARSH (aged 15).

"I wonder where your father is," said Mrs. Summers to her eldest daughter, a child of ten years.

"Well, Mummie," she said, "he promised me he would be home by five to-night, and it is now half-past seven."

Mrs. Summers knew her husband to be a staunch abstainer in early years, but lately he had taken to that curse, strong drink. It had secured so great a hold of him that thoughts of his wife and children had no place in his mind. Once they had lived in a cottage of their own, beautified by a lovely garden, but now they lodged in a back room of a large boarding-house. This room contained three boxes, substitutes for chairs, and one large one, being the only table, while two stretchers formed the Summers' beds.

Little Violet, the eldest of a sister and two brothers, was always clad in rags. It generally fell on her to do most of the work, look for and bring home her daddy, for her mother was sickly, and the younger children needed her care. Mrs. Summers was worn and broken-hearted through the worry which her husband wrought upon her, and was now getting weaker every day, wanting in proper nourishment. The children were small and delicate for the want of attention.

"I think," said the mother, "that you, Violet, had better go and try to find your father. Something must have befallen him."

"Alright," was the ready response, and Violet (bareheaded) set out to look for her father. Though young in years, care had developed fully upon her, and to-night she thought that surely she must be much older. She trudged along one street, then another, and still she could not see her daddy.

It was Christmas Eve, and the shops were illumined with every color of the rainbow. She saw bright girls flitting to and fro in white dresses, boys here and there, making full use of the season. She had no money to purchase any toys, etc.; not even a loaf of bread could she buy. How lovely it must be to be rich, she thought, and have no drunken daddy like I have.

Meanwhile a carriage and a pair of cream ponies were being driven down the street. In it was seated a maiden, who had seen about fifteen Christmas Eves. Marjorie Anderson was Squire Anderson's only child. Riches were thrown at her on every hand; everyone bowed to her as she passed. Great were the presents that she received and numberless were the gifts which she bestowed on her friends.

Marjorie was driven to Sunday-school every Sunday, and was known by everyone to be kind and good. She had seen little Violet Summers there before her father gave way to drink. Now she recognised her in her ragged dress and shoeless feet, gazing with great admiration on all the festivities of the time.

"What was that which my teacher spoke about last Sunday? Oh, I know, something like thinking of others before one's self."

"Thomson," said Marjorie, "stop; I must get out here."

The coachman obeyed her imperative voice.

Marjorie crossed the footpath, and was soon standing by Violet's side. The elder put her hand on the bare head.

"What are you doing out like this?" she asked kindly.

Violet told the story of the inebriate, who was her father, of her mother, sister and brothers, who were at home starving. These words soon found way into Marjorie's heart, and great was her pity for Violet.

After some moments she told Violet to follow her. Marjorie led the way to the carriage, and bade the younger girl get in. Violet was dumb with amazement. Surely she must be dreaming. No, it was true; they were moving. Violet was silent until she burst out crying, and said that her daddy saw her, and would beat her when she arrived home.

"Please, Thomson, stop," Marjorie said, and again she was obeyed. She sprang from her seat, and was soon standing by Mr. Summers.

"Come along with me," she said, gently.

The man, who had been wrangling with some others, and who was in the height of rage, was not fully intoxicated, and when he heard the sweet, commanding voice of the girl he allowed himself to be guided to the carriage.

Inquiring of Violet where she lived, Marjorie ordered Thomson to drive thither. The city was crowded, being Christmas, and curiosity filled the gaze of the bystanders.

Arriving at the house where the Summers lived, the carriage stopped. Marjorie alighted first, and helped Mr. Summers and Violet out. Calling Violet aside, she slipped two bright sovereigns into the thin little hand. Violet's only sign of gratitude was a burst of tears, which fell freely on the golden coins. Marjorie slipped back to the carriage and was driven home. Upon being asked by her mother how she had enjoyed herself, she answered that she had had a thoroughly bright time.

Bill Summers was not too drunk to understand what had happened. After Violet had made the story quite clear for him he sat bewildered.

"Well," he said at length, "the same One who touched her heart to do that kind deed can surely transform a drunkard into a different being."

"Yes, he can," was his wife's reply.

"From now I shall try to be the husband of years gone by."

Little Violet Summers has had a different father from then. Mr. William Summers is a flourishing business man, and once again he owns a beautiful home. Violet is sent to school, and all the family is perfectly happy.

Marjorie Anderson, on hearing of the change brought about through her, was extremely pleased. The two sovereigns which she gave away on Christmas Eve she had intended upon buying some present for herself. But on Christmas Day she had the full assurance of knowing that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

TAKING THE PALM.

Vera Marsh, Ipswich Nursery, Thornstreet, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am writing now in order to keep off the "Scallawag" list, as it isn't a very pleasant sensation to realise your name has got on to that. Now, Uncle B., as you have put a wrong interpretation to a part of my last letter re "palms," I have something to say about it. I suppose you will not be astonished when I say there are not two palms just alike as there are not two Uncle B's. alike. Some palms are tall, some small, others have a number of leaves, while some have only a few, in accordance with tall Uncles, small Uncles, etc. Most palms are

very pretty. (I can't compare Uncle B. with those, as I have never seen him, and that worthy gentleman is so long in printing a photo of himself, that I cannot judge.) Some palms flourish in condition, but not beauty, the same as we meet individuals of that standard also. I am enclosing a little story for the "Hero Competition," and I have chosen this one because it is very appropriate to the times. If Uncle B. could live in Sydney for six months of the year, and for the other half year could transfer his dwelling to Brisbane, I am sure that Queensland "Grit" cousins would be very pleased, and would have a better chance of helping the "Grit" stall, and perhaps would be able to go. I thought, perhaps, Uncle, that you would like to know that I won the gold medal for an essay on "Prevention to Cruelty" for all the girls in Queensland. There were 600 competitors. I think this is all my news this time. Wishing you every success in your Local Option polls.—I remain, your loving Ni.

(Dear Vera,—I am admonished and confess you take the palm. Do you know what that means? Do you know how the expression came to be used? Thanks for the story. We are all proud of your winning the gold medal, and we all want you to send your essay for publication in "Grit"; so please send it quickly. There never was a prouder Uncle than your Uncle B.)

KILLING PARASITES.

Francie K. M. Brown, "Elim," Ebenezer, via Windsor, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Is my name down on the "Scallawag" list? If so, will you please take it off and try and find it in your heart to forgive me. I have had more than one "jog on the elbow." I have been busy making things for the bazaar, also doing my own sewing and looking after the garden. It looks nice now. Oh! and surely my last letter was not long enough to last for six months instead of only three. When have the things for the bazaar to be sent in? You asked me to tell you how and why fumigating is done, also what is used, and is it a success always. Well, first of all, sheets (called tents) of different sizes to suit the sizes of the trees, are hoisted on poles and drawn over the trees. Then the measurements of the trees are taken, and according to these measurements the amounts of cyanide, sulphuric acid, and water to be used are determined. The soil is thrown up on the

edges of the tents all round, except for one place where a space is left for the fumigator to crawl in and place the cyanide, acid, and water in a vessel under the tent. Whoever does this has to retreat hurriedly (as the German army is doing at present), lest he might be overcome by the fumes as the poor fowls were. The tent is then let down over the space and soil thrown upon it so as to prevent the fumes from escaping. Fumigation is generally required once a year, and is carried on to kill the scale, etc., on the fruit and trees. Sometimes father sprays instead of fumigating, but it is not so effective with the citrus fruits. The success with which it is attended depends on whether just the right quantity of chemicals is used. When too much is used, the leaves wither and drop off; sometimes even the fruit is injured. On the other hand, the scale, etc., is not killed if too little is used. We have had some lovely rain during the last few days, and everything looks beautiful and fresh. We were beginning to need rain badly; everything looked dried up. I got my photo taken when I was down in Sydney last month, so I am sending you one by the same post as this. By the way, don't forget your promise to try and arrange to put your photo in "Grit" soon. Did you receive the story I wrote and sent for the Story-writing Competition? As the letter did not appear in "Grit," I concluded it had gone astray, but when I saw in last week's "Grit" that you had put Annie Chapman's letter away with her story, I thought perhaps you had done the same with mine. Are you fond of flowers? There are some large canary-colored ones that grow about here; they come out in the evening and die in the morning. Some people call them primroses, and some cowslips. Father says they are not true cowslips. We don't know what they are really. Do you? The air is laden with their perfume at night. I must close now with love to all my cousins and yourself, Uncle.—I remain, your sincere Ni.

(Dear Francie,—Many thanks for everything, which includes your photo, story, and letter. I have no sympathy for parasites, and read with interest the way you kill them by fumigating. I wonder if we could devise some way to deal with human parasites? I do not know what that flower is called, though I know the one you mean. This war has, of course, upset our bazaar arrangements, but all the things are to be sent in as soon as they are ready, and some of them

will sell privately and others keep for the sale.—Uncle B.)

THAT BAZAAR.

Evelyn Wiseman, 19 Richards Avenue, Surry Hills, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am very pleased at your reply to my last letter, and I hope to have the kettle boiling when you "pop in to claim that cup of tea." But, Uncle, what is this bazaar so many of your Ne's. and Ni's. write about? Please tell me, as I would like to know. The Superintendent of the Junior Christian Endeavor has gone away. Please put your photo in "Grit." This is all the news I have at present, so good-bye till I write again.—I remain, your loving Ni.

P.S.—I will write again soon and tell you a lovely story.

(Dear Evelyn,—The bazaar is to help the Temperance cause, and there is to be a "Grit" stall, and all the Ne's. and Ni's. are to send something, and some of them will come and serve at the "Grit" stall. It will be just lovely, though I am afraid we may have to put it off till after Christmas owing to the war. I am most curious to get your story.—Uncle B.)

SCARED!

Judith Laycock, Coward-street, Mascot, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I suppose my name is heading the "Scallawag" list by this time. I have finished reading "Grit," and I said to myself, "Judith, you will soon be 'Queen of the Scallawags,'" so at last I am really writing. Just fancy sending in a photo of Mascot! I am afraid that my cousins, Uncle, etc., would have a poor opinion of my surroundings. I quite envy some of those beauty spots published in "Grit." Re the "Grit" bazaar, Uncle, I am not at all handy with the needle (ask Mother about that), but I think I would be able to stencil a table-runner, or some such article. As soon as I get a bit of spare time I will set to bazaar work. I quite agree with my cousins that you should put your photo in "Grit." Vera Yates ought to snap you just as you are hurrying to lunch, or when you are homeward bound. Then you would have a nice pleasant smile. But I imagine you to be always smiling. Complimentary, don't you think? Well, what are your opinions as to the war. "Progressing favorably," I suppose. All the young men from Mascot are enlisting. I think it is a jolly shame taking all the best boys. You know, I don't mean

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HOW TO MAKE MONEY.—Send along Three Shillings (3s.) and we will send you by return post, free to any address in Commonwealth, One Dozen Samples of our Beautiful Enamel War Badges—Four Allies' Flags in four colours—which you can readily sell at Sixpence each. Special quotations for large quantities.

you, Uncle. Anyhow, I hope in my next letter I will be able to say something about peace. Have you ever taken up shorthand, Uncle? Isn't it horrible. My spelling is going to the dogs since I took that subject up. Typing is not too bad, but that is converting me into a lazy girl. It seems quite a change writing a letter, or, at least, scribbling one. One of the Byron Bay cousins mentioned about some badges for "Grit" subscribers. I think it is a splendid idea. Well, Uncle, I am just stranded for news tonight, so I will now conclude, with fond love to yourself and all the Ne's. and Ni's.—Your sincere Ni.

(Dear Judith,—I am glad you got scared of being gazetted as Queen of the "Scallawags." You were decidedly near it. I am quite sure I could have found a beauty spot in Mascot. What about your own photo? Thanks for promised help. I have not done any shorthand, but find the typewriter a help.—Uncle B.)

STORIES AND RIDDLES.

Joan Lemm, "Coombs," 10/9/1914, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—As I do not want to disappoint you by getting on that dreadful scallawag list, I am writing to you again.

I am glad you liked my last story, "Effie's Rescue." I am sending you another called "Jack."

That is a good cartoon called Devolution. This is taken from the "Christian Herald": "Colonel Carrington, as British officer, has disadvised the continuance of giving the soldiers beer suppers in reward for valuable and successful inspection," etc. So we are gaining ground, uncle, slowly, but surely.

I am also entering the Hero prize competition. Enclosed you will find my contribution. There were some lovely beauty spots sent in, especially those of Dot Moore and Grace Hawkins.

We have some lovely roses in bloom just now. The violets and daphne are almost done now. The staghorns and bush-house plants are looking very thirsty at this time.

Those are very clever riddles on Page Double One this week. I heard a couple of good ones last week, namely, "If the Kaiser and the Emperor of Austria were driving together down the street in a taxi what fruit would they represent? The answer being, "A bad pear." (pair). And "If the King and the Kaiser changed socks what Sydney building would it represent?" That was the Royal Exchange.

Now, I really must close with much love to all my cousins and yourself from your loving ni.

P.S.—Jock, the doggie, sends you and all the cousins a wag of his stumpy tail.

(Dear Joan,—I am delighted with your letter and story. The stories begin in "Grit" next issue. Your riddles are very up-to-date. There is no doubt we are winning, but like the war delay means death to thousands, and I am always impatient to get battle over and let the whole world bask in the sunshine of happiness without the liquor serpent to threaten and darken everything.—Uncle B.)

N.S.W. ALLIANCE

(Continued from Page 4.)

Western Coffee Palace be accepted, as follows:—

Messrs. Puig and Hegewald to pay the Council the sum of £2500, to be paid at the rate of approximately two pounds ten shillings (£2/10/-) per week as additional rental, extending over the period of their present lease; the Council making the necessary alterations to the entrance vestibule of the building for the purpose of a bar, for which alterations Messrs. Puig and Hegewald to pay as further additional rental the rate of eight per cent (8 per cent.) on the total outlay.

The transfer of the license is subject to being permitted and will it approve" take effect from the next Licensing Court in June, 1915.

As a result of the resumption policy of the City Council, the Albert Park Hotel becomes the property of the City Council, and it has for some time been a matter of general knowledge that attempts were being made to have this license transferred to at least two large accommodation houses in the city that have been recently erected and opened without liquor bars.

One of these places, the Great Western Coffee Palace, in Hay Street, is owned by the City Council and leased to Messrs. Puig and Hegewald. It contains a large number of rooms.

The locality is heavily studded with liquor bars, and this particular part of Sydney has a sullied reputation for disorderly scenes. The hotels in the locality are frequented by immoral women and undesirable characters. To license this City Council property would place the ratepayers of the city in a very invidious position.

Whilst Messrs. Puig and Hegewald are to pay the sum of £2500, this is an extraordinary way of recording the transaction, as only 50/- per week is to be paid—approximately 5 per cent. interest—as additional rent, and to pay as interest 8 per cent. on the Council outlay in alterations.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the ratepayers of the city will enter their most emphatic protest against this unwarrantable trafficking in liquor licenses.

The Belmore electorate is notoriously over-licensed. In removing the slums, the sane policy of the City Council should be to remove in every instance the cause of the slum, which is the drink traffic.

"You young men, or middle-aged men, or old men, had best take note of the signs of the times, and make up your minds to the fact that in this day and generation it is your drink or your job. You may compromise with your conscience, or laugh at the oracular Temperance orator, but you cannot fool the man with your job in his hand. Nor can you sign a truce with the growing ostracism that separates success from the man who habitually crooks his elbow."—"Atlanta Constitution."

MEN!

Give WINNS' a Trial for Cloths.

You'll get the best Cut, Fit, Style, and Finish at the Lowest-in-the-City Prices.

There's no Humbug at Winns'.

If you're not satisfied with the goods, return them, and we'll exchange them or refund your money, whichever you choose.

HERE ARE SOME SPECIAL VALUES WHICH SHOULD LEAD TO BUSINESS.

MEN'S READY-TO-WEAR SUITS.

MEN'S SMART-FITTING TWEED SAC SUITS, in pleasing shades of Greys and Browns. Coats are made with vent backs, smartly padded, concave shoulders, and haircloth shape-retaining fronts. Trousers and Vests are finished in our usual up-to-date style, 29/6.

At 39/6, WINNS' SPECIAL VALUE SUITS in English Tweeds, with hairline stripes in Navy Brown, and Dark Greys. Coats are cut in the newest style, with vent backs, haircloth fronts, low lapels, and three buttons close together. Vests are cut with medium opening and four pockets. Trousers can be had with plain or turn-up bottoms, 39/6.

MEN'S SERGE SAC SUITS, made from Winns' famous all-wool indigo dye fadeless serges. Coats are made with vent backs, haircloth fronts, low lapels, and three buttons. Vests are cut with smart, medium opening, and four pockets. Trousers can be had with plain or turned-up bottoms, 45/-.

MEN'S TROUSERS.

MEN'S DARK GREY STRIPED COTTON TWEED TROUSERS, good washing and hard wearing, 3/11, 4/6.

At 5/11, WINNS' FAMOUS DARK GREY STRIPED STRONG COTTON TWEED TROUSERS, an excellent wearer, 5/11.

MEN'S SPECIAL QUALITY ALL-WOOL ENGLISH TWEED TROUSERS, in several smart stripes in Dark Greys, well cut and strongly sewn, 12/6.

MEN'S SHIRTS.

MEN'S WHITE FANCY SELF-STRIPE MATTE TENNIS SHIRTS, with collar and pocket. Sizes 14 to 18. Special Value, 2/6.

MEN'S PLAIN WHITE TWILL MERCERISED TENNIS SHIRTS, with collar and pocket. Sizes 14 to 18, 2/6, 2/11, 3/6.

MEN'S STRONG HARVARD WORKING SHIRTS, in three neat designs, in Pinks and Blues; doubly sewn seams, good washing and hard wearing, 2/6 and 2/11.

MEN'S SPECIAL QUALITY FASHION SHIRTS, with stiff or soft double cuffs in White Ground Cambric, with neat black hairline stripes. Sizes 14 to 18, 3/11.

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MEN'S STRONG FLANNELETTE PYJAMAS, in Blue, Green, or Helio. Special Value, 3/11.

MEN'S NATURAL MERINO UNDERSHIRTS Special at 1/6.

MEN'S SUMMERWEIGHT WOOL AND COTTON UNDERSHIRTS. Special value, 2/11.

MEN'S HAT SNAPS.

MEN'S HIGH-GRADE PANAMA HATS, in all the newest and smartest shapes, in 2 and 2½ in. leaf, full bleach, grease proof leathers, 12/6.

Better Quality, 17/6 and 21/-.

MEN'S SOFT FELT LOUNGE HATS, in Brown, Black, or Slate, 4/11.

MEN'S BLACK HARD FELT HATS, in three smart shapes. Special value, 4/11.

MEN'S STRAW BOATERS, in 2, 2½, and 2½ in. leaf, 3/11 and 4/6.

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Country Residents.—Post your orders. We guarantee satisfaction or money back. Write for our 96-page Illustrated General Drapery Fashion Catalogue.

The Story About Dad Morgan

(Continued from Page 3.)

girl, inventing excuses for her failure to visit him. That was the reason he liked me better than the rest. I always pretended to believe in her and her love for her old father in stripes. It never for an instant occurred to him to criticise or blame her. We spent hours thinking up reasons for her absence. Her husband needed her at home; she had friends to be entertained, and then there was the baby—for old Dad was a grandfather now. In rainy weather, of course, she couldn't bring the baby out and on bright, sunshiny days Millie and Rob naturally would want to take him for a sunning in the park. These and a thousand other excuses we invented, I encouraging him and helping him to fight down the doubt that he would not let grow in his tortured old mind. We talked about the kid, wondering whether he had blue eyes or brown—Millie never thought to say in any of her letters—and then sometimes he would open the locket and gaze at it with love-hungry eyes, hoping that the youngster looked like 'my little girl.'

"Before the holidays the old man was taken sick. He had a cough and at night his breathing was terrible to hear. The doctor said 'asthma' and gave him some ill-smelling stuff to smoke in a pipe. That was like the 'croaker.' He'd give a man a pill to mend a broken bone and a pipeful of weed to mend a broken heart.

"One day, just before Christmas, Morgan came to be trembling like a leaf, but with eyes bright with happy excitement.

"'She's coming, Blackie,' he cried, waving a letter at me. 'She's coming on Christmas Day and she's going to bring the baby. Do you understand? She's going to bring the little fellow over here to see his old granddad. Maybe they'll let me hold him on my knee. Oh, Blackie, what a Christmas I'm going to have! Think of it! I'm going to see my little girl and her boy at last.'

"Christmas day came, a bright, sunshiny, glorious day. Even a penitentiary's bolts and bars and bitter, rankling hatreds disappear under the spell of the Christmas spirit. Guards and convicts both feel it, and greet each other with a smile and a nod on that one day. Dad was like a kid going to his first school picnic. He spent the whole morning cleaning his clothes and getting barbered. He even got a man in the tailor shop to crease his striped trousers. He had a merry greeting for everyone. He gave away all of his carefully saved tobacco, and when I protested at his generosity he told me he wanted all the boys to have as perfect a Christmas as his was to be.

"'You know, a little gift, even a sack of tobacco, that shows someone is thinking kindly of you, means a lot to a man in here, Blackie,' he said. 'And after I've seen my little Millie and her boy, I won't care if I never have tobacco again. Only two more hours to wait, Blackie, but every minute seems a week.'

"At last the gates opened, and the runner came through with a thick packet of passes.

There were a lot among us who were not forgotten that Christmas Day. Old Dad was perfectly sure that at last he was to get his reception. He edged up to the front of the crowd that surrounded the runner. If he had been a millionaire instead of a convict his face couldn't have beamed with greater happiness.

"One by one the runner cried the numbers and each time someone stepped forward, seized his pass and hurried off. There were only a dozen left, then only six, then three, and still there had been no call for Morgan, Number 22,492. Dad stood facing the runner with trembling, sagging knees, and the look in his eyes was pitiful to see.

"'Number twenty-two thousand four hundred and ninety-two, Morgan,' he called. Dad leaped forward like a racehorse when the barrier rises. He couldn't speak, but he held out both trembling hands toward the slip of paper that was more to him than anything that gold can buy. The runner put it into his hands gently.

"'It ain't a reception, Dad,' he said kindly. 'I wisht it was. It's just an order to report to the Captain to-morrow for change of work. He's goin' to give you a swell, easy job for a Christmas present. And say, Dad, I think sure you'll get that reception to-morrow—sure I do. I gotta hunch.'

"'She didn't come. She didn't come,' he said over and over to himself. 'She didn't come to see her old dad—and it's Christmas Day.'

"I sat with him on the bench a long, long time. I tried to comfort him. I lied to him, saying that there was such a crowd of visitors that many had been turned away till the next day, and that Millie certainly was among them. He didn't even hear me, I think. The last half-hour had made him an old man, very feeble. Just before lock-up time he looked up at me.

"'I mustn't be unreasonable just because I'm—I'm so disappointed,' he said. 'Millie would have come if she could. Maybe Rob or the baby is sick or maybe something's happened. You know Millie would surely have been here if she could possibly, don't you, Blackie?'

"'Sure, Dad,' I said, but I had to turn my head away.

"All that evening up in the dormitory he lay on his bunk, staring at the picture in his locket, while the 'cons,' light-hearted in that one day's forgetfulness, frolicked about the room. His asthma was worse, every breath was an effort.

"'I hope she's had a happy day,' he said to me just before 'traps' sounded and the lights went out. 'I hope she hasn't worried because she couldn't get over to-day. I've been thinking to-night of the other Christmases we've had together when she was just a little tot on my knee and—'

"His voice failed him and he turned away his face to hide the tears that were dropping on his white beard."

"'Damn that girl,' came involuntarily from Cushions. Then, realising that he had voiced his thought, he dropped back, red and embarrassed.

"You don't need to. She did that for herself, son," Blackie went on. "There isn't much more to tell. Away along in the night I was wakened by a horrible gurgling, choking sound. It reminded me of the noise a man who strangled himself with his suspenders made in a cell next mine long ago. I sat up wide awake. The noise continued. Other men were awake, too, whispering and wondering where it came from, for the room was in black darkness. Suddenly I thought of Dad. I leaped out of my bunk and struck a match to a paper spill. By its light I saw old Dad Morgan lying on his bunk, gasping for breath. His eyes were glazed. He was unconscious.

"My call brought dozen men to his bunk. They propped him up with pillows while I bawled for the guard. When he finally heard me and came to the window angry at the racket inside, I had hard work to convince him that the man was sick enough to necessitate routing out the doctor at that hour of the night. Finally he went away to the hospital and after a long time came back with two trusties and a stretcher. The doctor had sent word to bring the sick man over to the hospital. The big steel doors were unbarred and the trusties came in. Around old Dad's bunk half the convicts in the room were kneeling, some making and burning paper torches while others bathed his face and worked his arms up and down.

"The hospital trusty laid his hand on the old man's breast, then put his ear to his heart.

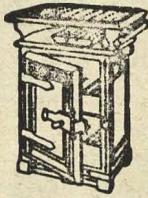
"'He's dead, boys,' he said. 'Poor old Dad. He's done his time quick.'

"They laid him tenderly on the stretcher and crossed his hands on his breast. In one of them was the locket with Millie's picture. Then they carried him away. We never saw him again; but two days later they took him out to Cell House Seven (the prison burying ground) and he's lying out on the sunny hillside now doing his time, like you and I and all of us will do it sometime, boys. Maybe he's better off. He must be at peace there and maybe he's dreaming, untroubled, of the Millie he thought he knew but who never existed.

"The day they buried him, a letter came from her to her father. She said Rob had decided to have their Christmas dinner in the middle of the day instead of the evening, so, of course, she hadn't been able to keep her promise for Christmas Day. Then she hoped he wasn't disappointed, and said she'd try to get over on New Year's Day. When I heard that letter I thanked God that old Dad was living at peace out on the brown hill. Centuries out there are shorter than that first half-hour after he knew Millie had failed him—on Christmas Day."

"If there is such a thing as justice or right anywhere, here or in some other world, that old man has a lot coming to him," said Cushions reverently.

"I wish the four of us had his chances on that last Great Day when the graves in Cell House Seven will open," answered Blackie as Lewes blew out the opium lamp and put away the layout.



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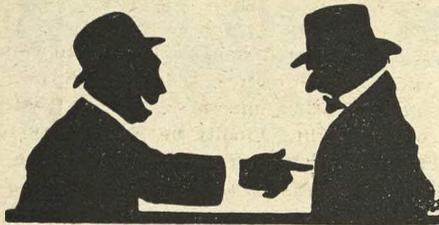
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A REMINDER.

Lives of husbands oft remind us
That our very best defence
Is to give in at the outset
Of incipient arguments.

"ROUGH" ON THE GOLFER.

The sun was blinding; clouds of dust were blowing everywhere, and Jones was most decidedly off his game. "It really put the lid on it" when just as he was struggling to play his ball out of a quarry a benevolent old lady passed with a companion. She halted in evident surprise, and pointed with her umbrella at the earnest golfer. "Dear me, my love," she remarked in audible tones, "what a very respectably dressed man that is breaking stones."

THE MANNER OF THE ROW.

A woman witness, in the course of a long, rambling statement at Willesden, remarked: "He said he was as good as me, and I said so was I. I told him he was no man, and he said neither was I."

MUCH NEEDED.

Lives of famous men remind us
Though our deeds may be sublime
Old Oblivion, right behind us,
Hides us in the sands of time.

Brief the hours which represent a
Time of cheering o'er our name—
Let us sit down and invent a
Safety-pinnacle of fame.

—Wilbur D. Nesbit.

HIS ONLY CHANCE.

Jane: "Do you know you talk in your sleep, John?"

John: "Well, do you begrudge me even those few words,"

A SMALLER JOB.

Tommy had a new sister, and his mother was dressing her for bed.

"Tommy," she said, "run upstairs and bring down baby's nightgown."

"Don't want to," whined Tommy.

"Oh, Tommy," said his mother, "aren't you ashamed? If you're not kind to your little sister she may put on her wings and fly back to heaven."

"Huh," said Tommy, "why don't she put on her wings and fly upstairs for her nightgown?"

ACCORDING TO NATURE.

He saw a peach across the way,
All smiles and passing fair.
Quick shift—a word—an answer gay—
The peach became a pair.

MEANING.

When you hear some men say: "I think That I'll take one more little drink." Mark well his words, and keep your eye On him, my friend. I'll tell you why; 'Tis not his intent to deceive You, so a little he will leave For you to guess. As like as not His slight remark don't mean a lot, But he means more!

If you don't know you've overstayed Your welcome, and a pretty maid, Between a row of yawns and sighs, Says: "Goodness, gracious, tempus flies! It's twelve o'clock. I didn't know It was so late. Oh, don't go!" Weigh well her words. As like as not Her slight remarks don't mean a lot, But she means more!

—Howard C. Kegley.



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