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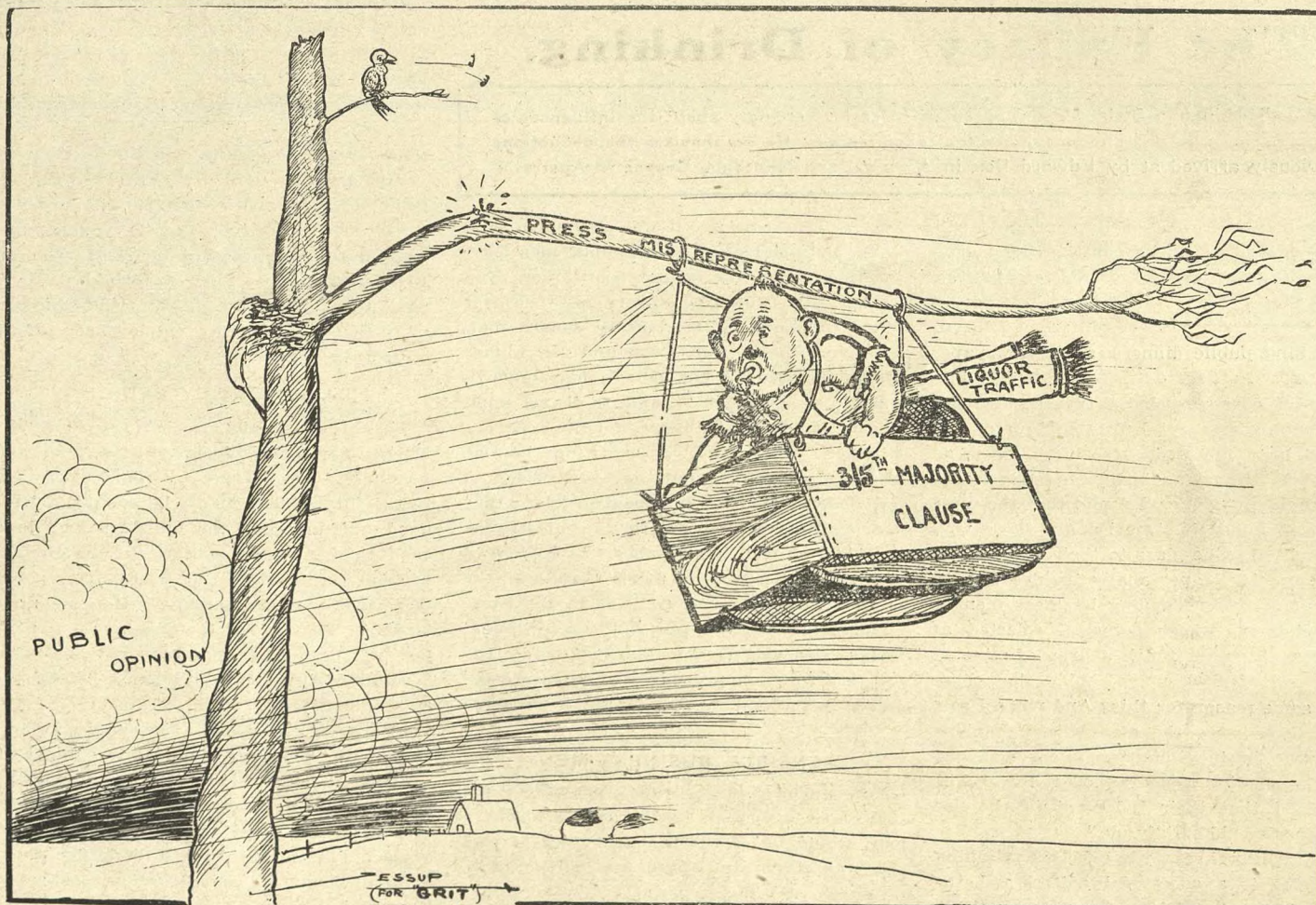
Grit.

A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. VIII. No. 32.

Price One Penny. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1914.

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



Hush a bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the bough bends the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, cradle and all.

SILVESTER BROS, The Strand.

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HAWKINS & ABBERTON

447 PARRAMATTA ROAD,
LEICHHARDT.

Prize Winners:
1911, 1912,
1913, 1914.



The Fallacy of Drinking.

George Hooligan, a Sydney newspaperman, talks interestingly about the influences of John Barleycorn, and quotes some actual experiences. He emphasises the deductions previously arrived at by Edward Box in America, and Montague Grover in Australia.

Edward Box is one of the youngest editors in America, and he controls the magazine with the largest circulation in the United States. In a recent issue he said:—

"I was about 16 years old when I began attending public dinners as a newspaper reporter. As I sat down to the first public dinner I ever attended I turned down all the wine glasse set before my plate, and this I have followed ever since. Then, as I looked around and came to know more of people and things, I found that the most successful men in America are those who never lift a wine glass to their lips. I had the curiosity to personally inquire into it, and of 28 of the leading business men in the country, whose names I selected at random, 22 never touch a drop of wine of any sort. I made up my mind that there was some reason for this. And when I saw that these were the men whose opinions in great business matters were accepted by the leading concerns of the world, I concluded that their judgment in the use of liquor would satisfy me."

Edward Box knew what he was talking about. He is a successful editor, and the words of a successful man are at all times worth listening to, whether they are agreed with or not. Montague Grover, Editor of the Sydney "Sun" recently supported Box, in an article in "Grit."

REMARKABLE CHANGES.

The present writer has seen a wonderful change amongst public men respecting their attitude towards drinking during the last ten

years. Ten years ago it was a common sight to see politicians and other public men leave banquets under the influence of liquor. Now such a thing would be so rare as to occasion much comment. Politicians so widely apart in their views as Mr. Cook and Mr. Fisher, are unanimous on one point—that liquor is something which it is well to leave alone. Neither the Prime Minister, nor the ex-Prime Minister ever drink intoxicating liquors. There are brilliant men on both sides of the Federal House who openly declare they cannot afford to drink. They are not frightened of financial losses—they are frightened of the influence of John Barleycorn. As it is in the Federal House, so it is in the State Parliament. In both places the refreshment rooms are losing their hold. Politicians realise that their undimmed capabilities are required in the present days of the keen battle of wits.

SENSIBLE BUSINESS MEN.

Few business men drink. They, too, say they can't afford it. Years ago a business man would be offended if an order of any size was given, and there was not an invitation "to wet the bargain." Now he would be offended if the invitation was given. I

was in a Commercial Travellers' Club recently, and was standing at the refreshment buffet. I was in conversation with one of the best known "Knights of the Road" in the State. This is what he said:—

"The man who drinks in business hours is a fool. I have a nip of whisky in here whenever I come in. I feel that I want it. I am perfectly willing to admit that it is an acquired taste. Whilst I am fool enough to drink whisky, I am not fool enough to transact any business after the process. The day is gone when a prospective customer was partly 'loaded' before we commenced to talk business. Now we do the business first, and drink afterwards. We don't drink very much then, either. Take my tip, in another ten years drinking will be entirely separated from business, and we will be all the better for it. There are scores of the younger men who are now going on the road, who are strict teetotalers. They are so, because it pays them. Even the whisky firms take care to see that the men they employ keep off the stuff they sell."

BEATEN BY BEER.

Then there is the case of the journalist. There have been some good men who were beaten by beer. There will be few of them in the future. The man who could not write good stuff unless he was half "screwed" is no good to the modern editor. In the time of Dickens the newspapermen had time enough to recover on "the morning after the night before." That is not the case now. It matters not how brilliant a man may be, if he is addicted to drink it is almost a fatal bar in the newspaper world of to-day. If you take a score of ordinary newspaper writers, and invite them individually into a hotel for a drink, the majority of them will go with you if you are an intimate friend. The biggest percentage will go simply for the sake of sociability. One drink will suffice them. Some of them will accept a cigar instead of

(Continued on Page 7.)

A BREAKFAST, DINNER, AND TEA BEVERAGE. FRUCERIA ESSENCE

Superior to Coffee, and does not attack the heart and nerves like Coffee and Tea do.
MANUFACTURED BY Sample Bottles Posted Free, 6d.

THE SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD CO. (Vegetarian Cafe),
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STRICT (?) SUPERVISION.

Week by week on this page will be given some instances showing what "John Barley-corn" has done to degrade the people of this fair State. There may be instances where he has elevated his victims. An open challenge is now made to any of the friends of "John Barleycorn" to show how he has helped them.

STRUCK A DEFENCELESS WOMAN.

"I'll give you that to go on with," said Edwin Hall, a young hod-carrier, as he gave Maude Ada Bailey a punch in the eye in George-street, near the Haymarket. Hall was charged before Mr. Love with assaulting Maude Ada Bailey and damaging her spectacles. Hall's feeble defence was that the prosecutrix asked him for money, and when he refused she struck him on the eye. He pushed her away and she fell and broke her spectacles. Mr. Love was not impressed, and he sent Hall to jail for three months without the option of a fine. He was also ordered to pay 5s. for damaging the spectacles, in default an additional fourteen days.

FOUGHT A FISHERMAN.

Dan Gardiner, of Glebe, woke up in the hospital. He did not remember how he got there or what happened to him; he only knew he felt very sore. At the Glebe Police Court Frank Lewis, aged 22, was charged with assaulting Gardiner.

Andrew Zamberlin, a fisherman, stated he was having a drink in a hotel when defendant punched him and knocked him down. Gardiner came along and was hit by defendant and knocked down three times.

For the assault Lewis was fined £5, in default two months.

SOLDIER'S SEVERE SENTENCE.

Normally, Walter Walsh, who was a member of the Expeditionary Force, is a decent quiet soldier. Whilst under the influence of drink he declined to show his pass to a tram guard. When he was put off the tram by a policeman, Walsh drew his bayonet and tried to carve dumps out of the officer. With a delirium borne of drink he rushed at all and sundry in a crowd which had quickly gathered, and was eventually disarmed by two of his fellow soldiers. When he was taken to the Bourke-street Police Station he rushed at Constable Nuss, hit him on the jaw, and cleared into the street; being afterwards arrested.

Walsh felt sick and sorry when he came before Mr. McFarlane, and was charged with riotous behaviour and assaulting two policemen.

He explained to the Bench that he took a prisoner from Waterloo to the camp and stayed in a wine bar from 10.30 a.m. till 2 p.m. He had a very hazy recollection of what had happened. He had learned a lesson which would last a lifetime, and signed the pledge. He was sent to jail for six months.

BEER AND BLOOD.

Judge Docker was informed at the Darlinghurst Sessions that a hotel on the Banks-

town line is known as the "Blood House." Arthur Pike said he had seen "loads of drunks" taken away by the police. On the night in question he had been attacked in the hotel and had to fight his way out of a drunken brawl. A dozen drunken men were fighting at the same time, some of whom were covered with blood and beer. There was one sober man in the hotel at the time, and that was the licensee. Pike, who was charged with maliciously wounding, and had been committed for trial, was acquitted by the jury and discharged by the Judge.

It is a singular thing that out of all the men in the hotel the man who could get

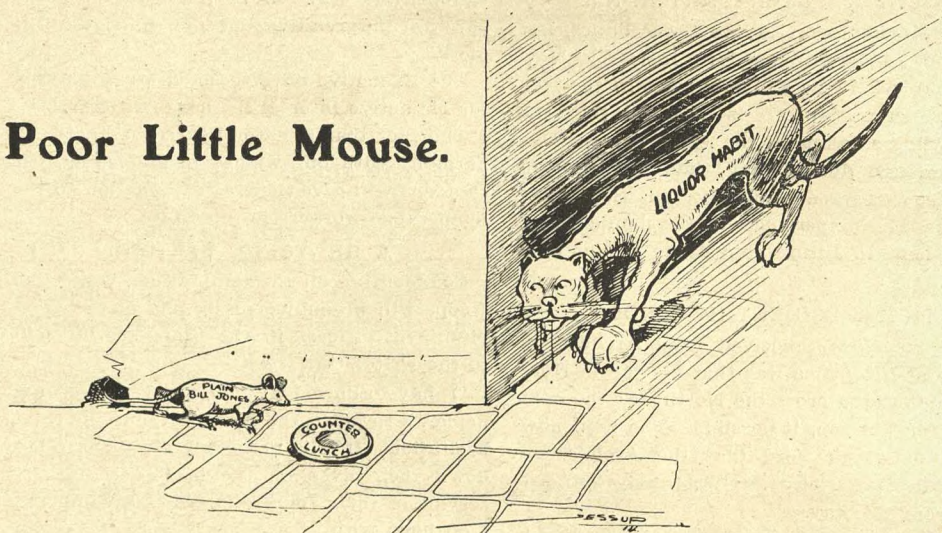
Force left the State. He was found in his tent quite dead with a rifle between his knees. Prior to his death the unfortunate man had been drinking, and when he was found a whisky flask was by his side.

COSTLY CATALOGUES.

Catalogues cost a large sum of money for printing and distribution. Nock and Kirby's, Ltd., arranged with Arthur Castray to distribute 20,000 for the sum of 15s. per 1000. Castray received £1 5s. for the distribution of 1600 catalogues. It was found subsequently that Castray "distributed" the catalogues all in one hole which he dug in the sand. Castray was charged with obtaining money under false pretences, and pleaded "not guilty," and stated he was so drunk he did not remember anything about burying the booklets.

PASS "GRIT" ON

Poor Little Mouse.



drink easiest was the only man who was sober. The licensee knew too much about the evils of drink to take it himself.

SOLDIER'S SAD SUICIDE.

Ernest Cotterill, aged 27, who was a member of the Expeditionary Force, did not wait to be shot at by the Germans; he blew the top of his head off before the Expeditionary

PRESCIENCE.

"Get away from here or I'll call my husband," threatened the hard-faced woman who had just refused the tramp some food.

"Oh, no, you won't," replied the tramp, "because he ain't home."

"How do you know?" asked the woman.

"Because," answered the man as he sidled towards the gate, "a man who marries a woman like you is only home at meal times."

GOOD MEAT, AND CHEAP, TOO.

Tel. 176 Pad.
Ring us up.

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Deliveries from
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BRANCH SHOPS { 22 ANN ST., SURRY HILLS
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ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU WE MEAN GOOD BUSINESS.



Take Home To-day

a Caddy of this

Delicious Tea

at **2/-** per lb.

We assure you that you will be
delighted with your purchase.

GRIFFITHS BROS., WENTWORTH AVENUE and
Opp. TOWN HALL, SYDNEY.

New South Wales Alliance.

GENERAL SECRETARY IN N.Z.

Mr. Marion, secretary to the Alliance, left by the "Moeraki" on 16th inst. for New Zealand, where he will take part in the No-License campaign. It is expected that the poll will be taken in the early part of December, and during that time Mr. Marion will be engaged probably on the West Coast. His experience there should be a great help to future campaigns in our own State.

THE PRESIDENT IN LONDON.

The last news received from Archdeacon Boyce at the office was that he was in Norway and would cross the North Sea the next week for London, if possible. The mail now to hand brings word that the Archdeacon and Mrs. Boyce have arrived safely in London from Norway.

LIQUOR IN THE CAMPS.

It is notified that no further canteens for the sale of alcoholic liquor will be permitted at camps of the Expeditionary Forces. Existing canteens for the sale of alcoholic liquor at camps will be abolished henceforth.

The Executive at its last meeting passed a the following resolution, which has been conveyed to Senator Pearce—"Resolved that the best thanks of the Executive be tendered to Senator Pearce for his practical interest in the welfare of the troops, which we feel sure will be keenly appreciated by the parents and relatives of the departing soldiers."

LIQUOR ON THE TROOPSHIPS.

A communication from Mr. W. F. Finlayson M.H.R., states: "Senator Pearce has also assured me that in any arrangements that have to be made for further transports, he will endeavor to secure the entire elimination of a beer ration, and stipulate that all intoxicants shall be under the control of the medical officer for medicinal purposes only. This ought to provide satisfactory protection to the men during their voyage to

Europe, and will relieve the fears of many parents and relatives of our patriotic soldiers."

The Executive have thanked Mr. Finlayson for his active interest in these matters.

The fact that Senator Pearce has acted in harmony with our wishes in abolishing the canteens will give general satisfaction to the temperance workers in our State.

A GRATEFUL FATHER.

Commenting on the temptations which the troops will be subjected to, one of the most prominent officers in the State service said to the writer this week:—

"I have allowed my boy and two of my nephews to go to the front without the least hesitation. If it is necessary for them to lay down their lives on the battlefield in the service of their country, I will not complain. I do hope with all my heart, and pray daily that these young men, if they return, will come back as they have gone—clean, upright and unsullied. Far better that they should die and be left in Europe than return to this State corrupted by immorality or diseased by drink. Drunken soldiers do things which in their sober moments makes them feel ashamed. In removing drink from the path of the troops, Senator Pearce has earned the gratitude of hundreds of parents whose sons have volunteered for the defence of their country."

WAR CLOSES HOTELS.

Prior to the outbreak of hostilities all licensed hotels in London were permitted to remain open until 12.30 a.m. Simultaneously with war being declared, the hour for closing was made 11 p.m. Cables this week contain the interesting news that the hotels have been ordered to close one hour earlier, viz., 10 p.m.

The London authorities recognise fully that "John Barleycorn" is more to be feared even than the Germans. The germs caused by the fermentation of the hops do even more damage than the Germans.



**James Cook, Ltd
Baker,**

32 Victoria St., Paddington

TEL.: PAD. 111.

TRY OUR STEAM-MADE BREAD

SOBER RUSSIAN OFFICERS.

The Czar of Russia and his Ministers realise the awful inroads that drink has made in the nation. The Russians regard soldiering as a serious business. For this reason the officers are prevented from drinking. They must be men of strong moral calibre. No man who is known to drink can ever hope to reach the rank of a captain, no matter what his other qualifications are. Obviously officers on the whole are now steadier and more reliable than they ever were before. The "Sydney Morning Herald," in a recent sub-leader, rejoices in this fact, as they know that this increased efficiency will have material results.

ANOTHER WINE LICENSE REFUSED.

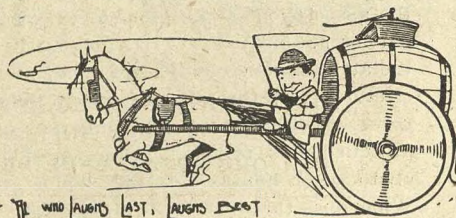
Application by Antonia Theodore, of Oxford-street, Darlinghurst, for a wine license, was heard at the Licensing Court on 19th inst. Mr. Bathgate (Crown Law Office) appeared to object on behalf of the police, and elicited information that within a radius of 300 yards of the applicant's premises there are nine hotels, three grocers, three fish and oyster saloons, one refreshment room, each holding a license, in addition to a wine shop. The applicant gave as his reason for applying, that he could not obtain the kind of wine he required from any of these places. After argument, the application was refused.

Mr. Francis Wilson Wilson—President Burwood No-License League, and leader of the Alliance Speakers' Team—gave an address at the C.M.M. on Sunday afternoon, October 18. The speaker dealt with "What the people of Sydney ought to know about the Liquor Traffic."

In his remarks he pointed out the control that the liquor trade was exercising over civic life, and the dangers that arose from its efforts to circumvent the work of the authorities in controlling it. He showed how the police themselves are afraid in some cases to carry out their duties with regard to this traffic, as was evinced by a remark made by one of them to Mr. Marion, secretary of the Alliance, recently when charging a publican with serving a drunken man in the city.

He went on to show the great growth of its influence both monetary and politically, and stated that if the citizens did not control it it would become a still greater menace to civil life. He urged all present, from the viewpoint of the highest fulfilment of their duties as citizens, to overthrow this gigantic evil.

In spite of the inclement weather, there was a good attendance.



COMMENTS OF THE MAN ON THE WATER WAGGON.

LONDON HOTELS CLOSE EARLIER.

One of the first steps taken by the home authorities has been to force the London hotels to close at 10 p.m. Should an aerial raid be made on the grand old city it would probably take place somewhere about midnight. Shopkeepers have been notified to keep their lights low, and the liquor dens do in some way seem to come under the same category as they. Apparently it is thought that special legislation is needed to secure the observance of a proper precaution on the part of liquor-sellers and their clients. Hotelkeepers may be the sedate set that "Fairplay" laboriously tries to prove them to be, but no one would admit their establishments were the most orderly of all businesses—oftimes far from it—so that it becomes necessary to bind them down strictly in times of emergency. Now what we want to know is this, why should publicans have a free hand to close up any old time and the ordinary store be restricted? Is it that the commodities (?) sold are greater necessities or that the conduct of the trade is more decorous. We think a very big "No" can be given to both queries, and we look in vain for a solution in the quarter of public convenience. As a matter of fact, in better class thoroughfares the presence of the always-open bar is regarded as a grave detriment. We must look in another direction altogether if we would account for the privileges extended to the hotelkeeper.

Is it that he is the catspaw of mighty commercial interests that are capable of securing the legislation they need to enable them to trade on the vices of the community? This is a more likely solution. Isaacstein is assured that the weakness of the public will lead them to spend their money freely in drink if the source of supply is perennial.

Why, surely, make it so—open at 6 a.m. and close at midnight.

Can't get midnight in the bill here?

No. Well, get 11 p.m.—as near as possible anyhow. Money talks—and we have the money.

The public may vote the trade out? you say.

Here again money talks. We'll spend thousands in advertisements and canvassers; the public are easily gulled.

And so the publican, through his backer, gets all the privileges he wants—and more sometimes.

"CRAZY DOCTORS."

This is not a headline of our making, readers. Not at all. It is, as you might imagine, the heading of some comments in

"Fairplay." Knowing the charming methods of our contemporary and her coarse criticisms of any references to the "evils of alcoholism," it would suggest itself to you that some poor medical men had offended her susceptibilities.

Such are the facts of the case. Listen to what the alcoholic ones have to say, and note also the way they "say it":—

"CRAZY DOCTORS."

"Under the above heading an American paper ('Champion of Fairplay') makes some severe comments relative to a certain convention held in Chicago a little time ago to discuss the use of alcohol.

"It is an old saying (the paper says) that doctors never agree, and when a convention of alienists got together they become so wondrous wise that they are sure to make a laughing stock of themselves.

"A lot of long-haired professors, puffed up with their own importance, held a convention in Chicago.

"War on alcohol was declared by the national convention of alienists and neurologists in session at the Hotel La Salle.

"Not only was the vote unanimous, but there was no attempt to discuss what was declared to be the most stringent set of resolutions ever adopted on that subject by a body of medical men.

"Not satisfied with declaring alcohol responsible for a large proportion of the world's insanity, epilepsy, feeble-mindedness and other forms of mental, moral, and physical degeneracy, the resolutions recommended that State Legislatures prevent traffic in alcoholic liquors; that physicians initiate and carry on a public education of the public as to alcohol's 'deleterious effects,' and practically pledged the medical profession to take the van in seeking legislation for the extermination of alcoholic liquors."

Isn't it all in excellent keeping with the U.L.V.A. tactics?

When a doctor advocates alcohol he is "a most learned and scientific medico."

When a batch of "medicine men" get together and condemn the drinking habit they are "a lot of long-haired professors puffed up with their own importance."

Just so. The wonder of it all is that "Fairplay" decided to print the damaging remarks of the "puffed up ones" at all. Was she short of copy? Eh?

We sympathise with her in her efforts to make her paper readable, for all the news to be had of late provides her with precious little matter.

At one breath we read of the German repulse and their hideous savagery throughout the retreat. On the next paragraph we read that officers and men alike were drunk.

Over the page, and you find the Allies are a "teetotal bunch," and the honors seem to remain with them day by day.

You can't get much out of that, "Fairplay." If you make a leader of that you will have all your publican advertisers down on you like lead.

Then we find the Canadians have gone into camp, and no alcohol is admitted during their serious two months preparation for war.

Why, "Fairplay"?

Do take a hand now, and explain why your beloved beverage is barred.

The doctors say it leads to "mental, moral, and physical degeneracy."

Is that why?

Speak up, Mr. Liberty Leaguer. You have the floor just now.

A POLICEMAN WHO HAD A GOOD TIME.

The police-constable of the model village of Bournville recently retired, and received a presentation from the tenants. He had been policeman for 15 years. The population in 1902 was about 2000, and is now about 4000. There is no drink-shop in the village, and the constable said: "I have never during my 15 years' service in Bournville had occasion to report a resident for drunkenness or for any serious offence."

Successive money troubles: Matrimony, Parsimony, Alimony.

THE EDITOR HAS BEEN SICK—SEASICK. READ WHAT HE SAYS ON PAGE 9.

Toothache is a Dull Companion at the Best of Times

But—at night—when one needs all the rest possible, Toothache is a positive menace to health.

GET THOSE ACHERS OUT.

Painlessly—speedily—and without an atom of discomfort, I will extract your aching teeth, or—when possible—I shall fill them. My methods are positively painless and MY ANAESTHETIC DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART. I can extract teeth from very old or very young people with absolute safety, and pay particular attention to nervous folk. No matter how tender your gums may be—how inflamed or abscessed they are—I CAN EXTRACT WITH AN ENTIRE ABSENCE OF PAIN.

My fees range from 2/- for painless extractions. Painless fillings from 5/-.

DENTIST REANEY,

"THE NO HUMBUG Dentist,"
OPPOSITE GRACE BROS.—HOURS 9 to 6 daily.

BRANCH—8 OXFORD STREET, SYDNEY.

A Labor Man's View.

MUTUAL INTERESTS OF WORKING MEN AND PROHIBITIONISTS.

One of the most cordially-received speakers at the big Ontario Convention in Massey Hall last February was Controller James Simpson, of Toronto, who was asked to speak as the representative of the organized labor forces of the city. He was introduced in terms of high appreciation by Mr. Jos. Gibson, and he spoke as follows:—

GREAT PROGRESS.

I am proud of the wonderful progress of the temperance movement. It must be encouraging to the old veterans in this movement to see the wonderful progress that has been made during the last quarter of a century. I am not an advocate of temperance who has been converted recently to the advisability of temperance reform. I was cradled in the temperance movement, and I have never been sorry that I was thrown into an environment that helped me to form the convictions I have had for many years upon this great reform.

I do not know whether it was born in my blood to accept movements that were unpopular, but it seems to me it has been my lot to accept movements that have been unpopular, and it has been my great satisfaction to see that the movements that one day were unpopular are being accepted by the great multitudes of people. (Applause.)

You who have been in this movement for years know that it was not popular to advocate the total prohibition of the liquor traffic a quarter of a century ago. But you know to-day that there has been an educational work going on in all parts of this country, in all parts of the civilised world, and it does not matter what country you speak of to-day where the liquor traffic has been deeply embedded there is also the great activity of the forces that has for its object the utter annihilation of the liquor traffic.

A STRONG CASE.

Speaking as I do from a labor standpoint, I have every reason to be upon the side of the annihilation of the liquor traffic. I cannot advance any one argument to an audience like this this afternoon why I should hold any other opinion than the one I do regarding the liquor traffic. The labor forces of this country and the labor forces of every country realise that in the development of the labor movement—which demands to-day the highest intellectuality that it can call—so far as the liquor traffic is concerned it is not only condemned from a moral and sentimental standpoint, but it is condemned from a viewpoint which I regard as the absolutely scientific and economic standpoint. When you can have scientific truth come to your aid in fighting a cause like the temperance cause, and when you can have all the information that comes from a purely economic line of argument to support you, then

you are absolutely upon safe ground in advocating the annihilation of the liquor traffic. (Applause.)

AN ADVANCED POSITION.

It is wonderful the position we hold to-day as compared with years ago. When men were not sure of their ground upon a very important question of this nature they had to depend rather upon their intuition, they had to depend rather upon the moral impulse that comes to men when they feel that surrounding them there is an atmosphere which needs to be clarified; when they feel that there is some particular influence at work that does not give an opportunity for the development of the right type of humanity. You feel that at times, but you do not feel that you have scientific data or information to strengthen your position and make you absolutely sure that in the position you have taken you are right.

But to-day you do not need to apologise. To-day you do not need to falter or hesitate in advocating temperance reform. Because while around you you can see the destroying influence of the liquor traffic in the effect it has upon human happiness, social and moral, you can also show from a scientific standpoint that so far as the liquor traffic is concerned, so far as alcoholic beverages are concerned, they are of no benefit whatever to a healthy man. (Applause.)

We have to-day all the advantages that have been handed down to us by the men who have made careful investigation along the lines of the different sciences; and we have come to a time when no man and no woman can disregard their individual and social obligations, to make this world as bright and as beautiful a spot as men, women and children can live on.

Is it not a fact that you know through chemical science that the constituent elements of alcoholic beverages are evil in their effect upon the human system and the construction and upon the power of the human brain? If you know that through the constituent elements of alcoholic beverages you are liable to destroy the effectiveness of your intellectual power there can only be one remedy, and that remedy is against the existence of the liquor traffic as a business altogether. (Applause.)

A REFERENDUM ADVOCATED.

What justification is there for the continuation of the liquor traffic as part of our industrial and social system? There are many measures suggested for a change in the conditions which we have to-day. Labor has stood out for years and years for the submission of great moral questions and great questions of legislation to the referendum, and I am a strong believer in the referendum in the solution of the liquor traffic as against

the association of the problem with political parties and individuals. (Applause.) I like the attitude taken in New Zealand, where the electors every three years come to vote upon three specific issues: Continuation of the present license system, a reduction of licenses or total prohibition of the liquor traffic. What does that mean? It means every three years the electors of New Zealand have the privilege of coming and attending meetings and having the temperance question discussed pro and con, and all the facts and information regarding the temperance movement are brought out for the education of those who attend these meetings. What is the natural result? Where you have education, where you have a clear presentation of the temperance question, you always find that the temperance movement is growing, and through the increased intelligence of the people who are interested in citizenship the liquor traffic is being curtailed, wiped out all over the country.

CO-OPERATING FORCES.

I want to draw your attention to this fact, that when the British House of Commons passed a law that would have wiped out 60,000 licenses in the United Kingdom—though rejected by the House of Lords—every Labor member of the forty-two members voted for the wiping out of the 60,000 licenses. (Applause.)

We know to-day, so far as the labor movement is concerned, that any influence that seeks to prevent the onward march of the temperance movement must fail. Therefore when you link the temperance movement and labor movement together, they can work harmoniously upon this great issue, because the labor movement on the one hand, knowing that poverty in so many cases is the cause of intemperance, and temperance people, on the other, many of them realising that in many cases intemperance is the cause of poverty—if we, the labor people, are trying to abolish poverty and you are trying to abolish the liquor traffic, and many of us also doing both, then surely the temperance movement and labor movement should work harmoniously together for the wiping out of intemperance in this country.

When General Booth made the report that all the poverty of the great city of London was caused by intemperance and Arthur Cadman was appointed to make this investigation—what did he find? He found that 29 per cent. of the poverty of London could be traced directly and indirectly to the liquor traffic, that unemployment, low wages and sickness and old age were the greatest contributing factors to intemperance in the great city of London. Therefore the labor movement as it stands to-day to abolish poverty, and the temperance movement to abolish the liquor traffic, can work harmoniously together to establish better social and economic conditions and bring about the time when citizenship shall mean more than it has ever done in the history of the world. (Great applause.)—"The Pioneer."

War and Waste.

The War has brought home to all of us as never before the extraordinary extent of the inter-dependence of the nations of the world. Repudiation of their obligations by the financiers in Berlin threatens the very existence of the vast system of credit and mutual trust on which our Empire's commerce so largely depends. The presence of hostile warships and commerce-destroyers on the high seas endanger our food supplies, and for the time being paralyse our vast export trade and the manufactures which are dependent so largely on foreign custom. The passage of mighty legions of men and horses with vast munitions of war lay waste millions of acres of food-producing lands, and the mobilisation of these forces deprives countless farms of the tillers of their soil and the custodians of their flocks and herds.

EVILS OF POVERTY.

With all this inevitable waste coming upon us, it is self-evident that every precaution should be taken to conserve such resources as still remain to us. Poverty, unavoidable poverty, will ere long make its terrible call upon not merely the poor, but upon those who, a month ago, thought themselves protected from any such peril. To meet the needs which will thus arise will tax the resources of the nation to the utmost, and will make many a call on the unselfishness of our people. And yet, even the cloud cast by war over many a home may show a silver lining. It may call forth a heroism as truly noble as that shown on the battlefield and an unselfishness as real as that of Sir Philip Sidney on the battlefield of Zutphen. Poverty thus inevitably due to the waste of war may be heroically met; but true patriotism demands that there shall be no waste of resources which, though in the first instance personal, are in reality national. There is many a home which may come out of this terrible trial infinitely the better for the purging fire—with hearts drawn closer by common suffering and mutual unselfishness, with domestic economies more skilfully carried on after a course of training by that grim Teacher, Necessity, who carries many a prize for her willing and obedient scholars. Against the terrible evils of this awful war our country, if she rises to the height of her opportunity, may, please God, set off many blessings ere the War closes—a closer realisation of the presence of God, a putting aside of the national sins that do so easily beset us, a deeper understanding of the meaning of the words: "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." What a glorious thing it would be if our country, in this our hour of supreme trial, would once and for all

place its foot upon the Drink-Demon in our midst! What a splendid picture to the world if Englishmen and Englishwomen would, for the sake of their weaker brethren, join in one Holy self-denying ordinance against this accursed thing, and put an end—if only for the time being—to the evils which Drink brings, if not on them, yet on those who are their brethren and sisters, and on the children of the Nation!

WICKED WASTE.

Of what use is it to collect and spend millions of money in poor relief, to give employment at public or private expense, and to provide clothing for the needy, if it is all to be laid under toll to the Liquor Traffic? Every farthing spent on Drink during the war robs the national resources, for it is money spent on that which adds nothing to the physical, mental, or moral resources of the nation, but, on the contrary, renders the consumers and those dependent on them less able to meet the privations which they must necessarily undergo. At a time when every possible effort is being made to increase our food supplies, it is surely the height of folly to destroy, as we do year by year, over one and a half million tons of useful foodstuffs in the making of beer and spirits. In the year ending 30th September, 1912, we destroyed in this way:—

| | Brewing. | Distilling. |
|---------------------------------|------------|-------------|
| Malt (bushels) | 51,567,463 | 7,442,552 |
| Unmalted Corn (bush.) | 68,129 | 9,042,888 |
| Rice, Maize (cwt.) | 1,419,171 | |
| Sugar, Glucose (cwt.) | 3,067,465 | 1,164,787 |

ALLIED WITH THE ENEMY.

If our Drink-shops remain open millions of money will be spent which ought to go to the home. Our weekly wage-earners spend at least £2,000,000 every week on intoxicants, and although this sum must necessarily be diminished by the withdrawal of many thousands of men from this country, it is practically certain that the Drink-shop will be, as it has been, one of the most potent allies of the enemies of our country. At an hour when political differences are being buried for the time being, when men and women of all parties are uniting in service for the common weal, when public and private charity are making enormous sacrifices, when employers are maintaining employment at great loss—may we not rightly ask Parliament—a united Parliament—to rise superior to all political considerations and enact, by common consent, a measure which will remove from our midst—at any rate during the continuance of the war—a most potent and deadly cause of national weakness and distress?—"Alliance News."

The Verdict of Experts.

(Continued from Page 2.)

the drink. The practice of indiscriminate and useless "shouting" is fast dying out. If a man wants a drink he has it, he does not have another he does not want simply because his friend paid for the original drink. Most times a stranger asks a pressman to drink with him, prior to asking him to do a favor. That's the reason why pressmen seldom drink with strangers, most of whom want to keep their name out of the paper for something they have done, or else get it into the paper for something they have done. The newspaper world is only divided into two classes—those who want to get their names into the press, and those who want to keep them out. It's difficult to say which party work the hardest, and which are most successful.

SOBER SOLDIERS.

Then there is the case of soldiers. Senator Millen allowed wet canteens in the training depots. The fault was his, and the men have suffered for it. The Military authorities have repeatedly appealed to the men to refrain from drinking. Now they have a reasonable chance, for the men have not the temptation to drink in their own camps. It's all rot to say that the men in camps were served under strict supervision. Actually they were allowed to drink as much as they could pay for. Nominally no one under the rank of a sergeant could go into the canteen. I have seen hundreds of men promoted to that rank as they went into the canteen, and disgraced as they went out. The whole thing was a farce. The members of the Citizen Forces who are at present engaged in defence work throughout the Commonwealth, have no canteens. They are all the better for it. The temptation is not in evidence, and they don't feel the need of liquor. I attended the first prohibition camp at Liverpool. It rained for four days. It was consistent and through rain. It did not cease once. The men were soaked. Some of the commanding officers suggested that a rum ration should be issued. The Principal Medical Officer opposed it. He caused an extra ration of strong, hot, highly sweetened coffee to be served out. Its effect was marvellous. There were two officers, both of whom were drenched. One of them took a tot of rum to keep the cold out. The other stuck to the coffee. The man who surreptitiously drank the rum developed a heavy cold before the morning. The teetotaler was none the worse for the night's drenching.

The verdict of experts is that liquor is an excellent thing to leave alone—under any circumstances.

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GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1914.

A CALL FOR FANATICS

In spite of the fact that the Founder of the Christian Church was the greatest fanatic the world has ever seen, and his chief apostle, St. Paul, was thought mad by the people who were considered best able to judge, I say, in spite of all this, we fear fanaticism. Europe lay in the sleep of death religiously until Luther, Zwingli, and Calvin came along. These were all fanatics of the deepest dye. They were all crazy to their contemporaries. In England Wyclif, Cromwell, and Wesley were all dubbed fanatics, and yet they ploughed their message in the character of their hearers, and have left an indelible mark on English history.

And as one starts from Christ and comes down through the ages, looking for the great leaders of men, it is fanatics that he meets on every hand—"mad men whose words and ideals were of the most impracticable nature," who did not compromise; men "all of them possessed." And yet these are the men who have made the world—the men we now venerate as saints and apostles of the new day.

We might pray for the coming of some great fanatic who will attack our modern lust of pleasure, our sham religious life, our

A Personal Chat with my readers

Your Editor wants to make "Grit" more valuable than ever. Probably you know some alteration which will improve it. Send a note to-day to Box 390, telling him what feature you like, what additions you would suggest, and what you would like to see eliminated.

Your Editor wants to improve "Grit." That means that more money will have to be spent if the fight against John Barleycorn is to continue. Will—you—get—one—more—new—subscriber—without—delay?

smug respectability, our sin underneath our fine clothes and good manners. We would probably kill him for his pains; the next generation would enjoy the fruit of his labors, and later he would be called a saint, a hero, and a martyr.

A UNANIMOUS VERDICT.

The "Woman's Home Journal" is perhaps the best known and most famous paper of its kind in the world. It has a circulation of over a million a month. In a leading article in the September issue the following incident is given and vouched for as true:—

"A group of men casually came together at a dinner party the other evening, and one happened to look over the table, which the women had just left, and commented on the little alcohol that had been consumed. And here is what these men said.

"The first was a business man of large interests: 'I wouldn't think of voting for State prohibition, but let National prohibition come up and it will have my vote in a minute. Drinking has become an economic issue, and I am willing to give up my whisky and soda for the good of the many.'

"The second was a large employer of men, some 18,000: 'I am ready for National prohibition. Up to this time it has seemed a far-away ideal to me; now I see it as a pure efficiency measure.'

"The third was a clear-seeing Irishman: 'Alcohol has been the curse of my people. I have stopped taking it, after 40 years of occasional drinking, and my vote is ready for National prohibition.'

"Go ahead," said the fourth man, a railroad official of high standing. 'I am ready for it personally, and so are all the officials of our road.'

"A physician was the fifth: 'Medicine can do without it; science is against it; the old idea of alcohol as a food is exploded. I am all ready for my vote for National prohibition.'

"It was a club man who spoke next: 'When I see drinking among the caddies at

our club, and our caddy-master silly with it, I am ready to give up my cocktail and vote against the whole business.'

"And, last of all, was a wholesale dealer in liquor who started the talk and finished with this significant statement: 'You're right; we are seeing the handwriting on the wall. I said at a meeting of our wholesale liquor dealers the other evening that we didn't have five years of life ahead of us. Strange as it may seem to you, I would vote for National prohibition. It's for the best all round.'

"Not a dissenting voice!"

WORTH KNOWING. Someone has invented a night trap for mosquitos which, according to "Chambers' Journal," has proved highly successful under exacting tests. The contrivance depends upon the use of the luminous paint that Dr. Balmain invented some years ago. In this paint there is no phosphorous. The mosquito trap is a short glass cylinder, about 6in. in length and 1in. in diameter. The interior surface of it is coated with Balmain compound, and the ends are sealed. On the outer surface of the glass there is a coat of adhesive substance like an ordinary fly paper, and the tube hangs by a string in any convenient place. Exposed to daylight causes the Balmain paint to collect and store up sunlight, which it throws off at night. The faint, steady glow attracts the insects, and as there is no heat about the light, the mosquitos settle upon the glass, and are caught by the adhesive. When it is necessary to clean the trap you take a piece of wood—a match will do—and scrape off the insects, and then apply a fresh coating of the adhesive.

The bulbs used for electric light are useless once they have burnt out, and they make splendid traps. Try a few, and don't forget to thank me.

The Editor

THE EDITOR'S LETTER.

WATER'S FINE AS LONG AS IT IS NOT SEA WATER.

On October 10 I started on my triennial holiday, and as it has become a habit now to spend this holiday in New Zealand lecturing for Prohibition, I took my ticket by the R.M.S. Marama. First of all the military authorities and the detectives took charge of the boat, and searched it and all the passengers. After this ordeal, which, of course, was due to the war, we hoped to have had a peaceful farewell, but it was not to be. First, we were not permitted to leave the boat nor were any friends free to come on board. I leaned over the side and my friends gazed up, and we all hoped the boat would soon move away. Presently all the firemen, shouldering their bundles, left the ship on strike, and we were detained a couple of hours adjusting a dispute, and finally made a start.

It seems as if the powers of the Evil One were working overtime. The weather grew boisterous, and, in addition, the ship was unable to use two of her boilers, and only proceeded at a speed of 13 knots instead of her usual 16.

AT SEA.

The readers of "Grit" may remember that three years ago I spoke with some feeling about sea travel. I did not, however, exhaust myself on this theme. Without repeating myself, I might still write at considerable length.

Seasickness comes on oceans, lakes, and some rivers. Not every one, however, who travels upon these bodies of water can acquire it, as it appears to come only to those who have a gift for it. It has one great merit not common to all gifts, as it may be acquired without previous practice. Those who are skilful do not have to be taught. Like inspiration and the wonderful one hoss shay, it comes to them "all at once, and nothing first."

Various cures have been devised for sea sickness. One of them is publicity. If you can keep on deck where you will be seen by all men and a few fishes that may be staring at you, it is said to be a great help. The best cure, however, is carefully to remove the water from underneath the particular vessel in which you happen to be passing away. If enough water can be removed the seasickness will be invariably cured.

Seasickness is the only thing you get from the steamship company that you don't pay for.

I need surely say no more.

FOUR DAYS IN PRISON.

For ninety-six hours I was confined to a small cell, or, to use a seafaring term, cabin, and three times a day a man would come and smile at me and ask what would I have. I told him a good big piece of land. He smiled, and went away. The first night

I was left in darkness, as the orders were "all lights out." We did not wish to give ourselves away to any German man-o'-war. I managed to hang a blanket over the port-hole or prison window, shut the door and turn the light on. This robbed the night of some of its tedium, and enabled me to see where I was rolling to, and saved me from missing the somewhat small receptacle my jailer—they call him a steward on this prison—had thoughtfully left for my use. I discovered that you do not feel the motion of a boat nearly so much when you are on the broad of your back as when you are on your feet. I also discovered that you do not feel the sea quite so much when you do not see it rising and falling before your eyes. After a while I adjusted myself somewhat and began to read.

"JOHN BARLEYCORN."

I had with me Mr. Jack London's book "John Barleycorn." London is known all over the world as a novel writer and a man of unique gifts and character. His books are brimful of life which he knows at first hand. They are at times too vivid, not to say lurid, but they are not exaggerations, but faithful records of life as it is lived by men whom most of his readers really know nothing of. His book has as a sub-title "Alcoholic Memoirs." The book is really an autobiography, and has all the fascination of a reptile or some weird and hideous monstrosity. It reeks of alcohol, and is a piteous confession of debauchery.

He says, "I am not a drunkard," but one can't help asking, then what is a drunkard? If a man who was drunk at five years of age, continually drunk from sixteen years of age, drunk every day for three weeks when he was eighteen, came to the point when he could not meet company without "a double cocktail" or write his 1000 words a day without a "kick" from alcohol—if such a man is not a drunkard, then words have lost their meaning. His disclaimer made me think of the boy who was watching a man lying in the gutter. Some one said, "Oh, he is drunk." But the boy replied, "He ain't drunk; I seed him move."

LONDON'S VERDICT.

After writing his alcoholic confessions, he concludes by saying: "The way to stop war is to stop it. The way to stop drinking is to stop it. The way China stopped the general use of opium was by stopping the cultivation and importation of opium. The philosophers, priests, and doctors of China could have preached themselves breathless against opium for 1000 years, and the use of opium so long as opium was ever accessible and obtainable would have continued unabated. We have with great success

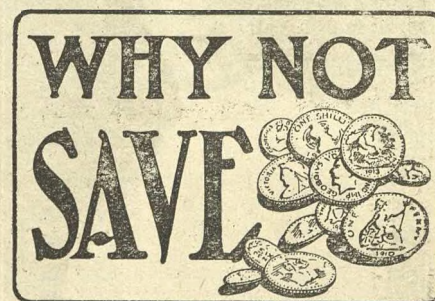
made a practice of not leaving arsenic and strychnine and typhoid and tuberculosis germs lying around for our children to be destroyed by. Treat John Barleycorn the same way. Stop him. Don't let him lie round licensed and legal to pounce upon your youth."

The book is not a nice one, but it is a notable one. It is a book by a man, and will be best appreciated by a man.

LAND AT LAST.

We sighted land about 6 o'clock this morning (October 14,) and under the shelter of the big hills we made our way up to Wellington. We passed two transports and two Japanese men-of-war, who were to act as convoys, and landed on the wharf to find the military everywhere. Rev. John Dawson and the Rev. W. J. Comrie met me, and gave me a New Zealand welcome, and this leaves nothing to be desired. To-night I go on to Christchurch, to-morrow to Waimate, Friday Oamaru (the famous No-License town), thence to Dunedin. As far as I can see, I am to be allowed to eat between my talks, and I am not sure that they have not arranged to have a phonograph record at my bedside to take down anything I may say in my sleep—that is, if my reading and writing will allow of any sleep at all.

Till next week, adieu.



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Your Mental Measure.

(By HENRY JONES, for "Grit.")

Mr. Henry Jones skilfully describes the character of some of "Grit" readers this week. Next issue other delineations will be given. Subscribers are invited to send along photographs and a specimen of their handwriting. (A note enclosing a new subscription or renewing an overdue account will do excellently as a specimen.—Ed.)

No matter how commonplace we may be there is one consoling fact, that each serves some important purpose in life.

"A commonplace life," we say and we sigh.

But why should we sigh as we say?

The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky

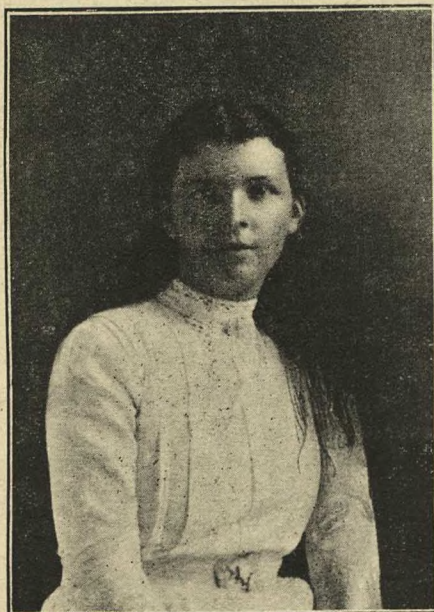
Makes up the commonplace day.

The moon and the stars are commonplace things,

And the flower that blooms, and the bird that sings,

But dark were the world, and sad were our lot,

If the flowers should fail and the sun shine not—



EMMA RANKIN.

And God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes up this
beautiful whole.

F. K. M. BROWN.

This girl has the mental temperament, a refined nature; is sensitive and capable of manifesting a full degree of mentality. The height and width of the forehead shows a strong predisposition to ask questions, think for herself, and good work as a student and show off to advantage as a scholar. She likes to know the why and wherefore of things. With training this girl will become a sound, logical reasoner, because she likes to think and discover the relationship of one thing to another thing. The wings of the nostrils show caution and circumspection,



FRANCES K. M. BROWN.

therefore she will be guarded, hesitant, and non-committal. The eyes show natural language and memory for words and phrases. The chin is strong, and shows affection and love of children. She is humorous and sympathetic, so right through life she will avoid being sarcastic and bitter. She has an intellectual turn of mind, and will do well as a Kindergarten teacher, shorthand writer, designer, and fairly well at music. I advise her to write Australian stories and exercise her observation so as to improve her sense of things real. She is imaginative, fond of the ideal, and poetic.

EMMA RANKIN.

This reader has the motive or executive temperament very pronounced. The forehead offers a contrast to her "cousin" Frances, inasmuch as it is narrower and more prominent over the brow. She is a very keen and definite observer of people and things. In nature studies she will gather considerable information because she likes demonstrations. Her memory is reliable for facts, things, places, and colors. I am sure she would blend and arrange colors very nicely. With a fair chance she ought to find no difficulty in succeeding in the study of such subjects as history, geography, and arithmetic. She has a good opinion of herself and ability to express herself in clear unmistakable language. She loves life, and will encourage others to do likewise. The personal qualities here displayed are ambition, pushfulness, defensive courage, and intensity of feeling. She can do well either as nurse, milliner, teacher of hygiene. Her memory would enable her to succeed in a commercial school. As an accomplishment she should take up the study of elocution, music, or painting.

WILLIAM HUNT.

Like "Sunny Jim," William has "the smile that won't come off." He has a large head, plenty of vitality and capacity for work. The size, or largeness of his head, is caused by large constructiveness, situated in the temples. He has a desire (almost a disease) to tinker, handle, take to pieces and turn inside out any piece of mechanism that comes within his reach. William is a born mechanic and possessed of the "germ" for invention. His forehead is capacious enough for technical knowledge and business information, but he will not bother about book learning. He should read some good books and learn to recite, because I am sure he has the gift of entertainment. When roused he will show pluck and fight. In the way of agriculture he would do best at dairy-farming. In the way of mechanism he should study to become proficient as an electrical engineer, motor mechanic, or engine driver. Any machinery on the farm or in the dairy William will soon master. He is cute, cautious, original, determined to have his own way, and fond of out-door life, birds, animals, and children.

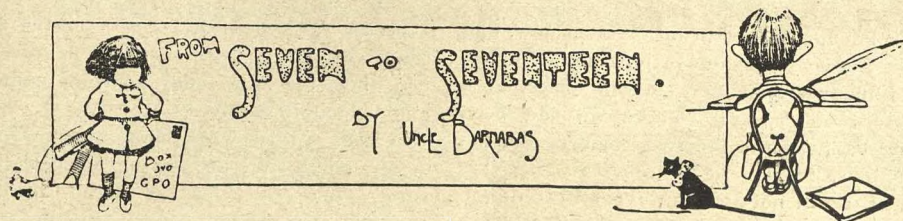


WILLIAM HUNT.

The liquor bar in the Broad-street Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Philadelphia closed on June 1, the railroad company having refused to renew the license.

* * *

"The purpose of this paper is to protect the widow and orphan and not to assist in the making of them," answered "The Insurance Observer," when a "Bureau of Co-operation" offered to supply it with "fillers" glorifying the sale of alcoholic drinks. And all sorts of "bureaus" are being started for liquor's benefit.



WHAT ARE YOU WORTH.

The National Conservation Commission says the average value of a baby is £575. It does not matter how they arrive at this conclusion. We must allow that they know what they are talking about, and that a baby is worth a lot more from a business point of view than you ever dreamed of. Now let us test it. Go and ask your mother if she would sell you for £575. I know what the answer will be, and I am sure it will prove that you are worth more than that—much more. Now what does God think you are worth? He says: "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." He says: "If you gain the whole world and lose your life, it will profit you nothing." God thinks anyone, the least of us, worth more than the whole world. Now think this over. If you are worth so much, don't sell yourself cheap. Esau sold himself for something to eat, Ananias and Sapphira sold themselves for some money, and they soon found out what a bad bargain they had made. Remember a motor-car may be worth a £1000, but the same car damaged may only be worth £100. So it means a baby at its best. When is a baby at its best? When it is educated, obedient, healthy, and useful. Ask God to help us always to want to be at our best, and to be worth as much as He thinks you are.

UNCLE B.

WEARY WILLIE'S CONVERSION.

By MYRTLE LUXTON.

A Weary Willie stood at the bar drinking a glass of beer. Everyone of his companions (six in number) had shouted drinks, and now it was his turn. He had no money, so he could not shout, and this he was trying to tell them. However, they became angry, and began to fight him, thus making a terrible noise. A policeman on his beat happened to pass by, and, hearing all this noise, he inquired the reason of the clamor. On entering the bar what a sight met his eyes. Weary Willie was on the floor and his companions were punching him. They took no notice of the policeman. He ordered them to stop, but they refused, so he took them into custody and off they went to jail. Here they were locked up, and it was not long before they were asleep. Thus ended Weary Willie's nocturnal adventures.

Next morning, when he awoke, he asked the gaoler where he was, who told him. However, as he (Weary Willie) was in a stupor he continued his interrogations every time he saw anyone. When the time came for them to be tried one of his companions struck the gaoler a blow on the head, which stunned him. Another gaoler had seen the look of mortal defiance in his eyes, but did

not have time to prevent the blow. The man was sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

Having served his time he was let out of gaol. One night, on arriving home, he was told by his wife that his daughter had been kidnapped. Knowing the abode of the kidnappers, he went there. Here they had a courteous intercourse, but would not give up the child till a ransom was paid. This was done, and thus concluded the kidnapping of the girl. This episode made him think how much he loved his little girl, and led him to think of the time when he was sentenced.

"No one paid the fine for me," he thought. Then he suddenly remembered that our Lord had died to save sinners.

"What an uncouth being I am," he said, "to have been so wicked when our Lord has done so much for me. I shall try and reform myself, and not let myself get so degraded as I have done. As it is Sunday I shall go to church to-night, and listen to the sermon, which will, I expect, make my way seem clearer to me."

After thus meditating he told his wife about his decision.

"Oh, it will be so nice!" she exclaimed, "to have you come to church with us."

She then hurried and got the tea ready. This done and the meal being finished, the three started for church. While he was sitting in the pew he recollected the time when he was a young boy and went to church with his mother. Tears came to his eyes when he thought of her. He was awakened out of his reverie by the minister giving out the following hymn:—

Far from God, away from Jesus,
Straying in the paths of sin,
Knowing not God's full salvation,
Jesus calls you 'midst earth's din.

Chorus.

Come, 'tis Jesus calls you,
Come, without delay,
He is willing now to save you,
Come, O come to-day.

"This service is for me all right," thought Mr. Rundle, for that was his name.

After the congregation had sung the hymn the minister gave out his text, Acts 10, 24. When he had finished his address the service ended by the singing of another hymn. The Rundles walked home and then retired for the night.

A few months after, as Mr. Rundle was walking home from his work (where he had been employed since the night of his conversion) he met Weary Willie, whom he was very pleased to see. He invited him to tea, which invitation he accepted. On

their road home Mr. Rundle narrated his conversion to Weary Willie, whereupon he told Mr. Rundle he had been converted thus:

"One night, soon after my dismissal from gaol, I was walking down one of the streets and I saw a very nice young lady distributing tracts. I received one, and then pursued my way, determined to see her again. This I did many times, and thus began to love her and her tracts. As I have good employment now, and have sufficient to keep her and myself, we intend getting married a month to-day."

When they arrived home Mrs. Rundle was surprised to see Mr. Jones (for he was no longer Weary Willie). She was delighted to hear of his conversion. He gave them all an invitation to the wedding. It was decided that Edna was to be bridesmaid and Mr. Rundle as best man. I am getting a house built, which I should like you to come and see.

The conversation being finished, Mr. Jones left for his lodgings. A week later he took the Rundle family to see his house.

They did not meet again till the wedding day, as both parties were busy. It was a simple ceremony, and the bride and bridegroom went to a neighboring seaside resort. They returned after spending a good holiday.

One night soon after a gentleman came to see them.

"I came," he said, "to thank you both for the change that has come over four of my friends and myself. Seeing the influence your wife's tracts had on you, we endeavored to follow your example, and now are Christians."

Having thus said he departed. As these helped others, so can we also do the same.

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS?

Rose Luzzi, 223 Riley-street, Surry Hills, Sydney, writes:—

Cher Oncle B,—Ye vous remercie beaucoup pour me laissez savoir par votre niece j'essayerais d'être fidele une fois vous me demandez d'ecrire une lettre en francais j'essprre que vous serez capable de comprendre si c'est vous plait amenez la avec vous et nous prendrons une tasse de tea quand vous viendrez et nous aurons un peu d'amusement avec ou demandais a Mr. Hammond de la lire il m'a dit qui pouvais lire tous les langues je suppose que vous le connaissez oncle c'était bien triste oncle je que nous avons lu de cette pauvre femme qui avis bu dans Oxford-street je souhaiterez que l'ont ferme tour les hotels sa serez une bonne chose pour plusieurs.

Ye connair certaine place on France ou on se bat est c'est bien triste j'espere que ca serra bientote finis j'espere que vous etre bien et je vous soupaite tour succes dans tour votre bon travail.—Avec toutes mon amour de.

(Dear Rose,—I am very pleased with your letter. I managed to read it quite easily by looking up a few words, but I have not the courage to write to you in French. I know

how easy it is to make what would look to you very silly mistakes. I do hope your "cousins" will find out how to read it. You say "you will try to be faithful." I am sure you will, and we will become good friends and soon we may meet, only you must not speak to me in French when "nous prendrons une tasse de tea." All your cousins can guess the last line of your letter.—Uncle B.)

HELPING THE SOLDIERS.

Dorothy Hunter, 223 Riley-street, Surry Hills, Sydney, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope I will not be on the "scallawag" list. Some of the letters in the last edition of "Grit" were very nice. We are having a Sunday school picnic next month. Some of the scholars are collecting funds for it. I hope the summer will soon be here, as I like the swimming season. Our school has a swimming club, which I join every season. I think this war is very dreadful. Australia is doing her best to help the "mother country" and all countries connected with her. The Lord Mayor's fund will be a great relief to those who are left without a breadwinner. Our day school is collecting money to help in preparing comforts for the soldiers.

That was a very nice article of yours in last "Grit," that is, Page 11.

I am very pleased to be accepted as one of your nieces. You have quite a large number of nieces and nephews, when you have three hundred. I wonder do they all keep up their correspondence regularly? If they do, you must have a large number of letters to answer. I think this is all the news I have this time. With love from your niece.

(Dear Dorothy,—Thank you for your letter. I fear very few know or realise how very dreadful this war really is. Tens of thousands are being killed, and we will suffer for many, many years, even if it is stopped at once. Quite a number of schools are putting off their picnics and giving the money instead to help those who need it. I feel it is not a good time for us to be playing when so many thousands are weeping and suffering.—Uncle B.)

A GREAT ANNIVERSARY.

Annie Chapman, Plymouth-street, Enfield, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Hasn't it been a glorious day after the rain? Just as well, too, for the 21st anniversary of the Sowers' Band was held in the Sydney Town Hall to-day. I

went, being a helper in our branch now, and spent a very enjoyable afternoon. We left the Sunday school, our starting place, at a quarter past twelve. There we had been fixing banners and receiving badges and instructions.

Well, I will not tell you every little detail, or 'twill take up too much space. We arrived safely at the Town Hall, and took our appointed seats, which were in the gallery on the left side. A better view of everything we could not have had. We opened with three cheers for the 21st birthday, and the National Anthem. The chairman was the Right Rev. Bishop Druitt, D.D., and the speakers Rev. Begbie (the chairman), Rev. G. H. Cranswick, B.A., from India, and Rev. S. Kirby. Miss Neville read a statement from the annual report. Before the singing of the last hymn prizes were presented by Miss Harper, of which two of our members won one each, one for the best African garment, the other for best dressed doll. Everybody present received a card as a memento of this gathering. The meeting was closed with the benediction.

The hall was beautifully decorated with wistaria, ferns, and flags of every description, but I think the best decorations were the happy, smiling faces of everyone present. The big organ was played for us by Mr. Massey. To cut a long epistle short, we arrived home a little after six. At least, I did, I don't know about anybody else.

Well, dear uncle, I must now close, with fond love to yourself and cousins.—I am, yours sincerely.

(Dear Annie,—I am so pleased you wrote about the Sowers' Band, and am glad it was such a fine big gathering. I think it would be nice if you told us more about the Sowers, what they do, when they meet, and why they meet, and how a branch could be formed.—Uncle B.)

GIVING UP PRIZES.

Edith Carr, Tyneside, Sale-street, Orange, writes:—

My dear Uncle B.,—It is time I wrote to you, but this is the third letter I have started to write to you. On Monday night I was helping in a Baptist Church concert. We had a lovely time. About two weeks ago there was a large patriotic concert. I was selling flowers for it. Is not this war terrible that is going on at present? At our day school we have given up our prize money for the war fund. We are also giving

a penny or threepence a week for the same fund. All of the bulbs are out in our garden, but the other day someone came in and helped themselves. Rev. W. G. Taylor was here a little while back, and he stayed at our place. We are having lovely rain up here. There was a bazaar at the Church of England yesterday. I went in the afternoon, and bought some nice lollies. My little brother is going to write to you. He is only seven years old, but thought he would like to write. He will not be able to write very often. No more news this time, so good-bye. With much love to all cousins and yourself.—From your loving Niece.

(Dear Edith,—I am pleased to hear from you again, and I am also pleased to think that your day school is giving up its prizes for the war fund. I fear it will be a very long time before we finish with all the distress caused by this wicked war. I am very glad to receive a letter from your little brother. What a pity you could not have sent me one of those nice lollies in your letter.—Uncle B.)

ONE OF THE YOUNGEST.

Arnold Carr, Tyneside, Sale-street, Orange, writes:—

My dear Uncle B.,—Can I be one of your nephews. I am only seven years old. I have a garden; there are some flowers out in it. Will you please excuse me for writing in pencil, as I cannot use a pen properly? Miss Ellis is my school teacher. She has been sick. Uncle B., I expect I am one of your youngest nephews. I am in the highest class in the infant school. My birthday is on March 21. With love to all my cousins and yourself.—From your coming Nephew.

(Dear Arnold,—I am very pleased to have a letter from such a little boy, and hope you will go on writing to me for many a long day. I don't mind you writing in pencil; I nearly always write in pencil myself. It saves trouble, and it is easier in the trains and trams, where I often have to write.—Uncle B.)

MONEY SPENT IN DRINK.—MAGISTRATE'S HOMILY.

"The sin and folly of getting drunk has increased at a time like this, and the man who is squandering his resources is really squandering the resources of his country." So said Mr. Hobbs (chairman of the Bench), in the First Court of the Birmingham Police.

PATRIOTIC WAR BADGE CO.

ANGEL PLACE, SYDNEY.



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.

Photographs Taken in the Night.

A PARABLE OF SPIRITUAL THINGS.

Astronomers are often asked, "How can you photograph the stars? They only shine at night. Can you photograph them in the dark?" Mr. E. Walter Maunder, the Superintendent of the Solar Department of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, answers this question in a recent lecture. "We photograph the sun," he said, "by the light which proceeds from him, the moon by the light which proceeds from her (though that light is not inherent in her), and the stars by the light which proceeds from them: there is no need to try to add to their radiance by any light thrown upon them from any earthly source; indeed, the one thing to guard against is any kind of terrestrial illumination. The heavenly luminary needs no earth-light to assist it: this can only 'fog the plate,' and dim or hide the impression that it is desired to secure.

"So," this scientist went on to say, "God is the only Source of light concerning Himself. We know of Him that which He has told us; we can learn nothing more: He is our only possible source of knowledge in this field; it is only in His light that we can see light. And if He gives us light, no matter by what method, then that light is Revelation. . . . As we know nothing from nature by guesses, so we know nothing of God from guesses. Our knowledge of Him must rest upon established facts: that is to say, it must come from Him alone. Our knowledge of Him must have been His gift to us, or we have no knowledge of Him at all.

"Here is the importance of the first chapter of Genesis. It is no record of events that came within human experience; it is no inference from human speculation; it is the word of God Himself to man."

God, in His infinite condescension, has given us this revelation of Himself in the Holy Scriptures, for "no prophecy in Scripture will be found to have come from the prophet's own prompting; for never did any prophecy come of human will, but men sent by God spoke as they were impelled by the Holy Spirit" (2 Peter i. 20, 21. Weymouth's translation).

This illustration of photographing the stars was a specially apt one for those who had been present at a lecture a fortnight earlier, by Dr. Sydney Chapman, Chief Assistant of the Greenwich Observatory, on "The Number of Stars." He had shown some exquisite lantern slides, revealing hundreds of thousands of stars, invisible to the naked eye, but traced on the sensitive photographic plate by the direct action of their own light. We need no taper light of human reason to know God; such speculations "only fog the plate." God has spoken to us "by the mouth of His holy prophets, which have been since the world began;" above all, He has spoken to us by His Son, who is the brightness of His glory. "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our

hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

O that we might learn the lesson of the photographic plate! To be shut in alone with God in stillness, in that inner sanctuary, opened up to us through the shed blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, through the rent veil of His body broken for us, there to lay open our hearts before Him, that His light may shine upon them. The photographer puts into the camera a clean plate, not one upon which the image of some earthly object has been already traced. The heart which we present to our God must be cleansed from other images, from earthly idols. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The photographic plate receives the faint light of the invisible stars, and absorbs it till it reflects their image. By faith we, too, can see "Him who is invisible," "whom having not seen we love;" and, "beholding, we shall be changed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord."

If we would know in our experience that holiness "without which no man shall see the Lord," we must keep our hearts sensitive to His light, we must insist on having time alone with Him that He may speak to us through His written Word; where He has pleased to reveal to us so clearly His will; and where we find communion with Christ, the Living Word, as His Spirit once more illuminates it, and opens our understanding that we may understand the Scriptures, which otherwise are to us as a sealed Book.

"The Holy Spirit, the Inspirer of Scripture, is ever its true Interpreter. He performs His office in condescending love, not by superseding our understandings, but by renewing and enlightening them. Where Christ presides, idle speculation is hushed; His doctrine is learned in the surrender of our will to the doing of His will, and all knowledge ripens into a deeper and richer experience of His love" ("Christian Discipline of the Society of Friends.")

On the wall of a busy secretary hangs the following injunction, in large letters and framed—"One thing you must learn to do whatever else you leave undone, you must not leave this undone; your work will be stunted and half-developed unless you attend to it; you must force yourself to be alone and pray."—"Friends' Witness."

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "GRIT."

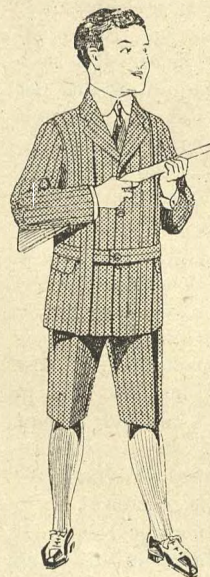
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NORFOLK SUITS.

Sizes 4 to 13.

Fit boys from 6 to 16
years of age.

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S.10.—Boys' Dark Grey or Brown Striped English Tweed Norfolk Suits, as illustrated. Coats are made with open front, step collar; two pleats in front and one at back; well lined throughout. Knickers are extra strongly sewn and lined. Special Value, 8/11.



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S.22.—Boys' Tweed Cotswold Suits, as illustrated, made from hard-wearing English Tweeds, in two fashionable and serviceable shades of Grey and Brown, in neat designs. Coats are made with step collar, two outside pockets with flaps, and vent, and yoke, and strap backs. Knickers are strongly sewn and lined. Special Value, 9/11.

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Helping the Helpless.

Police Court Missioner Creagh tells in graphic language the result of his work in connection with the Central Police Court. Without exaggerating in either words or facts, he shows the awful result of the attack made each day by the enemy in Sydney.

There were 1888 men and women dealt with at the Central Police Court during the last quarter for drunkenness. There was one woman who had 120 convictions against her. Think of it just for a moment. Let the fact soak home. This one individual had been punished by the Court no less than 120 times for yielding to temptation, and not in one solitary instance was her tempter brought before the Court. On the last occasion when she came before the Court she stood in the dock weak, dirty, untidy, her genuine sorrow piteous in its intensity—a travesty on our vaunted civilisation and a caricature of her former womanhood. She was sent to jail—sent to jail for being diseased, yet she was as much a patient as any inmate of a public hospital. She was suffering from alcoholism, but she had to suffer without relief. The typhoid patient is protected from herself; she is not allowed to satisfy the natural cravings for food; but the alcoholic is encouraged to satisfy the unnatural craving for liquor. It is a matter of indifference that it will bring results on her which are worse than death. It matters not that it will sap her reasoning ability and turn her into worse than a savage beast, beseeching for the poison which consumes her. It matters not that the poor degraded creature goes to jail at the expense of the State, and that when she is released she is permitted to purchase or beg more corruption, which will make her last state worse than the first.

WHY THE DIFFERENCE?

Any man worthy of the name would gladly risk his own life in an effort to save a woman who was trying to commit suicide by drowning. Why is it, then, that people are so indifferent to the men and women who are daily sinking deeper and deeper into the slough of despond which is infinitely worse than death itself. Is it because they have seen so much of it that their senses have become coarsened and their susceptibilities blunted by their constant association with this awful tragedy in their daily lives. The dread shadow of the war is seen over this fair State, but the dread shadow of drink, which does more harm than any war has hitherto done, is unnoticed.

A fine stamp of man, whom anyone would be proud to have as a friend, said to me in the Police Court quite recently: "It is so easy to get drunk and so hard to refrain from it when there are so many temptations. If the temptations were removed the cause of a lot of trouble would go with them."

The law makes it difficult for the Chinese (or white people either) to obtain opium. Flaring advertisements urging people to use opium are not seen by night. Cunningly-worded and persuasive arguments are not

met with by day. Why then do the authorities permit advertisements to be shown on every hand which importune people to drink, though it may be to their destruction.

PRODUCING MURDERERS.

In the case of a typhoid outbreak or an epidemic of diphtheria the source of the infection is immediately ascertained, and steps are taken to prevent any spread of the disease. Why is an exception made in the case of drink? Before Phillips committed the foulest crime on record on his helpless little daughter he went to a hotel and drank himself into a state of partial intoxication. Before he murdered his two tiny children at Pymont the usually affectionate father eliminated his natural paternal feelings with alcohol. Few of the crimes which shock the community have been committed until the perpetrators have been to a nearby hotel. (The pity is that in almost every part of the city or suburbs there is a hotel quite handy.)

THE SORDIDNESS OF SIN.

The awful sordidness of the sin of drunkenness is appalling. The men and women who are brought before the Court are dealt with as if they were so many cyphers. On October 12, 60 prisoners were dealt with in 25 minutes. The unfortunates were fined or ordered to the cells for a few hours. Then they were at liberty to go and get more liquor—make beasts of themselves, then commit some crime, and come before the Court again. The law is not so fast, however, when a conviction is asked for in the case of a barman breaking the law by serving one of these unfortunates whilst he are under the influence of liquor. Sixty cases are not dealt with in 25 minutes then. A brilliant array of legal talent is secured. The law is searched for loopholes; the Act is studied for flaws; technicalities are eagerly noted. Nothing that money or brains—or unscrupulousness—can do is left undone to defeat the ends of justice.

A MATTER OF VITAL INTEREST.

The drink traffic is a matter of vital interest to every member of the community. Its evils are acknowledged. A little is done in Sydney in connection with the pledge-signing crusade. Men who are prepared to sign the pledge are released on what is practically their parole. They are taken to the Pilgrims' Home, where they are fed, clothed, strengthened physically, spiritually, and mentally, fitted out with fresh clothes, and found a new job if possible. All this takes money. More assistance is urgently needed. Clothes addressed to "Grit" office will be thankfully received. You can do something, if it be ever so little, to fight the enemy which has done more harm to this State than the Germans, or any other enemy, is ever likely to do.

BOOZE OR BULLETS?

A number of soldiers have appeared before the Courts in uniform, having been charged with crimes due to drunkenness. Sergeant Mankey remarked at the Central, (Sydney) Court, "Booze will get more of these fellows than the bullets will."—News item.

From all about there comes the clang of steel,

As frenzied craftsmen drive their trade apace,

Stark brawny wights that, as they labor, feel
In their worn hands the kingdom of their race.

Deep in their noisome holes the grave-worms stir,

Upstretching hungry lengths unto the light,
While tireless engines screech and groan
and purr

Throughout the sequence of the broken night.

The fell Valkyries waken from their rest,
Corse-choosing maidens of fierce Odin's halls,

And cast keen eyes abroad to seek the best,
And, finding, dree the weird whereby he falls.

Dark spreading armies crown the jutting hill,

Or creep in sinuous way adown the slope,
Each bosom batten'd with the lust to kill,
Each heart deep-freighted with a horrid hope.

Grey ghostly shapes steal over star-lit seas,
Cold death alert in each gun's grinning face,

And eagerly await the ticking keys

That win the fateful message out of space.

From North to South, from West across to East,

The signal fires blare out upon each crest,
And, over all, the War God brews his yeast
And stirs th' ingredients with unbridled zest.

His eyes agleam, his horrid jaws agape,
With thirsty talons doth he scourge the land;

A ravening, hungry, and inveterate shape,
Dispensing bloody death on every hand.

But, grimmer still, there stalks a spectre form

Wrapt round by light, and crown'd with empty mirth,

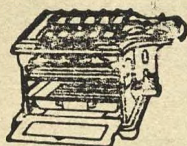
That claims more victims than the fiercest storm

Of war insatiate that sweeps the earth.

Red Drink, that hollow counterfeit of joy,
Creeps on, a subtle harbinger of doom,
And dashes earthward many a soldier boy,
To find oblivion in a nameless tomb.

'Twas ever thus. The secret, silent foe
Is deadlier far than press of armed men,
And all the auguries but serve to show
That Drink will outstrip Warfare once again.

DOUBLE YEW.



Have You A Fletcher-Russell Griller?

You needn't worry about lighting the old kitchen stove so early in the morning when you have a splendid little Fletcher-Russell Griller just beside it. Turn on one gas tap and put the kettle over it. Turn on the other, and on goes the pan. Light up the inside, and you can bake some hot scones, or grill anything you fancy.

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This is Where You Laugh.



Do you know a funny story, something which will chase gloom away and make people happy? Send it along to Box 390. There is half-a-crown offering each week for the person who sends in the funniest yarn.

HE SAVED THE DAY.

One, of the best known criminal lawyers of Topeka, Kansas, some months ago was called to defend a Swede accused of murder. The case was tried at Council Grove. The county attorney was no match for Waters as a lawyer, but he was a game little cock, and he had all the evidence and facts on his side. Things looked pretty bad for the defendant. Waters, however, was not discouraged. He was an adept at turning on the water-works. He had never yet failed to impress a jury by his pathetic appeals for mercy, and on this occasion he did his very best. His highly colored and emotional address was having its effect on the jurors, as evidenced by the expression on their faces.

Pretty well toward the close of the speech, attention was drawn for a moment from the orator by the actions of the country attorney. He had taken off his shoes and was rolling up his trousers.

"What are you doing?" demanded the judge.

"Your honor," replied the little man calmly, "I am getting ready to wade out."

Everybody saw the point and the laugh which followed turned the heart-stirring appeal into a burlesque, and a conviction followed.

"There goes a girl," said Stubbs, "who has received more rings than a hundred other girls." "Ah, some society beauty, I suppose?" asked his lady friend. "No, a telephone girl."

Pat's boss was treating him to a thimble-size glass of his best old stock, and, thinking to impress Pat with his liberality, he said: "Pat, that whisky is seventy years old."

"Faith," said Pat, "if it is, it's dang small for its age!"

SLIGHT DISTINCTION.

Quickness in repartee has been credited to Paderewski. A gentleman once introduced the pianist to the champion polo-player of England, and added: "You are both leaders of your separate professions, though they are, of course, very different."

"Not so very different," quickly responded the great pianist. "My new friend is a dear soul who plays polo, whereas I am a dear Pole who plays solo."

JONES CAUGHT.

Jones usually caught the five-thirty train out of the Grand Central for New Rochelle. This day, however, he had met a friend and remained over to renew acquaintanceship. He was plainly up against it, but finally managed to get the following wire off to Mrs. Jones:

"Missed the five-thirty. Don't keep dinner waiting. Will be a little late to-night."

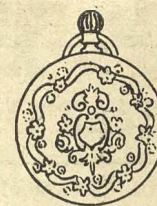
It was long after midnight when he left the train at New Rochelle and ten minutes later before he reached home.

Mrs. Jones met him at the front door.

"You got my message, darling?" he asked, pressing a box of bonbons into her hands.

"Oh, yes!" quickly returned Mrs. Jones. "I got it all right. But I would like to know why you sent a wire at four-thirty telling me you had missed the five-thirty train."

Jones couldn't.



THIS RELIABLE

Lady's Watch, £6 6s.

Lady's handsomely engraved Solid Gold Waltham Lever, fully jewelled, fitted with high-grade improved movement, guaranteed for 10 years.

A most accurate timekeeper that would be worn with pleasure and satisfaction by the most fastidious woman.

10ct. Gold Case, £6/6/-; 15ct., £8/8/-; 18ct., £10/10/-.

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"A famous lecturer says that the slashed skirt shows whether or not woman is qualified for the ballot."

"Huh! He means the ballet."

"MY MILLINER."

MRS. ANDERSON

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IT GIVES ALL THE POLITICAL NEWS
OF THE WEEK.

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