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THE PARTING WORD.

MESSAGE FROM SENATOR PEARCE, MINISTER FOR DEFENCE (THROUGH GRIT)

Upon the Expeditionary Forces devolves the honour and responsibility of representing Australia, and performing Australia's share in a great Imperial effort in the interests of justice, honour, and international integrity.

The ultimate issue of that undertaking can never be in doubt, but its attainment demands the steadfast display of the British qualities of resolution and courage, which are yours by right of heredity. The people of Australia look to you, therefore, to prove in battle that you are capable of upholding the traditions of the British Arms.

I have no fear but that you will worthily represent the Commonwealth Military Forces. Your presence with the Imperial Forces has, however, a wider significance in that it represents the solidarity of the Empire and the Imperial spirit of loyalty to the King. I ask you, therefore, to bear this in mind, and to prove yourselves worthy of the trust which is placed in you. Show that, in addition to being soldiers, you are law-abiding citizens of an Empire whose laws respect the rights of individuals. Avoid the temptations of drink and other excesses, indulgences which undermines health, and consequently reduces military efficiency.

G. F. Pearce

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The honor of Australia is in your hands; be careful.



War Cablegrams.

(From the Daily Press.)

MESSAGE FROM LORD KITCHENER.

LONDON, Aug. 18.

Each soldier also received a little slip of paper signed "Kitchener," with 200 words of soldierly advice telling them to "Fear God, Honor the King. Remember you will be fighting on the soil of a friendly nation, abstain from liquor and looting, be courteous to women, but not more than courteous."

Lord Kitchener's message has been ordered to be kept in every soldier's paybook.

ABSINTHE PROHIBITED.

PARIS, August 19.

The police have forbidden the drinking of absinthe, and are even searching private cellars. Several cafes already have been closed.

ANTWERP PEOPLE HASTILY PREPARING.

ANTWERP, August 23.

The people of Antwerp are cutting down plantations and destroying villas and cottages in order not to afford the Germans cover. Earthworks have been thrown up and field and heavy artillery have been placed in new defence works in order to reinforce the forts. The sale of alcohol has been forbidden, except by chemists.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

LONDON, August 25.

When the House of Commons resumed, the building was crowded.

Bills were introduced restricting the sale and consumption of alcohol during the war.

EXPLOITS OF DRUNKEN GERMAN SOLDIERY.

OSTEND, September 1.

Incidents frequently arise where drunken Germans, firing their own rifles, accuse inhabitants. Then the burning and murdering commence.

DRUNKEN GERMAN OFFICERS.

LONDON, September 16.

It is estimated that the British and French captured sixty cannon and thirty mitrailleuses during the week. All the reports concur in that the Germans made free use of the cellars in the Champagne district. A number of officers were captured while dead

drunk, and awakened to find themselves prisoners.

HARROWING GERMAN BUTCHERIES.

THE HAGUE, September 16.

Refugees streaming into Holland from the east of Belgium tell harrowing stories of German butcheries.

A drunken German officer at Lince, near Liege, killed an old man. The latter's son then shot the murderer. Thereupon the Germans fetched the old man's wife from the kitchen, killed her son before her eyes and in a drunken frenzy made her drink his blood, all the while threatening her with their bayonets.

Records are being taken of these and other incidents for the purpose of denouncing the Germans.

SAVAGES OF EUROPE.

PARIS, September 17.

Senator Paullist relates that the Germans occupying Lourches get drunk systematically. A French sergeant, who was lying in a house wounded, was maddened by a German lieutenant's insults. A French woman seized a revolver and shot the lieutenant, whereupon the captain ordered her arrest.

A TEETOTAL WAR.

LONDON, September 21.

This is a teetotal war so far as the Allies are concerned, but the trail of the Germans is marked by myriads of empty bottles.

MORE GERMAN OUTRAGES.

LONDON, September 26.

The "Standard's" Antwerp correspondent says the Germans occupied the monastery of Montaign, drank to excess, and fired into the room where the monks were sleeping. They stole the chalice and other sacred vessels, and scattered the Host over the altar. They led roped monks through the streets, flogged them, and put them to the sword. Evidence of these outrages has been sent to the Vatican.

ALL INTOXICANTS DESTROYED.

Belgians who have arrived in England state that before leaving Antwerp they were careful to smash every bottle of intoxicant, because the Germans would drink and then commit excesses.

DRUNKEN GERMAN DOCTORS.

PARIS, October 15.

M. Maurice Barres, the distinguished French author, formerly the Deputy for Nancy, who recently visited Alsace, states that the French found the German ambulance at Raon l'Etape in an appalling condition, as the result of the intemperance of the doctors. The rooms were full of wounded and mangled bodies, which had been dead over a week. Some of the wounded remained several days with operations half finished. In one of the rooms there were stacks of corrupting dead.

GERMAN DRUNKEN ORGIES.

AMSTERDAM, October 21.

After the Germans' first drunken orgie at Ghent, General Jung stopped the sale of liquor.

A soldier insulted a woman, who complained to an officer. The latter immediately fired his revolver at the soldier, killing him.

EXCITEMENT AND DRINK.

LONDON, October 27.

The Archbishop of Canterbury (the Most Rev. Randall Davidson), speaking at Bromley, said the country was in grave danger of a serious breakdown as regards intemperance, due to friends treating soldiers in the belief that they are giving them kindly encouragement, and the increase of insobriety among women whose men are at the front, due to excitement and distress. As the result of anxiety for news women crowded the hotels, not for the sake of drink but seeking information.

TO COUNTERACT TEMPTATION.

LONDON, October 30.

Lady Jellicoe (wife of the Commander-in-Chief of the British Home Sea Fleet) opened clubrooms at Hammersmith for women dependents of soldiers and sailors, the object being to afford companionship and counteract the temptations of the public houses.

RUSSIAN SACRIFICE.

LONDON, October 21.

There is much comment on Russia's sacrifice of ninety millions sterling in connection with the spirit monopoly owing to the diminution of crime following temporary prohibition.

The "Westminster Gazette" says that such a circumstance could hardly happen except in Russia.

The "Pall Mall Gazette" says that war has its victory elsewhere than on the battlefield.

LIQUOR FORBIDDEN.

PETROGRAD, October 25.

The Governor-General in Galicia, by order of the Tsar, announces that anyone offering spirituous liquors to the troops will be court-martialled.

Put your trust in God but charge your magazine often.

MILITARY EXPERTS' OPINIONS.

The man of the hour, he whom the Empire trusts with supreme confidence — Lord Kitchener—in a 200-word personal message to the soldiers, warned them to abstain from liquor. In the Soudan campaign he allowed his soldiers no spirits whatever. Before advancing on Omdurman he banished all alcoholic liquor from his army.

Lord Roberts has frequently testified to the great benefit of total abstinence to the army, one of his reported statements being that the improvement effected by temperance had been equivalent to the addition of three new battalions.

General Sir Francis Grenfell stated in 1896: "The campaign in Egypt was a teetotal campaign. We drank the Nile and nothing added. I took over the rearguard at the finish of the campaign, and in no other part of the world have I seen a force so fit and well."

General Sir Ian Hamilton, speaking at Edinburgh recently, said: "The mightiest blow ever struck in Scotland was that of Bruce upon the Casque of Bohun at Bannockburn; and that a blow, as mighty and as memorable, would crash the cask of whisky, which had paralysed the power and lowered the life of the finest and bravest troops in the world."

The Late General Frederick D. Grant (U.S.A.) said: "Give me the sober man, the absolute teetotaler, every time. He is dependable. If I had the greatest appointive power in the country, no man would get even the smallest appointment from me unless he showed proof of his absolute teetotalism. If I could, by offering my body as a sacrifice, free this country from this fell cancer, the demon drink, I'd thank the Almighty for the privilege of doing it."

Count Von Haiseler, late Commander, 16th Army Corps in Germany: "The soldier who can abstain altogether is the best man; he can accomplish more, march better, and is a better soldier than the man who drinks even moderately. . . . Strong drink tires and only increases thirst. For soldiers, water, coffee, and above all tea, are best drinks."

These authoritative statements of military men could be largely added to, and some telling pronouncements of prominent Naval authorities could also be cited, including Admiral Sir John B. Jellicoe, the officer in command of the North Sea fleet, Vice-Admiral King-Hall, Lord Charles Beresford, and many others, but it is surely needless. Let us rather look at what the more enlightened nations are doing to give effect to these opinions.

Growing Towards the Light.

The American Army has had a non-alcoholic canteen for many years, and quite recently the principal officers vigorously resisted very persistent attempts by the liquor traders to get the law altered.

The American Navy, so far as the blue-jackets were concerned, has been "dry" for 46 years; but officers and warrant officers were allowed to maintain their own wine mess. On 1st July of this year the following regulation took effect: "July 1, 1914. Article 827, Naval Instructions, will be annulled, and in its stead the following will be substituted: 'The use or introduction, for drinking purposes, of alcoholic liquors on board any naval vessel, or within any yard or station, is strictly prohibited, and commanding officers will be held directly responsible for the enforcement of this order.'"

THE WAR.

A PATRIOTIC APPEAL is made to THE NATION

To Abstain from Alcoholic Drinks during the War on the grounds that

1. The grain destroyed for their production is required for Food.
2. The Money spent upon them will purchase many times its value in Food.
3. The People's Power depends upon Food, and must not be destroyed by Alcohol.
4. Alcohol Lowers Vitality and Diminishes Power to Resist Disease.

PATRIOTISM

Demands a whole-hearted response from all classes to this Appeal, which is issued by THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE LEAGUE, Paternoster House, London, E.C.

To their eternal credit the Federal Senate have thrown out the proposal to allow "wet" canteens to the troops. The Alliance worked strenuously and successfully to save our boys from unnecessary temptation.

EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL ON NAVAL AND MILITARY WORK.

TO ALL MEN SERVING THE EMPIRE.

It has been proved by the most careful SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS and completely confirmed by actual experience in

ATHLETICS AND WAR

as attested by the late

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS,
V.C., K.G., K.P.,
FIELD-MARSHAL LORD WOLSELEY,
K.P., G.C.B.

and many other Army Leaders, that

ALCOHOL OR DRINK

- (1) SLOWS the power to see Signals.
- (2) CONFUSES prompt judgment.
- (3) SPOILS accurate shooting.
- (4) HASTENS fatigue.
- (5) LESSENS resistance to Diseases and Exposure.
- (6) INCREASES shock from wounds.

We therefore most strongly urge you for your own Health and Efficiency that at least as long as the war lasts you should become

TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

(Signed)

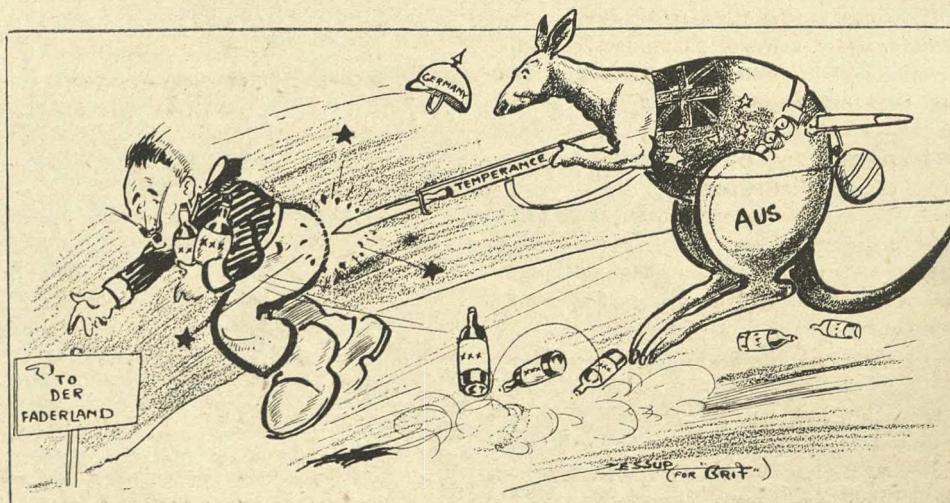
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FREDERICK TREVES, F.R.C.S., G.C.V.O.,
Hon. Col. R.A.M.C., T.F., Sergeant-Surgeon to H.M. the King.

G. J. H. EVATT, M.D., C.B., Surgeon-General R.A.M.C.

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ON THE RUN.

The 'Roo: 'Once I get going, Kaiser Bill will have to move.'

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New South Wales Alliance.

GENERAL SECRETARY IN NEW ZEALAND.

Writing from Otira, West Coast, N.Z., on November 23, Mr. James Marion further relates his experiences: Since my last letter it has been raining heavily for several days, but at last the sun shines, and when the sun shines at Otira nature's beauty is something to revel in. I have just spent two nights in the world-renowned Otira Gorge, with mountains rising 6000 feet on either side. These dizzy peaks are snow-capped and as the sun shines on them and reveals the bright silver streams of water that pour down the mountain side—well, it is something to write home about. Some of these narrow waterfalls have a drop of from five to seven hundred feet. There is a roaring torrent below, and to add to all this, I had the privilege of experiencing an earthquake shock.

The N.Z. Government is putting a tunnel through the mountain at this point. It is also the coaching station from which a tri-weekly service conveys passengers over the Gorge to connect with the railway line running on to Christchurch. The great tunnel will be five miles long, and gangs of men work at both ends—13 miles apart by road.

Thus the population of Otira is made up of coachdrivers, railway men, surveyors, engineers, and navvies. There are two pubs which do a roaring trade, and two policemen, who are kept very busy. Yesterday (Sunday) there were several drunks about, and as the pubs are 1½ miles apart the police have a busy time keeping the law-breaking beer-sellers under strict Government supervision. They made a raid yesterday on a two-up school, and no less than thirty gamblers are to be prosecuted. For downright godlessness, callous indifference to morality, lurid language, and beer-drinking, some of these navvies would be hard to beat.

I did not get a meeting with them, but canvassed their camps, and whilst here and there I could have been more courteously received, on the whole I had nothing to complain of. One navvy was an ex-policeman who was very indignant about prohibition possibilities; but drink had been his downfall. I saw another man who, in a drunken brawl, had killed another man. He successfully raised the plea of self-defence, and is a free man.

On Sunday afternoon a sports meeting was to have been held, and I had visions of a series of short meetings between events. But owing to the weather being unfavorable, I did not get a chance, so carried on house-to-house work, meeting some very quaint Irishmen. One of these was quite sceptical about Father Matthews being an Irishman. Another said My Brother Jim is a non-drinker, and what's the good of it; he's saved up £200, which he has in the bank, and it's no good to him. Jim evidently thinks differently. It is a case of sour grapes.

I slept in a navvy's hut, and had visions of my own navy days when under a broiling sun in South Australia I did nine hours a day wheeling out wet sand on the Lucindale drains. The little cottage near the hut was P.W.D. 227—that is, Public Works Department. One wag declared that it means Paid Wet or Dry. The folk were very kind to me. The head of the household related many thrilling stories of the early days on the West Coast. There is a wonderful history to this place—if anyone could write it—and it would be a history of Booze, Booze, Booze. There must have been hundreds of lives sacrificed on this coast during the last 50 years by King Alcohol.

On the Sunday evening I conducted divine service in a small mission hall. Sunday

School in the afternoon had been abandoned on account of the proposed sports. At the service we had a congregation of about thirty. There were some choice, faithful souls in the audience who are standing up with splendid courage against the indifference of the place. Services are held fortnightly, the Anglican and Presbyterian missionaries attending on each alternate fortnight.

The Church, the Government, and even the police have done what they could in starting all kinds of counter attractions to the public-house, but every effort has failed. The one thing that will save these fellows and give them a new outlook will be national prohibition. They earn good money, so here it cannot be said that "poverty causes drink." They have provided for them a free hall, a billiard saloon, and every facility for decent recreation, so it cannot be said that there are no counter attractions. The fact of the matter is the supply of liquor has created its own demand, and so manhood, decency, time, money, and everything is being sacrificed to cater for the depraved appetite. At the last poll a majority vote was recorded at the Otira booth for prohibition, and so in their sober moments many of these hard drinkers must feel that the curse of their lives deserves no better fate than its utter extermination.

THE PRESIDENT ABROAD.

Writing from London on October 16th, Archdeacon Boyce says:—

"I want to tell my dear friends of the State Council that I attended the annual meetings of the United Kingdom Alliance on 13th instant at Manchester. They were great gatherings. The Free-trade Hall in the evening was packed. Probably the finest speech was delivered by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., the leader of the Labor Party. As to Alliance principles, he gave no uncertain sound.

"I conveyed as your President a hearty greeting as from you to the parent Alliance at its representation meetings, which, judging by the cheering, was warmly and gladly received. A verbatim report of all the speeches will be published in the 'Alliance News,' and I have ordered 100 copies, which I will send out so that each member of our State Council may have one.

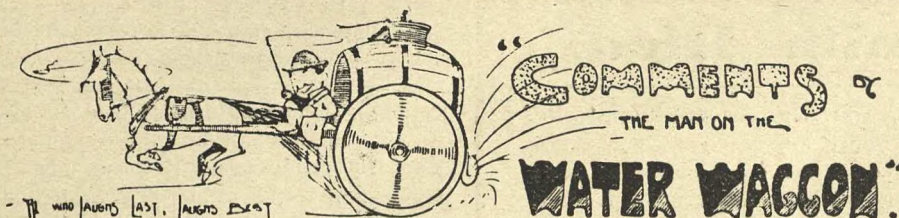
"I consider our own Alliance much superior in its organization to the U.K.A., as we have, for instance, official representatives on our State Council from the Temperance Societies and Churches, and it has none.

"At the National Trust Federation, Sir Victor Horsley presided, and I publicly thanked him on your behalf for his great services to our cause.

"I was very grieved to hear of the death of the veteran Mr. Alex. Gow. He had a long life and was faithful unto death. We must judge of a life by the prime and not by the

(Continued on Page 7.)

Pray to God, but keep wide awake and do your share



THE KING'S SOLDIERS.

It is with pleasure one reflects that this column will be read by some at least of "The Boys" who are going forward to fight for us—whilst at the same time one hesitates what note to strike. We are all mightily proud of "the boys," and would and are doing all we can to provide for their comfort—why shouldn't we? When it comes, however, to a little friendly advice, well, we all just get shy about it. Will they accept it in the spirit in which it is given. We think they will.

So "Grit" holds out her hand to every mother's son of them leaving our shores to fight Kaiser Bill's goose-steppers—yes, to defeat them too.

You go, boys, as the best we have to offer—the firstfruits of our manhood—representatives of our manhood, sent to stand at the side of our grand old mother country in her hour of need.

The clarion call has sounded, and her sons cast aside their own affairs to hasten to obey the summons. We ourselves knew all along there could be but one answer to such a call, but others were doubtful. Our enemies said we should certainly seize the hour of danger to become deserters. Foul aspersion—we shall hurl it back in their teeth with our bayonets.

Australians are proud that our Commonwealth Government has declared "to the last man and the last pound" shall we go.

Well said, Premier Fisher—we are all behind you—Liberals, Laborites, and every other brand of political partisanship. Our divisions are forgotten. To arms is our cry—to self-sacrifice—to victory over the barbarian and the slayer of women and children.

SOLID PREPARATION IS NECESSARY.

Our soldiers should, however, realise they must prepare in earnest for their share of modern war experiences. "War," said Sherman, "is hell." And all accounts to hand show that Sherman knew what he was talking about. Between his time and ours there is only this difference—war is far worse now than then. Therefore one must go into the arena in perfect condition, and with firm resolution and the heart of a lion.

We do not doubt the courage of our boys, they proved that in South Africa; but a clear vision of the job at hand tends to "nerve" one for it.

It will not be child's play—this European Armageddon—yet our men will enjoy it as thoroughly as the Tommies, once they get the perspective.

Keep fit, boys—remember that absolute discipline is necessary—thrice necessary—immediate obedience may at some critical moment save the extermination of a whole division.

Trust your officers, and follow them to the last ditch. Trust the authorities when they cut out your liquor allowance—it won't help you, but will unfit your system to stand privation and the execrable weather you are bound to strike.

Alcohol lowers your vitality—such has been proved beyond any possible doubt. The G.O.C. knows that, and also that you will want all your life-energy fighting both nature's storms and the enemy's guns.

Trust them and don't complain. Remember you stand for Australia—bear up under

approachable than the sovereign who governs us on earth.

The Waggoner does not want to preach, but what about confiding yourself and your destiny to Him through the merits of our Redeemer? Whatever the future, you are safe in such hands.

THE GRAND OLD MAN.

Throughout the Empire we mourn the death of Earl Roberts, the idol of the British army, and whilst we mourn we yet feel that the soul of him who was so youthful and energetic at 80 has not gone out into space, but is everlasting.

Such was certainly the belief of "Bobs," who, though a great warrior, was at heart a natural simple-minded Christian, with a firm confidence in his "Chief." Like Generals Havelock and Gordon, he took a deep personal interest in the moral as well as the physical welfare of his "boys." They knew it and idolised him.

The funeral might have been that of an Emperor—the grief of the people was genuine and natural.



The 'Roo (to the Little Boy from Manly): "I feel mighty seasick now. I admit it. You wait until I get my land legs, and I will make the Germans feel 'sicker' than I am now for making me feel so sick."

the worst of privations, as the allied forces are now doing, with stern determination.

ONE FINAL WORD.

The destiny of the world is in the hand of the God of Battles. He casts one nation down and sets up another. This does not happen "erratically," to coin a word. The peoples who adhere to justice and truth will survive, and their opponents be overthrown. That is why we have firm confidence in the future.

But it may be your destiny as a unit to go down that the cause triumph—you may be called upon to sacrifice your life. Even the dark nations count this a great privilege and so will you.

Are you, however, making some little provision for emergencies—of which this might be one. The God this Empire serves is more

Hail to thee, Bobs—warrior and patriot, yet unaffected and humble at heart. We hold thy memory sacred because thou dost represent the very antithesis of the arrogance and mentality of the war leaders of the enemy. Because amidst all the horrors of war thou didst possess at the same moment the heart of a soldier and the tenderness of a woman, and whilst confounding thine enemies with strategy didst walk humbly with thy God.

The whole Empire mourns thy loss.



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LEARN TO SAY "NO" FIRMLY AND RESPECTFULLY

How John Smith Died.

This story, which is specially written for "Grit," will grip you with its intensity. You will marvel at the feelings of John Smith, which are so vividly laid before you. The incidental brutalities inevitable to war will make you wonder at man's inhumanity to man. Your opinion of this story would be appreciated, for it is quite unlike anything else which has been published for a long time.

John Smith stood, convicted of the most heinous and abominable offence in the criminal calendar; of the one deed which is universally condemned and abhorred by even the basest and most depraved of ruffians. He had betrayed the secrets of his sore-pressed country to the invaders. And, now, as the slow dawn was rising soft blushes to the sweet cheek of the Pacific, and painting the gaunt crags of Queenscliff with warm prismatic lights, he stood, blindfold and bound, upon the beach at Freshwater, facing twelve grim fellows—whose stark faces were eloquent of his immanent turpitude, and hopelessly listening to a youthful officer pronouncing the last words destined to float to his unworthy ears upon this earth.

"Ready! Present!!" (a pause that seemed an eternity to the agonised wretch, the while his breath came chokingly, and in great gasps, as though reluctant to enter into his contaminated lungs), and then, as an inarticulate scream mounted slowly, inappreciably, to his parched lips—"Fire!!!"

John Smith experienced a sharp pang across his convulsively expanded chest; a mighty roar, as of a multitude of unleashed thunders, reverberated through his brain; and, as the desultory scream found expression, and burst shrilly from his ensanguined mouth, a merciful apoplexy descended upon him.

Despite the orderly divisions of physicists, time is but a relative denomination capable of indefinite expansion and contraction to accommodate abnormal circumstances. An hour's pain becomes an eternity, a century's slumber but a moment. Nay, even in the vulgar acceptance of the term by which certain definite periods are indicated, a material searching lights of comparison. Thus, who can deem the "second," occupied in transmission of a stellar beam through 186,000 miles of space, the exact equivalent of a similar effluxion of time employed by the snail in a spasmodic muscular contraction? Who can deem—but, let me narrate the apologue of John Smith.

When he recovered consciousness, his first sensation was a vague feeling of regret that he yet breathed, that the ultimate act of dissolution yet remained to be effected. And, shivering with ineffable terrors, he cautiously peered beneath the partially displaced bandage that screened his lids. To his unbounded amazement he discovered the beach deserted, save for himself and a flock of restless gulls ever rising and alighting in

careless security upon the silver sands. Then came entire appreciation of the situation, and he realised that the firing squad, denying his supposed remains even the dubious respect of interment, had contemptuously abandoned them to the mercies of the elements, and the seabirds, and the loathsome, iron-clawed crabs.

Cautiously, and with infinite difficulty owing to his helplessly bandaged arms, he raised himself to his knees, and thence to his feet, to creep tentatively towards the rugged cliffs darkly discernible beneath the kerchief that wrapt his eyes, his ears straining until they throbbed and ached from veritable absence of sound. So, without mishap or discovery, he ultimately reached the grey rocks that bound the heights of Queenscliff, and immediately proceeded to throw himself prostrate and vigorously chafe the galling withes upon his wrists and elbows. Slow and tedious as the task was, he eventually severed his bonds with no further discomfort than a few trivial bruises, and scratches, where his skin had made contact with the sharp and jagged edges of the generous rock.

Gently he removed the blinding wraps that hung about his eyes, and, with fingers yet numb from the constricting bonds that had recently encircled his wrists, proceeded fearfully to determine the extent of his injuries. In all, he ascertained, four bullets had found their billet, and penetrated his chest; but, although blood was ebbing freely from the tiny blue spots that indicated their channels of immission, he felt neither inconvenience nor pain, and, apparently, was unimpaired in strength and vigor.

Reflection made apparent the futility of endeavoring to escape landward. The country was too thickly sown with encampments, and deploying scouts, to admit possibility of escaping detection for any protracted period;

and apprehension meant a re-enactment of the morning's horror, minus another miraculous reprieve such as he now enjoyed. Accordingly John Smith, made bold by terror, waded unhesitatingly into the tranquil surf; waded in until it swept his knees, lapped his middle, swirled about his throat. Then, with a final hunted glance at the deserted shore, leapt forward into the creaming embrace of an incoming billow, and struck out.

Hours had passed, and the fugitive, wan and exhausted, still swam steadily, mechanically, northward with the flooding tide. Freshwater, Curl Curl, Dee Why, had been reached and passed in turn; and still, with failing breath and the pitifully regular movements of an automaton, John Smith headed northward past Narrabeen in a forlorn effort to reach Broken Bay and the security of the invader's entrenchments.

The tide turned, and ebbed steadily to the south, raising, as it encountered the light southern breeze, a short sea that ever broke across the distressed swimmer's laboring head, and curtailed the supply of air necessary to his panting lungs. To aggravate his plight, he scarce could maintain his position against the opposing tide; but still he battled on, and ever onward, until exhausted nature might no more, and, for the second time that day, John Smith peered beneath the gaping portal of Death, and lost consciousness.

With aching muscles and throbbing brain, he languidly opened his smarting eyes to the glory of the setting sun. For a space he was incapable of determining his whereabouts; then grew gradually more collected, and perceived that he was lying prone upon an evil-smelling fishing net in the bottom of an eviller-smelling boat, which was scudding steadily northward before the freshening wind. Two men were seated aft, one perched insecurely upon the narrow gunwale, hauling upon a straining sheet, while the other smoked calmly, with a bronzed hand controlling the refractory tiller.

John Smith remained diplomatically quiescent, and endeavored to extract coherence from the distant drone of their voices as they conversed. At first he could distinguish naught beyond a meaningless murmur; then,

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upon the wings of the sighing breeze, drifted to his ears a single word, which magically awoke all his faculties to their normal functions: "Broken Bay!"

Presently he gathered that the fishermen, like himself, were fugitives seeking the sanctuary of the invader's lines; and, under the mad stimulus of his joy, came back his vanished strength.

Staggering to his feet, he hrew himself prostrate before the wretched deserters, murmuring incoherent sentences and actually grovelling animalwise in the sudden joyous reaction from despair to hope.

Even as he was engaged in pouring forth his fulsome gratitude, a low droning whirr drew the eyes of all three aloft to perceive an attendant biplane circling above the speeding boat. A dark sardonic face peered down exultantly as the aerial monster swooped nearer and nearer. Then an ominous hand was skilfully outflung; a small dark object hurtled unerringly down into the bowels of the tiny craft; the aeroplane gave a mad leap forward into the gold of the sunset; and John Smith felt cosmos split asunder, and he and the boat, and his fellow fugitives, were irresistibly engulfed in a mighty whirlpool, that closed remorselessly, with the weight of a myriad worlds, about his bursting chest, and slowly crushed forth the life. And all about was the surge of many waters, and the concentrated roar of innumerable cataracts; and John Smith, struggling impotently, was swept down, and ever down, into the soundless abyss of the eternally lost.

* * *

On the beach at Freshwater the firing-party stood to attention with smoking rifles, while the white-faced young officer, swearing softly to conceal his emotion, stooped perfunctorily across the silent and shattered body of John Smith.

Death had been instantaneous. W.

Suppose the country should awake some fine morning and find on every corner of every city and town a store licensed to sell deadly poison. Suppose this drink were pleasing to the taste, slow in its effect, insidious in its influence, and none the less deadly for all that. Suppose the people knew that it destroyed the mind, sapped the bodily strength, gained a stronger hold with every indulgence, always shortened life and frequently killed.

How long would these stores exist? How long would the people who made the poison remain in business? How long would the land tolerate this menace in its midst?

Do you think it is an exaggeration to say that this very state of affairs exists to-day? If you do, read some of the facts we have collected in this issue on the results of drink upon the people of this enlightened country, and then ask yourself if murder is not being countenanced under your very eyes.—"Union Signal."

N.S.W. ALLIANCE

(Continued from Page 4.)

days of weakness. He had done splendid work and in many ways. I cannot forget that he was with us at the original meeting to found the Alliance on 13th December, 1882, and had been active and loyal all through.

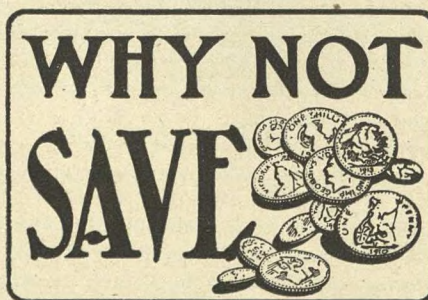
"In England here the talk is almost wholly of the war. The great crisis, however, has made the nation more thoughtful, and the idea of pleasure is quite in the background and that of duty is constantly in evidence. It is showing this especially in the matter of temperance. It is more than ever seen that the waste of money in this time of stress and strain is wrong and wicked. Your own papers will no doubt have told of the Earlier Closing. London, the Capital of the Empire, caps it to-day. It has found 11 o'clock closing for about three weeks so helpful that it is now going one better, as on Monday the hour is to be ten.

"My kindest regards to all. God be with you."

The Governor's wife was telling Bridget about her husband.

"My husband, Bridget," she said proudly, "is at the head of the State militia."

"Oi t'ought as much, Ma'am," said Bridget cheerfully; "ain't he got th' foine malicious look!"



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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, DEC. 10, 1914.

LORD ROBERTS. It is interesting to me to hear on every side the praise of the late Earl Roberts. He was a great man, and his goodness was the crown of his greatness. The cables tell us that he conducted worship in his home every day, and he maintained that simplicity of faith that is so often found in great men. Admiral Mahan, Admiral King-Hall, General Gordon, and W. E. Gladstone are men who have shown in a very marked degree the faith that was so prominent in the late Field-Marshal Lord Roberts. It is not possible to sneer at the religion of these men or to overlook it, and this is a point to which children's attention may well be directed. God was very real to this great man, and all who came in contact with him remarked it. He had also a quiet humor. It is said that a very tall and insolent aristocrat looked down upon Lord Roberts, who was a very little man, and said, "Ah, I have often heard of you, but never seen you before," pretending to find it hard to see him. Lord Roberts replied, "Indeed I have seen you, but I have never heard of you at all." I remember some time ago meeting an old soldier who was at the Central Police Court for drunkenness. He was an ex-sergeant of the Imperial Forces, and had five medals. He had marched with Roberts in the famous march to Kandahar. I asked him what Roberts

*A Personal Chat
with my readers*

would have said to see one of his men in such a plight, and the old fellow hung his head and said: "Ah, he was a good man; if I had followed his example I would not have been here." Such men as Lord Roberts personify our ideals, and if thoughtless people sneer at us for our religion or our temperance, we may get no small consolation from the fact that in both these things the great General was a fine example.

THE PEACE MOVEMENT.

An American paper has just published a picture of the next Peace Congress. Just an American addressing a Chinaman, but that is not the last word, and those of us who feel despondent do well to listen to William Bryant's statement in the "Ladies' Home Journal." He says:—

"War, in so far as it is not a matter of desire, is a state of mind, and it is possible to effect a change in both the desire and the thought of a nation. It is just as easy to stimulate a public favorable to peaceful methods as to cultivate the idea that war is a legitimate means of securing an International advantage. With moral growth it should become more and more easy to substitute the doctrine that Right makes Might for the doctrine that Might makes Right.

"See what mediation has done. The possibility of war in the Western Hemisphere has been made more remote by the offer of mediation by Brazil, Argentina, and Chile, and its acceptance by the United States and Mexico. Henceforth it will be easier in the Americas to preserve peace and more difficult to excite discord.

"A good omen is to be found in the recent ratification of eighteen treaties, binding this country to Central America, to the leading countries of South America, and to six of the nations of Europe, by conventions providing that there shall be no war until the matter in dispute is investigated. This Government offered to link itself to any and every other nation, without regard to the size or strength of the nation, in an agreement that there shall be time for deliberation before the beginning of hostilities, and twenty-two treaties of this kind have already been signed.

"Here, then, are the two systems: one puts its trust in force, the other in reason. Only those of little faith can doubt the triumph of the latter.

"Diplomacy is the art of keeping cool. We go far towards insuring peace when we agree that there shall be a period during which the

real issues may be set forth and questions of honor be separated from questions of fact. Man excited is quite different from man when calm. When we are angry we talk of what we can do; when our anger has passed away we consider what we should do.

"Truth is vindicated in two ways—first, by its success when tried, and, second, by the failure of error when error is put to the test. The truth embodied in the peace movement is receiving a double vindication at this time. The ultimatum will yet give place to the motto: Nothing is final between friends."

PLENTY OF MONEY.

Lyman Abbott's father once gave his son a bit of counsel that might well be given by every father to his son in these days.

"Lyman," said the father one day, "I have resolved always to have plenty of money."

"That's easier said than done, Father," answered the boy.

"Not at all," continued the father. "It is perfectly easily done."

"How?" asked the son.

"Simply," said the father, "by always spending less than you earn."

And to his father's counsel the son added what became a rule in his life: "Spend your money after you have earned it; never before."

Here is something that might with advantage be printed on the pay envelopes of big commercial concerns, and nailed up in a boy's bedroom would at least be worth a place there.

CHRISTMAS

Again Christmas time is upon us, and it will be for millions the saddest Christmas they have ever known.

We may surely begin to pray that the message of "Peace on Earth" may find its way into the midst of this sad and unpardonable war, and that the Lord Christ and His Message may bring men to their senses, and that the world may again know peace. Let us begin to plan a less selfish Christmas than ours usually have been. Let us begin by patching up old friendships that have got out of repair, by cheering lonely and neglected souls, and by giving a larger proportion of our gifts to those who have not got it in their power to reciprocate in any way. Let us aim to make it such a Christmas as the Great Founder will be pleased to see.

The Editor

Corkscrews have sunk more people than cork jackets ever saved

THE EDITOR'S LETTER.

THE FAMOUS KING COUNTRY.

On Friday I arrived at Taihape. This place is somewhat famous on account of its drinking record. I had a good open-air meeting, and also one in a hall. At both meetings I was questioned by the son of the local brewer and it added to the interest and value of the meetings. This place has only 1500 people, but 252 convictions for drunkenness. The Ohinemuri electorate is like Taihape, a mining district, and it contains 11,000 people, and since it has banished the bars there were only 43 convictions for drunkenness in 1913. Just compare these places thus:—

	Population.	Convictions.	Drunkenness.
Ohinemuri	... 11,000	..	43
Taihape 1,500	..	252

Next day I journeyed on to the King Country. This large area of heavily timbered country is under Prohibition. Many years ago the Government made the Maories promise and embodied the promise in an Act of Parliament, that this area, which is practically a Maori reserve, should be free from alcohol.

To the white man's shame the law is often violated, and attempts have often been made to introduce the licensing system.

A certain amount of liquor finds its way into this King Country, but the price of it proves that the supply is very limited, as 10s. to 15s. is the price given for a 3s. 6d. bottle of whisky. A fair comparison may be made between Taihape, with its bars and Tekuiti without bars, but situated in the King Country near the border of the liquor area.

	Population.	Convictions.
Taihape 1500	.. 252
Tekuiti 2000	.. 67

I arrived at Oakune at about 4 o'clock, and at once addressed a small gathering of friends, who had arranged tea for me. The journey was full of interest. We passed within 10 miles of the great snow-covered Ruapetui, and a few miles to one side of this great mountain is Ngauruhoe, a volcano that was belching forth smoke into the clear air.

The timber is very fine here, and I cannot resist the temptation to show you a fine sample of a timber man's "tooth pick," the photo being taken by a friend of mine.

I held an open air meeting at Oakune, and then an indoor one, and rushed away and caught the 9.47 express to Auckland, where I arrived at 6.30 a.m. Had a conference as to the future plans, and as the election day was fixed for December 10, and a boat sailed on the 9th. I joyfully decided on returning on the 9th. I have had a long and oftentimes weary trip, and will be glad to be once again in Sydney, where so many things claim my attention.

A LIQUOR ARGUMENT.

The liquor folk have been advertising their belief that "Population is a true test of Progress." They appear in the papers on the 7/6 an inch agreement, and it is costly work exploding their lies and ridiculing their absurd claims. Now it is quite clear that population alone is not a true test of progress. It may be (but is not necessarily) one of the tests. This depends entirely upon circumstances. In any case, the fact whether the population increases or decreases is not a proof of itself of the success or failure of No-License. If the Liquor Party contend that progress is to be tested by population

The facts are:—

	1906.	1911.	Increase
Invercargill	... 9310	13,590	4280
(Excluding Invercargill South.)			
Timaru 7615	12,048	4433
Wanganui 8175	13,380	5205

But the Liquor Trade does not attempt to contrast Invercargill with Palmerston North or Napier, in which the figures as follows:—

	1906.	1911.	Increase.
Palmerston North	10,239	11,709	530
Napier 9,454	10,910	1456

If these are contrasted with Invercargill the contrast is vastly favorable to the No-License town. As usual a little time and patient investigation is quite sufficient to puncture a liquor lie.



KAURI LOGS ON THE WAITAKAE RANGES.

only, and that License or No-License is to be judged by this test only, it will lead to the most absurd results. The following towns are all licensed towns:—

	1906.	1911.	Decrease.
Pahiatu 1370	.. 1358	.. 12
Nelson 8164	.. 8051	.. 113
Kumara 919	.. 783	.. 136
Thames 3750	.. 3591	.. 159
Brunner 1133	.. 1007	.. 126

or take the following, also under license:—

	1906.	1911.	Increase.
Lyttleton	... 3941	.. 4058	.. 117
Hokitika 2224	.. 2291	.. 67
Kaiapi 1804	.. 1823	.. 19
Temuka 1661	.. 1741	.. 80

Will the Liquor Trade then acknowledge that by the test of population alone we are to conclude that license has been a failure? In none of the No-License towns has there been a decrease.

The Trade selects Invercargill, Timaru, and Wanganui for comparisons, and argues that because Timaru and Wanganui under license have a slightly bigger increase in population than Invercargill under No-License, that it necessarily follows that No-License has failed.

THE USEFUL MOTOR.

On Saturday I arrived in Hamilton, the beautiful town in the famous Waikato district. I held a fine open-air meeting, with the usual drunks to add pathos and interest to the proceedings. On Sunday I had a rest. I was driven out to Huntley after lunch, a distance of 20 miles, and addressed a good gathering. The trip was very pleasant; we followed the Waikato river all the time until it joined the Waipa at Ngaruawahia (the meeting of the waters), and then we followed the united rivers to Huntley. At Ngaruawahia the Maoris have their famous aquatic carnival. A canoe with 40 Maoris will come racing down the river and then rush back to the stern and shoot over a hurdle in the water, running up to the bow the moment it is over the hurdle. It is a great sight. We came back to Hamilton to tea, and then ran out 15 miles to Cambridge. A few minutes before 8 the whole Island was shaken with an earthquake. Wellington, Dannervirke, Gisborne, and the Waikato, places hundreds of miles apart, all felt it, and a goodly number of chimneys clattered down, and many in the churches got a bad fright. I was

(Continued on Page 14.)

MAKE YOURSELF DO THE RIGHT THING

Your Mental Measure.

(By HENRY JONES, for "Grit.")

This week Mr. Jones gives a clever delineation of the character of Lord Kitchener as revealed in his face. Next week he will again describe the characters of some of "Grit" readers whose photographs will appear. Send along your photograph and specimen of handwriting for reading. A note enclosing a new subscription or renewing an overdue account will do excellently as a specimen.

LORD KITCHENER: OUR HOPE.

Just a century ago two great generals faced each other on the field of Waterloo in Europe. Both had large noses, bent dorsal columns and light eyes. Wellington and Napoleon possessed the typical physiognomies of fighting generals. In fact, all great generals and leaders in times past had large noses, because in those days greater active aggression and determination was needed. To-day we have directing the battle in Europe a tall man, with red hair, light eyes, and a comparatively small nose.

SIZE OF BRAIN.

That size, other things being equal, is a measure of power, is a universal law. No person with a small brain has ever done anything great. All "really great" men have great heads, but all great heads have not been great men because they have not been of proper shape. K. of K. has a large head (23 inches). It is evident that he would have risen to greatness in any department of life calling for the management of men and the manifestation of clearness and force of intellect. The square shape indicates large and active cautiousness, watchfulness, and prudence. While his temperament predisposes him to activity this organ of cautiousness acts like a break and causes him to take ample time to get ready and provide against prospective dangers. Compare this head with that of the Kaiser and you will have a good idea of the result of the present battle. The Emperor of Germany's head is not so wide at the top, consequently we may confidently expect him to make a stupendous blunder through imprudence (small cautiousness).

CONSTRUCTION NOT DESTRUCTION.

The width at the temples and bridge of the nose indicates constructive skill, as opposed to destructive energy. This quality working in conjunction with his large causality (wide forehead) tells us that K. of K. has uncommon capabilities of planning, contriving, and inventing, as well as the desire to consider subsequent consequences.

The prominent brows and great width between the eyes indicates unusual powers of observation and memory for forms, faces, and localities. The sense of proportion is strongly marked in width between the eyes, consequently he will instinctively measure distance and the fitness of things. It will be noticed that the forehead is broad and high. There appears to be just a sheet of hair placed on top of the head. This is a sure sign that the reason predominates, and he is free from prejudice. Custom will not control him in the discharge of duties, and

he will give every ounce of thought he possesses to all his deliberations. The outer corners of the top forehead head show large humor. The expression of his face seems to contradict this statement. This organ influences his personal conduct as well as his thinking. He is quick to perceive incongruities. What a pity the Kaiser is so weak in this respect. Compare the



LORD KITCHENER.

two heads and the difference in shape of forehead will at once strike the most casual observer.

The square jaw, with its long angle, tells of resolution and determination; but it does not necessarily follow that these qualities will only be used in warfare. The broad bridged nose indicates business instinct and a disposition to preserve and hoard up, so it is quite certain that all towns, buildings and factories captured will be treated in a manner that will prove that K. of K. is not essentially a soldier. He would sooner negotiate than battle or struggle, and it will be found that his tact and business instinct will be stamped on every deed of settlement during this war.

FACE.

The fullness of the eyes indicate the faculty of language. It might be mentioned that he succeeded in mastering the Arabian language while doing duty in the East. To this fact is due his remarkable success as an administrator. The fullness of the outer corners of the eye-brows indicate order, system, and ability to deal with figures. The height of the head shows that the organ of firmness is large. This quality, combined

with the light eyes and fullness of the head just above the ears, accounts for the sphinx-like expression. He can keep his own counsel, but he is capable of expressing himself in terse exact terms. His chin shows friendship and love of approbation. The secret spring in this man is ambition, but he conceals it with other qualities. For instance, he is an approachable, good listener, and quick to accept ideas or suggestions that appeal to him to be of service in the development of his schemes.

A profile photo of this man would show his mental make-up to advantage, but as I have no authentic one to present I must ask readers to take my word for the following facts:—From the opening of the ear to the brow there is a greater distance than from the same point to the back of the head. In other words, K. of K. has only a moderate development of the cerebellum in which the amorous feelings are situated, hence he has been free from influences that usually operate on the average man and cause him to close the book, lay down the pen, and seek the society of friends, brothers, sisters—or other people's sisters.

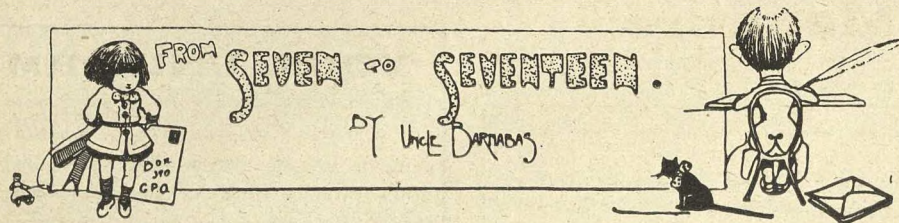
His gathering, retaining, and arranging faculties are always active, and compelling him to collect, store up, and classify knowledge. This type of head (and the light eye) enables him to be calculating, cool, determined, and unprejudiced. He trusts subordinates because he has implicit faith in his schemes, and it would be bad policy to enquire whether his orders had been carried out.

This man has no alluring visions. He deals with facts, yet he has a clear-cut sense of proportion, the fitness of things and equity. In the late Lord Roberts the organ of benevolence was large, and it caused him to exercise charity. In K. of K. the organ of benevolence is only moderate, so there is no danger of charity controlling his actions; not that he will be cruel and vindictive, but he will be just first and charitable second. If I am not mistaken, this man has already a "new" map of Europe setting out an equitable arrangement of territory, because his business ability or bargaining instinct enters into all his schemes and plans. When we look into those eyes it become evident that it would be useless to tell him a lie. He loves truth because it is safest, and hates lies because they are dangerous. Christianity and abstinence have not weakened this man's personality or influence. It is such men of his type and principles that we underlings fall down and worship without a blush of shame or sensitiveness; but how we hesitate to adopt his creed and imitate his example!

"MY MILLINER."

MRS. ANDERSON
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LET YOUR SOLE COMPANION BE A SOUL COMPANION



TO-MORROW.

I expect most of you are used to saying "to-morrow never comes," but you know it does come, and when it comes you find that it is the fruit of yesterday's flower. Do you know what I mean? Well I mean that you can wish for a better to-morrow and hope for better things; but in spite of all you wish and hope you will only get to-morrow what you have sown to-day. All that we do, say, or think to-day is the material which the angels will take to-night and make up into to-morrow. If we are lazy and do nothing, then the angels have no material from which to make a good to-morrow. If we work hard and unselfishly the angels will from such abundant material make a lovely to-morrow. A man once took his boy to a Yankee school-master and asked him to educate him. "How long will it take?" said the man. "Seven years at least," was the reply. The man looked surprised, and said, "Can't you do it quicker than that?" The schoolmaster, with a very shrewd look in his eye, said: "When the Lord makes an oak He takes a hundred years; when He makes a radish He only takes a few weeks."

The best things always take time, and the best to-morrows are those we plan for a long time ahead. Save up, study hard, work honestly to-day, and you will find the angels will have ready for you a bright and good to-morrow. What sort of material are you storing up now for the angels to give you a happy Christmas? Your happy New Year will be made out of the material provided by all you have done this year. Don't forget, then, we make to-morrow for ourselves.—Uncle B.

A TEA COSY.

Dot Moore, "Concord," Armidale, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I should have written to you before thanking you for the prize money, which I received some little time back, but I thought I would wait and send the letter with my contribution for the bazaar. I am sending a tea cosy, and I am very sorry I did not have time to do more; but still every little helps. What a pity if you have to postpone the bazaar till a later date. I hope it will be a great success, especially the "Grit" stall. I thought it was very nice what Mr. Jones said about the three cousins in "Grit" this week. I must now close, with love to yourself and all cousins.—I am, yours sincerely.

(Dear Dot,—Many thanks for the tea cosy. May I say that if a man buys it who does not drink tea that he can use it as a night-

cap in cold weather? We are getting very near to Christmas now, and it will be a very sad time, with all the horror of war hanging over us. May be that it may bring a message of peace to the whole world. Let us pray it may be so.—Uncle B.)

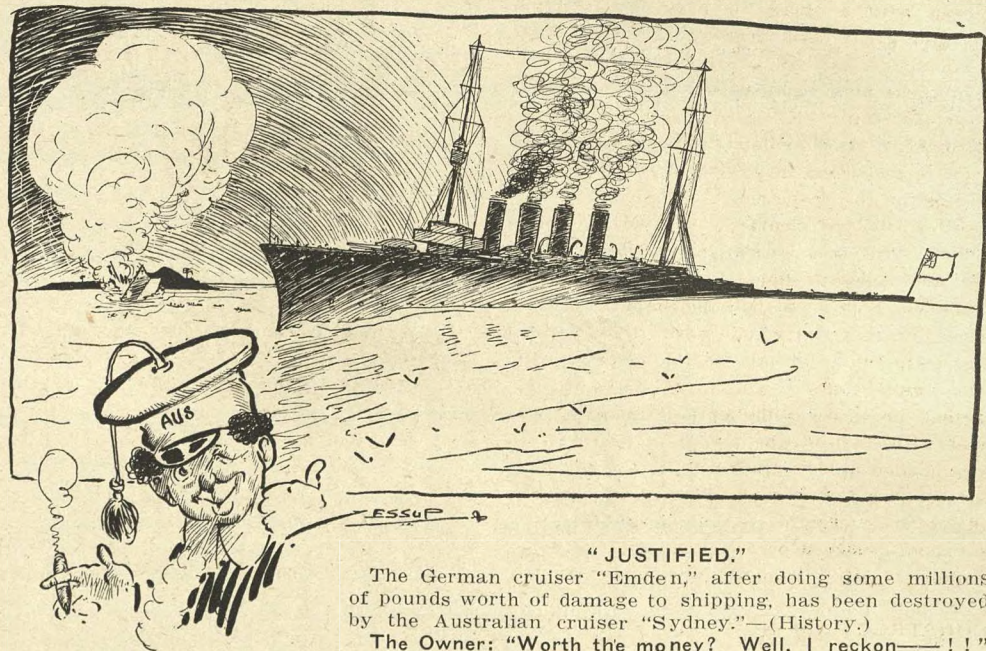
A GOOD FORGETTORY.

Doris Wotton, "Exonia," Rockleigh-street, Croydon, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I saw in "Grit" a week or two ago that one of your nieces who had written only a few weeks before thought she must be "Queen of the Scalawags," so I was wondering what I must be. I think I must be past redemption. But although you

Church. Rev. G. W. Furner and Rev. J. G. Hill are the preachers. They are both very good. It was our anniversary last Sunday week, and as it was so wet it was repeated last Sunday, and wasn't it a roaster? It made you feel you wanted to stop in the water all day. Well, Uncle, I find I am writing a long letter with not much news in it, so I must close. Hoping you will forgive my neglect, and have me for your niece a little longer. I am enclosing my photo. I remain, your loving Niece.

(Dear Doris,—When I saw your photo I quite forgave your long silence, and hope you will remember that it is not until you are eighteen that you are over age, and then you become an hon. Niece, and write just now and then to show your interest in your younger cousins. Fancy forgetting to post the letters you wrote. That is a bad state of things, but it is quite common, I am sorry to say. I am so glad your mother makes use of "Grit." Hurry along with an-



"JUSTIFIED."

The German cruiser "Emden," after doing some millions of pounds worth of damage to shipping, has been destroyed by the Australian cruiser "Sydney."—(History.)

The Owner: "Worth the money? Well, I reckon—!!"

have not had a letter from me you must not think I have forgotten you, for such is not the case. I have written you many letters, but I have always forgotten to post them. I found one the other day (I think it was written in 1912), so it must be years since you got a letter from me. But I always read "Grit" each week, so you must not be too hard on me, Uncle. Mother passes "Grit" on for distribution on her temperance work. I am getting on to the age limit, for I have only six more months to go, so I will have to write more often to make up for lost time, won't I? You will see by the above address that we have moved from Leichhardt. We have been living in Croydon for about five months, and we like it very much. We go to the Malvern Hill Methodist

other letter before the end of the year.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NE.

Selwyn Coats, "The Vicarage," Guyra, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—May I be one of your nephews? I am eleven years old, and my birthday is on July 19. At the Guyra Public School the boys in the upper classes held a meeting for the purpose of opening a subscription list in aid of the Red Cross Society. Cecil Thomas was elected secretary and chairman and I was elected treasurer. Last month I received 10s. 10d. When I lived in Byron Bay I used to know William Hunt. I wonder if he remembers me? I am enclosing some jokes for "Grit." I very much admire Mr. Jessup's clever cartoons, especially

Want of care is more dangerous than want of knowledge

the last one. If everybody voted for No-License the bough would break. What do you think of father's handwriting? With kindest regards to you and your nieces and nephews.—I remain, your coming Nephew.

(Dear Seiwyn,—I am very pleased to have your letter, and welcome you as a Ne'. I hope you will often write, and that you will send me a photo. Your jokes are very good. I am glad to hear you were helping the Red Cross work. I am always proud of the doings of my Ne's and Ni's. I thought your father's handwriting was fine, and was most thankful for his subscription. Glad you like Mr. Jessup's pictures.—Uncle B.)

GETTING OFF THE LIST.

Esther Stanmore, Auburn, N.S.W., writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—I am on the scalawag list I think, but I want to get off because I do not like that name. I have read "Grit," and enjoyed it. I have no beauty spots, uncle, just at present. Hoping all are well.—From your loving ni.

(Dear Esther,—I am so glad you don't like being a scalawag. Some of your "cousins" are such hardened scalawags that they don't mind a bit. So you have no beauty spots. Well, that is too bad. Never mind, send me a photo of yourself, please.—Uncle B.)

MAORI TALK.

Hugh Dash, Waimate, Nov. 15, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you have me for a ne. I am eight years in December 23rd. We are sending some Maori things for the "Grit" stall. They will be kapai (that is Maori for good). We wish the waipiro (grog) was swept out of the country. Instead of waipiro it should be waipukurau, which means stinking water. A man here had a sign painted on his shop Waipukurau Butchery, but he did not know that it meant stinking water butchery until the Maoris laughed. Mister Hammond was in our whare (house) a few days ago. He is a great rangitira (chief) prohibitionist and a kaiwaka (canoe eater) for working for "Grit." This is te pono (the truth).—Your loving ne. (P.S.—I like to open "Grit" to see the good pictures in it every time.—H.D.)

(Dear Hugh,—You are very welcome as a ne., and I enjoyed reading your letter very much. The Maori is most interesting. You ought to have ended it by saying plenty of aroha. Do you know what that means? If wai means water, what does mate mean? I have just found out, but I am not going to tell you. You see, my friend, Mr. Hammond has been telling me about you and about the things he has been finding out. I hope you will soon write again. We will all look out for your letters.—Uncle B.)

MORE MAORI.

Hori Collett, Waimate, Nov. 15, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you have me for a ne? I am eight years old; I will be nine on Feb. 28th. I am telling you the meaning of

some Maori names. My name is Hori, which means George; waimate, sickly water; waituna, water-eel; hakataramea, dance of the prickly grass; te pono, the truth; kapi, good; kai, food; wai, water; kaiwaka, canoe eater; waipiro, fire water (alcoholic drink); Tena-koi, Good-day; pakeha, white man; kapai te kumera, good the sweet potato; whare, house; wahine, woman. There is a Maori monument near here with Maori poetry on it. My grandmother was about the third white woman here, and when the Maoris wanted something to eat they would threaten her that they would take the piccaninny if she did not give them what they wanted. I had a chat to Mr. Hammond when he was here. I told him I liked the letters and puzzles in "Grit." The snow was on the hills then. I will tell you of the play of "The pay of the pied piper" I was in next time. From your New Zealand ne with love.

(Dear Hori,—Your letter is full of interest, and I am glad you have begun to write. Perhaps some day you will get a Maori to write John, chapter three, verse sixteen, in Maori, and tell your "Grit" cousins what it is. We will all look forward to hearing of "the pied piper." I do hope that the people of New Zealand will all soon know te pono about the waipiro, and then they will kick it out for ever. Now, I am going to have some kai, so must stop. Write soon. Uncle B.)

A FINE NEW NE.

Mark Arthur, Plainby, Crow's Nest, Queensland, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I have just had my tea; now I will write a letter to thee, hoping you are well and in the best of health, as this leaves me. I am a teetotaler; never touch sipirituous liquors, don't smoke, nor chew tobacco. There are six pubs in Crows' Nest—the population is about 2000. Plainby is a large agricultural district, grows wheat, barley, oats, rye, onions, potatoes and all kinds of vegetables. It is about seven miles to the west of Crows' Nest. It is well-stocked with farmers. It has a State school, a church, and a blacksmith's shop, and has Band of Hope Night every month. I am sending you a good yarn for "Grit." With love to you and all cousins.

(Dear Mark,—You are welcome as a ne. When is your birthday, and how old are you? Are you able to send a photo of yourself for Mr. Jones to have a peep at? I am glad to hear they have a Band of Hope. Did you know that Harry Lauder began his public career in a Band of Hope?

Thanks for the yarn; but sure and write again.—Uncle B.)

YOUR UNIFORM

will have to stand a lot of hard wear and tear. Why not have it faithfully made by an expert who thoroughly understands what is required. Come down and see

ERIC GUYOT,

who has had experience and training with the best military tailors in the State. If you go down to Parramatta you will get every satisfaction,

RIGHT OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE,

for he has made many uniforms lately, and each officer and man has been well satisfied. Both the quality and the prices are right.

Birdie McHennepin and her brother were in the country.

"Oh, see that!" exclaimed Birdie.

"See what?" inquired the stoical John.

"Why, see that little cloudlet just above the wavelet, like a tiny leaflet dancing o'er the scene!"

"Oh, come, you had better go out to the cumplet in the back yardlet and soak your little headlet."

HELP

your brothers who are crossing the seas to fight for Australia on the frozen fields of Europe.

THE SOLDIERS

are wanting help and encouragement. There are other foes which are even more deadly than the bullets. Men who carefully read this issue will

STAND FIRMLY

in the hour of temptation. They will see the folly of giving way.

This issue of "Grit" is prepared specially for the men. One pound will send the message to 250 soldiers. How much will you give? Send now to Box 390 G.P.O., Sydney.

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A cutting word cannot be healed, though a wound may

Spreading Sunshine.

Week by week I am going to try to help your Editor in his good work of helping others to spread sunshine. Never were happiness and cheerfulness needed more. The thousands of men and women who read "Grit" can do much by united effort. You won't agree with all the things I say or some of my theories. Time will prove whether our optimistic weekly chats are helpful. Your opinion is welcomed.

JARCHIM.

Field Service Regulations prevent you doing anything which will tend to depress the spirits of the men around you.

If it is a good thing to be cheerful on the field when there is so much to depress you, is it not even more necessary that you should be cheerful in camp.

You know a cheerful man has far more chances of keeping healthy than one who is dour and glum.

Take no risks.

Keep happy.

Worry does not last.

Nothing does.

One is reminded when addressing soldiers how much they have to put up with. It is an extraordinary fact that when men are herded together in masses they lose much of the ordinary refinements of civilisation, and do things, and say things, which under other circumstances they would scorn to do.

A worthy man with whom I am personally acquainted with, never swears except in camp. He is proud of the men in his company, yet when they make a mistake he expresses his opinion of them in language which leaves no possible excuse for ambiguity. Frequently the fault is not due to the men. It has happened that the officer has been tired with the watching incidental to a night on outpost duty. His nerves are ragged, and he does not give his orders with clearness and precision. You and I know how a slovenly order is always carried out in a clovenly manner.

Sometimes the men are stupid because they are tired. In their turn they are proud of their company officers, and perhaps do not mind the expressive outburst.

If you refrain from certain practices, your mates are going to term you a "wowser." The only retort which seems to meet the case is "It is better to be a wowser than a waster." If you get the reply that there are some people who are both, you will have to do some hard thinking.

It won't take you very long to prove that your life makes you worthy of respect, for as the average soldier hates preaching, he is equally quick to notice a life which is

"lived." A man has ample opportunity for spreading sunshine when he is connected with military matters, and if you desire it you will have the chance of dispersing the clouds which are sure to come in the future.

* * *

A pal of mine was in a great funk the other night because he dreaded making a speech at a little presentation which was to be made to him. I had the opportunity of encouraging him with the thought that under similar circumstances the great Napoleon failed utterly. This great general was once asked how he managed to retain his influence over his superiors whilst in Italy. His reply was brief and characteristic. "By reserve." The greatness of a man is not to be measured by their speeches. Some men who have distinguished themselves on the field of battle and elsewhere have been men of few words. Those were emphatical.

* * *

These words were written this week by a friend of mine. How do they strike you?

A measure of kindness in season;
A hearty old pat on the back;
And a brother is help'd beyond reason
Who might have been laid on the rack.
A smile of approval; some token
Of pleasure at what has been done;
And many a heart, nearly broken,
Grows warm as the sun.

Disdain of the labor completed;
Rebuke where you well might have pris'd;
And many a hope is deleted,
Full many a treasure eras'd.
A sharp word of disapprobation;
A blow in the place of that pat;
And the man, who had clim'd with elation,
Is tumbled down flat.

Is't worth it, this whipping of others,
Who strive but to give of their best?
Consider! At worst, we're all brothers;
And scorn often withers our zest.
A stile, and a dog that is halting!

Sober Soldiers Shoot Straightest

It is up to you to drink only non-alcoholic liquor. You can't do better than insist on getting the refreshing, cooling, and invigorating cordials manufactured by

SUMMONS & GRAHAM

PARRAMATTA.

(Look for the label.)

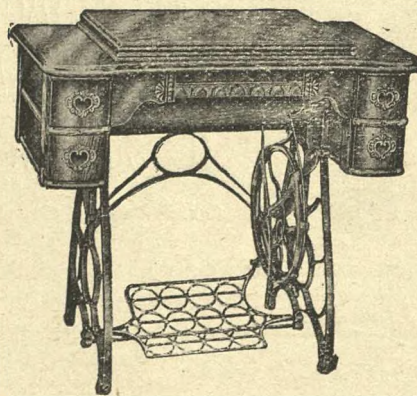
Why, Momus himself would extend
Kindly aid. There's no profit in salting
The wound you can mend.

You'll see, after infinite searching,
The spots that defile the sun's face.
You'll notice some falterers lurching,
When runners engage in a race.
But can't you, besides, see the sunlight,
That quickens the flow'rs the winds bend,
And also the athletes that run light
As air to the end.

Stretch a hand to a brother in trouble;
Don't cavil, if praise cannot be;
And care will become as a bubble
That floats on the face of the sea.
The darkness will pass, as a curtain
Let fall from a light-yielding pane;
And joy will have birth, just as certain
As once there was pain. W.

Hubby (angrily): "Here! What do you mean by waking me out of a sound sleep?"
Wife: "Because the sound was too distressing."

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THE EDITOR'S LETTER

(Continued from Page 9.)

speeding along in the motor, and did not notice it, like many others who were in the quiet of the home or church. Last night I had a great meeting in Hamilton. The leading doctor presided, and made an excellent chairman. He received an ovation, and made a most effective speech. Among other things he said: "I have been in touch with all the medical practitioners in the town, and find that if left to us we would carry No-License and Prohibition by considerably more than a three-fifths majority." We had five doctors on the platform, and not sufficient seats for all who came.

The Moderate League, which is the successor of the now defunct Liberty League and the Sports' Protection League, is somewhat prominent just now. They are, however, in the awkward position of being like the man who fell out of the balloon—they are not in

it. There is no third party, the ballot only provides for two parties, and you must be for or against prohibition, and the moderates strongly urge every one to vote for continuance, and so they are naturally linked up with the Liquor crowd.

I go on to Waihi to-day, and make my way back to Auckland by Saturday. Only two more letters, and once again I will have finished my triennial holiday and I will have many regrets at leaving this country of natural beauties, unequalled in my experience, a climate the most delightful I have known, a people boundless in their hospitality, but the love and loyalty of one's own friends in Sydney, and its many claims on me, are an irresistible call to me, and I am preparing with joy to start for home.

If beer is a food, why do you so often see a man begging for something to eat after he has been on a three days' drunk?



Many of the atrocities committed by the Germans have been due to alcoholic excesses.
—News item.
Drunken German to Louvain: "Wait until I finish this bottle, then I will finish the baby."

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DIRECT IMPORT OF

JAPANESE KIMONOS AND DRESSING JACKETS

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LADIES' KIMONO DRESSING JACKETS, in Sky, Pink, Grey, Helio., and Navy Floral Crepe, in the new style, fastening to neck, with small turn-down collar, finished White Crepe Facings. PRICE, 3/6.

LADIES' NAVY, PINK, GREY, SKY, and HELIO., Floral Crepe DRESSING JACKETS, with inlet sleeve, finished White Silk Facings and Cords. PRICE, 4/9.

LADIES' KIMONO DRESSING JACKETS, in Self-colored Crepe, nicely Hand Embroidered, and finished White Crepe Facings, in Helio., Sky, Pink, Grey, and Navy. PRICE, 5/6.

LADIES' JAPANESE CREPE KIMONO DRESSING GOWNS. LADIES' KIMONO DRESSING GOWNS, in Self-colored Crepe, finished with white Crepe facings, in O. Rose, Saxe, Sky, Grey, Tango, Fawn, Reseda, and Champagne. PRICE, 3/11.

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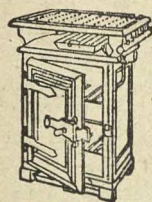
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Come in and have it demonstrated, or write for a Catalogue.

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.

THE PRIZEWINNER.

Maggie Watt, of Buffalo Road, Ryde, wins the prize this week with a story about a namesake.

A party of soldiers were once marching through a storm, and the soldiers did not keep their ranks well. Meeting a general, he angrily demanded: "What's the meaning of this? I never saw such unsoldierlike marching?" Then, addressing himself to the officer:

"What's your name?"

"Watt, sir."

"What's your name, I say?"

"Watt, sir."

"Did ever a man hear the like of this?" cried the enraged general, and turning to one of the privates, he said:

"What's the name of the captain of this company?"

"Witch, sir."

"Why, this, to be sure, this company. What's the commander's name?"

"Witch, sir."

This was repeated several times until the general caused the party to halt. "In 40 years I have never witnessed such insolence as this. Meeting a company, I find fault

with their marching. I ask the officer to tell me his name, and he answers 'Watt, sir.' Then I speak to a private, wishing to know the commander's name, and he replies 'Witch, sir,' though there is only one company here. I look upon this conduct as an insult. Step forward the captain commanding. What is your name?"

"Witch, sir. Captain Witch, of the 2nd Company of the 50th Regiment."

The general started, and turned to the officer. "What is yours?"

"Watt, sir. Lieutenant Watt of the same."

At this the general burst out laughing.

"So there is no insult, only a mistake. Hurry out of the rain, my good fellows; only don't keep a Watt and a Witch in the same company as long as you can help it."

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

Coming fresh from the country a youth had just procured a position in a city grocery. As he had been warned that the city folks would "josh" him because he was from the country he was very cautious. One afternoon a girl entered the store and said:

"I should like to get some birdseed, please."

Confident that he had detected a "josh" the youth answered with a smile:

"No, you can't 'josh' me. Birds grow from eggs, not seeds."

MAKING SLOW PROGRESS.

Richard rushed into the house after his first day at school and seized the funny page of the paper, scanning it with eager anticipation. Throwing it down he exclaimed in utter disgust:

"Gee, but that's a rotten school!"

"Why, Richard!" said his astounded mother. "Why do you say that?"

"Well I've been to it a whole day and I ain't learned to read yet."

WHY SHOULDN'T HE BE?

"Dat baby ob you's," said Mrs. Jackson, "am de puffect image ob his fathah."

"Yas," answered Mrs. Johnson, "he am a reg'lar carbon copy."

SHE KNEW FROM EXPERIENCE.

"What is conscience?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

There was a dead silence from the class.

"Oh, you know," she said encouragingly.

"What is it that tells us when we do wrong?"

"kNow," said the littlest girl in the class; "it's Grandma."

WHY HE OBJECTED.

"Now," said the Principal, to one of the pupils at the close of the lesson in which he had touched on the horrors of war, "do you object to war, my boy?"

"Yes, sir, I do," was the fervent answer.

"Now tell us why."

"Because," said the youth, "wars make history an' I jest hate history."

The new cook, who had come into the household during the holidays, asked her mistress:

"Where ban your son? I not seeing him round here no more."

"My son," replied the mistress proudly.

"Oh, he has gone back to Yale. He could only stay away long enough to stay until New Year's Day, you see. I miss him dreadfully though."

"Yas, I knowing yoost how you feel. My broder, he ban in yail sax times since Thanksgiving."

DON'T BE ONE-EYED

READ

THE WORKER

IT GIVES ALL THE POLITICAL NEWS
OF THE WEEK.

ITS CARTOONS SIZE UP THE
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IT IS EASY TO TELL ONE LIE; HARD TO TELL ONLY ONE

Just a Dandelion.

Monsieur Voldore interested you in his last realistic story which appeared in these pages. You will find this story equally emotional. The climax is arrived at with startling suddenness.

I eagerly looked forward to their arrival. Not that they paid the slightest attention to me. An insignificant dandelion flower, whose sole protection was its plain, everyday appearance. I was but one of many wild, un-cared-for flowers that sprang into life at the beckoning of a bright Australian sun. But I was happy. Into my uneventful life there came the two.

Just a maid and a man. Walking along the highway, arm in arm, blissfully unconscious of things terrestrial, unconsciously crushing beneath their feet the unwanted product of nature. She was convalescing from an attack of typhoid, followed by brain fever, and was now content to listen to him tell the old, old story that the centuries have failed to alter. And he was held spellbound by hazel eyes, surmounted by a pure white skin, flushed with the glow of youth and love.

On a number of occasions they strolled by, casting not so much as a compassionate glance on my plain being. But I was not jealous. Into my dead soul there had crept a kindly interest. With the first sign of the great golden ball dipping behind the distant ridge, my frail being, limp with the heat of day, would spring into life. Through the dim of the twilight I would peer until my two souls appeared. Then one evening, with the moon throwing her silver mantle on the green field, the lovers sat down to rest. A few yards from me there was a fine old log, relic of the days when Nature had reigned supreme. Reminiscent of the struggle that went on between primeval force. When the grass fought the plant, and the latter attempted to gain a few flickering rays of life-giving sunshine, that these vain monarchs of the forest so begrudged to their struggling kind.

But the log had long lain by the wayside. And then, heavens! how my heart pulsed at the joy of it. So close that the gentle, pure presence of Her tinged my cheeks with sweet perfume. An unconscious listener, I tried in vain to hide my head from those sweet words which fell so spontaneously from his lips.

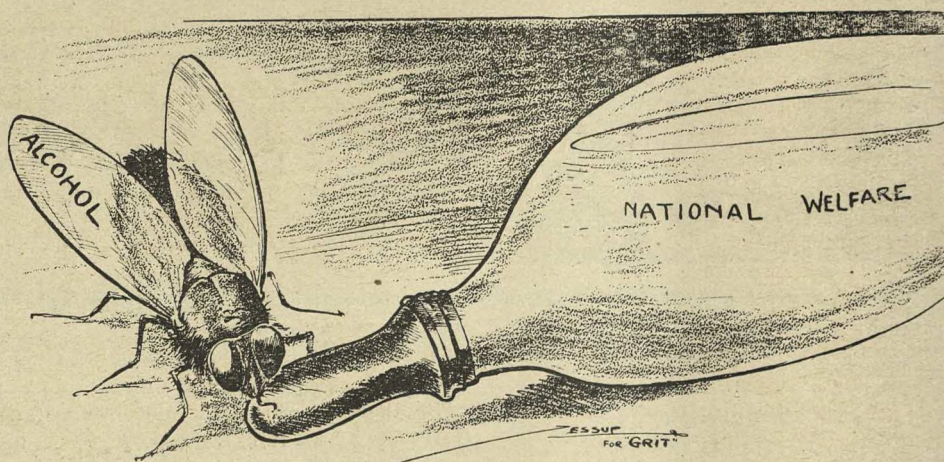
Why did he so suddenly become sad? Why did she clutch his arm? Was that appealing look in vain? In words hushed and broken I heard of the dread struggle going on overseas. Where man, triumphant over nature, had entered upon a destructive war. Where the sweet green fields had lost their color under the blood flowing from tens of thousands of wounded bodies. Where the pure streams had tinged to a nauseating red under the influx of blood. From his lips there

poured a passionate avowal of his love for her. But he felt it his duty to take his share in the defence of a great Empire. He had made up his mind to volunteer and leave with the Expeditionary Force. His manhood compelled him. Though home, heart, and all that was dear in life called him, he intended to do his duty. And the maid. With that spirit that has given birth to an Australian and British spirit, she said yea. Though her poor, feeble heart near collapsed under the stress of strong emotion she bade him go.

When next they visited their familiar path-way, he was a bonny soldier boy. Clad in khaki he looked a gay figure. His eyes aglow

Both of the brave laddies were drinking spirits. And then his voice, which always spoke in accents low and sincere, in this spot, broke forth into raucous laughter. He blasphemed. The Devil was working through the spirits he had absorbed. With scared faces we dandelions looked at this sacrilege. What if the maid came along. Night was setting in. The man was alone. His chum had gone. He fell into the deep sleep of intoxication.

I tried to warn her. My poor futile self, however, failed to impede her. With anxious, careworn face she walked along. When within a hundred yards she saw the form lying still. With a little sob of delight she



SWAT THAT FLY.

with the fire of enthusiasm. Conscious of doing right, he still further captivated the heart of the maiden. And she bore her sorrow well.

But what was that strange hesitation on his part to tell her of his camp life. What had he to hide? Nothing, you say. But he was keeping something back. With my flower-spirit I could read the signs of trouble in his once clear mind.

This continued, and at each visit I could see it too plainly. But the maid, all unconscious, worshipped her brave soldier boy. Oh, the shame of it. One day there appeared on the lovers' walk two figures—both in soldiers' costume. It was he and a friend. They sat down on the hallowed log. My poor spirit was crushed with what I saw. Drinking.

ran forward. But the call of the happy lover was stifled. My life-spirit turned to ice. The tragedy of it. She bent over the recumbent form. Her maiden purity reflected the vague horror that those hazel eyes expressed. She called him by name. But he answered not. The deep sleep of intoxication defied the heart-call. Then she saw the empty bottles. Her boy a drunkard! With a piercing scream, expressing the agony of a true soul suffering the torments of the damned, she collapsed.

They found her a helpless, babbling child. Her large hazel eyes stared into vacancy, while now and then she uttered his name in horror-stricken accents. Never again would she recognise her soldier boy.

I HAVE DECLARED WAR UPON ALL TEETH-ACHES

The aches and pains from which folk suffer through faulty, decayed teeth are banished by my special painless treatment. I can extract the most abscessed tooth—fill the biggest back molar—cap any tooth, or do any other dental work which MIGHT involve a certain amount of pain—without causing you even the SLIGHTEST TWINGE of agony. And, furthermore, my system and my marvellous anaesthetic does not cause you one scrap of after-discomfort. My fees are

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Painless Fillings, from 5/-

Crown and Bridgework 21/-
Single Tooth on Plate, from 5/-

DENTIST REANEY,

The Man with the Motto: "NO HUMBUG."

Opp. GRACE BROS. (Hours 9 to 6) and 8 OXFORD STREET.

A kindly word costs nothing and often goes a very long way

A SOLDIER'S VIEW.

There has been quite a stir in both Prohibition circles recently over the action of General Fred Dent Grant, of the United States army, the well known son of the late President Grant.

General Grant is a warm friend of the Temperance cause. When the Prohibitionists held a great demonstration in Chicago, not long ago, General Grant rode at the head of the procession. The liquor men were very angry, declaring that he had no right to wear his army uniform while doing so, even going so far as to write the Secretary of War on behalf of the "United Societies," complaining of his action. The Secretary of War's reply not only affirmed General Grant's right to wear his uniform where he chose to go, but his right to take part in any social or moral reform movement that did not interfere with his official duties.

It is said that Secretary Dickenson's letter also expressed surprise at the criticism offered by an organization which professed special favor for "personal liberty."

General Grant furthermore expressed his views very freely on the drink question in an interview in which he made the following among other strong statements:

I am an out and out Prohibitionist.

Because I have seen that strong drink has been the source of untold misery to individuals, to families and to communities. I believe that Prohibition would be an inestimable benefit to this country and to the world.

I have favored the cause of Prohibition all my life.

I am convinced that its honest enforcement would solve many of the social problems of the land.

I have not always been a total abstainer, although I am one now.

As my belief was strengthened by my own observations, I decided that the cause demanded more than passive acknowledgment of its truth.

Where Prohibition has been honestly enforced, the cause of law and order has advanced.

I think I am not too radical in my belief in the value of Prohibition, when I consider the length and breadth of my experience which has determined my position on this point.

In a discussion of this question, reference has been made to an interview of the General's with a representative of the Defender which was published in New York on May 7, 1907. The General was asked for an ex-

pression of opinion on the drink question, not as a Government official, but as a man of experience. The interviewer said, "Have you a message to give to the young men of this country on this question?" The reporter's record of the General's response was as follows:

"All right," said General Grant. "I will discuss that question, not as a general in the United States army, but as an individual. Have I a message to the young men of this country? Here it is:

"Tell the young men through your paper General Grant does not drink a drop of liquor—has not for eighteen years; because he is afraid to drink it."—"Vanguard."

DOES IT?

Again are in circulation the old yarns that moderate drinking is harmless, that the evils of temperance are the result only of excess, and that as much evil comes from over-eating as from over-drinking. Replying to the latter of these absurdities, the "Lincoln Visitor" asks the following pertinent questions:—

Does soup ever make a man crazy?

Does fish ever drag a man under the table?

Does bread ever give a man the big head next morning?

When a man eats beef to-day, does he crave the whole cow to-morrow, and, if he



THE PATRIOTIC PLEDGE—WITH MENTAL RESERVATIONS.

Munns, the famous champagne maker, has been arrested as a spy.—News item.

Tired Tim: "I see by this 'ere paper that Munns has been arrested."

Weary Willie: "Well, I'm blowed; I will never drink a drop of his stuff again as long as I live."

Interesting criticisms have been received concerning Grit. The strong points and the weaker features have been discussed. Your opinion would be welcomed.

Pen your ideas now to
Box 390, G.P.O.

cannot get it does it set him to smashing the furniture?

Does the leg of a chicken ever send a man home to abuse his wife and his babies?

Do life insurance companies ever turn men away because they are addicted to strawberries and cream?

Do apple dumplings ever make a man rosy-nosed?

Does pumpkin-pie ever keep a man from finding the key-hole?

Lieut. Eric Guyot, whose tailoring advertisement appears elsewhere in this issue, is a well known military officer. He was for years subaltern to his father, Major Guyot, V.D., and is now Adjutant to the newly-formed 20th (Parramatta) Regiment.

HAVE YOUR CLOTHES TAILORED BY AN EXPERT.

TAILOR, COSTUME
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Exclusive Designs Arriving each
Weekly Mail.

ESTABLISHED 1887.

God gives every bird food, but He does not throw it into the nest

DO SOLDIERS NEED RUM.

The following striking testimony from Colonel Lehmanousky, who had been twenty-three years in the armies of Napoleon Bonaparte, answers this question well. Tall, erect, and vigorous, with a glow of health upon his cheek, he arose before an audience and said:

You see before you a man seventy years old. I have fought in two hundred battles, have fourteen wounds on my body, have lived thirty days on horse-flesh, with the bark of trees for my bread, snow and ice for my drink, the canopy of heaven for my covering, without stockings or shoes on my feet, and only a few rags of clothing. In the deserts of Egypt, I have marched for days with a burning sun upon my naked head; feet blistered in the scorching sand, and with eyes, nostrils, and mouth filled with dust; and with a thirst so tormenting that I have opened the veins in my arms and sucked my own blood. Do you ask how I survived all these horrors I answer that, under the providence of God, I owe my preservation, my health and vigor, to this fact, that I never drank a drop of spirituous liquor in my life; and Baron

Larrey, chief of the medical staff of the French army, has stated as a fact that the six thousand survivors who safely returned from Egypt were all of them men who abstained from ardent spirits.

From the most recent report of the London Temperance Hospital, it transpires that 32,221 patients were treated last year in that institution without the use of alcohol. Not in one single case was this discredited drug used. This ounce of fact, taken with the figures showing that the use of alcohol in all the large hospitals in the country has notably decreased of late years, is encouraging.—“The Vanguard.”

As little Freddie had reached the mature age of three, and was about to discard petticoats for manly raiment in the form of knickerbockers, his mother determined to make the occasion a memorable one. The fledgling was in ecstasies as he appeared at the dinner-table. Displaying his garments to full advantage, he edged close to his mother and whispered: “Mummie, can I call pa Bill now?”

W. KERR,

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542-544 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

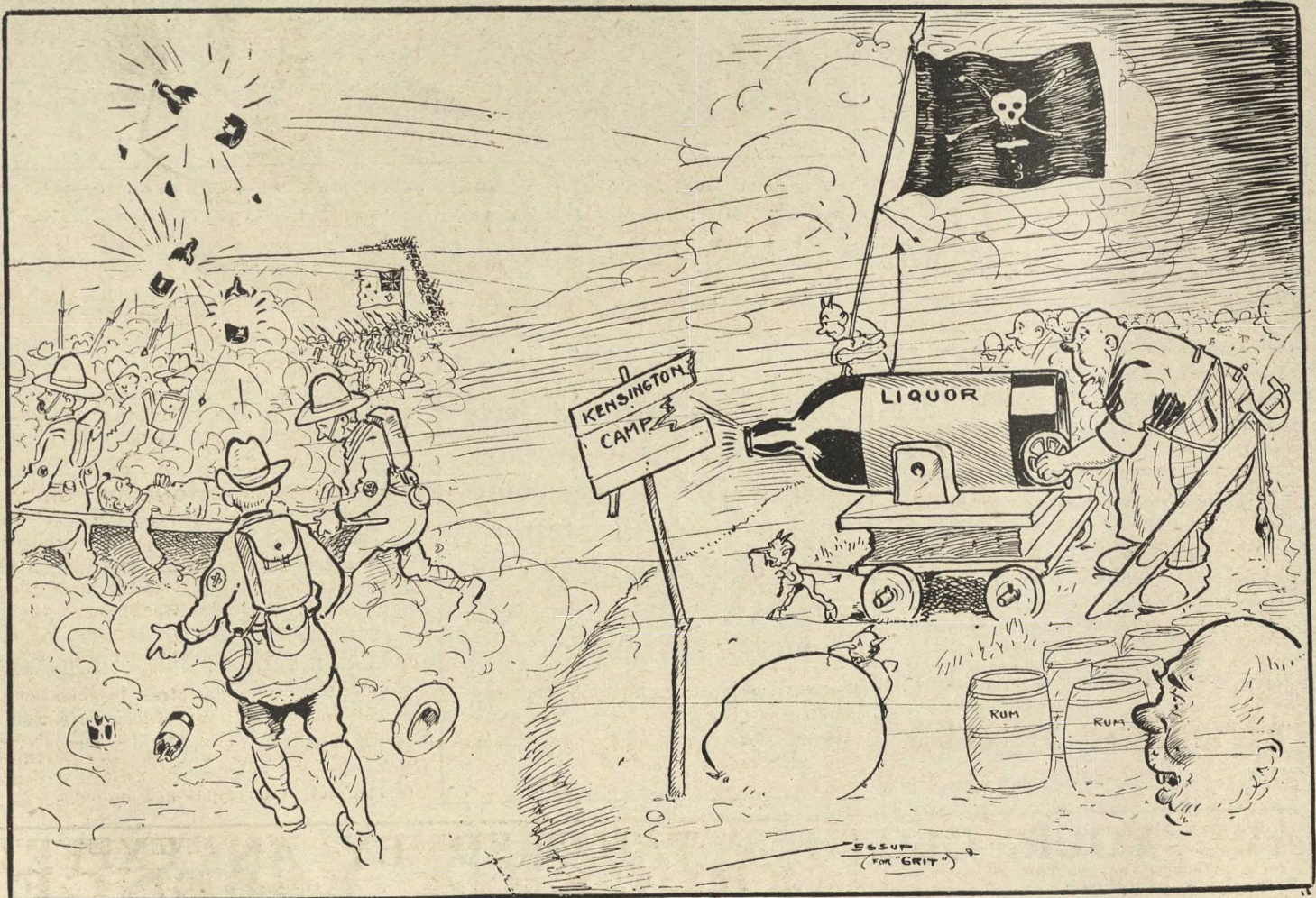
Opp. Town Hall.



Finest house in the city for all kinds of up-to-date LADIES' JEWELLERY, where you are bewildered by the enormous variety from which to choose and the vast range of prices suitable for every purse.

NEW GOODS BY EVERY MAIL.

CALL AND INSPECT OUR STOCK.



A MASTERLY RETREAT.

The Military Authorities have decided to remove the Camp from Kensington in order that the men will not have the same facilities for obtaining liquor.—News item.

Count your mercies and you discount your miseries

HER SOLDIER BOY.

This pretty little poem, which was specially written for "Grit" by a promising Australian girl, tells how the old mother watched in vain through her scalding tears, for her soldier boy who never returned.

Peaceful sunset and tranquil sky,
And a quaint old cottage home,
With a grey-hair'd mother weaving dreams
Of her boy across the foam,

Working fingers that ply and knit,
As her dreams spin into the thread
The sorrows that come, with the blare of war,
To whiten her aching head.

A frozen field, with a dull brown line
Where the trenches scar the site;
And a lad who cowers, in a deadly fear,
From the scream of the leaden flight.

Shrapnel, and shell, and Maxim hail,
Rifle, and bullet, and steel,
Till his heart sinks low with the hellish din,
And his boyish senses reel.

They come; they charge! And a reckless laugh
Rips out from the waiting rank;
But the boy is speeding for very life
Far down on the hither flank.

They bring him back in the golden dawn,
With a scorn that reason kills;
And his comrades' rifles spit his death,
As the sunrays kiss the hills.

A waiting mother knits, and dreams,
At the rear of her peaceful home,
Of a gallant soldier-boy scarr'd, and bronzed,
Out fighting, beyond the foam.

—Queenie Owen.

THE UNIFORM YOU WEAR.

Drunkenness in the military camps in connection with the Expeditionary Force was the subject of a discussion in the Upper House recently. If the reports we have received are true, there has been cause for complaint. The liquor trade has no mercy or consideration. By the manner in which the publicans have supplied our soldiers with liquor, they have shown that they did not care whether the men were drunk or rendered less efficient to defend the Empire. Prompted by greed, they have sold all the liquor they could, and cared nothing for consequences. As in England, so in New Zealand, the liquor bars should have been closed down early in towns near military

King's uniform, whether soldier or policeman, should be allowed to consume liquor at a public-house bar, and both the man who sells the liquor and the man who purchases it should be liable to be punished. Only the fear of the law will make many of the publicans go straight.—Exchange.

Addressing the naval cadets some time since, the Emperor of Germany said: "The next war and the next naval battle will make great demands on the nerves, and only those who can respond to those demands to whom the use of alcohol is a strange thing. In the next naval war victory will belong to that nation which can show the smallest consumption of alcohol."



GET OUT! WE DON'T WANT YOU!

Senator Pearce, Minister for Defence, has declared that no further canteens will be permitted at camps of the Australian Expeditionary Force. Existing canteens for the sale of alcoholic liquor at camps are to be abolished.—News item.

Don't be late on Parade. When the

FALL IN

has sounded, be ready for your inspection. You can only be sure of doing this if you have the correct time on you. It is no use depending on your mate. His watch may be slow.

AT RICHARD STRAUB'S

PARRAMATTA,

you can get a beautiful wristlet watch from 12/6 upwards. Satisfaction is guaranteed. Mail orders will receive early attention, or you can make your personal selection by looking over his wide range of stock.

DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

camps. We are not aware of any steps having been taken by the Government to protect the men from the temptations of the liquor trade. In this our Government compares unfavorably with the Imperial Government. We may be told that if men are sufficiently patriotic to fight for their country, they must be given liberty, and no irksome regulations must be imposed upon them. We reply that their patriotism should include sobriety, and they should conduct themselves in such a manner that they may be respected by the people and in no way disgrace the

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "GRIT."

Miss T. L. Neale (31/12/15), 6s.; Mrs. A. G. Robertson (31/12/14), 12s.; Miss McLeod (31/12/14), 12s. 10d.; Mrs. D. J. Brown (31/8/13, on acc.), 15s.; Miss Campbell (31/12/15), 6s.; Mrs. Houghton (1/12/15), 6s.; Mrs. Jackson (1/3/15), 1s. 6d.; W. E. Wilson, donation Troops' edition, 20s.; Mrs. Trickett (30/6/15), 3s.; Mrs. Hackett (3/3/15), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Douglas (3/12/15), 6s.; Mrs. T. Corbett (3/3/15), 1s. 6d.; C. A. Smith, N.Z. (31/12/14), 8s.; C. A. Smith, N.Z., Fighting Fund, 2s.; W. N. Gillies, Q. (31/12/14), 17s.; A. C. Alcorn, Troops' edition, 20s.; Mrs. R. Aldestone, Tas., 3s.

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Xmas Stockings, Xmas Trees, Father Xmas, Lucky Sacks, China, Basket, Wood and Tin Novelties (filled with sweets), Garlands, Xmas Holly, Paper Balls, Fancy Lace for Xmas Cakes, Xmas Cakes and Biscuits, Chinese Lanterns, Mechanical Figures, Flags, Bon Bons, Crystalized Fruits, OPERA BOXES (filled with special sweets, 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. Boxes), and the very latest of Imported Confectionery.

CALARAB CANDY FIGS (20lb. Boxes at 11d. per lb.)

Send for our Beautifully Illustrated Catalogue of Confectionery and Novelties. Be sure and pay a visit to our establishment, and we will show you our immense stock of New Season's Goods. If you cannot, write and tell us what you want.

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