

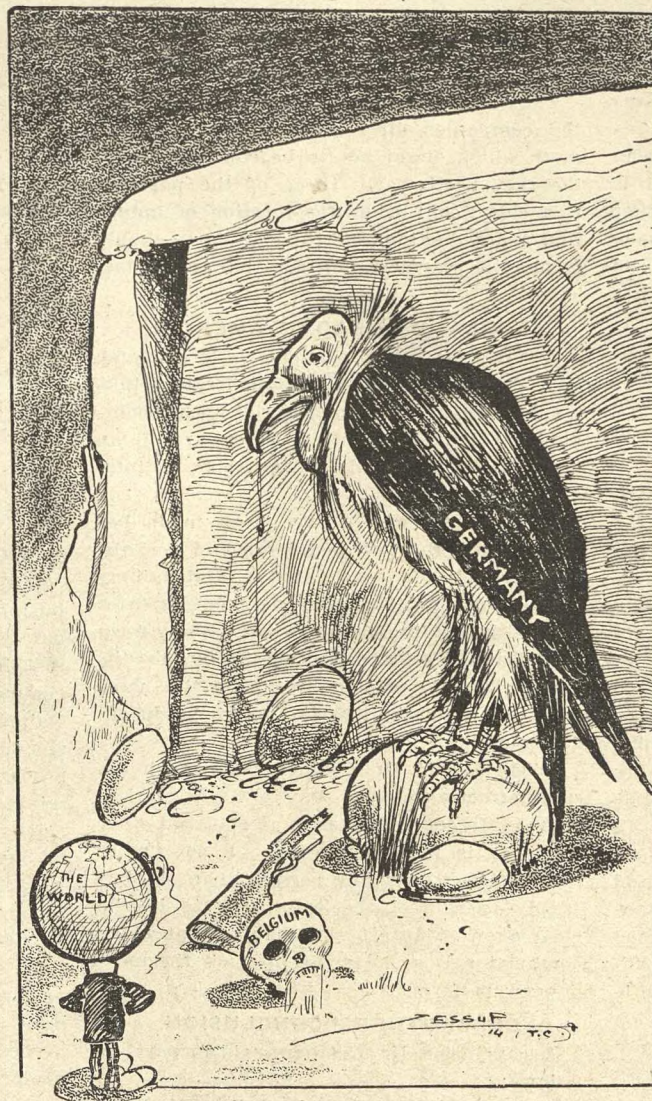
Grit.

A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. VIII. No. 38.

Price One Penny. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1914.

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



MISTAKEN.

The World.- "I always thought you were an eagle, but I see now that you are a vulture."

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INSURANCE AND NARCOTICS.

DR. T. D. CROTHERS SAYS USERS OF ALCOHOL SHOULD BE RATED UP FROM TEN TO TWENTY YEARS.

T. D. Crothers, M.D., superintendent of Walnut Lodge Hospital, Hartford, Conn., and long a specialist on the effects of narcotics on the human body, told examiners of American Life Convention companies at French Lick, Ind., this week that all users of alcohol should be rated up from ten to twenty years, and those who had taken patent "gold" cures were absolutely uninsurable risks. Dr. Crothers began his studies along this line in 1874 as assistant physician in the first inebriate asylum in the world, at Binghamton, N.Y. Since then he has confined himself to this sort of work. He concludes from his experience and studies that alcohol is the most profound degenerative agent, that its use produces distinct diseases and neuroses, which are as traceable and curable as any other disease. Dr. Crothers is the author of two books on the subject and is the founder and editor of the first journal devoted exclusively to the scientific study of alcohol and its effects. Two similar journals are now published in Germany and another in England.

REFORMERS STIMULATED RESEARCH.

The scientific study was stimulated by the seeming rash claims of abstainers, but the study has brought out the fact that they were not so far wrong in their theories. In spite of these proofs some companies still retain the Anstie theory that a certain amount of spirits are harmless and may be consumed in the body with little or no danger, providing the amount is below a certain limit.

In England and on the continent there are many alcoholics—persons who drink regularly but "not to excess" at any time. In America there are more inebriates—persons who drink excessively at various times and then become total abstainers in the intervals. The longevity of both is shortened, but the inebriate shows less certainty of early death than the alcoholic. The records of inebriates as a class, however, do not put them above alcoholics, and from a life insurance standpoint the inebriate is a more dangerous risk than the European alcoholic.

SHOW LOW VITALITY.

Both alcoholics and inebriates show low vitality when injured or undergoing operations, both are prone to infection from bacteria and climatic conditions. In brief, said Dr. Crothers, the alcoholic is toxemic, suffering from autointoxication in addition to the toxine of alcohol. The inebriate is a

neuropath and psychopath, subject to morbid impulses and obsessions, with defective and degenerative brain control.

Companies and their medical examiners have done a great deal in this field, and particularly the examiners, who are and have been practical laboratory workers, and while the facts have been put on a mathematical basis there is a great deal of mystery yet, and whole fields of study that have not yet been occupied.

The commercial objects and purposes of the companies all centre on two or three facts which ought not to be concerned with theories, particularly those of the past. It is a clear, cold scientific question of induction and deduction, and the examiners should receive the warmest consideration and assistance.

ENGLAND AHEAD OF AMERICA.

Several companies, particularly in England, have determined not to take moderate drinkers, because of the increased risk; other companies hesitate, but all look forward to an ideal condition of only taking risks on total abstainers.

Comparisons which have been made between death rates of abstainers and non-abstainers indicate clearly that non-abstainers have from ten to fifteen per cent. greater mortality than those who do not use any form of spirits. These deductions refer to the same class of persons in about the same condition with slight variations in the different countries.

Tobacco, said Dr. Crothers, has much the same effect as alcohol, but in a less marked degree. In connection with alcohol and other drugs it is more dangerous. It has more serious effect on young persons than old, but steady users feel the worst effects in the older ages. Cigarettes, probably because the combustion is so near the lips, are the most dangerous form.

DR. CROTHERS' CONCLUSION.

In conclusion Dr. Crothers said in part, as follows:

There is no question about the effects of alcohol in large doses, used continuously or at intervals. The laboratory work has shown beyond question its paralyzing effects in doses from a half to an ounce; also that it has a special action on the vasomotor centres, deranging the circulation, and that it dehydrates the water of cell and tissue. Cells exposed to one-tenth of one per cent. of al-

cohol become shrunken and changed in appearance. The granular matter, the dendrites and the nerve terminals are eroded and after a time become the seat of inflammation. New toxins are formed which still further complicate the protoplasmic growth and activities of the body.

Tobacco does the same thing, only in a lesser degree, and is more corroding. These facts are confirmed by clinical experience of the histories of persons and studies of symptoms.

These facts are amply confirmed by comparative studies of alcohol and tobacco on cell growth in plants and animals, showing deterrent and degenerative physiological effects that are unmistakable.

There can be only one conclusion from this, and that is, that alcohol is the most subtle and dangerous of all drugs, impairing health and lessening longevity.

SUGGEST PHYSICAL EXAMINATION.

Occupation, successes and failures in life and their effects on the mentality and the ambitions and purposes of the individual are most important.

Policy-holders to-day are subjected to strains and drains unknown a half-century ago. There are certain occupations, certain environment that strongly predispose to the use of narcotics like alcohol and tobacco. There are certain causes, some of them physical, that should be the subject of distinct and exhaustive examinations.

Medical examiners should be laboratory and clinical judges for the deductive and inductive studies of the entire phenomena of living. They should have the largest liberty and greatest encouragement to include in these studies every possible physiological, psychological and sociological question that enters into every-day life.

WOULD RATE UP ALL DRINKERS.

If the companies are unable to limit their business to total abstainers there is already data sufficient to indicate the possibility of insuring moderate drinkers on a practical commercial basis; thus a man at forty who claims to be drinking alcohol in moderation should be rated with the same expectancy as a man of fifty or fifty-five, and pay premiums accordingly. A periodic drinker of thirty should be charged the same premiums as one of forty-five or fifty. This is on the supposition that they are free from the ordinary symptoms of physical disability.

The central fact is that the drink and drug taker has discounted the future, and is prematurely aged, and the company can estimate this premature ageing and issue policies accordingly. All persons acknowledging the moderate or occasional use of spirits should pay the same premium as persons from ten to twenty years older, depending on circumstances and conditions.

The present system of making all classes pay the same rates is an injustice to the abstainer, who must pay for the increased risks which the company assumes by insuring the moderate drinker.—"The Western Underwriter" (an insurance organ).

STRICT (?) SUPERVISION.

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

FIFTY GOLDEN SOVEREIGNS.

It cost John Albert Harden fifty golden sovereigns on November 29th because he had received payment for twelve glasses of beer which were supplied to Constable Reardon and others. Fifteen men were drunk in the house at the same time. Harden, when charged before Mr. Clarke at Redfern, pleaded that he was only doing a kindness and obliging the landlord, who was ill. He was merely a lodger at the house, and was helping the landlord to serve out the drinks. Mr. Clark was not impressed to any extent by this story, for the landlord had been fined £50 himself only a few days before, and the Bench imposed another fine of £50 upon the obliging lodger.

There must be tremendous profits in sly-grog selling when, despite the fact that Alexandria has more than its fair share of hotels, it is able to keep a sly-grog shop going.

DEATH FROM DRINK—A FEARFUL MEMORY.

Mrs. Eleanor King will have a fearful memory to carry with her for the rest of her days. Mr. Hawkins, City Coroner, has censured her for being concerned in her husband's death. "If you had behaved yourself and kept away from drink your husband might have been alive to-day. You will have that to think of for years to come, and I sincerely hope you will leave drink alone," said Mr. Hawkins.

Evidence was given that the deceased, George King, was a professional ventriloquist. He went to see Mrs. Ivy Pearl Morton; he was crying bitterly, and had some raw chops and potatoes in his hands. "Nothing has been done for me for a fortnight—nothing since I came out of the hospital. Would you please cook these chops and potatoes for me?" he said. Mrs. Morton gladly commenced to perform this neighborly deed, and King was on the verandah. She heard him call out "Good-bye, it is too late." She rushed out on to the verandah and found him dying, with the blood pouring from his throat.

Mrs. King admitted that she had been drinking on the morning of her husband's death. He had said to her, "I am going blind; I will cut my throat."

DRUNK AT DRUMMOYNE.

Constable Bowie, of Drummoyne, had an exciting experience when arresting a person on Monday. It was about 12.30, and Bowie was in Bridge-street when he arrested a man on the charge of drunkenness. The man declined to go with the constable, and

struggled violently. Both men fell to the ground, and Bowie eventually got on top and secured the other man's hands behind his back and took him along to the police station. On arrival at the station gates there was another fierce struggle. The man got his right hand free and placed it in his coat pocket. A shot was then fired. Bowie grabbed the man, who still had his hand in his pocket, and immediately four more shots rang out, passing between the constable's left side and his arm. Bowie bravely attacked the man and again threw him, and held him down till Constable Clark arrived. He took charge of the revolver and got the man down to the police station.

Captain Gerds was struck by one of the flying bullets, which hit his right eye.

The arrested man was charged with drunkenness, shooting with intent, and inflicting bodily harm.

A PUBLICAN FINED.

Maurice Smith, licensee of the Bathurst Hotel, Bathurst, has been fined for allowing drunkenness to take place on his premises.

The defendant admitted that a drunken man had been found in the bar, but he denied that he had served him with liquor.

The Bench held that the defendant was guilty, and imposed a fine.

BROKE INTO A CHURCH.

Bertrude Melville broke into a church at Petersham and stole an apron and other documents. He pleaded before Judge Rogers that he had a wife and children to keep, and eagerly promised to take the pledge and live a Christian life if he were allowed to do so. His Honor said, "Will you keep the pledge?" Melville: "Yes, I will swear it before your Honor now." Judge Docker: "Very well. But the difficulty in cases of drink is that the will-power is destroyed. When a person is brought before this Court for having committed some offence, he is very penitent and is ready to make all sorts of promises as to the future. Unfortunately where a craving for drink exists there is no will-power to resist it. Something is wanted to keep them out of temptation for a time. I think that you already feel better for having been kept in confinement for this offence, but it takes some time to get rid of the craving, and I

W. KERR,

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NEW GOODS BY EVERY MAIL.

CALL AND INSPECT OUR STOCK.

think the best way I can reform you is to keep you away from the drink for some time yet. I am going to send you to Long Bay Reformatory for three months, and at the expiration of that time I hope you will be able to strengthen your desire to give up drink and take the pledge once and for all and live an honest and reputable life."

GROG FOR THE SOLDIERS.

Andrew Cowan, a coach proprietor at Liverpool, has been making money out of the soliders. In addition to driving passengers to the camp in his cabs, he sold liquor without a license. Military regulations prohibit soldiers drinking in camps, and the military officers refuse to allow them to go into town to get beer. Cowan, however, obviated that difficulty by bringing the beer out to them.

When brought before the court he pleaded ignorance of the law, and this ignorance cost him £30 in fines.

GERMAN BEER.

Who first brewed beer prepared a pest for Germans. I have prayed to God that He would destroy the whole brewing industry. I have often pronounced a curse on the first brewers. All Germany could live on the barley that is spoiled by the brewers. Germany would be much richer than she is if so much beer were not drunk.—Luther.

A BREAKFAST, DINNER, AND TEA BEVERAGE.

FRUCERIA ESSENCE

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Take Home To-day

a Caddy of this

Delicious Tea

at **2/-** per lb.

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

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

New South Wales Alliance.

It is interesting to note the voting in the Senate on 25th November on the proposal to amend the Defence Act so as to re-introduce "wet" canteens at military camps, etc. The number of those voting for the amendment was 13, and against 18, as follows:—

"Wet."—Ferricks, M. A.; Givens, T.; Henderson, G.; Needham, E.; Turley, H. (the mover); Story, W. H.

"Dry."—Bakhap, T. J. K.; Gardiner, A. (N.S.W.); Guy, J.; Keating, J. H.; Mullan, J.; Newland, J.; Pearce, G. F.; Senior, W.; Watson, D. (N.S.W.); Ready, R. K.; Shannon, J. W.

Pairs.—Buzacott, R.; De Largie, H.; Long, J. J.; Blakey, A. E. H.; Findley, E.; O'Keefe, D. J.; McDougall, A. (N.S.W.); Lynch, P. J.; Barker, S.; Stewart, J. C.; Russell, E. J.; Guthrie, R. S.; Grant, J. (N.S.W.); O'Loughlin, Lt.-Col.

(N.S.W. Senators who did not vote—E. D. Millen, A. J. Gould.)

It was mentioned in the Senate that thousands of protests had been received against the proposal, and it is with pleasure that its defeat is recorded. The State Council, which met on Monday, 7th inst., unanimously passed a resolution of thanks to those Senators who used their influence against the "wet" canteens.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

The General Secretary, Mr. Marion, expects to leave New Zealand on the 18th, and should arrive in Sydney about 22nd inst. He will have an interesting story to tell of his experiences in the New Zealand campaign, and can be booked for meetings in the New Year. Those requiring his services should write to the office.

Mr. A. Toombs will also be returning to Sydney before the end of the year. He has been organizing the Ashburton Electorate in New Zealand, and has now been engaged as organizer for the electorates of Lismore, Byron, Tenterfield, Clarence, and Raleigh in

this State. He will commence his duties early in the New Year.

The New South Wales Alliance have a number of the Scottish Temperance Annuals for 1914. These cost 1/6 to 1/8 posted, and have much valuable information. Please order at once.

The New Zealand Handbook should also be purchased by every temperance worker, and can be had for 8d. posted.

NEW ZEALAND NOTES.

(By ARTHUR TOOMBES.)

I fear that the Editor will be calling me a "scallywag," in company with some of the ne's and ni's who fail to send their "copy" to "Grit" regularly. If excuse is necessary, I must plead pressure of campaign work.

The member for Ashburton recently moved in the House of Representatives for a return showing the amount of liquor sent into the No-License district of Ashburton.

The return covers a period of 30 months, and shows that 35,701 gallons of liquor was sent into Ashburton. Of course the liquor crowd are making a great noise about this, but a little analysis shows the quantity in a light that the liquor won't favor. The previous returns have all been for a period of one year, and if we divide this return by 2½ we are able to compare it with the former official figures.

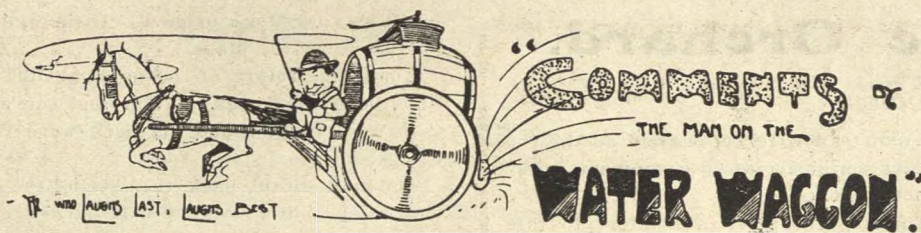
It is found that in 1903 (six months license and six months no-license), the amount was 59,178 gallons. In 1904 it was 32,531 gallons. In 1907 (Return H.9) it had dwindled to 24,233 gallons, and the return presented in 1910 by the Attorney-General showed a reduction to 22,291 gallons. Last year's return (H. 30) indicated that the amount had fallen to 18,236 gallons, and now this recent return shows a further reduction to 14,280 gallons. The population of the electorate is 12,224 (1911 census), so the quantity consumed per head is 1.16 gallons

per head. The amount consumed in New South Wales is about 12 gallons per head, or over ten times the amount consumed in No-License Ashburton. And that's why the liquor trade fights No-License.

ALCOHOLIC ARITHMETIC.

The "Sun" has little sympathy for the "Trade." The following satire concerning the increase in the price of liquor, puts the matter very plainly, and the humorous sarcasm gets right home:—

"From General Joffre the world heard the other day something about the mathematics of war. This continent now gathers interesting facts concerning the mathematics or arithmetic of alcohol. What you have to do is to work out the sums involved in the increases of duty. On the home-brewed beer the duty has gone up by threepence a gallon, and the price retail has been advanced by a penny a pint, from threepence to fourpence. As there are eight pints in a gallon, it is plain that eight pennies make threepence. That, at any rate, is the bluff that the trade has put up on the public, and possibly they will get through with it on the people who drink pints all day and all evening. Taking it in pints every time doesn't improve the mathematical faculty, and after a good heavy day like that men have been known to make a false count of even so familiar a thing as the number of steps at their own front door. But there are also persons who drink in half-pints, and naturally they are likely to lose count twice as slowly as those who prefer longer potations. If the same bluff is put over them, and they are charged fourpence instead of threepence for the half-pint glass, the trade will get sixteen pennies to make up its lost threepence, and will still have to persuade the customer that it is not making an unfair profit. Brewers and hotelkeepers seem to count tariff and excise expenses in the way adopted by the Germans in counting Russian prisoners. Where the Russians can find only 1000 missing, Berlin announces that it has captured 10,000. The missing tuppenny bit from the profit of the beer trade fares the same. By the time the beer-sellers have finished calculating it, the glass has grown to eightpence, or even to a shilling; because, whatever the price, you may be certain that they will insist that the duty is causing them to travel rapidly to the bankruptcy court. Rather than increase the price in a way which even such good-natured folk as beer-drinkers will resent, it would have been better to adopt the policy of selling more froth with it. After all, the beer bill of the community is a fixed sum. It represents three-fifths of the total income of the community. Instead of frightening this custom away, the trade could have got the same profit out of the same money merely by making the glasses a trifle thicker. But perhaps that had been done already."



"SINGING OUT ANYTHING."

In these days of keen competition each of us has worry enough, and a little over to spare for the next man, yet a sense of humor will make it easier to put up with our troubles and smile them away. Often we envy the gift of a Phil May to enable one to perpetuate a good joke or character sketch.

The Waggoner had the fortune to strike a gem last week in the city that he would fain attempt to paint for his readers (thanks to the ubiquitous newsboy).

Location: Near the G.P.O.

Time: Three o'clock p.m.

"Personae": Two of the hardest-looking propositions in the newsboy's category one could imagine. The afternoon later editions were just issued, and an ammunition wagon had just dumped down full supplies.

Caterwauling might be described as a pianissimo prelude to the raucous din that assaulted one's ears, each "boy" (over 30) trying to yell the louder.

Presently number one drew out a fortissimo stop on his vocal organ and screamed, "'Count—er—ther—great—naval—battle."

This bluff instantly annihilated his mate's guns—newsboy professionally, he was British, too.

He stopped and tore at a paper to find the battle.

No naval battle there.

He rushed to his opponent—"Ere, where's ther' naval battle?" he demanded.

Then came the picture we would give worlds to have snapped. The look of professional contempt that swept the rocky features of number one we could never hope to portray. He fairly gulped his scorn. Every note burned with disdain as if to say: "Are you a chicken just hatched to-day?" "Do you belong to the Newsboys' Union, or to the miserably innocent gullible public?"

"Garn—n—n—n," snarled he, with nose in the air—"I'm singin' out anythink."

Collapse of number two.

ARE THERE OTHERS?

That is what we want to know? Is this gentleman alone in his glory, or can we lay our hands on various people who will adopt any cry that suits them.

Ask the Editor of "Grit" who is at present in New Zealand helping to conduct the great fight against the liquor people. Ask him

what is that you ask? COULD he give you some instances of the U.L.V.A. party sitting on a rail and jumping whichever way the wind blew.

Could he?

Read his weekly letter and be convinced.

That sounds like the last line of an advertisement, doesn't it? Well it isn't—it's gospel truth.

Follow up the writings of the opposition and you will find they contradict themselves ad lib.

We have selected a little gem for you readers this week. Read it carefully and detect the beautiful logic.

Extract from "Fairplay," December 5, 1914:

"FALSE PRINCIPLES.

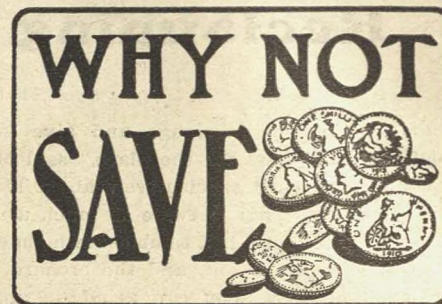
"A cause based on false principles must fail of necessity, despite all the zeal and energy brought to its furtherance. Prohibition was based, first, on the supposition that the cause of the drink evil was the public house, and, secondly, on the belief that drink was essentially evil. A broader outlook upon history would have shown its supporters that the supposition that there was an evil essence in drink was false, and to attempt to remedy the evil by attacking the public-house was to attempt to cleanse a running sore leg by applying remedies at the point of issue and striving to close it. The root of the evil was deeper far than the foundation of the public-house. It lay deep in the passionate wayward heart of man himself, and any remedies to be effective must be such as would move and strengthen that heart. The controlling of the drink evil meant curbing human passion, for the defect of the people was one of morals and not of knowledge."

Have you grasped the "argument," readers?

Listen: drink is not essentially evil—oh, no—but the root of the "evil" (what evil then—Editor of "Grit")—lies in the "passionate" wayward heart of man which said waywardness finds an outlet in drink.

There is no escaping that deduction from our contemporary's argument. But can anything be free from "evil" that provides such an outlet?

What other factors secure a corresponding culture ground for passionate waywardness?



Economy is the order of the day.

WHY NOT SAVE MONEY

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GROCERY ORDERS

with us. Our large purchases and quick turnover enable us to supply you at absolutely the lowest possible prices.

Send us your order, whether you live in Sydney or in the country, and enjoy the benefit of our Big Values.

We specialise in Country Order Trade.

Send to-day for our Price List.

Our Prices have not been raised.

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GROCEER, IRONMONGER, AND PROVISION MERCHANT.

136 NEW CANTERBURY ROAD, PETERSHAM.

Phone 513.

All other vicious agencies and immoral institutions.

The whisky journal has once again condemned itself by irrefutable deductions.

Do our experiences bear out those arguments, too?

Most assuredly—for the effects of alcohol tend, as every schoolboy knows, to the clouding of all moral perceptions.

With some people they do more—they transform "nature's gentlemen" into wild irresponsible barbarians—sheer brutes—lower even than the animals.

Is there no evil in "drink" when such are the results.

Is it not a factor in the production of the world's misery, too dangerous to touch?

Are we not justified in our endeavors to prohibit it entirely?

You know the answer, reader, and so does the Liberty Leaguer, but he has now become as dumb as an oyster.

In Sydney whisky and soda now costs 9d. a glass; whisky and water, 6d. Observe the generosity of the publicans; they charge you nothing for the water.—"Worker."

HAVE YOUR CLOTHES TAILORED BY AN EXPERT.

TAILOR, COSTUME
and
BREECHES MAKER.

W. NICHOLSON

(Late Druce)

48 CASTLEREAGH-STREET, SYDNEY.
Opposite Hotel Australia.

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

Exclusive Designs Arriving each
Weekly Mail.

ESTABLISHED 1887.

Reclaiming the Orchard.

By ESTHER BRANDEN.

"I'll assume the mortgage and give you five hundred dollars for the place," said Mr. Porter as he looked speculatively about him, chin in hand. "That is twice as much as it is worth. The house is a tumble-down shack, the ground is worn out, and the orchard is only fit for cider. You can grind up anything into cider, you know."

Mr. Porter laughed and offered his hand to young Tom Hadley.

"Well, you think it over," he concluded. "You can send me your answer to-morrow." The man turned abruptly and walked away, leaving Tom in a perplexed state of mind.

"Five hundred dollars!" repeated the boy as he seated himself on a fallen apple tree. "My! that would keep me in school for two years if I worked some to help along."

The temptation was strong, but—and here was the question which he must decide: could he let Porter have those apples to turn into cider and those grapes to turn into wine that would help make drunkards like—like—his father?

He thought long and earnestly. The fight was a hand-to-hand fight as the minutes went by.

"Hello, old man! You look as if you'd lost your best friend."

Tom fairly jumped as Chester's cheery voice broke in upon his thoughts.

"Oh, that you, Ches? I feel as if I had lost my best friend until this minute. Sit down; I want to talk to you. I'm up against it—trying to kill a giant, and he dies hard."

"Riddles as usual. What's up?" Chester seated himself beside Tom and began chipping at the tree trunk.

"Old man Porter has just offered me five hundred dollars cash for this property. He wants it especially for the orchard and the grapes—I can see that plainly, though he didn't say so. I'm to let him know to-morrow if I will accept the offer."

"You don't mean to say that you didn't jump at the chance and clinch the bargain on the spot?"

"No, I didn't."

"Tom Hadley, you're a fool, spelled with a big F." Chester sprang to his feet excitedly.

"Now, don't get on your ear, Ches. Sit down there and listen to me. I'm going to tell you what I never thought I could tell to a living soul. But I'm in trouble. I need help."

"When this little farm was left to me by my grandfather," Tom began quietly when Chester had resumed his seat, "it was one of the best in the State, but father allowed it to run down year by year. Two years ago mother died a broken-hearted woman. Father was a terror when he came home drunk."

"At mother's death he drank more than ever. For months at a time he would be gone. I seldom knew where he was. I have not seen him for nearly six months now."

"I didn't know it was so bad as this," said Chester seriously, after a moment of sympathetic silence.

"Thanks, Ches; it's a comfort to talk it out. As Porter says, the house is only a hovel, ready to fall over my head, the ground, worthless, and the fruit running wild. Five hundred dollars would be a fortune to me just now, but," he added with determination, "I am not going to let Porter have the place; no, not for five thousand dollars!" The look in Tom's eyes showed that there was no appeal to argument.

For some time the boy sat in an absorbed silence.

"See here," said Chester, his face clearing at last, "let's look things over."

The boys walked through the grounds that had once been the pride of the neighborhood. Broken branches, tangled weeds, stunted apples, and neglected vines were everywhere.

"The height of my ambition has always been to be a farmer," suddenly exclaimed Chester as he paused in an open space flooded with sunlight.

"You—Chester Delmaine, gentleman! Of all the surprises."

"It's true," said Chester. Seizing a handful of weeds he gave a vigorous pull. "Say, look at this!" he cried as she stooped to examine the ground. "Look at this earth—rich and mellow as mush. Why, anything would grow in it. Gee! I've an idea. Let's get to work and clean out this ground and seed it to turnips. It's too late in the season for anything else to grow. I've read lately that turnips sometimes grow more than half an inch in a night."

The proposition looked reasonable. In less than an hour it assumed definite shape, and in a fortnight the ground was fairly covered with plants. At the end of six weeks there was a crop to be sold. The turnips brought the boys fifty dollars.

"This will give us a good start next summer," announced Chester triumphantly, as they counted their gains.

"You will have to take the lead in this enterprise if anything is to come of it," said Tom.

"Well, then, I propose that we attend that granger meeting at Allison. We'll get some pointers there, and next year we'll show folks what two boys can do."

At the meeting the boys learned how to prune and spray trees, besides gaining much valuable information concerning the preparation of soil and garden things in general. They at once set to work in earnest, feeling that now they were on the right track. Each week the place made a better appearance. Occasionally the neighbors would drop in and offer a word of praise or advice.

One evening in the early summer the boys were sitting on the porch talking over their venture, when a tramp staggered slowly up the path toward the house. As the man drew near, Tom's face whitened with the old fear,

but it was only for a moment. Rising quickly he ran down the steps.

It was the return of the prodigal, but this time the prodigal was a father and the arms that were flung round his neck were those of a son.

The man shrank back, then seeing the hurt look in the boy's eyes, he held out a trembling hand.

"You, Tom—" he said, "you here? What are you doing? Are you working here, Tom?"

"Yes, father, I'm working here. Don't you know the place? It was our old home."

"It looks something like it," came thickly as the man gazed stupidly round. "No, Tom, I don't know this place—but, yes, it does look a little like it—but different somehow, Tom—I can't tell—"

"Come into the house, father, and I'll get you something to eat. You'll feel stronger after a while. Chester, this is father." But Chester had disappeared.

As Mr. Hadley finished the simple meal which his son had prepared, he said, "Tom, boy, do you know that is the first meal I have had for two days?"

Tom could not reply at once. "O father," he finally cried, "if you would only stop drinking we could have everything. You could stay right here at home, and we could work together and pay off the mortgage. Then you could have a shelter in your old age."

"It's too late, Tom. I'm too far gone."

"Don't say that, father. Let us go out and look at the orchard. When you see what has been done with that, then you won't say a man can't be made over."

"Yes, let's go to the orchard. I'll try, my boy; I'll try," came hesitatingly from trembling lips, as the two went out together.

Some months later Tom and Chester were picking their apple crop, while Tom's father packed it into barrels. Though not of the best; the trees had yielded far beyond all expectations. The grapes had already been sold, and a neat sum had been realised from them. There were still the potatoes, onions, beets, carrots and cabbages. A large crop had been marketed, and enough produce remained to keep father and son through the winter.

"You've done splendidly, Tom!" exclaimed Chester, as they were storing the last of their crops.

"Don't say 'you,' Ches; say 'we.' If it hadn't been for your clear brain this wouldn't have been thought of. We've made almost five hundred dollars already. Just think of it—as much as old Porter offered me for the whole place! And think what it's done for father!"

(Continued on Page 7.)



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War, Drink and Temperance.

(By ARCHDEACON F. B. BOYCE.)

The war has created a crisis greater probably than the world has known in all its history. Eight nations are involved, and they are among the leaders of mankind. The intensity of the interest in this Mother country is most remarkable, even more so among the women than the men. War is a stern disciplinarian, and the belief is common that a nation with the true sense of duty must rise to the importance of the position.

Here in England people are more serious and the desire for pleasure is less keen. Duty is in the air. One of the first things has been to curb the grat difficulty through drink, and let me say here that last year it was the cause of deaths in the eight nations I estimate of between 300,000 and 400,000 of the people. It is quite probable that the actual deaths through the war this year by sword and bullet will not be greater.

The British Government has sent to the front thousands of gallons of rum but only to be given out under medical order. It does not appear to be intended to be used as an ordinary ration as it would have been in the old times. The up-to-date doctors will only use it for the sick, and Sir Anderson Stuart if on the battlefield would very likely banish it from there altogether or nearly so.

EARLY CLOSING.

The Government have determined to shorten the hours of sale in the public houses. An act was passed by Parliament giving magistrates in their district power to close public houses during the war at earlier hours in the evening and later hours in the morning subject to the recommendation of the head of police in the place. In London the hour of closing has been half an hour after midnight, and the time has been reduced to 11 p.m. In many parts of the metropolis the hour is further reduced to 10 p.m. In the city of London proper, which has a very small population, eleven o'clock is maintained. At Greenwich and Woolwich (where there are many soldiers) the hour is 9 p.m.

The Brewers' "Gazette" bears striking testimony to the advantages derived to the earlier closing of public houses and clubs in the metropolis.

"A transformation of the night scenes of London has followed the closing of the public houses and clubs at eleven. Great traffic centres like the "Elephant and Castle," at which immense crowds usually ounge about until one in the morning, have suddenly become peaceful and respectable. "Why," said a taxi-cab driver philosophically, "there will not be anybody about at 12 o'clock to-night! The police, instead of having to 'move-on' numbers of people who have been dislodged from the bars at half-past twelve at night, found very little intoxication to deal with, the last hour and a half being responsible for much of the excess of which complaint is made. Many of the public houses were half empty before

closing time. Journalists, who are necessarily out late, have quickly noted the effect of the change of public conduct, and have been spared the sounds of ribald songs, dancing, and quarreling which had hitherto marked closing time since the war began."

This is valuable testimony from an opponent. Various sections of the press have otherwise shown advantages which have largely induced the magistrates in most parts of the metropolis to go one better by closing at ten. London has over 7,000,000 people.

Other parts of the country have gone beyond this in restriction.

Colchester, Hull, Cardiff, Pontefract, Runcorn, Wirrel, Durham, and many other places have been ordered to close at 9 p.m. Carlisle 9.30. Hull is remarkable, they give twelve hours a day, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.—a gain of five hours a day from the temperance side. Hull is a large and important city; a busy seaport.

Grantham magistrates desired to close at 7 p.m., but through the action of the Secretary of State, the time was altered to 8 p.m.

FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

France prohibited, when war began, the further manufacture and sale of the spirit absinthe. All liquor shops in Paris and other large centres of population were ordered to be closed at 8 p.m. In Norway on the outbreak the King issued an order decreeing that "until further notice it is forbidden to employ grain or potatoes for the production of beer or brandy; likewise the sale and retail of brandy is prohibited, and power is given to the police to forbid the sale and retail of wine and beer when this is found to be necessary." The Parliament in Norway unanimously confirmed these provisioned orders.

In Germany no spirits were permitted to be served to any soldier or sailor during the time of mobilisation, and no soldier or sailor is allowed to take intoxicating liquor while on duty. Various restrictions on the liquor traffic have been imposed; penalties for breaking are terribly severe.

The most interesting part of all is Russia. When war was declared the Tsar Nicholas prohibited the sale of the spirit Vodka throughout his dominions. "The sobriety," says the special correspondent at St. Petersburg of the London "Daily Telegraph," a well-known Conservative organ, "which has ruled in Russia since the outbreak of the war has been little short of miraculous. Since my arrival here at the beginning of August I have not seen more than two or three people under the influence of liquor; formerly the drunkenness of certain sections of the population forced itself upon the attention of the least observant in almost every street." This week the Tsar has made another step in advance and the most important in the world in temperance history. He has declared for prohibition of the

sale of alcohol in all parts of his Empire. It is understood that this includes beer and wine as well as spirits.

Other newspapers confirm the good effect of the prohibition of the sale of spirit, and we may now expect complete sobriety. Students of the history of the liquor traffic will everywhere watch with deep interest this most important movement in Russia. There the traffic was State-owned and Nationalised, but now that position has ended and no common licensing system takes its place. There is Empire prohibition; every social reformer will thank God for the triumph of principle and take courage.

ENGLAND.

Reverting to England I greatly hope that the early closing movement may last beyond the war and become permanent. It will be an object lesson that must speak. The country stands as to anti-liquor legislation at the rear of the English-speaking world when the glorious Mother of Nations ought to lead at the front. The brewing and publican interests are deeply entrenched, and have ruled at many general elections but the nation is evidently rising to a sense of its duty of which I am sure it will never repent. There are a large body of earnest temperance people here who I know will vigorously oppose any retreat.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

I trust that the loved country of New South Wales will have done something in the same direction, especially as to early closing. With a wasteful expenditure of £7,000,000 a year in drink, and with the last hours of the liquor traffic at night being the worst morally, it should certainly take steps to save the people. With all the nation's doing something is New South Wales to stand aloof? I might easily enlarge upon this point, but it does not seem necessary.

London, 23rd October, 1914.

Reclaiming the Orchard

(Continued from Page 6.)

"Tom, he is not the only one who has changed. There is no telling where I would have landed if we hadn't struck this scheme. I was altogether too fond of cigarettes when I came here, and—well, I might as well confess something else. Tom, I used to think nothing of taking a glass of liquor when I wanted it."

"O Ches!"

"Yes, I did; but the stand you took in refusing Porter's offer taught me a lesson. I saw that principle, that character, that a clear brain were better than anything else."

"Chester, old man, to hear you say that is one of the best things yet! We've reclaimed the orchard and this whole place, and we've both gained a lot in every way, but our richest reward, Ches, is that—is father!"

As Tom spoke he pointed to a man, tall, straight, and coming toward them with ready step.

GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, DEC. 17, 1914.

CHRISTMAS. I have always suggested that we make a special effort this year to overcome the natural selfishness of Christmas time. We treat ourselves generously with a holiday and indulge in many a luxury; we remember that we love and please ourselves in our endeavor to please them, but these things would require more than a stretch of imagination to connect them with Christ and His Birthday. Let us do something really Christian, something with the spirit of sacrifice, generosity and consideration for the least favored ones. I shall be glad to convey your gifts to those who otherwise would have no message of Christmas generosity and good will. There will be the usual demonstrations and food supplies which mostly go to the aggressive, but the woman with a baby, the old, the ones who in their pride nurse uncomplainingly their hurt, are those for whom I plead. Please do not leave your gift to the last day, it will so greatly increase my difficulty in conveying it effectively and unobtrusively. Parcels may be sent to, or left at, 33 Park-street, Sydney, or letters addressed to me, Box 390 G.P.O., Sydney. Questions may be asked over 'phone 3759 City, or 727 Paddington.

A Personal Chat with my readers

A LITTLE PRETEND.

Children are very fond of playing at "pretending," and spend many a happy hour in this innocent way. I can recall now, a small girl spoilt a lovely game where they ended up by staging a funeral; but she had insisted on being the principal all through the play, and she finally spoilt it all by declaring that "if she could not be the corpse, she would not play any more." In spite of such unfortunate endings, I believe children make life happy and many a dull day bright by a little pretending. It is worth while for the grown-ups to try it now and then when something particularly annoying happens; it helps quite a lot to pretend that it is a high jump or climbing the greasy pole, and tackle it as we used to do these tough incidents of sports years ago. It seems childish to you, does it? Well, a little imagination, a little pretend, and many of the hard realities of life will be softened, and we will also help others to bear things that seem unbearable. You need not be ashamed to try, no one will know why you are facing the difficult things so much more happily than you used to; and if you fail, well it won't be so much of a failure, if you have been able to smile at your own poor pretending.

ALWAYS WRONG.

In the waiters' room of a large restaurant there hangs a sign which reads:

NOTICE.

In any argument with a customer remember that the customer is always right and the waiter is always wrong. The waiter cannot be right.

Do you know what that means? It means that we customers are an unreasonable and unfair lot, and that the waiter, the girl behind the counter, and the servant have oftentimes a perfectly hateful job because they cannot be right—when it is a question of the word of the one who pays against the word of the one who is paid. Pretty one-sided, isn't it? There is one person you don't like anywhere, and that is the one who is always right. Are you that person when a dispute is on in shop, or tram, or restaurant? It is a pity to spend all your dislike on the other fellow. We might keep a little of it for ourselves.

If you have nerves, it won't tax your imagination to allow that a waiter is more likely to have them even than yourself. If you had a bad night's rest and have a headache, surely it is possible the girl behind the counter has had a similar experience?

If you sometimes make mistakes and have to crave forgiveness for thoughtlessness or unaccountable clumsiness, it is reasonable to allow others the same latitude you have to claim for yourself. It would be a great thing if this were generally remembered, and as a contribution to the subject, I am going to try and remember it.

GENERAL BOBS.

The following was written about Lord Roberts. Poor stuff, you say—but there is not one of us who would not be proud to be the inspiration to like verse. We cannot insist too often on two facts that are inseparable from this record of the Hero and Military Genius who has just passed away; one in his real piety, the other his real opposition to alcohol.

There's a little red-faced man,
Which is Bobs,
Rides the tallest 'orse 'e can,
Our Bobs.
If it bucks or kicks or rears
'E can sit for twenty years
With a smile round both 'is ears,
Can't yer, Bobs?

Then 'ere's to Bobs Bahadur,
Little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
'E's our pukka Kandahader,
Fightin' Bobs, Bobs, Bobs.
'E's the Dook of "Aggy Chel,"
'E's the man that done so well,
'An we'll follow 'im to 'el—
Won't we, Bobs?
(Note—"Aggy Chel," go ahead.)

If a limber's slipped a trace,
'Ook on Bobs;
If a marker's lost 'is place,
Dress by Bobs;
For 'e's eyes all up 'is coat,
An' a bugle in 'is throat,
An' you will not play the goat
Under Bobs.

'E's a little down on drink,
Chaplain Bobs,
But it keeps us out 'er clink,
Don't it, Bobs?
So we will not complain,
Tho' 'e's water on the brain,
If 'e had us straight again,
Blue-light Bobs.

The Editor

THE EDITOR'S LETTER.

I have had a quiet week dawdling about between Te Aroha, Waihi, Paeroa and Morrinsville. It has been quite a rest, no meetings during the day, and only short train journeys. These trains deserve a kindly word. They never bustle you, they seem to have started a day before their time, and so make their way along leisurely as though they had always a few hours in hands. I recalled to mind more than once the American father's reply to small boy who asked what kind of a plant the Virginian creeper was; he said with emphasis, "It is not a plant; it is a train." It is on record that an American on one of these lines saw what he thought were flowers, and asked the guard if he might get off the train and pick some of them. The guard said, "Those are not flowers, all the flowers have been picked." But the cheerful Yankee was not discouraged; he said, "Oh, never mind, it will be alright. I have some seeds."

But why worry? You get there all the same, and no train I have yet travelled by in N.Z. has arrived behind time. If you miss a train you just call up a motor and trickle along and catch it at the next station, so that train catching is not the nerve-racking disappointing experience that it must be in America, where they start so quickly and proceed so rapidly that a man leaning out of the train to kiss good-bye to his wife, finished his kiss on a black girl at the next station.

OHINEMURI.

The Ohinemuri electorate consists of four towns, Waihi, Waikino, Karangahake and Paeroa. The first three are typical mining towns. The population of the four places being 11,000 people. There are hotels with bars on the borders of this electorate in three directions—the boundaries extending up to within a few yards of the hotel doors in some cases. This is an evidence of the political power of the liquor trade as seen in the shaping of the electoral boundaries.

In summing up the results as revealed in the Police Court returns, two things must be remembered, first, that while Waihi has a mining population of 5500, there were only 17 convictions for drunkenness in 1912, and 23 in 1913, and that most of these were arrested on the railway coming in from licensed areas. The second point which is also of considerable importance is that both the Waihi and Paeroa Police Court districts extend into license areas, and each contains one licensed hotel, the fruit of these places being, of course, debited to the No-License areas.

The following is an interesting comparison, the places all being of the same kind in the same county, the first two having bars, the other two being under No-License:

	Pop.	Drunkenness.
Hamilton	3542	175
Thames	3591	68
Waihi	6700	25
Paeroa	4250	18

These are the figures for 1913. The first two places on the list are two of the cleanest and most prosperous country towns in N.Z., and both of them are living under minority rule, for more than once they have recorded a big majority decision against liquor.

TWO GREAT FACTORS.

Any reference to No-License in Waihi (Wai means water, and hi means wind) would be misleading if it did not emphasise two most remarkable things, both of which made such a difference to Waihi that it is impossible to exaggerate. A few years ago the shares in the Waihi mine were freely sold at £10 each; the mine had raised millions of pounds worth of gold, but shortly after No-License was carried, the mine slumped badly, and the shares now stand at about 30s. The town was under a cloud—would the mine recover, would the good old days return?

Then came the strike. We have had strikes in N.S.W., and are quite familiar with the upset to business, the ill-feeling, the personal loss, the irreparable damage they can do. The engine-drivers in the mine wished to form a union, the miners objected to this most reasonable course, and so began this most disastrous strike, which was not one of employee against employer, not one of principle on wages, but one as between union and union. It lasted six months, and it is said confidently that No-License made it possible in two ways. First, the absence of the bars for some years had safeguarded the wages of the men and they had the means to enable them to hang out for much longer than otherwise they would have done, and also the absence of the bars preserved good order and prevented the flaring into physical violence that must have followed the use of liquor. Many hundreds of miners left the town, and now that the mines are going again, practically a new population is in possession of Waihi; and it is hard to say what the vote will be from those who never knew the town under license.

As an evidence of the value of the closed bar during a strike, we have only to note the following Auckland record:—

Convictions for Drunkenness.

Closed Bars.		Open Bars.	
Nov. 17	0	Dec. 1	29
" 18	1	" 2	21
" 19	3	" 3	29
" 20	3	" 4	18
" 21	0	" 5	7
" 22	0	" 6	20
Total	7	Total	124

The liquor bars were closed for 16 days during the Auckland strike, and for the first time in a generation, on November 17, the city police cells were unoccupied during the week end.

SIDELIGHTS.

In Paeroa, a Restoration League is at work, the thirsty souls are worried at having to go so far for their booze, and the liquor folk are busy with many a bribe to influence such as may be influenced in this way. Some folk are sincerely disappointed in No-License in the same way that the small boy was in the new baby—he complained that it had no hair, no teeth, and would not play with him, and he wanted mother to change it for one like himself. Children and fools, we have been told, should not judge unfinished work, and No-License a year or two old is unfinished work, and the disappointed ones are children.

Morrinsville recalled an incident of three years ago when a liquor advocate well known in N.S.W. was billed to speak on the failure and folly of No-License. He surely got down to business quickly, as he was in the town only a few hours when he stole two suits of clothes and posted them over to himself in N.S.W. He was arrested and spent the night in the lock-up instead of on the platform, and was fined £5 or two months next morning. "Fairplay" somehow missed the opportunity this incident gave them for a very fine article of the kind they are well able to write on the failure of lecturers.

AUCKLAND.

On November 28 I arrived in Auckland and was at once taken to the home of the President of the N.Z. Alliance, Mr. Wesley Spragg, who for seven years has with consummate tact guided the affairs of this most progressive organisation. In the evening a most enthusiastic gathering filled the concert chamber at the Town Hall. I listened to words of welcome that were fairly staggering. One good brother described me as a man of grit, grace, gumption, generosity, geniality, genius, and go. It is to be hoped for his sake that the Recording Angel was taking forty winks when he exploded in this generous way. On Sunday I began by preaching in the Cathedral, taking a magnificent meeting for men at the Y.M.C.A. at 3 o'clock, preaching in St. Matthew's to 1000 people at 7 o'clock, and in spite of some rain, addressing a very large crowd in the open at 8.30. Just now one thought runs through my head like a golden thread, and it is, that in a few days I will be on my way back to all that needs me and all I need in dear old Sydney.

Good example is a language and an argument which everybody understands.

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Your Mental Measure.

(By HENRY JONES, for "Grit.")

This week Mr. Jones gives delineations of the characters of three of "Grit" readers. 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.

HAROLD WHITE.

This lad has a full share of health, energy, and brain volume. His ancestry is stamped upon every feature. The stock from which he comes must have held responsible positions and manifested unusual mentality. He has



HAROLD WHITE.

a full degree of self-esteem and pluck. Being a keen and reliable observer he will gather knowledge very readily through the eyes and succeed in the study of science, mechanics, and philosophy. With proper training and education he ought to do well in the profession of medicine, dentistry, architecture, and electricity, but if his ancestry have been in touch with the law he is apt to "follow in father's footsteps," because he has a decided reverence for parents and prestige. The outstanding ears show tenacity to life and alertness. The small nose shows impulsiveness and defensiveness. He should be taught to take a large and broad outlook of life, and all questions affecting. As a scholar he will do well, but as to his future it depends entirely upon the home and social conditions. There is an element of the conservatism in his nature. This should be counteracted by teaching him to study and take an interest in progressive ideas and democracy.

He likes praise from certain persons, but he will not cater for it. At school he should be popular on account of his personality and mental attainments. Music appeals to him and there are signs of vocal powers in

this connection. Memory, keen perception, agreeableness, and originality are amongst his most salient qualities. He is apt to be despondent if disappointed, yet he has sufficient humor to prevent melancholia and downheartedness.

VERA YATES.

You have a fine blending of the vital, motive, and mental temperaments. You are strongly affectionate, sympathetic, disposed to charity, the influence of the opposite sex. You enjoy life change, and social intercourse. That fine head of hair indicates intensity of feeling. You are endowed with a full degree of imitativeness and agreeableness. These qualities cause you to adapt yourself to company. You do not like hurting people's feelings or saying anything to cause them to censure you. The question for you to decide is whether the feelings or intellect is going to control you. You can become a success if you use your intellect in the direction of elocution, music, teaching, or fancy work. If you have to earn your living you could engage in kindergarten teaching, millinery, music, and nursing. You have natural talent for learning, so it would be easy to learn shorthand and typewriting, but I am of the opinion that such work would tend to redevelop the vital temperament, and as a result you would lose your symmetrical appearance.

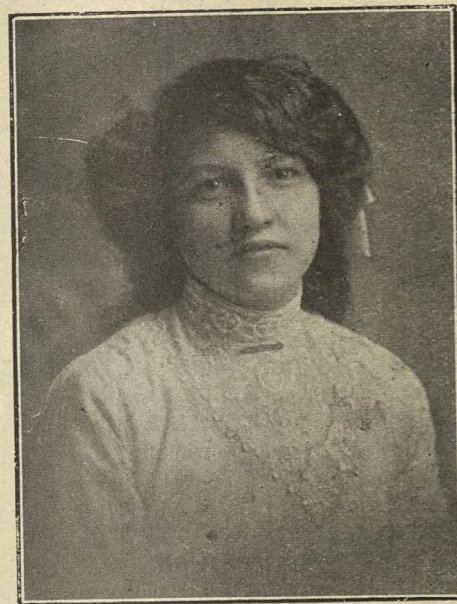
The literary faculties are fairly well developed, and with training should enable you to do fairly good literary work, but your temperaments will make it hard for you to decide upon themes, plots, etc. The corners of your mouth are beginning to droop. This is bad because it shows that you are growing old before your time. Change your expression by reading the "Sunshine" column in "Grit." Look up, not down; sing and recite humorous pieces, and join in games with children.

DORIS WOTTON.

(See photo on next page.)

The combination of your mental faculties, or shape of your head cause you to act impulsively and spasmodically. You are sensitive, impressionable, and quick to lose heart if severely criticised. You have a good full share of intellect, but one lacking definiteness. Could you not decide upon some one study? I am sure you are more adapted for work that requires brain more than muscle, and sprightliness than strength. You have a good natural memory for faces, places, colors, and events. By applying your mind to either of the following callings you might rise to a very good position. Shorthand writing, millinery, retouching in photography embossing, etc.

You have a good reliable sense of time and tune, but at the best you would only become a teacher of music, and as that profession is precarious you would soon become disheartened, so I advise you to study music just as an accomplishment. You are fond of dancing, and are capable of learning to skate, or even ride a "bike," because you keep your balance so well. Nature has been kind to you in giving you a good, clear brain, retentive memory, pleasing manner, and an affectionate disposition. Now you must try and think how best to help others less fortunate. Join some guild or lodge, learn to recite and play, or even learn painting, and teach others.



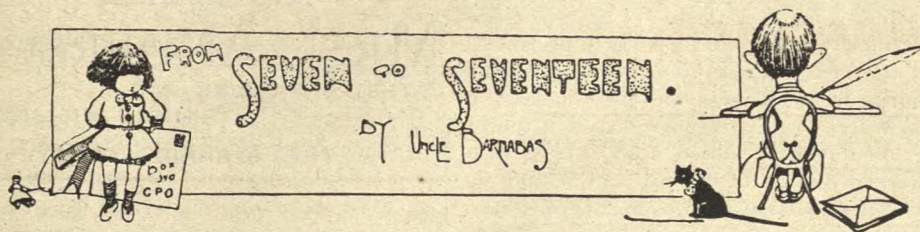
VERA YATES.

PROHIBITION POLITICIANS.

The present Federal Government, numbering eleven members, includes seven abstainers, viz: Mr. Fisher (Prime Minister), Mr. Hughes (Attorney-General), Mr. Tudor (Minister for Customs), Mr. Pearce (Minister for Defence), and Messrs. Gardiner, Spence, and Russell. The Speaker (Mr. McDonald) and Mr. Page (Government Whip) are also abstainers. In addition to these there are a considerable number of the members of both Houses whose support we may confidently claim.

Of the Queensland members not named above, the following are pledged by their answers to the pre-election queries: Senators Mullen and W. J. Ryott-Maughan, and in the House of Representatives, in addition to our Prohibition champion, Mr. W. E. Finlayson, there is Mr. L. E. Groom, Mr. Bamford, Mr. Stumm, and Mr. Sinclair.

Senator Ryott-Maughan, when forwarding a reply to a query asking would he oppose the rescinding of the anti-alcoholic clauses of the Defence Act, put his finger on the real danger-point when he said: "Yes; and believe the officers should be forbidden to take supplies of liquor to their quarters."



SOMETHING LIKE.

I wonder have you ever been taken in by something that was very like what you wanted and turned out to be quite different? There is an old saying that "All that glitters is not gold," and things are not always what they seem. Being a Christian makes you genuine, if it does not it is because you are not giving your prayers, your Bible, and your Saviour a fair chance to do so. Did you ever hear the shoemaker's song? Well, here it is:—

The shoemaker sang, as he hammered away,
"Oh, who is as happy as I am to-day?

I saved twenty soles where the parson saved
one,

And I always heel where the doctor heals
none.

I sit on my bench like a judge and I boot
The people who say that my measure don't
suit;

I cut all my uppers, I care not for caste;
My very first pleasure each day is my last.
I'm always mending while others fall ill,
And when I'm thirsty with cobblers I fill;
I'll never peg out, for I always fill in;

For how can I lose when I am shoer to win?
My goods are all soled before finished, and I
Can foot my bill without heaving a sigh:
In fact, I am envied by great and by small,
For of this world's blessings alone I have
awl."

Here are a lot of things that "sound" the same, but they are not the same—they are just like girls and boys who look the same, but they are far from being the same. Will you pray to be what you look, and to seem only what you are. It is not nearly good enough to be only "something like."

UNCLE B.

A WORD OF PRAISE.

Enid Blanch, "Glen View," Rouse, Richmond River, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I think it is about time I wrote to you again. We are having beautiful weather here at present. I went to Sunday School and church this morning, and heard the Rev. Mr. Walker give an address in Sunday School, and afterwards preach. I like his preaching very much. Since I last wrote to you I have received letters from cousins Dulcie Davis and Dorothy Mann. The Rev. Mr. Hunter is going to give a lantern lecture in our church next Tuesday night. It is to clear off the deficiency of the circuit. The lecture is a trip from London to Rome, and some of the pictures show where the recent war has taken place. I think it will be very nice. Isn't this war dreadful? I feel very sorry for the poor people that have to suffer through it. I

know a great many people that have gone. I went to my schoolmate's birthday party yesterday, and had a great time. I think you ought to send your photo. to Mr. Jones, and then perhaps it will be put in "Grit." It was the North Coast District Synod at Lismore last week. I think the stories for the competition are very nice. My school teacher, Mr. McCurdy, has been sick again, but he is better now, and is teaching school. It will soon be holidays again. I am always glad when it is holidays, and I always like to get back to school, too. Well, I suppose I had better close now, as there is not much news this time. With love from your niece.

(Dear Enid,—I am so glad you said you liked the stories, lots of your "cousins" liked them but they did not say so, and that's a pity. That lecture ought to have been very interesting. I must get my friend Mr. Hammond to send his photo. to Mr. Jones—only Mr. H. hates his photo. floating round in the breeze and being used for curlpapers. Anyhow, I will see what can be done. Write again soon.—Uncle B.)

A GOOD RECORD.

Daisy Hawkins, Wyville, Cooma, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I think you were right when you said that an "hon. ni" mostly meant a permanent scalawag. I have been wondering how long it is since I have written to you. I have heard nothing of my "Grit" correspondents for a long while, so I will give a gentle reminder one of these days. It is very hot and dry up this way, but nevertheless Cooma is having a busy time. Shearing is in full swing, and yesterday the town was almost crowded with the shearers from the sheds that are close round. Needless to say, the hotels were as busy as any other place in town. There is to be a concert to-morrow night in aid of the hospital and the Belgian Fund. It is the third concert that the local male chorus has given here. The other two were splendid, and I think by all accounts this one will be up to the mark. Our Sunday school examination returns are out. Cooma came off fairly well. Out of the eleven who sat ten passed, and four with honors. Lucy headed the list with 83, but Grace and I were less fortunate and only scored 72 each. Our anniversary is to be on the 29th of this month. We are all busy practising for it. Last Wednesday was fearfully hot so we could not play tennis in the early part of the afternoon. We did not go up till about five o'clock, and then we had tea there and played till it was too dark. It was lovely playing in the cool of the afternoon, and we all enjoyed ourselves immensely. Grace and I have spent part of this afternoon gathering



DORIS WOTTON.

some of our wild flowers. I suppose you remember the hills of Cooma down to the north from the Rectory. Well, we had the pleasure of climbing those on this hot afternoon, although we were well rewarded for our trouble by getting a lovely lot of flowers. You did not say, Uncle, whether any of the "Grit" nephews have enlisted for the Expeditionary Force. Thank you very much for the lovely birthday greetings, and I wish all the other "Novemberites" a happy and lovely birthday, including Stella S. I had a letter from her a few weeks ago, but so far I have not had time to answer it. Well, Uncle, don't you think I have done well to get all these pages off? I must be nice now, in this last year of my "teens," and not get out of "Grit" altogether. I think I will close, with fond love to all my cousins and not forgetting dear Uncle B.—I am, your loving niece.

(Dear Daisy,—Your letter was very welcome and interesting. We all congratulate you, Grace, and Isaac for doing so well in that exam. You say only 72? Why, I think I only once got that high when I was at school. I used to be content to get through by "the skin of my teeth." I never did like exams. I do not know if any of the "cousins" have enlisted; I do not think so. I hope you will forget how old you are and still write from time to time.—Uncle B.)

A GREAT READER.

Annie Chapman, Plymouth-street, Enfield, November 7, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I have just arrived home from practice for our anniversary, which we are holding early next month, so as I have nothing in particular to do thought I would write you a short note. My little brother and his friend are "jabbering" here, so excuse any mistake I am liable to make. We are expecting to hold our S.S. picnic Wed-

nesday next, and are looking forward to a jolly time. It is always held at Mortlake Recreation Grounds, and as boats are let out on hire from there, we have some lovely rows up the Parramatta River, besides swings and all sorts of games. I have been doing a lot of reading lately, some of the books being "Infelice," "The Scapegoat," "The Tangled Skein," "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "The Following of the Star," and I am at present indulging in "Via Crucis." Have you read any of these, Uncle, and, if so, which one did you enjoy most? I liked "The Following of the Star" by Florence Barclay best, but all were interesting. Well, dear Uncle, I must close now with love to "Grit" cousins, Auntie B., and yourself.—I am, yours truly.

(Dear Annie,—Thank you for your letter. I have read all the books you mention. F. Barclay's have high ideals, but are a bit over-sentimental for me. I loved the "Scarlet Pimpernel," and it did not matter how impossible the things he did, I was always pleased when he came out alright, though I thought his wife a bit silly for "the cleverest woman in Europe." Get someone to give you "Can You Live on 24 Hours a Day" for a Xmas present. I wish all young people could read it.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NI AND NEW BROTHER.

Opal Nankivell, Chapple-st., Broken Hill, 5th November, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am writing to see if I may be accepted as a niece, and I have no doubt that I will be as I have not seen any, who have written, refused yet. I suppose you are rather surprised to have a letter from the Barrier. I noticed that one of your nieces wrote and asked you had you not some nieces in other places than N.S.W. Well, although I live in N.S.W. it seems a long way from Sydney. It is not so awfully far though, and we hope it will seem still nearer when we get the Condobolin line. Please do not think I am black or brown because I am writing from Broken Hill. Some people are ignorant enough to think we are anything but white because we live up here. When my brother went over there to college some of the boys expected to see him black, and asked could not horses or dogs live up here, and did we all ride on camels, and heaps of other silly questions. Well, we are just tidying up after a dust storm that has passed over the town and it is thundering and lightening as though it would like to rain but I do not suppose it will. If it did it would do the garden a lot of good, which is sadly in want of a good rainfall. We find the good of our garden now, in the way of vegetables, as they are so scarce. There are only two goods trains coming from Adelaide now, and they come on Thursday and Saturday mornings, so that you have to hurry to the shops if you want any as there is a general rush when the vegetables arrive. It has been awfully hot weather this last couple of days, and the men that are working on the pipe track that have been working underground in the mines

for a long time feel it so. I suppose you understand what I mean by the pipe track. It is the men digging trenches and laying the pipes in the streets for the Umberumberka Water to flow through. Well, I think it is about time I closed now. All of the fireworks seem to be let off and it is bed time. There has not been so much fireworks let off this year as another on account of the war, which is such an awful thing. We really do not realise how awful and ghastly it is, do we?

I think your niece Francis Brown is very nice-looking (not being personal), don't you? She has a nice high forehead, hasn't she? I tried to make her photo, of use last night, but it did not work. I had about ten minutes to spare before going to choir practice, and was sitting opposite Edward, who had the Sydney "Mail" at the table in the dining-room. I had finished reading the "Grit" and wanted to see the pictures in the "Mail," so turning to the page with the photos, on, I passed it across the table saying, "That is not a bad-looking girl, is it, Edward?" He picked it up and began looking at it, and then his eyes went down to William Hunt's and he began to laugh. Meanwhile I had slipped the "Mail" over to where I was sitting, and was just going to content myself with a look when he found out his loss, and with a "No you don't old girl, hand it over," I was given back the "Grit" and had to be contented with the "Sunday Times." This is all for the time. I must break off now or goodness knows when I will stop. Good-bye. Hoping to be put on the list, I remain, Yours truly,

(Dear Opal,—You are welcome, and if you will often write letters as interesting as your first one, we will soon have you as Queen of the Nis. I did laugh at the way you tried to hoodwink your brother and get his paper—but brothers are pretty sharp, aren't they? I hope he will become one and write soon. I think I must put a picture of a barrier dust storm in "Grit," it would interest them all. Now write again soon. When is your birthday, and what about your photo?—Uncle B.)

STARTING YOUNGER.

George E. Holland, Grenfell, Oct. 21, 1914, writes, per Dad:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Please will you let me be one of your little nephews. I will be five years old next 3rd of April. I have three

"MY MILLINER."

MRS. ANDERSON
LATEST CREATIONS IN
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sisters, but no brothers. We have three little kittens and three little ponies. Dad and mum always vote no-license, and so will I when I get big. Dad says to send you this paper cutting. You were asking your ne's and ni's to send you the most heroic thing ever they heard of. Perhaps some of your readers never read this before. With best wishes for yourself and "Grit." Your would-be nephew.

(Dear George,—Many thanks for the splendid story of that cripple boy. I will put it in "Grit" soon. I am so glad you have begun to write, and since you have a private secretary see that he writes again soon. I wish more of your "cousins" would send in the record of brave deeds.—Uncle B.)

WEAK HEARTS.

A physician says:—"There is a very serious danger ahead of all people who have these 'weak hearts.' There is a very strong temptation to take a stimulant on these occasions—something short and powerful. Resist it with all your might, for that line of treatment is fatal. You know that brandy is a rapid and powerful stimulant for the heart, and you are tempted to fly to a dose of it. You will regret it if you do. It may flog the heart into increased vigor, and it may give you the Dutch courage you so terribly need, but it is the worst possible way of dealing with the case. You will fly to it on every occasion when the heart 'goes wrong'; you will need a little more to pull you round every time, and you will end it by taking it at other times when the heart is not failing you. In fact, many spirit-drinkers have begun by taking 'just a drop' for a 'weak' heart. And for that reason, amongst others, one wishes the phrase had never been invented. It is such a convenient excuse for a nip. Doctors do not recognise such a condition; a heart is either diseased or sound, not 'weak'; there is no half-way house, and the implanting of the idea that a man's heart is not strong is just the very thing to make it weak. In fact, these weak-hearted ones generally live to a ripe old age.

ONE GRAIN OF FORESIGHT IS BETTER THAN TEN OF REGRET

Better to have a bad tooth extracted or filled NOW than let it make Christmas a nightmare for you. Better to spend a little cash NOW and let me make matters right. I never hurt, and can guarantee satisfaction in every instance. Old folk or nervy people are my speciality—I take extra care and gentleness with them.

WHY NOT SEE ME TO-DAY—?

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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.

Don't be downhearted when you fail to be appreciated.

You are not the first man who has been able to "deliver the goods" and yet received no recognition.

When the youthful George Westinghouse submitted his air-brake to Millionaire Vanderbilt, the wealthy one said to him, "Your idea is to stop a train with air?" The reply was in the affirmative. "Get away, I am a busy man; I have no time to waste with fools." Vanderbilt thus roughly turned down the best business proposition which was ever submitted to him, and though he afterwards put money into the scheme it was not on the same advantageous terms that he could have done in the first place. He lived to see Westinghouse practically a millionaire.

There are some people whose nature is such that it prevents them giving a word of encouragement or inspiration. You remember in our school days we laboriously copied "Faint praise is often disparagement." The true meaning of the words was not revealed in those days. Now the meaning is plain. Daily there are instances when the enthusiasm of people who count is chilled by the lack of appreciation of those who should be the first to give words of encouragement. It is a marked trait in the character of some people that they hate to praise anything, animate or inanimate. If their opinion is asked on something which is really good, the answer will be a guarded "fair," or perhaps "pretty good." On one occasion I remonstrated with a "kill joy" who had given a very indifferent expression of opinion on the actions of a man, whom he and I both knew, to be deserving of praise. "It is no use praising him now; I don't know what he might do before he is dead," was the unexpected reply.

There are lots of people like that. They reserve their praise until the subject of it is dead. I remember on one occasion when your Editor sent out an original invitation to his parishioners. Mr. Hammond issued a postcard in his own handwriting, which ran something like this "I don't want a big crowd at my funeral; I won't be able to en-

joy it then. But I do want a big crowd at my anniversary services on Sunday at 11 and 7. I want the joy and encouragement of seeing you there, etc." Mr. Hammond got right home, for there are folk who would be prepared to go to a man's funeral if he were dead and thus "show the last solemn marks of respect," but they would not inconvenience themselves to do him a trifling service or say a kind word in season whilst he is alive. There is not much satisfaction to a man to know that his good deeds will be recorded on his tombstone, and that there will be a big crowd at his funeral, for he will not be at all interested then. Don't keep the flowers of love until a man is dead. Instead of sending large wreaths, let a man have the flowers in small bouquets. They will do much to stimulate and help him.

A valued friend of mine sends along these lines for this page. His action is appreciated, for that is a practical example of the flowers of love which should be garnered whilst a man is able to enjoy them. This story is about a fellow who is fighting a lonesome battle, and is well worth reading.

The fellow who fights the world alone,
With never a word of cheer,
With never a friend his help to lend,
With never a comrade near.
'Tis he has need of a stalwart hand,
And a heart not given to moan,
He struggles for life, and more than life,
The fellow who fights alone!

The fellow who fights the world alone,
With never a father's smile,
With never a mother's kindly tone
His sorrowful hours to guile;
Who joins the fray at the dawn of day,
And battles 'till light is flown,
Must need be strong, for the fight is long—
The fellow who fights alone.

Ah, bitter enough the combat is,
With every help at hand,
With friends at knee to bid God speed,
With spirits that understand;

PASS "GRIT" ON

But fiercer far is the fight to win,
To struggle along unknown—
Oh brave and grim is the heart of him,
The fellow who fights alone.

Cod bless the fellow who fights alone,
And arms his soul with strength;
'Till safely out of the battle rout
He conquering comes at length.
Till far and near into every ear,
The fame of the fight is blown,
'Till friend and foe in the victor know,
The fellow who fights alone.

It is hard enough to do anything which is worthy of appreciation, and when you see anything worth while commending, don't be shy in giving your appreciation. The hunger for a word of kindness, or the recognition of work well done, is quite akin to physical hunger. Don't be chary with your praise, Brother.

DOES TOTAL ABSTINENCE HELP THE SOLDIER?

A gentleman who had served through the South African campaign, told me that during all that time he was not once ill, nor in any way incapacitated. His uniform good health he attributed to total abstinence from alcohol. Other soldiers who drank when opportunity offered, fell sick all around him, and through shortage of help from this cause he was compelled to do the work of three men. He was kept going night and day with barely time for eating and sleeping, and became so thin his clothes fairly hung on him. In spite, however, of his unceasing labor and heavy burden of responsibility, his health and strength remained perfect, forming a striking object-lesson of the value of teetotalism to all those with whom he came in contact.

C. FERRIS.

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In the end the moral forces always win.
* * *
Drink dims, darkens, decays, deadens,
damns.
* * *

Who will be the drunkards twenty years
from now?
* * *

Prohibition at its worst is better than
license at its best.
* * *

Drink—the root evil.—Right Hon. T.
McKinnon Wood, M.P.
* * *

Alcohol is a pathological fraud of frauds.
—Dr. Norman Kerr.
* * *

The cruel and devastating sale of liquor.
—Countess of Carlisle.
* * *

The wettest “dry” town is drier than the
driest “wet” town.
* * *

To him that knoweth to do good and doeth
it not, to him it is sin.
* * *

What a man wastes for wet goods, he can-
not spend for dry goods.
* * *

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

Frugality and sobriety are the best elixir
of longevity.
* * *

Satan's bitterest cups have always an at-
tractive handle.
* * *

Waste of child life and alcoholism went to-
gether.—Dr. J. N. Kelynack.
* * *

Society is the mother of convention. Be-
cause it is conventional to drink, it is not
any the more justifiable.
* * *

The word science frightens many people,
yet science is only systematised common-
sense. Science consistently condemns
alcohol.
* * *

It does not matter what you have been, it
is the man you are going to be who counts.
Liquor never helped any man to get out of
the ruck.
* * *

The mind is refreshed and invigorated by
distractions and amusements, but the abuse
of them leads to dissipation, and dissipation
to ruin.
* * *

No man can ever rise above that at which
he aims. The confessed moderate drinker
stands a good chance of falling much lower
than his original intention. It has been
proved so scores of times.
* * *

What most men need is the power of ob-
servation and deduction. The unbiased
observer who watches for only a single day,
and carefully records the results of his ob-
servations, must admit that liquor damages
the individual and the masses.

Abolish the liquor trade and not one
brothel out of twenty would survive.
* * *

You are a lawmaker in God's providence.
Use that privilege in God's service.
* * *

In a “dry” town only a criminal can sell
liquor, and only a sneak can buy it.
* * *

Say, you moderate drinker, where are boys
who began to drink when you did?
* * *

Use your vote as a sacred trust for the
glory of God and the good of humanity.
* * *

License is a world-wide failure. The more
it is thought of the less it is thought of.
* * *

Shun alcohol in every form as the only
possible means of safety.—Dr. T. D. Crothers.
* * *

Alcohol is responsible for much insanity and
mental disorder.—Sir Thomas Barlow, M.D.
* * *

A moderate drinker is always a potential
drunkard.—Dr. W. McAdam Eccles, London.
* * *

Alcohol is not essentially a stimulant, but
a narcotic.—Dr. J. Alfred Codd, Wolver-
hampton.
* * *

If you would keep the mind clear and the
body healthy, abstain from all fermented
liquor.—Rev. Sydney Smith.
* * *

The only proper use of alcohol to an ordin-
ary healthy person is its disuse.—Sir Victor
Horsley.
* * *

It is a simple, commonsense proposal to
remedy the evils of intemperance by remov-
ing the cause.
* * *

I never knew how delightful life is, or how
easily work can be done until I gave up the
wine.—Rev. Sydney Smith.
* * *

Good laws may not always make good
people, but good people ought always to
make good laws.
* * *

There is mighty little, if there is any, place
for alcohol in medicine.—Dr. W. A. Evans,
Chicago.
* * *

Dr. C. W. Saleeby describes medicated
wines “as damnable ruiners of motherhood
and childhood.”
* * *

The family income is cut off at both ends
when the father drinks; he spends more and
cannot earn as much.
* * *

The total abstainer has a definite and
scientific basis for his belief.—Dr. W.
McAdam Eccles, London.

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ennes Insertion and Lace (Wonderful
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SERTION and Lace 1/11
Other Lines in LADIES' CAMISOLES, front
Trimmed Muslin Embroidery and Linen,
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with Linen Barmen Lace 1/11
LADIES' EMBROIDERED MUSLIN CAMI-
SOLES, Trimmed Linen Barmen Lace.. 2/6
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CAMISOLES, in various designs 2/11
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CAMISOLES, very pretty designs..... 3/11
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SOLES, daintily trimmed Malines Insertion,
Lace, and Embroidery Beading 4/11
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Insertion, Embroidery Insertion and Bead-
ing 5/11
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med back and front with Malines and Em-
broidery Insertion, neck and sleeves finished
with embroidery Beading and Malines Lace,
6/11.

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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 PRIZE WINNER.

L. Railton, 251 Parramatta Road, Annandale, writes: Enclosed is a joke; if worth 2s. 6d. use it for gratuitous distribution of soldiers' issue.

"CAN YOUR MISTRESS BE SEEN?"

Mr. M. T. Wigham, of Catford, gave an amusing anecdote in a recent meeting when speaking of foreign missions: "The twaddle we sometimes hear about foreign missions not accomplishing much good, and about their work hardly being observable in heathen lands, reminds me of what a colored servant girl in America said. Someone knocked at the front door, and she opened to them. 'Can your mistress be seen?' the visitor politely inquired. 'Lawd a-mercy! can my mistress be seen?' exclaimed the servant. 'Well, I should think she could. She's more'n six feet high, an' she's very stout. I should think she can be seen. When you's in the room with her, there's little else to be seen,' and the servant laughed heartily at the idea of anyone asking if her mistress could be seen. So we would say of the mission work in heathen lands, there is little else to be seen when there." Mr. Wigham then read the opinions of many of Britain's leading statesmen to show that foreign missions were the greatest civilizing forces in heathen lands.

FLY AWAY, FLY.

Little Marjorie was telling about her number work at the family dinner table, and papa wanted to test her mildly.

"Can you add small sums, girfie?"

"Yes, papa."

"And can you subtract, too? Take one number from another?"

"Yes, papa."

"That's nice, dear. Now, let me hear you do it. Supposing there were four flies on a table and I killed one, how many would be left?"

"One," was the proud and sparkling answer. "The dead one."

A WEIGHTY REASON.

The old gentleman's wife was getting into a carriage, and he neglected to assist her.

"You are not so gallant, John, as when you were a boy," she exclaimed, in gentle rebuke.

"No," was his ready response, "and you are not so buoyant as when you were a gal!"

W. J. Bryan was lecturing on temperance, when a blear-eyed man arose and shouted out:

"It's a dirty, rotten shame that we must lose all our liberties, and we won't stand for your meddlin' either."

"I shall never forget," said the speaker, "How one day a farmer discovered one of his best pigs stuck in a mud hole and almost exhausted. The man immediately went to its rescue, but the pig raved like mad, and made a desperate resistance. The farmer finally got the animal out, but my, how he did squeal."

Mr. Cutting: "I am opposed to intoxicating liquors as a beverage, yet I believe that liquor rightly used is a benefit to humanity. I am fully convinced that whisky was once the means of saving my life."

Miss Indoubt: "Perhaps it did, but I fail to see how that proves it a benefit to humanity."

STRENGTH.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, the anti-suffragist, said at an anti-suffrage tea in New York:

"They call woman the weaker sex. Yet I have known more than one woman to bend a man's will during his life and break it after his death."

THE DIFFERENCE.

"Say, papa," asked little Roy, "what's the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?"

"An optimist, my son," replied Papa, "thinks the times are ripe, a pessimist thinks they are rotten."

TIM'S PENANCE.

It was Friday, and the priest, paying an unexpected visit to Tim Doolan, wood-carter, found the latter enjoying a meal of sausages. He sternly rebuked the offender, who, however, pleaded that he had not regarded sausages as meat. As penance Tim was ordered to deliver at the presbytery next day a load of wood.

The next morning, as the priest stepped from his house, he discovered Tim tipping a cartload of sawdust into the wood-shed.

"Timothy, what is all this?"

"It's the pinance, sure," said Tim.

"But I said wood. That's not wood."

"Well," said Tim, "if sausage is mate, that's wood."

"You needn't jump out of the way," sarcastically remarked the monkey-backed youth. "You won't get run over. This is a safety." "It isn't the machine I'm afraid of," replied the elderly gentleman, thoroughly roused. "It's the idiot that's riding it!"

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