

The Chronicle

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1923.

A young married man named William James Ryan appeared before the court last Tuesday, charged by Constable Goulding with using obscene language in the lavatory at Newport station on August 25, at about 5 p.m. The constable saw accused with a bottle of beer, and a sample of the language used was given to the bench. Some people on the platform could hear it distinctly. Defendant admitted he got excited, and used the wrong word. For his error he was fined £1, or seven days.

Now that the Finance Bill of 1923-24 has passed into law, readers who derive any income from the United Kingdom will be interested to learn its provisions. Briefly, the most important changes affecting non-residents are these:—(1) The standard rate of tax has been reduced to 4/6 in the pound. (2) Claims can be made for three years back, but this limit will gradually be extended to six years. It will not be possible, however, to claim for years prior to 1920-21, the section not being retro-active. (3) Income derived from the Irish Free State will be exempt from British tax, but liable to Irish Income Tax, which is 5/- in the pound for 1923-24. There are, apparently, still many people deriving income from the United Kingdom who are unaware that they can recover at least part of the income tax charged on it. This is, in many cases, due to the fact that dividends are often marked "free of tax," and in some instances, even, no mention whatever of tax is made, where they are paid through a local branch of a British company. In both these cases, however, tax is recoverable.

Next Friday night the Commercial Travellers' Concert Party give a night of song, mirth and story (in aid of the hospital auxiliary) at the Mechanics Hall. The party appear as a whole in concerted numbers, and by soloists. Messrs. Harry Lamb and Geo. Grainger, both well-known tenors; Harry Pride, the big man with the big voice; W. A. Smith and A. Spicer, baritones. Messrs. Chas. Nutting and Alex. Humphrey do individual turns of magic and mystery.

Chas. Nutting and Alex. Humphrey do individual turns of magic and mystery, and work together in a "mental telepathy" act of much merit. Quartet-tists H. Pride, H. Wood, E. Oaten and E. Grainger introduce some good harmony. The whole is topped off by A. T. Bieri, whose accompanying is excellent. In addition, this gentleman gives an item called "Pianosities."

The seventieth anniversary celebrations of the Cecil-street Presbyterian Church are being held next week. Tomorrow, special preachers will occupy the pulpit. On Monday, a public meeting will take place in the school hall; a concert on Tuesday night by the "We Four" concert party; a social reunion of past and present members and adherents on Wednesday; young people's social reunion on Thursday; Sunday school children's social evening on Friday; and reunion of Literary Association and Boys' Naval Brigade on Saturday night. The celebration will conclude on Sunday, 9th, with a special communion service and an address by the Moderator-General of Australia.

As the result of numerous requests by the residents of Williamstown and district, the committee of the newly reorganised Newport Workshops Concert Band has decided to give another band recital, concert and picture night, at the picture theatre, on Wednesday, September 12, when a first-class programme has been arranged, including the celebrated "Wee Four" quartette party, and many other new and up-to-date items. The prices of admission will be the same as the last occasion.

At the far west end of the Loco. Workshops is an isolated building—the munition shop. There shells were made that never shelled, but after the war degenerated, under the Olliver hammers, into drawbar nuts. This isolated building needs special fire protection. Sometimes a live "fag" smoulders in a dark corner; sometimes an energetic artisan files a valve so vigorously that sparks fly dangerously about, and might cause fire. But for many reasons it was found necessary to establish an auxiliary fire brigade, so Cap'n Don, with Lieut. Wig, were put in charge of a water-squirting squad. At the alarm signal, the squad rushed to action, and in a few seconds gallons of Yan Yean were to be shot on sparks, flames, live match heads, hot boxes, or anything at all that burned or smoked. Such was to be done by Cap'n Don's fire squashers. First drill.

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Alarm! A rush to stations, but cap-
tain and lieutenant both want the fire
plug end of the job. Squad get ready
to fall on hose. Water turned on; hose
fills; wriggles like a boa constrictor
on a hot shovel. Water knocks over a
lathe, breaks a pane of glass in
window; nozzle wags about like an
elephant's trunk. Captain wants
lieutenant to catch nozzle and meet
the fire; lieutenant argues. Squad re-
treat, but the water still squirts hard,
and all likely fires are put out before
they can start. Nozzle takes a look
backward, and spits Yan Yean all over
Cap'n Don and Lieutenant Wig. Cap-
tain's "mô" has all cosmetic washed
off. Lieutenant Wig blown through
keyhole of door; squad run like blue
blazes to catch last workmen's train.
Officer enters up in fire brigade log
book: "Munition Shop auxiliary
brigade, 110½ per cent, efficient."