

Grit.

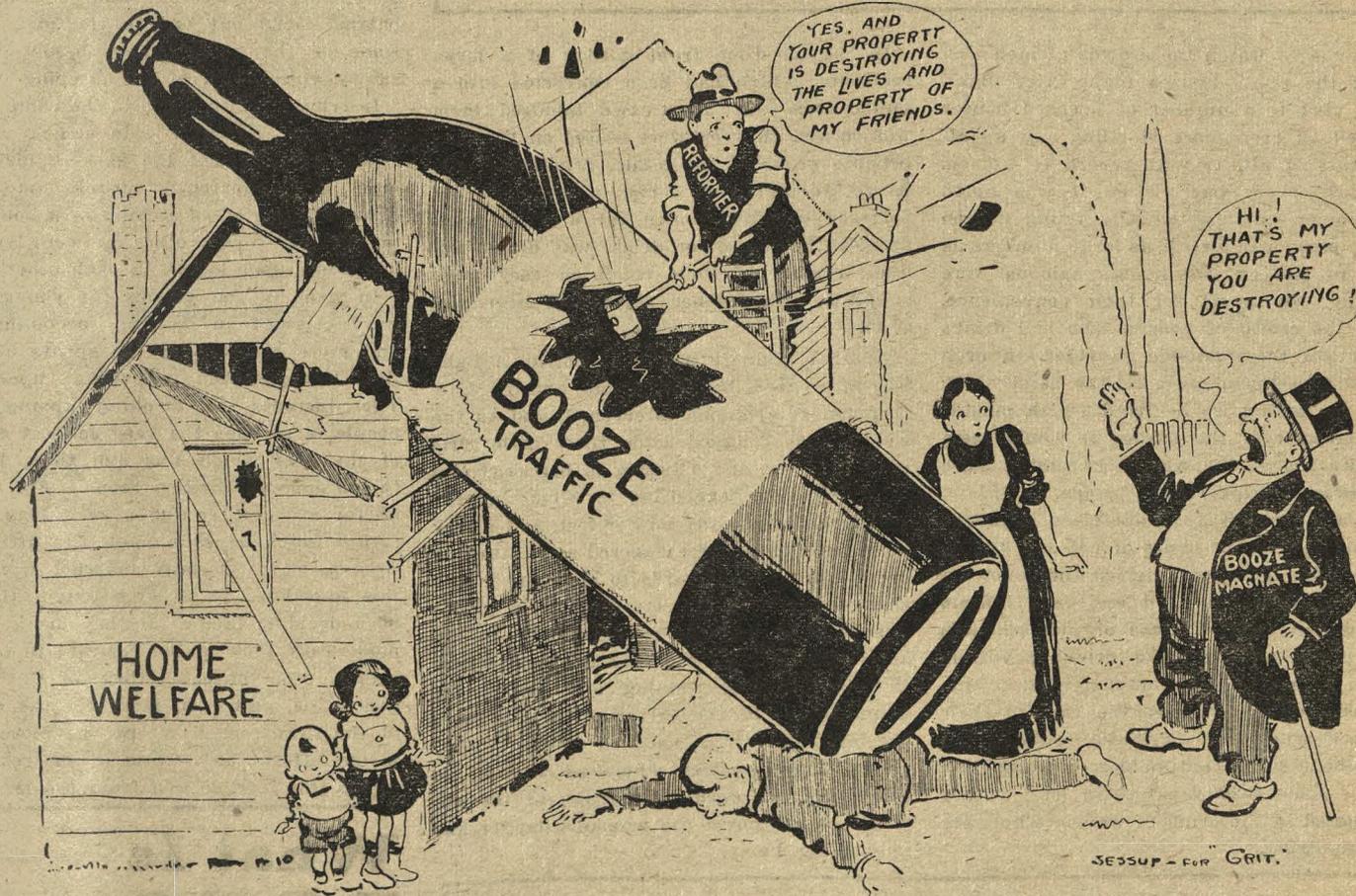
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APPALLING SCENES.

WOMEN AND CHILD VICTIMS OF THE TERRIBLE TRAFFIC.

(By a Woman Correspondent to the "War Cry," London.)

The increase of drinking among women is one of the most alarming symptoms of the present situation. A London publican declared that whereas before the war his customers were about nine men to one woman, at the present time the sexes are about equal.

It is sad to watch the crowds of men who throng the public-houses night after night. But a visit to a number of licensed houses revealed an even more startling and appalling state of affairs with regard to women. In nearly every bar visited it was noted that women—and particularly young women—were present in almost as large numbers as men. In one or two houses saloons were specially set apart for their convenience, whilst the crowd of women who had drinks brought to them outside provided an even more distressing picture. If the hand which rocks the cradle is the hand which moulds the character of the nation, it would seem as if we are on the way to becoming more than ever a drink-ridden people.

A walk through a middle-class suburban district between the hours of 8.45 and 9.45 on a recent Sunday night yielded the following evidence: Three hundred and four infants were playing on the steps of public-houses while their parents were drinking within. Some were in perambulators (often unguarded), others were in the care of their mothers who were drinking outside the public-houses in the lobbies. Among this number some twenty babies in long clothes were noted in the arms of women who were thus indulging.

In the one-time front garden of a large residence, which had been converted into a public-house, at least two hundred men, women and children were seated on the long benches provided, the adults drinking freely. At yet another place a char-a-banc carrying some twenty-five women, all of whom were already the worse for drink, was drawn up, and in spite of their condition they were supplied with further glasses of beer and spirits.

Another night in a poorer district a fight was in progress between a man and his wife. Drunken companions intervened, and as the woman was dragged aside three little girls rushed to her, and, clinging to her skirt and sobbing loudly, begged her to "Come home!" Dishevelled, unsteady on her feet, and led by these little ones, she staggered away, turning every two or three yards to shout after and shake her fist at the retreating form of her husband. Taking the smallest child in her arms she then lurched into the road where electric cars were running, and but for the watchfulness of the driver of one of these she must have been knocked down. A Salvation Army officer who was waiting to commence her open-air meeting at the opposite corner noted the woman's danger and guided her home.

In a certain naval district the number of girl drinkers is giving the more serious-minded people much anxiety. The public-house bars are thronged with hundreds of girls with vicious, sin-stained faces. Seated on the steps of one establishment in this neighborhood was a well-dressed girl with a beautiful baby boy in her arms. Attracted by the child, "The War Cry" representative approached her, and ventured to remark:

"What a pity you bring that lovely child to a place like this!" The door of the public-house opened into a court, where about twenty other women, accompanied by young children, were drinking.

For a moment the girl looked abashed. Then she replied with a laugh, "Oh, I'm doing no harm: I just come here for a bit of company."

"Your husband is inside?"

"No," she answered, "I have no husband," and her words were scarcely uttered when the door behind her was pulled violently open and a soldier in khaki, carrying two glasses of spirits, lurched out and, regaining his balance, held out one to the girl, spilling some of the evil-smelling liquor over the snowy-white cloak of the sleeping child.

Leaving another house in the same district we turned down a side street, where a sickening sight met the gaze—a girl and a man, both apparently drunk, had fallen down on some steps in front of a house, and, unable to help each other up, were lying in a drunken stupor locked in each other's arms.

In some of the saloons the young people were engaged in dancing, becoming more and more hilarious as the spirits of which they had partaken took effect upon them. The increase in drinking among young people is perhaps the very saddest evidence of the hold which this evil thing has obtained upon the British people. For a better or for a worse condition of things in the future much depends upon the attitude of women, and especially married women, to this question. To a large extent they can be a deciding factor. If they drink ever so moderately they cannot restrain their young people. For the sake, then, of the present generation, and even more for the children of the future, shall we not be more united in our efforts, as well as in our resolve, to sweep this terrible evil from the land?

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Our Pet Drug Habit.

HOW THE GUARDIANS OF THE LAW SUFFER.

By W. D. B. CREAGH.

The first crime committed in Australia was brought about by a convict drinking rum. Some sailors from the British warships, then anchored in Port Jackson, came across this unfortunate convict. He gave them some information they wanted, for which information they gave him the rum. Then drinking the rum he, the convict, started out towards a workshop to get an implement he was working with sharpened. He came across a sergeant of the Guard, and the drunk convict attacked him. Only for the timely arrival of a comrade he, the soldier, would have been killed.

The Court was made up of the captains of the ships then in port. The place was under a tree in the spot that is now the Domain. The prisoner was too valuable to shoot, so they gave him 175 lashes, 25 at a time. Thus was put on record the first crime. To-day over one hundred years after the above crime, we find the same drug coursing our people, especially the guardians of the law.

ASSAULTS ON THE POLICE.

Hardly a day goes by when we read of brutal assaults of murder and suicide. The police, whose duty it is to arrest those under the influence, suffer very much. All the papers are crying out against it, and most of those in authority are as blind to alcohol working in these cases as indeed the captains of the ships were that tried the first victim.

THE "SUN" TAKES MATTER UP.

Many comments have been made in the press, the "Sun" opening its columns, in discussing the matter, and they accepted the following from me, 20/12/21:—

The attacks on the police, some of them brutal, have become very bad lately, and the worst feature about them is that those who are around look on, or, worse, take part in the attack.

I maintain that in some measure the authorities are to blame. Most of these attacks come from men under the influence of liquor, who are filled right up, then put out in the streets. The police know that

nine out of every ten assaults on them are by men and women under the influence of alcoholic liquor. Take the case of Walter Hartman, 25, who was arrested by Constable Lund for drunkenness. Hartman, like most drunks, resented the arrest. The result was that the constable was badly kicked, trousers torn, and three other policemen were necessary to arrest the prisoner. Most of these assaults are committed just after closing time. It is a positive disgrace to see the patrol waggon going around the city picking up the men and women who have been put out of the hotels and wine bars, many of them helpless.

A stricter supervision by the police inside the bars is needed.

To back up my statement, the following cases appeared in the same issue:—

ASSAULT ON POLICE.

An appeal made by Mr. Bloomfield for leniency in the case of Lewis Aim was answered by Mr. Burton Smith, S.M., to-day, by the laconic remark, "Next case, please!"

Aim, a decently-attired man of 37, was charged with having on December 18 used bad language, and also on the same date with having assaulted Constable Findlay. The constable said that he was called to a house in which Aim was, and in remonstrating with him for his conduct received a torrent of bad language. He arrested the man, who struck out and kicked, with the result that he had to take to his bed.

Mr. Bloomfield said that on behalf of the accused he apologised for the language and the assault. He was a returned soldier, and had served in the Boer War and the Great War.

Mr. Burton Smith imposed a fine of 20/-, in default seven days for the language, and ordered one month's imprisonment without the option of a fine, for the assault.

Note the magistrate's remark.

WOMAN ASSAULTED.

William Cruickshanks, aged 18, a fisherman, who pleaded guilty in Judge Cohen's court to-day to a charge of assault on a

married woman, at Huskisson, near Nowra, was sentenced to three years' hard labor in Grafton jail.

The Judge, in answer to Cruickshank's statement that he was drunk, said: "Do you think that is any excuse for this abominable offence?"

Note the Judge's remark.

A few days previously the following appeared in the "News":—

CONSTABLE ASSAULTED.

Walter Tomlinson, a young man, was charged before Mr. Burton Smith, at the Central Police Court, with maliciously damaging a shirt and a tie, and with using bad language. He was further charged with his brother, Thomas Tomlinson, with assaulting Constable Keys while the latter was in the execution of his duty.

It was stated that both men were under the influence of drink and that they regretted what had happened.

They were each fined £3, in default 21 days' jail, for the assault, and Walter Tomlinson was fined 20/-, with an alternative of seven days, for the language. He was also fined 1/-, with 21/- for the damage to the constable's clothes; in default, seven days' imprisonment.

During the last two weeks there was a general riot in Sussex-street, also one at the Glebe, both very serious. A constable, also two civilians that went to the constable's assistance, were badly knocked about. Both undoubtedly through drink.

A CHALLENGE.

Now, sir, if my statement in the "Sun" is true, and the evidence proves I am true, surely the authorities are much to blame. The police are necessary; they should be protected, but the only protection expected should not be forthcoming from any bystanders, or, from greater punishment of the law-breakers.

I am absolutely certain of my facts, and I challenge the police to deny them. I also challenge the authorities to disprove this fact, that in Canada and U.S.A., there has been a tremendous decrease in the assaults; in fact, in all crimes where violence is used. The liquor problem puts everyone at a disadvantage. Every means of control has been tried. Like every other thing, it is impossible to control it by allowing its common use. All the police, every citizen, in fact, should work for Prohibition.

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After a tiring day's work you're apt to sleep badly. Next day finds you unrefreshed. Give your tired nerves a little help by taking HEAN'S TONIC NERVE NUTS. They pull you together and brace you up wonderfully. If they are not yet stocked by your chemist or grocer, send direct to the Sole Manufacturer, G. W. Hean, Chemist, 178 Castlereagh-street, Sydney. The price is 3/- per box, or six boxes for 17/3. The same medicaments in mixture form would cost about three times as much.—Advt.

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PROHIBITION MISSION—SEASIDE AND CITY.

JANUARY 7-21, 1922.

BIG FEATURE—MANLY WEEK, JAN. 7-15.

SATURDAY, JAN. 7.—

8 p.m.: Open-air Demonstration, The Corso, Manly.

Mr. A. Lane, Mr. H. A. Cubis.

SUNDAY, JAN. 8.—

11 a.m.: Methodist Church.

Rev. R. B. S. Hammond.

7.30 p.m.: Anglican Church.

Rev. R. B. S. Hammond.

7.30 p.m.: Congregational Church.

Mr. R. J. C. Butler.

8.45 p.m.: United Rally.

Mr. R. J. C. Butler.

MONDAY, JAN. 9.—

1 p.m.: Martin Place.

Mr. Thos. E. Shonk, Mr. A. Lane.

8 p.m.: The Corso, Manly.

Mr. P. Adler.

TUESDAY, JAN. 10.—

8 p.m.: The Corso, Manly.

Mr. Thos. E. Shonk, Mr. Henry Macourt.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 11.—

1 p.m.: Martin Place.

Mr. W. D. B. Creagh, Mr. A. Lane,
Mr. David Watson.

8 p.m.: The Corso, Manly.

Mr. David Watson, Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.

THURSDAY, JAN. 12.—

8 p.m.: The Corso, Manly.

Mr. H. A. Cubis, Mr. Henry Macourt.

FRIDAY, JAN. 13.—

8 p.m.: The Corso, Manly.

Mr. Thos. E. Shonk, Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.

SATURDAY, JAN. 14.—

8 p.m.: The Corso, Manly.

Mr. A. Lane, Mr. P. Adler.

SUNDAY, JAN. 15.—

3.30 p.m.: Children's Demonstration, Manly Oval.

8.45 p.m.: Final United Rally, The Corso.

MONDAY, JAN. 16.—

1 p.m.: Martin Place.

Mr. P. Adler, Mr. Henry Macourt.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 18.—

8 p.m.: Coogee Beach.

Mr. W. D. B. Creagh, Mr. Thos. E. Shonk.

THURSDAY, JAN. 19.—

8 p.m.: Darlinghurst.

Mr. Francis Wilson, Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.

FRIDAY, JAN. 20.—

8 p.m.: Watson-street, Newtown.

Mr. Francis Wilson.

8 p.m.: King's Cross.

Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.

8 p.m.: Dulwich Hill.

Mr. Thos. E. Shonk.

SATURDAY, JAN. 21.—

8 p.m.: The Corso, Manly.

Mr. Cubis, Mr. Macourt, Mr. Adler.

WORK FOR 1922.

This, as has already been stated, will be bigger and better than even the fine record of the past year. And isn't that as it should be in connection with a campaign that will always ask for "one better" until the fight is won?

The liquor traffic turnover in this State is officially given as a little more than eleven millions. Some courage is needed in attempting to destroy such a power, and even greater

wisdom is required to convince a section of the public that there is no danger of an economic or an industrial problem following the closing down of the traffic. It is our business to attempt these things, and we have faith to believe that the object will be achieved, and soon.

In this year we shall make even greater demands upon our friends; and again you will not fail. Those who can give will give again, and more. Those who can work, will be in the contest with enthusiasm unaffected by weariness or disappointment.

In a later issue will be published some of our plans for committee and individual work. In carrying these out we will need the co-operation of friends in all parts of the State. The work will be made doubly effective by the addition of local proposals, which can be so effective because they are made with a full knowledge of local conditions. Education must continue—on platform, in pulpit, at the street corner, in the press, and by means of literature. It is a big job; and that is why it makes such a strong appeal. Make it your job. Let us have your suggestions as to what could be done in your corner, and how much you can do.

In the meantime be ready to back up the programme for the holiday season or the ordinary programme for the year. Prohibition is a live question. The public recognise this, and particularly our opponents. In 1922 we can make it a victorious issue—if all lend a hand.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

News of Rev. H. Allen Job's activities as State organiser in Tasmania is very gratifying. He appears to have gripped the situation, seen its needs, and got right into the work. A new enthusiasm seems to have been one response to his slogan of "Tasmania the First Dry State of the Commonwealth."

Mr. W. H. Sherwood has returned to Wagga after a two months' tour of the Southern Riverina as far as Deniliquin. He visited Oaklands, Urana, Daysdale, Jerilderie, Berrigan, Finley, Tocumwal, Mathoura, and several smaller centres. He travelled by horse and vehicle, in temperatures reaching at times over 100, and at other times in rain that threatened to wash him out. His horse broke down and his vehicle broke up. On one occasion he joined the fire fighters to beat back the bush fire. He reached home fit and even more keen than when he started on the difficult trail.

Mrs. Ross received a memorable send-off when leaving Goulburn. Many references were made to her organising capacity, tact, initiative, and energy, and the splendid results of her work in the town. A cheque was given as a token of appreciation. Mrs. Ross will be living in Sydney for a time.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S ESSAY CONTEST.

PRIZE LIST.

Division 1.—Judge, Mr. E. Henry, Headmaster, Public School, Hurstville.

Owing to low standard of entries excepting the prize essays, and the small number of entries, the judge recommended that only two prizes be awarded, as per rule 17 of conditions of contest. The awards, therefore, are—

1st Prize: No award.

2nd Prize: Andrene Tulloch, Goulburn, 10/6.

3rd Prize: Ethel Sibbald, Blackheath, 7/6.

A special gold medal has been donated by Mrs. T. Frost for the best girl entry in this division from Goulburn. It, therefore, has been awarded to Andrene Tulloch.

Division 2.—Judge, Mr. H. H. Small, Headmaster, Hunter's Hill Public School.

1st Prize: Rene Maitland, Enmore, £2/2/-.

2nd Prize: Kenneth Richardson, Dulwich Hill, £1/10/-.

3rd Prize: Marcia Tulloch, Goulburn, 15/-.

Consolation Prize.—Essay No. 30 was of prize merit, but too long. Upon the judge's recommendation a consolation prize, consisting of a gold-mounted fountain pen, has been awarded to Ethel Colquhoun, Wagga.

Division 3.—Judge, Dr. P. R. Cole, Ph.D., Teachers' College, Sydney University.

1st Prize: Joyce M. Hawkins, Lindfield, £3/3/-.

2nd Prize: Berwyn L. Deans, Rockdale, £2/2/-.

3rd Prize: Walter Laing, Katoomba, £1/5/-.

Essay No. 32 was received after date of closing through the entry going astray. The judge said this was very able and deserved a consolation prize. A silver pencil is therefore being sent to Thelma Robins, Camperdown.

Notes.—The total number of entries for the contest were 32. We sincerely thank those who adjudicated in the various decisions. A large number of entries were expected, but doubtless the close proximity of the public school examinations interfered.

Donations towards the prize fund were received as follows:—Dr. Richard Arthur, M.L.A., £3/3/-; Mr. C. McKay, £2/2/-; Mr. (Continued on page 12.)

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where.

ONLY A LITTLE.

By MARION THORNTON, for "Grit."

It was a lovely day in December. The heat was oppressive. The sun's glare scorched up the grass in the meadows; the roads were white and dusty; the flowers drooped and faded for the want of a cooling shower. In the garden of Fernly Rectory it was comparatively cool and shady; the trees cast a refreshing shadow over the lawn, and a gentle breeze played about the forms of two girls who were seated on the grass under the shade of a large tree.

Ruth Villiers, the Rector's eldest daughter, was a pale, thoughtful girl of eighteen. She was an earnest worker for Christ, especially in the temperance cause. She longed for the villagers of Fernly to give up the drink which had ruined so many homes, and was determined to do all in her power to try to bring it about.

The other girl, by her side, was Alice Morris, an old schoolfellow and friend, who was on a visit to her. Her home was with a grandfather some miles away from Fernly. She also was a Christian, and did what she could for the poor around her, and though an abstainer herself, she thought other people ought to do as they thought best about it. Perhaps she had not seen the evil of drink as her friend had done, or she had been differently brought up.

Ruth Villiers looked very earnest now, as she remarked: "I would not marry a man who is not an abstainer, would you, Alice?"

While she spoke she was thinking of her father's curate, Mark Wilton, who was a zealous worker in the temperance cause, and a warm friend of hers.

Alice hesitated before she replied, her thoughts flashed instantly to Ernest Manvers, who often visited her grandfather. She knew that he was not a teetotaler, but she liked him nevertheless. She thought Ruth was going too far now.

"You surely do not mean, Ruth, that you would not marry a man you loved, because he took a little wine occasionally?" she asked.

"No, Alice!" Ruth replied. "I would not be joined to a man who indulged in that which has been a curse to our land, and to Fernly especially. How should I know that he would always only take a little? He might go on to a great deal. Every drunkard began with one glass. You think I am too serious about it, but it is necessary. If you had seen the misery I have seen, brought through drink, you would think as I do about it."

Alice was used to what she termed Ruth's strange notions about drink; but this was more than she expected, and she was almost angry, as she said: "I am exceedingly glad my conscience is not so troublesome as that; but here is someone coming." And she broke off abruptly with, "It is your champion, Mr. Wilton," and as she said this she looked earnestly at Ruth, who blushed

as she rose to meet the newcomer. He had come to tell Ruth of his success with a notable drunkard, for whom he had found employment. As Alice watched them she thought, "So this is he of whom Ruth was thinking when she said she would only marry a teetotaler."

Soon after Ruth left Mark and Alice, while she went to find a maid to bring tea out under the trees.

Two years passed by, and in that time Ruth Villiers and Alice Morris had become engaged to the men of their choice. Ruth's opinion of drink has not altered, and she is quite content in the prospect of sharing her life with the temperance man, Mark Wilton. Alice Morris thinks no man is as good as Ernest Manvers, although he is not an abstainer. Reports have sometimes reached her that he is in the habit of drinking too much sometimes, but she has seen nothing of it, and therefore will not believe it.

One bright day in September Alice Morris became Alice Manvers. Ruth Villiers acted as bridesmaid. She was rather doubtful at first as to her friend's happiness, but the wedding passed off well, and there seemed every prospect of it being a success. The bridegroom drank scarcely any wine at all. After the wedding they left for the Continent.

Two months later Mark Wilton and Ruth Villiers were united in marriage. They acted up to their principles by having no wine at the wedding feast, and they acknowledged afterwards that it had been far more enjoyable than if they had placed temptation in the way of their guests.

After a quiet fortnight by the sea they settled down at Fernly to a busy life of work. Ruth heard from Alice occasionally, who told her that they had decided to stay for a time in Italy. They were both very happy, she said, and getting on nicely together.

Ten years passed before the friends again saw each other. In this time four children had come to the Curate's home, and Ruth, busy before, was busier still now. She had heard of the birth of a son in Alice's home, but since then correspondence had dropped. Ruth often thought of her friend, however, and wondered how she was getting on.

One day a letter came to Ruth from Alice, asking her to go and see her. She was in lodgings in a small town near, with five young children. She was ill and miserable.

"Do come!" she wrote, "for the sake of old times." Though Alice was busy at the time about a sale of work for Fernly Church, she could not refuse her friend's appeal, and as soon as possible she arrived at the town, and hastened to the place to which Alice had directed her. She was shocked to find

her in such pitiable surroundings, in a miserable house in a back street.

As she entered the room she saw a wretched figure crouched over the fire with a baby in her arms. The other children were playing in a corner of the room. Alice looked up, and when she saw Ruth, a smile overspread her worn face, and she rose to embrace her. As Ruth sat down Alice said: "You are surprised to see me here in this state," and without waiting for an answer she went on: "I will tell you how it all happened; it will be a relief to tell you. We stayed abroad all these years because Ernest wished it. We lived very gay lives, and were very worldly. I once thought I was a Christian, but I soon gave that up when I was married. But it was not until my second child was born that I would drink any wine, then Ernest said I ought to, and the doctor said it was necessary. I yielded, and took it, but since we have been here I have hated the sight of it. I soon found out that he was not even a moderate drinker, and he often came home the worse for drink. When sober he was kind to me, but he was not often that way. I often thought of you in those days, and of that conversation we had in the rectory garden, and many times I wished I had imitated you."

When three children were born I wished more than ever to return home. We had spent nearly all our money which, though it was a great deal, could not last always, spending it as we did. But Ernest would not be persuaded to leave Italy, and the friends he had found there. It was not until last year that he saw the necessity of coming back here. Grandpapa was dead, and we had no one to help us. We came to these lodgings, and here baby was born a month ago. I am alone all day with the children. Ernest is out seeking employment. Yesterday I felt that I must write to you once more, though I had been ashamed to before. I thought you would come and tell me how to be forgiven, for oh! I am so wicked."

Ruth, who had listened in sadness all this time, now strove to comfort her, and told her it was not too late to be forgiven, and at Alice's request they knelt down, and Ruth earnestly asked the forgiveness of God. When they rose Alice thanked her for coming, and said: "I think God has forgiven me; now I shall ask Him to lead Ernest to Himself."

"He will, dear, I am sure!" Ruth replied. Soon after she left, but she remained long enough in the town to order food and firing for the starving family.

A few days later, when she returned home, she received a letter from Alice, who said she was still trusting in God, and her husband had a prospect of employment, which she hoped he would be able to keep. Whether it was so remains to be seen.

PASS "GRIT" ON

A DELIGHTFUL BEVERAGE

GRIFFITHS BROS.

Signal Cocoa

BUY SOME TO-DAY

A Christmas Tea in Sydney, 1921.

By BREN PEMBURY.

"Think he'll let me in?" asked a forlorn and ragged man as I reached the door of St. Barnabas' school hall about tea time on Xmas Day. My reply was according to a maxim of an old school teacher of mine, "Never interpret the mind of your best friend," so I said that I thought "he" would if possible allow my friend to enter. This man, together with over a hundred and twenty others, had come along to have Xmas tea with R. B. S. Hammond.

It is the essence of cruelty to probe the sorrow of any man. Only the small-minded ask fool questions of a man when he is clothed in rags and is hungry. Therefore I cannot recount any stories told to me by these hundred derelicts, but I watched them drink their tea (and shout this fact from the housetops; it was real tea, made in teapots and not the vile concoction I have seen handed out in some shelters). I saw them empty plate after plate of good things to eat and saw all manner of fruit disappear as if by magic—the magic of an empty stomach. And all these sights told their own story. Many of the men were having their first meal of the day—Xmas Day, six o'clock in the evening.

This was not the first time I had watched the "scrapped bits of human wreckage" being fed by religious people. I have a memory which records that once I witnessed about fifty men get charity from the hands of a certain Gospel Missioner. At one hour before the food was distributed the men were assembled and the door was locked. Then followed the most lurid address on hell that

it was ever my misfortune to hear, and that, with my experience, is saying much. Following the hour of torture tea was served. One hunk of bread and a vile concoction

A CHRISTMAS TEA

IN PROHIBITION NEW YORK.

Twelve months ago this Christmas the leaders of the celebrated Bowery Mission of New York provided for eleven hundred men to have free Christmas tea at the mission as in times past. Only some 300 accepted the invitation, and every man except twenty insisted on paying for their tea. During the days of the open saloon this mission was engaged in caring for the derelicts who were manufactured by alcohol. The work in the "wet" days was always more than the workers could cope with, and the supply of derelicts exceeded the ways and means to shelter and feed them. The coming of Prohibition performed the miracle of turning the down and outs of the Bowery Mission into paying guests. Contrast this fact with the Christmas tea reported on this page and your intellect will do the rest.

which was unblushingly called "tea." Sheer starvation forced the men to accept both the sermon and food and drink. Ten minutes after tea (sic) we had another few words—

half-an-hour on the subject of the sufferings of the damned—and then the door was unlocked and we escaped. The memory of that feast made me wonder how this Xmas tea would go. Well, it went in such a fashion that a detailed account of it should be posted on the walls of all charitable missions.

At six o'clock Mr. Hammond spoke to the men. He said that being Xmas-tide he felt sure that many men would be somewhat lonely, being far from their homes and friends, and being prompted by the spirit of his religion he had invited them to be his guests at tea. He then offered a simple and beautiful Grace, and—the doors open all the time—the tea was served.

Many willing hands waited on the guests and a spirit of friendliness prevailed. By some mysterious personal touch this host fed his "down-and-out" guests without the mockery form of superior charity once showing her leering face. The fact of the matter was that these men were his friends.

After tea Mr. Hammond mounted a front seat and gave a short address. He offered them the hand of friendship and told of a wonderful religious faith which was at hand to all who would take it. He did not upbraid these poor unfortunates. He did not probe the obvious spiritual sores of their lives. He never once threatened. In short, he interpreted the Spirit of Christmas. The wonderful patience and love of God, the power which, if they made a supreme effort, would be theirs to use. "It is a full-sized man's job" said their host, and then in spite of all his knowledge of human weakness he told his guests of his faith in them. And he meant what he said, and every man knew it. Then followed a brief prayer commending all to the Great Friend of men and women. Leaving the seat Mr. Hammond went to the door, and as each man left the hall he was given two shillings. It was so much more and better than they hoped for; it was a God-like gift. The majority of the men simply looked their gratitude, if all the unspeakable thankfulness which was in their hearts could be conveyed to the man who brought this Xmas cheer to them, he would be enveloped in a wave of human love. I am confident that not one man was the least embarrassed by the manner and spirit in which the gifts were presented. No questions were asked, no promises exacted. They came freely and went as they came. The twenty without tickets of invitation were made as much at home as those with tickets. I am aware that all precautions must be taken against fraud and imposition and all that, but I was glad that in one corner of Sydney at least was one man who bade those from the highways and byways come to his table, and though some came in rags and bore in their faces the indelible marks of wasted lives, he welcomed them as men. He knew that beneath the rottenest exterior and within the coarsest nature is somewhere hidden away a chord which will respond to the Divine touch, and so in the Master's Name and Spirit he bade them eat and drink. Thus was the birth of Jesus celebrated in the schoolroom of St. Barnabas' Church on Xmas Day, 1921.

YOU HAVE TO DO WITHOUT

Something else if you pay big fees for your dental work.

MY FEES ARE VERY FAIR.

DENTIST REANEY

OPP. GRACE BROS.

OPEN FRIDAY NIGHTS.

M1420

Terrible Facts and Astounding Figures.

The following table shows the number of convictions against women for drunkenness throughout England and Wales in the years

GROWING AGAIN!

Convictions for drunkenness among women in England and Wales fell to an inconsiderable total under licensing restrictions, but now that these are removed the number is rapidly rising.

1913-20. They give striking evidence of the effects of legislation upon the ravages of the drink traffic:—

1913 (Year preceding the war) ..	35,765
1914	37,311
1915 (Restrictions first imposed) ..	33,211
1916	21,245
1917	12,307
1918	7,222
1919 (Restrictions relaxed)	11,180
1920	15,246

RESTRICTIONS AND MORTALITY.

The deaths certified as due to and connected with alcoholism, compared with 1913, declined in 1915 by 20 per cent.; in 1916 by 23 per cent.; in 1917 by 41 per cent.; in 1918 by 57 per cent.

The deaths of children under one year of age from "over-lying," in comparison with 1913, declined in 1915 by 16 per cent.; in 1916 by 39 per cent.; in 1917 by 42 per cent.; in 1918 by 67 per cent.

THE RESULT OF EXTENDED HOURS.

The closing hour in London for licensed premises was advanced on September 1st last from 10 p.m. to 11 p.m. For the thirteen weeks preceding August 28th the average weekly number of convictions for drunkenness in the Metropolitan Police District was 432. For the four weeks ending September 25th the average weekly number of convictions in the same area was 643—an increase of 50 per cent.

"I cannot help being struck by the very serious increase in drunkenness. The Monday morning cases have risen from an average of nine or ten to twenty-nine this morning. I cannot help thinking it has something to do with the later hours," said Mr. Clarke Hall, the magistrate at Old Street Police Court, as recently as the 10th of the present month.

BRITAIN'S BURDEN.

The annual drink bill mounts high above the biggest item of national expenditure.

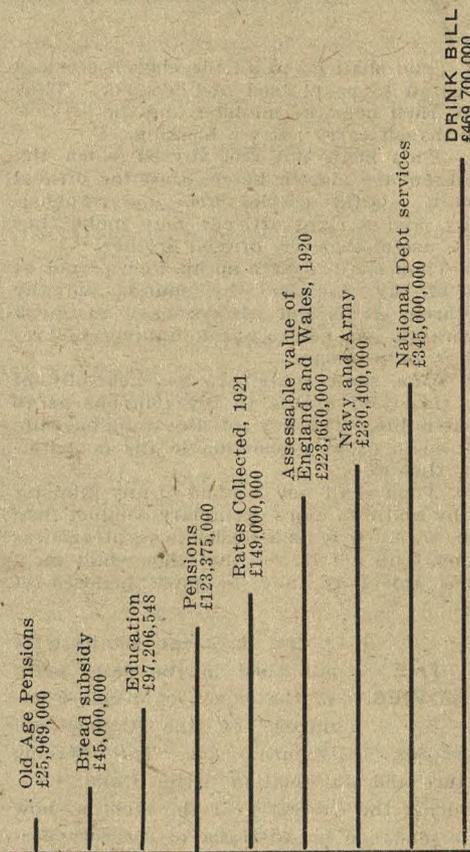
WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

The amount spent on intoxicating liquors in the United Kingdom in 1920 was £469,700,000. Contrast this colossal sum with some principal items of public expenditure for year ended March 31, 1921:—

National Debt Services	£345,000,000
Navy, Army, and Air Forces	£230,400,000
Assessable value of England and Wales (1920)	£223,660,000
Rates collected, England and Wales (1921)	£149,000,000
Pensions	£123,235,000
Education (rates and taxes)	£97,206,548
Bread Subsidy	£45,000,000
Old Age Pensions	£25,969,000

CONVICTIONS FOR DRUNKENNESS.

The total number of convictions for drunkenness in England and Wales in 1920 was 95,763, as compared with 57,948 in 1919



—an increase of 37,815. The convictions in 1913, before war restrictions were imposed, totalled 188,877.

Sixty-nine and a half million gallons of alcoholic liquor were consumed in 1920 in

England and Wales, as compared with 60,000,000 gallons in 1919 and 92,000,000 gallons in 1913.

THE "THEATRE-SUPPER" HOUR.

"The thoroughfares in London 'theatre-land' have shown that those neighborhoods have fully shared in the increase of intemperance. Midnight 'theatre suppers' concern the leisured and luxurious class only. In the nature of things this experience lies outside the lot of the mass of manual workers. The 'theatre-supper' exemption is an example of class legislation. What will be the effect—the natural effect—on the public mind of the sharp contrast between the midnight drinking parties of the West End and the widening area of destitution in industrial London?"—From the "Spectator," October 8, 1921.

DRINK AND DEATH.

The number of deaths due to alcoholism was reduced 57 per cent. during the period recently governed by restrictions on the consumption of liquor.

POSITION OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

The Salvation Army is the only religious organisation in the world which makes total abstinence from alcoholic liquor a condition of enrolment in its ranks. Moreover, its soldiers are instructed that it is contrary to the love of God and man to make a profit by buying or selling intoxicating drink, tobacco, bad books, or anything else likely to injure the bodies and souls of men. Nobody who smokes is permitted to occupy any position in the organisation, even that of minding the door!—The English "War Cry," October 29, 1921.

PASS "GRIT" ON

Saving to Lose.

AN INDIGNANT GOVERNOR.

"Service," the new monthly paper published by the Sydney Hospital, says:—

"Mr. G. A. Stewart, Managing Director of McCarron Stewart and Co., has recently become a Governor of the Hospital in recognition of the work which the children's ward of the Sydney Hospital is doing in saving life. Because of Mr. Selwyn Harrison's statement that 35,000 babies have died in New South Wales during the last ten years, and Dr. Harvie Sutton's opinion that it is more dangerous to be a young baby in Sydney than a soldier in France, Mr. Stewart asked the following questions: 'What is the good of saving the babies to destroy them when they become adults or before, or to commit them to the jails and asylums? I do not deny that babies, whose lives could be saved, die every day in New South Wales, but if you, or anyone who is interested, would come down Goulburn Street any hour of the day or night, you could see how babies die and how the hospitals are starved, although the Government and many others who know better stand idly by. The community rightly take precaution against plague, but they are indifferent to the harm which is caused by the liquor traffic. Any other business which does a fraction of the harm to the community that the liquor trade does, would be removed mighty quickly; but this soul and body and mind destroyer is carried on by official sanction. Is it any wonder that people are tired of supporting hospitals and charitable institutions, whose work could be greatly helped if the Government and the citizens did the honest thing, and prevented liquor continuing its deadly work.'"

A Personal Chat with my readers

BANKRUPT AUSTRALIA. We start 1922 with a Commonwealth debt of £401,720,024; in addition, the State debts are £458,408,898. A population of a little more than five million people owe £960,128,922, or more than England, with her 45,000,000 owed in 1913.

The interest on this huge debt amounts to about £43,000,000 a year. We are so little concerned that no serious result has yet been made to economise, and we joyously throw away £29,407,536 on drink in a single year. It is not only madness; it is criminal. With our largely increased drink bill in N.S.W., comes the following opening statement in the annual report of the Inspector-General of Police, printed on 10th Nov. last:—

"The most serious offences, such as offences against the person, against property, with violence, and against property without violence, show an actual increase of 1846 arrests, while for offences against good order the increase in the number of arrests was no less than 11,111." And this in the face of the fact that the police force was nearly 300 short of its authorised strength. Canada decreased its convictions by 40,000, and in 59 cities in U.S.A., with a population of 20,000,000, they decreased their convictions by 207,000. Australia will soon be the slum area of the English-speaking people unless we make a determined effort to get Prohibition. Debt and drunkenness will ruin Australia as they have ruined many another fine champion.

A WORD TO THE PERSON IN THE PEW. The parson makes a fine target, and few can resist the temptation of making an "aunt sally" of him. A layman has come to the rescue with the following commandments:—

1. Thou shalt not expect thy minister to be a perfect man. If he were perfect, he would not understand his parishioners well enough to help them.
2. Thou shalt not accuse thy minister of trying to run the church. If parishioners are capable of running a church it is foolish to employ an expert to do it.
3. Thou shalt not expect thy minister always to agree with thee. He is employed to teach thee, and to correct any false ideas thou hast along spiritual lines.
4. Thou shalt not watch for mannerisms or errors of speech or style in the pulpit. Thy minister is not employed to teach delcarte, or rhetoric, but to preach the Gospel to thee.
5. Thou shalt not fail to present to thy minister now any bouquets thou hast in reserve for him. When he meets thy expectations, he deserves the comfort of knowing it.

6. Thou shalt go to all the church services prepared to be pleased and blessed. Thus shalt thou help the minister and the service, and thyself carry away a blessing.

7. Thou shalt not fret thyself when thy brethren are chosen before thee for official honors. Office carries labor and responsibility, and a right attitude may make thee more useful than thy official brother.

8. Thou shalt always speak well, or not at all, of thy minister, thy church and thy brethren. It is not always easy to speak favorably, but not to speak unfavorably requires only silence.

9. Thou shalt contribute as cheerfully of thy time and means to thy religious as to secular life. The joy of thy religious life will be in exact proportion to thy contribution thereto.

10. Thou shalt not demand of any minister or thy brethren more exemplary conduct than thine own. It is as a leader in righteousness rather than a follower that thou shalt most honor thy Lord, and be most honored of Him.

THE MOVIES. A few days ago details were published in the daily press of the report of a Sub-Committee of the Council of Education (Melbourne) on "The Moving Picture and its Relation to the Child."

During the current year the records show an attendance in Australia of 2,000,000 persons per week at picture theatres.

An examination of fourteen Melbourne schools showed that 45 per cent. of the children attended picture shows once a week, 11 per cent. attended twice a week, and 60 per cent. went once or oftener each week. Of these, 20 per cent. reached home after the rest of the family had retired, 37 per cent. attended at night, 40 per cent. attended in the afternoon, and 23 per cent. both in the afternoon and the evening.

This is a menace to home life, to the pocket, to the tired bodies and overstrained eyes, apart altogether from the harm persistent excitement has on unstable nervous organisations. The moral effect cannot but be bad in a vast number of cases. Children become prematurely old and sadly familiar with much that poisons their minds.

Will you put the brake on? Let it be one of the New Year determinations that the movies be taken in very small doses.

WHAT A PUBLICAN SAYS. A London publican has gone on record as saying just lately:

"During the past few months there has been an appreciable reduction in wages. Mine is a typical working-man's house, and the saloon-bar trade is insignificant. Yet I find no decrease in my weekly takings. On the other hand, in the last fortnight they have been somewhat higher. This demons-

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION

"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.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue, the paper being posted for 52 weeks for 10/-; outside the Commonwealth, 11/6.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1922.

trates quite clearly that it is in the home, and not in the public-house, that the enforced economies are being made. The price of all alcoholic drinks is now so high that, with reduced wages, a workingman is faced with the choice of whether he will have drink or comfort at home, since his weekly income will not permit of both."

Thousands have decided for drink, and the nation bears the burden and therefore has a right to remove the cause.

THE ONLY SENSIBLE THING. The Sydney Hospital now issues a fine monthly paper called "Service." In the last issue it says:—

Dentist Phillip Moses, who has recently given nearly £50 to the Sydney Hospital, in complimenting Mr. George Black, M.L.C., on his efforts to raise money, says: "I feel that a great many of the cases which have to be treated gratuitously in the hospital are there directly or indirectly as a result of drink, and I feel that if the drink trade were done away with, there would be a material decrease in the demand for hospital accommodation. If your house were being flooded by water which was escaping from a tap, I imagine that you would think it wiser to turn off the tap rather than to continually buy cloths to mop up the water, and I feel that money devoted to turning off the tap is spent more wisely than in buying floor cloths, and I am spending a good deal of money in trying to turn off the tap."

THE EDITOR.

Spreading Sunshine.

HOW UNCLE B.'s FRIENDS HELPED.

The greatest need of to-day is not that we give more but that we give more wisely.

UNCLE B.

This is the Christmas story of £130. Where did it come from? Some of it is fragrant with the spirit of sacrifice, and some of it was born of goodwill and nurtured in hearts grateful for many mercies. Some came from old friends whose loyalty and remembrance added greatly to their gift. Some came from those I have never met, and filled me with wonder and happy hopefulness. Some came from dear souls who quietly and unobtrusively determined to be anonymous. Some came from little children, and was a dear echo of a good home and a wise and kind parent. One gift came from a business firm that undertook patriotic work and devoted the profit to helping those who had been injured in the battle of life.

It was a great privilege as well as a great responsibility to have the spending of £130, and if it was as joyous to those who gave as it was to those who conveyed it and those who received it, then it was the most worthwhile £130 ever spent.

THE PRINCIPLE BEHIND THE DISTRIBUTION.

First, there must be need, real need, for we hold that none should have a luxury so long as there are any without that which is necessary. Then it must be of the kind that causes no disappointment. Above all there must be that spirit in the gift that glorifies it, as does the setting sun glorify and turn to radiant beauty the dull, drab, grey clouds.

This is truly a man-sized job, and we do not claim to have fulfilled our ideal, but we have so largely approximated it that we feel a glow of gladness in looking back on the Christmas week, forgetting all the tiredness, all the sordid crookedness in some who came claiming help, and remembering only the surprised pleasure at unexpected generosity and the timid gratitude of those who were too tongue-tied to express all they so evidently felt. It was never a question of what they deserved—God's Christmas gift to the world was not to those who deserved; it

was gloriously big, it was of grace, it was of love, His bigness swamping our little meanness. This thought was behind our giving.

THE CHILDREN.

Thanks to Mrs. Hines and her splendid friends, the Tuesday before Christmas saw 90 children fed, amused, and made glad with gifts. Then on Thursday Miss Astrope and her friends dispensed sunshine with both hands to 140 children, and hour after hour provided some new surprise for them.

How many peas in this bottle?

They all guessed from 4 to 600. There were over 800. The boy who came nearest was given a large box of chocolates and a cup. His pleasure was very real, and with a deep satisfaction he whispered, "It is fine; I will give mum the chocolates and the cup will please my sister greatly."

In institutions children get outings sometimes, presents of a kind at Christmas, but they know nothing of money as do other children. In one such truly home-like institution 140 children were given sixpence each. In another 40 were given one shilling each. Oh the plannings, oh the fears, oh the hopes that these coins suggested to those who were free to do just as they liked with them! This was a good investment, and was a great sunshine promoter.

AMONG THE WOMEN.

We know them so intimately—their children are almost our burden as well as theirs. Into 27 homes went clothing, providing garments for over 100.

The scholars of the Croydon Presbyterian College made a magnificent contribution to this effort.

Into 41 homes we felt it was wisest and kindest to give them money, and from 10/- to £2 was given, happily sure that it would be a boon.

Thanks to St. John's, Ashfield, we were able to give 10 families a magnificent supply of groceries.

To 25 other families we moved more cautiously, and they had orders in terms bigger than they had reason to hope for.

Among these families were some odd children, for there are "left-overs" among children as among other things, and no less than 25 such children, quiet, timid little ones, pleased with so little, were made happy with unexpected toys and clothes.

A FEW CASES.

Here is the case of a fine little man; his wife has just "cleared out." He has a baby of 2½ years, twin girls of 4, and a lovely-natured boy of 5. It was a joy to be the "Fairy Mother" in such a case.

Here is a case of a mother with two children, living in a single room, a mattress on the floor, a box for a table, another for a chair. Anything is welcome in such a "home"!

Here is the poor broken-spirited, bedraggled woman, a black eye, a puling sickly baby, a sight to fill one with despair. What ever one can do it cannot be successful so long as the brazen, hellish bar lures her man on to his destruction and makes life one hideous nightmare to her. Here is a returned soldier; he is married to two women, has two families, is out of work, is drinking, is fearful of the law because of his bigamy. Oh, what a welter of sorrow! What a human tangle! With what a feeling of impotence does one face such cases?

THE MEN.

On Wednesday in Christmas week the usual inspirational meeting for men is attended by 200; of these 120 accept an invitation to tea on Christmas Day. With the past as a guide, for I remembered when 68 accepted and 180 turned up, also when we have had less than expected, I planned to handle 150. They came, poor broken men, old men with the patience born of many a rebuff, young men with the despair of those who had already failed so often, gifted men with a buoyancy one envied, and that failure and degradation had not dimmed.

Surely no sadder sight ever met a thinker's gaze!

There were 140 men all told.

It would have been great to have given every one a clean shirt and a clean handkerchief, but, alas, my purse did not run to that. One could only hope to fan the wee spark of hope again into a feeble flame, and trust that it would survive the blank days ahead of them. A fine tea, the best of fruit, and all at least satisfied and with the content that makes a man exclaim, "Richard is himself again."

And then, don't please condemn. Each man was given two shillings, and was free to do as he liked. It was a gift of goodwill; it was not to be spoilt by any conditions. I feel convinced 95 per cent. of it was well and wisely spent. I almost dared to say 100 per cent. They were gathered up in a prayer strong in faith, tender with understanding, and they drifted out into the night—with what thoughts who can tell?

(Continued on page 15.)

BABY'S FIRST PORTRAIT.

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Life Behind the Bar.

STIRRING STORIES OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE PARTICIPATED IN THE DRINK TRAFFIC, BUT HAVE NOW ABANDONED IT. BITTER PANGS OF MEMORY.

"If only I could I would get out of this cursed trade to-day; but all my money is in it, and I must continue."—A Publican.

Of many aspects of the Drink Traffic not the least interesting is that which is viewed from the inside. Consultation with a number of comrades now in our ranks who were once publicans, managers, barmaids, bar-men, or potmen, has placed within our reach a mass of information showing the unsavory conditions under which the hellish business is often conducted. Upon this evidence we are able to assert that many of those who dispense alcoholic liquor would gladly abandon the baneful occupation could they secure the return of the money they have put into it or find other means of livelihood.

Take the case of R.J. A friend who was "in the line" painted such a glowing picture of the life behind the bar that he was won over to it. But he was soon disillusioned. During his first night on duty he received his initiation into the tricks of the trade. The continual brawling and calling for the police, and the steady deterioration of customers young and old, bore heavily on the young man's mind, until he loathed the smell, sights, and sounds of this "house of entertainment," as it was called.

An old potman remarked to the new beginner, "My son, I have been a manager and everything else down to the job I now hold, and so I know what I am talking about. Let me advise you to get out at once. Don't stay another hour. Shun this business as if it were the plague." He remained in that situation six months. Then he took a job in another district, and to his joy found that his new employer conducted the business on "honest" lines. The manager was part-proprietor and would gladly have cut all connection with the trade if he could at the same time have freed his money. He planned and hoped to find a way out; but he died while R.J. was working for him.

Distressed at this turn of events, R.J. left to take another situation, but such filthy practices were there carried on that he quickly fled. The cumulative effect of these nauseating experiences made him yearn for freedom, and he often wished he had not disregarded the old potman's advice.

Just at the time that he began to look for a change of work he became impressed by the visits to the bar-rooms of several "War Cry" sellers, and one night an open-air meeting was held by some Salvationists at an opposite corner. Somebody possessed of a powerful voice was talking of the power of prayer, and R.J., hearing nearly every word above the noise of the traffic, was reminded of his boyhood's prayers.

In the morning he decided he would try again for another job, and kneeling at his bedside he asked God to prosper his application. It succeeded, and R.J. was free!

Though he did not immediately keep his promise to serve God, he eventually accompanied a chum to the Army Hall, where he met with the Saviour. To-day he is an officer.

H.L., when only two years old, was taken by his widowed father into a public-house, where he was thrust under one of the forms out of the way until closing time. As he grew up most of his life centred round the bar-room, and at sixteen he was as confirmed a drinker as his father. At eighteen he secured a situation as potman and kept it for six years, when he was discharged for being drunk in the cellar. The employer reprimanded him by saying he might have been discovered by the police drunk on licensed premises!

This was the beginning of the end. Nine months later he was arrested one night by the singing of some Salvationists at a street corner near a large public-house, and as an outcome he found salvation. His friends, who had not been in the least perturbed by his drunken practices, now decided that he had disgraced their name by going to the Army penitent form; but since that day H.L. has steadily improved in character and circumstances so as to compel the admiration of all.

In answer to prayer he secured work, being selected from thirty other applicants. When the war broke out he joined the forces and never once took either the rum or the cigarette ration. In South Africa he was ordered by the doctor to drink stout and whisky as medicine. "You will die if you don't," he said. But H.L. lives to tell the tale.

Among the tragedies of his public-house days he recalls the case of a business man who took to playing billiards in the saloon and to having drink in moderation. Gradually alcohol got the upper hand. Business became neglected, and bankruptcy and ruin followed, whereupon he set himself the grim task of speeding the end by means of the foaming pot. In fifteen months he was dead!

"While I was serving as barmaid in County Wexford, Ireland," says a correspondent, "I got a rude shock. As I was due to go off duty a man was turned away from the bar in a very drunken condition. When I got out on the street a few minutes later I saw him rolling from side to side of the pavement, and stout and whisky bottles fell from his pocket. Just as he lost all control of himself and collapsed to the ground his wife came along. She used the most awful language in speaking to him and kicked him cruelly. 'My work!' I said to myself, for I had served him with the drink which was the cause of his degradation.

"Oh, I was glad to leave that trade! Now I go to the 'pubs' again, but for the purpose of getting people out. As I sell my 'War Crys' each week I look at the women behind the bar with great pity, and try all I can to influence them for God."

Though she is the only Salvationist in her village in Surrey, our comrade is well known as such, and her visitation of the public-houses has been made a great blessing to many.

* * *

"Mine is a sad memory of the drink trade," says a well-known local officer in London. "I was head barman and cellarman and then manager of a number of London houses in turn. When I think of the adulteration of the stuff and the many painful consequences of drinking it, I have to thank God that ever I went into the great Army Hall at Clapton, and that the Spirit of God revealed to me how I was a partner in the business of damning souls. The surrender of my means of livelihood was so great a consideration that I had to fight desperately to do the right thing; but by the grace of God I did it, and have since enjoyed the happiest three years of satisfying service for God."

(Continued on Page 15.)

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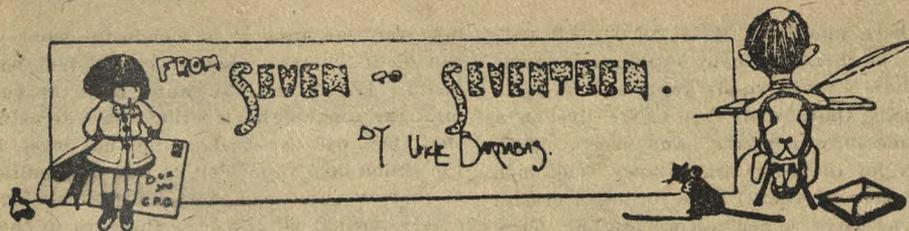
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The school is open to boys under the age of fourteen years.

Only a limited number of boarders will be taken in order that each boy may be under the personal care of the Headmaster and his wife.



All boys and girls between the age of seven and seventeen are invited to join the family of Uncle B. Write only on one side of the paper. Send your photo as soon as convenient. Send the date of your birthday. There is no fee to pay. Uncle B.'s birthday is celebrated in April each year by a picnic, to which he invites all his Ne's and Ni's. If you do not write for three months you are a "scallywag." Address all letters to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

P-R-O-H-I-B-I-T-I-O-N

- Promotes thrift,
- Reduces crime,
- Overthrows temptation.
- Helps "Down-and-Outs" be up and in,
- Increases employment,
- Better labor conditions.
- Improves health,
- Transforms homes,
- Induces efficiency,
- Outgrows habit, appetite and custom,
- Nurtures morality.

—By J.V.

INSECTS THAT PLAY THE FIDDLE.

Of course, you have heard of the Orchestra of the Birds, but did you know that the insects have a part in that orchestra? Well, listen to what one writer has to say about it:

Many of the little folk of field and forest are musicians for four or five months of the year. They carry their fiddles with them all of the time, and use them night and day during the insect musical season. The leader of the band is the long-horned grasshopper. He has two sets of wings, the outer ones for flying, the inner ones for his bow and fiddle.

The second fiddler in the band is the common little green grasshopper. His fiddle is attached to one wing, and he uses his hind leg for a bow.

The cricket is another fiddler who never seems to grow tired of his own music. He has one tune for night and one for day, and both tunes are loud and shrill. Sometimes, when the clouds darken the sun, he thinks night is coming, and suddenly changes from his day tune to his evening song.

There are many more of our insect friends who have musical instruments that make us think of fiddles.

A Happy New Year to all "Grit" Ne's and Ni's, and many happy returns of the day to those of January:—1st, Naomi Wingfield, Mabel Blay, Kathleen Coates, Rosa M. Knight, Malcolm Edwards; 2nd, Jessie Jones, Daphne Newton, Esme Martin; 3rd, "Molly," Chas. King, Archie Buckman, Raoul Swan, Clifford McIntosh; 4th, Myra Price, Winnie McCoy, Eric Elamires; 5th, Albert Gerlades, Alice Philpott, Francis Boulten, A.

Springett; 7th, Stella Brown, Gwen Oliver; 8th, Jack Shoults; 9th, Jean Miller, Stanley G. Perry, Allan W. A. Laing, M. J. Sutherland; 10th, Robert Lockwood; 12th, Kenny Stanley; 13th, Onslow Waller, George Bannerman, Pearl Dornan; 14th, Norman Roweth, Jack Jordan, Joe Housden, Muriel Reice, Marjorie Morgan, James Naylor, Doris Plowman; 16th, D'Arcy Shortt, Millie Klump; 18th, Sidney Cooper, Amelia Klump; 19th, Maggie Watt, Eric Phillips; 20th, Percy Pearce, Nellie Lansdowne, Birdie V. Peacock, Edna Goddard, Raymond Acheson; 21st, Dorothy Lamph, Boskie Turner, Will Smith; 22nd, Edward Hutch; 23rd, William Goddard, Wesley Green; 24th, Madge Chapman, Shirley Baker, Ronald Beattie, Lucy Bellingham, Colin Reynolds, Elizabeth J. Morris; 25th, Len Smith, Minnie Philpott, Edna Jarman; 26th, Esther House, Alison Coates, Jack Moore, Ernest Binding; 27th, Annie Seager, Myree Smith, Joe Budge; 28th, Dorothy Parr; 29th, Winnie Eccles, Hilda Membry, Clifford Milburn, Clarice Taylor; 30th, Elsie Bragg; 31st, Irene Paine, Colin Edwards, Marjory Frazer, Stewart Park.

77 OUT OF 100.

Eleanor Russell, Killara, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I was very pleased to see my letter in "Grit," and I think it is about time for another letter now. The results of our Sunday school examination came out last week, and I passed with 77 marks. Our Ravenswood girls are working very hard for the intermediate. I am not sitting this year, but next year I hope to do so. We have a new tennis court at school, and hope to be able to play on it in a week or two. Every year we have a tournament between ourselves at school; this is being played off now. The champion is presented with a racquet at the prize-giving. I will now close, with love to "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Eleanor,—All my Ne's and Ni's manage to pass their examinations, no matter if they are scallywags. I wonder did you play in the tennis tournament? I love tennis, but have a stupid ankle which usually plays up and spoils my fun.—Uncle B.)

FOOTBALL CRAZY.

Esther McGinnis, 89 Le Grande Boulevard, Aurora, Illinois, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—In your answer to my last letter you asked what time Gordon made in the mile. The fastest he has ever run is a mile in four minutes and twenty seconds. School has begun again, also football. We have a very good team this year, and have so far only lost one game. We have only four hundred in our school, while in all the other schools we play have from one to four thousand. So you see we are good considering our rivals. Have you ever seen a football game? I like a football game better

than any other game there is. To-morrow is one of our biggest games, so we have a big pep meeting to-night. The weather here is just right for football, as it is clear and cold, although it usually rains or snows on Saturday. At the last game there were over five thousand, and more are expected this week, as this is a bigger game. Well, Uncle, Hallowe'en is nearly here. I hope the goblins and witches on their broomsticks won't get you. I must close before you think I am football crazy. With love to all my "Grit" cousins.

(Dear Esther,—I am just the right one to appreciate your being football crazy. The first year I played in my college team we went through the season without being beaten. The last year I played with them I was captain. I then played with the premier team of Australia, winning right out against allcomers. It is a great game, and great crowds watch it here. The only complaint about your letters are that they are not long enough.—Uncle B.)

NOT KEEN ON WRITING.

John M. Grant, Lindfield, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you kindly accept me as one of your Ne's? I am 11 years old and my birthday is on the 14th of May. I went to church and Sunday school last Sunday, and have not missed a Sunday at Fellowship so far. I go to the Congregational Church at Roseville. It will be hard for me to keep off the scallywag list, as I am not keen on writing letters. I will send my photo as soon as possible. Lots of love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear John,—Glad to have you in my family. You must not be discouraged. I used to hate letter writing, but I write hundreds a month now, because it is an easy way of giving others pleasure, and there is lots of fun in it as well.—Uncle B.)

WONDERFUL CAVES.

Faith P.—, Haberfield, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Please may I be one of your Ni's? I am 12 years old, and will be 13 on the 23rd of this month, so I am nearly it, am I not? I think it will feel nice to be in my teens, especially as I have never been in them before. I have not started school here yet, as we have only just come from Adelaide. Dad took the "Patriot" and "Grit" in Adelaide, and we have them both here too. Have you ever been to South Australia? I was born in the south-eastern part, at Naracoorte, where the caves are. It is just near the borderline of South Australia and Victoria. We often visited the caves. Dad was always taking visiting ministers

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132 PITT STREET.

and others to see them. My sisters and I used to play with shells out of the cave walls, so the sea must have been there at one time, long ago; but the nearest beaches now are Kingston, Robe Beach Port, and McDonald Bay, 60 or 70 miles away, so the sea must have gone back a lot. The caves had different names, and were very beautiful, but the oldest and largest one was spoiled through people taking away pieces of it, and blackening it with their candles; but now better care is taken of them. One is called the Bat Cave. Thousands of bats live there, and if you go down without a hat they stick to your hair and frighten you. When they hear you coming down the steps they will fly about and make a noise like machinery. One day when I was about six years old the keeper said if I were good I would see a fairy, and when we were about to go he showed me one down a narrow lighted pathway, sitting on a stalactite, and it looked very pretty. When I was seven years old we moved near to Adelaide. Soon after that my sister died. Her name was Beatrice, and she was 4½ years old; but I miss her yet, and have had pets for playmates ever since. We had an Australian terrier called Tim, such a dear. He lived for nearly 14 years, but two years after Beta died he died too. We have had several cats: Milky and Smut, Tabby with four kittens, but the last cat's name was Toush-keen-baccha, but we called him Touss. He was fond of Bunty, my white rabbit, and they used to race around the kitchen after tea each night. Bunty had a burrow behind a box, and Touss and he often had a collision there, and it ended by Bunty biting Touss' tail; then Touss would box his ears, and we would sit and laugh until we got the stitch in our sides. One night mother brought home another white bunny in her bag, only 4 inches long. At first I was afraid to touch it for fear it would break. It had pink eyes and ears. Bunty was very jealous of it, and tried to chew it up. Soon after I got a puppy, and called it Fidget. It was very pretty at first, but soon grew like a kangaroo, always chasing its tail, which if it caught it would bite, and then sit and wonder what hurt it. But when I left to come here I had to leave them all behind. The bunnies went to a kind boy who sells animals and birds for missions, so they will help missions. I think I will be on your scallywag list if my tongue wags much longer, so good-bye now. Love to all "Grit" brothers and sisters and yourself.

(Welcome, Faith. You have made a great start with your splendid interesting letter. Now write and tell us what you think of sunny N.S.W.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NE.

Will Croft, Inverell, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I have often wished to be a new Ne. I have had a "Grit" lent to me so I intend to write when I have a chance. My age was 13 years last March. I am going to the High School at Inverell. I will also forward you my photo as soon as possible. The drought has lost its influence over us, and the grass is beautiful. We have a Band of

Hope here monthly. It is fairly well patronised, as there are many Prohibition people about here. We have six goats and we have some jolly times with them. We live on a big place in which run many sheep. They have a lot of little lambs now. The men around here (Fernhill) have formed a cricket club, and have joined a competition. They have played several matches, and have lost once. Well, I will close with love to yourself and "Grit" cousins.

(Dear Will,—Glad to have you in my family. I am also glad you have fun with the goats. I have a number of two-legged goats to deal with, and do not get much fun out of them—so you stick to the four-legged variety.—Uncle B.)

THANKS.

Una Pickard, Bowral, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am sending you my photo. I have not seen my letter in "Grit." I have been having exams. for mid-term, and I got 48 for geography, 43 for physical geography, and 44 for history out of 50. All our flowers are out now; the roses are so pretty. I have to get ready for church now.

(Dear Una,—Thanks for your photo. I like to have the photos of my wonderful family. You did splendidly in your exams. Wish I was near enough to get some of your flowers.—Uncle B.)

SLEEPY GOOD NIGHT.

Dulcie —, Erskineville, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—We have a dog, and when we got it it was only a month old. Its name is Spot. When I come home from school he runs and pulls my shore undone. One day when mother was washing she trod on him and he held his paw up for a long time. I go swimming every Thursday, and I enjoy it. I also have lessons in singing every Monday at the school. This is all, as I am getting sleepy, so good night.

(Dear Dulcie,—I envy you having a wee dog. I would love to have one, but of the last three I have had one died and two were stolen, so I have to just go without.—Uncle B.)

New South Wales Alliance—

(Continued from Page 4.)

A. B. Purcell, £1/1/-; Mr. E. Gilbert, 10/6; "Anonymous," 10/6; Mrs. T. Frost, gold medal; Mr. Lindsay Ryan, gold-mounted fountain pen and silver pencil.

The prizes have been sent to the successful competitors, the balance of the prize money being donated by the New South Wales Alliance.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

A Seed Thought for 1922.

The Child, the Seed, the grain of Corn,
The Acorn on the hill,
Each for some separate end is born
In season fit, and still
Each must in strength arise,
To work the Almighty will.

—R. L. Stevenson.

Workers to Specially Note.

Wherever you carry on your Band of Hope work—in a city slum, in a suburban district, or in the country—we appeal to you to do your utmost to WIN THE CHILD in your centre. Use the best methods, get all the

help you can (and it is wonderful what we can do if we try). Let every child in your district know that you want them at your meetings; make the meetings so interesting that they will come. Last but not least, let the Union help you. Tell us your difficulties, so that we can assist you. Tell us your successes, so that we can pass them on to cheer and encourage others. Make your motto "WIN THE CHILD."—"B. of H. News."

Are You Coming?

The special Conference of Delegates and Y.P. Workers and Friends will be held on February 7, at the Alliance Headquarters. Special programme of interest, instruction, and importance. Book the date now, and come on February 7 at 8 p.m.

TELL THE PEOPLE.

Tell the people you are coming,
With the banner of the free;
Tell them Prohibition's marching
To a glorious jubilee.
Tell the father, tell the mother,
In the confidence of truth,
Tell them Prohibition's coming,
And will guard the path of youth.
Tell them Prohibition planted
By the hand of truth and light,
And by tears of children watered,
Now is growing day and night.
Tell them patriots now are rising,
Coming forth a mighty throng,
With their ballots, no disguising,
Hear them shout in speech and song.

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FICKLE PUBLIC.

Despite his shabby clothing and empty pockets, it was evident that he had seen better days.

"Yes," he said, "I've been quite a personage in my time; in fact, the cynosure of all eyes."

His auditor waited in silence for an explanation.

"I was the tattooed man in the circus," he went on.

"And how did you lose your job?" he was asked.

"Public went crazy on moving pictures," he replied sadly, "and mine won't budge!"

* * *

MATRIMONIAL PROBLEM.

Among those present at a colored function in Mobile was a Mrs. Melinda Jackson, who evinced great interest in the lady in the booth labelled "Clairvoyant." Mrs. Jackson immediately consulted the seeress with respect to her future.

"Yo' is gwine to visit furrin lands," said the clairvoyant. "Yo' is gwine to conquer all rivals an' marry de man of yo' choice. He will be tall an' handsome an' aristocratic an' wealthy."

"An' is he gwine to be young?" asked Mrs. Jackson, her bosom heaving with excitement.

"Yes, he's shore to be young," said the clairvoyant.

Whereupon Mrs. Jackson clasped the fortune teller's hands and pressed them hard.

"I thanks yo', an' now tell me one thing mo'. How's I gwine to git rid of mah present husband?"

* * *

STILL MISSING.

Johnny: "Say, paw, I can't get these 'rithmetic examples. Teacher said somethin' 'bout findin' the great common divisor."

Paw (in disgust). "Great Scott! Haven't they found that thing yet? Why they were huntin' for it when I was a boy."

UNFORESEEN SEQUEL.

Willie had been instructed by his father to clean up the yard, and he had promised to do so to the best of his ability.

That evening, however, when his father returned from the office and took a look at the yard he became angry.

"Willie," he called, "I thought I told you to clean up that yard!"

"Well, dad, I did," said Willie, virtuously. "I fired everything over the fence as soon as I could; but the kid next door threw everything back when I went down town for mother."

* * *

EXPERIENCE.

Recruiting Officer: "So you wish to join the army? Have you any military experience?"

Applicant: "Yes, indeed. I have worn a wrist watch for two years."

* * *

WORSE AND WORSE.

Kansas paper: "We wish to apologise for the manner in which we disgraced the beautiful wedding last week. Through an error of the typesetter we were made to say "the roses were punk." What we should have said was "the noses were pink."

* * *

PERSONAL LIBERTY.

A Hyde Park orator returning home flushed with his efforts, and also from certain spirituous causes, found a mild curate seated opposite in the tram car. "It may interest you to know," he said truculently, "that I don't believe in the existence of a 'eaven." The curate merely nodded, and went on reading his newspaper. "You don't quite realise what I'm trying to make clear. I want you to understand that I don't believe for a single, solitary moment that such a place as 'eaven exists." "All right, all right," answered the curate pleasantly, "go to hell, only don't make quite so much fuss about it."



Mistress —
Mary, your kitchen is a picture!
However do you get everything so spotlessly clean & bright?

Yes, ma'am, it do look nice but it's very little trouble when you use PEARSON'S SAND SOAP

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DAILY INSPIRATION

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."
—2 Cor. 6, 2.

SUNDAY.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."—Psl., 51, 10.

* * *

WHAT THE COMMANDMENTS SHOW.

It was said of a young Oxford undergraduate, "He has the Ten Commandments written in his face." This was Arthur Henry Hallam, the young man whom Tennyson afterwards immortalised in his wonderful poem, "In Memoriam." Many people to-day have the Commandments written in their faces, but often they are broken Commandments. The sordid moneygetter's face is a living witness to all the world that he has disregarded the command that makes coveting a sin. The dishonest man's whole attitude advertises to all the world that he has forgotten the commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness." The thief, the profligate, the murderer, all have broken commandments written in their faces. Of how many may it be said now as it was said centuries ago, "The show of their countenance doth witness against them"?

MONDAY.

"I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."—1 Cor., 2, 2.

* * *

JESUS ONLY.

Jesus the First and Last;
On Thee my soul is cast:
Thou didst Thy work begin
By blotting out my sin;
Then wilt the root remove,
And perfect me in love.
Yet when the work is done,
The work is but begun.
Partaker of Thy grace,
I long to see Thy face;
The first I prove below,
The last I die to know.

TUESDAY.

"The foundation of God standeth sure."—2 Tim., 2, 19.

* * *

"The foundation of all our hopes, and all our joys, and all our strength in the work of the world should be in this firm conviction, that we are wrapped about by, and evermore in, an endless ocean, so to speak, of a present Divine love of a present loving Christ. He loveth us, says John; and he speaks to all ages and people."

WEDNESDAY.

"Behold the Lord God will help me."—Isa., 50, 9.

* * *

THE QUEST.

Help me to follow Thee, O Christ,
And meekly bear my daily cross;
Weaned from the world—for love of Thee,
Counting its "richest gain" as loss.

Help me to follow Thee, O Christ,
And trace Thy footprints on life's road;
There may I plant my halting feet,
And onward step, where Thou hast trod.

Help me to follow Thee, O Christ,
With reverence to the Mount of Prayer,
To ask for gifts and grave divine,
And find Thy radiant presence there.

THURSDAY.

"Bring forth fruit with patience."—Luke, 8, 15.

* * *

BE PATIENT.

"Do not be troubled if, in spite of all that thou triest to do, the times are out of joint and things go wrong and thou seemest to do no good. God made the world, not thou. He has patience; shouldest not thou have patience. Even thy poor good deeds cannot die. If they seem at first to yield no fruit, they shall

still be as seeds shut up in the darkness of a sepulchre, and when they are taken from the hands of time, years afterwards, it may be, they shall rise in golden grain. Be it little, be it much, God will accept thy honest offering."

FRIDAY.

"The heaven for height . . . is unsearchable."—Prov., 25, 3.

* * *

HEAVEN OVER-ARCHES EARTH AND SEA.

Heaven over-arches earth and sea,
Earth sadness and sea bitterness.
Heaven over-arches you and me:
A little while and we shall be—
Please God—where there is no more sea
Nor barren wilderness.

Heaven over-arches you and me,
And all earth's gardens and their graves.
Look up with me, until we see
The day break and the shadows flee.
What though to-night wrecks you and me,
If so to-morrow saves?
—Christina Rossetti.

SATURDAY.

"Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."—Eph., 6, 24.

* * *

SINCERITY AND EFFICIENCY.

The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but, when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him.—Lowell.

Efficiency is not something we can go out and buy. It does not come in packages with directions for use. It is more like a plant; that is, it is something that grows; and it is like a plant in this, too, that the longer it takes to grow the stronger and more enduring it is.—William C. Redfield.

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Received to 29/12/21, and where not mentioned the amount is 10s.—S. E. Isaac, 11/11/22; Mrs. Glibbery (N.Z.), 11s. 6d., 10/11/22; E. J. Ware, 30/12/21; Mrs. Spinks, 30/12/21. Following are paid to 30/12/22:—R. Partridge Wall, Mrs. Ford, N. Barnes, S. E. McCarthy (N.Z.), 11s. 6d.

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Spreading Sunshine—

(Continued from Page 9.)

Nearly half of them of their own free will came into the evening service and none listened with greater eagerness.

On Saturday afternoon Mr. Creagh organised a joygiving party, and Bobby Watson, Webb-King, Roy Cleary and Miss Donovan for two hours made five to six hundred prisoners at Long Bay forget they were in a penitentiary. It is probable that many of them appreciated the parson's inspirational talk more than any other part of the programme.

This is not the whole story; some of it I do not care to tell. The debt that was paid off, the things released from pawn, the fine that set a woman free from jail to spend Christmas in her home, and so much more that was worth while.

Did ever £130 do so much before?

THE HONOR ROLL.

Thanks, dear friends—again thanks to these dear donors:

Wm. Winn, £10; D. Bailey, 20/-; Mrs. Betts, 10/-; Miss Betts, 5/-; H. J. Nesbitt, 20/-; F. Richter, 20/-; Dorothy Brown, 20/-; Mrs. Holdsworth, 10/-; Mr. Mason, 10/6; Miss Andrews, 20/-; Miss Spencer, 20/-; Anon., 4/-; Minnie, 10/-; Friend, 3/-; Miss Richardson, 30/-; Mr. Ben Stone, £5; Miss Taylor, 10/-; T. Bembrick, 20/-; Mrs. Toms, 21/-; P.R.A., £3; M. Harris, 21/-; Charlie S.,

£2; Mrs. McCrea, 20/-; Miss B., 7/-; Miss Molster, 20/-; Mrs. Bell, 20/-; Miss McD., 10/-; Mrs. Young, 5/-; Mrs. and Miss Griffin, 20/-; C.P.N., 20/-; Undergrad, 10/-; Miss K., 20/-; Mrs. K., 5/-; Beryl, 10/-; Mrs. Lane, 10/-; A. and E. Banks, £2; G.M.H., 20/-; J.G.B., 10/-; J. Rae, 30/-; J.P., 20/-; B.G., 10/-; Mr. Moseley, 10/-; J.E.H., 5/-; E. J. Cooke, 20/-; Mrs. J. F. Dowling, 10/-; F. J. Harricks, 10/6; Anon., 20/-; Mrs. Baylis, 20/-; Mrs. Best, 20/-; Mrs. M., 10/-; A.F.G., 10/-; Miss Brown, 5/-; Well Wisher, 10/-; Mrs. Hamri, 20/-; Miss G., 20/-; A.C.T., 5/-; E. Martin, £3/3/-; Miss Coleman, 15/-; Methodist, 5/-; Queenie Ashwood, £10; E., 4/-; Miss M., 20/-; Mrs. Whitford, 25/-; J. and E., 30/-; M.J.L., 5/-; H. Templeton, 20/-; A. and E. Saxby, 10/-; R.L.S., £2/2/-; F.J.O., 21/-; Ed. B., £2/2/-; Miss Wulging, 10/-; Mrs. Harrington, 20/-; O.J.H., £3/3/-; Miss Pickup, 10/6; Misses Allen, £2/2/-; W. E. Johnson, £5/5/-; Mrs. E., 21/-; Phil H.P., 10/-; In-as-much, 5/-; Wah, 5/-; J. P. Wall, 10/-; Paul White, 10/-; Miss Barton, 10/-; Mr. Aston, 20/-; C.H., 20/-; J.G., 20/-; R.L.S., 21/-; A.G.B., 20/-; Miss Paul, 10/-; Mrs. Woodbridge, 5/-; David Jones, 10/6; Kerr Bros., 21/-; Linda, 10/-; J.P., £25; Miss Small, 20/-; Mrs. C.S., 20/-; W.P., 5/-; A. Wilson, 21/-; H. S. Smith, 5/-; Mrs. Dickson, 10/-; Molly and Roger, 10/-.

now is to capture those young women who used to work in the bar with me. There are three of them for whom I am praying!"—The English "War Cry," October 29, 1921.

XMAS EVE IN THE CITY.

AS SEEN BY THE "SUNDAY TIMES" REPORTER.

Every station in the metropolitan area dealt with drunks. At the Central alone at 10 o'clock last night there were no fewer than 80 of them, and a happy lot they were, too. The Sydney Philharmonic's most famous oratorio could not hold a candle to the wonderful harmony with which those men and women entertained the police.

SURPRISES IN SUBURBS.

The biggest proportion of drunks was distributed amongst the actual city stations, and not a few of them found a resting place in the big metropolitan hospitals.

In the city at times, particularly after 6 o'clock, things were lively for a while, and the patrol waggon used up a lot of petrol. Early in the evening there was a wee riot at the Haymarket, but police and a few headquarters detectives nipped it while it was

(Continued on Page 16.)

Life Behind the Bar—

(Continued from page 10.)

Leaving a home where God was feared, L.W. chose ungodly companions, with whom he soon began to frequent the beershop. He discovered moreover that he had an aptitude for the drink business, and he quickly secured a position as hotel manager. But he sampled the goods too freely and lost his post. Starting again at the foot of the ladder he rose once more to be manager, and again and yet again he fell.

Ever before him he had the spectacle of progressive degradation in the men and women who drank in his bars. It was a common occurrence for workmen to arrive with their tool kits for a friendly drink and chat, which developing into an orgy would lead to the sale of the tools and the squandering of every penny of the proceeds. The pawnshop, too, was a handy adjunct, men divesting themselves of really necessary clothing to satisfy their craving.

"For four years I was proprietress of a seaside hotel," writes F.B., "and I found the business to be an unmitigated evil, ruining to soul and body. I consider it one of the greatest blessings of my life that I came out of it, though with the loss of nearly all my worldly possessions."

Another comrade writes: "I have been a Salvationist for two happy years. How different it is from serving in a public-house bar! I should be ashamed to let you know this, but by-gones are by-gones, and, thank God, the past is under the Blood. When I look back and see what I have been saved from my heart leaps for joy. My great desire



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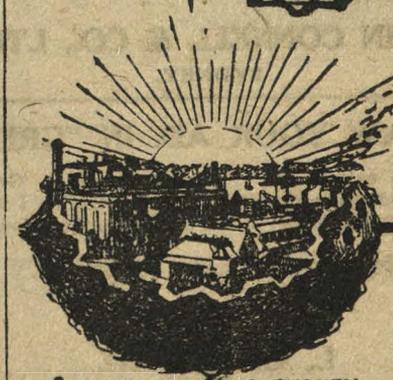
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yet budding. Then shortly before 7 o'clock an argument began at the corner of King and Castlereagh streets over the ownership of a flask of whisky. Two men, one a returned soldier, got into hots, but here also the police were on the spot.

Nearly every street, as a matter of fact, could boast of a brawl.

The police, by the way, made arrests only in extreme cases, and in most of the disturbances to which they were attracted by excited and happy crowds they acted as "decent coves" and "good sports." It was merely a tap on the shoulder and a hint to go home, and fighting men shook hands, and went their way.

ONE SERIOUS BRAWL.

All day long, and during the night, the Civil Ambulance was busy, and made many trips to the hospitals. The majority of cases, though, were of a minor nature. The only serious one was from Wisdom Lane, Woolloomooloo, where, during an altercation, Jack Croft, a laborer, aged 56, of Riley-street, was knocked down and kicked. His skull and two ribs were fractured. In the same fight Charles Baird, 33, was slightly hurt.

In Darlington-road there was a rumpus which, while it lasted, attracted a crowd of about 300. It became so general that at one time there were three or four groups of boxing gladiators who knew no rules. The result was a picturesque panorama of black eyes and cut lips and noses.

Late in the evening Superintendent Nolan stated that the people had behaved exceptionally well, and that the whole day was a very satisfactory one.

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