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A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

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THE EVOLUTION OF A HOG.

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BULLETIN ISSUED TO LAW OBSERVANCE OFFICERS.

BY FEDERAL PROHIBITION UNIT, WASHINGTON.

Issued Mondays and Fridays by Information Office, Federal Prohibition Unit and Narcotic Division, Washington, in the Interest of Directors, Divisional Chiefs, Narcotic Inspectors, Agents, and Law Observance Forces Generally.

LAW ENFORCEMENT LEAGUE FORMED BY WOMEN.

An organisation which is nothing less than a Woman's Law Enforcement League was launched in Washington recently, with Mrs. Harding as Honorary President and Mrs. Herbert Hoover as active head.

The purpose of this organisation, which is composed of prominent women from many States, is to get the women of the country, backed by the whole weight and influence of the Federation of Women's Clubs, to get behind a movement to enforce all laws and to instill respect for the law of the land.—News item, "Washington (D.C.) Herald."

ENGLISH SURGEON DISCREDITS ANY MEDICAL VALUE OF ALCOHOL.

Mr. Arthur Evans, surgeon to the Westminster Hospital, London, declared quite recently that all known facts are against the use of alcohol from the medical and surgical point of view. He added: "It is all 'bunkum' to say that alcohol enriches the blood and improves a man's vitality," and explained that no one has any "scientific grounds for believing that alcohol could cure anything." Such an authoritative testimony pretty effectively knocks the props from under those who still claim that Prohibition deprives them of something beneficial to their well-being.—Editorial, "Christian Science Monitor."

COMMUNITY INDICTED.

The infamy of the crime of bootlegging was brought out into bolder relief to the people of Phoenix at the funeral of a victim when his father, in a pathetic and impassioned address, denounced the murderers of his son, whose promising career was cut short.

Who are the murderers? The agonised father may have had in mind only the purveyors of the poison, the men who actually concocted and distributed it. But the indictment lies against the whole community; against the bootleggers; those who are in sympathy with them in their violation of the law; those who patronise and so encourage them; it lies also against habitually law-abiding citizens whose apathy has permitted this vilest of crimes to go unchecked.

Some of our courts must have come under the indictment of this father as he stood by the silent body of his son. The punishment inflicted upon convicted violators of the law is for the most part ridiculous. It

is without a deterrent force. Mad dogs are not restrained by a slight kick administered with a care not to hurt.

The churches cannot escape the indictment. It is not enough for them to frown upon Prohibition violation or wickedness. Mad dogs and serpents do not care for frowns; they are unaffected by uplift work or even by prayer. They yield only to the vigorous work of extermination.

Every law-abiding citizen should make of himself a Prohibition enforcement officer. He should aid to the extent of his ability the Federal enforcement officers. He should bring to the attention of the country and police officers all information he may possess of infractions of the law and compel these officers to do their duty or stand exposed before the public.—Editorial, "Phoenix (Ariz.) Republican."

YOUR PART IN ENFORCEMENT OF LAW.

"We must fight to make the world safe for our boys and girls, as well as to make the world safe for democracy. Nobody considers scarlet fever a family matter—it is a community matter—and the only way to eradicate conditions is for the voters to get together and put men in office who will enforce the law."—Rev. Elmer L. Williams, "the Fighting Parson," in "Evanston (Ill.) Index."

UNIVERSITY PROHIBITION.

No drinking among students of the University of Missouri is the edict laid down by its President, Stratton D. Brooks, who sanctioned the suspension of three students for drinking and nine or more for keeping early morning hours following a sorority party.

"This Prohibition liquor is poisonous—immediately detrimental to health," said President Brooks. "The university does not intend to allow either drinking or unchaperoned parties."—New item, "Oklahoma News."

FEDERAL AGENTS DO GOOD WORK.

Federal agents have been very successful in securing evidence against liquor law violators and their activities have resulted in a large number of persons being halled before the Federal Courts.

The Federal agents have shown what can be done in the matter of law enforcement if an honest attempt is made to do this.—Editorial, "The Chelsea (Mass.) Gazette."

LADIES—

The Beautifully Illustrated

"KING" TEA

Catalogue of Free Gifts Is Now Obtainable.

Ask your Grocer or Storekeeper.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO THRIFTY HOUSEWIVES

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GREER'S HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA

and to enable you to begin the collection of coupons now and from present stocks certain labels from packets, tins, and bottles will be accepted as coupons. When present stocks are exhausted they will be replaced with coupon labels attached.

Full particulars of these labels and of how to obtain the presents are set forth on the second page of the Preliminary Catalogue, which may be obtained at your Store, or by letter from

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Balloons 8/6 gross	Garlands 9/- doz.
Streamers .. 2/6 doz.	Lanterns 9/- doz.
Caps 1/6 doz.	Moustaches.. 9d. each
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Etc.	Etc.

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"LOVE." "LOVE DIVINE."

Post free, 1/7 each.

If your Bookseller won't get it for you, the Manager of "Grit" will.

"THE GREAT WHITE FAIR"

To be held in the Sydney Town Hall, 4th, 5th, 6th December

MAKE ROOM FOR CLEAN POLITICS.

The Victory Pledge Campaign has opened with the slogan: "Probity, the Passport to Public Life."

The army is on the move.

The march will be a sustained and dogged movement from now onward till victory is won.

In the life of armies the munitions of war are as important as the men of war.

The women of New South Wales are going to provide the munitions for the memorable struggle which lies ahead.

The future belongs to the present; we are only interested in the past in so far as it is a guide to the future. If it shows us how to avert another such debacle as we have experienced it is valuable; otherwise looking backward is folly.

The last Pledge Campaign was fought under tremendous odds and the munitions of war were wholly inadequate. The last Pledge Campaign was conducted with an all too generous estimate of the honor of public men. This time the Pledge Campaign will leave no loopholes for misunderstanding or escape. Candidates for Parliament are to be asked to sign a specific pledge, and our munitions must be adequate to carry through the campaign.

OBJECTIVE £2000.

For this purpose "The Great White Fair" will be held in the Sydney Town Hall on 4th, 5th and 6th December.

The responsibility for this great undertaking has been accepted by the Representative Women's Prohibition League and its 43 Branches.

THE WAR SPIRIT.

The great struggle in which we are engaged is a war—a social war, a war for better men and women, better children, better homes, better health, better laws and a higher civilisation, and an organisation modelled on war lines has been created.

SERVICE.

During the war every woman learned to work with her hands and brains—to knit and to sew. She made pyjamas and socks by the hundreds for the boys at the Front, and we now call upon those same women to mobilise and to work to save the boys and girls at home.

"The Great White Fair Battalion."—A work centre has been created in Room 57a, Wentworth Court, Phillip-street, Sydney. Here every woman can find work. We are enrolling the "Great White Fair" battalion of workers.

Who Will Lend a Machine?—Seven sewing machines have been lent. We want seven more. Who will lend a sewing machine?

We are indebted to Messrs. Pincock and the A.N.A. Sewing Machine Co., who have each loaned us a machine for the entire period of our work, viz., five months. The other five are loaned by members of the Representative Women's Prohibition League.

Tables and Chairs Wanted.—We are also indebted to Mr. Samuel Walder, who has kindly sent us 7 tables and 10 chairs. We want 10 more chairs and 6 more tables and 4 presses fit to hold finished work.

Who will send us a chair, a table, a work press?

Telephone Wanted.—A telephone is necessary at the work centre. Who will donate a subscription for the telephone? There will be work for all. The Battalion Room will be open from Monday morning at 9.30 until Friday at 6 p.m. every day every week. Those who can give a few hours a week will be welcome. Those who can take work home and make it up in their own homes will find plenty of work available for them to do. Those who care to make things of any kind, at home, please get busy. Don't wait to ask, as the things you make are the things we want. We want everything and anything that has a sale value.

We are indebted to Messrs. Winn and Co., who have generously donated material for our initial cutting out of garments, and have taken a heavy percentage off their goods for future purchases.

Two Thousand Pounds Takes a Lot of Making.—Two thousand pounds takes a lot of making, but we can make it with your help. It does not matter that you live in Bourke, Wilcannia, Orange, Piper's Flat or Murphy's Creek, it is all one to us. You can send us your contribution, large or small, of jams, pickles, preserves, fruit, money, material, fancy articles, woodwork—in a word, anything. Will you help us? Hundreds of yards of material are required—flannels, silk, crepe, calico, linen, damask—and we will see that the work is efficiently done for the Great White Fair.

If you cannot give us anything at least you will trade with us. We will take orders from now on to Christmas for pyjamas, nightdresses, sheets, pillowslips or towels. "The Great White Fair" is only an expression of the Great White Principle for which we strive. Help us to make it memorable; help us to make it profitable; help us to make it of immense propaganda value. Do your bit. Never mind what the other fellow is doing. We will look after him.

All communications should be sent to Miss Preston-Stanley, Organising Secretary, Great White Fair, New South Wales Alliance, 321 Pitt-street, Sydney.

PASS "GRIT" ON.

THE FOOL'S FOURPENCE.

A WORKER HAS HIS SAY ON BEER MONEY.

"A Worker" writes in the "Labor Daily": "Two families from the Old Country arrived in Sydney. The two husbands started work in one of the big workshops. One of them could see that if he could get enough money together to buy the goodwill of a hotel he and his family would have a good thing on. He could see that his fellow-workers were fond of plenty of dope. As long as they could get the dope everything else was a blank to them. His mate said to him on his way home, 'Have a drink, Dick,' 'No thanks, cobber; if you had any sense you would leave it alone,' said Dick. So he (Dick) persevered, and got the hotel, and a lot of his mates used to call in every evening, rolling up in full force at the week-end and give him their hard-earned cash.

"As time went on, they could see a great change about the hotel and a lot of new things going in, and the publican's wife and kiddies being dressed in the best of clothes and the kiddies taken from the Public School and sent to the High School, and to top it all they saw their old mate, Dick, the publican, in the bar one Friday night with a new suit and a gold watch and chain, and looking well and prosperous. One of his mates said to him, 'How do you do it, Dick?' 'Well, old man,' he said, 'I do it on the fool's fourpence.' So they went to their homes at closing time, and his old mate, Tom, was nearly full when he reached his home. His wife said to him, 'Your tea is ready.' He said, 'I don't want any tea,' and started to carry on like a bear with a sore head. He laid down for a while and had a sleep. When he got up he could not help thinking about what the publican had said to them. The 'Fool's Fourpence' still rankled in his mind, so he said to himself, 'Well, I am one of those fools.' So the next week he went straight home from work and was home early on Friday night, and his wife and kiddies could not make out what had come over Dad. He was a different man altogether, but they would not say anything to him. As the weeks went on Dad was looking a lot better and he would have a bit of fun with the kiddies, and the wife said to herself, 'Peace at last.' Then he said to the wife one Friday night, 'You had better go and get some bathing costumes for yourself and the kiddies and we will go down to one of the beaches.' So things started to brighten up for them, and the glorious sunshine and sea breezes brought them health and happiness.

"Returning from one of their trips one day they met their old friend Dick, the publican. He gazed at them with surprise; in fact, scarcely recognised his old friend Tom, so great was the change in his appearance. Overcoming his surprise he said, 'By gee, Tom, you are all looking prosperous and well; how do you do it?' 'Well, old man,' said Tom, with a sly smile, 'I am doing it on the fool's fourpence.'"

Prospects for the beet sugar industry in 1924 are exceedingly bright, as good prices are being received and manufacturers are optimistic, according to Stephen H. Love, of Salt Lake City, president of the United States Sugar Manufacturers' Association. "Production in 1923 was about 775,000 tons," he said, "and the 1924 tonnage should be around 850,000 tons."

New South Wales Alliance

Offices—Macdonell House, Pitt Street, Sydney. Cable and Telegraphic Address: Dry, Sydney.
 *Phones: General Offices, City 157; Organising and Public Meeting Dept. City 8944.

FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

SUNDAY, JULY 13th.

11 a.m.: Methodist Church, Bexley.
 7.15 p.m.: Padstow Park Congregational Church.

Mr. R. J. C. Butler.

11 a.m.: Orange Presbyterian Church.
 7.15 p.m.: Orange Anglican Church.
 Mr. Charles W. Chandler.

11 a.m.: Orange Methodist Church.
 3 p.m.: Canoblas Methodist Church.
 7.15 p.m.: Orange Baptist Church.
 Mr. Phil Adler.

11 a.m.: Molong Methodist Church.
 3 p.m.: Garra Methodist Church.
 7.30 p.m.: Molong Anglican Church.
 Ex-Senator David Watson.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

EX-SENATOR DAVID WATSON.

Monday, July 14th—Presbyterian School Hall, Molong, 8 p.m.

Tuesday, July 15th—Public Meeting, Manildra.



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

Address all correspondence re Bands of Hope, Y.P. Societies and the "New Day" Crusade to W. H. Mitchell, Director of Y.P. Department, N.S.W. Alliance, 321 Pitt-street, Sydney (Phone, City 8944).

A Reminder.—Don't forget to publish widely the fact that an examination in "Health and Temperance" is to be held in December next in the public schools of New South Wales. The pupils in the qualifying certificate class only, in each school, are eligible to sit for this examination. A good prize list, including gold medal, book prizes and certificates, is being provided. Pupils interested should obtain information from their Q.C. class teacher.

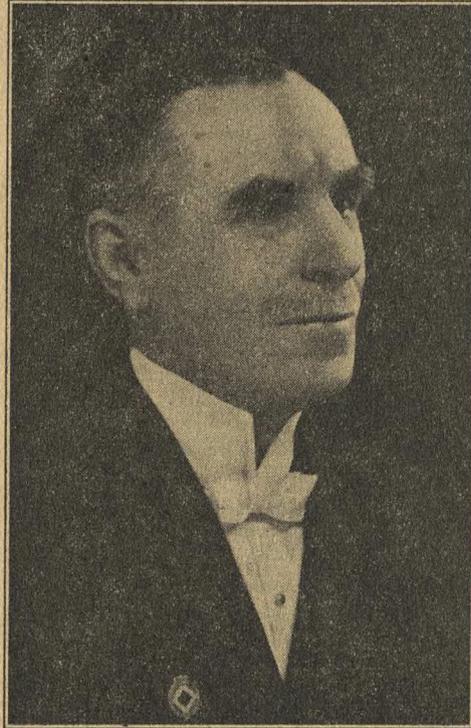
Fourth National Conference of Australian Band of Hope and Young People's Temperance Union.—This Conference is to be held in Melbourne from Saturday, September 6, to Wednesday, September 10, 1924. The Victorian Band of Hope Union is arranging hospitality for visiting delegates. New South Wales is entitled to send eight delegates. The Conference is to be made a starting point for a wider and more intensive effort amongst the young folk, the ideal being: "Every child trained in temperance truth."

Syllabus Suggestions (continued).—"Fun and Sorrow". In this item the members are required to laugh loudly at the mention of any word implying fun, and pretend to weep at the mention of any word suggesting

AUSTRALIAN PROHIBITION COUNCIL.

COMMONWEALTH PLATFORM REPRESENTATIVE.

REV. HENRY WORRALL.



REV. HENRY WORRALL
FOR NEW SOUTH WALES.

On 26th August Rev. Henry Worrall, Platform Representative of the Australian Prohibition Council, will commence a series of public meetings and services throughout the State of New South Wales.

Rev. Henry Worrall is so well known throughout Australia as the fearless champion of moral right that it would be superfluous to most readers to enumerate many of his obtrusions under the public eye.

His early work as a missionary in other lands has been well crowned with his latest work as an All-Australian missionary in the cause of Prohibition and applied Christianity.

'Tis a well-remembered fact that our champion was called upon to appear before the Bar of Parliament in Victoria because of his courageous and well-merited strictures against the unrestricted continuance of an obvious and contaminating evil, and he will, and has been, just as outspoken and courageous in his utterances on behalf of Prohibition.

During his tour of England and Continent Mr. Worrall visited the last resting place of his son, who gave up life itself in the world war which will never be forgotten in our time, and our Prohibition champion came

back home after touring the world impressed with the extreme urgency for a more intensive campaign for the elimination of the greatest curse of modern times—alcoholic liquor traffic.

You must hear Mr. Worrall when he is speaking in your district, and if you are not sure of the dates drop a line to the Field Secretary, N.S.W. Alliance, 321 Pitt-street, Sydney, and you will receive a copy of fixtures by return.

Can you assist in reawakening the activities of the local branch in your area so as to organise for Mr. Worrall's coming? If so, get right to business and let us know where we can help you in the matter. No effort is too small and none can be too great.

FIELD SECRETARY.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT—

(Continued)

sorrow. Someone tells a story for the purpose. Example: A sad (weep) man met a clown (laugh) one day, and said to him, "Don't cry (weep) when I tell you my sad (weep) news, which is, nevertheless, not without some humor" (laugh), etc., etc.

In addition to the suggestions supplied, why not try the following?: Visit from the Boy Scouts; games and gladness; learning new hymns and songs; lantern lectures; paper clippings, parents' night; programme by Church choir.

Quotations.—(a) "Steps should be taken for children to be taught the advantages of temperance from youth upward, and thus solve a great problem."—Sir G. Murray, Lieutenant-Governor of South Australia.

(b) "Health is always injured by alcohol. Benefited by it, never."—Sir Andrew Clark, M.D., etc.

(c) "Thousands of persons are dying every year, poisoned by alcohol."—Sir Wm. Gull, M.D., etc.

Poetry.

HOPE.

One hope is with me morn and eve,
 Whate'er my lacks or losses;
 It cheers me when I else might grieve
 And lightens all my crosses;
 How hard my present lot may be
 The bane shall turn to blessing,
 Sometime a joy shall come to me
 Beyond my fondest guessing.

Exhortation.—I plead with both adults and youths to take a keener interest in the temperance work amongst the young people of our land. There are so many agencies surrounding us which have an evil influence upon the minds and morals of our young men, young women, and boys and girls. Let us bring to bear against such influences others which will supply a shield, a coat of armor, a strong defence for our young people!

PASS "GRIT" ON.

The Odd-Job Man's



THE CHRISTIAN PUNCH.—THE PLEDGE.—T. P. O'CONNOR.

THE CHURCH AS I KNOW IT.

Without any undue egotism I can claim a fairly wide knowledge of churches and congregations. During the last fifteen years I have, literally, conducted services in hundreds of different churches. My impressions are like a patchwork quilt until I sort them out and make order out of seeming chaos. Yes, I could write many articles on the subject of congregations if I had time to spare. Some day I may make a bid for unpopularity by starting a frank discussion about a young man who, unlike the man in the Bible who fell among thieves, but of a young man who fell among Christians and politicians! The thought I now wish to express is the lamentable non-direction of the tremendous power which the body of organised Christianity represents.

In the metropolitan district of Sydney there are, say, five hundred Protestant churches. To-morrow (this is being written on Saturday night) five hundred congregations will meet for public worship, and on Monday the moral state of Sydney will be much the same as it is to-day.

* * *

A HOPE BORN OF OPTIMISM

Do not imagine I am contending that no good purpose is served by the gathering of these congregations. I know that these five hundred churches are the ballast in the ship of State, and I realise how necessary ballast is in any ship; but ballast takes no part in steering the vessel—the man on the bridge sets the course.

Let me dispense with figurative language and express a hope I have cherished these many years. If every Christian congregation suddenly became actually militant against preventable evil things in our social life we should witness the most inspiring revolution ever known! And why not? Come, let us hitch our waggon to a star and think in terms worthy of our beliefs.

Let us get ready for this spiritual revolution.

* * *

WE SHALL SEE?

The first preventable evil thing I shall list is the beverage use of alcohol. Now, see what happens. On Monday morning there awakes to a new day the members of these five hundred churches; they awake with one mind and one deter-

mination so far as the Liquor Traffic is concerned. Before the day is spent every adult among these thousands has written to the members in Parliament who represent their electorate and said, "I am determined to get to grips with this rotten liquor business, and if you place legislative hurdles in my path I shall certainly do my best to defeat you at the next election." Result: Unprecedented consternation among politicians, and within a week of Parliament opening a concerted effort to give the people an untrammelled right to record a vote on Prohibition at the earliest possible moment.

Could our churches do that? Yes, if we would only half stand up to our highest principles.

* * *

THE PLEDGE-MAKERS.

The Victory Pledge is now an established political force. A few members of Parliament have, very unwisely, shown their fear of the pledge by rushing into the metropolitan papers and by making futile attempts to justify their wilful breaking of the Immediate Referendum Pledge. These men have presented a sorry sight to the eyes of electors, and by their lame attempts to excuse themselves they have indeed accused themselves. If the pledge-breakers have any political decency left they will keep a discreet silence about why they voted to protect the Liquor Traffic, and will not make their position worse by foolish attempts to make a personal attack on Mr. Hammond. If they will take my advice they will have another look at the lower jaw of the leader of the Prohibition Party and be wise in time by letting sleeping dogs lie.

The Victory Pledge will loom very large at the next elections, and will prove of tremendous value to our Movement.

* * *

T. P. O'CONNOR WOULD DREAD T.T.'S.

T. P. O'Connor, M.P., the father of the House of Commons, and one of the few great journalists of the last generation, writes thus of teetotallers:

"I put as another important factor in the success of Lloyd George that though not a rabid, he is a strict teetotaller. If I were a modern Caesar the men I would dread in political life are not the lean and the hungry, but the men who are the teetotallers. It may be that the removal of the soothing influence of wine—that potent elixir which

brightens and softens so many hours—gives to the teetotaller a keenness of interest, a perennial freshness of vigor and effort—whatever the reason, the most formidable and most ambitious politicians in my experience are the teetotallers. It is such a safeguard from most of the weaknesses of the flesh—love of pleasure, love of ease, love of luxury; above all, from that uncertainty of nerve which is as fatal to a politician as to any other athlete who has to enter the ring daily. With his fresh-complexioned face, his everlasting alertness of air and manner, his clear, quick, searching eye, his perfect equability of spirits, his equal readiness for peace and for war—above all, with that sense of being always perfectly normal, Lloyd George is a striking example of what compensations Nature gives to the man who has the courage of self-denial. It is singular that in the same issue of this journal, and dealing with such widely different personalities as a French Prime Minister and an English Minister of Commerce, I should have to set down teetotalism as one of the chief causes of the final triumph of both over gigantic obstacles."

EGYPT STOPS PERMITS.

The Minister of the Interior of Egypt has addressed a circular to all the governors of that country to the effect that as alcoholic beverages are harmful from several points of view the Ministry has decided to issue no more permits for their sale. Hereafter whenever a permit lapses through the death of the holder, the expiration of the term for which it was issued, or for any other reason, it may not be renewed except by the personal sanction of the Minister of the Interior.

PROHIBITION WORKING.

According to Public Defender Young, of Columbus, O., one of the fruits of Prohibition is less drinking in the home.

Mr. Young says: "The most frequent cases of drunks in these times are unmarried men who have no responsibility, and no one to look after. Anyone who believes Prohibition is a failure has only to consult our court records to verify the facts I have stated."

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PASS "GRIT" ON.

MOVIE BALLS AND ARTISTS' DITTO.

DISGRACEFUL ORGIES AGAIN.—WHAT WILL THE LORD MAYOR DO ?

DRUNKEN DRIVERS.—THE POLICE PATROL.

SPOOKS AND LODGERS.

The question "When is a humbug not a humbug?" is still engaging the attention of the Courts, and the bona-fide lodger trembles in the scales of Justice. Meanwhile this case would appear to throw some light on the whereabouts or, at any rate, the activities of the "spooks." When argument in the case of Usher's Hotel was being heard by Mr. Justice James in Chambers the other day, Mr. Lamb, K.C., stated that the police had learnt that Sir "Harry" Rickard had booked a room at that hotel. Poor "Harry" has been dead for some years, and it is distinctly interesting to know that he booked a room this year at Usher's. This seems to justify the contention of Conan Doyle, Oliver Lodge and other occultists who aver that spirits revisit the earth. One may believe that "Harry" would choose Usher's. But perhaps the "spooks" have been trying to perform an attenuated version of Mr. Ley's famous ectoplasmic trick. Latest advices state that Mr. Lamb was referring to Sir Arthur Rickard. That puts an end to our speculations. It requires no ectoplasmic juggling to materialise Sir Arthur. But—where are the spooks?

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC.

Fantastic perhaps—nay, certainly so, and much more besides when "artists" are concerned in the matter. But light? That's another matter altogether. We don't know whether that adjective can be made to fill the bill for the Artists' Ball. For, despite the events incidental to the last two functions thus described, there is to be another Artists' Ball this year—on August 29, to be exact. And it is to be held, like the last two, in the Town Hall. You remember the last two, don't you? Drunken orgies they were, even according to the attenuated reports in the newspapers. Decency prevents us from telling the whole truth of what happened, but it was so bad that the City Council even was moved to anxiety for its reputation in letting the Town Hall for such a purpose. This year the "artists" are all to dress up in costumes which will make them look not more than seventeen years old, but it may be doubted whether that will make any difference. Seventeen is a dangerous age.

NOT WANTED AT THE PALAIS.

In view of the character of past Artists' Balls and the comment they occasioned, it was proposed that this year's function should be held at the Palais de Danse instead of the Town Hall. But the "artists" counted without their host. The Palais people—that is, J. C. Williamson, Ltd.—don't want them, and have said so. Recently there was a Movie Ball at the Palais

and—well, after that experience, the "artists" have been invited to move on. You see, Mr. Bendrodt politely mentioned the Movie Ball and asked the "artists" what measure of control—that was the phrase, "measure of control"—it was proposed to exercise over the "artists." "We cannot stop people from drinking. We cannot even put them out when they are drunk," Mr. Bendrodt explained. But the nut was too hard for the "artists" to crack. They evaded the question of "control," and decided to go to the Town Hall. Even the stage shies at Sydney "artists." So look out for fireworks at the Town Hall on August 29.

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE MOVIE BALL?

Mr. Bendrodt explained to the committee of the Artists' Ball that he had been told that the Movie Ball would be nothing to what would happen when they got the "artists"

OUR RECORD OF SHAME.

CENTRAL POLICE COURT.

ARRESTS FOR DRUNKENNESS.

Eight months ending May 28:

Males	6502
Females	1152

Week ending July 2:

Males	42
Females	28

Pledges signed, 34.

at the Palais. So it is interesting to inquire what happened at the Movie Ball. "The girls," said Mr. Bendrodt, "were setting themselves on fire. There were free fights everywhere. My knuckles are still sore. Still, I had no authority to throw them out. We could do nothing to stop the drunken revelry." From another source we learn that "men were setting fire to girls' paper frocks; girls were dropping matches themselves; pandemonium reigned; a thousand people were drunk, disgracefully drunk at midnight; eighteen men and five special constables were unable to cope with the situation. And next morning... six thousand empties in solemn rows—relics of the previous night's hilarity, which had been attended by a sparse 2000. The Movie Ball! Huh!"

WE APPEAL TO THE LORD MAYOR.

And we are told that the Artists' Ball is to outshine that performance altogether! If so, and past records amply justify the belief that the statement is warranted, we protest against the Town Hall of Sydney being let to the "artists" for a repetition of the revelry, carousals and licentiousness which have come to be associ-

ated with the name of artist in this city. It will be noticed that we have put the word artist in inverted commas in these notes. We have done so to indicate that we do not look upon the pack of hoodlums and worse who attend the Artists' Balls as true artists. The Bohemians of London and Paris hold annual balls and the present writer has been at them more than once. They are distinctly Bohemian and in many ways unconventional. Much hilarity and some drinking is associated with them, but never would the artistic fraternity of Chelsea or Montmartre lay itself open to such accusations as are justly levelled against the so-called artists of Sydney, who are a disgrace and a reproach to Australia. We appeal to the Lord Mayor to take steps to have the most stringent control exercised at the Town Hall if the Artists' Ball is again to be held there.

(Continued on next page.)

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

A teachers' temperance society is being formed in Poland.

The Peruvian Parliament has adopted a law forbidding the sale of any alcoholic drink whatever on Sunday. It has just taken a step backwards by authorising the sale of beer again.

JUST ONE GENUINE.

During the past year the municipality university at Akron, O., has tested more than 800 samples of liquor and found only one of them to be genuine bonded liquor. The remaining 799 proved to be home brew, home-made wines, cider, flavoring extracts, bitters, raisin jack, and artificial whiskies and gins.

KANSAS AND PRISONERS.

Kansas, with a population of one-half of the present, forty years ago had 950 men in its State prison. There are now 1150 men there, with a population of about 2,000,000, and a parole system that is much slower than it formerly was, so that men are not released as rapidly as in other days.

For the year ending June 30, the State prison at Howard, Rhode Island, had in 1920 80 commitments; in 1921, 167 commitments; in 1922, 91 commitments; and in 1923, 30 commitments.

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SPECIAL AFTERNOON
TEA

SEND YOUR ORDER ALONG TO-DAY

Movie Balls and Artists' Ditto—

(Continued from page 6.)

DRUNKEN DRIVERS. During the past week several drivers had been fined in the courts for being in charge of vehicles whilst under the influence of liquor. Three of them were driving horse vehicles and one was a motor-car driver. The first two of the horse drivers were fined £3 a piece, and the third getting off with a fine of £1 because, forsooth, he was driving at a late hour "when the police did not consider there was any danger to the traffic." If that doesn't beat the band, what does? Is it not just as potentially dangerous to be drunk when in charge of a vehicle at night as at any other time? It was not that driver's fault that he did not run over and kill a child. The motor driver was fined £5. It was stated that he was so intoxicated that he was incapable of driving the car straight and was zig-zagging all over the road, but fortunately there was not much traffic about. Why was he not let off with £1? Perhaps because some silly ass was not there to point out that he had not hurt anybody. It is about time, as we have frequently remarked in these columns, that the drunken driver menace was dealt with more sternly by magistrates.

THE POLICE PATROL.

The police patrol plays a distinctly useful part in this city in view of the all-round unsatisfactory way in which the problem of drunkenness is handled. It protects the public against a serious nuisance and it protects drunks against themselves. Nevertheless, we are disposed to think that there is a certain amount of justification in the complaint of a correspondent of the "Labor Daily" that not sufficient discrimination is exercised by the police engaged in carrying out patrol work. More than one case has occurred in which men have been bundled into the patrol without sufficient cause and have

then been so peremptorily and roughly handled at the Central Station that a very good case could be made out against them before they had the time to collect their scattered wits. "The police," says the correspondent in question, "show very little discrimination in their work," and it does seem as though on occasion they considered it necessary to get a load at all costs. At the same time it is quite a common thing for drunks to protest that they are not drunk. The patrol work should not be in the hands of inexperienced and over-zealous officers who are looking for promotion.

INTRODUCERS OF BEER BILLS MAINLY REPRESENT ALIENS AND SLUMS.

Ninety per cent. of the Congressmen who have introduced bills to nullify the Constitution of the United States by permitting the sale of wine and beer represent congressional districts which have been submerged under the alien tide. Many of them are themselves in close association with alien or unassimilated groups. We are importing constituents by the hundred thousand annually for Congressmen of this type. If we keep it up, in a certain number of years the men in Congress who represent American sentiment will find themselves in the minority. At present, America may well rejoice that the Congressmen loyal to the spirit of the Constitution outnumber those who have introduced beer bills by approximately nine to one. We call the attention of the dry Congressmen to the fact that by passing a proper immigration bill they can restrict the growth of the anti-constitutional groups.

Reports from the Almshouse at Manchester, Connecticut, show that the number of inmates has been reduced fifty per cent. since Prohibition went into effect. There is not now a woman in the institution.

DR. FOSDICK REITERATES SOME TELLING FACTS.

Extract of address of the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, of Union Theological Seminary at the dinner at the Waldorf Hotel, New York, on February 1, for organising the Citizens' Committee of One Thousand.

"We are facing a deliberate and highly-financed conspiracy which is hoping to make the Prohibition laws ridiculous in the eyes of the people by its organised rupture," declared Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, of Union Theological Seminary, at the organisation dinner of the Citizens' Committee of One Thousand at the Waldorf Hotel, New York, February 1.

Laying down five propositions he said in part:

"First, Prohibition was not sprung on the people, but came as the long-advertised climax of decades of fierce fighting, so that when the prohibitory amendment at last was passed, thirty-three out of the forty-eight States were already officially dry by State enactment, and of the remaining territory two-thirds was dry by local option.

"Second, the prohibitory amendment and its enacting laws were not put through by a minority of the people. Congress passed the laws only because it knew that a majority of the people wanted them. Even if that had not been the case, Congress would not keep the laws there if it were not assured that the majority of the people want them.

"Third, however those laws got there, they are upon our statute books, and the problem of law enforcement is seriously upon us. It will do no good to protest against Bolshevik radicalism while so large a number of supposedly patriotic American citizens are deliberately encouraging the breaking of a federal law.

"Fourth, we are facing more than a normal breaking of the law. In the nature of the case the law would have been difficult to enforce, but we are facing now a deliberate and highly-financed conspiracy which is hoping to make the law ridiculous in the eyes of the people by its organised rupture, and the question is whether law-abiding citizens are going to let this organised conspiracy walk over us with hob-nailed shoes.

"Fifth, multitudes of us who are good citizens helped to get these laws passed and then deserted the cause. We supposed the case was won, but the case is not won, and few problems of greater seriousness ever faced the citizenship of America."

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Received to 4/7/24 and where not mentioned the amount received is 10/-: Rev. S. Newell, 19s. 2d., 30/12/25; Methodist Book Depot, £1 8s. 9d., 30/6/24; D. W. Parker, £1, 10/8/24; Mrs. Bergin, 30/8/24.

The following are paid to 30/12/24: H. Charleston, Miss Campbell, Jas. Baillie (£1 3s.), N. E. Savage, F. T. S. O'Donnell, W. J. Hannah, W. C. Morgan, Mde. Wolfcarius, Dr. Stuckey, Mrs. H. Busley, P. N. Sutton, W. E. V. Robson, Mrs. McCulloch (5s.), R. Farleigh, P. Somerville.

A Personal Chat with my readers

STARVED IN PLENTY.

It is always a puzzling thing and strangely common to find folk starve in plenty. The following statement was cabled from New Zealand the other day:

"A 70-year-old widow was found dead in an untidy and dirty house at Sydenham. The only food in the place was a dirty crust of bread, but the police found £10 in cash, and a bankbook showing a credit of £1200. The coroner returned a verdict that the woman's death was accelerated by starvation."

You think her stupid because she did not use what she had. Now is that in any sense true of you? While we ought to provide for a rainy day, we can certainly overdo it and suffer from rainy days because we are saving for other rainy days which may never come.

Our savings are really "deferred happiness," and it does not do to have too much "deferred" happiness.

It may go bad like other things kept over long, and be someone else's unhappiness, as many a big legacy has been.

We live in a poor neighborhood, we feel the Church is starving, the people can't afford to contribute once a week, and a concert every eight weeks is a tax on them.

However, on the opposite corner is a picture show in which the people of the neighborhood give three to five times as much every night as we ask them to give once a week.

We are starving in a land of plenty.

You, of course, may say the Church fails to attract the people, and the minister is to blame.

Curiously enough, the minister of the Church to which I refer received a letter from a bright young business girl, in which she said: "You had a compliment paid you on Sunday. Someone said that your sermon on Sunday was better than the pictures. I suppose you hope they are. To tell you the truth, we came home and looked up that chapter to find those impossible names and the passage about Jabez."

It is seldom anyone thinks of taking any of the blame to themselves—it is so much easier to put it on the overworked minister.

Some folk are starving for a little bit of love, some for a word of appreciation, some for a little human fellowship. Are you a miser in these things?

PASS IT ON.

I received a letter the other day in which the writer said: "I pass on every 'Grit'—often to men who call asking for food and work. I was very nervous about this at first, but they all seem so pleased and grateful it has become a pleasure just to see their rough-looking faces light up."

Then follows a kind and generous word of encouragement such as very few feel inclined to give. Maybe they think it—but our hearts don't feed on what folk think, but upon what they take the trouble to say to us.

If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing,

If you like him or you love him tell him now.

Don't withhold your approbation till the parson makes oration.

And he lies with snowy lilies on his brow.

For, no matter how you shout it, he won't really care about it—

He won't know how many teardrops you have shed.

If you think some praise is due him, now's the time to slip it to him,

For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

More than fame and more than money is the comment kind and sunny,

And the hearty warm approval of a friend; For it gives to life a flavor, and it makes you stronger, braver,

And it gives you heart and courage to the end.

If he earns your praise, bestow it; if you like him, let him know it,

Let the words of true encouragement be said.

Do not wait till life is over and he's underneath the clover,

For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

WHY THE COST IS HIGH. The cost of mutton, the cost of woollen things is high, sadly high. Well might we ask why.

Starting with the year 1860 the number of sheep in Australia was 20,185,286. By 1891 the grand total had risen to 106,421,068, of all classes and breeds, and that stands as the maximum figure. By 1900 the total had contracted to 70,602,995; It had risen in 1910 to 92,047,015. Five years later (1915) the total was back to 69,257,189. In 1920 it stood at 77,897,555, whilst in 1923 the total number of sheep in the Commonwealth was 78,803,171. In other words, during the thirty-one years from 1860 to 1891 the increase in our flocks was over 86,000,000, whilst over the next period of thirty-two years, from 1891 to 1922, there was a decrease of 27,617,897, of which what is known

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.

Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.
Assistant Editor—R. J. C. BUTLER.
Address: Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.
Office: N.S.W. Alliance, Macdonell House,
321 Pitt-street, Sydney.

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1924.

as the Western District lost nearly 11,000,000.

The three great causes are drought, dingoes and rabbits, the Federal land tax and the Customs tariff.

The first one involves religion, for a people who honor God have in all history been favored with prosperity.

The second causes are in the hands of men whose ingenuity and industry can defeat the dumb creatures.

The third reason is one of politics, and we are responsible for those who govern us and for the way in which they do it.

Think it over. We can't solve the whole problem, but we can make a contribution towards the solving of each of these problems.

In the 1913-14 wool season the wool clip of Australia was 1,968,575 bales, value £26,079,536; that for 1923-24 yielded 1,650,000 bales of wool worth £49,500,000—a decrease of over 300,000 bales, and an increase of about twenty-three and a half millions sterling in value. In the 1912-13 season the average price per bale stood at £12/10/4; the following year it was £13/4/11. It had increased in 1919-20 to £22/15/7; the values slumped for some reason in 1921-22 to £15/8/1; they shot up again the following season to £22/9/8; and reach high-water mark for the season just ended with wool worth approximately £30 per bale—that is, an increase of no less than 250 per cent. in the period commencing 1911-12. All the indications are, as already stated, for a good pastoral winter, which means well grown staple, with a promise of increased flocks and a heavy clip for 1924-25. There may be room for the "poor mouth" in some directions, but there would appear to be not any amongst the "sheepmen"—for them, in the aggregate, they are "golden fleece" times indeed.

Now you can understand why the butcher's bill is so high and the cost of blankets is almost prohibitive.

The Editor

The Victory Pledge Controversy.

IRREFUTABLE EVIDENCE OF PLEDGE-BREAKING.

IS MR. J. R. LEE SORRY HE SPOKE ?

The controversy which was opened by Mr. J. R. Lee, M.L.A., and reported in our last issue, was continued in the "Daily Telegraph" of June 27.

In reply to Mr. Hammond's statement Mr. Lee again used language which left the impression that he (Mr. Lee) had not given a pledge. Mr. Lee said: "Mr. Hammond has published the names of parliamentarians who gave no such pledges. This is dishonorable."

Now, let Mr. Lee speak for himself. Three times Mr. Lee challenged Mr. Hammond to produce the pledge Mr. Lee gave, and he used terms which conveyed the impression that no pledge or promise was made. In reply to this repudiation Mr. Hammond published this letter, written by Mr. Lee on November 9, 1923, to the Botany Branch of the Alliance, in which Mr. Lee says:

"I am in receipt of the resolution of your Branch of the New South Wales Alliance in regard to **MY PROMISE TO SUPPORT AN EARLY REFERENDUM ON PROHIBITION**, and desire to say that **IT IS NOT MY INTENTION TO DISHONOR THAT PROMISE. . . .**"

Surely that is definite enough. Mr. Lee admits making such a promise, and further says it is not his intention to dishonor the promise he admits having made. But he voted to postpone the referendum until 1928, and by so doing he broke his pledge.

MR. BENNETT, M.L.A., APPEARS.

Getting courage from Mr. Lee's attempt to wriggle out of the charge of pledge-breaking, Mr. W. Bennett, M.L.A., entered the lists, and said, "I never gave a pledge." To this Mr. Hammond very courteously drew Mr. Bennett's attention to the fact that in a letter written 13/9/21 he says:

" . . . My views on the question are unaltered. I am prepared to trust the untrammelled verdict of the people."

And that was in reply to a letter asking Mr. Bennett if he still favored an immediate referendum.

FULL TEXT OF MR. HAMMOND'S REPLY.

To enable our readers to have a reliable history of the pledge-breaking we hereunder print a full text of Mr. Hammond's statements to the press:

MR. LEE REPLIES.

Mr. Lee is adopting the old political dodge of not denying that he gave a pledge, but of crying loudly, "When did I give a pledge?"

The attitude of Mr. Lee is certainly the result of his knowledge that when he voted in favor of 1928 he voted against his pre-

viously-declared policy, and now hopes we have no record of his promise to support an immediate referendum. The particular letter he is asking for has mysteriously disappeared, but we have his letter declaring he made such a promise as we accuse him of breaking.

Here are the facts:

Before the last election—on August 31, 1921—I wrote to Mr. Lee and asked him if he favored an immediate referendum. To this letter Mr. Lee did not reply. I wrote again to him on September 14, and explained that I was anxious to be quite fair and to give his views on the question of an immediate referendum. This second letter brought a reply from Mr. Lee. This reply is dated 14/9/21, and committed Mr. Lee to support an immediate referendum. On receipt of it we published in "Grit" Mr. Lee's views on the question of an immediate referendum throughout the Botany electorate. We also gave wide publicity to Mr. Lee's views in advertisements in the metropolitan press. Mr. Lee accepted all the support we could give him, which was considerable. If Mr. Lee was not committed to support an immediate referendum will he explain why, in reply to a letter from the Botany Branch of the New South Wales Alliance, he wrote under date 29/10/23:

"Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of the resolution of your Branch of the New South Wales Alliance in regard to my promise to support an early referendum on Prohibition, and desire to say that it is not my intention to dishonor that promise unless some good cause can be shown that what is contemplated is not in the best interests of the Temperance Party. . . .—Yours, etc.,

"(Sgd) JOHN R. LEE."

Does Mr. Lee now wish people to believe that he was not pledged to an immediate referendum, and was not aware that he was being supported by our Party; that he did not know his name was advertised on more than one occasion in the metropolitan press, and was ignorant of the fact that the Prohibitionists of Botany were working hard to secure his return? Will Mr. Lee now be perfectly frank about these questions, and, if necessary, say to his electors—

1. I was not in favor of an immediate referendum.
2. While I acknowledged pledging myself to an early referendum, in my letter dated 29/10/22, I always hold myself free to break my pledge for reasons that appealed to me.
3. Although I received two letters on the question from Mr. Hammond, and my

name was widely advertised among those who supported an immediate referendum, I now say I did not know of these things until over two years later.

If Mr. Lee will give me proof of his assertion that he has been misrepresented, and will frankly admit that his sympathy was never for an immediate referendum, much as I shall regret this, I will make it known to our people, and do all in my power to adequately inform the public of his changed attitude.

(Signed) ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

MR. LEE REPLIES.

In the course of a reply Mr. Lee says: "My supposed pledge does not exist. Where are most of the other 54?"

"It is not in keeping with Mr. Hammond's position to say that he regrets to have to do something that he already has done. Like Mr. Bruntnell, Mr. Ley and others of the supposed 55, I believe in the question of Prohibition being settled by a vote of the people at the earliest practicable moment, but I strongly object to the 'Yankee' methods of Mr. Hammond in trying to bludgeon me by threats of political destruction.

"It may be all right in America to 'bluff' one's way through, but in this State the people like the truth and the evidence produced."

(Continued on page 16.)

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DRINK IN COURT.

FROM THE PRESS DIARY OF THE TRAIL OF BOOZE.

UNHAPPY LIFE OF A MINER'S WIFE.

SHE IS GRANTED RELIEF IN THE DIVORCE COURT.—NINE PEOPLE IN A BAG HUT.

("Labor Daily," 13/6/24.)

After hearing the evidence of Mrs. Rose Catherine Griffiths yesterday, Mr. Justice Owen was satisfied that she was compelled to leave her husband, Andrew Joseph Griffiths, a miner, and granted her a decree nisi.

Mrs. Griffiths, an attractive-looking woman, described her married life as most unhappy. She married respondent at Hampton, N.S.W., at the age of 19, on July 7, 1909, he being 24.

She discovered her husband to be of most intemperate habits.

"He often used to go to bed with a bottle under his head, and when drunk would take a big dog in the bed," she said.

"We lived in various parts of the country," she added, "and at one period we occupied a bag hut, which contained nine persons in all.

"When I was sick he even refused to bring me a drink of water. I could not put up with his treatment and abuse no longer, so I left him."

PUBLICANS ARE NOT ALWAYS SINNERS.

HOTELKEEPERS ARE TEMPTED, SAYS ALBURY SERGEANT—AND SOME OF THEM HAVE FALLEN.

("Labor Daily," 1/7/24.)

ALBURY, Monday.—When some licensing cases were being heard at the Police Court to-day Sergeant Constantine, who prosecuted, requested the bench to impose more severe sentences than the customary fine of 10/- on persons who were convicted of being found on licensed premises after hours.

Hotelkeepers, he said, made a practice of standing on the footpaths outside the hotels to prevent customers forcing their way in after hours. These men then sought the next hotel and eventually succeeded in slipping past some publican and getting drink.

The publicans were fined severely, but those who tempted them should be made to

suffer more. The Magistrate, Mr. J. B. Gibson, intimated that he agreed with the sergeant's contentions, and would in future make the penalties levied on those who tempted the publicans much more severe.

THREATENED HIS WIFE WITH A JACK-KNIFE.

("Labor Daily," 23/6/24.)

Sarah Roberts, a married woman, with six children, yesterday asked Mr. Laidlaw, S.M., in the Newtown Police Court, to bind over her husband, George Roberts, to be of good behaviour as he had used threatening words against her.

The complainant, who was represented by Mr. Forbes, alleged that on May 27 she and her mother and sister were on their way to Erskineville to see her sister, who lives in Pleasant-street. Her husband, whom she is not living with, boarded the same tram car. Later she changed cars, and defendant did likewise. When she was opposite her sister's place (Mrs. Taylor), in Pleasant-street, Erskineville, defendant brandished a jack-knife and threatened to slash her throat.

Previously he had made offensive demonstrations against her with a knife, and when she snatched it from him, it cut her fingers, and the marks were still distinct upon her fingers.

"GEORGE WITH A KNIFE."

Mrs. Taylor, sister of complainant, deposed she heard complainant call out, "Quick, Liza, George is here with a knife." At the time she was watering her garden. She rushed into the house and called up the police.

Mrs. Smith, mother of complainant, with whom she (the complainant) is living, told the Court that complainant was so afraid of defendant that she trembled when she saw him.

Defendant denied the allegation of threatening language or that he brandished a knife. He was going to a hotel in Erskineville, but which hostelry he didn't know.

Mr. Forbes: Don't you bottleleg for a publican?—No.

Defendant was bound over in the sum of £10 and a surety of £10, to be of good behaviour for 12 months.

SHOTS FIRED.

MAN WOUNDED.—VICTIM'S SILENCE.

("Daily Telegraph," 25/6/24.)

When a group of men were arguing outside the Tradesmen's Arms Hotel, at the corner of Palmer and Liverpool streets, City, yesterday morning, one of them produced a revolver. Four shots were fired, and one of the group, John Lawson, of West-street, Paddington, was struck in the groin by a bullet.

Help was quickly summoned, and Lawson was taken to Sydney Hospital, where he was admitted by Dr. O'Donnell. It is stated that Lawson's condition is not serious.

Police headquarters were informed of the shooting, and Detective-sergeant Keogh and Detective Barrett began inquiries. They have received little information so far, and the cause of the shooting is a mystery.

When the wounded man was seen by the detectives at Sydney Hospital he would not make any statement concerning the shooting, and refused to give the name of his assailant; nor would he give any motive for the attack.

LONG BAY HORROR.

A MYSTERY STILL.

WILFUL MURDER BY PERSON UNKNOWN.

CORONER'S FINDING.

("Evening News," 24/6/24.)

"Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."

That was the verdict of the City Coroner, Mr. Jamieson, to-day, when the inquest was resumed into the death of Mrs. Rebecca May Andersen, who met a frightful fate in the scrub at Long Bay on the night of May 10.

Mrs. Ethel May Wagner, of 97 Houston-road, Kensington, was a new witness whom Inspector Leary produced to-day.

She stated that at 3.55 on the afternoon of the murder she boarded a tram at the Darlinghurst section. At the Captain Cook Hotel a man and woman got into the same compartment. Both were under the influence of liquor. The woman was identical with Mrs. Rebecca Andersen's photograph.

The man she described as being more than 30 years of age, fair, with a couple of days' growth of beard. He was wearing a grey suit and working shirt, minus collar or tie. He appeared to be a seafaring man.

"There is no prospect of making an immediate arrest," said Inspector Leary. "And we have no more evidence to offer."

Mr. Jamieson added in his verdict that Mrs. Andersen was killed by an instrument not yet found.

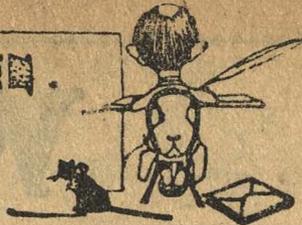
"I have listened," he said, "to all the evidence that has been given, and I have also perused a number of statements that the police have obtained from various people they have interviewed, and which have not been given in evidence, because they lead nowhere.

(Continued on page 15.)

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UNCLE B.'s PAGE.



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 the date of your birthday. There is no fee to pay. If you do not write for three months you are a "scallywag."
Address all letters to Uncle B., Box 390 G.P.O., Sydney.

WATER.

By DR. FRANK CRANE.

The gospel of the twentieth century is—water.

You have read many a learned treatise, doubtless, including Edmund Demoulin's "Anglo-Saxon Supremacy, to What Is It Due?" in which is sought the cause of the English race overrunning the earth. The real cause is that the Englishman has not been afraid of water. He sails on it, tubs in it, drinks it, even mixes it liberally with his Scotch whisky.

From the hygienic point of view, there is no medicine like water. About nine-tenths of the ills of the flesh can be washed out.

People go to hot springs in Arkansas, to Manitou springs in Colorado, to Carlsbad, and to Vichy, and are cured. They praise the salts in the water. The truth is, the greatest curative property is in the plain water that holds the salts. They might be healed at home if they would drink there as copiously as they do at the spa.

The human body is mostly water. When we die the liquids are dried up.

Drink a large glass of water as soon as you arise in the morning; headache, constipation and physical debility in general will disappear.

Get the drink habit. Keep a bottle of water by your office desk and go to it often. See how much water you can hold. This is nature's remedy for doldrums, nerves, premonitions and general depression.

Most of the morbidities, anarchies and crimes come from the unwashed in body or soul.

The root difference between Russia and the United States consists not in the contrast between their respective forms of government, but in the contrast in habits of bathing.

You do not need water that costs money, charged and bottled waters. The liquor that runs from the tap in your kitchen, that flows in the mountain brook, that lies in the lake, that comes from your well, or that falls down from the clouds, is good enough provided there be no pollution.

Use it. Immerse your body in it. Flush your mouth and nose with it. Swallow it to your capacity. So will all your solid flesh rejoice, your vital organs operate smoothly, your mind clear up, your soul be content.

"And the cares that infest the day
Will fold their tents like the Arabs,
And silently steal away."

No wine ripened for years in the cellars of Rheims, no concoction produced by the most skilful of chemists in the laboratory, no juice of herbs or compound of mineral can compare with Nature's own beverage and medicine.

It has in its crystal body the simplicity of heaven, which is the vigor of earth.

It is the liquid smile and good will of God.

Without it the bodies of men would die in torment, and all the beauty would pass from hill and meadow, and this globe would spring through space a lifeless hell of fire.

In hell there is no drop of water. In heaven the central charm is the river that flows through the place.

* * *

OUR LETTER BAG.

COLLECTING RABBITS AND STAMPS.

Maurice Clark, Steinbrook, Tenterfield, writes: I am writing to let you know that I am well and want to keep off that dreadful scallywag list. Winter has arrived here at last. This year we have had very few frosts and a few very blustering windy days. The grass is drying off, and the ground is very dry. A week of good steady easterly rain would do a marvellous amount of good. We had a good shower the other day, but next day we had a strong westerly wind which dried up the ground and made it as bad as it was before. Nearly everybody about here has had colds. Influenza is about again. Granny had a bad attack of it, and when she got over it she got gastritis. She is not over it yet. This year I pulled all our corn. We had about eight acres under crop. The late corn was better than the early, as the late corn got the rain just when it was cobbing. Unluckily we only had about an acre of late corn. The crop on the whole was not bad, although it could have been better. What there is of it is well filled out, although the cobs are small. We are only milking one cow. All the rest of our milkers died during last year's drought. The one we milk gives about half-a-bucket once a day. She has been milking for about 12 months. The rabbits are getting scarce about here now. There are too many people catching them for their skins, as they are a good price. Kangaroos, wallabies, and wallaroos have the protection lifted off them now for two months. There are a good few about now. To-day, when I was shooting rabbits I came on two big wallabies lying in the long grass. They saw me before I saw them. They made off as soon as I moved, and so I did not shoot one. I shot six rabbits for the dogs to-day. I am sending the sub for "Grit" with this letter.

The last time I wrote I sent for a packet of Belgian and a packet of French stamps, and I have not yet received them. I am exchanging stamps with a boy in Auckland, New Zealand. His name is Dick Vercoe. I will close, as it is late and I am sleepy. Good-bye.

(Dear Maurice,—I was glad to get your letter, but sorry you found it easier to collect a few rabbits than collect a few stamps from me. The fact is I had nothing to do with the stamp business, and the one who has went away without leaving me any information about them. However, I am sending you some to-day.—Uncle B.)

* * *

MISFORTUNE, AND THEN MORE MISFORTUNE.

Edna Goddard, 26 Alfred-street, Mascot, writes: It is such a long time since I wrote to you last. I am sorry I am on the scallywag list. I will write regularly in the future. My brother met with an accident on the Wednesday after Easter; he was knocked down by a motor lorry and sustained internal injuries and was taken to South Sydney Hospital and was operated on for a burst spleen. While he was in there he developed diphtheria and was taken to Little Bay Hospital on Friday and was in there for a week. Then he got better and was shifted into No. 20, and came home last Saturday afternoon. He is very weak and can just get about by holding on to anything. My father brought home eight rabbits and one magpie. He is going to make a stole for my mother out of the skins. I never went to your picnic. I have not had any time to go to Sunday school all this month as I had to do the work. I might join the Life-saving Guards.

(Dear Edna,—When I read about your brother it made me think it never rains but it pours. We hope he will soon be himself again. What a mercy the hospitals are! They do such a lot of good, don't they?—Uncle B.)

* * *

ROOM FOR MORE.

Kathie Weller, Dunvegan, Tinonee, writes: I would like to become one of your Ni's, if you have room in your big family for another little girl. If I am a new Ni I am an old "Gritite," for Page Eleven has been read to me ever since I was a baby. We all love "Grit" here. We wish you would come to the Manning again. We all went into Taree to hear you speak about your trip to America. I am eight years old and in fourth class at school. My birthday is on the 24th May—it is on Empire Day. If you will have me for a Ni I will write more next time.

(Kear Kathie,—Yes, there is room in my family. You see they are always growing up and leaving me, and then so many of them are scallywags that I am greedy for more members, and so you are welcome. I look forward to your promised letter.—Uncle B.)

(Continued on next page.)

PASS "GRIT" ON.

FROM N.Z.

Fred Carnie, Station House, Waipahi, writes: I hope you and all your family are well and hearty. We have had our exam. and our holidays. We had our holidays while the railway strike was on—a wrong time to have holidays, isn't it? There has been great interest in the All Black trials. The team that is picked will soon be starting for England to play there. I hope they will win like they did when they went to England the last time. The Invercargill and the Dunedin winter shows have just come off. They were well advertised, especially the Invercargill Show. I went down to Bluff to see the H.M.S. Dauntless of the Imperial Squadron. We are experiencing hard frosts here, and it is very cold.

(Dear Fred,—I am always specially glad to hear from N.Z. I have such very happy memories of my visits there. While they tried to kill me with overwork they certainly were beautifully kind to me, and always generous.—Uncle B.)

* * *
1600 MILES P.A.

Ethel Gardener, Comboyne, writes: I must write to you again. I like writing letters. The weather is very cold now. It is cold riding to school when the westerly wind is blowing. My pony is easy to catch. His name is Dapple. He is the same color as a mouse. When we go to school five days a week we ride forty miles. We have a nice lot of oranges and lemons. There was a house burned down on May 23 at Comboyne. There was a picnic at our school that day. The children had a lot of races and got money prizes.

(Dear Ethel,—It looks to me as if you ride about 1600 miles a year, and if you go to school for five years you will have ridden 8000 miles. That seems a lot to us folk whose only riding is once round the Zoo on the elephant.—Uncle B.)

* * *
OFF THE BLACKLIST.

Merle Brown, "Willow View," Grenfell, writes: I suppose you will think I am never going to write to you again, but that is not so. Will you please cross my name off the scallywag list? I am now eleven years of age and am in sixth class at school. My teacher is very nice. We are having a holiday to-morrow as we are celebrating the King's birthday. I am sitting for the Sunday school examination and also the "permit to enrol" at school this year. My sister Dorothy is away at Cowra High School, but she will be home soon for the midwinter holidays. Did you have much rain in Sydney this week? Here it has been raining on and off every day. Well, Uncle, I will close now with love, hoping you will forgive me for not writing before.

(Dear Merle,—I am always glad to put any off my overcrowded black list—so you are off. I wonder how successful you were in your exams. Please let me know. I am pleased and so are all the "family" when any of ours do well.—Uncle B.)

WINNS WINTER SALE

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Large Frilled Pillow Slips. Usually 1/11. SALE PRICE, 1/6 each.

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Plain H.S. Runners. Size, 10 x 43. Usually 10¹/₂d. SALE PRICE, 9d. each.

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23 x 30 Union (Linen and Cotton) Glass Cloths, hemmed, Red Check. SALE PRICE, 11d. each, or 10/6 doz.

22 x 28 Linen Glass Cloth, hemmed with Red or Blue Border, typed "Glass Cloth." Usually 1/3. SALE PRICE 1/1¹/₂, or 12/9 doz.

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Ladies' Good Quality Blanket Tweed Top Coats, large collar, turn-back cuffs. Cuffs and collar trimmed heavy cable stitching. Waist trimmed rows pintucking. Fastens with fancy cabashon. Length from shoulder to hem:

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OLD STUFF.

"What are you crying for?"
 "The doctor has taken one of my teeth out!"
 "Pooh! My mother takes all of hers out every night, but she doesn't cry!"

A HOWLER.

Cockney Visitor: "What's that awful noise outside?"
 Country Host: "Why, that's an owl."
 Cockney Visitor: "I know it's an owl; but oo's 'owling?"

NOTE THIS, GIRLS.

"Well, Art, I can tell you're a married man all right. No holes in your stockings any more."
 "No. One of the first things my wife taught me was how to darn 'em."

WORSE.

"The only thing for you to do is to go around and ask her to forgive you."
 "But I was in the right."
 "Then you'd better take some flowers and candy with you, too."

DID HE MEAN ANYTHING?

They had had a slight difference of opinion, but he acknowledged his error quite genuinely by saying: "You are right, and I am wrong, as you generally are. Good-bye, dear," and he hurried off to catch his train.

"So nice of him to put it like that," she said to herself. And then—well, then she began to think about it.

FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.

The lovely girl having lingered a minute in her room to adjust her transformation, change the angle of her Grecian bend, and make sure that her skirt fitted her like the peeling of a plum, descended to the drawing-room to find the family pet ensconced upon the knee of the young man caller, her curly head nestled comfortably against his shoulder.

"Why, Mabel," the young lady exclaimed, "aren't you ashamed of yourself? Get right down."

"Shan't do it," retorted the child; "I got here first."

SOME SIGNS.

His Sister: "You think she does not love you, but have you any proof of it?"
 Jack: "Yes; proofs are obtained from negatives, and she has rejected me no less than three times."

ALAS!

She (closing book): "Mercy! What a terrible creature that Minotour was! It says that he used to devour a young maiden at a meal and then fall into a deep sleep."
 He: "Overcome by the lass-he-chewed, I suppose."

EARLY TO RISE.

The Chief: "H'm, late again, Smith!"
 Smith: "I'm sorry, sir, but last night my wife presented me with a boy."
 Chief: "She'd have done better to have presented you with an alarm clock."
 Smith: "I rather fancy she has, sir."

AH, YES!

"Is Mr. Perkins at home?" inquired the caller.
 "Which one, sir?—there are brothers living here," said the maid.
 For a moment the caller looked puzzled, then he had an idea.
 "The one who has a sister living in St. Louis," he explained.

TRULY HUMANE.

At the weekly meeting of the sewing circle the ladies were very fond of tit-bits of gossip. Mrs. Burke was no exception to this rule, and before she had been plying her needle for very long she turned to her neighbor and remarked:
 "Mrs. Knight, have you heard that Mrs. Tibbins has written to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals?"
 "Whatever for?" asked Mrs. Knight, with interest.
 "Why," replied the other lady, "she wants to know if something can be done to prevent horses being scratched. She feels sure it must cause the animals a great deal of suffering, because she heard her husband, who takes a lot of interest in them, groan in his sleep about a poor horse being scratched."

FIXING THE BLAME.

Margaret is only seven years old, but sometimes quite naughty. On one occasion her mother, hoping to be particularly impressive, said, "Don't you know that if you keep on doing so many naughty things your children will be naughty, too?" Margaret dimpled and cried triumphantly, "Oh, mother, now you've given yourself away!"

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 AND SAVE MONEY.**

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PASS "GRIT" ON.

DAILY INSPIRATION.

By FAIRELIE THORNTON, author of "Soul Rest," Etc.

SUNDAY.

"Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before."—Phil. 55, 13.

Look to the Future, forget the Past.
Why clingest still to a broken mast?
Launch on the waters and sail away
From things behind to the land of Day.

Look to the Future, forget the Past.
The fields outspreading before are vast.
Leave all the labor that thou hast done
The issues are with thy Lord alone.

Look to the Future, forget the Past.
Let not past storms thy future hopes blast.
All is not over with days gone by;
There are some things which never can die.

Look to the Future, forget the Past.
Thy sins in depths of the sea are cast.
If thou hast repented of the wrong,
Then why brood over those sins so long?

Look to the Future, forget the Past.
The Present is speeding—speeding fast.
Press on—the Future is drawing nigh;
The Future of glad Eternity.

—From "Soul Rest."

MONDAY.

Forget yourself, and you will lose half your troubles in life. Remember others, and you will find pleasure waiting you on every hand. He that loseth his life shall find it. No man ever did a kind action and repented it. It may not have brought back gratitude from the recipient, but it brought satisfaction to the giver, and IN keeping, not FOR keeping the commandments, there is great reward.

TUESDAY.

"Be pitiful, be courteous.—1 Pet. 3, 15.

Many a woman teils all day
For the loved one far away.
Thinking of his glad return,
How her heart with hope will burn!
All is done for his dear sake,
Though her heart and hands may ache.
Then she waits for one kind word;
But alas! none such is heard.
And the heart grows cold again,
Struggling with its hidden pain;
Yet the cause he never dreams,
Wonders why so cold she seems.
Ah! that little word "Forget!"
Causes many a wild regret.
If we thought, alas! or knew
What our thoughtlessness could do.
If, like Him who lived below,
We could feel another's woe,
Living not for self alone,
So much harm would not be done.
Want of thought is want of heart;
For, to feel another's smart,
We ourselves must first be moved
With the love which Jesus proved.

—From "Love."

WEDNESDAY.

OPPORTUNITY.

"If only I had the chance, what a lot of good I would do!" "If only I had the money of some rich people I know, it would not be wasted as they waste it!" "If only I had the luck of some I should have made more of a success of life!" Such are the exclamations we sometimes hear. But the fact is, ability creates opportunity.

There is no such thing as chance.
You must your own aims advance.
And the thing which you call "Fate,"
You yourself by will dictate.

Too many a lazy man blames his "want of luck" or his circumstances for what is his own fault. He sees another man who started with no better prospects than himself rise to eminence or acquire a competence, while he has remained stagnant, but he forgets the hard labor, the persistent effort, the devotion to ONE object which has, in all probability, led to the success of the other man. God will never do for us what we can do for ourselves. "God helps those who help themselves," is one of the truest sayings of man.

THURSDAY.

"Ye know not what shall be on the morrow."
Jas. 4, 12.

For to-morrow ne'er appears,
Spite of all our hopes and fears.
When to-morrow's sun shall rise,
Still to-morrow from you flies.
Only just to-day is yours.
Oh, then, prize its passing hours!
Just improve God's gifts to-day;
For they may not always stay.

Do the duty close at hand;
God has all that duty planned.
Given thee ties thou canst not break,
Bonds which thou canst ne'er forsake.
Chosen thee to fill thy place,
Wherefore seek a wider space?
Do thy duty—leave the rest;
God will do for thee the best.

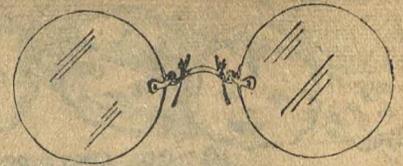
Just submissive to His will,
Thy next duty now fulfil.
Bend thou to the smallest task,
Greater work you need not ask.
Faithful in that sphere so small,
Thou shalt ruler be of all.
Prize the present, leave the rest,
God will do for thee the best.

—From "Love."

FRIDAY.

"Be content with such things as ye have, for He hath said I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Are you sometimes discontented with your lot, thinking you could have chosen better than your Creator? Remember, He loves you better than you love yourself, and has chosen for you just what you would have chosen for yourself could you see the end from the beginning as He sees it. Sometimes it seems as if the very worst thing that could befall you has come to you; you cannot SEE how it can possibly be sent by a God of love. Perhaps some calamity has fallen on one more dear than self, and you are tempted to think God is not too good to be unkind after all. Oh, remember that He seeth not as man seeth, that the mystery of pain and suffering is yet to be unravelled, and that it is in these testing times God proves His love to you, by showing that He can trust you to trust Him still, and to say "Though He slay me, YET will I trust in Him." The faith of the martyrs of old never wavered, though they might well have been tempted to think God had forgotten to be gracious, to allow them to be the sport of evil men. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter," can well be applied to the chances and changes of this mortal life. Think of the saints of old—what they had to go through. Jesus said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but" (there is always a "but") "be of good cheer, I have overcome." "I will NEVER leave you, nor forsake you."



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SATURDAY.

"Not forsaken."—Ezra 9, 9; Ps. 9, 89.

No, "not forsaken," though thou hast
Forsaken Me, and most unfaithful been;
Yet have I followed thee through all the past,
And guarded thee from ills thou hast not
seen.

Have called, and wooed, and often called in
vain;
Thou hast not heeded all my grief and pain.

No, "not forsaken." It was I
Who was forsaken in Gethsemane,
Forsaken when alone I came to die
At last upon the Cross for love of thee.
Forsaken e'en of God I had to bear
Alone the whole world's sins, which none
might share.

No, "not forsaken." Others may
Forsake; the Master never leaves His own.
Though all thy friends on earth should pass
away,
And thou dost think thou art left quite
alone,
Yet thou need'st never feel of all bereft,
When there is One who ne'er thy soul hath
left.

—From "The Other Side." Methodist
Book Depot.

When love's rose lies dead with its fragrance
sped

The man only laughs and forgets.
'Tis the woman who pays for life's golden
days

In the valley of vain regrets.
Where injustice stings sad remembrance
clings,

And the best off the worst endure;
But for coughs and colds sure solace un-
folds

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Drink in Court—

(Continued from page 10.)

"I am perfectly satisfied that the police have gone to very great pains to endeavor to elucidate the mystery; but it remains unsolved.

"There is no use in unduly protracting this inquiry; but if I close the inquest that will not prevent the police from following up any further clues that they may be able to get hold of."

WOULD CHANGE PLACES.

WITH DEAD MAN.

THOMAS SALT'S END.

REPENTANCE STORY.

("Evening News," 10/6/24.)

"There is nobody more sorry than I am that the man is dead, and I would willingly change places with him if I could."

That statement was attributed by the police to Frederick William Burton, a salesman, of Crown-street, Surry Hills, who was committed for trial from the City Coroner's Court to-day on a charge of manslaughter arising out of the death of Thomas Bernard William Salt, 33, a dealer, of Crown-street, Surry Hills.

Louise Salt said her son came home about 6.30 p.m. on May 29, and she noticed that he staggered. He went into his room and she heard a fall. About 9 o'clock he came out of his room and she told him to go to bed. He said, "I'm more sensible than you are."

Next morning she found him lying dead on the bed. She thought he was under the influence of drink because he staggered.

"YOU HIT A CHAP."

Anthony Baine, licensee of the Dolphin Hotel, at the corner of Crown and Fitzroy streets, said he refused to serve Burton because he was drunk.

Salt looked in one door, and Burton, catching him by the sleeve, pulled him forward and hit him on the jaw. Salt fell, and Burton went away.

THE NEXT DAY.

Burton came to the hotel next day and asked: "What was the matter last night?" Witness replied, "You hit a chap here last night, and he's dead."

Burton declared that he did not remember anything about it, said he was sorry, and commenced to cry. Witness asked him to go to the police station, and they went together.

Mr. Penny: Was the blow more of a slap?—I saw him swing.

Sergeant Lavelle said that Burton said at Darlinghurst Police Station:

"I don't know where I was last night. I remember having a fight with a man, but I don't know where it was. I was pretty full. I do not remember getting home."

EYED BY THE CROWD.

"Next morning," he said, "I knew I had got into a row, because I had a black eye and my jaw was swollen. I went to the

hotel, and saw a crowd outside. They eyed me as I walked past, and then I had a presentiment that something was wrong, so I asked Mr. Baine about it."

The Coroner: Have you any recollection of what took place in the hotel?—I have a vague recollection that I had trouble with someone, but no recollection as to who it was.

Burton added that he was badly knocked about at the war, and had a perpetual pension. The day on which the tragedy happened he drew his pension. He had knocked off drink, and would never touch it again.



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The Australasian White Cross League,

56 ELIZABETH-STREET, SYDNEY.

W. E. WILSON, Hon. Secretary.

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The Victory Pledge Controversy—

(Continued from page 9.)

Before proceeding turn again to Mr. Lee's letter to the Botany Branch of the Alliance in which he says:

"In regard to **MY PROMISE** to support an early referendum."

It is a curious exhibition of the vagaries of the human mind when, in the face of Mr. Lee's emphatic acknowledgment of a pledge, he still persists in making the inference that he did not make a pledge.

To this statement of Mr. Lee's Mr. Hammond replied:

THE PLEDGE SYSTEM.

"May I point out that the pledge system is universal, and as old as civilisation. When Mr. Lee refers to the pledge as a Yankee method it is due to the fact that his anger at being brought face to face with the written promise he has broken has clouded his judgment. We have for generations been proud that our nation could boast that an Englishman's word was his bond. To claim that the people have no right to demand pledges from those who seek to represent them is surely untenable. On every big question before the people men have gladly pledged themselves whenever they have had convictions, and all good sports have accepted the consequences, however personally disastrous. If a politician is to be permitted to break the promises by which he obtained votes because, in his judgment, he is wiser than his master, then it may be argued that business men, or married men, may claim that a change in the market, or the advent of another woman, justifies their breaking their undertakings.

"In times past many a politician has resigned because he could not carry out the terms on which he was elected.

"Mr. Bennett overlooks the fact that his reply was written on the back of my second letter, and it undoubtedly committed him to an immediate referendum, and justified our so advertising him, and his acceptance of our endorsement.

"While it is true Mr. Lee's original pledge has mysteriously disappeared, his letter reaffirming his intention of keeping his promise is happily in my possession.

"The members were not asked to sign any pledge. They were asked only to commit themselves to a definite course, and this they did in various ways, and we announced them as pledged, and they accepted such announcement.

"Whatever the future may hold it certainly holds no place in public life to those who will not commit themselves definitely on great public questions, nor will it hold a place for those who, so committing themselves, failed to stand up to their declarations.

"ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND."

SILENCE FROM MR. LEE.

Since Mr. Hammond's last statement appeared Mr. Lee has kept a discreet silence. We are truly sorry for Mr. Lee, but we are not to blame if we were compelled to make public the emphatic terms of his promise.

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Mistress—

Mary, your kitchen
is a picture!

However do you
get everything so
spotlessly clean
& bright?



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