

Grit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

VOL. XV. No. 23.

Twopence.

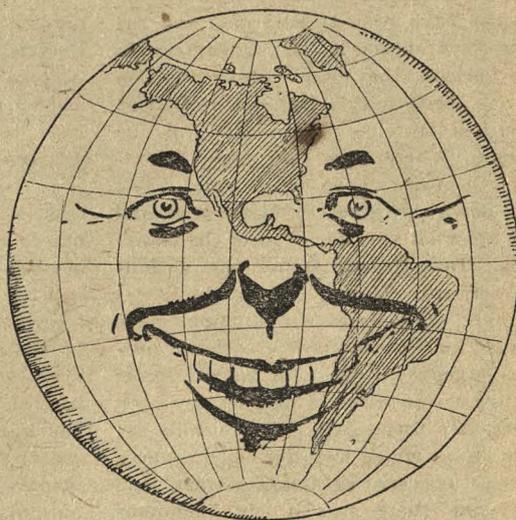
SYDNEY, AUGUST 25, 1921.

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



A WORLD OF MISERY

AND



A WORLD OF HAPPINESS.

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The German Picnic Park.

Another German institution imported into Ridgewood were the picnic parks, places where liquor might be drunk outdoors. At first the German immigrant would attend these with his family. Gradually the "parks" degenerated. "Dollar rackets" were introduced, allowing you to drink as much beer as you wished for the initial dollar. Drunkenness became a matter of course. Shootings and crime of every sort occurred. There were about a dozen such parks. There were also some ten breweries supplying beer for both the local trade and for saloons elsewhere.

Now most of the saloons are no more, the picnic parks have been transformed and the breweries brew no beer. Nothing more convincingly proves the effect of Prohibition than a trip through this German section of Brooklyn and Queens on a search for the old saloons. Where have they gone?

Most of them have been transformed. You can walk down any street in Ridgewood and you need not walk very far to meet the transformation. Take Seneca, Onderdonk, Grandview, Woodward avenues. Along the street corners here and there are knitting mills, where men and women are employed producing knit goods to wear. A large number of them are co-operative in character, owned by the workers themselves. These mills are housed in stores which were formerly saloons. At the five corners, at George-street, and Forest-avenue there was a big Liebman's Sons' saloon occupying an entire corner building. The saloon business has been discontinued and the building has been purchased to be made into a savings bank, which will store some of the money the saloons formerly got.

At Seneca and Catalpa avenues, a fairly quiet corner, there were three saloons a year

ago. Two of them are butcher's shops now. The third is still holding on. "That will go, too," said the Ridgewood business man who was taking the "Eagle" reporter around. Scotty's, once a well-known cabaret and dance hall, as well as a saloon, which was several times raided by the police, has been closed down and will be rebuilt as an office building. The Ridgewood Rest, at Myrtle and Cypress avenues, will probably be turned into a five-and-ten-cent store. At the corner of Putnam and Wyckoff avenues one saloon has been turned into a boys' club.

And there are cigar stores, shirt stores, moving picture houses, restaurants, which in the days before Prohibition were saloons. Along several blocks on Seneca avenue and elsewhere, the store fronts of saloons have been torn out and the places turned into apartments to help meet the housing shortage. One saloon at Seneca-avenue and Cornelia-street has become a synagogue, and another, at Palmetto-street, and Ridgewood-avenue, is a Spiritualist Church.

In the same way the picnic parks and the breweries have been transformed. Of the breweries two are still brewing—a kickless drink with an alcoholic content of less than half of one per cent. One of the breweries has been turned into a factory for making cereal food product, and another is an ice plant. The rest are in a limbo state, doing nothing, waiting for the turn of events to determine whether they shall go into some other business or be entirely torn down and re-built.

The parks have been built up. On some there are business structures on the site of the old Elks Park, at Halsey-street and Wyckoff-avenue, there is a leather finishing and dye-stuff works. Ridgewood Grove, at Cy-

press-avenue and Centre-street, which adjoins public school 77, there is some probability of converting into a public playground for the children of the school.

"GOOD" IS CONSENSUS.

As a general rule, Ridgewood has accepted the status quo. Particularly in the case of the second generation, the entertainment formerly supplied by the saloon has given way to other activities. The younger folks find their way into community houses, to gymnasiums, to clubs of one kind and another.

And the merchants of Ridgewood report that mothers and children are having a better time now that a large part of father's pay envelope does not find its way into the saloon. More money is spent on clothing and shoes for the family. More often than hitherto the head of the household accompanies the rest of the family to a movie show.

A well-known business man of Ridgewood, who described himself as "one who drank booze with the rest, but who is frank enough to admit that the passing of the saloon is working out for the best interests of the community," said to the "Eagle" reporter: "I know a boy, a fine boy of Ridgewood, who drank periodically when the liquor was to be obtained, and who became helpless as soon as he got drunk. He says to me that he knows Prohibition is good." And 90 per cent. of the women and most of the men agree with his conclusion. Prohibition, if it were put to a vote in Ridgewood to-day, would win overwhelmingly. — "Brooklyn Daily Eagle," May 1, 1921.

The wisdom of sages—for ages—

Is, nothing untested to spurn,
Life's secrets unfold as we mortals grow old,
But we're never too old to learn.

"Mens sana in corpore sano,"

True philosophers strive to assure,
And the lore they expound to perfection is found

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ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE.

LIQUOR'S DUMMY LEAGUES!

Another man of straw has been set up in U.S.A. by the forces opposed to Prohibition, the name of which is as misleading as that of its predecessors in the field. The new-comer is called "League of Rights, Inc.," and has its main office in New York City. The appeal which has been sent forth broadcast is as follows:

"Think of what the Prohibition amendment has imposed upon you, and then act, and act quickly. If you don't you may also have to submit to the rigors of the blue Sunday laws, as that fanatical minority, which is responsible for the existing conditions, thanks to the inertia, when we could have stopped them, has tried and is now trying to further subject us to their will.

"Fill out the blank below, attach membership fee, and mail us to-day. Get your relatives and friends to join also. Be one of our boosters, if you are with us, and we will win out.

"Please send names of relatives and friends that are interested.

"It is a twin of the 'League of Self-Determination,'" said Wayne B. Wheeler, one of the "dry" leaders. "The champions of those wet organisations forget that orderly government has provided the methods for amending the Constitution and enacting laws. Before the liquor traffic was outlawed, the wet interests were well satisfied on these public questions. It was only after the dry forces overcame the great obstacles in their way and abolished the liquor traffic that they saw the beauties of self-determination and referendum.

Blue Sunday Scarecrows.

"The scarecrows of 'blue Sunday laws' and 'the rule of a fanatical minority' fool no one who has faith in the common sense of the American people. Laws to restrict or prohibit corrupt, selfish, entrenched interests are not enacted by minorities. It takes a large majority of the people to secure them. A few who have been denied the privilege to continue in the liquor business can make much noise, but they do not represent the average American. The purpose of government is to promote the general welfare, not to protect sources of crime, misery and drunkenness, like the liquor traffic. These camouflage booze organisations deceive no one but the wet dupes who furnish the money for them."

In addition to the two organisations mentioned, the following bodies seek to set Prohibition at naught:

The Association Opposed to National Prohibition, New York.

The Association Opposed to Federal Prohibition Amendment, Washington.

The National Order of Camels, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

The National Constitution Liberty League, Boston, Massachusetts.

The Order of Good Fellows of America, and the Anti-Blue Laws Movement.—"C.S. Monitor," 30/5/21.

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FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 28.

- 11 a.m.—Anglican Church, Richmond.
Rev. R. B. S. Hammond.
11 a.m.—St. Mary's, West Maitland.
7 p.m.—Anglican Church, Stockton.
Mr. Francis Wilson.
11 a.m.—Methodist Church, Rockdale.
7.15 p.m.—Presbyterian Church, Parramatta.
Rev. H. Allen Job.
11 a.m.—Wentworthville Methodist Church.
3 p.m.—Toongabbie Methodist Church.
7.15 p.m.—Parramatta Methodist Church.
Rev. Fred. C. Middleton.
3 p.m.—Methodist Church, Castle Hill.
7.15 p.m.—Methodist Church Parramatta North.
Mr. T. E. Shonk.
11 a.m.—Prospect Anglican Church.
3 p.m.—Seven Hills Anglican Church.
7.15 p.m.—Blacktown Anglican Church.
Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.
11 a.m.—St. Ann's, Merrylands.
7.15 p.m.—St. Matthews, Merrylands.
Mr. R. J. C. Butler.
7 p.m.—Eastwood Baptist Church.
Mr. Henry Macourt.

MONDAY, AUGUST 29.

- 8 p.m.—School of Arts, Richmond.
Rev. R. B. S. Hammond.
Anglican School Hall, Holmeville.
Mr. Francis Wilson.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 30.

- 8 p.m.—Women's Club.
Rev. R. B. S. Hammond.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

- 8 p.m.—Y.M.C.A. Boys.

LAUNCHING THE PLEDGE CAMPAIGN.

One hundred pledges in one meeting! Epping always is equal to setting the pace where a good cause is to be served. And 100 pledges from one meeting there was just what might have been expected.

Rev. R. B. S. Hammond launched the Referendum Pledge Campaign at a meeting in the Cambria Hall, Epping, on Monday night. His explanation of its meaning and purpose aroused enthusiasm, and when the opportunity was given at the end to sign the pledge not to support any candidate who would not favor a referendum, there was no sign of reluctance on the part of the audience.

The difficulty was to make provision for the many who wished to bind themselves to a big effort to secure this democratic right.

At the annual meeting of the Willard W.C.T.U. at Pymble, Mr. Middleton put the pledge before the audience. The result was just as encouraging in its favor. Fifty were signed up before the meeting dispersed.

Inquiries are coming from several places for supplies. These will be forwarded during the week.

Every Prohibitionist is asked to sign up right away. Then get at least five others to

YOU ARE COMING, OF COURSE?

Where? The Conferences.

When? Thursday, Sept. 1.

Conference on Women's Work at 3 p.m. Then Tea at 5.45.

Conference on Young People's Work, 7.30 p.m., Pitt-street Congregational School Hall.

do the same. Every pledge means a vote, and every vote counts with the politician.

OUR CONFERENCES.

Thursday, 25th inst., Conference of all workers in the Pitt-street Congregational Hall. This starts with a tea at 6.15. Then the pledge, the Referendum, and other matters of policy will be discussed.

On Thursday, September 1, the conferences on women's work and on the work among the young people will be held. Mrs. Strang presides over the conference of representatives of the Women's Societies, which assembles at 3 p.m. An important statement on the general question will be made by Rev. R. B. S. Hammond. Then will follow discussion on several phases. This is a most important gathering. Make a point of being there.

After tea, which will be served in the Alliance Rooms at 5.45, there will follow a most interesting exhibition of lantern views, the microscope, lightning sketches, and other

valuable aids in young people's meetings. A school of methods for young people's work will be the programme for the evening. This will provide opportunity for consideration of the best way to organise and conduct a temperance society, and the most appropriate supplies for the work.

Anyone interested in the temperance training of young people should make this their fixture for September 1.

ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL.

Mr. Shonk reports an interesting week-end at Nyngan, where Rev. A. G. Manfield proved himself a brother and a practical helper. Sunday services were encouraging, and at the public meeting in the town hall the liquor opposition showed they were hurt.

Mr. Job re-visited some of the scenes of his youth, having good services and meetings at Dubbo, Narromine, and Peak Hill.

At Dungog and Stroud, Mr. Creagh did not have large audiences, but there was no doubt concerning the enthusiasm of local helpers.

At Taree the people came out in fine numbers to hear Mr. Middleton. Mr. Francis Wilson also had good meetings in and around Gloucester.

THE FIGHT AGAINST LICENSES.

This proceeds apace. The long deferred application for a hotel license at Bankstown came on for hearing at the Parramatta Court. There was a big army of witnesses for the applicant, and the hearing had to be adjourned for a fortnight.

(Continued on page 12.)



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ARTHUR J. FISHER — "The Sunshiner."

"But who are the quiet marchers
Unlauded by voice or pen?
These are the world's great patriots,
These are our pioneer men!"



He admitted having written that verse about himself, but was part of a student's poetical efforts on behalf of Flinders, Bass, and other Australian explorers. He looked utterly miserable when I told him that it would be used as evidence

in favor of him (the first occasion on which I have ever seen him look down in the mouth). This is Arthur J. Fisher, the man who is making his life's work—championing the children.

And he does it cheerfully. When Arthur Fisher happens along to your district with his "Prohibition Rooster," phonoboard, slide yarn, or other outfit with which he mixes fun, facts, and thought provokers for the scallywags, you'll surely not meet a damp, blotting paper sort of man. He's much younger in spirits than in years, and they are not many. His ideas and methods date forward to at least 1925, and the kiddies don't soon forget his advent to their school, church, or town hall. It's really fine to hear some young outlaw, who prefers bird-nesting to Sunday school, and who plays marbles in the pew while a sermon progresses, say that he wants to hear Mr. Fisher again.

SEARCHING FOR HIS "METIER."

Given an opportunity, water will find its own level. So it is with a man. The trouble is that some water dries up before it finds its level, and some men die before their right task in life presents itself. Few men realise their natural bent right from the beginning, and Arthur Fisher was no exception to the rule.

A Southstralian, he surrendered his first "job" as assistant in the S.A. School of Mines Physics Laboratory, and went to make his fame and fortune as a master plumber-inventor. He made a little, but an irresistible inward urge sent him into his natural sphere—evangelism—and the year 1907 saw him installed as student in the College of the Bible at Glen Iris, the Victorian Training College for Church of Christ preachers.

IN CHARGE OF 625 SQUARE MILES.

His pastoral work was commenced on the great Eyre Peninsula, in a newly-settled district where the pioneers were few and far between, and the events of five years previously were counted as ancient history. The big enthusiasm which Fisher has to-day must have been well developed in these early days, for in addition to taking an active part

in a no-licence campaign while ministering to four churches, and four other preaching places, the local newspapers and social organisations bear record of his contributions of prose, poetry, and debate.

Three thousand six hundred miles per annum! Only men born for the job could, and would, do this sulky-journeying each year over such a vast territory as comprised Mr. Fisher's charge.

A call to a more populous district was inevitable for a man with such virile qualities, and first Warrambool, Victoria, and then Marrickville, Sydney, claimed him.

A POSTAGE STAMP TO A PAPAL EDICT.

While at college in Glen Iris, a room mate, writing in the College journal, apostrophised Fisher as "a man of order, who pigeon-holes most everything from a postage stamp to a Papal edict."

This aptitude for organisation, indicated by this quip, stood him in good stead during a visit to his home State. The influenza epidemic in 1919 caused the authorities to quarantine Interstate passengers, and, rather than be idle for a month he linked up with the South Australian Alliance for the "Drive" on Parliament for a referendum. This extended into a four months' campaign, and included the organising of over 200 meetings, and covered the whole State. The Alliance machinery ran smoothly, for a man with system and a mastery of detail was oiling the wheels and controlling levers—that man was Arthur Fisher.

A real organiser is one who has an unusual capacity for details, and an unusual capacity for ignoring them when necessary. Fisher is a real organiser.

In his charge at Marrickville, this genius for knowing what, when, and where to look for facts, enabled him to accomplish a vast amount of work. As Temperance Secretary for the Churches of Christ in New South Wales, he increased their personal and financial interest in the big Prohibition reform by 500 per cent., and such was the confidence reposed in him, that, when a liquor referendum was expected in 1919, his Church raised sufficient funds to enable him to be loaned to the New South Wales Alliance for one year. The referendum has been postponed, but the wish of his Church folk is that Mr. Fisher should continue his work for Prohibition by specialising among the young Australians, and their generous financial backing has made this possible.

Mr. Fisher's office at the Alliance Rooms in Macdonell House is a veritable workbox. From it radiate ideas, suggestions, practical interest, and untiringly persistent efforts to lead Australia's youngsters on to "worth while" paths, and into a magnificent movement.

PROHIBITION EVANGELIST.

"Let us do away with alcohol as a beverage, and we shall be doing some really practical Christian work," says Mr. Fisher. "My

best arguments for Prohibition," he remarks, "are not new ones. The first one's name is Norman, he's seven years old; and the other is Raymond, of four years. They're my boys, the best I've ever had."

A cartoon showing Mr. Fisher, a short man, entering his office, and a long stream of letters, pamphlets, booklets, newspaper articles, cards, and posters leaving it would be appropriate. As editor of the "Bible College Magazine," and of various church papers, as publisher of a book on Indian life, and famous with children for his series of "Spider Talks," "Young Crusader," and "Sunshine Corner" articles, Mr. Fisher has gained literary ability, and he puts Prohibition into print whenever possible.

Bands of Hope, Temperance Societies, Young People's Associations, Junior Endeavors, and other children's organisations are affiliating with the Young People's Department of the Alliance, of which Mr. Fisher has charge. Into the curriculum of these societies a new spirit is being infused. Not only temperance, but Prohibition, education is arranged for; and the entertainment portion is being modernised and made equal to the picture in attractive power.

Mr. Fisher, with foresight, sees in the children the future Prohibition citizens. The child with Prohibition knowledge and a personal appeal will mean a vote against drink when the vote is taken, and then, when the day is won, the growing army of young manhood and womanhood, trained to understand the harmful effects of liquor, and to appreciate the value of a prohibition law, will be a great factor in reducing the effect of the inevitable Prohibition law-breakers.

Mr. Fisher has a tremendous task which will in accomplishment bring rich reward. Because in tackling the task he is aided by a big fund of humor, of cheeriness, of optimistic buoyancy, Arthur Fisher will succeed, and because he is in season and out of season a dispeller of darkness and a dispenser of happy good fellowship, he earns his title—"The Sunshiner."

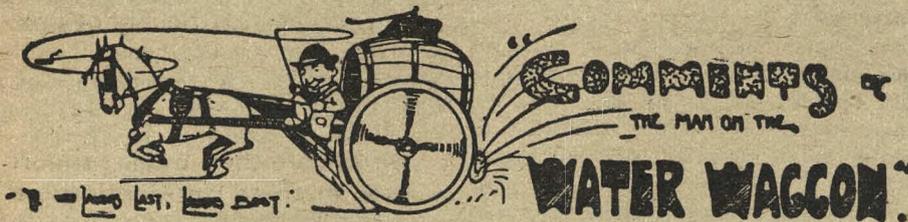
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PALS.

"Partnership is the relation which subsists between persons who have agreed to share the profits of a business carried on by all or any of them on behalf of all of them." That is Sir Frederick Pollock's definition—a great English lawyer was he. How does it apply to liquor and crime? Is a true partnership there? Or just cobbler-ship?

COMPENSATION—"VESTED RIGHTS."

"Whereas A.B. of — has deposited in this office a certificate of the Licensing Court held at Sydney on the sixteenth day of August, 1921, authorising the issue to the said A.B. under the Liquor Act, 1911, of a publican's license for the premises known as the 'Bonehead Arms,' situated at — street, Paddington. And whereas the said A.B. has paid the sum of £30 sterling as the fee for such license: Now, I, John Lang, in virtue of the powers by law vested in me, do hereby license the said A.B. to sell fermented and spirituous liquors in any quantity on the aforesaid premises but not elsewhere, but subject to the provisions of the abovenamed Act. And this license shall commence upon the first day of October next, and continue in force until the 30th day of September next ensuing, both days inclusive; provided it be not forfeited or cancelled in the meantime. Given under my hand and seal at

Sydney this sixteenth day of August, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-one.

"JOHN LANG,
"Colonial Treasurer."

(That is a publican's license under the N.S.W. Liquor Act. Does it read like an annual or a "good-for-ever" license? If annual, why compensate on the good-for-ever scale?)

COUNT DE MAIN.

Weary Willie, I. Will Soak, the Count de Main are a kind of toppers' club, who occupy much of the "Moving Picture Show" in Sydney "Sun." Frankly, we are weary of Willie and his mates. They stink of stale liquor. They are no credit to their country. Looking after them, getting them into jail, and keeping them in jail, are heavy burdens on that goat, the taxpayer. And are they indeed real portraits? Scarcely! The actual Weary Willie is no fund of wit and humor. He is a melancholy wreck, if the truth be told, for that his life is blasted (and he knows it), his constitution enfeebled (he feels it), his brain dull with alcohol, past and present (he droops under it), and he has no heart for that persiflage which the "Sun" foists on him. Stupid, sick, despairing, ragged, cold, friendless, the real Count de Main dare not show up in the "Sun." We have had enough of the gay and witty masker! Give us fresher, sweeter, truer mirth.

HONEST JOHN.

A few days ago I attended a meeting of creditors. Unable to pay its debts, a large city concern had called the gathering—a crowded, critical, cynical, rather saddened assemblage. After hearing reports and statistics of chartered accountants, there was a lively debate. Finally a motion was carried appointing a manager who was to carry on and see what could be done, or to "wind up." Such things are applicable by way of parable. Faced with a holy hash made of the health, finance, and morals of this community, the law provided for a meeting of the creditors of the liquor trade. It was playfully called the "liquor referendum," but it was really a meeting of creditors, who were to say whether the boodling and boozing gang were to further trade. But John Storey said it will cost too much to hold the meeting of creditors; they shall not be allowed to meet, though the law enacted otherwise! The rotten trade must be carried on—and to — with the creditors. Now, John!

ECONOMY.

"I presume," said the Messenger from Mars, "to ask an artless question." "Fire away," said the Australian statesman, lighting an eighteenpenny Corona from his gold matchbox. "This economy question," said the Martian. "... I observe from your intelligent press that all the bank directors are whales on 'economy.' They punch the word home at all the annual meetings of the banks and companies. (A prince among them is one George Judah Cohen.) What then, I presume, is this: Since you Australian earth-dwellers waste scores of millions every year on certain injurious liquors—named variously whisky, brandy, beer, and the like—then, of course, all the bank mandarins are Prohibitionists. Doubtless they all belong to the Alliance and the Efficiency League!" Empurpled with surprise, the politician all but swallowed the Corona. Spluttering the broken fragments he hailed a passing taxi and departed, with this Parthian shot, "Pulling my leg, eh? You get to Hades. Yah!" The Martian gasped and vanished in a handy sunbeam.

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THE
REFERENDUM
PLEDGE ?**

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NOW !**

IT CLAIMS

your right to vote upon a question vital to the well-being of the community.

IT ASSERTS

your intention to secure representation in Parliament of those who believe that the people should have the opportunity to settle the liquor problem at the ballot-box.

IT INTIMATES

to Politicians that to get your vote they must support the democratic principle of an immediate Referendum on the Liquor Question.

IT UNITES

the Prohibitionists in your Electorate

- (1) To Support Your Claim;
- (2) To Emphasise Your Assertion;
- (3) To Transform Your Intimation into a Command.

A MODERN PLEDGE.

"I promise that I will not give my First Preference Vote to any Candidate for Parliament who is not pledged to support the Democratic Principle of an immediate Referendum on Prohibition, to be decided by a bare majority."

Signed

Address

WHAT YOU CAN DO.

- (1) Sign this Pledge, cut it out, and post it to N.S.W. Alliance, 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.
- (2) Impress upon all who desire Prohibition the importance of this attempt to have the right Candidates Selected and the right Members Elected, and secure as many Pledges as possible.
- (3) Make the many years of Prohibition effort effective by seeing that in your own Electorate Candidates are Selected and Members Elected who will secure to the people the right to vote out the Liquor Traffic.

A Personal Chat with my readers

Edgar A. Guest has a gift
SERMONS for saying in verse some very
WE SEE. fine things. Here is one of his
"verse preachments":

I'd rather see a sermon than to hear one
any day,
I'd rather one should walk with me than
merely tell the way.
The eye's a better pupil and more willing
than the ear,
Fine counsel is confusing, but example's
always clear,
And the best of all the preachers are the
men who live their creeds.
For to see good put in action is what every-
body needs.

I can soon learn how to do it if you'll let
me see it done,
I can watch your hands in action, but your
tongue too fast may run,
And the lectures you deliver may be very
wise and true;
But I'd rather get my lessons by observing
what you do,
For I may misunderstand you and the high
advice you give,
But there's no misunderstanding how you act
and how you live.

When I see a deed of kindness I am eager
to be kind,
When a weaker brother stumbles, and a
strong man stays behind
Just to see if I can help him, then the wish
grows strong in me
To become as big and thoughtful as I know
that friend to be.
And all travellers can witness that the best
of guides to-day
Is not the one who tells them, but the one
who shows the way.

One good man teaches many, men believe
what they behold,
One deed of kindness noticed is worth forty
that are told,
Who stands with men of honor learns to hold
his honor dear,
For right living speaks a language which
to everyone is clear.
Though an able speaker charms me with his
eloquence, I say,
I'd rather see a sermon than to hear one
any day.

I can remember when men
THAT looked upon the cigarette with
"COFFIN contempt, and small boys
NAIL." smoked them in the cow-shed.

Then men yielded to the seduc-
tive habit, and then monkey-like women imi-
tated the men, and now millions of these
"coffin nails" make our faces unsightly, our
fingers dirty, our lungs clogged, and our
slavery to habit a pitiable thing. The cig-
arette knocks a bank balance kite high and
puts a man out of a job every once in a
while, as the following incident goes to
prove. The "Sun" says:

"Little things often change the current of
men's lives, and a worker employed at the
Small Arms Factory, Lithgow, owes his dis-
missal to a cigarette. 'Coffin nails,' as they
are called among the employees, for more
reasons than one, are strictly taboo either
in the factory or on the immediate premises.
It is alleged that there is generally a 'round-
up' for cigarette fiends when dismissals are
on hand. As a result, the 'old hands' are
scrupulously careful.

"A returned soldier, however, was caught
with the weed 'out back,' and was immedi-
ately dismissed. There is said to be no ap-
peal from the decision, although the man is
reported to be an excellent worker with a
good war record, and, in addition, is a mar-
ried man."

Is it worth it?

THE BOOT ON THE OTHER FOOT.

The following incident is
from an American Church
paper. It needs no com-
ment:
"The editor sat in the
barber's chair. And the barber talked.
'Think we're going to have those Sunday
blue laws?' asked the barber. 'Well, I think
our legislators will do nothing unreasonable,'
replied the editor. 'I was in — on Sunday
a few weeks ago,' said the barber. 'Every-
thing shut up tight. Couldn't get a cigar
or even a Coca Cola. I'll never spend an-
other Sunday in that town.' 'Let's see,' re-
marked the editor, 'barber shops have to
close on Sunday, do they not?' 'Oh, yes,'
replied the barber. 'Better amend the law,'
suggested the editor, 'so that barbers can
work on Sunday.' 'No, sir, our Union would
never stand for that,' said the barber. 'We
want our Sundays.' 'Indeed,' commented the
editor. 'Well, I never could see why the
law should protect a barber so that he does
not have to work on Sunday, and yet give
no protection to the clerk at the cigar stand
or soda counter.' And the barber stopped
talking."

THE STATE LOTTERY.

A special committee rep-
resenting all the churches
and moral forces of the
city are asking people to
sign the following petition:

"That, without expressing any opinion as
to the proposal of motherhood endowment,
your petitioners humbly pray that the pro-
visions for a State lottery should be excluded
from the proposed Act, or from any other
proposed legislation, believing that it is a
system of gambling, and, as such, is con-
trary to the moral law and highly preju-
dicial to the truest interests of the com-
munity, and especially calculated to have a
demoralising effect on young people."

Ask your clergyman to get petition forms
from Mr. Kenny, of the Y.M.C.A. Write to

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.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue,
the paper being posted for 52 weeks for
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paper should be promptly reported to the
Manager.

NEW ZEALAND SUBSCRIBERS.

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not be cashed in New South Wales.
You may send your subscription c/o Rev. J.
Dawson, Westminster Chambers, Lamb-
ton Quay, Wellington.

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1921.

your member and urge him to oppose the
lottery. The lottery is a poor, wicked, miser-
able money-raising method that is discredited
all over the world, and discarded by many
countries that have foolishly tried it.

Friendship, not money,
TWO POOR makes one rich. Do you
MEN. envy these poor rich men
whose story appeared in

the papers last week:

A report from Budapest states that M.
Hagenmacher, a multi-millionaire, and
widower, aged 86, the owner of factories,
mills, breweries, and restaurants throughout
the country, committed suicide. He left a
letter declaring that his lonely life was un-
bearable.

William Temple, aged 91, who had been
living in a destitute condition in a hut near
Echuca, Victoria, was found after death to be
possessed of bank receipts for £4138.

It is worth while to make friends, to keep
them, and to be worthy of them.

THE EDITOR.

When a man is rescued from evil
you save a unit; but when a child
is prevented from evil you save
a multiplication table.

If this strikes you, then send along to

THE AUSTRALASIAN WHITE CROSS LEAGUE,
56 ELIZABETH STREET,
SYDNEY,

And ask for a Report of work done and
literature for yourself and your children.

WHEN IS A MAN DRUNK?

THE SCIENTIFIC MEASURE OF A DRINK.

(By EDWIN F. BOWERS, M.D.)

If a man has any brains worth preserving, alcohol is the poorest preservative he could possibly pick out to use.

The average man drinks because he is an average man and a moderate drinker, and because he knows that he can stop if he wishes. "An occasional drink, yes, sir; a bracer—certainly; but intoxicated—never!"

But one of the first things the scientists found out when they commenced to measure drunkenness and its effects was that every man who drank alcohol was drunk—in degree—for two or three days afterwards.

Now, it is altogether too much to expect a man who has taken only one or two drinks to realise that he is drunk—to a definite, measurable, and analysible extent. But those little clocks, intricate wheels, and serene mechanical devices of the laboratory will know it. There is no guesswork; you can't hypnotise a writing balance, psychologise an ergograph, or bamboozle a memory-test. The uniformity in their results is ruthless and final.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT WITH YOUR INDEX FINGER.

An excellent index of a man's capability for work is the weight he can continue to lift with the index finger. So our scientists requisitioned the ergograph, a celebrated laboratory device invented by Professor Angelo Mosso, to prove a few pertinent facts. In manipulating this testing machine the fingers are clenched around a wooden peg, all but the index finger, and the arm held immovable by being clamped to the arm of a chair. A weight of several kilogrammes (a kilogramme equals 2.2046 pounds) suspended by a small rope that passes over a pulley is raised and lowered by this index finger, until the subjects are forced to desist from exhaustion.

The scientists who probed into the powers of King Alcohol made their subjects repeat this process twelve times, with intervening rests of a minute. Each pull was recorded automatically on a strip of paper, registered by a line. The sum of the lengths of all the

lines was translated into "metre kilogrammes," which meant the work accomplished by the index finger, in raising one kilogramme one metre (39.37 inches) against the pull of gravity.

These experiments were made ten times daily, and the total average for each man calculated for a number of days, under conditions of absolute abstention from drink. Then the men were given a "good glass" of Bordeaux wine, or its alcoholic equivalent—about one-third ounce of alcohol freely diluted with water—after each meal, and the experiments repeated. The consequences were a diminution in the ability to withstand the fatigue of weight-lifting amounting to seven and six-tenths to eight per cent. These experiments were duplicated hundreds of times by scientists in various parts of Europe. In every instance a definite, measurable loss in muscular efficiency was shown.

YOU CAN'T WRITE AS FAST OR AS ACCURATELY AFTER ONE DRINK.

Learned professors next advanced to the consideration of principles involving combined muscular and mental process. They used the "writing balance," invented by Dr. Kraepelin, probably the most eminent living authority on mental and nervous diseases. This ingenious contrivance had attached to it a fifth-second chronometer which automatically registered time on a rotating drum covered with carbon paper. On the record obtained in this manner the time required in writing a set of characters can be computed with an error of less than one two-hundredths of a second. The unit of time on which the trials were based is called a "zeta," which corresponds to one one-hundredth of a second.

The daily exercises began at 8 a.m. The subject's scientifically sober hand was connected with the apparatus, and the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 were written twice with pencil at top speed. Then the sequence was reversed—10, 9, 8, 7, etc., was twice written; then the letters "inm" also twice. These were repeated ten times, and the total average time consumed by each man was measured. Then he received his allotment of wine, as with the ergograph experiments.

After five minutes the subjects resumed their writing, with instructions to carry out their appointed task in scribbling as before. They proved that, while the spirit was willing, the flesh and its controlling nerve impulses were weakened. Every man had slowed up measurably. The degree of retardation, after writing 1 to 10 under the influence of a small amount of alcohol (what the or-

dinary drinker might take with his dinner), amounted to five and six-tenths per cent. In writing 10 to 1 the retardation was greater, amounting to 7 per cent. This was accounted for by the increasing complexity of the task, it being a more unusual combination than the straight progression of numbers. With the "inm" the deviation from normal was even more apparent, averaging seven and three-tenths per cent. Again and again these same general results were secured, though new men were used for each demonstration.

For the next experiment a number of accountants were selected, and their average ability to add one-figure columns was estimated for one week. They were then given daily, in divided doses, the alcoholic equivalent of a pint of light beer. A marked and progressive diminution in their output was noticed, beginning with three and one-tenth per cent. the first day. After two weeks of this steady, moderate alcoholic allowance the percentage increased to fifteen and three-tenths. With these facts and figures in mind it should not be difficult to determine the whys and wherefores of the relatively slow and inaccurate Monday morning's accounting and balancing.

Similar experiments were then tried on typesetters. These were required to set type from uniformly-printed pages, the total number of "ems" a day being computed for a week. Then, with daily drinks, the kind that millions of moderate drinkers take every day, the typesetters, in one week, lost an average of nine and six-tenths per cent. in efficiency. And these particular typesetters are representative of the average typesetter, printer, typewriter, and linotype operator all over the world.

HOW ALCOHOLIC DRINKS AFFECT THE MEMORY.

In the beginning the investigators wrote the simplest and most practical tests. As they gradually worked up to more complex mental processes the decrease in efficiency became more noticeable. This was particularly marked in the "memory tests," which demanded committing to memory for a half-hour every morning as many twelve-place figures as was possible for each subject to remember. The students would curl their legs round the chairs, chew the ends of their pencils, look up at the ceiling, and mumble "one six nine, eight seven three, two one eight, one six two," or some other group of twelve numbers, until they could say them without effort. They would then tackle the next group, committing as many twelve-number sets to memory as was possible in the course of half an hour, repeating each set in a whisper to a mentor seated beside them. This was practised for a fortnight, after which their average was computed.

Then the subjects were given each morning just about what would be considered a good "eye-opener" by the average drinker. The next two weeks showed an average reduction of six and two-tenths per cent. in the number of twelve-place figures committed to memory.

(Concluded next issue.)

The Place to Buy Your Lunch
SYDNEY J. HAYHOW,
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 Provision Merchant
 Small Goods Manufacturer
 115 KING STREET, SYDNEY.
 Phone: City 10507

UNCLE B.'s POOR.

What does Uncle B. do with all the money he gets? What does he do when he does not get half enough? Look at this record for three months:—

	Meals.	Free Shaves.	Boots Cleaned.	Clothes Mended.	Jobs.	Pieces of Clothing.
May	1360	324	421	178	9	169
June	1370	278	381	178	11	117
July	1290	269	374	163	15	96
	4020	871	1176	519	35	382

In addition to this, relief in the way of rent, food, redeeming pawned things, fees, clothing, soup for those at the Central Police Court, cost in May £31/12/-; June, £19/6/-; July, £25/16/-; a total of £76/14/-.

This is not the full story, for during the three months we had the following record at the Central Police Court:—

	Before the Court.	Signed Pledge.	Broke Pledge.
May	662	105	11
June	732	131	17
July	564	102	9
Totals	1958	338	37

The following donations for these months have been very thankfully received:— "Anon." Mosman, three separate donations of 20/- each; Mrs. McKern, 21/-; Miss McNiven, 10/-; Miss J. P. Vickery, 20/-; Thomas Bembrick, £2; Mrs. Eipper, 20/-; R. Keir and family, 5/-; "Well-Wisher," Tamworth, 10/-; Miss Moor, 40/-; The Misses Banks, £2; Mr. A., 20/-; Mr. French, 20/-; G. A. Somerville, 20/-; Mrs. Nixon, 20/-; Mrs. Rankin, 20/-; Mr. R. L. Scrutton, 21/-; L. E. Shepherd, 10/-; Winnie and Lily, 5/-; A. L. Mowbray, 20/-; C. J. Curlingford, 10/-; D. G., 20/-; A. G. Thomson, 20/-; per Rev. A. P. Campbell, 20/-; Lithgow, 10/-; Miss Summerbell, 2/6; W. Barrett, 10/-; "Anon." 5/-; Miss Boag, 10/-; Mrs. Colter, 10/-; Fred., 2/-; Miss B. Graham, 10/-; P. E. Wingfield, £1/6/6; Eva Cato, 30/-; "Anon." 10/-; Mrs. C. S., 20/-; H. Tear, 40/-; Miss Godson, 20/-. Total, £34/19/-.

THINGS UNDONE.

(By R. L. JAMIESON, for "Grit.")

The things we do are kind, dear,
Their fragrance is as flowers,
They come in night and silence
To cheer life's evening hours.
To me grim ghosts come stealing
When comes the setting sun—
A dim and sad procession—
The things I HAVEN'T done!

The kind word NEVER spoken,
The smile I NEVER gave;
The praise my friends received not
Till they were in the grave,
And though my heart is gladdened
Remembering dreams won,
Yet is my sorrow sharpened
For good things left **UNDONE!**

The kind act half forgotten
In days of long ago,
They come in sad night-watches
To set old hearts aglow;
For life is all too short, dear;
Soon comes life's setting sun,
And then, like ghosts, comes stealing
The things we **SHOULD** have done!

So let us all from now, dear,
Be kind in life's glad June,
For love is all too brief, dear,
And oh! Death comes so soon.
Then may those ghosts be few, dear,
When comes the set of sun,
And grief shall not sharpened
By things we **SHOULD** have done!

THE DUTY ON MEDICINAL ALCOHOL.

As the result of the representations made by the various pharmaceutical societies, through the medium of the Federal Pharmaceutical Council, the House of Representatives has reduced the excise tariff on medicinal alcohol from 28/- to 25/- per proof gallon. This represents about 4/6 per liquid gallon. It will mean a saving of from £5 to £12 per annum to every pharmacist in an average way of business.

PROHIBITION IN PALESTINE.

The Governor of Jerusalem prohibited drinking bars, and the High Commissioner has extended the prohibition to the whole of Palestine.



**EXCEEDINGLY
GOOD VALUE IN BOYS'
COTSWOLD SUITS**



BIG VALUE IN BOYS' COTSWOLD SUITS, made in smart popular style, as illustrated, from serviceable woollen mixture English Tweeds, in smart colorings of Dark Greys, Browns, or Navy, strongly lined through.

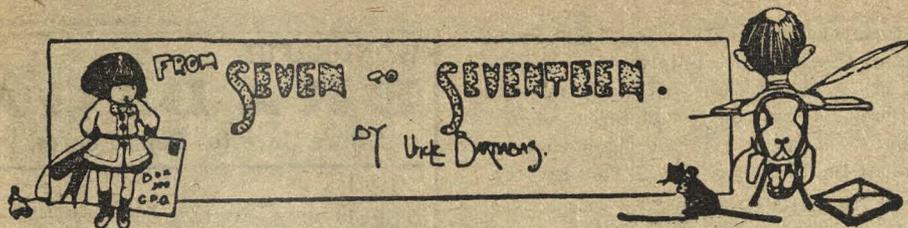
WINNS SPECIAL PRICE

25/-

We pay Freight on all Drapery Mail Orders of 20/- or over anywhere in New South Wales.



✱ *Laundrena* ✱
the Quality
Starch
For dainty women



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.

A GOOD WAY TO HELP.

Please look at the advertisement on page 3. Why do you think this music college pays good money to advertise in "Grit"? Well, I will tell you. They believe that the readers of "Grit" are sensible, loyal, and eager to help. The question is, are they? If we are sensible, we know that people advertise to get business for themselves, and not to help the paper in which they advertise. If they do not get business from their advertisement, then they cease to put it in. If we are loyal we know that we ought to help those who help us; and, without the advertisements, "Grit" would not live a week. So we ought to be loyal to those who make "Grit" possible, and put our business through their hands. Now, we are all eager to help. Suppose you yourself, or your friends through your persuasions, did business with our advertisers, it would not cost you one penny more than if you did the business with anyone else—BUT it would mean hundreds of pounds for Prohibition!

Will you look through all our advertisers, and see which of them you can buy from, and tell them why when you order?

If one thousand people did this, I could, without any cost to them, issue 1000 copies of "Grit" free each week, and that would help people to know what a great thing Prohibition is.

Now, then, what can you do?

UNCLE B.

HOLIDAYS.

Winifred Bate, "Nettlewood," Narooma, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope I am not on that scallywag list yet; but I have been waiting to get a photo, and have not got one yet. When I last wrote to you I walked home from school. My brother comes to meet me now with a pony and sulky. We are having midwinter school holidays now. When school starts again we are going to have a school concert. When I write to you next I will tell you all about it. There are about eighty children going to Narooma school, and two teachers. Our assistant left when school broke up for the holidays. The sand dredge is working on the Wagonga River here. It

takes the sand from the mouth of the river and carries it up some distance. I think this is all the news this time, so I will end with love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Winifred,—Very pleased to hear from you again. I hope you will soon write and let me know about your holidays, and how you spent them.—Uncle T.)

LEARNING TO RIDE.

Vera Drury, "Lynbourne," Central Lansdowne, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I know I must be on the scallywag list this long time, but I hope you will please take me off and forgive me. We are having a terrible lot of wet weather. It is often too wet to go to Sunday school. We have a quiet horse, and I am learning to ride. My sister Bertha can ride quite well. She rides to her music lessons every Saturday. We have five dear little pups. They are purebred cattle pups. We celebrated Empire Day at our school with a picnic. We enjoyed ourselves very much. Bertha is studying for the Q.C. examination this year. She is eleven years old, and is in sixth class at school. We have a nice lot of sweet peas out in flower, and the stocks are coming out. I like reading pages 11 and 12 in "Grit." I must close now, wishing "Grit" and Prohibition every success. With love.

(Dear Vera,—As you asked me so nicely, I will not put you on the scallywag list. But be careful. The future will be full of trouble if you so neglect your duties.—Uncle T.)

FORTY YEARS' SERVICE.

Claire Laughton, "Pleasant View," Laughtondale, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—We have had an eventful week. Sunday morning, Rev. Tarn, from Sydney, preached a lovely prayer and thanks service in our little Lower Hawkesbury church. In the evening he unveiled two marble tablets; one in memory of George Douglas and his wife, both over eighty years of age—one died September, 1902; the wife, October, 1902. He had been for over forty years a local preacher, and had done much good on this river. The other was in memory of my great-grandfather and mother, who also were both over eighty years old, and he had also been a preacher here for over forty years. They died in 1901. The minister says it seems that their good works could not be forgotten. These two men were often known to walk or pull in a boat over 20 miles to preach to people where there was no minister. My father uncovered the last tablet, being the eldest grandson. It was a lovely service. Then on Monday night Mr. Tarn opened a branch of the Protestant Federation here, and we hope to do much good. He gave an address. He was pleased to be here, as he

was minister here twenty years ago, and told us many interesting facts. Hoping this may interest someone else.

(Dear Claire,—It is indeed a great record to have served the Master for forty years in one corner of His vineyard. Well may they expect to hear, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter into the joy of thy Lord."—Uncle T.)

A NEW NE.

Denzil Moller, Berry Jerry, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—This is the first time I have written to you. I am ten years old on July 23 next. I have been going to school three years this month. I have four miles to ride to school, and I have a little black pony. "Princess" is her name. She is very quiet. The Soldiers' Memorial was unveiled at Coolamon on June 27, and there was a big crowd there. General Cox unveiled the memorial, and presented medals to a number of the soldiers. The cropping is all finished here now, and the wheat crops all look well. Hoping to see my letter in "Grit."

(Dear Denzil,—I have added you to our family circle. I feel sure that you will cultivate "grit" and grow to be a man worthy of the name. Beware of the scallywag list.—Uncle T.)

A NEW NI.

Mar Weller, "Wellerleigh," Taree, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you please accept me as a Ni? I am nine years old, and my birthday is on October 2. I am in fourth class at school. Our school teacher's name is Mr. Davy, and I like him very much. We are having holidays now. The Manning River runs in front of our place. We have a boat, and I can row over the river quite well. I love the water, but cannot swim yet. My playmate is writing to the editor of the "A.Y.F." I like "Grit" very much, and pages 11 and 12. We look for "Grit" to come every week. I have one sister and one brother. We have a pet bunny, and we have to give it plenty of thistles. It comes to the edge of the wire to eat bread and jam out of our hands. Mother says it is like little boys and girls, because it eats the jam and leaves the bread. We have a black cat, and it likes us to play with it. Our black dog is a great old pet. He likes us to play chasings, and he tries to catch us. I go to Sunday school, and I sat for the Catechism exam. to-day. I hope to tell you next time I write that I passed. Love to all "Grit" cousins.

(Dear Mar,—Now that you have joined our family I want you to do all possible to make others happy. You will then find that your life will be all happiness. I hope you pass your exam. Write and tell me.—Uncle T.)

THE "NOISELESS" TYPEWRITER THE IDEAL FOR MINISTERS.

This beautiful machine may be operated at home without disturbing others, ever if in the same room. The machine is sold and guaranteed by the well-known Sydney business training institution, the

Write for Special Minister's offer.

Metropolitan Business College, Ltd.

338 PITT-STREET (near Snow's).

New South Wales Alliance—

(Continued from Page 4.)

A similar application for Guildford has again been deferred, through the petition not being as required by the Act.

The hearing of an application for a publican's license at Mona Vale, near Manly, is now in progress.

Mr. W. C. Clegg continues to render splendid service to the cause in his fight in the courts on behalf of objectors.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

REMEMBER!

September 1, Thursday night.—Tea, School of Methods and Conference of Workers among Young People, Pitt-street Congregational Hall. Full particulars elsewhere.

September—November. — Special Pledge Signing Crusade. GET BUSY. GET ENTHUSIASTIC.

OUR CRUSADE.

It is very gratifying to see a revival of interest in the temperance pledge. An instrument that has brought so great good should never be abandoned. The larger the army of abstainers, the less demand there will be for intoxicating drinks. Cut off customers from the saloons, and the liquor business will decline. Stop the flow of money to the dram-shops, and there will be a great and increasing demand for groceries, provisions, cloth-

BRONCHITIS AND INFLUENZA

Constable T. E. King's Experience.

First-class Constable T. E. King, of 82 Baptist-street, Redfern, writes for the benefit of suffering humanity:—

"For 21 years I was a great sufferer from bronchitis, and every winter I used to be laid up for several weeks. During all this time I was under half a dozen different doctors, and I was quite resigned to the supposition that I had chronic bronchitis, which would stick with me till the end of my days. Five years ago I had a particularly bad attack, and had used five bottles of medicine prescribed by the doctor who was then attending me; but without any improvement in my condition. It was then suggested that I should try Heenzo, and I did so. Almost at once I gained relief from the awful cough that used to prostrate me. I kept on with Heenzo, taking a teaspoonful every little while throughout the night, and next day was the best I had had for weeks. I meant to give Heenzo a real test, and used in all eight bottles, and it effected a complete cure, and for five years now I have not had a return of the bronchitis. Occasionally I have caught a cold; but Heenzo has never failed to cure it quickly. Recently I contracted the prevailing influenza epidemic; but by the constant use of Heenzo for a couple of days I had the disease completely beaten. I am deeply grateful for what Heenzo had done for me, and I hope my recommendation of this wonderful remedy will result in many other bronchitis sufferers getting rid of their distressing ailment as completely as I have done."*

ing, furniture and houses. Benjamin Franklin said: "Temperance puts wood on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, clothes on the children, vigor in the body, intelligence in the brain, and contentment in the house."—F. J. Collier, D.D.

POPULAR CHORUSES.

This leaflet is true to name. A big demand for it has set in, and we have been forced to reprint them. The new edition contains slight revisions and additions and still costs only 1/- per 100. Learn to sing the Prohibition editions of "Tipperary," "Abe," "Bubbles," etc.

REGISTRATIONS.

34—West Wyalong Blue Ribbon Army (Un-denominational). Leader, Mr. P. H. Bolte, junr.; secretary, Miss A. Jamieson.

35—Mortdale Temperance Union (United). President, Mr. Lane; secretary, Mrs. Prior.

NEWS FROM SOCIETIES.

Armidale is inaugurating a Y.P. Temperance and Liberty League. Mr. E. H. Vines is organising it, and Rev. Mills Robsen will open with a lantern entertainment.

Lismore reports plans for a Band of Hope in each centre. The Pledge Signing Crusade is going strong.

Sans Souci is planning a big demonstration for Saturday, September 17, with display and procession. School children, scouts, etc., will march.

Paddington City Mission Band of Hope is progressing. The Prohibition Rooster was enjoyed, and when it appeared on the screen it was greeted by a chorus of cock-a-doodle-doo, given by clever boy mimics.

FOR NEXT MEETING.

Sing the following at your meeting. By omitting the chorus it would make a good recitation. Cut it out and keep for future use:

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Tune—"Jesus Loves Me."

FOR THE CHILDREN labor on,

Onward till the fight be won.

Prohibition is for all

Young Australians. Heed their call!

Chorus.

Yes, we are fighting,

Yes, we are praying,

Yes, we are listening

To Young Australia's call.

SAVE THE CHILDREN from despair,

And from Liquor's fatal snare,

Save them from the drunkard's doom,

Exiled from the Heavenly home.

GIVE THE CHILDREN happy days,

Peace and Love at home always;

Make Australia great and free,

Banish Liquor Slavery.

LEAD THE CHILDREN in the fight,

Lead them to the path of right;

Liquor leads to ways of sin,

God will help us till we win.

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THE WAR AGAINST WANT

THE "DIGGERS' LOAN."

DUTY, PLUS COMMON SENSE.

This Loan is everybody's business. Financiers, business men, tradesmen—right down to that ubiquitous individual, the man in the street.

A great deal has been done under the head of Repatriation, but the Diggers' wants are not yet filled.

Their requirements are the nation's responsibility, and to the extent to which we meet it Australia's prosperity will be reflected.

OUR WIN.

The civilian has still to carry the financial weight of the "win" the soldier made, but it is like carrying a load of great value.

Practically, the Digger is asking for a loan for ten years. He had no need to ask when he went away. The price of victory was a dreadful one, but he paid it cheerfully. You are only asked to lend.

PAYING THE PIPER.

The explosives, the food and equipment, all the paraphernalia of destruction have been paid for. True, nations owe most of the money the War Debts represent, but as someone had to find the money then so we can find it now. And the first fruits will be national production.

FAVORABLE TERMS.

The Commonwealth Government is offering a fine opportunity for the investor—an absolute sound, gilt-edged security.

A year or two ago many people neglected Commonwealth loans in favor of fancy investments, but time has proved them short-sighted—security DOES count!

AUSTRALIA IS YOUR SECURITY.

Invest in the "Diggers Loan"



NECESSARY.

"The Browns named their baby after Julius Caesar."

"Why, the crazy idea! What did they do that for?"

"Because he was born too late for them to name him before him."

* * *

DANGEROUS EXTREME.

Mr. Gordon Selfridge declares that a day is coming when the aristocracy will have to work. Our pessimism goes considerably further; we foresee a time when even the working classes will have to work.

* * *

STUDENT PHILOSOPHY.

"Sedentary work," said the college lecturer, "tends to lessen the endurance."

"In other words," butted in the smart student, "the more one sits the less one can stand."

"Exactly," retorted the lecturer; "and if one lies a great deal one's standing is lost completely."

* * *

DEFINED.

"Wot's this 'ere 'ome rule fer Ireland, Garge?"

"Well, it's like this 'ere; if my missus wants a new 'at, an' I tell 'er the old 'at looks fine an' she slings the kettle at me an' I buys 'er a new 'at—well, that's wot 'ome rule is!"

* * *

DEFINITION BY EXAMPLE.

Joe: "Ere, Curly! You know everything—what's a cosmopolitan?"

Curly: "Well, it's like this—suppose you was a Russian Jew livin' in England married to a black woman an' you'd just finished a bit of Irish stew an' was smokin' an Egyptian cigarette, while a German band outside was playin' the 'Blue Bells o' Scotland'—you'd be a cosmopolitan."

THE EXCEPTION.

Old Gentleman: "Where were you born?"

Boy: "In London, sir."

Old Gentleman: "What part?"

Boy: "All of me, sir, 'cept my teeth. They were born in Birmingham."

* * *

POOL.

"What's your idea of clean sport?"

"Swimming."

* * *

HELPFUL HINT.

Jones: "I want to do something big and clean before I die."

Bones: "Wash an elephant."

* * *

AN EXCEPTION.

She: "Enthusiasm is contagious."

He: "Not always. I've courted girls who didn't seem to share my enthusiasm in the least."

* * *

HIS OWN FAULT.

"By Jove! Isabel, when I see by my account that the car has cost us over a thousand this year, I get cold feet."

"Well, Henry, don't blame me. I advised you not to keep an account."

* * *

CENSORED.

A schoolgirl was required to write 200 words about a motor car. She submitted the following: "My uncle bought a motor car. He was out riding in the country when it busted going up a hill. The other 180 words are what my uncle said when he was walking back to town, but I know you wouldn't want me to repeat them."

* * *

OLD HABIT.

"I wonder if men have always complained about the food their wives served them," said Mrs. Peasley.

"I guess so," sighed Mrs. Bumpus. "You remember it started with Adam."

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



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FOR BEST VALUE
DRINK

KING TEA

THE NEW CEYLON

DAILY INSPIRATION

(With original verses by Fairlie Thornton.)

SUNDAY.

"My times are in thy hand."—Ps. 31, 15.

Leave the future, let it rest,
Let it not thy peace molest,
God will for His own provide,
Only take Him as thy guide.

Leave the future. God will ne'er
Leave the object of His care,
He will never now forsake,
Nor His ancient promise break.

MONDAY.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

Deut. 31, 25.

Onward, then, more boldly press
In the paths of truth and right,
Care ne'er made a burden less,
Fear ne'er helped a man to fight.
Leave such things then far behind,
As thou wouldst a traitor flee,
And thou yet shalt surely find
As thy days thy strength shall be.

TUESDAY.

"Who hath despised the day of small things."
Zech. 4, 10.

Only a smile of sunshine
Poured on some path of gloom,
And the feelings which lay smothered
Spring forth and bud and bloom.
Only a kindly action,
Only a gentle word,
And the weary one is strengthened,
And the wicked one deterred.

Only? And are life's blessings
So costless, yet so rare?
Only? And from such trifles
Doth spring forth so much care?
Only! Ah! from the lesser,
And smaller things of earth
(If we could but remember)
The great things have their birth.

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Breakfast, Dinner and Tea

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S
TREATMENT ROOMS

Sanitarium Health Food Co's.

Retail Stores:

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(Quay Side of G.P.O.)

Will find all of the above adjuncts
of our Mission of Health.

WEDNESDAY.

"To every man his work."

Yes, this life, though brief it seems,
Was not meant for idle dreams,
Passing like the summer beams,
Long enough it is to do
Just the work the Master knew
We could each for Him pursue.
Let us then to-day arise,
Do the work which nearest lies.

THURSDAY.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou
shalt find it after many days."

"Thou shalt find it!" On, then pressing
Sow the seeds which He shall give.
Each contains a germ of blessing,
Which is bound to grow and live.
Soon shall come the glorious reaping,
When the lost shall all be found.
Meantime, God account is keeping
Of each seed beneath the ground.

FRIDAY.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He
shall sustain thee."

Cast thy burden on the Lord,
Whatsoever it be,
He will, faithful to His word,
Help and comfort thee.
Thou shalt find the help He lends
Far outweighs the pain,
Grief in gladness always ends
When He doth sustain.

SATURDAY.

"Withhold not good from them to whom it is
due when it is in the power of thine hand to
do it."—Prov. 3, 27.

One of these days we'll find our life all ended,
And look back mournfully on our delays,
For what we DID, and not what we intended,
Will bring us our reward one of these days.

One of these days you'll watch the grave close
over

The forms of those who walk with you
life's ways,
Oh! prize them NOW, for you will yet dis-
cover

How dear they were to you one of these
days.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE.

THE MASTER OPPORTUNIST.

The cable page has told us with bold
double column headlines that Lord North-
cliffe "cannot find real Prohibition" in
Canada and the United States. He must have
been in bad company, associating with men
who are defying the laws of the land. A
man's impressions of Prohibition in America
depend largely on the company he keeps.
More probably this "Napoleon of the press"
is practising his old game. He is a master
opportunist, and delights to play to the
ignorant crowd in the world's great galleries.
In 1899 he shouted, "If the French cannot
cease their insults their colonies will be
taken from them and given to Germany and
Italy." The mob then applauded, but by 1903

their mood had changed, so he altered his
tune to suit the times, and cried, "Yes, we
detest the Germans, and we detest them
cordially. They render themselves odious to
the whole world." Those who know the
noble Lord will not be unduly disturbed by
anything that he says to-day. He can say
anything that the occasion demands, and to-
morrow he may tell another tale. If he were
standing for the Presidency of the United
States he would say with President Harding,
"In every community men and women have
had an opportunity now to know what Pro-
hibition means. They know that debts are
more promptly paid; that men take home the
wages that once were wasted in saloons;
that families are better clothed and fed; and
more money finds its way into the savings
banks." But as he is seeking the applause of
the Commonwealth press, he gives utterance
to whatever is calculated to tickle its ears



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Plantation
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Quality makes
economy poss-
ible to users of
Sunlight Soap.

It is all super-
soap because of
the coconut oil,
powerful clean-
ser and purifier,
so good for the
clothes in
Sunlight Soap

**ROURNVILLE
COCOA**

SIX O'CLOCK.

LAW UNCHANGED—APPEAL TO FULL COURT.

LEGISLATURE'S INTENTION DISREGARDED.

The Full Court on the 16th inst. decided that Mr. Burton Smith, S.M., was in error in deciding that hotels could remain open until 11 o'clock.

On July 22 Mr. Burton Smith had before him a case in which James McDonald, the holder of a wine license in Elizabeth-street, was charged by summons with having sold liquor after closing time. The magistrate dismissed the information, and held that, as a referendum on the question of closing had not taken place, and as a certificate had not been issued in the "Government Gazette," as required by the Act, the defendant was not liable for selling liquor after 6 o'clock.

The magistrate was asked to state a special case for the opinion of the Full Court, and yesterday the Chief Justice, Sir William Cullen, Mr. Justice Pring, and Mr. Justice Wade were called upon to decide if the magistrate was in error in deciding that all publicans could keep their premises open until 11 o'clock for the sale of liquor.

THE JUDGMENT.

The Chief Justice said the Act of 1912 fixed the closing hour of licensed houses at 11 o'clock. But in 1916, during the progress of the war, a Liquor Referendum Act was passed making, what appeared on the face of it, certain temporary provisions for the alteration of the closing hour. Another Act was passed in 1919, which laid down that the period during which licensed premises should be closed was "hereby extended." That was to say, the period which was limited in the 1916 Act to close at the latest, at six months after the termination of the war, was extended.

For how long was it extended? The Act said, "It is hereby extended until a closing hour therefor has been certified and published in the 'Gazette' in pursuance of the referendum as hereinafter provided." The Act further set out the provisions for the taking of such a referendum, and provided that the hour decided in the referendum would come into force upon the publication of a certificate.

LEGISLATURE'S INTENTION DEFEATED.

It was clear that the intention of the Legislature, which passed the 1919 Act, had been defeated, because the duty cast upon the Executive had not been carried out. The Legislature intended that the electors should have an opportunity of saying whether the hotels should be closed at 6 or 9 o'clock.

Was there, his Honor asked, any obscurity or ambiguity about the actual words used? Section 2 of the 1919 Act differed very materially from the Act of 1916—section 12. Instead of fixing the ascertainable date at which provision regarding 6 o'clock closing should come to an end, they made a provision for extending the operation of the existing restrictions, in the following words:

"Until the closing hour therefor has been certified and published in the 'Gazette' in pursuance of a referendum to be taken."

If a referendum had been taken then closing hotels at the hour adopted should have been 6 o'clock. It would have been the coming into force of a new provision by virtue of the certification of the result of the referendum, and the "Gazette" notice following upon that.

IRRESISTIBLE CONCLUSION.

That not having happened, one was driven to the actual words of section 2. It was there stated that the period for the closing of hotels was extended until something happened. That thing had not happened; therefore the conclusion seemed irresistible that the extension still continued.

The disregard of the duty cast upon the Executive was not a point which could be raised in legal proceedings. The Court, therefore, held that the magistrate was in error in deciding as he had.

Mr. Justice Pring said he did not think the case was open to serious argument.

Mr. Justice Wade also concurred.

The Crown appeal was therefore sustained. Mr. Flannery did not press for costs.

WHISKY FOR U.S.A.

HOW THEY DON'T GET IT.

MAIL STEAMERS INVOLVED.

Wellington (N.Z.), August 17.—While the mail steamer Marama was in San Francisco Captain Aldwell and the officers became suspicious that whisky was hidden aboard. After a "tooth-comb" search a number of suit cases were found secreted in the after-peak, containing 300 bottles of whisky.

American revenue officers were notified, and removed the liquor. The owners of it were not discovered, but several long faces were noticeable aboard the ship when the whisky was being removed.

On the previous visit of the Marama to San Francisco 470 bottles of whisky were found hidden in various places, and though Captain Aldwell was not considered to be personally involved he was legally responsible, and fined 3000 dollars. This amount was later reduced, and may now be remitted altogether, in view of the ship's officers' strict action.

While the Marama was in San Francisco 1500 bottles of whisky were found planted on the Sonoma, which had just arrived from Sydney. This is the largest haul recorded within the Golden Gate.

WHISKY FROM GLASGOW.

Amongst the cargo manifested to arrive on August 19 by the steamer Telamon, from

Glasgow, are 1309 hogsheads, 176 quarter-casks, 160 casks, and 120 cases of whisky.

Other cargo includes 20 quarter-casks of rum, 67 bales of paper, 20 cases of water-meter fittings, 137 cases of sewing machines, 10,000 f.c. bricks, 50 cases of codfish, 20 drums of putty.

Have you enough imagination to picture all the particular Hell this will raise in the next few months?

LIQUOR PROFITS.

WEALTH OVER THE BAR.

STRIKING PERCENTAGES.

RUM VERY PAYABLE.

BATHURST, August 17.

Precise evidence as to profits made from the retailing of liquor over hotel bar counters was submitted at a meeting of the Licenses Deprivation Board sitting at Bathurst to determine the compensation to be paid to hotels ordered to close.

Mr. Franck Darchy, representing John Woods and Co., wine and spirit merchants, of Sydney, stated that publicans' profits on rum amounted to 125 per cent. The retailers paid 25/- a gallon for rum, and after breaking it down sold it at 9d. a nip, of which they got 24 out of a bottle—some got 26. The profit on beer nowadays was 70 per cent. after allowing for freight.

BREAKING DOWN LIQUOR.

The Chairman: You do not recognise that profits vary in different hotels?

Mr. Darchy: No, the hotelkeepers here should make the same profits, as the prices are supposed to be the same. In the case of rum some might break it down more than others. That is the only difference. When a man says the rum is good it is not broken down so much.

The Chairman: They can get further ahead.

Mr. Darchy: Sometimes they don't get so far. (Laughter.)

140 PER CENT. ON RUM.

Frederick J. Tonkin, accountant, stated that one publican's figures showed that he had made a gross profit of 60 per cent. on liquor. Witness had gone into the question of profits on liquor and had found that the hotelkeeper had local beer delivered to him at 3/4 a gallon net. A longsleever was generally five-eighths of a pint, consequently the hotelkeeper got 6/6 a gallon for the beer. Bottled beer cost 1/2 net and, sold at per glass, it realised 2/4. Bottled whisky cost 9/3 net. A bottle produced 23 nips of somewhere between one-fifth and one-sixth of a gill. At 9d. a nip this would give a profit of 90 per cent. Rum provided a profit of from 130 per cent. to 140 per cent.

The Chairman: Could all the hotelkeepers make those profits?

Mr. Tonkin: Yes. The better the class of hotel the bigger the profit and the smaller the glass. A bottle of beer in a first-class hotel will produce six glasses, and only five glasses in some of the other hotels.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN DISTILLER.

The statement reported in the press as having been made by Professor Herdman, the President of the British Association at Cardiff, on August 26, that "The difference between the total abstainer and the drinker was that the one had alcohol in his system by manufacture and the other by consumption. By means of carbo-hydrates and sugar in the system alcohol was being manufactured," and the commentary by the "Morning Advertiser" that the teetotaler "is, in truth, a walking distillery like the rest of mankind," have been submitted to Sir G. Sims Woodhead, K.B.E., Professor of Pathology at the University of Cambridge, who says that:

(1) "The statement is about equal in importance to, and on the lines of the wheeze that alcohol is contained in bread, because a certain amount of the starch converted into sugar is then converted into alcohol by the yeast. This, however, as we know, is driven off by the process of baking.

(2) "Any alcohol formed in the stomach and intestines must be so minute in quantity and broken up so rapidly that it can have little or no effect in determining the course of digestion. Its presence can only be demonstrated by the most delicate methods and for very short periods, and, if it remained for any length of time such as that during which alcohol taken into the system remains, it would indicate disordered digestive processes.

(3) "It is as rational to suggest that we should consume the products of putrefactive organisms because the final products of digestion are found in the lower part of the alimentary canal.

(4) "The editor of the 'Morning Advertiser' accepts casual references and jocular statements as scientific pronouncements, but he takes care at the end of his article to make fun of any attempt to obtain scientific data on the subject concerning which his own views are so one-sided."—"The Alliance News."

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