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SYDNEY, MAY 1, 1924.

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## MOTHER'S DAY.

By M. PRESTON-STANLEY.

No poem, no discourse, no eloquence can express mother-love. No artist can tell it, but all humanity has climbed upwards upon it, and has derived from it its richest lesson.

### MOTHERHOOD THE DYNAMIC FORCE IN THE LIFE OF NATIONS.

What does the race owe to brother love; what great and enduring thing has grown from the love of sisters? What are the tracings left upon the tablets of human character because of the love of father for child?

We know that all love is a holy stream, fructifying, vivifying and beautifying all that it touches, and that the world has been deeply enriched by these great relationships, but at the same time we unconsciously hesitate when asked to make a passionate affirmation as to what the world owes to the love of father for child, brother for brother, sister for sister.

But when we are asked what does the world owe to that idealised, spiritualised and complicated force which we call mother-love, enriched with thousand blendings of tender colors, embodying the poetry of spring mornings and the gloom of winter—the song of the tender nestling and the deep majestic music of the organ, sublimed by sacrifice, enlarged by selflessness, illumined by suffering, expanded by sorrow.

When we are asked what of mother-love the answer comes swift and spontaneous from proud and humble, wise and foolish, good and bad. Alike, from life's failures, as from those who have worn the laurel, and the answer is "mother-love is the greatest, deepest, holiest, most potent, radiant and evergreen force in this world." There is no hesitation—there can be none—for all the world knows that the mother is the priestess of humanity; she is the great altruist, she is the great teacher, she is the great creative artist.

On Mother's Day we turn to the shrine—from whence ten million times ten million men have learned to take their first step up the broken stairway of life, and each of us bears a flower of seeming whiteness; but to those who have eyes to see the flowers that are laid upon that shrine are multi-colored. Some are white, some are red, some are purple, and some are black.

The bearers of the white flowers are those who have honored her spirit and lived her code.

The red are brought by those who have wandered amongst the scarlet passion flowers. The purple by those who have eaten of the husks.

And the black by those who have played with the flowers of very death.

Pity, oh, pity, that the sons of woman could not all lay a white flower, the symbol of a blameless life, upon her shrine!

But black or white she reaches out to take them, for are they not hers, the offering of her erring sons?

Has she not ever embosomed them—hero, ingrate, recreant? Has she not ever faced anguish, crucifixion, death for the least of them, and has she no worn sorrow's crown of sorrow for the worst of them?

And now—enfoldng her blossoms of many colors—she bends to tend the light which has burned through all the ages upon her altar—a beacon to her sons, and a pledge which will outlast Time. And silently she takes her place above the shrine—deep-eyed, deep-bosomed, vigilant, the embodiment of eternity, love and power, ark and cradle of the race—the Mother Spirit.

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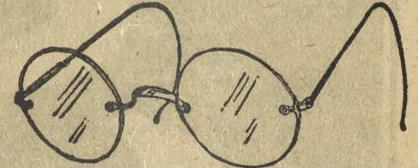
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and to enable you to begin the collection of coupons now and from present stocks certain labels from packets, tins, and bottles will be accepted as coupons. When present stocks are exhausted they will be replaced with coupon labels attached.

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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(The 'buses will set you down at the door)

where you can have forenoon or afternoon tea with us, free of cost, and have the new system fully explained to you.

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PASS "GRIT" ON.

## A CHILD'S CURIOSITY.

By ELIZABETH A. PERKINS.

What is curiosity?  
Has it value?  
What are some of its results?  
Ought we to curb a child's curiosity?

The baby cries for the moon. The small boy takes a perfectly good clock to pieces. The little girl steals into the room where the beautiful doll (which she was not to handle) has been placed, and takes off all of its clothing. A tired mother exclaims, "Johnnie is so mischievous; he is so curious about everything, it gets him into all sorts of trouble." "What can we do about these things?" is a perfectly legitimate question from the tired mother.

What is curiosity? What does this great instinct mean to the child? What is its function? How may we make it of value in the child's training and education?

Plato said, "Curiosity is the mother of all knowledge." Kirkpatrick, in "Fundamentals of Child Study," writes: "From the moment that the sunbeams dancing on the wall, or the little hands waving before the eyes, hold the infant's gaze, till the time when the latest discoveries in science are eagerly examined by the savant, curiosity in some form is daily and hourly a factor in human action and thought.

"It may be described as an appetite for new experiences. In infancy everything is new, hence everything is interesting. Curiosity is early manifested in a tendency to

### Rev. S. VARCOE COCKS,

The Popular New South Wales Cleric, who will entertain the Young People at the Town Hall on Mother's Day, May 10, with an interesting

STORY-SPEECH.



REV. S. VARCOE COCKS.

prolong a sensation, as by gazing at a new object; or to reproduce it, as when a sound is made; or to act so as to get one or more additional sensations as when an object seen is felt of; or to find the relation of one sensation to others as when a child discovers that touching an object being struck will deaden the sound. Later similar things are true of ideas."

Curiosity is a desire to know. Curiosity prolongs interest. As one part of a subject or thing is understood, curiosity gives the desire to go on studying. Curiosity produces a concentration in activity which we call attention.

Let us object to the wrong assumption that curiosity is meddlesomeness. It is not meddlesomeness in children. And let us re-

etc., may on occasion use the knowledge in a practical way. Curiosity is continually preparing for the right response to conditions that may be met in the future. If a man never learned anything before he had occasion to use it, he would suffer in countless ways from improper and delayed action. Necessity is a great teacher, but curiosity is a greater teacher in early life, because even in early infancy it gives lessons which prepare for life.

Every normal child has a large degree of curiosity which should be satisfied and encouraged. For the small boy a large box of blocks cut by a carpenter or by father has more fascination than a small box of more beautiful ones, for the larger number provides more combinations. For the little girl, a small doll which can be dressed again and again, provides more happiness than a very expensive one, which is to be looked at only.

But what about the boy who takes a really



Executive members of Y.P. Council and Band of Hope Union, New South Wales.

member, what is literally true, for both grown-ups and children, that if supplied with really vital matter over which to be curious and interested, neither grown-ups nor children would be meddlesome.

Curiosity is of real value. Without curiosity the process of learning would be simply mechanical. Curiosity puts spirit and life into the process of learning.

Quoting further from Kirkpatrick: "By means of curiosity a child is brought into intimate relation with various phases of his environment instead of simply those that minister to his existence. Everything around him is made a part of himself. The trees, the hills, birds, the people of his home surroundings are compared and related to what he finds in new surroundings."

Almost everything which the child learns through curiosity will be of future value to him. "A child who has learned that wood floats, wasps sting, plants grow, fire burns,

good clock to pieces, or pulls up the plant to see it grow? An old clock taken to pieces and studied will satisfy the child's curiosity, and it is interesting, isn't it? Mother and child together may take up one little plant very carefully, and perhaps return it safely to the soil, and the child will see just how the little roots grow.

A fundamental principle to be taught children is to respect the property and rights of others—but an equally strong fundamental principle in child training is to arouse his interest in all things good, mechanical living and spiritual, and to satisfy that curiosity and interest.

The normal child is a living interrogation. Fathers and mothers are great sources of information. Happy parents! Happy children!

PASS "GRIT" ON.

# 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, MAY 4.

- 11 a.m.: Bellevue-street, North Sydney, Methodist Church;  
7.15 p.m.: Walker-street, North Sydney, Methodist Church;  
Mr. R. J. C. Butler.
- 11 a.m.: Toronto Anglican Church;  
3 p.m.: Blackalls Anglican Church;  
7 p.m.: Teralba Anglican Church;  
Mr. Chas. W. Chandler.
- 11 a.m.: Toronto Methodist Church, combined Methodist and Presbyterian service;  
3 p.m.: Blackalls Methodist Church;  
7 p.m.: Boolaroo Presbyterian Church; Ex-Senator David Watson.
- 11 a.m.: Presbyterian Church, Gosford;  
3 p.m.: Ourimbah Presbyterian Church;  
7 p.m.: Woy Woy Presbyterian Church;  
Mr. Phil Adler.
- 11 a.m.: Empire Bay Anglican Church;  
3.30 p.m.: Wagstaff Anglican Church;  
7.30 p.m.: Woy Woy United Service;  
Mr. Chas. E. Still.

### PUBLIC MEETINGS.

#### R. B. S. HAMMOND.

- Monday, May 5: St. Mark's Parish Hall, Darling Point, at 8 p.m.
- Tuesday, May 6: St. Matthew's Parish Hall, Bondi, at 8 p.m.
- Thursday, May 15: St. Clement's Parish Hall, Mosman, at 8 p.m.

### CAMPAIGN NOTES.

Mr. Woods, of Forbes, called in at headquarters during his brief stay in the metropolis, and we feel tremendously indebted to him for the information obtained.

Mr. P. G. Saxby, of Taree, whilst in Sydney for Show week, also called in and helped the cause along with the many useful details of local work which he was able to impart.

When our country supporters begin to realise just how valuable in the general work are the local details which they supply, they will be more ready to pay a visit to headquarters on every possible occasion, be it ever so brief.

Workers are requested to write early for copies of the Australian Prohibition Year Book, price 6d. Brimful of useful facts and propaganda matter. On sale now.

### SEASIDE CAMPAIGN.

#### Visit of W. H. Rose.

During the Easter holidays a Seaside Campaign was commenced amongst the Young Australians frequenting Sydney's famous beaches.

Mr. W. H. Rose, National Secretary of the Australian Band of Hope Union, came over from Victoria for the occasion, and introduced many novel educational methods which

"MAKE PARLIAMENT DRY."

**R. B. S. HAMMOND**  
The Leader of the Prohibition Party, will address

## Monster Meetings

in the Public Interest, which will be held in

**ST. MARK'S PARISH HALL**  
**DARLING POINT**  
**MONDAY, MAY 5th**  
at 8 p.m.

**ST. MATTHEW'S PARISH HALL**  
**BONDI**  
**TUESDAY, MAY 6th, at 8 p.m.**

**ST. CLEMENT'S PARISH HALL**  
**MOSMAN**  
**THURSDAY, MAY 15th**  
at 8 p.m.

The Prohibition Party expects that every citizen will voice their emphatic protest at these meetings and elsewhere against continuance of the liquor traffic.

You must hear

**R. B. S. HAMMOND**  
the Popular Leader of the Prohibition Party tell you the reasons why Parliament must be made dry.

Admission is Free. Collection.

will later be responsible for a great revival of Prohibition work amongst young people.

Together with Field Secretary and a few energetic metropolitan workers, Mr. Rose visited Nielsen Park Beach, Manly Beach, Manly Sunday schools and Cronulla Beach. Very useful meetings were held despite the unfavorable weather, and the large number of young people who gathered around were mightily interested in the rhyming contests, bright story-talks and competitions, which were presented in an entirely new light by Mr. Rose.

During the course of his remarks at one of the most successful of the meetings, Mr. Rose said: "The Band of Hope Movement is an educational one, and devoted most of its effort to work amongst the young, placing them in the forefront of its programme, and making every effort to win them and help them.

"The temperance workers amongst the young were building for the future. New and improved methods, in keeping with modern educational developments, were being used in the work to-day. There was a need for every Church Sunday school to become really awake to the necessity for continuous temperance work amongst the young."

As one who was granted the privilege of accompanying and assisting Mr. Rose, I have nothing but the greatest respect for the man himself, and the highest admiration and appreciation of the novel and interesting methods adopted by him in his young people's work, and look forward to the advent of a Band of Beach Workers to carry on the Beach Campaign in this State as a general scheme through our Y.P. Department.

FIELD SECRETARY.

### BOOKS THAT YOU NEED.

Jerry McAuley: An Apostle of the Lost...	5/-
The Dry Dock of a Thousand Wrecks ...	6/6
Down in Water Street .....	7/6
The Wisdom and Wit of T. De Witt Talmage .....	7/6
The Christ We Forget (Whitnell Wilson) ..	8/6
Nine Thousand Miles in the Track of the Jew .....	6/6
The Promise of Life (C. Harrington Lees)	3/6
Failure and Recovery (C. Harrington Lees)	3/6
Scofield Reference Bibles, various bindings .....	11/6 to 84/-
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## SPOOKS AGAIN.

### THE MAGISTRATE AND THE BREWER.

#### ALLEGED CORRUPTION IN VICTORIA.

#### MORE SLY GROG CASES.

#### DEMORALISING THE CHUCK BROTHERS.

The problem of the "spooks" is not yet settled. As reported last week, the duty of defining their functions has been entrusted to the Minister of Justice as the result of a conference between him and Mr. Oakes and the Inspector-General of Police (Mr. Mitchell). It is known that the two latter are opposed to the whole business, and their hearty co-operation need not, therefore, be expected. It is freely rumored that a section of the Cabinet are dubious about the results of the experiment, and the opinion is expressed in some quarters that after the expiry of the three months' trial the appointments will not be confirmed. The atmosphere in which the "spooks" will commence their work is not, therefore, one of universal goodwill, and it would seem as though there existed a desire to prejudice the success of their enterprise from the jump.

#### A RETURNED SOLDIER.

Meanwhile, only one spook has been appointed so far. He is a returned soldier—a full-blown colonel, too, at that. So perhaps we shall not hear quite so much in the future from the police about spies. It is not a good word to pronounce in the presence of a colonel. The first "spook" is Colonel Pearce, who has a fine war record, and we wish him every success in his undertaking. The name of the other "spook" is not yet known. There has been some trouble over the matter. These appointments being new ones in the Public Service, the Returned Soldiers' League took a hand and insisted upon the application of the preference principle by which they rightly lay great store. It is reported that one of the Chuck brothers was to get the job, but that he was not appointed owing to the present temporary nature of the positions. By the bye, are the Chuck brothers returned soldiers?

#### AN INDIGNANT MAGISTRATE.

We congratulate Mr. Le Brun Brown, S.M., upon the stand he took last week over a highly improper letter of congratulation addressed to him by the well-known firm of brewers, Messrs. Resch's, Ltd., on the occasion of his appointment to the Licenses Reduction Board. In replying in the Magistrate's Court to congratulations from the legal profession, Mr. Le Brun Brown took strong exception to a letter he said he had received from Resch's, more particularly in view of the fact that no similar letter had been sent to his colleague, Mr. Arnott, S.M., who has also been appointed to the Board. Such a letter lent color, he said, to an unfounded rumor which had got about that he was on close terms of friendship with the firm in question. All he could say was that he was not acquainted with any member of that

or any other firm of brewers, and, regarding the letter as improper, he had written to Resch's for an explanation.

#### IMPROPER CONDUCT.

"I have now received a reply," said Mr. Le Brun Brown, "which is unsatisfactory, and I can only come to the conclusion that the original letter was prompted by motives not altogether in the public interest. It is unnecessary to say that every interest before the Licenses Reduction Board will receive impartial and fair consideration at my hands, and I deem it my duty to draw public attention to what I regard as improper conduct on the part of an interested party." It is at least significant that Messrs. Resch's, Ltd., have not thought it worth while to publish any sort of explanation in vindication of their action in addressing such a letter to Mr. Le Brun Brown. It is difficult to comprehend brewers' diplomacy; it seems to lack the essential element of diplomacy which is skill.

#### SENSATIONAL CHARGES.

A sensational report comes from Melbourne. It appears that allegations of corruption and intimidation of juniors are made against officials of the Police Department in a number of affidavits sworn by ex-members of the force. These affidavits, which relate mostly to licensing cases, are to be presented to the Government by the ex-policemen's organisation and will form the basis of a renewed demand for a Royal Commission on the administration of the force. It is alleged that large sums of money changed hands at times, and that in some cases where constables refused to modify the stories they had to tell in court efforts were made to intimidate them. It is further alleged that as the result of handsome bribes charges were often withdrawn. Some of the affidavits allege that constables were directed not to give material evidence. If these charges, or any of them, are proved, there is here the making of a scandal of the first magnitude. Without prejudicing the matter, it is pertinent to remark that had there been no police strike and consequent dismissals from the force, the public would, in all probability, never have heard anything about these alleged practices. Further particulars relating to these charges and to the brewer's letter, discussed above, will be found on page 9 of this issue.

#### A FINES CLUB.

According to a telegraphic message from Perth, hotel employees in the West have "placed themselves in a position apparently to laugh at the Licensing Act." Several members of the Hotel Employees' Union have been heavily fined recently for serving intoxicated men and for serving drinks after hours, and the Union has now decided to pro-

tect its members by making a levy of a shilling a week to create a fund out of which future fines will be paid. "As this might cause employees to take risks which they would hesitate to take if it meant personal punishment or loss," says the message, "the authorities are now trying to devise ways and means of combating the Union's move." Surely that is an easy thing to do. The whole system of fines for breaches of the liquor laws is farcical, because they can be spread over a large membership, and also because the profits from illicit trading are so great that the fines become a mere circumstance. What is wanted is an amendment of the law empowering magistrates to impose sentences of imprisonment without the option. That will deter the law-breakers.

#### THE REDUCTION BOARD.

Decidedly the Licenses Reduction Board is getting busy. It has been visiting the southern portion of the State, and last week delicensed no less than 26 hotels in the Goulburn area. This was not quite half of the total number of licenses—fifty-seven—whose holders, together with the holders of two Australian wine licenses, were called upon to show cause why they should not be deprived of their licenses. Compensation sittings are to be held later, when evidence will be taken in support of the claims of those who have been delicensed.

#### THE MACQUARIE AGAIN.

The futility of imposing fines for breaches of the liquor laws is illustrated by the fact that the Macquarie Cafe has again been raided by the police. This is the second time in a fortnight, and proves in what contempt the law is held by its proprietors. The Macquarie has been raided three times altogether. On the same evening the Phoenix Cafe was also raided by the police, who confiscated a quantity of liquor. These raids caused a good deal of fluster amongst the habitués of the cafes, some of whom were arrested and charged with drinking on unlicensed premises. A couple of days later the police raided La Corniche Cafe, Mona Vale, while a holiday crowd was dining there, and seized a large quantity of champagne, which was removed to the Manly Police Station. This was the second occasion on which La Corniche was raided, and the police had considerable difficulty in discovering anybody connected with the place. The proprietor had disappeared, and most of the waiters had

(Continued on page 16.)

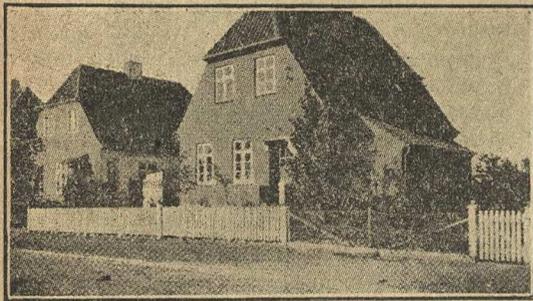
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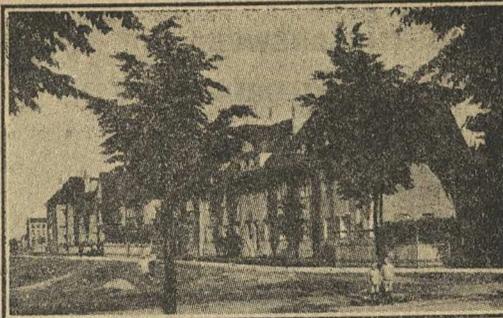
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'Phone: City 10507.



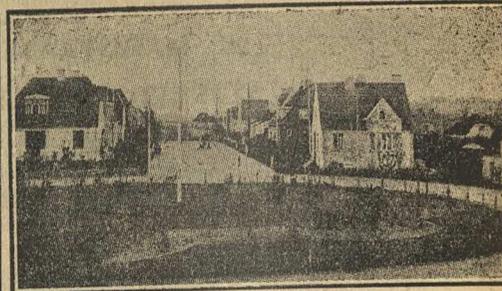
A SUBURBAN COTTAGE WHERE RENT DECREASES AS VALUE RISES.

Four-room Cottages in Denmark, modern in every detail, built of stucco with red-tiled roof. The rent decreases each year as the mortgage is gradually paid off by the Co-operative Society, and interest charges grow less.



HOMES IN A PICTURESQUE WORKING-CLASS CO-OPERATIVE COLONY AT BITZ, NEAR BERLIN.

It costs ten times as much to build houses like these in Bitz to-day as it did before the war. Nevertheless, the Co-operative Society is steadily adding new homes to the 210 already built.



PRIESTFIELDS, A CO-OPERATIVE GARDEN SUBURB OF COPENHAGEN.

Built by the Central Co-operative Building Association for their members. The "Co-operative" owns and operates for its own use cement and brick factories, factories for making trimmings and casings for windows and frames. Costs are cut down and the work of extension proceeds smoothly.

## MY DREAMS.

### "CASTLES IN AUSTRALIA."

By THOS. E. SHONK (Acting Secretary, Australian Co-operative Union).

For five months and six days I was not an honest lad, my schoolmaster's high eulogy notwithstanding.

It was during the period that I sold newspapers on a London station for the giant firm of W. H. Smith and Sons that I fell from grace. Having first dreamed many dreams of the manner in which I could banish slums if I were a millionaire, I was given to understand by relatives of the Samuel Smiles variety that all millionaires commenced their money-making lives as newspaper boys. So I absented myself from school and became a newspaper boy.

#### HOW TO BE A NEWSPAPER BOY.

Do you know how to sell newspapers? No. Nor did I when I had a bundle of "Stars" thrust into my hands by a distributing agent one drizzled evening in London. I clutched my bundle of papers under my arm, and raced off along Newgate-street shouting the impressive but unintelligible cry of "Y'ar-star-ar-spes-shul-shun-oose!" No doubt people were impressed, but I found that I was selling very few papers. I was conscious that newsboys usually ran hard along the streets in London, and perhaps it was that I paid more attention to running hard than to selling the papers. But one person stopped me. He really did not seem to be more than about fifteen years old, and he was very poorly dressed, but he was smoking a short cigar, so he must have been pretty old, so I thought. Anyhow, he asked for a paper, and proudly I handed one to him. He calmly proceeded to throw it on to the muddy pavement, and ruined it with his boot. "Blimey, gimme anuvver one, Muggins," he said, and then guffawed.

He never paid me. I nearly cried. Shame at my own simplicity and thoughts of the reduction in my sales-commission brought the tears to the surface.

But I did better business the next week when I yelled, "Mafeking relieved—speshul!" even though the brave defenders were still defending Mafeking, and the papers contained nothing of what I cried out. All the newsboys on my run practised the dodge.

I sold many papers, so I gained promotion to the ranks of the basket boys. A wide basket, slung round my neck, was given to me. It contained an assortment of periodicals, magazines and newspapers, and these I had to sell to the passengers on the trains leaving Liverpool-street station. The book-stall manager whose duty it was to count out the supplies to the basket-boys exploited us for his own profit. Without having time to check our supplies, we were often hurried out with a stock which was often short of the amount stated on our supply slips. When we came in from our work our remaining stock and the cash received from sales were carefully checked; we had to make up the inevitable deficiency.

But in turn we were adept at tricking the manager. It was our work to fold up the newspapers into saleable shape, and we frequently folded one paper inside another, so that when they were counted out to us we received two papers instead of one. We profited by the surplus. In selling the papers we were adepts at passing off as "latest editions" earlier copies that had been read and thrown down in carriages. We seldom admitted that we had a halfpenny change when someone tendered us a penny for a halfpenny paper. "Oh, keep the change, then," was the usual reply.

But our master-method of money-making was always practised a few minutes before a train was timed to leave. A passenger would offer, say, half-a-crown for a penny or two-penny paper. We would profess to have no change, but with a promise to obtain it at the bookstall, off we would dash with our

baskets. We stumbled and fell over imaginary obstacles, found our way into tangles of luggage trucks which delayed our progress, and adopted any means to prevent our return to the train before its departure. The passenger would leave with his paper, but we would be left in possession of the half-crown.

A truly wonderful training for the present-day commercial life, with all its soul-destroying "tricks o' th' trade," all defended by good excuses, but being seldom less reprehensible than our "go-slow" tactics as basket-boys.

But the money so gained never laid the foundations of my fortune. It was spent in riotous living—overeating baked chestnuts from Italian street vendors in winter, and on "mixed" ice-cream and marzipan when spring forced its recognition on London's huddled populace. I could never bring myself to take my ill-gotten gains home to my mother, or buy presents for her with it. Later on, when again I essayed to "make money" by delivering telegrams at a half-penny per message, I often put money into my pocket by "speeding up" my legs. Then mother would have a big Aerated Bread Company's cake on Friday night, saving her the work of mixing and baking on Saturday.

And I know not how it has been with others, but for so long as I can remember, money which has come to me from questionable sources has always been badly spent, and joy has come from the well-earned wage. The dreams of abolishing slums still abide with me, but I have not become a money millionaire.

#### I AM A MILLIONAIRE.

But I am a fact millionaire. I have knowledge of a million facts concerning houses—from slum houses to palaces, and I have faith that knowledge will be more potent than pounds in abolishing slums.

It is a fact, I know, that at Letchworth, in England, a Co-operative Garden City is flourishing, its streets and houses planned to give the maximum of beauty, its factories placed to give the least offence to eye and nose, its land titles held by a Co-operative Tenants' Society to give the least trouble and the greatest security to tenants

(Continued on page 15.)

# Remember To-morrow: HOSPITAL COLLECTION

Bring in all your small change and give freely. No one knows what to give but yourself. Regard giving to the Hospitals a privilege. Open your heart and purse on FRIDAY, 2nd MAY.

GRIFFITHS BROS., TEA MERCHANTS, SYDNEY.

## TED COURTNEY—THE "DRY" FOOTBALLER. GIVES EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW TO "GRIT." "I'VE NEVER TASTED DRINK IN MY LIFE."

The name of Ted Courtney is well known—none, indeed, better—to all footballers, not only in New South Wales, but also in New Zealand and in England. It should be equally well known to all Prohibitionists, for Ted has been a life-long abstainer from strong waters.

### A YOUNG VETERAN.

At thirty-nine years of age, a married man with six children, the eldest of whom, Ted Junior, already shows promise of walking in his father's footsteps in the avenues of sport and careful living. Ted the Elder is still in the forefront of football, and when the writer met him the other day on the ground at Pratten Park he was busy selecting promising youngsters for the coming season's teams. Inclining nowadays to rotundity he presents, none the less, a perfect picture of physical fitness, and looks wonderfully young for his age. Solid and well knit, he is deliberate in his movements and his speech; he has a pleasant smile and a quiet voice. He impresses you instantly as a man who has perfect control of himself. He is cautious in his judgments and is disinclined to commit himself to sweeping, general verdicts. But when he does speak he is very definite indeed.

### REMARKABLE RECORD.

Please note that this veteran has played football for twenty-four consecutive seasons since he first took the field with the Boys' Brigade team in 1901. For ten years he played in representative football, and has twice been to England and twice to New Zealand. That record in itself is wonderful. How many footballers do you know who lasted that time—a year short of a quarter of a century—or half that time, in representative football?

### "BONE DRY."

"Yes," he told the writer, "it's a fact. I have never tasted alcoholic drink in my life nor have I ever smoked, and I attribute my long career in football and my general physical fitness to the fact that I have always

taken great care of my body. How long does the average footballer last in the forefront of the game? Oh, well, I think I am safe in



TED COURTNEY.

saying that the topnotchers consider they have had a big run when they have played first-class football for ten consecutive years. Most of them are well out of it before they are thirty years old."

"Do you think drinking affects physical fitness?"

"Look," replied Ted, "I do not wish to be understood as referring to any footballers as drinking men in the bad sense. The man who drinks to excess is as useless and as unwelcome in football as he is in all other circles. He is not reliable and is not wanted. On the other hand, it is, of course, an exception to find a life-long teetotaler amongst

them. Now, I do not hesitate to say that, in the long run, even moderate drinking and smoking will affect a player's staying power. These habits, if regularly indulged in, are capable of affecting, and do affect, a player's judgment, his accuracy and his speed. There can be no question that the career in the field of a player is shortened if he drinks and smokes. How long it may take for these habits to impair his physical fitness is a question to which no general answer can be given. It depends upon other conditions, which vary infinitely in different men. But the general fact is indisputable. I say, without fear of contradiction, that the average player would last longer and that many players would become better players in the course of their careers if they cut out the booze and smoking."

### LESS DRINKING NOW.

"Do you think drinking and smoking are on the increase or declining amongst young players to-day as compared with the time when you first took the field?"

"It's hard to say. You see, I don't mix much with drinking men or the younger generation off the football field. On the whole, I should say that there is less drinking. Six o'clock closing has a lot to do with that. When I was a youngster the pubs were open until eleven, and the opportunity to drink presented itself in the evenings when the boys met one another in town after play. Now that opportunity, at any rate, is gone. I am also inclined to think that young players to-day who are really keen about the game realise very clearly the paramount importance of keeping themselves fit. But, as I have already said, I don't want to create the idea, even by inference, that I am discussing footballers as a class of boozers. They are nothing of the sort. The type of man who takes to a strenuous game like football and enjoys it is not the type of man who, as a rule, goes to excess. All I would say is this: that my advice to young players is that if they really want to reach the top of the form of which they are capable they have a better chance of doing so if they will cut out booze and smoking altogether—even moderate drinking and smoking will tell against them in time."

### FOLLOWING FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS.

Ted Courtney takes the field again this year for Western Suburbs, and intends to keep going until Ted the Younger is fit to take the field. According to all accounts the youngster is coming on fast and showing great promise of walking worthily in the footsteps of his father. He was "tried out" for Western Suburbs last season, but later played with Sargents in the City Houses competition. He has put on weight since last season, and shows signs of developing into a powerfully-framed man. There are points in his play already which remind you of the elder Courtney, and he combines ability as a forward with some skill in the art of goal-kicking. His friends think it won't be long before he finds a place in the first fifteen. As for the "old man," his play this year shows no falling-off at all. He is, indeed, a marvel.

# A Personal Chat with my readers

**EASTER.** This Easter has been a time of records. Wonderful weather, wonderful crowds, wonderful extravagance, wonderful drunkenness; everything grows but the spirit of religion. A few brave souls subscribed £75 and placed a message in the air at the Show and the Randwick races. To those who looked up, in 14ft. letters, the message said, "Jesus Saves and Satisfies." As of old "it is nothing to all who pass by." Poverty and piety still go hand in hand. Those who have the means grasp greedily at the holidays for indulgence with every plausible excuse.

On Good Friday evening I conducted a service in my church, at which 127 men were present and 63 women. I was anxious to be honest with myself, and had to acknowledge that 90 per cent. of them had not the means to go anywhere else. Good Friday has always been to me a day of remembrance, loyalty and gratitude, and the exercise of these qualities makes a difference.

An extra 30,000 people were at the Show; the picture palaces were crowded; many churches were closed; the holiday resorts were full to overflowing, and from such facts it is difficult to find material for optimism. It is almost as true to-day as it was 1900 years ago, that "they all forsook Him and fled."

Ideals are dimmed by indulgence, spirituality is trampled under foot by materialism, and the clouds of doubt obscure the divine promise.

**THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR.** We hear much of the failure of Prohibition in U.S.A. No organisation is in a better position to know the actual results of Prohibition than the Salvation Army. Evangeline Booth, leader of that militant body, speaks with authority when she declares as she did the other day in San Francisco:

"The problem of the poor was solved when booze went out. You should see the results in large cities among the poorer classes as I see them. No more do the wife and children suffer, go hungry and naked while the husband and father drinks up his last penny at the corner saloon.

"Of course I know lots of things are laid at the door of Prohibition; lots of evils are said to be caused by it, but that is not true. It is propaganda by the other side. If it takes one hundred years to cleanse liquor from the homes of America, this country still stands as the leader of all nations, the

hero of the ages in making the first step. To-day we are just standing on the threshold of the ultimate good to be accomplished. This is the transition period, but in the generations to come the boys and girls are not going to know the temptation of spirits, and it will be a dead thing."

## OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

The newspapers are hard put to it for circulation "stunts," for catch headings and suggestive personalities. The first requirement apparently of modern journalism is, "Make it interesting." Now, dullness is not virtue, but neither is truth or accuracy necessarily dull.

Some school children were recently taken through a gasworks, and were greatly interested, amongst other things, in the treatment of coal in the retorts. The following day their teacher, wishing to see if they had profited by their visit, asked one of their number to describe generally the process of gas production. The answer was, "You take the coal and put it into a reporter and you get gas."

The "Australian Journalist" is responsible for the following statement:

"There is an increasing tendency of reporters on opposition papers to co-operate in covering assignments. This leads to reporters being given engagements which they cannot cover unless they 'work in' with the representatives of the rival paper. It is the short road to the establishment of press agencies and reduced literary staffs."

The man submits to his paper a report of something he has not been to and gives it deft touches to impress upon it his personality, and the public are poisoned accordingly.

**A NEW PLEDGE.** We faced last election with 50,000 people pledged to give their first preference vote only to those candidates who promised an immediate referendum.

Out of the 90 members 55 were returned so pledged.

By intrigue and clever manoeuvring a number of these went back on their pledge.

Now we are faced with another election. We purpose going out for 100,000 pledged people and returning 65 out of 90 in the new Parliament pledged to give us a referendum in twelve months from the time of their

# 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.  
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Subscription, 11/6 per annum, in advance. New Zealand Postal Notes and stamps cannot be cashed in New South Wales. You may send your subscription c/o Rev. J. Dawson, Westminster Chambers, Lambton Quay, Wellington. Remittances should be made by Postal Notes, payable to Manager of "Grit," or in Stamps.

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1924.

election, and to make no concession to the deposed licensees except a time notice.

This great attempt will be launched in the Sydney Town Hall on June 17.

Will you begin at once to plan to help this best contribution to winning Prohibition in New South Wales?

*The Editor*

## Sac Suits

from £6/6/-

Gowns and Hoods for all  
University Degrees.

Special Attention to Clerical  
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## HARRIS & BOYD

FOR A BETTER SUIT.

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## DO WE DIFFER HERE.

### STARTLING CHARGES OF CORRUPTION.

#### VICTORIAN POLICE AND LICENSING CASES.

The two articles printed hereunder are the subject of passing comment on page 5 in this issue. In so far as the allegations of widespread corruption in Melbourne are concerned, it is difficult to resist speculation as to whether similar practices are unknown in New South Wales.

(From "The Sun," April 19, 1924.)

#### CORRUPTION RIFE.

#### LICENSING PROSECUTIONS.

#### GRAVE CHARGES.

MELBOURNE, April 19.

Affidavits sworn by former members of the Licensing Police, dismissed for participating in the police strike, allege that corruption, collusion, and intimidation were rife in the licensing branch of the Victorian police force in 1923.

They say that at the time of the police strike they demanded a Royal Commission to investigate the administration of the police force.

They now declare that they are ready to prove that 80 charges made against hotel and restaurant keepers in less than a year, in the metropolitan area principally, were laid by subordinate police, and subsequently withdrawn by police officers, after influence had been exerted by an outside body.

In nearly every instance, it is added, complaints had been laid against offending houses by an official of an outside organisation, but when the offenders were caught a representative of the same body approached not only subordinate police, but also police officers in high authority, in efforts to "square" cases.

Offers of large sums of money were made to subordinate police to stop the prosecutions. When subordinate police refused, conversations between officers and representatives of either the offenders or the outside organisation took place behind closed doors. Then the cases were dropped, although the subordinate police had submitted their briefs.

It is also alleged that there are police records which will show that there were many charges of sly-grog selling preferred by subordinate police and squelched by responsible officers.

Police on duty say that they were instructed that too much attention was being paid to sly-grog shops and cafes in the city, and not enough to hotels. The licensing police also say that they received occasional instructions to keep away from certain hotels when functions were being conducted in those hotels without the necessary permits from the Licensing Court.

(From the "Evening News," April 17, 1924.)

#### BREWER'S LETTER TO A MAGISTRATE OFFERING CONGRATULATIONS.

#### "I REGARD IT AS IMPROPER."

When Mr. Le Brun Brown was replying to congratulations on his appointment to the Licenses Reduction Board on April 17, he made a remarkable statement concerning a letter he had received from a firm of brewers.

Returning thanks, Mr. Brown said:

"It has come to my knowledge that some exception has been taken to my appointment on the alleged ground that I am on close terms of friendship with a firm of brewers, and color is given to this by reason of the fact that a few days ago I received a letter of congratulation from Resch's, Ltd., the firm referred to.

"As I am not acquainted with any member of this or any other firm of brewers, and as my colleague (Mr. Arnott) had not received similar congratulations, I regarded the letter as improper, and asked the firm what prompted them to write it.

"I have now received a reply which is unsatisfactory, and I can only come to the conclusion that the original letter was prompted by motives not altogether in the public interest.

"It is unnecessary to say that every interest before the Licenses Reduction Board will receive impartial and fair consideration at my hands, and I deem it my duty to draw public attention to what I regard as improper conduct on the part of an interested party."

## ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

# The Great Pledge Crusade Campaign

To be opened in

SYDNEY TOWN HALL

## JUNE 17th

BOOK THE DATE AT ONCE.

We aim at Bigger and Better things. Thus we progress towards the goal of our ambition. In days gone by we have had many splendid meetings in the Sydney Town Hall. The very memory of some of those meetings sets our whole being tingling with enthusiasm. But we cannot live and fight on memories. Yesterday's victory belongs to yesterday. To-day demands its own triumph.

WE ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE  
OF TO-DAY!

And with a tremendous faith in the loyalty and determination of our people we announce that

ON TUESDAY, JUNE 17th,

IN THE

SYDNEY TOWN HALL

THE GREAT PLEDGE CRUSADE  
WILL BE LAUNCHED.

THIS NIGHT MUST BE BETTER  
THAN ALL OUR PAST "BESTS."

We believe you will make it a great and memorable occasion.

To begin with, then

BOOK THE DATE AT ONCE:

JUNE 17th.

REMEMBER THE PLACE:

## SYDNEY TOWN HALL



**SERVICE  
SECURITY**

**GOVERNMENT SAVINGS BANK**  
of N.S.W.  
PERSONAL, JOINT, TRUST AND CHILDREN'S ACCOUNTS OPENED.

4% Interest paid on every £ up to £500  
and 3½% on excess to £1000.

156 BRANCHES AND 512 AGENCIES IN N.S.W.  
ALL DEPOSITS GUARANTEED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

## PASTURE GOSSIP.

### ALLEN'S RESCUE.

By MARY WADDELL.

"Gray, who was that young fellow we met while pulling that heavy load of wood this morning?" asked Barney.

"That was Allen Mayo," replied old Gray.

"It seems to me," continued Barney, "I have heard you had something to do with helping him out of some sort of a scrape once. What was it?"

"Wait till I brush these flies off and I will tell you," replied Gray, as she forced her way through a clump of bushes. "It was that time Mrs. James had such a bad spell with her heart," said she, coming back to where Barney stood.

"O, I remember," spoke up Gypsy. "I was just a little colt then."

"Yes, the doctor was in such a hurry he did not take time to tie you in the barn, so you trotted by my side."

"Except when I ran ahead of you," snorted Gray.

"Yes," said Gray. "You were always such a frisky little thing."

"Had I been otherwise we would not have found Allen," retorted Gypsy.

"How's that?" asked Barney.

Old Gray munched a particularly luscious bunch of grass before replying. "Well, you see," she resumed, "on our way to call on Mrs. James we had about reached the bridge beyond Mayo's when Gypsy galloped on ahead and began nosing around some bushes at the edge of the bridge. All at once she wheeled, and with a frightened whinny came flying back to me as fast as her little legs would carry her."

"What did you see, Gypsy?"

"Nothing at all, Barney. When I heard a little rustling sound I waited to investigate no further."

"Sort of a coward, weren't you?"

"No," said Gypsy with a sniff. "Just a bit excited."

"O—ugh—hugh—yes—I see," and Barney coughed to conceal his amusement. "But what happened next?" turning to Gray.

"Well, I barely had time to nicker when the Doctor jerked the lines so hard that had it not been I was ashamed to be so fractious at my age I would have stood on my hind feet."

"I imagine she would have come down again about as gracefully as a bench," laughed Gypsy.

Old Gray gave her daughter a withering look, then went on with her story. "In less time than it takes to tell the Doctor jumped out of the buggy and ran to the bushes. Just as he reached the place a man sprang out—"

"Gee!" exclaimed Barney, "weren't you scared?"

"Of course not," snorted Gray in a disgusted manner, for so accustomed was she to responding to the word "Gee" when

### OUR RECORD OF SHAME.

#### CENTRAL POLICE COURT.

#### ARRESTS FOR DRUNKENNESS.

Week ending April 9:

Males ..... 185  
Females ..... 28

Pledges signed, 31.

Week ending April 16:

Males ..... 158  
Females ..... 24

Pledges signed, 40.

Week ending April 23:

Males ..... 189  
Females ..... 34

Pledges signed, 35.

ploughing corn she started to turn to her right. Gypsy snickered, but moved away a few steps for her next bite when she saw the gleam in Gray's eye.

Barney hid his face behind a bunch of weeds to conceal his amusement; then, resuming his sober expression, said, "Pay no attention to Gypsy, Gray; go on with your story. Did the man get away?"

"No; the Doctor grabbed him by the arm, and if you know anything about the Doctor's strength you will know what that means."

"Yes," said Barney sadly; "I know. He broke me in when I was old enough to work."

"O, yes," said Gray, smiling, "I remember how difficult it was to handle you."

"Go on," said Barney. "Who was the man and what did the Doctor do with him?"

"It was Dick Garnes, and the Doctor made him get into the buggy."

"Dick wasn't the only one in the bushes," remarked Gypsy.

"You will kindly not interrupt me till I am through with my story," answered Gray. Gypsy tossed her head and flirted her tail, but said no more, and Gray went on. "Yes, there were two boys in the bushes, Allen Mayo and Frank Gill."

"Frank Gill! Well, I declare!" exclaimed Barney.

"Yes, you see Allen was a nice boy till he took to running around with Frank, who induced him to drink. After the saloons were closed in Chesterville, and liquor difficult to find, Allen got to be a pretty good boy once more; but Bud Foster, hoping to open his saloon again, attempted to keep appetites for drink. His helper, Dick Garnes, finding Frank an easy tool, planned through him to reach Allen and some of the other boys in the neighborhood. Of course, he had to sell it on the sly—a bootlegger he was called. On this evening, knowing Allen had to pass the bridge on an errand, Dick and Frank waited for him there and, drawing him out of sight into the bushes, tried to persuade him to take a drink. Though he did not want to begin the habit again the smell of the whisky they held under his nose so excited his appetite he was about to yield, when Gypsy poked her nose in and halted proceedings. "Frank, you and Allen come out of there, and bring that jug with you," called the Doctor. Out they came and were stored in the back of the buggy. With the jug between his feet the Doctor drove so fast I was all out of breath when we reached Mrs. James's. Bert watched Dick and the boys while the Doctor went in to see his mother; then he drove me to Chesterville and turned Dick over to the sheriff."

"What became of the boys?" asked Barney.

Old Gray flicked off a fly before replying. "Frank was told that if ever caught again he would be sent to the reform farm. Allen was so ashamed of the whole affair he resolved to have no further associations with evil companions, and to this day has never tasted another drop of liquor. It was lucky the Doctor happened along at that time."

"And Gypsy," laughed Barney, at which Gypsy tossed her head very high and cantered across the field to rub noses with Jerry over the fence.

"I don't blame her for being proud of it," said Gray indulgently.

\* *Lauridrena* \*

*the Quality*

*Starch*

*For dainty women*

**THE BEEHIVE NOVELTY STORES**

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY ON  
XYLO WARE, BRUSHWARE, FANCY  
GOODS, NOVELTIES AND TOYS,  
DIP TOYS, STREAMERS, BALLOONS,  
Etc., Etc.

**134 LIVERPOOL ST., SYDNEY.**



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.

**THE STORY OF A CANARY.**

I want you to have a good look at your canary next time it sings.

Just remember it was born an egg, hatched a canary, and developed into a singer.

Surely that is wonderful—a real miracle.

But we are much more wonderful than canaries.

We are born human beings, reborn children of God, and developed into saints.

Now, which stage are you in?

The egg that is not hatched is a "bad egg." The canary that does not sing is merely something to feed.

The boy or girl that never really trusts God is like the bad egg. Those that become Christians and never give themselves to service are like the songless bird.

Can you find a lesson for yourself from this?

UNCLE B.

**OUR LETTER BAG.**

**HOLIDAYS IS HOLIDAYS.**

Muriel Condon, Dingley Dell, Bairnsdale, writes: I am glad I got pushed off the scallywag list, because I do not like my name on it. It has been a lovely day here to-day. Last week it was very wet and we never went to school for two days because it was raining. We planted some seeds in our beds at school to-day. It will soon be our Easter holidays. The teacher is going to Bendigo for her holidays at Easter. I don't think I am going anywhere. We milk two cows, and we have one pig, and nine or ten dogs.

(Dear Muriel,—Even if you don't go anywhere a holiday is a holiday, and some of us never had better holidays than those we spent at home, and I hope you enjoyed yours.—Uncle B.)

**DREADED FIRE.**

E. Rogers, Main-street, Young, writes: Little did I think when I sat writing my last letter to you that it would be the last I would ever write to you in our home. We have had awful bad luck, Uncle. Our house was burned to the ground, and practically nothing was saved. It happened one Monday afternoon. I don't know how long ago it is. I've lost count of the time. It must be easily two months, though. I had just come away from the office where I work

when we heard the alarm. Somehow, how I don't know, the thought flashed into my mind, "It's our place." And when I saw the smoke and noted the position I was positive it was our place. I know this: we shall never forget that dreadful day as long as we live. Mum and dad were nearly nineteen years getting the home together, and it was all destroyed within an hour, so you can guess how they feel. Our Band of Hope met on Thursday again. We had a splendid meeting. I am the secretary now. All their records were burnt, too, so we've had to begin again. The other day I was looking at some "Grits" I hadn't seen, when I suddenly came to the one you printed my essay in. I did get a surprise, for when I sent it to you I thought you would just read it. I didn't dream of you putting it in print. The slip I sent you was taken out of one of our local papers. We are all finding out how very sympathetic and kind most people in Young are, also the truth of "A friend in need is a friend indeed." Well, Uncle, I must close, hoping you will forgive this gloomy letter.

(Dear Ni,—We are all so deeply, truly sorry that your home has gone up in smoke. It must have distressed you all and been a great blow. We send you our loving sympathy. It is a long time since I printed your essay. When are you going to write something else for "Grit"?—Uncle B.)

**A NEW NI.**

Eunice Crawford, 89 March-street, Orange, writes: Father lets me read "Grit." I saw in it letters written by my cousins, so I thought I'd write, too. All my cousins are living on the Richmond River. Last year we went to see them. I will be eight years old on the 16th of June. I haven't any brothers or sisters. I go to Orange Infants' School, and my mate is Dorothy Murray. Orange is very cold in winter time; sometimes we have snow. We have seven fowls. Father showed me your photo in "Grit." Some day I might see you in Orange.

(Dear Eunice,—I am glad to have you in my large family. I hope to meet you in Orange, and sorry I am not up there now because I would like to make a raid on the grapes.—Uncle B.)

**A NEW NE.**

Gordon Gardner, Comboyne, via Wingham, writes: I would like to join your large family. I will be eleven years old on the 18th of April. I am in fifth class at school. We play cricket at school. We have a dairy farm and are milking twelve cows. I have two sisters and a brother. We had a great crop of fruit this year, but most of it was spoilt by the fruit fly. We have twenty-one

different kinds of fruit growing on our farm, and there are several varieties of some kinds. We have been using grapes for the last two months. We have had five inches of rain in the last fortnight. There are a few rabbits on Comboyne now. We had a good crop of corn and plenty of melons this year.

(Dear Gordon,—Your letter made my mouth water. What a time I would have among the 21 kinds of fruit! Naturally I am glad to have you and your orchard in my big family.—Uncle B.)

**PROHIBITION CHICKS.**

Gladys Thorn writes: As the three months are up I had better write to you. The brook has come down again and is running beautifully. My father is burning off; he has finished the clover and the currants. Our pig had eight little ones, but she laid on one and killed it. Daddy said I could keep a dozen eggs a week from that brood of chicks (but they are not laying yet) and give the proceeds to Prohibition.

(Dear Gladys,—When I read your letter I said, "Hurrah!" Suppose 1000 of my Ne's and Ni's (and that would be only one out of three of them) got a dozen eggs a week for Prohibition! You get a pen and see what that would come to. I hope many will follow your great example.—Uncle B.)

**SEEING THE FLEET.**

Marjory Peacock, The Parsonage, Lakemba, writes: Will you please accept me as one of your Ni's? My birthday is on the 11th of July; I am 8 years and 9 months old. Our family went to see the Fleet and thought it was beautiful and wonderful. They caught the 20 minutes past six train in the morning and arrived down at Watson's Bay at 20 minutes to eight. I did not go as I have had a very nasty cold and a sore throat, but mother brought the "Sun" home and I saw the pictures of the Fleet there. Mother went to town and brought home the "Sydney Mail," and there are some lovely pictures in that and some nice stories about the battleships, especially the Hood. It was all very interesting to read.

(Dear Marjory,—What a pity you did not see the Fleet. Everyone agrees that it was a perfect sight. I am very glad to have you join my family.—Uncle B.)

**A NEW NI.**

Ethel Gardiner, Comboyne, via Wingham, writes: I am wondering if you will have me for a Ni? I will be nine on November 1 next. I am in third class at school. It has been raining here lightly for some days. My brother and I have four miles to ride to school. We each have a pony. I have a tabby cat; his name his Jack. He is eight years old. I get music lessons now. So good-bye.

(Dear Ethel,—Welcome to my family. So you ride four miles to school. Well, some of us envy you, but I expect it is not too nice sometimes. Is your pony easy to catch? What do you call him?—Uncle B.)

**PASS "GRIT" ON!**

# THE SACRED UNITY.

By D. H. HARDY, Field Secretary, N.S.W. Alliance.

## MOTHER.

It is a wonderful thing, a Mother; other folks can love you, but only your Mother understands.

She works for you, looks after you, loves you, forgives you anything you may do, understands you, and then the only thing bad she ever does to you is to die and leave you.  
—Baroness Von Hutten.

I scarce can think that, in advancing life,  
Coldness, unkindness, interest or suspicion  
Will e'er divide that unity so saved,  
Which nature bound at birth.

—Sir Walter Scott.

## THE SACRED UNITY.

The Sacred Unity, the silken tie of human love between the mother and her little child, is undoubtedly one of the strongest ties ever known or experienced in this life. Despite the changing scenes, the passing phases, the many vicissitudes, the separations, and other unnatural circumstances which intersperse our lives, the wonderful mother-love in almost every case holds firm, from cradle to the grave.

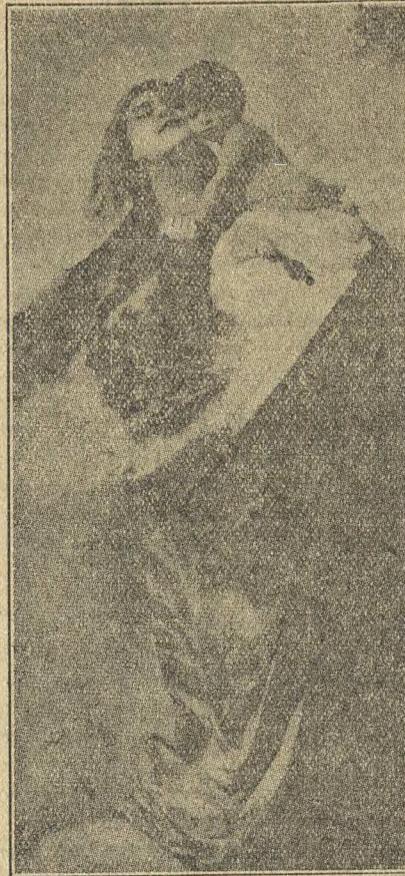
This tie of unity often becomes frayed and weak, but rarely breaks asunder, for no other personality or character makes so deep and lasting impression on the human mind and heart as "mother." She influences the lives around her as no other personality can ever do, and the emotion widens and spreads out, manifesting itself in many unexpected ways; her influence sets a standard of inspiration which, if lived up to, makes the path less difficult and our own lives more reverent and worth while.

There is ever to be found in mother's thought and words such obvious threads of faith and optimism that we are inspired to achieve a higher goal, and which help to relieve or make possible the many little cares and troubles which beset the path of all who tread life's broken trail.

Mother can usually see much farther along the track than her offspring, and prophetically entreats you to "heed not the darkness around you, dull and deep—the clouds grow thickest when the summit's nigh."

It's mother who makes her children feel that the happiest place in this world is "Home, Sweet Home." No illusion is necessary, just her dear sweet self, as she sits quietly knitting with loving fingers some wispy white little garment to help keep a little pink form warm and comfy, a gentle smile of ineffable love flitting about the corners of her mouth as she ponders with spacious understanding upon the comedy of life.

Her very presence makes you feel not only the necessity, but also the importance of being



MAGNIFICAT.

earnest, and inspires you to more sympathetic observance, whereby you seem to scale the heights of vision and understand the emotions awakened by motherhood, seeing in her "a strayed goddess weaving the spells of silken logic."

As you value the delicious feeling of home, think it one of life's choicest offerings, and realise that during childhood only a parent can bestow it upon you, then I ask you to pause a while to allow a widening of sympathy to extend towards the thousands of little ones who to-day are denied all those little tendernesses which only a mother can supply, are denied the delicately sensuous and deeply spiritual influence of the "Sacred Unity" which nature bound at birth, just because a cultivated taste, an acquired appetite for alcohol, has been allowed to come between the wonderful mother love and her little child. God hath said, "Can a mother forget her sucking child?" Sad experience tells us that alcohol can make her positively hate it, and, that being so, is sufficient justification for our efforts to endeavor to take the liquor away from the individual, when we cannot take the individual away from the liquor. In our benevolent homes of New South Wales to-day are 17,000 little ones, 70 out of every 100 being in those homes because father or mother, or in some cases both of the parents, have never fully experienced or

## UPON A NIGHT.

Upon a soft night in the East,  
A great new star shone bright,  
The darkness that the earth had known  
Was touched with strange, sweet light.

Beneath the star, there on a hill,  
Stood shepherds—wondering  
To see that strange light in the sky,  
To hear the angels sing!

And on her bed of straw that night  
The mother Mary smiled,  
Among the gentle, friendly beasts,  
Upon her new-born child.

Until that night the earth had known  
No other right than might;  
No other god than one of wrath,  
No rein but that of fright.

The world had not dreamed brotherhood  
Nor succor for the weak;  
It had no help for helplessness,  
No mercy for the meek.

But on that night when shone the star,  
And guided by its flame,  
The wise ones, watching for the Sign,  
From far-off kingdoms came.

When shepherds heard there on the hill,  
As they stood wondering,  
The sound earth had not heard before—  
The herald angels sing.

And when the mother Mary smiled,  
And, tender, bent above  
The small new son there at her breast,  
Earth knew, at last, of—love!

—Roselle Mercier Montgomery.

realised the true emotions of parentage, have never learned the truth of temperance or the value of abstinence.

The teachings of the "Man of Sorrows" make it abundantly clear to us all that Christ never did intend that we should allow any preventable cause to nullify the wonderful emotions awakened by motherhood, or to deny any child its inherent birthright handed down from generation to generation.

A voice, clear, insistent and firm, rises right up from out of Galilee saying, "Even as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it also unto me."

What are you doing about it?

What do you intend to do about it?

Surely you will admit that an immediate decision is necessary. Let to-day be your "decision day."

There can be but one logical answer, and that answer is: Prohibition of the liquor traffic.

Beautiful hands are those that do  
Work that is earnest, brave and true,  
Moment by moment the long day through.  
Beautiful feet are those that go  
On kindly ministries to and fro,  
Down lowliest ways, if God wills so.  
Beautiful shoulders are those that bear  
Ceaseless burdens of homely care  
With patience, grace and daily prayer.  
Beautiful lives are those that bless,  
Silent rivers of happiness  
Whose hidden fountains none can guess.



She: "So you've given up the idea of taking singing lessons?"

He: "Yes; I found it would take me three years to learn to sing as well as I thought I sang already."

\* \* \*

"What do you think of the animals?" inquired Uncle Ben at the Zoo.

After a critical inspection of the exhibit, Robert replied, "I think the kangaroo and the elephant should change tails."

\* \* \*

**COMMERCIAL CANDOR.**

The chemist's advertisement read: "Our honey and almond cream is guaranteed to keep the chaps off."

"Oh," she sighed. "I understand now; I'll never use it again."

"So your daughter's married, I hear. I expect you found it very hard to part with her."

"Hard! I should think so. Between you and me, my boy, I began to think it was impossible!"

\* \* \*

William had become the proud owner of a pig, and insisted on having all the care of it. After a few weeks, as the pig did not seem to thrive, his father said to him:

"William, I'm afraid you are not feeding your pig enough. It doesn't seem to be fattening at all."

"I don't want to fatten him yet," answered the young stockman. "I'm waiting until he gets as long as I want him, then I'll begin to widen him out."

"Well, how is your son getting along with his studies to be a doctor?"

"Thank you for asking, my friend; he can already cure very small children."

\* \* \*

Bob: "I'm sure one of my teachers is German."

Helen: "How's that?"

Bob: "Because his marks are so low."

\* \* \*

Husband: "My dear, these seeds you've ordered won't flower until the second summer."

Wife: "Oh, that's quite all right. This is a last year's catalogue."

**TO PARENTS.**

Have you realised the importance of instructing your children in matters of sex which every child has a right to know in a clean, wholesome manner? If you want help write to us for some of our penny booklets, and send one shilling in postal note or stamps, with your full address. We can supply booklets for Parents, Boys, Girls, Youths and Maidens. You will never miss a shilling so spent, and your children in years to come will thank you heartily. Rev. R. B. S. Hammond has been using them for past 24 years.

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W. E. WILSON, Hon. Secretary.



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Box 390 G.P.O., Sydney.

## BULLETIN ISSUED TO LAW OBSERVANCE OFFICERS

BY FEDERAL PROHIBITION UNIT, WASHINGTON.

**Effects of Prohibition in Kansas.**—With the going of the saloons came paved streets, electric lights, better schools, better churches and better homes. We have in Kansas 516,400 children of school age who have never seen a saloon; we send more children to college than any State in the Union; our children attend school at least eight months in the year until 16 years of age; and our illiteracy is less than 2 per cent.

Nearly half of our counties did not send anyone to prison last year, and more than a third of the counties do not have any use for a poor farm. We have the greatest wealth per capita of any State—1773 dollars for every man, woman and child—and we have an auto for every five people, so all of our people can take a ride at once. More homes are owned than in any other State. We believe in Prohibition; it is not a theory, but a fact.—News Item, "White Ribbon Ensign."

**Calls Prohibition Greatest War Gain.**—"America is the country which got the most of the great war—not gold, but Prohibition.

"I saw a little of Prohibition. I went to America with the usual European prejudice against it, hearing that it was demoralising America and that there was more liquor there than ever.

"That is not true—not in the least. There are some men who get it, but I believe it is mostly very bad liquor. Some have already been poisoned, and others are getting frightened for fear that their turn will be next.

"That generation will disappear. The vast majority are not drinking. The worst form of repeal that is threatened is a return to light wines and beer, but they will never have saloons again.

"The only unemployed in America are the jailers.

"The children of America never saw such times as they have."—Lloyd George, at Free Church Demonstration, London.

**Views on Injunction Proceedings.**—"Discontinuance of injunction proceedings under

the Prohibition Act would be disastrous. It is my judgment that the locking up of ten places under abatement proceedings is more important in a large city than would be one hundred arrests for the violation of the Volstead Act."—U.S. Attorney J. T. Williams, Northern District of California.

"The use of the injunction is one of the most effective, if not the most effective, means of enforcing the Prohibition law."—U.S. Attorney James C. Kinsler, Nebraska.

"I feel that the only method of putting a stop to this open defiance of the law is by impressing the courts with the necessity of entering closing orders which actually close up and keep closed."—U.S. Attorney William Hayward, Southern District of New York.

"Personally, I am convinced that the only way to make any headway against outlaw saloons is to use the injunction remedy under the Volstead law.

"I have interviewed Judges Wilkerson and Cliffe, and they stated that they believed that the most effective way of handling these liquor violators is by way of injunction proceedings—that due to the congestion of the court dockets and the large number of liquor violations the only way to combat the situation is by closing the premises of violators by injunction orders, provided violators are not allowed to reopen the premises."—U.S. Attorney Edwin A. Olson, Northern District of Illinois.

**Eighteenth Amendment Here to Stay.**—"The constitutional amendment enfranchising women guarantees that the Prohibition amendment will never be repealed.

"Woman is the guardian of morality. She is our thermometer of morals. By the women of a community one can measure the morals of a community.

"The Government isn't something apart from the people. The Government is the people. Civilisation means the realisation of our duty to our fellow man. Therefore it means the realisation of our duty to our

Government, because our Government is made up of our fellow men.

"Our soldiers died for our country during the war. We must make our country worth dying for. We cannot permit it to fall into the hands of the forces of evil after our own boys have given their lives for it.

"It is as much our duty to live for our country as it was their duty to die for it. We must live and work for all that is clean and decent and good.

"Civilisation is founded on the church, the school and the courts. Women have been the guardians and the principal support of the church and the school. Now they must take the same interests in the courts—which means in the enforcement of law, and the whole conduct of our government. Law is the foundation of government."—Governor Pat Neff, Texas, before Women's Council, Citizenship Conference, Colorado.



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**MY FEES ARE VERY FAIR.**

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**My Dreams—**

(Continued from page 6.)

and enabling the poor man to live in what can be truly called "his home," and giving the least possible scope for lawyers and land-agents, solicitors and share-brokers to make "rake-offs" in house and land transfers.

The slum is avoided because the landlord is excluded.

It is a fact, I know, that a new Co-operative Garden City, Wellwyn, in Hertfordshire, is springing into existence.

It is a fact, I know, that the spread of Co-operative Housing Societies is much more phenomenal on the Continent and in America.

**FOUNDATIONS IN AUSTRALIA.**

I have castles in Australia. Some of them are already on solid foundations. One is the castle of Prohibition Sentiment; there are many castles of Consumers' Co-operation—our Wholesale Society at Newcastle, and a hundred Co-operative stores throughout Australia.

I am now dreaming of a Co-operative Garden City, and we are humbly laying its foundations.

The formation of the Australian Starr-Bowkett Building Co-operative Society, Ltd., is the first step. It is the first Starr-Bowkett to be registered under the new Co-operation Act, for which we Co-operators have worked hard. The Australian Starr-Bowkett Society is a safe Society, with trusted Co-operative leaders as its directors. Members of it will be able to obtain, by Co-operative savings, loans free of interest, wherewith to buy or build their own homes, or purchase their own land or farms. The membership will be restricted to 700 persons, but anyone may at present join. Amongst these 700 people, each of whom will be assured of a loan free of interest, there will no doubt be a number who will desire to gain further benefits from the Co-operative building idea, and will help to make plans for a Co-operative Garden Township or Suburb.

As Secretary for the Australian Starr-Bowkett Society, I shall be pleased to hear from anyone desirous of joining, and shall heartily welcome any fellow-enthusiasts in the cause of slum-abolition and garden township building.

Enquiries should be addressed to The Australian Starr-Bowkett Building Co-operative Society, Limited, Daking House, Rawson Place, Sydney. 'Phone, M 3507.

Tho' its evils and its sorrow  
Time's strong tide shall sweep away,  
There is always a to-morrow  
For the goodness of to-day.  
There is always sure survival,  
When lung troubles we endure,  
If we seek for health revival,  
In Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

She: "What are you going to be when you get out of college?"

He: "A very old man!"

THE EVENT OF THE YEAR.

Saturday, May 10th, 1924

**MOTHERS' DAY**

**Monster Procession  
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INTERESTING AND EDUCATIONAL.

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SPECIAL BUSINESS SECTION DISPLAY.

Procession starts from the Sydney Domain at 2 p.m., proceeding via  
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PRESENTATION OF AWARDS.

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BE SURE TO BOOK THIS DATE.

EARLY DOOR TICKETS, 1/-. Early Doors, 2 p.m.

Be sure to procure a ticket. Be sure to bring others.

E. SPURGEON GILBERT,  
Hon. General Secretary.

PASS "GRIT" ON. SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS.

## Spooks Again—

(Continued from page 5.)

cleared out also, but eventually one was discovered hiding in a dustbin! The Macquarie case has not yet been disposed of, but the proprietor and a waiter from the Phoenix were fined £30 a piece, in default four months. In another sly-grog case heard during the week, a woman and a taxi-cab driver were fined £30 each for having sold liquor without a license. In this case the cab was used as the scene of the transaction, the liquor having been obtained from a neighboring hotel. In default of paying the fine, the defendant would have to go to jail for six months. It will occur to most readers who compare this with the cases cited above that the fines imposed in the cafe cases are decidedly inadequate.

### SAILORS AT THE TOWN HALL.

According to the Inspector-General of Police, the behaviour of the men of the Special Service Squadron during their stay in Sydney was exemplary. Most people who saw them about the streets will readily endorse that verdict. Still, there were occasions of beery joviality, and one such occurred at the Town Hall on the night when some two thousand men were entertained by the Combined Sailors' and Soldiers' Association of New South Wales. According to one newspaper, "not since the last but one Artists' Ball has the Town Hall seen such a sight." Oh, dear! Please note the "last but one"! We have the liveliest recollection of that particular Artists' Ball, which was attended, by the way, by a good many more hoodlums than artists. The orgies and licentiousness of that event were beyond belief—or description—so if the soldiers and sailors' entertainment to the visiting squadron was on a par with it, there was something doing right enough. "The battleground," we read, "was littered with dead marines and other tragic symbols—all evidence of the fierceness of this real reunion of members of the British race." The "business of the evening" evidently started right early, because even as early as 9 p.m. the present writer saw a considerable number of sailors and their hosts in a maudlin state of drunkenness in the courtyard of the Town Hall and in George-street. One might have expected that the returned men's organisations would have made some little effort to preserve a certain amount of decorum. By the bye, this was an invitation affair, and it must have cost a lot of money. Where did that money come from? The various returned soldiers' organisations are always complaining that they have no funds when distressed diggers apply to them for assistance.

### DEMORALISING THE CHUCKS.

Mr. Watt, K.C., seems to possess a vein of sardonic humor. The word "sardonic" is said by some authorities to be derived from the Greek verb "sairo," which means "to grin," but, in the present connection, we prefer the alternative derivation from the Greek "sardanios," referring to a plant in Sardinia which was said to have the effect of screw-

ing up the face of anybody who ate it owing to its bitter astrigent qualities. Well, according to Mr. Watt, the public of New South Wales is guilty of the heinous crime of demoralising the Chuck brothers. It was a scandal, he said in Court the other day, that these tender and innocent young men should be provided with public money to enable them to go "swilling whisky" at the Ambassadors and other places in the company of women they won't put in the box. "These young men may thus be tempted to form

habits of intemperance," he said. "It is a state of things which calls for immediate attention by the legislature and the press. The case has shown what sort of thing is sanctioned in the guise of police work. It is certainly startling to hear that men can go high-priced motor cars and can go to places of glittering enjoyment, spend money, get drunk, and take what company they please there." Mr. Watt must certainly have screwed up his face to give expression to such sentiments. The poor Chucks!

"The House of Economy"

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