

Grit.

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SYDNEY, JUNE 2, 1921.

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Abolishing Barnado Homes.

Organised Labor, through its representative journals, is protesting against the attempt to introduce into Australia what it asserts is another brand of charitable institution—a Dr. Barnardo Orphan Home.

We are not keen, says Labor, on having a multitude of more or less efficient societies offering to the workers in the form of charity something which is their social and economic right.

Most sensible and right-minded people will agree with these sentiments, but until we find a Government capable and willing to make adequate provision for our orphans, widows, sick and penniless, we must welcome any organisation capable of filling the breach.

It must also be taken into consideration that the financial demands of charitable organisations constitutes an incentive to self-denial on the part of all classes of the community, an incentive which will cease to exist when cost of maintenance of orphanages, etc., is borne by the public exchequer.

A report from Albany, New York, according to the "C.S. Monitor," of February 2, shows that the "charity" problem is being solved in an entirely different way in that State.

"There is an appreciable decrease in commitments of children to orphan asylums.

"Some fathers who previously neglected their children entirely have now provided good homes for them, and others who formerly seldom came near their children now come regularly, bring gifts and often making promises of providing homes for them in the near future.

"In the report about an institution caring for juvenile delinquents the statistics show that in the year 1915 parents of children committed included 114 intemperate fathers and

10 intemperate mothers; 1920 figures showed but 24 intemperate fathers and 2 intemperate mothers."

What IS this sane solution of the charity problem?

The Brooklyn Bureau of Charities, whose statement is considered typical of the situation discovered by private relief-giving societies, says:

"The number of wife desertions has been decreased, the unemployment and illness totals have been brought down, and the number of cases of poverty and distress ascribable to drink has been cut in half—by Prohibition.

"America is not absolutely 'dry' yet! No law is immediately and absolutely obeyed, but the remarkable social effects thoroughly justify its introduction, and soon, when the choleric law-breaking opposition of the financially interested liquor kinds is beaten down, the effect of complete Prohibition upon the tide of charity-demanders will be so great that only a trickle will be left; so that the charity problem will no longer be a problem at all, but remain an interesting side-issue for political reformers to tackle."

T.E.S.

Canadian Labor and Prohibition.

Organised Labor was not particularly enthusiastic regarding the abolition of drink before Prohibition was introduced in America and Canada, but the following report from the "C.S. Monitor," of 28/1/21, leaves no doubt as to their opinion about its success:—

"St. John, New Brunswick.—Decisive rejection of a proposal in favor of the legalised sale of 7 per cent. beer was one of the outstanding steps taken at the annual convention of the New Brunswick Federation of Labor. Alderman MacKinnon, a Labor member of the City Council of Moncton, urged the convention to reject the resolution and any

endorsement of the liquor traffic that might come before it. C. A. Melanson, an Acadian, declared that the resolution should never have been introduced, and condemned the liquor traffic as 'Labor's worst enemy.' Despite some assertions as to the desire of the workers, the resolution was rejected by more than a 5 to 1 vote."

COUGH MIXTURE.

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What Women are Doing.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE FAITH WHICH MOVES THINGS.

At the eleventh Triennial Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, which met in Melbourne recently, the proceedings were opened with the Doxology, followed by addresses and discussion on "Old-Time Habits," which led to an interesting talk on family prayer, conducted by Mrs. Cooper, of South Australia. One delegate asked the question, "How can we have family worship in the morning when different members of the family are hurrying away either for school or business?"

This question was answered by a practical suggestion from Lady Holder, the mother of a large and busy family, who told how the difficulty had been met in her own home by combining a few sentences of special prayer with the usual grace before breakfast, and by taking a box of printed texts to the table, for each person to draw from and to read one text aloud. In this way the thoughts of all are tuned to the harmony of divine love, and a word of inspiration is given for the whole day's work. This is an excellent example of the old saying, "Where there's a will there's a way." Printed texts, each one rolled separately, may be bought in boxes for this purpose, but the preparation of a box of helpful Bible thoughts is such an excellent occupation for a Sunday afternoon or evening that mothers of families will probably set their children to work in preparing their own.

FAITH—A WONDERFUL INSTANCE.

In her address on "Faith," Mrs. Jones, of the Victorian Union, gave a remarkable in-

stance from her own experience of the previous week, when, alone, in a house at the seaside, after a night of acute pain, she found herself in the morning unable to move hand or foot. A voice seemed to say, "Go and tell what great things God hath done for thee," and in sincere belief that great things were possible, she prayed for healing and power, for utterance also, that she might be able to tell others when God's "great things" had been accomplished. Quickly the pain subsided, one joint after another became supple again; it was possible to rise and dress, and to carry out all the duties of the day, which included complete cleaning of the seaside home before locking it up for the winter, and also the washing of twelve blankets. These details Mrs. Jones gave in order to show the fulness of the divine healing in answer to prayer.

The W.C.T.U. of America spent £3000 in 1917 for prize essay schemes for schools and colleges.

The slogan of the Australasian Loyal Temperance Legion: "The price of an ice cream for our juvenile work." This was recommended by Miss Bailey (Q.) at the Australasian Convention, and was adopted.

Another recommendation: That the Australasian Union issue blotters and rulers, printed with facts of scientific information concerning alcohol and its effects.

The N.Z. Government allows temperance wall-sheets in public schools, giving scientific facts on which the children are encouraged to write essays.

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Received to 26/5/21, and where not mentioned the amount received is 10/-: J. D. Merson, 25/4/22; Rev. S. H. Cox, 16/5/22; Mrs. Lipscombe, 28/5/22; A. Robertson, 16/5/22; James Naylor, 30/5/22; J. B. Forsythe, £1, 30/12/22; Mrs. G. J. Gilmour, 2s. 6d., 26/8/21; Mr. W. Roberts, 30/4/22 (10s. educational); Miss Turner, 30/5/22; T. R. Jones, 30/1/22.

The following are paid to 30/12/21: Rev. W. J. S. Rankin 5/-, W. Macaulay, Miss Edna Hughes (N.Z.) 12s. 10d., Mr. Phillips, J. M. Breckenridge, A. W. Lane, Mrs. Yarrow 18/6, Miss D. Hawkins 18/6.

THE MARION MEMORIAL.

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£2 10s.—Wm. Cooper.
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£2 0s. 6d.—Per B. Johnston Hay.
£1 1s.—Marsh Little, J. Menzies, Arthur Chick, J. P. Treadgold.
£1.—H. R. Holmes, Miss R. Armstrong, Mr. Nesbit, N. L. A. Gorrell, "T.S."
10s.—A. J. Jarrett, Mrs. F. J. Clisdell, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Rudder, Mrs. Lipscombe, D. McAulay.
10s. 6d.—J. S. D. Arkins, M.L.A., C. W. Naylor.
5s.—H. Pellock.
Total.—£818/5/-.

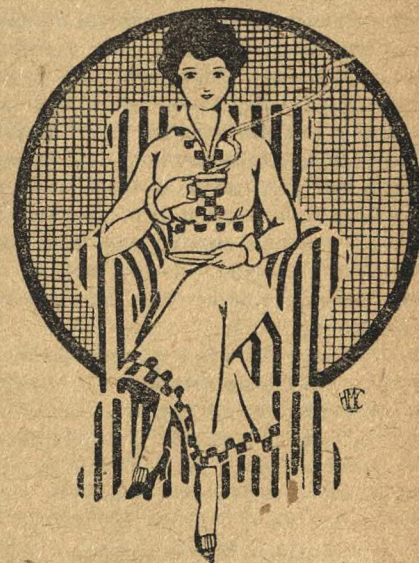
Columbus, Ohio, Bank Deposits Up 50 per Cent.

Deposits in the banks of Columbus, Ohio, jumped from 57,034,100 dollars in 1917, when saloons were dividing the money of the people with legitimate business, to 84,429,283 dollars in 1920, the first full year under Prohibition. This does not look as if Prohibition is disastrous to Prohibition, does it?

The first 105 building and loan companies reporting to the State inspector of building and loans for 1920 show a net gain of 6,829,907 dollars. When all these institutions have reported it will be found the first dry year was the banner year in the history of the building and loan companies of the Buckeye State.

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FIELD DAY FIXTURES.

SUNDAY, JUNE 5.

4 p.m., St. Luke's, Clovelly, Men's Meeting.
Mr. T. E. Shonk.
7 p.m., Methodist Church, Ashfield.
Rev. Fred. C. Middleton.
7.15 p.m., St. James', Croydon.
Mr. Francis Wilson.
7.15 p.m., Presbyterian Church, Ashfield.
Rev. H. Allen Job.
7.15 p.m., Presbyterian Church, Croydon Park.
Mr. R. J. C. Butler.
7.15 p.m., Congregational Church, Croydon.
Mr. T. E. Shonk.
11, 3, 7, Services in Wyong and District.
Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.
THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 8 p.m.
Literary Institute, Wyong.
Rev. R. B. S. Hammond.

WHERE THE FLOOD COVERED THE EARTH.

All along the North Coast rain falls regularly and copiously—at times it puts up a record, and as much falls in a week as most parts of the State get in a year.

It was during one of the periods of more than usual dampness that our speakers visited the district. Rain had been falling generously for many days before their arrival, and when they reached their destination at Kempsey, Macksville, and Bellingen it was to find most of the country and some of the town under water, and the rain still falling. A "dry" campaign was just what was needed, but water was the cause of the trouble this time, and we have not yet begun a campaign against it.

Mr. Middleton could not get from Kempsey to Euroka, but managed to keep his appointment at Frederickton. Messrs. Wilson and Shonk went out to Gladstone and Smithtown, but not even a church service could be held. At Macksville Mr. Creagh found the same conditions.

It was an incident in campaigning that had to be taken with other experiences, and served to show some of the disabilities of the settlers in these districts. Their lot is not always money-making made easy. Much of the money is at times lost a great deal more

easily. The farmers on the Macleay were heavy losers on this occasion.

The second week-end was marked by pleasanter conditions, and there were good services at Kempsey and Bellingen, and quite a stirring of Prohibition sentiment. The North Coast has always been solid for the cause, and shows signs of becoming more so.

Mr. Hammond had an audience of about 300 when he visited Kurri, and addressed another good meeting at Gosford, where Mr. Creagh had spent the week-end.

CHATSWOOD'S GENEROUS SUPPORT.

Mr. Middleton gave Prohibition addresses in the Methodist Churches at Chatswood. There were 94 of his congregations who signed cards! This is a splendid response, and added to the promises made in the other Chatswood Churches last month makes a very generous contribution to the campaign fund. Chatswood is the centre of the North Shore line, which has always been notable for its strong support for Prohibition. One of the features of the present educational campaign is the very generous help being given by the districts where the Prohibition vote has been well educated, thereby enabling headquarters to undertake extended country tours with more confidence. This educational work is valuable—indeed, it is essential. People do not favor Prohibition because they do not know about it. The more they know, the greater their enthusiasm.

A UNIQUE GATHERING.

The Congregational Union has a splendid organisation in its Women's Propaganda Committee, which was brought into existence to study various social questions, including Prohibition. Last week Miss Lucas gathered together representatives of 24 churches, numbering about 100 women, who listened with keen interest to Mr. Hammond's outline of the plan of campaign, and the ways in which they might render effective service.

It was decided that a band of women should be got together in each church to begin the work of educating the others in their neighborhood concerning Prohibition.

A good deal more is going to be heard of this effort. It suggests a sphere of work for women of other churches.

MORE WHOLESALE LICENSES REFUSED.

The campaign against the liquor trade's new method of forcing itself upon neighborhoods where it is not wanted is meeting with

unexpected success. What at first was regarded as a hopeless objection has met with good results. Last week seven applications were before the metropolitan licensing bench. Four were refused, one adjourned, and two granted. Against the decision in the latter cases appeals have been lodged.

PROHIBITION.

SUPPORTED BY LABOR COUNCIL.

The New South Wales Labor Council, at its meeting last Thursday night, adopted a motion in favor of Prohibition.

The voting was 34 in favor of Prohibition and 14 against.

The discussion arose out of a letter from the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond requesting the Council to adopt Prohibition as the first plank of its platform.

The following motion was finally carried: "That this Council adopts the principle of Prohibition."

ONTARIO'S VOTE.

By the Canadian mail has come news of the recent vote in the Province of Ontario on the question of "bone-dry" Prohibition. According to the Toronto correspondent of the "Winnipeg Free Press" of April 20, the returns showed a sweeping "dry" victory. Almost every country in the province had given a "yes" majority, and 13 of the 24 cities, and 66 of the 105 towns of the province voted to prohibit the importation of liquor, which was the subject of the referendum. The aggregate majority compiled to date was about 140,000, and it was estimated by the secretary of the Dominion Alliance that this would reach 200,000. Incomplete returns for Toronto city showed a "wet" majority of approximately 5000. Ottawa and Hamilton also went "wet," but London voted "dry." In no instance was the "wet" majority large. Over the whole country the "drys" won by a margin so great as to leave no doubt concerning the attitude of public opinion.

(Continued on page 7.)

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MARY'S MISTAKE.

(By FAIRELIE THORNTON, for "Grit.")

"Oh, that I had never been married!"

These words came from the pallid lips of a young woman of perhaps not more than eight and twenty, though the premature lines of care and suffering traced upon her brow might have belonged to one of fifty. Her eyes, which had once beamed with hope and gladness, were now dull, mournful orbs from which all the life and expression had faded. Her cheeks whereon once glowed the tints of health and beauty, were now sunken and colorless, and that once graceful form with rounded limbs now seemed scarcely able to support the one from whom all hope and joy had apparently fled.

"Oh, that I had never been married!" she repeated. "If only I had known what brutes men may become when drink has seized them—and yet they warned me; but I would not heed, and now there is no escape. I must drag on this weary existence till God sees fit to put an end to my miseries. Yes, I will not yield to that maddening thought which haunts me at times. I will bear it all till God ends my life—but oh, may it be soon!"

"Work, work, work! My labor never flags. And what are its wages? A bed of straw, a crust of bread, and rags. That shattered roof, and this naked floor, a table, a broken chair, And a wall so blank, that I sometimes thank my shadow for falling there.

"Oh, but to breathe the breath of the cowslip and primrose sweet, With the sky above my head and the daisies 'neath my feet; For only one short hour to feel as I used to feel Before I knew the woes of want and the work that costs a meal."

"Yes, I remember learning that at school once, but never thought it would one day be my experience. Ah, and rather would I have been that poor shirtmaker than what I am to-day—the slave of the cruel taskmaster from the tyranny of whose brutal passion there is no escape but with death. For better, for worse, I have taken him, and I will stick to my bargain. Mine was the choice, and mine must be the conse-

quences." And once more she tried to set about her household work, for though one after another of the articles of furniture had disappeared, she still strove to keep the place in order and to preserve it spotlessly clean. Yet no approving smile would greet her when her work was done, the thought of which would have helped so much to lighten her labor; for a woman is easily satisfied—a true woman. She cares not what toil and suffering she endures if only an appreciative smile and a little sympathy reward her labors. But such was not for Mary Summers. She knew full well that when her husband returned at night half intoxicated he would sit down to the humble, though carefully prepared meal with a thankless heart, and do nought but scold and grumble if he did deign to open his lips. And so Mary slaved on with weary step and slow loathing her life, knowing that only with death could her self-imposed burden be conscientiously laid down.

Yet perhaps the worst part of her burden was the thought that it was self-imposed. Her soliloquies would always end with: "Well, you know it was your own fault. You have yourself alone to thank for this life. You would not heed your parents' warning who refused to have any but a total abstainer for a son-in-law, and now you must bear your own burden till death shall set you free."

Yes, Mary had herself to blame. She knew before she married him that Richard Summers was not an abstainer. True, he was a steady, sober, industrious young man, and she met him in the Sunday school; but he refused to see his duty in this respect, and would not, for the sake of his future wife, pledge himself to total abstinence. Like many another, he thought he could take his daily glass without any harm to any one, and looked on teetotallers as fanatics. Long and seriously Mary had pondered the matter, for she was not a thoughtless girl, but this crisis was too much for her. How could she give him up for a mere whim? There were many sober men who took their glass of beer and no more. Why should he not be one of these? True, she had never tasted the liquor herself, and never meant to, but why should she force him into her ways? Her parents were perhaps too prejudiced on this point. No, she could not relinquish all her hopes of happiness (so she thought) for such a simple thing as this. Besides, had she not led Richard to suppose that his intentions were reciprocated, and now that she had discovered this fact, could she honorably discard him? She ought to have discovered it before she allowed her affections to be engaged.

Conscience whispered: "But now it is your duty to lay the matter honorably before him, and ask him for your sake, to sign the pledge." This she did, but he only laughed at her for supposing there was any

necessity for such a course, and soon talked her out of all her scruples. The temptation was too much for her—the crisis was past—and she had yielded. Satisfying her conscience that all would come right in the end, she took Richard Summers "for better, for worse, for richer for poorer, till death should them part."

Yes, she had chosen her own lot, and well might she cry, "Oh, that I had never been married!" She knew that had she relinquished him she might have been in her parents' home, well and happy, surrounded by every comfort and attention, for her parents were in comfortable circumstances, and could well have afforded to keep her at home, with servants to do the drudgery for which she was so unfitted.

But now her father has discarded her for her disobedience. "She has chosen her own burden, and now she must bear it," he would say, being one of those who are righteous overmuch, believing that every one is better for suffering the full consequences of wrongdoing without any alleviation.

Her mother would sometimes contrive to send her something, but being an invalid, and many miles lying between her and her old home, poor Mary seemed quite cut off from old associations; and as the recollection of the little village in which she had spent so happy a childhood came vividly before her, she would feel an agony of remorse as she thought of how different it "might have been." "Better even to have been in a situation than in such bondage as this," she would argue, "when I would have a comfortable home and food to eat with the option to 'leave' if I chose. But now I work with no pay for a cruel taskmaster whose worse than slave I am, and to whom I am tied for life." Oh, cruel, cruel thought!

Poor Mary! Hers was indeed a life of gall and bitterness. She was reaping the fruits of her one great mistake in life and dragging out an existence which was worse than death. Remorse was consuming her life away. Sorrow and ill-treatment, neglect and abuse were rapidly doing their work. Her husband had gradually become more and more fond of drink. He was not naturally a badly disposed young man, but he lacked resolution, and had no moral courage to stand against the jeers of his companions, and so at first, merely to satisfy them, and to appear "a jolly good fellow,"

(Continued on page 12.)

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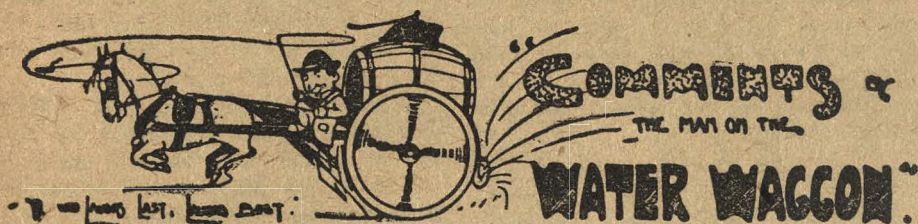
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While not forgetting the spiritual side of the Prohibition appeal, we do well to remember that it has a financial and material side as well; and that, on material as on spiritual grounds, Prohibition has been proved successful. America is a nation not only of idealists, but of hard-headed, practically-minded business men as well, whose main test of any proposal is, "Will it pay?" That Prohibition does pay is the verdict of "almighty dollar" America. It pays not only in freedom from the slavery of alcohol, not merely in character and in individual self-respect, but in dollars. Through the shutting up of jails, mental and other hospitals, and kindred institutions, America saves in actual dollars many times the revenue she got on imported, many times the drink bill of home-brewed, liquor.

A country's wealth depends on her productions. The productivity of a country depends on the usefulness of her individual citizens. The effectiveness of the citizen rests upon his freedom from the effects of self-indulgence. The greatest enemy of the producer, whether employer or employee, is drink. No nation can be said to be strong that depends for its strength on individuals whose strength has been sapped by alcohol.

The great enemies of society are its parasites, those whose lives produce nothing of benefit to the community. The profiteer, although he may produce something of benefit to the community, must also be classed as a parasite. It will be seen that from whatever point of view, the brewer is of the worst type of the enemies of the community; for whether you regard him as one who produces nothing of benefit to society, or as one who cannot be so classed whilst he gives employment, yet it cannot be denied that he

is a profiteer. How much worth of whisky, or beer, or ale, do you get in that sixpenny glass of yours? But the brewer profiteers in things far more costly to the community, that is to say, to you and me, than mere sixpences. The slackness of moral fibre, the degeneration of youths, the lowering of our maidenhood's ideals of modesty, the exciting of the lowest in men, the weakening of the highest in women—it is in the priceless jewels that alcohol unlocks from the caskets of glorious manhood and inspiring womanhood that the brewer profiteers most harmfully, and most actually, the more harmfully that it is not obviously apparent to the unthinking. And, as Horace Walpole first expressed it: "As much harm is done by lack of thought as by lack of heart."

In countries and States that have proved Prohibition, the hotel-keepers (no longer saloon-keepers) have been surprised at their own new-found success. Where previously they depended on the bar for their trade and their prosperity, they find, under Prohibition, more money in their pockets than ever before. Prohibition has brought them custom they never enjoyed prior to its enactment, the custom of men other than mere beer-chewers, the custom of woman other than prostitutes or those on the way to becoming so, the custom of fathers of families with their wives and daughters, no longer afraid to be seen near a hotel, no longer afraid that their daughters will hear language unfitted for them, or see sights to which they become all too accustomed in our own winter gardens and other alcoholic fashionable resorts, no longer afraid that their sons will pick up undesirable acquaintances with barmaids of not unimpeachable virtue and with the riff-raff whose main

desire is to "bend the elbow" as often as possible within any given hour.

The hotel in such countries is a place of resort for the people, by and large, whole families of it—the meeting place and common rendezvous of all and sundry, where they can sit and talk over business or any other topic at their ease whilst enjoying the refreshments of a bar and restaurant from which all alcoholic taint has been withdrawn. The extra business brought in by increased residential accommodation, the supply of which has been made necessary by the demand for it by hundreds of families who had hitherto regarded a hotel as a thing to be shunned, has been phenomenal and astounding in its magnitude.

* * * HEAVEN.

I was asked the other day, "What is heaven?" and I replied: "Service!" You love God, we must serve Him, and if we love God we best serve Him by serving His causes in the world, by serving the best interests of our fellowmen, by working for their enlightenment and their freedom from the slavery of such hindrances to their full attainment to true manhood—"the fullness of the measure of the stature of Christ"—as the slavery of alcohol, Antichrist, the greatest enemy to Christ the world contains. If we love and serve God, we dwell in Him, and He is love. What other Heaven is there but the Kingdom of God? You love and serve Him, we have entered the Kingdom. How glorious to be a fellow-worker with God! That is the ideal at which we should aim—to be fellow workers with Him, "with our lives hid with Christ in God."

What is Heaven but promotion to higher service. According to the work we do here for God, abiding in His love, and working in that love for the good of others, shall our reward be in the life to come.

How few of us regard life as a loving and cheerful service! And yet, until we can look at it like that, we shall never get the most benefit from it. One only gets from life what one puts into it. Until we can look on our daily life as something worthy of the highest service we can give to it, we shall never find happiness; and happiness, true soul-satisfying happiness, should be our aim. Thomas Carlyle, one of the greatest thinkers the world has ever known, once wrote very truly and very wisely: "Blessed is the man who has found his work: let him ask no other blessedness." Indeed, what other blessedness is there? To be blessed one must be happy; and the only true and lasting happiness comes from work well done, performed as a service of love and praise. Such happiness can only be had by those who love to serve, by those who have the life and spirit of Christ inspiring them. "He that hath the Son hath life." In that way only can we bring Heaven nearer to this earth, and this earth closer to that ideal of perfection that we call Heaven.

PASS "GRIT" ON

ECHOES from EVERYWHERE

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Governor's Office,
Sacramento, February 3, 1921.

National Prohibition has fully justified itself. The children are better clothed and cared for. Mothers are happier and more content. Merchants have more business. Savings banks have larger deposits. The people are more prosperous. Prohibition has come to stay. All good citizens should stand strong and unequivocally for law enforcement.

WILLIAM D. STEPHENS,
Governor of California.

Sir Philipp Lloyd-Greame, from the ministerial bench, threw this bombshell into the alcoholic tent in the House of Commons, Eng.

"The records of the Board of Customs and Excise do not distinguish whisky from other forms of British plain spirits, and I therefore regret that I am unable to furnish the desired information. The quantities of spirits, British and Irish, exported from the United Kingdom to the United States registered during the period specified were as follows: December 1, 1912, to November 30, 1913, 1,285,586 proof gallons; December 1, 1919, to November 30, 1920, 60,710 proof gallons."

In 1917 there were used in the United States 89,641,985 gallons of whisky; 71,081,121 gallons of alcohol; and 60,817,379 barrels (of 31 gallons each) of beer.

In 1920 this consumption was reduced to 5,581,553 gallons of whisky, rum and gin; 22,639,355 gallons of alcohol; and 9,231,280 barrels of beer.

This shows a decrease of 84,060,432 gallons of whisky; 48,411,736 gallons of alcohol; and 51,586,099 barrels of beer, or a total in gallons of 1,599,169,069 gallons.

SOBRIETY FOLLOWS CLOSE ON FLAG OF PROHIBITION.

Falls City Crime Totals a Slump of Eighty-Five Per Centum Under Dry Regime.

Cases involving drunkenness in Louisville, Ky., have fallen off 85 per cent. since National Prohibition became effective, according to Mayor George W. Smith.

During the last wet year ended June 30, 1919, there were 6809 such cases. During the succeeding twelve months there were only 1061 such cases, or a reduction of 5748 cases.

Mayor Smith's statement was in response to a request made of him by an eastern newspaper, says the Louisville "Courier-Journal" of January 19, to provide it with data regarding the situation in Louisville since whisky was outlawed.

In the opinion of the mayor, who insists that he is not a Prohibitionist, "Prohibition can be enforced, but until stricter or better methods are adopted in releasing forty million gallons of whisky there will be more violations of law than there should be."

There has been a falling off in all kinds of crimes since nation-wide Prohibition became effective, the mayor declared.

BAY STATE SAVINGS BANKS GAIN IN 1920.

There has been a great gain in the total assets of the 106 savings banks in Massachusetts in 1920, the first year under Constitutional Prohibition. The net increase is given by the annual report of the Commissioner of Banks as 101,862,497 dollars. Similar gains are shown by trust companies, while the 202 co-operative banks in the State increased their assets by 12.37 per cent. The increase in deposits in the savings banks was 11,820,000 dollars, and the total number of deposits in all trust companies showed an increase of 145,068 dollars over the year before.

'FRISCO BENEFITS UNDER PROHIBITION.

The number of persons arrested in San Francisco during 1920 was a decrease of 10,000 as compared with 1919.

This is according to a statistical report made public by the police department.

Murders were reduced one-half and assault and battery cases slumped 1070 in 1919 to 639 in 1920.

Pretty good for a city that is dry against its will, for it is a matter of record that

the San Francisco vote defeated the State enforcement measure submitted to the voters of California last November. The State outside of San Francisco gave a substantial majority for the measure.

With whole-hearted support of the Prohibition law San Francisco's crime record would be even better than that indicated in the figures quoted above.

New South Wales Alliance—

(Continued from page 4.)

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

Registration No. 24 consists of the West Maitland Presbyterian Band of Hope. This Society has been in existence over 15 years, and during that time over 200 have signed the pledge. The Society is under the able leadership of Rev. A. S. McCook. Recently an Honor Roll was unveiled, containing names of twenty members of the Society who saw active service. Can any Band of Hope surpass this record?

We have recently received a supply of new and secondhand Temperance Reciters. They are all in good condition, and contain excellent recitations and dialogues. They are for sale at prices varying from 2/- to 9d. each. Write in for full list or send your order and we will make a selection for you. The supply is limited, so write soon.

Many Sunday Schools will have a temperance lesson on June 5th based upon the death of John the Baptist, who was murdered by Herod during what was undoubtedly a feast of drunkenness and immorality. Emphasise the fact that John was a Nazarite from birth, the vow of a Nazarite enforcing total abstinence. Have a supply of pledge cards in the class, and urge your scholars to sign the pledge. The lesson can be presented on the blackboard as follows:—

HEROD	JOHN
WAS	
COWARDLY ALLOUS RUEL CORRUPT	F EARLESS IRM AITHFUL
THROUGH	
INTEMPERANCE.	TEMPERANCE.

During June Mr. Fisher will be giving a series of lantern lectures in the Newcastle district as follows:—June 13th, Merewether Methodist; 14th, Carrington Methodist; 15th, New Lambton Methodist; 16th, Islington Congregational; 17th, Stockton Methodist. Friends in the district are invited to attend.

PASS "GRIT" ON

✱ *Laundrena* ✱

the Quality

Starch

For dainty women

A Personal Chat with my readers

STATE AND FEDERAL TAX.

We are a nation of grumblers. Some of us complain because we have nothing to be taxed, and others because they are overtaxed; but few are able to put it quite as well as the writer of the following letter:

"I have been held up, held down, and bagged, walked on, sat upon, flattened out, and squeezed. First by our income tax, the super tax, the excess profits tax, war loans, war bonds, war savings certificates, the automobile tax, and by every society and organisation that the inventive mind of man has conceived to extract what I may or may not have in my possession. Next by the Red Cross, St. Dunstan's and Children's Homes, Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A., the Salvation Army, the Belgian Relief, the Austrian Relief, the Black Cross and the Double Cross, and every hospital in the town and country. The Government has governed my business, so that I don't know who owns it. I am inspected, suspected, examined and re-examined, informed, required, and commanded, so that I don't know who I am, where I am, or why I am here at all. All that I am aware of is that I am supposed to be an inexhaustible source of money for every known need, desire or hope of the human race; and because I will not sell all I have, and go out and beg, borrow, or steal money to give away, I am cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, held up, hung up, robbed, and nearly ruined, and the only reason why I am clinging to life now is to see what the hell happens next."

THE PROMINENCE OF A BLACK SPOT.

We do not take as much notice of the sun even on the hottest day as we do on the day of its eclipse. This is equally true of human beings. This is well said in a recent issue of the "Rotarian":

"A reputable man may go on doing a thousand things without attracting attention," says Brierly, "but let him do one bad thing and the world will ring with it." What tragedies are seen in the lives of unselfish and public-spirited men on this account! How quickly men turn to rend him they have once acclaimed! Like a pack of ravening wolves they pounce upon a man, who, after years of devotion to the public weal, makes one false step. Cracker-barrel statesmen and corner-grocery prophets invent lies about his private life and his character is torn to shreds with incredible cruelty and malice. Richard Baxter, after a lifetime of experience, was led to say in his old age, "I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, and find that few men are as bad as their enemies imagine." The human average, in other words, is good.

EVEN THE CHEMIST HAS TURNED ON ALCOHOL.

Alcohol has been claimed as essential to the chemist, doing what nothing else could do. I clip the following from the chemists' Commonwealth paper:

"It has been long demonstrated pharmacologically and clinically that a dilute acidified glycerine will yield preparations as useful as those made with alcohol (v. Martindale on 'Blycetracta,' and other authorities).

"If the prescribers and dispensers of medicines decide in collaboration—as they well may—that the medicinal alcohol tax is quite intolerable, there is a remedy in their own hands. It would be a simple thing for prescribers to sanction the substitution of glycerine extracts for tinctures, etc. (or to agree to write glycetracta for tinctura). All the necessary research work has been done. In quite a short time the use of alcohol in medicine could be reduced at least 75 per cent., and the only sufferer would be the revenue from the unfair tax on medicinal alcohol!"

Poor old alcohol! Nobody needs you—everyone fears you, and soon the whole world will outlaw you.

CO-OPERATION.

Capital and Labor are the husband and wife in the family of production. It is as unreasonable to want to wipe out Capital as to wipe out husbands. It is true that husbands and wives have alike given cause for a heap of trouble, but no sane person suggests the abolishing of all marriage ties. It is only the unthinking that would destroy Capital. The remedy is co-operation; and if you don't think co-operation is necessary, watch what happens to a waggon if one wheel comes off. We are not all equal. We are happily different, and success and happiness are not to be found in destroying that which is our complement, but in acting out the Sermon on the Mount—which has not failed, but is still waiting to be tried.

BY ARRANGEMENT.

Do you think this would be worth paying for by way of reply to the "By Arrangement" advertisements:

Whene'er I read that funny stuff, old "By Arrangement" cans his bluff and crumples on the floor. I seem to see him, lying sick, just roll his eyes and groan, "By Hick! There's trouble at the door!" And, sure enough, it seems to me: When Prohibition comes, sirree, there won't be folks enough to serve the goods that Farmer Jim's good wife will want to buy for him—such shirts and boots and stuff! The cash, to-day, that

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 10/-; outside the Commonwealth, 11/6.

Remittances should be made by Postal Notes, payable to Manager of "Grit," or in Penny Stamps.

Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

Address: Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

Office: N.S.W. Alliance, Macdonell House, 321 Pitt-street, Sydney.

NEW ZEALAND SUBSCRIBERS.

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.

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1921.

goes in Booze will be his own best half's to use—I tell yer, wimmen know: This pizen cuss's Liquor Trade has simply got to do a fade, and hand us back the dough! And so, no wonder, lying sick, old "By Arrangement" cuts it thick and lies to beat the band. But shoo! That poor old fool must know: Folks took his measure long ago—and mean to plant him down below, in this Australian land!

HENNERY JAMES PUBKNOCKER.
Advt.

THE EDITOR.

STOVE POLISH STOVE POLISH

BLAC-IT
BLAC-IT
BLAC-IT

The Great
Stove Polish
BEAUTIFUL SHEEN
Dries quickly
No labor
Economical
No smell

Insist on
BLAC-IT
Sold Every-
where.

PASS "GRIT" ON

PRAY! PUSH! AND PAY!

THE SLOGAN OF SUCCESS FOR PROHIBITION.

Canada Casts a Flashlight upon Australia's Path.

Over the elevated pulpit of the Newtown Methodist Church on a recent Sunday night there leant a man with a wedge-shaped face. Behind that face there was a flag. The man was Mr. Fred C. Middleton; the flag was the Union Jack; and the story that the talking man and the silent flag told, together, was one that gripped. It drove a mighty message into Australia's heart concerning the worth-whileness of national Prohibition.

"I have come home to the land that I belong to," Mr. Middleton said, "after seventeen years' absence. And I want to tell you that my little daughter, now eleven years old, until she landed in this country from Manitoba last year, never saw a drunken man. I had to bring her home, from Canada to my own country, before I could show her an exhibit like that. And so it makes me feel at once sad and strong to-night, as I try to bring home to you good people what Prohibition has done, in the way of making Canada a modern civilised State.

"They tell us, the crowd on the liquor side, that men cannot be made sober by Act of Parliament. They are at great pains to tell you that. Well, I come from Canada to tell you that in the province of Manitoba, since the introduction of absolute Prohibition, convictions for drunkenness have decreased by 82 per cent. And for the whole of Canada, from Vancouver to Prince Edward's Island, such convictions have decreased by 65 per cent. That looks as if the thing worked. In New South Wales during 1920, on the other hand, the number of convictions for drunkenness totalled 19,000, or an increase of over 2000 convicted drunks, as compared with the figures for the previous year. In Sydney alone, last year, 9149 persons were convicted for drunkenness. And in the single month of December, at the Central Police Court, no less than 1023 persons were convicted for drunkenness; 97 persons out of that total, for one month only, bear in mind, being women.

"That seems to show that you can make people drunk by Act of Parliament; even if it be true, as alleged, that you cannot make them sober. But I want to tell you that the real facts, as to the extent of drunkenness, here in this city and in this State, never come out. Recently I had a talk, for instance, with an official detailed to the Central Police Court by that fine body known as the Y.M.C.A. That man looks after the returned soldiers, and heads them off from appearance in the Court. Last year he kept no less than 967 Diggers out of the dock, where they would otherwise have been publicly convicted for drunkenness. And I want you to charge that up to the liquor traffic as a specimen of the kind of interest that it takes in the destiny of Australia and in the future of the average returned man.

"Last year, for all Australia, no less than 45,000 persons were convicted for drunkenness. Figures to make one sit up and think. And I want to say, here, that Canada casts a flashlight upon Australia's pathway which would seem to serve Australia as a worthwhile national guide. How? Well, the population of Canada is ten millions, as compared with Australia's five. Now, Prohibition has knocked down Canada's annual total number of convictions for drunkenness from 65,000 to 21,000; whereas, as I have already said, the number of persons convicted in Australia in that way last year exceeded that of Canada by 24,000. Some figures, these, calculated to make all good men and women sit up and take notice.

"Do you get the drift of my argument? We do not say that Prohibition has completely abolished drunkenness in Canada as yet. Why not? Because there are still some dangerous holes left—big alcoholic holes in Quebec and elsewhere in the Prohibition fence. But the figures are coming down. Drunks in Canada reduced from 65,000 to 21,000; 60,000 criminals got rid of; scores of jails and reformatory institutions closed up—yes, sir! It looks to me as if Canada casts a flashlight well worth while upon Australia's path.

"Mr. John Storey, the Premier of this State, before he left for England, boasted that the people of New South Wales had fifty million pounds in the local Savings Bank. And all being considered, that's fine. But I want to tell you, my friends, that the people of Canada have got three hundred million pounds in the Canadian Savings Banks, with an average deposit of £75. And they have got that because they live in a Prohibition land.

"Vagrancy in Canada has been knocked endways, by the Prohibition laws. Before Prohibition came there were 15,000 convictions per annum in the Dominion on that head. To-day less than 4000 convictions for vagrancy throughout Canada constitute the total. And in Ontario, last month, where the people know all about the working of Prohibition in America, as well as in their own land—in Ontario, on April 18th, 1921, a majority of almost two hundred thousand

unanimously rose up, satisfied with the working of this thing, and voted for a still stricter measure.

"Faced with the kind of figures I give you, could you expect them to do anything else? I reckon not. Since the great Canadian wake-up on the liquor question began, ten great institutions for the treatment of drink—for the specific cure of the disease of alcoholism, I mean—have been closed up. And now there is only one left. In British Columbia, which is the Canadian province that is nearest to Australia, I want to tell you, the State Penitentiary has been turned into a high school. I don't see any move being made in New South Wales in that direction as yet, out at the State Penitentiary at Long Bay.

"But it could be done, if you went the right way about it. You could have a great high school or an extension of the University of some sort out there, if you worked and voted for Prohibition the same as Canada has done—a British country, I tell you, covered by this flag—and cut off the supply of crooks. Why, already Ontario has closed up three jails. Manitoba has shut down two penitentiaries out of five. In Alberta, before Prohibition came, they had an idea of living up to the coming greatness of that province, and proposed to build an enormous new prison. Then, suddenly, along came Prohibition, and they found out that instead of needing a new jail, they could afford to close up the old one, and do without. That is the kind of flashlight, I want to tell you, that Canada casts upon Australia's path.

(Continued on page 12.)

REMEDY FOR HEADACHES, BACKACHE, NEURALGIA, ETC.

Headaches, Backaches, and Neuralgia, and a hundred and one other ailments which afflict people of all ages, are usually attributable to poorness of the blood and exhausted nerve tissue. The obvious remedy is to purify and enrich the blood, and to nourish the nervous system by using Hean's Tonic Nerve Nuts, which are compounded according to the prescription of an eminent nerve specialist and are manufactured by a qualified chemist of over 25 years' experience. The way in which Nerve Nuts tone up the system and dispel neurasthenic aches and pains is most gratifying to users."



Three Advantages in Buying Tools at DANKS'

The Danks' Tool Department offers a triple advantage: A selection from the best makers of Britain, America, and Australia; prices as low as exchange rates and financial conditions overseas permit; and a guarantee of quality.

The guarantee is if a tool by a standard maker proves defective through a flaw in manufacture it will, without fuss or trouble, be replaced by a sound one.

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Open till nine Fridays. Call in and inspect.

Country orders receive prompt attention.

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And at Melbourne.

Are Our Parliaments a Reflex of Public Opinion?

Economic students are never tired of reiterating the above heading; people just beginning to think out a little beyond their own interests are also largely joining in the chorus. Is it a fact that our Parliaments do reflect public opinion, meaning, of course, public intelligence? If the answer must be given in the affirmative—and it must in a measure—the reflection upon public intellect is a very unpleasant one. Let us briefly examine the causes. By so doing we shall be able, more accurately, to gauge and understand the effects.

There are many contributory causes leading up to the final disaster in our political undoing, which causes it will be well to enumerate in order to grasp the situation.

Sterling citizenship is almost a negligible factor.

Because of this the community has drifted into two camps—Capital and Labor; or, in political terms, Labor and anti-Labor.

That called "Capital" has foolishly bolstered up its party; that called "Labor" has followed blindly behind its flag, and heeded its agitators, who have been paid, and are, of a surety, being paid directly as well as indirectly.

Capital has cried, "We will oppose Labor," and Labor cries, "We will oppose Capital to the bitter end."

Between elections, men and women vow they will never again be guilty of voting the "ticket." As election succeeds election, however, the same old farce grips the voters, hence we find those who have the courage to contest seats away from the huge party machines having to struggle hard even to save their deposits.

Citizenship means true co-operation for the good of all, not blind passion to uphold, at all costs, mere sectional interests. It is the latter force that has brought politics to such a low ebb.

If the sane and reasoned thinkers amongst employers and employed were to get away from the "calf-path" of utter foolishness in upholding the present election farce, progress would be possible. But the mass of the public refuses to think in broader channels than narrow sectional interests, hence it is that the highest intellect in employer and employed never shows out in the election of parliamentary representatives.

Parliaments, then, cannot be a reflex of public intelligence in its entirety, otherwise the commercial institutions around us on every hand could not be; but the sad truth must be admitted, if the problem is to be squarely faced, our Parliaments are a sure reflection of the intelligent interest displayed in our political affairs.

How to amend this grave neglect is one of the purposes for which the Taxpayers' Association of New South Wales has come into existence, and every citizen desirous of assisting such purpose is earnestly asked to communicate with the Organiser, at the central office, 23 Lang-street, Sydney, when all necessary information will be supplied.



Winter's here
& with it

A Big "Clean-up" Sale at WINN'S

**BIG BARGAINS
IN EVERY
DEPARTMENT**

WATCH THIS LIST EVERY WEEK

SENSATIONAL SAVINGS IN MANCHESTER

- GA1.—27in. CREAM FLANNELETTE. Usual Price, 1/5 $\frac{1}{2}$. SALE PRICE, 1/2 yard.
GA2.—29/30 inch WHITE FLANNELETTE. Usual Price, 1/11. SALE PRICE, 1/5 yard.
GA3.—30in. STRIPED FLANNELETTE. Usual Price, 1/8. SALE PRICE, 1/3 yard.
GA4.—31in. STRIPED FLANNELETTE. Usual Price, 1/11. SALE PRICE, 1/5 $\frac{1}{2}$ yd.
GA5.—27in. DARK GREY FLANNELETTE. Usual Price, 1/9. SALE PRICE, 1/4 $\frac{1}{2}$ yd.
GA6.—27in. STORM FLANNELETTE. Usual Price, 1/9. SALE PRICE, 1/3 yd.; 15/- doz.
GA7.—27in. NATURAL FLANNELETTE. Usual Price, 1/6. SALE PRICE, 1/4 yard.
GA8.—21in. CHECK GLASS CLOTH. Usual Price, 1/7 $\frac{1}{2}$. SALE PRICE, 1/3 yard.
GA9.—57in. WHITE TABLE DAMASK. Usual Price, 5/6. SALE PRICE, 3/11 yard.
GA10.—63/64 inch WHITE TABLE DAMASK. Usual Price, 7/6. SALE PRICE, 4/11 yard.
GA11.—18 x 18 DAMASK SERVIETTES. Usual Price, 1/- . SALE PRICE, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. each.
GA12.—23 x 22 DAMASK SERVIETTES. Usual Price, 1/9. SALE PRICE, 1/5 $\frac{1}{2}$ each.
GA13.—28in. HARVARD SHIRTING. Usual Price, 1/9. SALE PRICE, 1/1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard.
GA14.—34/35 inch Fine White LONGCLOTH. Usual Price, 1/6. SALE PRICE, 1/- yard; 11/6 doz.
GA15.—34/35 inch WHITE CALICO. Usual Price, 1/9. SALE PRICE, 1/4 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard.
GA16.—54in. WHITE TWILL SHEETING. Usual Price, 3/3. SALE PRICE, 2/9 yard.
GA17.—68in. WHITE TWILL SHEETING. Usual Price, 4/11. SALE PRICE, 3/9 yard.
GA18.—80in. WHITE TWILL SHEETING. Usual Price, 6/6. SALE PRICE, 4/11 yard.
GA19.—16in. WHITE TERRY TOWELLING. Usual Price, 1/9. SALE PRICE, 1/4 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard.
GA20.—22in. WHITE TERRY TOWELLING. Usual Price, 1/11. SALE PRICE, 1/8 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

VERY DRASTIC REDUCTIONS IN LADIES UNDERWEAR

- GP1.—LADIES' CREAM FLANNELETTE NIGHTS, with turn-down collar, trimmed pin tucks. Usual, 9/11. SALE PRICE, 6/11.
GP2.—LADIES' CREAM FLANNELETTE NIGHTS, with turn-down collar, trimmed frills and pin tucks. Usual, 11/6. SALE PRICE, 8/11.
GP3.—LADIES' CREAM FLANNELETTE NIGHTS, with turn-down collar, trimmed frills and pin tucks. Usual, 12/6. SALE PRICE, 9/11.
GP4.—LADIES' CREAM FLANNELETTE NIGHTS, front trimmed fancy braid, V Neck and Sleeves, finished with Imitation Torchon Lace. Usual, 12/11. SALE PRICE, 10/6.
GP5.—LADIES' WHITE FLANNELETTE NIGHTS, with V Neck and Sleeves, scalloped front, embroidered. Usual, 13/11. SALE PRICE, 10/11.
GP6.—LADIES' CREAM FLANNELETTE COMBINATIONS, trimmed frills, open. Usual, 5/6. SALE PRICE, 3/11.
Closed, Usual, 5/9. SALE PRICE, 4/3.
GP7.—LADIES' CREAM FLANNELETTE CHEMISES, trimmed frills. Usual, 6/11. SALE PRICE, 5/6.
GP8.—LADIES' CREAM FLANNELETTE KNICKERS, trimmed frills, open. Usual, 4/3. SALE PRICE, 3/6.
GP9.—LADIES' CREAM FLANNELETTE KNICKERS, edged with lace. Usual, 5/11. SALE PRICE, 4/6.
GP10.—LADIES' CREAM FLANNELETTE PYJAMAS, with turn-down collar. Usual, 13/6. SALE PRICE, 8/11.
GP11.—LADIES' STRIPED FLANNELETTE PYJAMAS, with turn-down collar. Usual, 14/11. SALE PRICE, 11/9.
GP12.—LADIES' CREAM WOOL AND COTTON VESTS, short or long sleeves. O.S. size, full length. Usual, 9/6 to 10/6. SALE PRICE, 6/11.

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COPY OF OUR

SALE CATALOGUE

WE MAIL YOUR
COPY FREE

WINN'S PAY FREIGHT ON ALL DRAPERY MAIL ORDERS OF 20/- OR
OVER ANYWHERE IN NEW SOUTH WALES.





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.

HOW A BOY FOUND GOD.

Dr. Higgins, who died recently in his home in California, told a reporter the story of his conversion in the following words:

"You can rummage around in my past and see if you can find anything interesting, but I'm all through with the past. I'm living in the present, for my future was taken care of over ninety years ago.

"I was a boy of seven, and my mother was reproving me for a childish prank, and said: 'You mustn't do it again, for you know you are God's little boy.' And I answered rebelliously, 'I know you and I know father, and I know the neighbors, but I don't know God.' 'Well, you'd better get acquainted with him, and make sure you are his little boy.' And so I went into the barn and sat down on the golden straw, and looking up into the sky, where I thought God lived, called out: 'Say, God, I don't know you! But I'd like to get acquainted with you and find out if I'm your little boy!'

"In over ninety years I've never been able to figure out how I got the answer, but in the twinkling of an eye I knew I was God's little boy, and I've never doubted it from that day to this. I've often been a bad little boy, but to-day, at ninety-nine, I am still God's little boy."

UNCLE B.'s POOR.

My sincere thanks for the following donations, all of which was used before it arrived:—R.L.S., 6/-; Mr. Craddock, 10/-; Mrs. Bell, 10/-; Anon, 20/-; Mrs. Godson, 10/-; Miss Bates, 6/-; M.H.M., 20/-; E. B. Rutledge, 7/10; John Stewart, £5; Miss L. M. S., £5.

A GLORIOUS TIME.

Lillian Smith, "Arlington," Hurstville, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—We have just come back from our lovely holiday. We had a glorious time. I went in the baths every day except the day we came home. I learnt how to do a French splash and how to do overarms and breast stroke, and a lot of other things. We saw two sharks and a lot of porpoises and octopuses. I got burnt terribly. I think I must soon be ending as I am sleepy and

tired. I will take your advice. With love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Lillian,—Delighted to hear that you had such a good holiday. Now you should be fit and willing to do some hard work in study and good deeds.—Uncle T.)

ANXIOUS TO TRY THEM.

Jean Milne, "Melrose," Dhulura, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope I am not on the scallywag list, as it is a long time since I wrote to you. Last Sunday was our Sunday school anniversary; there were two services, one in the afternoon and one at night. A few other little girls and I sang a hymn at both services. On Easter Monday we had our Sunday school picnic and had a good time. I got a drawing set, so now I am anxious to start school again to try them. Well, Uncle, I will have to close now, with best love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Jean,—You are not yet a scallywag; and I hope you never will be. I am pleased to note that you won a useful prize. How do they work?—Uncle T.)

A NEW NI.

Dorothy Parr, "Mewah," Wahroonga, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you accept me as one of your Ni's? I am thirteen years old, and my birthday is on the 28th of January. I will send you my photo as soon as possible. My friend Thelma Dalgairns told me about you and so I was anxious to write, too. I attend the Methodist Sunday school, and we have such a nice teacher. I have succeeded in getting first prize every year for being top of my class in Sunday school. We are having a concert on the 7th of April. I do wish you could come. It is in aid of the Sunday school library. Well, Uncle, I must say good-bye, and hope I never shall be on the scallywag list.

(Dear Dorothy,—I never refuse a prize-winner, so you are now one of our family. I hope the future will be just as successful to you. Keep on trying.—Uncle T.)

A NEW NI.

Ruth Davies, "Redbourne," Mayfield, Newcastle, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you please accept me as one of your Ni's? I am 14 years old and my birthday is on the 15th of July. I attend the Mayfield Methodist Church and Sunday school. We get "Grit" every week and I like reading pages 11 and 13. My brother and sister and I attend Cook's Hill Intermediate High School. My brother is in 1A class and my sister and I are in 2B class. We are going for the intermediate examination at the end of the year. If we pass we will go to Newcastle High School. We have a lot of pets—twenty-two canaries, a galah that

will talk well, and three guinea pigs. We had four guinea pigs once but one got away and we could not find it. We have a lot of fowls, too. Over 300 English people have come to live in Mayfield, and quite a number of them are Methodists and come to our church. They were to begin work at Lysaght's to-day. Their houses are all built close together, so they have quite a settlement on their own. Mayfield is four miles from Newcastle, and is connected by train and tram. It is a pretty spot, as almost every house has a nice garden. All the river bank will soon be taken up by factories. Last year my two sisters, my brother, and I passed the Sunday school examination with honors. I had a splendid holiday. I went to stay with my married sister. She lives on a dairy farm on the North Coast. My brother has 20 cows and over 300 head of cattle. While I was there he and his men strained a wire fence and straightened a split fence. It was the first time I had seen either task being done, and I was interested. We went for a walk on to the top of a hill one day and saw three kangaroos and a wallaby. One of the men brought home two tiny little rabbits. It seemed so horrid that they had to be killed; they were so soft. If you will accept me as one of your Ni's I will try to keep off the dreadful scallywag list. Wishing "Grit" every success.

(Dear Ruth,—I have much pleasure in accepting you as a Ni. One who is making earnest efforts to advance in life seldom, if ever, becomes a scallywag.—Uncle T.)

SAD HISTORY.

Dulcie J. Laughton, "Pleasant View," Laughtondale, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I was pleased to see my letter in "Grit." We live five miles from our nearest township, Wiseman's Ferry. It is a very historic place. There is a rock overlooking the police station called Courthouse Rock, where the convicts were tried and flogged; they were also flogged in the hotel yard, and there is a verandah looking out into the yard where the people used to go and watch them, and on some of the rocks are still bloodstains. The convicts built a stone wall which is round part of the hotel yard, and it is still standing. It has been raining here for a week, and the paddocks are all waist-deep in water. The gullies will be lovely after the rain is done. This rain will spoil the people's crops of corn they have out, and the late tomatoes which are just coming on. My little sister is going to write to you, and we will put it in the same envelope. We held our annual tea meeting at Lower Portland in aid of the Methodist Church on Easter Monday. We had to go in the boat that calls there, and it was a lovely trip. We had a nice day and landed home at 10 p.m. I will close, with love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Dulcie,—There is history that we would do well to forget. The duties of this life call for much brighter and happier thoughts. Pleased to note that you have made an early start on the good work.—Uncle T.)

Mary's Mistake—

(Continued from Page 5.)

he was led to take another and yet another glass, until the love of drink had become his master, and all natural affection and nobility of character had gradually died away, and he was now little better, or perhaps infinitely worse, than a brute.

He had begun life with every prospect of success. Their little home was furnished with neatness and taste out of their joint savings, and for the first year everything went well, or apparently so. But after that, when the novelty of having a home of his own began to wear off, suspicious circumstances arose. At intervals Richard was later than usual, and on such nights seemed excited and talkative, sometimes cantankerous without cause. Then, one sad, sad night, he was brought home by a companion quite helpless. So it went on, until gradually he lost all sense of shame, and, instead of the exception, it became the rule for him to come home the worse for drink. Not always did he come home helpless. Quite often he became furious and cruel. Things could not go on like this and business prosper at the same time. The furniture which they had selected together with so much care and pride went by degrees, then the money which Mary possessed of her own had to be dispensed with to keep the home together, and at last she could scarcely get sufficient food to keep body and soul together.

The years had indeed wrought a wondrous change in Richard Summers, and few would recognise in the now besotted, hardened wretch, the once handsome, cheerful, obliging young man Mary had once loved. She had long since ceased to care for him, for love unreturned soon dies, and confidence once crushed is not easily restored. Love, without esteem, may exist, but it is a poor sickly plant at best. Not that even now, had he shown any signs of tenderness, Mary would not have been ready to respond; for a woman's heart is long suffering, and as long as she believes her husband has a spark of affection for her, if she is worthy of the name of woman, she will love him, in spite of everything. But take that faith away, and the flame of her devotion cools, if it does not finally expire. So it was with Mary. Hope had gone, respect long since followed, and now she stood, a forlorn and grief-stricken woman, waiting for death to release her. Not long had she to wait.

A few lingering months, all too long for her, dragged their weary weight of woe along, and then the pale messenger came and beckoned her with gentle hand, and she followed him into the land unseen, her life all marred and cut short by her one great mistake. Like a blighted tree cut down before its prime she passed away, with the cry on her lips: "Oh, that I had never married!"

Many a poor woman besides Mary Summers has uttered that cry. Many, too late, have had to regret the step which they took contrary to all warnings; that step which can never be retraced. They rushed on in

their self-will, heedless of pitfalls before them, heedless that others had fallen over those pitfalls, thinking they would escape.

If girls would decide to marry none but total abstainers, how much after-misery they would save themselves! If they would give no encouragement to those who take intoxicating drinks, be it ever so little, how many new abstainers might be made! I know a family of five girls who all decided they would marry none but teetotallers, and every one of them carried out their resolution, with the result that none of them ever suffered the horrors resulting from a drunken husband, and their children were brought up innocent of the taste of liquor. Therefore, it is quite possible to do it, for I was one of those five. It would be a good thing to start a new sisterhood of this description. Will you, too, girls make this resolution? It will save you untold sorrows, and will help to make this land a better place, and you will be saved from making Mary's mistake.

Pray! Push! and Pay!—

(Continued from Page 9.)

"In Manitoba, a couple of years ago, a curious incident occurred. The people of the southern judicial district woke up one day and found that there was not a single soul locked up in the district jail. So the women got together, in the prompt, brisk way that most women have, and sent out "Come-to-Jail" invitations far and wide. And everybody worth while in that district rolled up. They had a great service there, I tell you—and the sort of thing that I should like to see take place to-morrow in Sydney—commemorating the great fact that, thanks to Prohibition, there was for the first time in the history of that community no unfortunate victim of liquor locked up in that provincial jail.

"In Winnipeg jail, Christmas, 1917—the first Prohibition Christmas—there was not a single imprisoned man. And Winnipeg is a city of 250,000 people. You don't want to mistake it for anything in the shape of a mere village, by the way. Good people in that city, who are accustomed to be kind to prisoners at Christmas time, found that year that there wasn't one man left that they could aid. No prisoners to whom they could serve Christmas turkey and plum pudding! How would Sydney like to wake up next Christmas Day and find a local situation like that?

"In Edmonton and Calgary, two of the smaller Canadian cities out west, as a result of Prohibition, the people were able to reduce the cost of their police force by £40,000. They reduced that force from 227 to 140 men; and the local prison farm, which had handled 1121 men in the previous five years, was closed down. Yet they tell us that men cannot be made sober by Act of Parliament—these fellows who manufacture lies for the benefit of the liquor trade!

"Benevolent societies, in Sydney last year, had to feed and clothe no less than 1460 families for reasons directly or indirectly associated with drink. In Win-

nipeg, for 1918, only 86 such families wanted relief. One city is wet, and the other is dry—you can draw the deduction for yourselves.

"It is true, however, and I want to confess it here, that Prohibition has closed up churches as well as drinking saloons in Canada, and congregations have been scattered far and wide. In Brandon, west of Winnipeg, there was a church known as the Galbraith Mission, which looked after drunks and down-and-outs. Pretty much the same kind of Mission that the Rev. Mr. Hammond runs in this State. Prohibition came along and squashed that Mission. Why so? Because the supply of drunks and down-and-outs gave out. And the congregation in the Brandon prison also quit. So the Galbraith Mission was left without a job.

"Why should we Australians fool with results, instead of getting back to first causes? If there is a cliff in existence, and people are falling over it, what is the best thing to do—put a fence round the edge of that cliff, or establish an ambulance in the valley? In Sydney, with all our Missions, Benevolent Societies, expensive prisons, and what not, we are still running our national cliff problem on the ambulance plan. But over in Canada—over in fanatical British Canada—they have built a fence. They have run a fence right across a continent, and bone-dry Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and Ontario, collectively, seem to me to help cast that useful Canadian flashlight upon Australia's path. We Britishers are all proud of our Empire, and in each Commonwealth and Dominion thereof we want to have the joy of feeling truly proud of our native land. Therefore, as a returned Australian, after seventeen years' experience of Canada, I invite you to push Prohibition, pray for Prohibition, and help to pay for Prohibition, because my knowledge of Canada tells me that Prohibition will be a great investment for this Australian land."

Mr. Middleton made a great impression. He is a solid, fire-forged wedge of fact. Plain, direct, shrewd, calm and forcible, he is a great asset in New South Wales to the Prohibition cause. The good people of the Newtown Methodist Church who heard him gladly contributed £33 to the Alliance funds. They are to be congratulated on having a fine choir and a splendid organist, Mr. Keith Barry. The minister of the church—the Rev. G. W. Furner—is an enthusiast for Prohibition. And it was a fine and great experience altogether to hear Mr. Middleton preach the Canadian Prohibition gospel so effectively. He should be heard far and wide in every church.

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BEHIND THE SCENERY.

By HARRY IRVING SHUMWAY.

Once there was a grey beard mirth who had the scenery so Urbanised that the truant officers used to back him up against the fence and quiz him as to how it was he wasn't in school and he had better go right home. Anyway, he was extremely desirous of staying young forever, and he thought it a crime that anybody had to be forty-seven with no say so in the matter at all. He had looked up this guy Ponce de Leon in every telephone book and health resort catalogue, but Ponce seemed to be in hiding.

Our birdling, Mr. Horace Withercombe, was all for youth. He loved to be where he could hear the wings of the flappers flap and chuck himself under the chin. He knew quite well that you couldn't tell him from a prep school boy with a hard face. And had not Pedro, his barber, promised him by the seven sacred trees of Naples that the bald spot would flourish as a bay tree gone wild? And if Pedro fell down there was still Luther Burbank who might be induced to match up a harebell with a couple of his locks. Sure. Boy, page another lip stick!

Well, Fate, who was once a telephone operator on the Olympus Exchange and a prize wire crosser, got in touch with a Marie Jane who had been a wild widow once or twice and felt that Peter Pan had the right dope all along. When she hooked herself into the three-inch high heels, with a couple of Detroit headlights on the front of them, she could caper just the same as she used to in the small town back in—well, in the past. By screwing down the grease cups every fifty miles or so she could get her joints so the debie slouch fitted like a glove. There was no such thing

as growing old, and Marie Jane was out to grab any kind of bird, whether he was an All-Eastern husband or had never played on anybody's team.

They met.

It was not at Aunt Dinah's quilting party, but for a' that they were an instant hit with each other.

It's really wonderful what tailors, cosmetic workers, masseurs and the great crew of beauty pavers can do when they get interested. They can take a mid-Victorian face, knock out some of the old props, calamine the walls, add a little landscape gardening, and lo! you wouldn't know the old place.

Well, these two deceivers either had their dimmers on or the great god Hocus Pokus had slipped a little flim-flam in the punch. They fell for each other before the gong sounded.

"You silly boy," chirped Marie Jane, showing him her eyes were on castors. "Of course I won't give you this orchid. Don't say it again!"

"Please," he moaned, letting his forehead have that worried look that the matinee idols work their havoe with. "I want it more than anything in the world."

"Oh, aren't you the dreadful boy!" she countered, and the foot work was dazzling.

The "boy" did the trick, and she had jabbed him with the right poison just the same as if his forearm had taken it in. As she unfastened the expensive flower and waved it towards him, his hand trembled.

"Thank you, little girl," he breathed. "I'll treasure this beautiful blossom forever. Where did you say you lived?"

(Continued on Page 16.)



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"Even as the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you; abide ye in My love."—John 15, 9.

SUNDAY.

"Sanctify them through Thy truth; Thy word is truth."—John 17, 17.

"I have carefully and regularly perused these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that the volume, independently of its Divine origin, contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence than could be collected within the same compass from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been written."—Sir William Jones.

MONDAY.

"Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow."—James 4, 13.

TO-MORROW AND TO-DAY.

"To-morrow," said the boy, "I mean To start life's better way"—
The sun went down; it rose again
And ushered in To-day!

To-morrow, grown a man, he vowed
Should end his long delay—
That morrow came, but when it came
It bore the name To-day.

—David Hall.

TUESDAY.

"This is my commandment: That ye love one another, as I have loved you."—John 15, 12.

A QUESTION THAT CAUSED SURPRISE.

An evangelist of many years' experience tells how on one occasion, in Harrogate, he met a man and his wife who had lost their way. "I undertook to put them right," he says. "It was during a great strike, and quite naturally we dropped into talk about the occurrence which was causing much inconvenience. I asked them if they had guessed the root from which all such proceedings come. They said they had not. Whereupon I addressed them: 'Please say after me, 13—34.' They looked surprised, but after pressure they repeated the figures. 'Now,' I said, 'if you turn up John's Gospel, 13th chapter, 34th verse, you will find that there is a command, the non-observance of

which has caused this strike, and may yet cause many more such troubles.' I repeated the words to them, and they quite agreed with me."

WEDNESDAY.

"I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is yet day."—John 9, 4.

YOUR PLACE.

Just where you stand in conflict,
There is your place;
Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face.
God placed you there for a purpose,
Where'er it be;
Think you He has chosen you for it,
Work loyally.
Gird on your armor, be faithful,
At toil or rest,
Whichever it be, never doubt it,
God's way is best.
Out in the fight or on picket,
Stand firm and true;
This is the work which your Master
Gives you to do.

—Selected.

THURSDAY.

"In my distress I called upon the Lord. . . . He heard my voice."—Psl. 18, 6.

A life-saver on the sea coast was asked, "How can you tell when anyone is in need of help when there are thousands of bathers on the beach and in the water making a hubbub of noises?" To which he answered: "No matter how great the noise and confusion there has never been a single time when I could not distinguish the cry of distress above it all. I can always tell it." And that is exactly like God. In the midst of the babel and confusion He never fails to hear the soul that cries out to Him for help amid the breakers and storms of life.

FRIDAY.

"Ye have need of patience."—Jas. 1, 4.

PATIENCE.

Patience means restraining blame,
Patience means enduring shame,
Patience means, in hottest flame,
Standing still.

Patience reads her title clear,
Patience knows the end is near,
Patience keeps when storms are drear,
Calm of mind.

Patience crowned at last shall stand
Safe within the Promised Land,
All the weary wastes of sand
Left behind!

—Selected.

SATURDAY.

"Come, take up the cross, and follow me."—Mark 10, 21.

IT COMES TO EVERYONE.

That man is born to trouble is an ancient discovery. In all ages men have carried troubled hearts. And still trouble continues, and every man find himself heir to the common lot of anguish and grief. We come into life through the gateway of pain, and are ushered into a world which is full of trouble. It is not necessary to enumerate our woes, for we all graduate in the school of disappointment and trouble. The Christian is not exempt. Indeed, his religion exposes him to a new set of troubles, in addition to those common to his race. Jesus took care to make it plain that to follow Him meant a cross: the emblem of crucifixion, reproach, and shame. Whatever cure He may have for trouble He does not remedy it by exemption. I remember when I was a lad hearing a very old saint say to his son, who was passing through deep waters: "I have lived many days and have seen many things, and of nothing am I surer than this, that somewhere between the cradle and the grave every man finds his share of sorrow." The old man's testimony impressed me deeply, and each succeeding year has brought confirmation of his words.—The Rev. Samuel Chadwick.

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A Tragic End

A Timely Warning to Mothers and Daughters of Australia.

Extracts from two letters received by Paul C. Brown, Field Secretary of the California C.E. Union, from a girl who was about to take her own life, and who did commit suicide a few days later.

She had seen an article in the "Christian Endeavor World," accompanied by the picture of Mr. Brown, and so wrote to him begging the privilege of reaching the ears of the young people of California through him.

—(Editor.)



Oakland, Cal., March 21.

Dear Sir: * * * I am going to write you a long, long letter and tell you something that no one knows yet, and when I am thru I am going to start down the last slide that stops in the centre of Hell itself. * * * The real reason for my confession will be very evident before I close this, my last letter on earth. I am going to write plainly. I am going to tell you my life's story. I am going to tell you some of the heartache, the agony, the anguish that we suffer. I am going to warn mothers about their daughters. I am going to put into your hands something that will speak in letters of blood from the very gates of Hell itself. I am going to try to save some other soul from this Hell with my last breath. This very paper is bought with the price from money I would have spent for liquor. I am going to take you, as it were, and have you stand with me on the rim of Hell and look down among the souls of girls who have lost their balance. I want you to see the agony, the anguish, the despair; I want you to hear the souls cry out in despair—and then I charge you to tell this story wherever possible, warn all young people you meet not to wander from their Savior * * * The only safe thing for young people to do is to keep close to their Lord. Tell them in no uncertain notes the inexpressible agony, remorse, anguish that may become theirs if they do not keep close to their Lord.

* * * When you get this I will be non-existent, Mr. Brown, and there will be no one to mourn, no one to care, no one to weep or miss me, but if I can save one soul by exposing my life, perhaps I may not have lived in vain, after all.

My parents were "Christians," but love did not rule the home. Church appearances were adhered to, but the week day life was a sham. My mother did not tell me the vital facts of life, the purity, the divine purpose in my body. * * * My mother thought ignorance was innocence, and left me unwarned. Oh, if mothers only believed in the pureness, the majestic sweetness of motherhood, and then watched their babies with an eagle eye, and would talk these things over in a right way. If some mother could only hear the moan of this little girl of 19 years in my room now. Oh, if my mother had only told me what it meant to be a girl! I am not speaking now of the girls who know what they are doing, but are forced to it by money troubles. I am only speaking of those who LEARN life's lessons, who feel Nature's call to mate because of too much freedom with the boys of their own set, the card parties, the dances, skating rinks, etc., where their emotions are aroused, and they do not see the danger rocks.

Oh, where is your Christ? Is He a stone image, is He an idol? Is there not real joy enough in religion to make the young people happy without these things? Oh, when will the church people get close enough to their Savior, so that they can feel His heart of love beating and find in Him their pleasure?

Yes, Mr. Brown, I once knew the sweetness of loving Him, but now the gates of Hell are closing behind me, and I am HERE because of a dance given in a Church parlor. I did not know it was wrong to let a young man take me for a walk alone. I was only 14. I learned that night the sweetness of being kissed. It was only a matter of six days from that day before I had taken the first step down and nothing happened, no one knew; then again and again and then a scandal, and I was sent from home disgraced, yet was I to blame for my ignorance?

Once upon a time I gave my heart to Jesus Christ and loved Him, but now—what a change! Even after my fall I did not sink very low. I rallied because of my Savior's love and tried to be good. I studied and studied, and wanted to fit myself to warn girls. Finally I met and loved the son of a Minister. My story was repeated with this exception—he did not play fair. From that time I went the pace. * * *

My case now is hopeless, but there are many young girls who have not yet taken the first step. If those who profess to know Christ would only live as if they knew Him. Oh, I know it is not His fault that I am here—it is not His fault! Oh, you people who profess Christ, oh, hear me calling from the very gates of Hell, live Him, tell others of Him, keep close to Him! Tell the young people that the world and all its pleasures are only traps for their feet. Oh, the heartache, the sorrow away from your Lord Jesus! Hear me, once pure as you are, with outstretched arms, with tears in my eyes, warning you of the broken hearts, the pain and mental suffering, the sleepless nights, if you leave your Savior. The world may glisten and invite you, but it is all sham. Christ is all that is worth while. The world turns to brass and gall when it has lured you away, and then laughs at your emptied, seared soul. It is not necessary that you go the depths of sin to feel its sorrow and anguish.

* * * Monday will see me out of this world forever, unmissed, unloved, unmourned. Oh, that someone really cared, that God could reach me now and help. * * * Well, here goes, this is the last good-bye—remember the souls of the young people you meet, and, oh, warn them before it is too late.

A heart-broken, lost soul, bound for Hell.

Second Letter Received About One Week Later.

San Francisco, March 24.

Dear Mr. Brown:

This letter, Mr. Brown, will be sent to you one week later, one week after I am dead, for to-night I cease to exist. I am leaving this with friends to be sent one week from now. My object? To speak to you as tho from the grave, and that what I say will be the more impressive.

I have not always been degraded. I once knew the peace and joy of a surrendered life and good society. People of refinement and education were my friends; but the pleasures of the world allured, the dances, the cards, the wine, and I was swept off my feet into the swirling waters of sin and suffering, and now—suicide. I've met many poor deluded girls and some boys who had had Church training and Christian parents, and yet, there they were in sin. Why?—Mainly because, according to their own words, the Churches had failed to live and preach Jesus Christ. The members of their own families were professors but not possessors of the Lord Jesus as a living reality.

Mr. Paul Brown, this to you is my very last word. I am going to tell why I am to kill myself * * * I am a prospective mother.

The only "decent" thing left me is to put myself out of the way.

A LOST SOUL.

Note.—From various sources we have been able to learn of the tragic end of this poor, unfortunate girl. She did not kill herself as soon as she intended according to her letter. Her last day in San Francisco was spent in the back end of a saloon trying to persuade some of her old associates in the evil life to give themselves to Christ. She did win three. Then she went to Seattle, hunted up the "father" of her unborn babe, and killed herself while in his house.

PAUL C. BROWN.

Taken from "The Lure of the Dance"

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Behind the Scenery—

(Continued from page 13.)

Two days later he bit Pedro in the arm because the grovelling menial said he guessed the locks were really on the wane and that he had to be honest and tell the sad news. Horace shied violently a little later at one of those open air show cases full of wigs and switches.

Marie Jane was being steamed, casseroled and massacred in all languages, including the Scandinavian. She endured more pain than many a veteran who had soaked up a little gas and shrapnel, and with never a whimper. The Spartans did it on principle, but the beauty chasers have the Spartans staggering to the showers.

They say workmen slow up after thirty-five, but that ain't love. The old Romeos and Juliets take everything at a gallop and after a while hurdles look like bubbles. December can get May out of breath any day.

Even the minister was fooled when he married them. He thought he was tying up a couple of fledglings and called him "my boy," and patted Marie Jane on the shoulder.

They went away in a shower of rice, and each one had an idea that they were putting something over. Horace thought he had snared a spring flower right away from the rude hand of some college boy. Marie Jane knew she had a life of cosmetrical subterfuge before her, but the day of reckoning was a faint spectre beside the present fact that her bonnie boy was hers.

They had a very snappy honeymoon. There was no regular denouement, but they picked up things bit by bit, until both had a fair working knowledge of the true nature of the sting. You can't have anybody arrested for an exchange of lemons. The court says it is citrus swapus and goes out to play eighteen holes.

Marie Jane came home calling him "Carpenter Slippers" for a pet name. Horace served it overhand, burning the net with "Mother."

Moral: Ask the man who owns a second-hand car menagerie to what he attributes his success in life, and he'll say "Paint!"
—"Cartoon's Magazine."

It hurts to be scorned by the one you adore,
The one whom you hoped to win.
It hurts to be hurled adrift on the world,
And despised by your kith and kin.
Yet time can bring ease to such hurts as these,

Tho' remembrance may still endure,
But for bronchial pain resignation is vain
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