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OUR POLITICAL PUNCH

SEE PAGE 9

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A NATION'S RIGHT TO DEAL WITH A NATION'S WRONG.

There are some people who consider that Prohibition is a kind of "proprietary article" only found in the United States. These good people look across the wide ocean, hear tales false and true regarding Prohibition, and straightway think that this beneficent law is peculiar to that great country.

Now it is true that America stands first in the magnificent way she has outlawed the liquor traffic, and one day the world will appreciate what that means, but it is not true that Prohibition is American. As well say that blue skies are Italian. Some blue skies are Italian, and some Prohibition laws are American, but the principle of Prohibition is something far bigger than nationality.

Prohibition is the universal recognition of a universal desire to get the best out of life in the best possible way, and to make human life a sweeter thing than it has ever been. It is the awakening of the social consciousness in every sphere of human activity. It is, for instance, the desire to lessen the number of deaths in factories and mines; the number of accidents on land and sea, and to make everywhere ways of safety for the foot of man. But it is more than that, infinitely more: it is the glorious privilege to render effective service to the community."

Behind Prohibition is more of God than men have dreamed of. It seeks to remove evil and build for good. Let men everywhere watch the tide of Prohibition, and they will see on the waters of to-morrow's civilisation—they may see it to-day if they will look—the movement towards better things. Life depicted on a cinema screen may or may not be real, but the good which follows the law of Prohibition, wherever enacted, is reality undisguised.

Behind Prohibition stands God and a great moral force, for Prohibition is humanity's great adventure in the realm of human reconstruction, and no one to-day will deny a nation's right to deal with a nation's wrong.

The liquor traffic is a huge monopoly which spreads its ramifications to all parts of the world. It is not peculiar to one sphere of or one people. Prohibition, on the other hand, is the bringing into play of all the forces of good for the purpose of united effort against a universally admitted evil. Soon, perhaps in the lifetime of many now living, the ends of the earth will be linked in one final crusade. The day is certainly coming when men and women will despise the traffic in intoxicants as much as they now detest and abominate the very name of slavery. There is no end to the struggle against liquordom until then.—"The International Record."

PAY MORE FOR SHORTER LIFE.

The British life insurance experience continues to give exact data as to the more favorable life expectations of insured abstainers and the financial advantage which it is to them under the practice in certain companies of giving them better rates.

At the annual meeting of the Eagle, Star, and British Dominions Life Insurance Company, May 12, 1921, a report was given of the

"Sceptre Fund" which represents the old Sceptre Life Insurance Company taken over by the first-named company some years ago. The Sceptre Company always had a very carefully selected class of risks, as shown by the low general mortality rate. Records given in this annual report show that for a period of thirty-six years in the general section, out of 100 deaths expected 78.78 occurred; in the Temperance Section out of 100 expected deaths only 51 (50.98) occurred.

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The abstainers do not have to pay for the drinking habits of the insured moderate drinkers, but receive their insurance at a rate about 10 per cent. less than the General Section. In other words, the moderate drinker pays an additional 10 per cent. for the privilege of shortening his life.

Of 100 expected deaths, General Section, 78 occurred.

Of 100 expected deaths, Abstinence Section, only 51 occurred.

SUNLIGHT SOAP



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BY
AUSTRALIANS
FOR
AUSTRALIANS.

IN A NUTSHELL—
the mellow oil of
the coconut blended
in
SUNLIGHT SOAP
makes all the difference in a true
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Sold by Anthony Hordern, W. H. Soul, Pattinson, Winn's, Ltd., Oxford-street, Sydney.

ECHOES from EVERYWHERE

A CAMEO.

Scene: A Community Centre in a Large City.

The lesson in Americanisation is just over, and the foreign women are enjoying the social hour with the lady in charge. They are eager to tell of their experiences and progress in U.S.A. An unusually intelligent and comely Bohemian woman gains the attention of the teacher and remarks: "We hafe so much nicer now, ma'am. I so glad for Probishun. My man he not bad man, but he like his beer. Ev'ry week when he get the pay check he not bring all home. Ev'ry week, ma'am, he keep out six dollars for the beer and the wine. And we need the flour and the coal and the clothes and the milk and the bit of meat, and six dollars ev'ry week go to the saloon. Now no more that is so. My man bring home only just for the lemons. The lemons he bring home and we all so glad for the Probishun. My man he laff and say home is better as the saloon, and the children no more afraid of him. They go with him to the park, and all have good times. Probishun is good, ma'am—it is good for the homes."

CROCODILE TEARS.

Mixed With Liquor.

That surely was a very precious episode in the British House of Commons, a short time ago, when Colonel Gretton, member for Burton-on-Trent, moved the second reading of a new licensing bill designed to double

the hours during which public houses might be open, and to remove the ban on children. Colonel Gretton, whose name is on every beer bottle sent out by the huge brewery of which he is chairman, declared that the bill was not a trade bill, that it was, indeed, in some respects, contrary to the desires of the trade. Its great and outstanding purpose, he insisted, was "the better service and convenience of the public."

"I weep for you," the Walrus said;

"I deeply sympathise."

With sobs and tears he sorted out

Those of the largest size,

Holding his pocket handkerchief

Before his streaming eyes.

The association is irresistible.

BRITISH AMBASSADOR AS WITNESS.

"Not a penny is spent by the British Government for propaganda of any sort in the United States," declared Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador to United States of America, in response to an inquiry by one of a group of newspaper men. "The British Government," he said, "has absolutely no machinery for spreading propaganda. If any inquirer wants information, however, the British consulate in New York City is the official source, and that is not a propaganda bureau," he said.

He gave valuable propaganda help, however, to the Prohibition movement when he declared in Chicago recently that "Prohibi-

tion has been of most striking benefit to the small towns in the United States. This beneficial effect of Prohibition is especially evident to any foreigner."

IT PAYS!

THESE VOTES PROVE IT.

Testimony showing that the people of Wisconsin like Prohibition has been gathered by the Anti-Saloon League. Last December a Federal grand jury in Milwaukee voted to petition Congress to legalise the manufacture and sale of beer and light wines. In order to sound public sentiment the League sent a questionnaire to 500 manufacturers, bankers, and business men of all counties in Wisconsin except Milwaukee. This resulted in 166 replies, as follows:

Favor beer and wine: No. 144; Yes, 12.

Favor old style saloon: No, 155; Yes, 7.

Favoring continuing Prohibition: Yes, 149; No, 11.

Favor strengthening State law: Yes, 147; No, 11.

The League says this showed 89.7 per cent. favored continuing Prohibition, and 85.5 per cent. favored strengthening the law. "The men making these answers had business records before them, and therefore were not merely voicing a personal opinion or prejudice," declares the League.

From a questionnaire sent to 250 farmers, this result was obtained:

Favor brewing to provide market for barley: No, 97; Yes, 2.

Favor beer and wine saloon: No, 98; Yes, 3.

Favor old style saloon: No, 100; Yes, 1.

Favor strengthening dry laws: Yes, 95; No, 2.—"Monitor," 19/5/21.

THE POLICY OF THE OSTRICH

Being a great Specialist's view of the question of
VENEREAL DISEASE

Speaker: **SIR JAMES BARRETT**

M.B., F.R.C.S., K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G.

TOWN HALL (Vestibule), WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24

AT 3 P.M.

The Right Hon. W. H. LAMBERT (LORD MAYOR) WILL PRESIDE

ADMISSION FREE

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, AUGUST 21.

- 11 a.m.: Marlee Anglican Church.
2 p.m.: Bobin Anglican Church.
7 p.m.: Wingham Anglican Church.
Mr. Francis Wilson.
11 a.m.: Ellenborough Presbyterian Church.
3 p.m.: Huntington Presbyterian Church.
7.30 p.m.: Wauchope Presbyterian Church.
Rev. F. C. Middleton.
11 a.m.: Lorne United Service.
3 p.m.: Laureton United Service.
7 p.m.: Kendall United Service.
Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.
11 a.m.: Beechwood Methodist Church.
2.30 p.m.: Telegraph Point Methodist Church.
7.30 p.m.: Port Macquarie Methodist Church.
Mr. R. J. C. Butler.
11 a.m.: Jones Island Methodist Church.
2.30 p.m.: Cundle Methodist Church.
7.30 p.m.: Coopernook Methodist Church.
Mr. A. J. Fisher.
11 a.m.: Yeoval Methodist Church.
3 p.m.: Curra Creek Methodist Church.
7.30 p.m.: Wellington Presbyterian Church.
8.45 p.m.: United Rally, Oddfellows' Hall, Wellington.
Mr. H. Allen Job.

- 11 a.m.: Gilgandra Methodist Church.
3 p.m.: Bidden Methodist Church.
7.30 p.m.: Gilgandra Presbyterian Church.
Mr. T. E. Shonk.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20.

Open-Air Meetings.

MONDAY, AUGUST 22.

- 8 p.m.: Federal Hall, Tinonee.
Mr. Francis Wilson.
Oddfellows' Hall, Wellington.
Mr. H. Allen Job.
Protestant Hall, Beechwood.
Mr. F. C. Middleton.
Australian Hall, Gilgandra.
Mr. T. E. Shonk.
7.30 p.m.: Methodist Church, Koppin Yarratt.
Mr. A. J. Fisher.
8 p.m.: Och's Hall, Port Macquarie.
Mr. R. J. C. Butler.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 23.

- 7.30 p.m.: Oddfellows' Hall, Wingham.
Mr. Francis Wilson.
8 p.m.: School of Arts, Coonamble.
Mr. T. E. Shonk.
7.30 p.m.: Salvation Hall, Hannan Vale.
Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.
7.30 p.m.: Methodist Church, Moorland.
Mr. A. J. Fisher.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24.

- 7.30 p.m.: Methodist Church, Coopernook.
Mr. A. J. Fisher.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25.

- 8 p.m.: Y.M.C.A. Boys' Club.
Mr. H. Allen Job.
7.15 p.m.: Workers' Conference, Pitt-street Congregational Hall.

WORKERS AGAIN GETTING INTO LINE.

There is no doubt concerning the re-awakened interest of workers everywhere. The depressing effect of the disappointment following the repudiation of the referendum has passed, and in many places the old fervor is coming into evidence. The opportunity of work given in the book-lending scheme and the referendum pledge is being readily seized hold of. Workers are volunteering at every meeting held, and every week hundreds of

"With One Voice" are going out to the bands of visitors who are carrying out this splendid propaganda effort.

As to the referendum pledge! The president of one of the branches, and a seasoned politician, declared this to be "the most practical thing the Alliance has yet attempted." Copies of the pledge are now available. Have you signed? Get some pledges for yourself and friends.

This referendum pledge is going to be a powerful weapon, if you use it.

CONFERENCE OF WORKERS.

This is to be held in the Congregational School Hall on Thursday, August 25. There will be tea at 6.15, and the Conference begins at 7.15.

Presidents, secretaries, and members of branches and committees are expected, also representatives of affiliated organisations. Arrange for full delegation.

The Conference will receive complete information concerning plans for the future, and there will be a discussion on methods and plans. Consultation is life to any movement. Come along and share in the responsibility and results.

Thursday, August 25.

CONFERENCE ON WOMEN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.

This meets in the Pitt-street Congregational School Hall at 3 p.m. on Thursday, September 1.

Invitations have been sent out to W.C.T.U., Women's Prohibition Committee, Congregational Women's Propaganda Committee, Women's Council of Service, V.A.D., Y.W.C.A., Women's Reform League, Feminist Club, and several other women's organisations; also to our branches for representatives of their women members. This is for the afternoon Conference on Women's Work.

Rev. R. B. S. Hammond will open the Conference with a statement on the need for and the possibilities of women's work in the campaign.

Subsequent discussion will be divided into two sections—

1. Methods of Work—
 - (a) Meetings.
 - (b) Distribution of Literature.
 - (c) Systematic Visitation.
 - (d) Securing of Referendum Pledges.
2. Co-ordination of work of various Women's Organisations—
 - (a) Conferences.
 - (b) Advisory Committee.
 - (c) Organisers.

There will be tea in the Alliance Rooms at 5.45, after which the Conference on Young People's Work will proceed as follows:—

SCHOOL OF METHODS AND DEMONSTRATION OF APPLIANCES.

- 6.30 p.m.: Lantern lecturette, by Mr. A. J. Fisher, introducing "The Prohibition Rooster."
6.45 p.m.: Chalk Talks; Mr. T. E. Shonk.

7 p.m.: The Microscope, with Science Lecture; Mr. E. Gilbert.

7.15 p.m.: The Phonoboard—a novelty.

WORKERS' CONFERENCE.

Chairman, Rev. R. B. S. Hammond.

7.30 p.m.: Organising Our Forces—

1. Central Council.

2. Local Societies.

Essay by Mr. L. Gilmour.

8.30 p.m.: Helps and Supplies—

1. Supplies for use of Society.

2. Helps for Leaders and Workers.

Essay by Miss B. Osborne.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, our President, goes to Tasmania next month on behalf of the Australian Prohibition Council, to assist in the inauguration of a forward move there. He will speak at Hobart and Launceston, and probably in another centre. On his way back he will visit Leeton and Narandera.

There was a good meeting at Wollongong on Monday night, when our President gave a very effective presentation of Prohibition as the only sane solution of the liquor problem. He spoke also at Gladesville on Thursday night.

The Field Team had a useful week-end at Waverley, Randwick, Botany, Mascot, and Kensington. One of the finest gatherings was the Young People's Demonstration in the Botany Town Hall, attended by about 300. It was a credit to the arrangements by Mr. Anderson and his assistants.

Miss Grant is making progress in her work of organising the many bands of women visitors who have volunteered for the educational effort. She visited Epping, Bondi, Dulwich Hill, Waverley, and Stanmore.

Mrs. Ross reports signs of liquor antagonism showing at Goulburn. These are good omens. Evidently her work is proving effective.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

PROGRESS EVERYWHERE.

News comes to hand of fresh societies at West Wyalong, Rous Mill, Inverell, and Junee. Keen enthusiasts are at work here.

Coopernook will have a series of lantern lectures next week, when Mr. Fisher will visit as follows:—

Monday, August 22: Koppin Yarrat.

Tuesday, August 23: Moorland.

Wednesday, August 24: Coopernook.

Mr. Job visited Waverley Congregational School. This happened to be the minister's birthday, and a large number of children gave him a present in the form of their signatures to the temperance pledge. The school is keen on the pledge crusade.

(Continued on page 7.)

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

If this strikes you, then send along to

THE AUSTRALASIAN WHITE CROSS LEAGUE,

56 ELIZABETH STREET,
SYDNEY,

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

THE VOICE OF GREAT DAILIES.

COLORADO WAS PUT "DRY" IN 1914—IT KNOWS.

Denver, the mile high city in Colorado, produces daily papers known to the U.S. nation. The following are leading articles and carry great weight, and should be given the widest publicity:

LABOR AND THE "WETS."

We do not believe that American Trade Unionism, as represented by the American Federation of Labor, is going to ask the country to turn back the timepiece of progress and interfere with Prohibition and the effective enforcement of the Federal Constitution and Statutes, as a resolution introduced into the Convention might lead one to believe.

Labor, free from the saloon curse, is Free Labor in the best and broadest acceptance of the term.

Labor with money in its purse is a different Labor from Labor with a bill chalked up in the next-door groggery.

Labor going home with its cheque untouched is a different Labor from Labor that had its cheque cashed for it in an accommodating saloon in the knowledge that the larger part of the proceeds of Labor would find its way across the bar.

Prohibition was put on the fundamental laws of the nation as an economic question, directly affecting Labor. Many millions a year were lost to Labor through the saloon device. Capital missed its share of the proceeds from Labor; and capital took a leading part in placing Prohibition on the books. It was a striking illustration of the interdependence of Labor and Capital. But something more was gained for Labor in the outlawry of the saloon. Labor gained in dollars from this; yet more than dollars can count for, Labor gained in self-respect. The money spent on liquor has been turned into other channels. Labor owns its home; Labor has its bank account; Labor has its banks. Trade Unionism has gained a great advantage. Its ranks are more self-reliant. Labor, through temperance, is on the highway to be its own master and the master of the nation. The shackles that were on Labor for a century were removed when the saloon was banished from the land. Prohibition has done more for the aims that are behind the

American Federation of Labor than all the laws that have been made in the last half century rolled into one.

There is nothing visionary about the anti-saloon movement. It is the most practical, national, sociological undertaking ever brought forward. It is revolutionary in the best sense of the term; it is going to work revolution in the relationship between Labor and Capital and that before very long. Labor with a bank account is sensible, but at the same time insistent upon its rights. Labor that has not the drag of the saloon victim at its heels can move ever so much faster to the goal than it could do under the old regime.

American Labor is going to make England dry as a matter of economic necessity for the latter. American Labor, dry, is going to have things pretty much its own way in the near future.

And Labor is sensible enough to realise that no inroads upon the bulwark of temperance can be permitted. The wedge of "light wines and beer" is intended to break up the block. America must be dry or wet; it cannot be half dry and half wet, any more than it could stand half free, half slave. Prohibition is the manumission of man without respect to color.

Anti-Prohibition is Neo-Darwinism; Prohibition is the humanism that sanctifies nature.—"Rocky Mountain News," 17/6/21.

ENFORCING PROHIBITION.

Reorganisation of the Prohibition enforcement machinery of the Government is to be placed in effect soon. State directors are to be made responsible for their respective districts, a large number of supervisory positions are to be abolished with a consequent elimination of red tape, and centralisation of authority effected.

We would like to add to this, an increased respect for the eighteenth amendment on the part of the public. It is unbecoming of any citizen to either boast or acknowledge that he is daily violating the fundamental law of the country, although many a man makes this admission now.

It has been evident for a long time that the enforcement of the provisions of the Prohibition law has been woefully lacking

in many features. Yet that the Government possesses the power and the efficiency to make the law a live issue instead of a dead letter cannot be doubted. It has a right, moreover, in operating the mechanical equipment at its disposal to ask co-operation and moral support on the part of the people.

This is essentially true of such States as Colorado, where local enactment preceded the United States constitutional amendment in bringing about Prohibition. It has been noted that there has been a falling off during the last year in the demand for those products of which home brew is concocted. If this may be accepted as an indication of the public's attitude toward private distilling and personal infraction of the law, it augurs increased success for the authorities in enforcing the Prohibition amendment.

We do not hold with the liquor interests and those who lament the days of booze and saloons that the nation has been turned into a land of law-breakers. There is still a preponderating majority of sane-minded people who are not turning their basements into distilleries or bragging about the quality of their "hootch."

Further, there are more and more people among those who have, for careless reasons, indulged in the experiment of making liquor, turning from that form of irresponsible entertainment and awakening to the pernicious effect it has, not only upon themselves and their families, but upon law and order. We believe that the sober-minded, as well as sober-acting, citizens, who show a due regard for the moral and physical welfare of their children, are daily becoming more committed to the cause of Prohibition.

Strict Government enforcement of the Prohibition Act and vigorous prosecution of offenders, before juries selected from the best elements in the community, will prove effective in the long run in establishing public support of Prohibition and co-operation with the enforcement authorities.—"Denver Times," 24/6/21.

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GRIFFITHS BROS.

Signal Cocoa

IS EXCELLENT FOR BREAKFAST.

Questions Asked and Answered.

Q.: What constitutional action is necessary before the whole Commonwealth can go "dry"?

A.: Each of the States has the right to introduce legislation prohibiting the beverage sale of liquor within its boundaries. The Federal Capital territory of Canberra has been "dry" since it was formed, but the Northern Territory is "wet." A referendum of the Territory would probably be taken by the Federal Government, should the demand warrant such a course.

Q.: Is any other constitutional method possible?

A.: Yes. The constitution could be amended, and Australia made "dry," if—

(a) The proposed law for the alteration was passed by an absolute majority of each Federal House of Parliament.

(b) Then submitted to a referendum of the electors in each State.

(c) And if in a majority of the States a majority of the electors voting approved the proposed law;

(d) And if a majority of all the electors voting also approved the proposed law;

(e) And the Governor-General obtained the King's assent to the alteration, Australia would go "dry"!

Q.: Has the Australian constitution ever been amended?

A.: Yes, on two occasions. By the Senate Elections Act, 1906, and the State Debts Act, 1909.

Q.: In the event of an Australian State introducing Prohibition, would the Federal Government have the right of passage for its liquor through that State?

A.: No. Until recently the Canadian Federal law permitted this anomaly to exist, but our constitution is definitely against it.

Q.: What clause in the constitution governs this?

A.: Clause 113, which states that all fermented, distilled or other intoxicating liquids passing into any State, or remaining therein for use, consumption, sale, or storage, shall be subject to the laws of the State as if such liquids had been produced in the State. Therefore the Federal authorities would have power, say, over shipping, but immediately any liquor was landed on Prohibition territory the State officers would have the right to confiscate the consignment. A commission to consider altering the Australian constitution is to be formed.

Q.: A commission to consider altering the Australian Constitution is to be formed. Can any alteration of the Constitution affect Prohibition interests?

A.: Yes. Detrimental clauses may be inserted or helpful ones deleted.

Q.: What is the N.S.W. Alliance doing to provide against this?

A.: The President, as one of a deputation from the Australian Prohibition Council to the Acting Prime Minister, urged direct Prohibition representation at the coming Federal Convention, and that the Constitution be amended to provide for power to adopt and enforce Prohibition.

Q.: What is the next step?

A.: The whole matter will be gone into when the Prime Minister returns in three

months' time, and then the question will be dealt with by Parliament.

Q.: Have the liquor interests a right to compensation?

A.: Absolutely no! The principle upon which the law acts is that "whoever cometh to equity must come with clean hands," and the hands of the alcohol kings are not clean.

Q.: What short and effective answer is there to the claim for compensation?

A.: The liquor trade is a public nuisance, and we do not reward the owners of public nuisances when we order their abolition.

Q.: What analagous cases are there?

A.: We did not pay compensation for loss of business when slave trading was banned; the opium traffic was abolished; little children were taken out of the coal mining industry; the sale of harmful patent medicines was prohibited; the licensed brothels were abolished; and alien enemies were interned. We do not pay compensation when we enforce the removal from residential areas of slaughter houses, pig sties, fowl runs, boiling down works, etc., etc. Liquor houses are more harmful than these, and should be removed from the country without compensation.

Q.: Would it not be better to pay £10,000,000 compensation and put the bars out of business immediately?

A.: While we believe we ought not to pay compensation, still it is cheaper to pay to get rid of them than to pay to keep them. If the Government is sincere in its statement that the reason for not submitting the referendum is the inability of the country to pay compensation, then the solution is not to withhold the referendum, but to amend the law so as to cut out compensation.

Q.: Did U.S.A. or Canada pay compensation?

A.: No.

THE PRICELESS THIRST.

Some thirsty people wail and sigh because there is no gin; some day their costly thirst will die, and comfort will begin. A little while they'll dodge the cops and go to wild extremes to carry home a sack of hops and work out home-brew dreams. A little while they'll think it sport to trail the bootleg shark through alley foul and squalid court, to some sequestered park; but they'll soon tire of all such brews that work like this commands, that make a man take off his shoes and walk upon his hands. A little while they'll walk in gloom and yearn for things to drink, and hair restorers they'll consume, and many brands of ink. While yet this thirst of theirs endures they'll drink all things that kick, and liniments and spavin cures will make their innards sick. But all things perish and decay, like roses in the dell, and e'en a thirst will fade away, if it's not nurtured well. And to these wights will come a time, a morning fair will come, when they'll refuse to give a dime to greet the Demon Rum. And often they will wonder why they used to wildly beef because they lacked a shot of rye to multiply their grief.—Walt. Mason.

YOU HAVE TO DO WITHOUT

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

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A TERRIBLE ANALOGY.

SLAVERY.

By THOMAS E.

1800 A.D.

"He rode through vast forests and cypress swamps, where hundreds of mean white men lived like Red Indians, hunting and fishing for their daily bread, eating clay to keep themselves alive, prowling round plantations to obtain stolen food from the slaves. He saw plantations in which the labor was conducted with the terrible discipline of the prison and the hulks; and where, as he galloped past the line of hoeing slaves, so close that he splashed them with mud, they hoed on, they toiled on, not daring to raise their eyes from the ground. From early dawn to dusky eve it was so with these poor wretches; no sound broke the silence of those fearful fields but the voice of the overseer and the cracking of the whip.

" . . . And out far away in the lone western lands, by the side of dark rivers, among trees from which drooped down the dull grey Spanish moss, the planters went forth to hunt; there were well-known coverts where they were sure to find; and as the traveller rode through the dismal swamp he might perhaps have the fortune to see the game: a black animal on two legs running madly for its life, and behind it the sounding of a horn, and the voices of hounds in full cry—a chase more infernal than that of the Wild Huntsman who sweeps through the forest with his spectral crew."—Winwood Reade, in "The Martyrdom of Man."

1900 A.D.

"I said I would give his God a chance to make a man of me. I can see the crowd of men leaving that hall—I can see the parson shaking hands with those unfortunates. We shook hands, and I went out into the street, the thought running through my mind, 'Give God a chance!'

"I reached the footpath to find Charlie waiting for me; he twitted me about going to the meeting. I said nothing. We walked along a bit when Charlie said, 'What about going down to Donnelly's to get, or try to get, a beer?' I was nearly agreeing; I felt the acid test being applied, but I said 'No!'

"Charlie wanted beer. We parted. I walked down the street, and then the sweat of a great fight came over me. I wanted to go straight. I wanted to keep away from the booze. I chanced on a stray threepenny piece on the pavement, and then all the alluring devils of the pubs began to tempt me.

"God! How I wanted to be a man again! But go where I would the liquor demon haunted me, and never a corner without a cursed 'pub' trying to clutch me again.

"The money burnt my hand, and down the street I swayed, first on this side and then on that, trying to escape from that diabolical and never-ending procession of tormentors—the 'pubs.'

"Was it worth while? Could I conquer the craving, could I escape from the publican's net? Did other men ever want to go straight again like me? Who cared for me, anyhow? Oh, the hell of it! Why struggle?—the fight's too hard and old booze has got me again."—From the Diary of "A Down and Out."

"And Prohibition in U.S.A. has cut down the need for our social work by one-half!" says General Booth of the Salvation Army.

New South Wales Alliance—

(Continued from Page 4.)

Did you notice the newspaper statement that the steeplejacks mentioned in this column last week found it necessary in their work to leave liquor severely alone? Temperance helps to give steady nerves. Temperance helps us to climb the steeple of success.

Mr. Gilbert visited Riley-street Band of Hope. Items by the children and Prohibition choruses went with a swing. They begin a membership contest this month.

At South Kensington Church of England over 200 children listened with rapt attention to Mr. Creagh tell his life-story as "The Man Who Came Back." After the meeting many signed the pledge and others are waiting for another big supply of pledges to be available.

AN ARMY OF SCALLYWAGS.

Botany's big Town Hall was packed with scallywags and "grown-ups" on Sunday afternoon at a great Prohibition rally. There were fiddlers three and a fine piano, and the

singing of "Pro." hymns beat the roar of the surf outside Botany Bay. Dry Digger Shonk kept all a-laughing and absorbing facts, and Mr. C. Butler's yarn to the boys and girls about matchboxes and "conny-agates" went down well.

FOR YOUR MEETING.

Here is a short recitation. Cut it out and use it in connection with the pledge crusade—

THE PLEDGE.

A pledge we make
No wine to take;
No brandy red
To turn the head;
No whisky hot
That makes the sot;
No fiery rum
That ruins home;
Nor will we sin
By drinking gin;
Hard cider, too,
Will never do;
No brewer's beer
Our hearts to cheer.

To quench our thirst we always bring
Cold water from the well or spring;
So here we pledge perpetual hate
To all what can intoxicate.

Established 20 years.

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A Personal Chat with my readers

A DAY OF BARGAINS. The rush of bargain hunters is one of the things that always amuses a man, for the bargaining faculty is much more highly developed in a woman than in a man. The skill of a salesman is not in selling folk what they want, but what they don't want; the art of the advertiser is to suggest, to create desire, to win to inspection—the salesman does the rest, and the breadwinner does overtime as the result. It has been well said:

"A bargain is not what you pay, but what you get. If you fail to get the quality, or what you need, you waste your money, no matter how small the amount you pay."

If the famous Mr. Dooley's advice were generally acted on, the police would have a delirious time. This American humorist said:

"Whenever annybody offers to give ye somethin' f'r nawthin', or somethin' f'r less than it's worth, or more f'r somethin' than it's worth, don't take any chances! Yell f'r a polisman!"

I think we will have to revive the old hymn, "Yield Not to Temptation," and have it played persistently outside all "bargain sales."

Sit down and think it over. What justified the purchase of your last bargain? Can you think of some even better reasons for not having bought it? In your experience, is it the higher cost of living or the higher cost of luxury that upsets your bank balance?

WHAT WILL I TAKE? Dr. Wiley is famous owing to his popular writings on health. To the question:

"What is the best substitute for whisky in severe cases of pneumonia?" Dr. Wiley replies: "Plenty of fresh air and nourishing food are the best substitutes for whisky, but anything is a good substitute for whisky."

The bottle of whisky in case of sickness is not the badge of the old-fashioned; it is the hall-mark of the ignorant. Now, if that hurts you, it only proves that you have not read "Grit" for the last few years, for we have set before our readers in a most convincing way that the one thing not to be used in case of sickness is alcohol. Do not ask a doctor—there are still too many foolish ones—but ask the hospital. In the Prince Alfred or Sydney, hundreds of the really great doctors are free to prescribe what they like, and they spend less than twopence per year per patient. If they don't keep it in the cupboard at the hospital you need not keep it in your home.

YOU WILL BE SORRY.

Have you ever made a list of the things you are sorry for? It is good, wholesome reading. Start in and be an author. You made the incidents; now make a record of your "I am sorry" facts. I will tell you some of the real, though least private, ones on my list:

- When I miss a religious service.
- When I am not generous.
- When I am unreasonably impatient.
- When I don't smile at trouble.
- When I don't "return to give thanks."

I could give you many more, but it would let you see more than anyone cares to show of one's inner battleground. Here are some things you will never be sorry for:

For putting the best possible construction upon the doings of others.

For promptness in fulfilling your promises.

For the money you have given to mission work.

- For being patient with cranky neighbors.
- For giving an unfortunate fellow a lift.
- For sympathising with the oppressed.
- For being square in business deals.
- For being generous with an enemy.
- For bridling a slanderous tongue.
- For the influence of high motives.
- For being courteous as a duke.
- For asking pardon when in error.
- For stopping your ears to gossip.
- For standing by your principles.
- For being loyal to the preacher.
- For discounting the tale-bearer.
- For harboring clean thoughts.
- For thinking before speaking.
- For being candid and frank.
- For hearing before judging.
- For being kind to the poor.
- For your faith in humanity.
- For looking before leaping.
- For doing your level best.
- For living a white life.
- For helping to destroy the murderous alcoholic liquor traffic.

RELIGION AND PROHIBITION.

In reply to a question, the U.S.A. Bureau of Census says that the first religious census was taken in 1890. At this time 32.7 per cent. of the population of the United States were church members. In 1906 the percentage was 39.1, and it went to 41 per cent. in 1916. In 1919 the three leading denominations lost 167,000 members, but in 1920, the first year of Prohibition, they gained over 600,000 new members.

There is no religious, social, philanthropic, economic, or social betterment scheme that does not receive a 60 per cent. lift from Prohibition.

THE "DIGGER LOAN."

Even if the Government are wasteful, even if you know a better investment, yet the "Digger Loan"

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.

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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, Lamb-ton Quay, Wellington.

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1921.

has a first claim on those who have money in the savings bank. It won't be half as hard for you as it was for Noah, and he floated a limited company when all the rest of the world was in liquidation.

Have a go at it.

THE EDITOR.

When you take your girl to a cinema show, Sit far from the pilot-light's ruby glow. Subdue your remarks, of all draughts beware, And don't put your hoofs on a neighbor's chair!

And stay like "a sport," with your girlie pal, To study "screen ads." in the interval. Glad tidings for winter you'll find, be sure, On one about Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

"THE WORKER"

Invades every nook and corner of New South Wales, and posts more single copies direct to Australian Homes than any other Paper in the Commonwealth.

It reigns supreme as an Advertising Medium for Mail Order Business.

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GREAT REFERENDUM PLEDGE CAMPAIGN.

Cumberland Electorate First.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

HORNSBY
EPPING
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PYMBLE
PENRITH
WINDSOR

RICHMOND
LIVERPOOL
GUILDFORD

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BLACKTOWN

WAHROONGA
TURRAMURRA

WHO ARE YOUR MEMBERS?

V. MOLESWORTH
(Labor)

E. S. CARR
(Nationalist)

R. B. WALKER
(Nationalist)

They represent you as Nationalists, as Laborites, as Consumers, as Business Men,
as Employees, as Farmers, etc.

ARE THEY 'REFERENDUM' MEMBERS?

Do they represent your Prohibition sentiment? No! Yet Cumberland Electorate has a majority of Prohibition electors. Make your members Referendum members by signing this pledge:—

REFERENDUM PLEDGE.

I promise that I will not give my first preference vote to any candidate for Parliament who is not pledged to support the democratic principle of an immediate referendum on Prohibition to be decided by a bare majority.

Date.....

Electorate..... Signed

Witness..... Address.....

You still vote for your Party, but choose the man who stands for a Prohibition Referendum!

Our Right—a Referendum!
This Pledge—the only way to get it!
Sign it!
Send for more!

Prohibitionists of Wollondilly, Goulburn, Byron, etc., who are your members? Are they Referendum members? After Cumberland—your electorate!

DRY—VERY DRY.

In explanation of the cable which appeared last week stating that "195,000 gallons of whisky had been imported into U.S.A. in the last twelve months and also 2,000,000 gallons of wine," Mr. Hammond says:—

"The Prohibition law does not permit of the importation of any alcoholic beverages, so the statement cannot be true on the face of it. If it was imported and known, as the cable suggested, it would have been confiscated; if it was for non-beverage purposes, then it is, of course, quite understandable. The facts are that the importation of alcoholic beverages in past years were:—

In 1913	17,739,132 gallons	..	6 States under Prohibition
In 1914	18,277,953 "	..	6 " " "
In 1915	11,549,013 "	..	9 " " "
In 1916	10,914,275 "	..	16 " " "
In 1917	9,318,287 "	..	18 " " "
In 1918	5,140,440 "	..	28 " " "
In 1919	279,790 "	..	War-Time Prohibition.
In 1920	195,009 "	..	National Prohibition.

"Here are the figures on importation from Great Britain:—In 1913 the total imports of whisky and gin from England, Scotland and Ireland were 1,325,499 gallons; in 1914, 1,924,771 gallons; in 1915, 1,575,248 gallons; in 1916, 2,424,620 gallons; in 1917, 1,308,395 gallons; in 1918, 458,173 gallons; in 1919, British restrictions were on and none was imported, and in 1920, to the first of December, there were imported from England, Scotland and Ireland only 71,769 gallons of whisky and gin.

"The wine totals tell the same story, being over six and a half million gallons in 1913; over seven and a half million in 1914; over five and a half million gallons in 1915; over five millions in 1916; nearly five million gallons in 1917; over three and a half million gallons in 1918; but only 279,566 gallons in 1919; and 52,362 gallons for the first eleven months of 1920.

"The supplemental dry bill introduced by Mr. Volstead, now pending in Congress, provides, among other things, discontinuance of importation of liquor for any purpose whatsoever until the present supply now in bonded warehouses is exhausted. With such a law in effect this canard of increased liquor imports, given circulation by the wets' publicity agent, will be laid at rest.

"All known importations are for non-beverage purpose—medicinal, sacramental, etc. All discovered importations are confiscated and destroyed.

"There is no doubt Prohibition is faulty, just as aeroplanes, motor cars, and phones are faulty, yet they all equally rank among the successes of modern progress."

"ONLY THREE DRUNKS."

"Three-day holiday produces only three drunks."

That is the police record for Rochester.

Contrast that with holidays of the past when a day off meant a chance to get saturated.

Only three drunks out of nearly 300,000 population!

Who says you can't enforce Prohibition, and that Prohibition is a failure?

In the olden days saloons did a thriving business on holidays. But on Monday the men who formerly frequented drinking places were with their families enjoying life out of doors. And the money they formerly squandered in saloons was put to better use.

It may be a long time before we get 100 per cent. enforcement of Prohibition. We never yet have obtained 100 per cent. enforcement of any law. There are murders, many of them; there are robberies daily; all sorts of crimes are committed constantly. So boot-legging will continue and violation of the Prohibition law may be expected.

But we are making progress, good progress. And the next generation particularly will benefit.

When only three drunks are found over a three-day holiday, then indeed Prohibition proves itself well worth while.—Rochester (N.Y.) "Times-Union," June 1, 1921.

"QUEEN ESTHER: A TYPE OF MODERN WOMANHOOD."

This is the title of a Biblical Pageant, to be performed by the girl members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union on Saturday, September 17, at 8 p.m., in the King's Hall, Hunter-street, City. The annual State Convention is to begin on Wednesday, September 14, and the pageant will be the "Y's" contribution to the Convention programme. The fascinating story of the brave young queen who risked all—her husband's love, her kingdom, and life itself—for the redemption of her people, has been dramatised by Mrs. Strang, and music from the well-known cantata, "Esther," will be introduced.

The lesson of the wonderful old tale as applied to our own day will be given by a fair personator of the Spirit of our Time.

Among important Convention events are the following:

Annual address by State President, Mrs. Grant Forsyth, Wednesday, 14th, 3 p.m.; Thursday, 15th, 2.45 p.m., birthday party; Friday, 16th, 2.15 p.m., citizenship meeting; Saturday, 17th, 2 p.m., basket picnic.

All meetings, unless otherwise announced, will be held in St. John's Presbyterian Church, Oxford-street, Paddington.



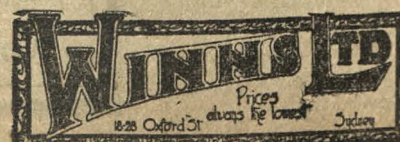
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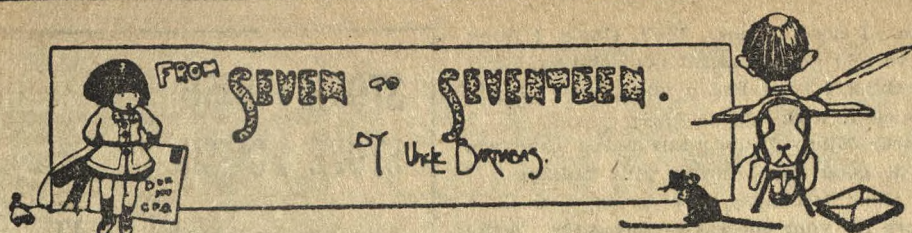


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25/-

We 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.

"The Great Unwhimpering" of the Glory of the Conquered.

An artist once carved a beautiful symbolic statue; it represented the "Glory of the conquered." A novelist, I have forgotten who, borrowed the idea set forth by the artist and wrote a book which had for its theme the glory which may attend those who suffer defeat. Just one scene in the book I recall. A doctor engaged in cancer research was experimenting, and in a thoughtless moment he touched his eyes with his finger. By this method a certain chemical was transmitted to his eyes and at once he knew that he would go blind. The doctor's wife was a little butterfly woman, one to whom pleasure was the sum total of life. Her birthday was approaching, and a grand party was arranged. The doctor, whose sight was slowly fading, decided not to mar the pleasure of the party by announcing the fate which was steadily overtaking him; he simply wore dark glasses and put off inquiries by saying that his eyes were tired. The night of the party came and a gay company set about the business of enjoying themselves. The doctor, usually rather taciturn, was full of good humor, and he surprised his friends by the many jokes he cracked. Towards the end of the feast someone suggested that everyone should propose a toast. The idea was adopted, and one after another all the old favorite toasts were honored. Now came the doctor's turn. "Yes, I will give you a toast. Here it is: 'Here's to the boys who go down without any banners flying. Here's to the boys who take the starch out of their own tragedies. Here's to the great unwhimpering.'"

There you have the true spirit of the glory of the conquered—the great unwhimpering. Those who do not squeal when they are hit. Only curs do that.

The spirit of unwhimpering is the spirit which must possess every fighter in the Prohibition army. Time and again we must expect temporary setbacks. A spineless Government will shuffle out of its honest obligations and refuse us the provisions of an Act of Parliament. What of it.

The force of moral righteousness which is the mainspring of our movement is greater than Governments. Instead of whimpering, instead of squealing, we take the starch out of what at first appeared to be a tragedy by reforming our ranks and fighting with renewed energy.

We know it is difficult to always do this. The forces which are arrayed against us have every earthly thing which counts for power, they have money enough to buy us a hundred times over when it comes to newspapers and politicians. But there is something they cannot buy—the priceless spirit of the unwhimpering, the spirit which prompted our fathers in the faraway yesterday to fire the first shots in the war against booze, and which has been handed down to those who carry on the fight to-day.

O man bowed down with labor!

O woman young, yet old!

O heart oppressed in the toiler's breast

And crushed by the power of gold;

Keep on with your weary battle

Against triumphant might;

No question is ever settled

Until it is settled right.—E.W.W.

BREN PEMBURY, for "Grit."

A NEW NI.

Ethel Hall, "Swanbrook," Manilla, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—I am twelve years old; I was born on the 4th of April, 1909. We live on the Namoi River, two miles from Manilla. My four eldest brothers and sisters go to choir practice at the Methodist Church every Saturday night when it is convenient for them to go. We have not many pets here. There is one white dog without a tail, one pup (it is black and tan), one cat that is tabby, and one chicken. We call the dog Polar, because it is like a Polar bear, the pup Junita, the cat Torty, and the chicken Fluffy. I hope I shall not get on the scallywag list, though I might, for I don't write letters very often. Well, I must close now, with love to all "Grit" cousins, and hoping you are all well.

(Dear Ethel,—Now that you are one of the "Grit" family you must not be afraid of the scallywag list; but keep on doing your duty to all and you never will be other than a worthy Ni.—Uncle T.)

TOOTHPASTE AND BANANAS.

Frank Duncan, "Clyth-Ham," Byron Bay, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—We are having a week's holiday. I am quite better of the whooping cough. I went for a holiday with my aunty and uncle. He was going to shave with some shaving cream, and he put toothpaste all over his face. My uncle has a banana

farm, and I ate bananas nearly all the time I was up there. I went to Ballina for part of my holiday.

(Dear Frank,—Pleased to hear of your recovery. It would take a lot of "rubbing in" to clean one's teeth from the outside, eh? Didn't you stop eating bananas to go to sleep? You did have a good time.—Uncle T.)

SCHOOL DAYS.

Faith Duncan, "Clyth-Ham," Byron Bay, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Thank you for the birthday greetings at the beginning of this month. We are having a fortnight's holiday now for the midwinter vacation. About seven weeks ago father strained his heart while pushing a car, and he has been a semi-invalid ever since. The doctor has given him permission to go out for short drives this week, but before this he had scarcely been outside the house. He is also suffering a great deal with his nerves. A fortnight after school re-opens part of the school is going to Grafton to compete with them in football, hockey, tennis, and athletics. I hope Lismore does not come off second best, as they did last year. My brothers were home a few weeks ago for their vacation. In spite of all the rain the last few days the Caledonians held a day's sports in Lismore on Monday, finishing the day with a concert in the evening. The Wollongbar is still in the same place. There are some men working on her pumping out water and sand every few days, and mending the leaks, but it seems as if nothing definite is being done to get her off the sand. I will close now, wishing "Grit" and all that it stands for every success.

(Dear Faith,—I am always pleased to be able to record the birthday greetings. I, too, hope your school will have greater success. Write and let me know the result of the competitions.—Uncle T.)

LEFT SCHOOL.

Dorothy Wykes, "Coolah Farm," Bourne-wood, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I saw my last letter in "Grit," and think it is about time I wrote again. Well, Uncle, we are having beautiful weather. It is just like spring time, the days are so mild. How did you spend your birthday, Uncle? I hope you had a nice time. I was very sorry I could not go. We have one pet lamb, and we call it "Teddy," and he always knows when it is his feed time. We feed him five times a day. We have a tennis court here at the house, and I have a lot of friends who come and play with me.

TYPEWRITING.

Do not learn one machine only. We take particular care to see that each student is thoroughly trained in a knowledge of all the standard machines. This is a great advantage—there are so many makes of the typewriter in use in Sydney. Lessons may be had either day or evening; or we can teach you effectively by post, including the use of a machine.

Prospectus on application.

Metropolitan Business College, Ltd.

338 PITT-STREET, SYDNEY.

I played all Saturday afternoon, and was very tired when night came. I go into Wellington, which is about 22 miles away, every fortnight for my music and pen painting lessons. I like pen painting, but I do not like music very much. I have a very nice teacher. Her name is Miss Maccabee. The time before last, when we were coming home we got bogged, and were there for about two hours. Nearly everybody around here have finished sowing their wheat, and a lot of it is up. When the sun shines on it as it goes down it is magnificent. All my school days are over now, Uncle. I have left school. I went to school on May 28, 1914, and left school on April 18, 1921, so I had just seven years' school. Every family around here had measles in the house, but two, and our house was one of them. My mother, sister, and myself had them nine years ago. I was only little, so I do not know what they were like. There were thirty odd children going to school, and it got down to four, so it was only a wee school then. Well, Uncle, I will close, with much love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Dorothy,—Thanks for your letter. Now that you have left school you will find that you have also left behind some of the greatest joys of life. However, if you like to give joy to others you will fill many a dull moment.—Uncle T.)

A GOOD TIME.

Nina Hunt, Leichhardt, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I was very pleased indeed to see my letter in "Grit" and to know I am accepted as one of your Ni's. This is the last day of my mid-winter holidays. I have spent a very enjoyable week. Last Saturday afternoon a party of us went and had a look over the Narkunda. Oh, what a wonderful boat it is. On Monday afternoon my sister, a friend, and myself went down to Leichhardt Park to watch a football match. It was very interesting. At night I went to the pictures. On Tuesday I spent the day at a little friend's place. We played all sorts of games. At night my sister had an evening. I had such a lot of fun. Wednesday was spent round at my cousin's. We had such a nice day together that I asked her to spend the next day round with me. At night I went to a concert. It was beautiful. It has been raining all day, so I thought the best thing I could do was to write to you. I am studying for a Sunday school

exam. I hope I pass. Well, Uncle, I think I have told you all about my holidays. Don't you think I have had a good time? I will close now, with love to all.

(Dear Nina,—I do really think that you had a good time during your holidays. I also think you must have deserved it. Best wishes for your success in the exam. Write and tell me the result.—Uncle T.)

ACCEPTED.

Isabelle Brown, "Brundah," Kiama, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—In my other letter to you I didn't ask you if I could be one of your Ni's. As you have permitted it, I hope it is all right. My birthday is on July 31. I am attending Miss Swindell's school, and I like it very much. We are having a month's holiday, and had a break-up concert on Friday night, June 24, only it rained afterwards. I think you should have holidays, too. You must get very tired. My brothers have a camera, and if they get a good photo of me will send it up to you. My brother Neil attends a school in North Sydney now, and that is why he hasn't been writing to "Grit" this long time. We went for a trip to Mossvale last Thursday by a motor car, and we had a lovely day. Our driver drove slowly, and we had a good view of everything. I must finish now, with love to all my "Grit" cousins and you, Uncle.

(Dear Isabelle,—The fact of your writing is a sufficient request. I will await the coming of your photo. In the meantime, just try to win others to the cause of justice and sobriety.—Uncle T.)

A NEW NI.

Myrtle Bowd, Pitt Town, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—We have been getting "Grit" for quite a long time. I like to read the letters of your Ne's and Ni's. Will you please accept me as one of your Ni's? I am twelve years old, and my birthday is on September 13. I will send you my photo as soon as possible. I have passed three examinations in music. I am in sixth class at school. I have joined the Sowers' Missionary Band, and we are having a bazaar shortly for it. I go to the Pitt Town Church of England Sunday school. I will close now, with love to you and "Grit" cousins.

(Dear Myrtle,—I accept you as a Ni. with pleasure. Try and win all your school friends to the cause of "Grit," and you will be more worthy.—Uncle T.)

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.**

A MONTH OF MONEY

WHAT A DIGGERS' LOAN BOND IS.

A Diggers' Bond is a Government Certificate showing that its owner has lent money to the Commonwealth. The pledge of the Commonwealth Government backs every bond, with the resources of our country, tapped and untapped, as a security.

The nominal rate of interest on the Loan will be 6 per cent. per annum, but as the price of issue on this occasion is £96 per £100, the effective rate works out at £6/12/- per cent. over the whole period of the Loan.

A £100 BOND MEANS.

If you buy a £100 Diggers' Loan Bond, repayable in 1930, you will have received altogether before the Loan matures £54 interest on your £96.

THE BEST LOAN EVER.

Ordinary investments do not offer you either the security or so high a rate of interest as this Loan. Moreover, if you have not sufficient ready cash to pay up in full at date of application, you can pay by instalments, only £10 deposit being required for every £100 applied for, the payment of the balance being spread over four months.

BUY DIGGERS' LOAN BONDS

Government Savings Bank of N.S.W.

HEAD OFFICE 19-23 MARTIN PLACE, SYDNEY.

4% Interest to £500 and 3½% on excess to £1,000.

RURAL BANK DEPARTMENT

*Cheque accounts opened. Fixed deposits accepted.
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WORDS ARE SOFTER.

"What we want is action instead of words."
"Not always," replied the umpire. "I much prefer a man who yells at me to one who throws a pop-bottle."

* * *

MEMORABLE GEORGE.

Elsie: "Mamma, George Washington must have had an awful good memory, didn't he?"

Mother: "Why, my dear?"

Elsie: "Because everywhere I go I see monuments to his memory."

* * *

WELL CONCEALED.

Some people in peacetime will be interested in the young man who went into the army. On enlisting, he expressed the fear that he would face ridicule on account of his religion. After three years in the army he was asked how he had gotten along.

"Fine," he replied; "they never found it out on me."

* * *

READY AND WILLING.

Magistrate: "Can't this case be settled out of court?"

Mulligan: "Sure, sure; that's what we were trying to do, your Honor, when the police interfered."

* * *

ALMOST DUE.

Father: "Helen, isn't it about time you were entertaining the prospect of matrimony?"

Daughter: "Not quite, pa. He doesn't call until eight o'clock."

* * *

WARNING TO DILATORY SUBSCRIBERS.

An editor wrote a Southern Missouri subscriber, named Bill Jeffrey, advising him that his subscription had expired. A few days later the editor received his own letter, across the bottom of which was scrawled, "So's Bill."

AFFECTION'S FOUNT.

Wife (pleadingly): "I'm afraid, Jack, you do not love me any more—anyway, not as well as you used to."

Husband: "Why?"

Wife: "Because you always let me get up to light the fire now."

Husband: "Nonsense, my love. Your getting up to light the fire makes me love you all the more."

* * *

GRATITUDE.

"You did me a favor ten years ago," said the stranger, "and I have never forgotten it."

"Ah," replied the good man, with a grateful expression on his face; "and you have come back to repay me?"

"Not exactly," replied the stranger. "I've just got into town and need another favor, and I thought of you right away."

* * *

PARTING OF THE PARTS.

You never realise how many parts an auto has until it hits a telegraph pole.

* * *

HIS AUTHORITY.

Frenzied Orator: "These aren't my own figures I'm quoting. They're the figures of a man 'oo knows wot 'e's talkin' about!"

* * *

GOING UP.

She: "You used to say that Mary was such a sweet, pensive little girl."

He: "Well, she soon got over that; you might say that she became ex-pensive."

* * *

THE RIGHT PLACE.

"I called for a little light on the financial question," said the man in the rural editor's sanctum.

"Well, you've struck the right place," returned the editor. "If there is anything we are light on, it is the finances."



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DAILY INSPIRATION

"Delight thyself in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."—Psl. 37, 4.

SUNDAY.

"Unto you that fear My name shall the Son of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings."—Mat. 4, 2.

* * *

THE HEALING TOUCH.

"He restoreth my soul," says David in that most familiar and beautiful psalm of all those credited to him. And yet how many of us, reading this one sentence, have ever paused to ask its full meaning? "Restore" in our English dictionary means to give back that which has been lost—our health, our courage, our faith, our love. Whatever life's wear and tear have taken from us, whatever wandering paths our feet have followed, however our hearts have ached, our souls been bruised, and our peace disturbed by sins from within and wrongs from without, there is full and free restoration in His healing touch. Blessed are they who have learned that, though weary, worn, and weak, at eventide the soul may turn from its labors to One who waits to renew its powers and send it out reinvigorated for another day.

MONDAY.

"Who maketh the clouds His chariot."—Psl. 104, 3.

* * *

THE CLOUD.

(St. Luke 9, 34.)

They feared as they entered into the cloud,
Those holy apostles three,
Who upon that mountain had been allowed
To witness Christ's majesty
With prophet and seer in glory bright,
And robes of light arrayed
And yet as they entered into the cloud
The apostles were afraid.

Yet out of the cloud there came a Voice,
"Behold my beloved Son,
Hear Him." And lo! when they lifted their
eyes

They saw but Jesus alone.
Then they listened with awe and bated breath
As that voice from the heavens bade,
Till He came and touched them and thus He
spoke,

"Arise, and be not afraid."

Oh! thou, that enterest into the cloud,
Thou hast no cause for fear,
To thy Lord, the wondrous Transfigured
Christ

Thou yet art near and dear.
Thou shalt hear His Voice, thou shalt feel
His Touch,

And His glory thou shalt see,
For lo! the o'ershadowing cloud is bright
If it cover thy Lord and thee.

—Carrie L. Carr.

TUESDAY.

"We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves."—Rom. 15, 1.

SELFISHNESS A MENACE.

A Russian legend tells of a man of sympathetic heart who, in erecting his home at a lonely cross-roads, built it with four doors, so placed that no traveller, from whichever direction he might come, could be faced as he approached by a bare and inhospitable wall. After his death the house passed into the hands of a selfish owner, who closed up all the doors except one. Some time later a fire broke out at night between the bed of the owner and the one door, and he was burned to death, a prisoner in his own inhospitable home.

If one deliberately shuts his heart to the needs of his fellow men, his selfishness in time will turn to his own injury. We are dependent on others for the necessities, the luxuries, the cheer that come to us; and it is only right that we be required to make to others a return in some kind for these blessings—or suffer the consequences. Human life, it is absolutely certain, is lived in continued comfort only as regard for others has a vital part in it. The world cannot be made safe for selfishness.

WEDNESDAY.

"He saved them for His name's sake."—Psl. 106, 8.

* * *

A LITTLE NAMESAKE.

Oh, little namesake, with the curly hair,
Sweet little lassie of the starry eyes;
What can I write, within this book so fair,
To fill your heart with rapture, or surprise?

I have no words, that I can charm, or cheer,
My hand is weary—then, my pen runs sad,
And, when I speak to little children dear,
I like to voice God's message O, be glad.

Still, I can pray that He will mould and bless,
And make you, as His Boy, the Perfect Son,
That when at last, He gives the heavenly
dress

Of you, He'll say, "I love this little one!"

—Ethel L. Newcombe.

THURSDAY.

"Good seed is the Word of God."—Luke 8, 11.

* * *

WHICH SEED.

We speak of the mustard seed and its growth into that which is mighty, as an illustration of God's kingdom, but we must not forget that Satan also knows the value of small beginnings. The evil thought that will presently grow into deed, the sneer of unbelief dropped where it will choke out faith in some young heart, the habit that seems unimportant but will by and by become a chain too strong to break—all these we have need to watch. The tiny seed of good is not the only seed to be reckoned with.

FRIDAY.

"The way of life is above to the wise."—Prov. 15, 24.

SANDS OF LIFE.

What are these shifting sands I hold
That glide and pass, nor heed my grasp?
In vain I seek my hand to fold
I vainly try these grains to clasp.
They slip, and slip, and slip away,
Soon nothing rests within my hand.
Thus swiftly glides the light of day,
So sands of Life strew Death's wide strand.
—By Catherine Clay, in "Songs of Life."

SATURDAY.

"Fight the good fight of faith."—Tim. 6, 12.

* * *

FEAR AND FAITH.

It is said that the words "fear" and "faith" are repeated several hundred times in the Bible.

Fear is weakness—faith is power. A man once said, "That battle is lost which we believe to be lost." Defeat means a loss of faith, which is disastrous indeed.

Fear is the beginning of defeat. If we fear to discharge our duty at any time, the devil will take advantage of us and make us fear when the next test comes, therefore let us affirm our faith and declare our hope. Fear says, I can not, faith says, I can and will! Fear is blind, but faith beholds the invisible and marches to victory. Fear is spiritual weakness, the root of sin and unbelief. When Peter was afraid, he denied his Lord; but at Pentecost, when filled with love and faith, his fearless sermon led three thousand to Christ.—F. L. Tucker.

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THE BOSS'S PANTS.

By ONE WHO WORE 'EM.

We who have been brought in contact with him call him "The Boss." Among the many he has helped, "The Boss" is rated as a dinkum parson; when those he has helped meet one another it's "How's 'The Boss'?" Only real pals say this. Well, the other day I saw the Boss, and says he to me, says he, "Look," says he, "here's a pair of pants." Picking up a pair of white-brown pants, says he, "How's them for you? They have got a bit small for me." "Well, I often give my own pants away," says I, "so I'm not too proud to wear yours if you've done with them," says I. So I wraps them up, picking a nice piece of brown paper for the job, and away I goes. Well, the pants were in my 'robe a few days; whenever I saw them I says a prayer for "The Boss." Prayers meant pants for me, so I make these pants mean prayers for "The Boss."

Now, "The Boss" is a dandy orator. He has his knife into booze. I think it is because all booze victims at some time or other come to him for help, and "The Boss" hates a mean action, and he just kicks loose when he sees the poor devils being dealt with unfairly.

"The Boss" says Prohibition is real dinkum, and we that know him, especially if we know Mr. Booze as well, thinks as he does.

Yes, "The Boss" is great on Prohibition, and he proves it to us blokes—that instead of tea and toast for nearly every meal, the poor boozers will have sausages, two or three of them, as many times a day as they can eat, and he says, says he, "They will buy the sausages with their own money, for they'll get a job and keep their job when there's no booze."

A DREADFUL POSSIBILITY.

I was nearly refusing those pants. I am glad I didn't now, for says I, "If anything happens to the pants he's got on, say they tear bad, what the devil would he do with no second pair in the locker?" So I takes them, for I know how "The Boss" 'ates a refusal when he gives things away, as he always is. Some day Sydney will see "The Boss" going down George-street with no pants on, for I believe some morning he will interview some boob, like I was myself once, in his pyjamas, and he'll sure give his one pair away; then, thinking of an appointment in the city, he sure will have to run down in his pyjamas—that's if he's got pyjamas.

Now, I've taken on this oratory business, and a bloke named Macourt puts me on the stump sometimes. Says Macourt to me one day, says he, "I want you to go out to D—." Says I, "Do you think I'm the bloke for that place?" Says he, "You're just the bloke; they want some hot stuff." "Right," says I.

Well, I took the job on, and went home to my room. Says I, "You'll have to look dandy." I walked up and down the room, turning over me notes, for I was to give a

Prohibition oration; I had notes of all kinds, murder notes especially. I says, says I, "Now what clothes will you wear?" And I then catches sight of "The Boss's" pants. I says, says I, "They're just the thing," and on they goes, a nice dandy crease down the front and back. My, as I looked in the big long mirror in the 'robe, how fine I looked! By the way, when I boozed I had no 'robe or mirror in me bedroom, the authorities that control the Domain neglecting to supply them.

HOW THE PANTS INSPIRED.

I was looking at meself in the mirror so long that I nearly was late. I grabbed my notes, or what I took to be me notes, and off I went. I arrived at the appointed place; a few Prohibition pals were there.

Says one, "We'll start the meeting now the principal speaker is here." Says he, pointing to me, "He has a story to tell; Booze will get hell to-night." I hitched up me, or, rather, "The Boss's, pants. He says, says he, "He will answer any question at the close of the meeting. Now, boys," says he, "give him a good welcome." I mounts the box, unrolling me notes. Says I, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am proud to be here to-night. I have a few things to say about alcohol. Alcohol is the greatest curse in the land." My pals says, "Hear, hear," but one guy says, "Garn, have you ever had any of it?" "Any of it!" says I, looking at the guy that spoke (he had been drinking heavy). "Young man," says I, "you are only a little bit pickled, but I was nearly embalmed in alcohol when I gave it up."

I cut loose proper then, and he puts out his hand for me to shake, knowing he had met a clobber. A big crowd got round by this time, and I said to meself, "I'll give them what I've got in me notes." I opened them, when to my dismay I found they were not me notes.

"Here's a pickle," says I. Just then the pants seemed to give a bit of a hitch; I looks down and saw "The Boss's" pants. Fresh courage came to me. Thought I, while I have those pants on I need not fear. The crease looked just dandy. I opens me mouth and I cut loose on booze. The crowd was spellbound. I took them into cells, into asylums, into wine bars; we rushed through drunks' homes; I showed them the dirty condition; I introduced them to murderers, good men and women most of them till booze got them in the neck.

Every time I got out a stunning fact I could feel "The Boss's" pants give a hitch of approval. I showed the trade to be a profiteer of the first and last water; figures and facts simply galloped out, and me with no notes, only "The Boss's" pants to inspire me.

GIVING J.B. THE K.O.

These are some of the stunners I gave them: 17,000 children on the State Children's

Relief Department, 1919, at a cost of £211,000. The head of the Department, Mr. Greene, says that 60 to 70 per cent. were due to drink. I says, says I, "Now, you ladies who says you are interested in baby weeks, baby shows, you also who are working for the Be Kind to Animals affair, get a move on, work for Prohibition. Drunk parents can't be kind to their own flesh and blood; drunk drivers can't be kind to horses." The pal that had interjected says, "Hear, hear," and looks down at his right boot. I believe before he left home he kicked the poor cat.

I says, says I, "I think I will finish." "No, no," says the crowd, and "The Boss's" pants gave a more vigorous hitch, so I went on.

"Eighty-five per cent. of those in our jails committed their crimes while drunk. Dr. Sinclair, head of the Lunacy Department, says that two-thirds of those that go through the Reception House are suffering from drink; last year nearly 1600 passed through. The Sydney Coroner says 96 men and women were killed last year in Sydney while drunk."

"My God," says my pal, who was drunk, and had interjected.

I went on: "Dr. Fox, in charge of our Benevolent Asylum says, 'Drink brings the people in here, and keeps them here.'" Says I, "I can prove that since we in Australia have been a Commonwealth over 1,000,000 convictions for drunkenness have been recorded," I snapped out, "while you have been reading your racebooks and a few of you your Bibles. In Sydney alone 59,453 drunks, and 100,000 for more serious crimes, have passed through the Central Court, while you have been watching the tragedies at the movies. Mr. Booze has brought about hundreds of tragedies in Sydney." My drunk pal says, "Hear, hear, look at me."

I saw I had them. I took them to Canada, to America, showed them the benefits. Drunks were losing their red noses, their rags and poor homes. I showed them the closed jails, the happier homes. When I got to the American stuff "The Boss's" pants became electrified, or at least I thought so. I felt dandy. I said rubber neck a few times and the pants went crazy (these pants had been there), me drunk pal, too, his eyes staring out of his head; he and the crowd were petrified.

The chairman pulled me coat. Says he, "Time's up." I got down off the box, shook hands with me Prohibition pals. The drunk pal came toward me. Says he, "I'm done for a bed." "The Boss's" pants gave a deep sigh—I mean hitch. I put my hand into "The Boss's" pants pocket, took out a shilling, put it in me waistcoat pocket, gave the drunk 4d. For the first time that night the pants hung limp on me legs; I had struck the wrong note. I won't worry no more about notes; me and "The Boss's" pants will pull through many a meeting, but I will always be sure to keep me silver out of the pants pocket, if I don't I'm a ruined man. In fact I'll sew up the pockets.

PASS "GRIT" ON

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Received to 12/8/21, and where not mentioned the amount received is 10s.: Mrs. Owen Butt, 30/6/22; N. Findlay, 5s.; Mrs. E. Eaton, 1/6/22; Miss Lowther-Crofton, 5/7/22; Geo. Gray, N.Z., 12s., 8/5/22; T. Macaulay, 24/7/22; E. Cornell, 24/7/22; Rev. R. P. Watkinson, 30/7/22; Miss E. B. Smith, 11s., 30/12/21; W. Barrett, 30/6/22; Mrs. Jenkins, 30/6/22; R. C. L. Cross, 30/7/22; Miss E. C. Cox, 29/4/22; J. W. Ballans, 16/6/22; Mrs. Pidgeon, 30/12/21; J. Prebble, 16/6/22; E. E. Watts, 18s. 11d., 30/12/21; Mrs. Welch, 30/12/22; Mrs. Barker, £1; Mr. Broomham, 5s., 30/12/21.

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INDIA.

"I should like to mention a matter which I think you should give more attention to here—that is the question of Prohibition. The first bill in many new Councils in India will provide for total Prohibition. . . . The people of India are clean and good. . . . I saw more drunken men in five hours in Fremantle than I had seen for five years in India."—Professor Hanley, Calcutta University, lecturing at the Prahran Public Library, June 30, 1921.

BRONCHITIS AND INFLUENZA

Constable T. E. King's Experience.

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

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

The Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago in its annual report presented by Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen, says: "There has been definite improvement in the condition of the people since the coming of Prohibition." Fewer causes of non-suport, a smaller number of prosecutions of parents under the juvenile delinquency laws, and a betterment of conditions in dance halls where liquor was formerly sold, have been reported.

*Judge Robert H. Lovett, of Peoria, Illinois, is authority for the statement that since the first of March, 1920, he has had no voluntary application for commitment to some institution for the cure of the drinking habit. He said that previously many such requests had been received from men who were wrecks from intemperance.

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