

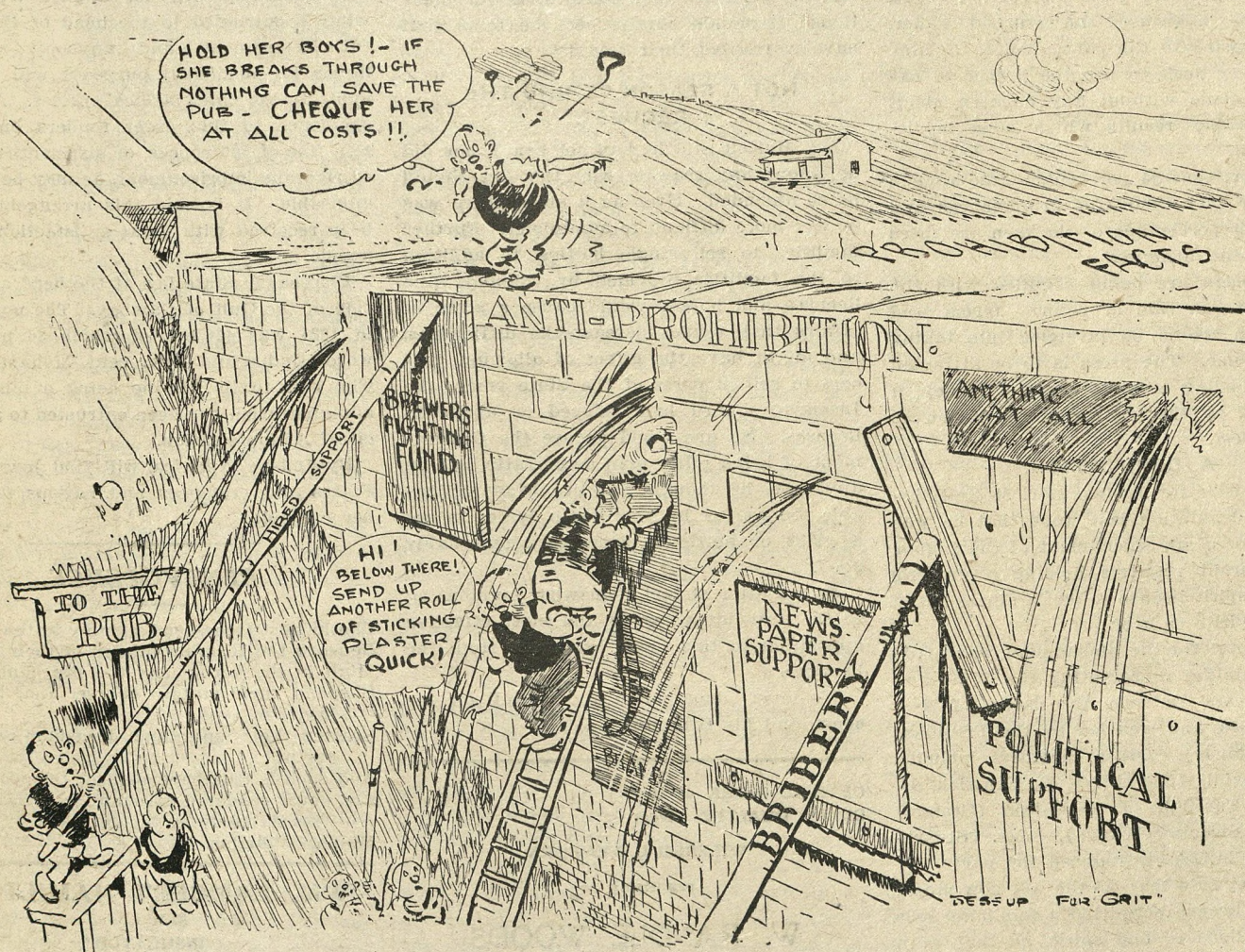
Grit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION.

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THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1926.

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HAVING A STRENUOUS TIME.

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THE SINGLE BOTTLE MENACE.

THE MINISTER FOR JUSTICE UNSYMPATHETIC.

For some time a cleverly organised effort has been on foot to awaken the interest and sympathy of the grocers and the press on behalf of the oft-discredited wine business.

The wine saloons that have been so severely handled from time to time by the press have been reduced in number. The wine people have involved the returned soldier in the growing of doradillos, and, while paying them a pitiable price for their grapes, which are useless for any other purpose than spirit-making, have yet made use of them as cover whenever Prohibition threatens to wipe them out.

These wine growers are now looking for a fresh opening for their discredited goods. Just as they have used the returned soldier, without regard to the consequences to him, so now they seek to use the grocer to exploit the home without any concern about the deplorable results which must inevitably follow.

We assert that 95 per cent. of the women before our City Court for drunkenness and quite a fair percentage of the men are there through wine drinking.

The grocers are being beguiled with the promise of "on sale or return" terms, and the women are to be inveigled into taking a bottle home. The press is to be attracted by the spending of large sums of money in advertising by the pooling of the resources of the grocer.

A DEPUTATION.

The Minister for Justice (Mr. McKell) informed a deputation last week that he was not in favor of an amendment of the Liquor Act to permit retailers holding a grocer's wine and spirit license to sell a single bottle of wine, spirits or beer.

The request for the amendment was made by a deputation representing the Wine and Spirit Grocers' Defence Association of New South Wales, and was led by the President (Mr. R. Roney). Other members included Mr. G. Coghill (Secretary), L. Fenwick, H. Spice, S. Fusedale, J. J. Dalton (Orange) and E. Adcock (Wagga). Mr. Stuart-Robertson, M.L.A., introduced the party.

Mr. Roney said that, as the Act now stood, a grocer's license permitted a minimum sale of two gallons of one spirit, so that even a mixed dozen could not be sold. The effect pressed hardly on working men and invalids requiring wine or spirits medicinally. The price of a dozen bottles at a time was mostly out of reach. It seemed that the Act had been made for the wealthy, but now a demo-

cratic Government was in office the interests of the workers might be regarded.

SEVERE PENALTIES.

Other speakers dwelt on the severe penalties enacted for breaches of the Act, which placed grocers who transgressed on the same plane as "sly-groggers." Various amendments of the Act had been made in other States, and Victoria was quoted as having allowed grocers the right to sell a single bottle, as in England, Scotland and New Zealand.

Mr. Adcock (Wagga) declared that towns on the border suffered by Victorian competition in supplying mixed dozens.

If the penalties are severe those who mentioned it should surely face the facts that have warranted their severity.

NOT A REASON BEHIND THE REQUEST.

Mr. McKell said he had not heard, nor did he know, any reasons why the Act should be so amended. Even as it stood there was no Act more difficult to administer. Further facilities to sell single bottles, in addition to the facilities provided by colonial wine licenses and hotels, would cause a state of affairs that would increase the difficulties, and might have the effect of allowing grocers to sell in parts of the State where the Licensing Board had reduced or abolished licenses. No one could accuse the Government of being other than democratic, but, in any case, he thought the provisions to enable the worker in New South Wales to get a glass or bottle of beer were reasonably good.

As a matter of fact, somewhat humiliating to the anti-liquor people, the most effective opposition to this move has come from the brewers.

We must congratulate Mr. McKell for his sense and his firmness.

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Indian State Following America's Example in Adopting Prohibition.

(By MARY J. CAMPBELL.)

The mail brings another encouraging item of news from India:

During a recent visit to the West, Sir Prabhshankar D. Pattani, K.C.I.E., President of the Council of Administration of the State of Bhavnagar, took great pains to study the question of Prohibition in America. He was so favorably impressed with our solution of the drink problem that, as a result of his advice, the Bhavnagar State Council issued a strict Prohibition order which went into force October 1.

All manufacture of any English or country liquor is forbidden, also the export or import of the same. Three or four licenses issued to European liquor shops have been cancelled.

A limited quantity of English liquor and wine is entrusted to the head of the Medical Department, and anybody requiring liquor for medicinal purposes will have to apply to the chief medical officer. Any disobedience to this order renders one liable to a fine of 500 rupees, or six months' simple or rigorous imprisonment, as may be deemed advisable. It is said this arrangement has been received with great satisfaction by the people.

Bhavnagar State lies at the head and west side of the Gulf of Cambay. The population in 1921 was 426,404, of which 86 per cent. were Hindus and 8 per cent. Mohammedans. The heir to the throne being a minor, the administration has been entrusted to a Council of Administration.

By-and-by America will find many other States and provinces and nations following her example.

BENEVOLENCE.

The loftiest trees bend humbly to the ground
Beneath the teaming burden of their fruit;
High in the vernal sky the pregnant clouds
Suspend their stately course, and, hanging
low,

Scatter their sparkling treasures o'er the
earth:

And such is true benevolence: the good
Are never rendered arrogant by riches.

—Translated from the Sanskrit by Sir M. Monier-Williams.

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THE MOST WONDERFUL MEETING IN AUSTRALIA.

PATHOS AND INSPIRATION.

Having once learned that prayer is a power, and the power ordained by God, we must doggedly set ourselves to use it, whether the experience is painful or pleasant, whether apparently successful or not. It is impossible for a saint, no matter what his experience has been, to keep right with God if he will not take the trouble to spend time alone with God.—W. Bradley.

The United Intercessory Service held every Wednesday, from 12.30 to 4 p.m. in the basement of the Sydney Town Hall, very worthily commemorated its third anniversary on May 12.

Some 1900 people attended, over 1000 being present at one time.

A very large number of petitions were presented, many of which came from distant places, and very many wonderful and inspiring thanksgiving notes were read out.

It is a curious thing that never were there so many and such costly churches, and yet not 10 per cent. of them have meetings for intercessory prayer. Never before were homes so comfortable and families so seldom in them.

The spirit of unrest, the itch to be "chasing butterflies," the distaste for the quiet and the simple are characteristics of to-day. Those who turn aside from the mad scramble for wealth, the senseless chasing of shadows, the futilities of society and "dead sea apples" of sensuality, find in prayer and service both peace and happiness.

LIKE THE CLOUDS.

Prayers are like the clouds. Some are just beautiful, others are like clouds without rain, fair with promise but disappointing; but there are rain clouds, often no bigger than a man's hand, but spreading until they cover the heavens and break the drought.

Prayers are as dependent on the Holy Spirit as clouds are dependent on the wind. It is the Spirit who helpeth our infirmities.

When drought holds the land in its cruel and relentless grasp, it is not enough that there be even a heavy dew in the early morning. A shower, however welcome, is always quite inadequate. A drizzle only touches the surface of things; it does good, but it never ends a drought.

A steady, soaking, persistent downpour can alone meet the tremendous needs of a devastating drought. We do well to see of what kind our prayers are.

TO GOD BE THE PRAISE.

"Some weeks ago prayer was asked for a young lady suffering from a hopeless illness, and whom the doctors had told there was no help for her. Since your prayers she has shown a marked recovery, and has now left her bed for the first time for many months, and is improved in many respects. Praise God for this wonderful answer, and pray that He will heal her soul also, and that she may be fully won for Christ."

"A petition was sent in for a young Christian lad who was to have had an in-

terview with a business man in order to obtain a position. The prayer was answered, and the young lad did not accept the position, as the man was not acting straightforwardly in connection with the position, and we thank God for His goodness in shielding him, and hope that he will see the benefit of it."

"I do thank our Heavenly Father for answered prayer. I have sent in several petitions, praying that God would soon find me employment; at last the answer has come. Praise the Lord. I can testify that the following lines are true in every way, and hope that they may be helpful to others who send in petitions, that they will trust the Lord Jesus to answer them:

"I believe God answers prayer.

I am sure God answers prayer.

I have proved God answers prayer.

Glory to His Name."

"Will you kindly give praise and thanks to our Blessed Lord and God for answering prayer. Three weeks ago I sent a prayer request for the Wednesday Intercession Meeting for a lady friend who was very ill and had been taken to the Coast Hospital to have a dangerous operation. On the very next day (Thursday evening) she was brought home quite unexpectedly. No need of operation and perfectly well ever since. Oh! that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and mercy, which is exceeding great."

"Please offer praise to God on behalf of H.M.B., a Christian man many times prayed for at these services as seeking employment. Thank God, during the past week he has obtained a permanent position. To God be all the glory."

"A few weeks ago I sent in a request for prayer that my father should be led to have a more spiritual outlook on life, and now I wish to give thanks for a speedier and fuller answer than I ever expected. Almost from the time of the request there has been a marked change in his attitude and manner, and last Sunday he went to church, the first time for about twenty years."

HELPING THOSE AT THEIR WITS' END.

So many petitions are presented for both men and women struggling to overcome the drink habit. The sordid story of their degradation is always pathetic, and prayer—persistent, believing prayer—does now change things. The domestic unhappiness revealed in many petitions, the burdens women carry when men are unfaithful, the pitiable disabilities which involve the children in such cases, always deeply stir the meeting.

Our prayers have helped many a prodigal back, and brought sunshine into homes that have not known a smile for years.

This note is typical of many:

"Will you please praise God for His wonderful goodness to me, who was a terrible backslider. All my fears and miseries have given place to peace and joy I don't deserve. While I have been offering my feeble prayers with yours each Wednesday in the Basement for the past three years God has blessed me gloriously, and I do thank Him for His goodness, and also thank you of the platform for your words of help and cheer."

Who can measure the comfort our prayers are and their resultfulness in such a case as this:

"Pray for my brother, who at the age of eighteen is going very wrong. He is not honest, and I fear is doing wrong in other respects. My mother and I are greatly worried about him."

Again and again such appeals are made, and God never fails to help when our prayers cease to be a drizzle and become a steady downpour.

THE PRIMATE'S MESSAGE.

Archbishop Wright in his address, said that people ought, definitely and thankfully, to acknowledge the prayers that were answered, and were again and again answered.

After speaking of the principles and the efficacy of prayer, Archbishop Wright told the story of an eminent medical man who had been honored for his research work, and who, in a speech in acknowledgment of that honor, had stated that it was usually assumed, for no reason whatever, that medical men who conducted research were atheistical. "The real fact is, however," the doctor had added, "that we Britons have an unhappy habit of being unwilling to speak as we ought to speak about things often nearest to us—our prayers. I do not hesitate to say that there has never been a day but when I commenced and concluded my research work with prayer to Almighty God."

"Is it not fair to acknowledge fully the gifts that we receive from God?" added Archbishop Wright, after relating this story.

He paid a high tribute to the influence of the intercessory services.

BUOYANCY.

The undying hope, the soul buoyancy, the equilibrium of the spirit life are all dependent on prayer, not a prayer, but the prayer habit. A glad expectation is a fruit of prayer, and is one of the most valuable factors in progress and success. Prayer tends the garden of the soul and is like dew on the petals of the rose. Edward Dowden writes:

"Do never smiles surprise sad lips?

Did the glad violets glow last spring

In no new haunts? Or are the heavens not fair

After drenched days of June, when all the air

Grows fragrant, and the rival thrushes sing,

Until stars gather into twilight skies?"

The truly prayerful person is as fragrant as a well-kept garden in springtime.

NEW SOUTH WALES PROHIBITION ALLIANCE.

Headquarters: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Our Objective: The Abolition of the Liquor Traffic.

Our Weapons: Education and Legislative Action.

This Page is devoted to the activities of the Prohibition Alliance—Edited by Henry Macourt, Publicity Officer.

GOOD BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

LIQUOR—THE BIG HANDICAP OF EFFICIENCY AND ECONOMIC PROSPERITY.

1. To demand the effective enforcement of the Six O'clock Closing of Liquor Bars.
2. To secure the amendment of the Liquor Act and ensure that the mandate of the electors be carried into effect.
3. To resist the proposal of the liquor party for an extension of the liquor trading hours to 7 p.m. (or later).
4. To support reforms and educational work that will increase National Efficiency.
5. To place before business and professional men, by means of the press, literature, public meetings, luncheons, etc., the economic facts concerning the liquor traffic.
6. To allay industrial discontent and remove social evils by diverting expenditure from liquor to useful commodities and services.

These were the objects outlined to the lunch gathering to which business and professional men had been invited for the purpose of launching the new auxiliary of the N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance.

It was a very representative company, including Sir Arthur Cocks (in the chair), Sir Clifton Love, Mr. S. F. Newlands (President of the Chamber of Manufactures), Mr. Edwards (Secretary), Senator Thomas, Dr. Arthur, Messrs. A. Lane, J. G. D. Arkins and J. Ness, MsL.A., Rev. H. C. Foreman (President, N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance), Archdeacon Boyce and others prominent in business activities of the city.

WEIGHT OF EVIDENCE.

Sir Arthur Cocks, after asking the company to drink the toast of "The King," went on to say that business and professional men, whether teetotallers or moderate drinkers, had a community of interest in the question of Prohibition. If, and when, Prohibition came to Australia it would want the aid of the moderate man to bring it about, and there would be thousands of moderate drinkers who would vote Prohibition because they believed that the weight of evidence was in favor of their inclinations being sacrificed for the benefit of the whole community.

Notwithstanding all said to the contrary, there was no doubt that economically, morally and socially Prohibition in America was a success.

That was the considered opinion given to him by a man whom he had recently met in the United States, whose business it was to be observant. Many people discussing Prohibition quoted New York and Chicago. There were, however, 100 million of people in the United States, and New York and Chicago were not typical of the nation and did not represent the feeling of the rest of the community. He believed that, so far as the business and professional men of Sydney were concerned, they were all of the mind that whatever was for the ultimate good of Australia would have their backing.

To his fellow merchants and to business men generally he would say that they were given to undervaluing their influence, and often stood aside when they ought to be throwing the weight of their position into some patriotic movement. To the fireside critic he would say that everyone has to take some side on all important questions or drift into apathy. It was their business to help solve the big problems the community was confronted with.

Mr. Crawford Vaughan, the secretary of the provisional committee, presented the objects of the movement. He said that in England during the time of greatest industrial depression recently the balance-sheets of the breweries showed greater prosperity than ever before. It was always thus. The liquor interests flourished at the expense of legitimate business. In New South Wales 6 o'clock closing had been a boon to the business community.

HANDS OFF SIX O'CLOCK.

The liquor trade's present proposal to revert to something of the pre-war conditions of night drinking might be regarded as a mere appetiser, for a question appeared on the parliamentary notice paper last session asking if the Government would extend the closing hours to 8 p.m. The whole six o'clock law needs remodelling on the South Australian lines by cutting out Sunday trading completely, and also the bona-fide traveller and lodger clauses.

The function of the Auxiliary would be to act as the fighting force of the business interests of the State against the encroachments of the liquor traffic upon the preserves of the general trading community. "Hands off the six o'clock closing of liquor bars until the people have otherwise decided" would be their immediate objective. The Auxiliary endorsed the protest of the liquor trade employees against the liquor trade's proposal to extend the hours of the open bars to 7 p.m., and would support their request that the bars be closed at 1 p.m. on Saturdays.

LIQUOR v. BUSINESS.

Commonsense must always rebel against the granting of special privileges to sellers of liquor. The hotel bars were allowed to open three hours before other business premises in the morning. They were open all day on Saturday and on most public holidays. "Bona-fide travellers" could get drink after hours when they could not legally buy bread. The Fair Rents Act did not apply to public houses. Between ordinary business and the liquor business there must be eternal conflict. No class gained more when a license was refused in a given district than the shopkeepers. Business men spend a great deal of thought and money in trying to wrest trade from their rivals, but they never stop to think how much trade they are losing to the publicans. What a tremendous potential demand for goods is here going to waste! Prohibition would bring with it a mighty speeding up of production. In England to-day it forms the only possible solution of industrial problems. Even if liquor were harmless, Australia could not afford to spend £1,000,000 every fortnight on it, nor could Britain afford to spend nearly £1,000,000 a day on alcoholic beverages. Liquor's cost in human lives, in loss of national efficiency, and in the deterioration of the race was too appalling to be allowed to continue.

He moved: "That the Professional and Business Men's Auxiliary (N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance) be formed."

Mr. H. M. Hawkins seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

A PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZEN.

Sir Clifton Love, in moving a vote of thanks to the chairman, paid a fine compliment to Sir Arthur's ability and public spirit, and particularly his readiness to lend the weight of his influence to any movement he thought to be in the interests of the State and Commonwealth. They were fortunate in having him in their business and public life.

Rev. H. C. Foreman seconded the vote of thanks. He believed that Prohibition could make a big contribution to business and national prosperity. According to Mr. Hoover, Secretary of Commerce in U.S.A., Prohibition had been one of the principal factors in the remarkable prosperity of that country. He urged their practical support for the Auxiliary which had just been formed.

The vote of thanks was enthusiastically carried.

Many of those present expressed their readiness to join up in membership with the Auxiliary, and to help promote its aims. A letter from the joint hon. secretaries of the original Six O'Clock Closing Committee stated that the balance of the funds provided for that campaign would be handed over to the new organisation.

PROHIBITION WITHOUT COMPENSATION.

To be decided by Referendum, with bare majority, in State and Local Areas,
and to operate within two years.

This page is devoted to the activities of
the N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance—Edited by
Henry Macourt, Publicity Officer.

AN INTERESTING ITINERARY.

(H. C. STITT.)

Those accustomed to a tour of meetings will appreciate the expectancy and speculation which always accompany the "starting out." I was fortunate in beginning at Goulburn. Goulburn people are renowned for their welcome and consideration for visitors. The city is rapidly assuming a more pronounced appearance of "civic pride." It has much justification for so doing. The religious and temperance sentiment is good, and is the key to progress. We held a public meeting in the Town Hall, and were shown extreme kindness by our valuable friend, Alderman C. W. Furner.

Having not been through Monaro previously, this part of the tour provided something new. Queanbeyan is a very busy town. Trade everywhere is brisk and expanding. But the self-satisfaction of its people in the knowledge that it is "an old town" is astonishing. Consequently there is an absence of modern business premises and beautification that one meets nowadays in busy towns; still everyone is apparently quite happy. We spent the week-end there, spoke in two churches, addressed a Sunday school, and had a talk with two sections at the public school, and conducted a public meeting.

CANBERRA.—The Federal capital is certainly well placed. To one who has not had the privilege of a visit it cannot be imagined. I am indebted to Rev. W. Evans for seeing much of it. Picturesque, beautiful, quaint, impressive, puzzling, all rolled into one. Pretty suburbs developing simultaneously; Parliament House, possessing every comfort, almost completed; four hostels, full of visitors, and no liquor bars. Tourists in search of quiet and rest are there already in hundreds. Canberra is evolving into a city designed to be a model of beauty, and it will be only enchanting to and lure refinement. The "lower order" created by liquor bars will find in Canberra "no abiding city" for them. There is no evidence that the people want "booze" established there. Who could wish to see drunken men staggering through Canberra, with its footpaths made beautiful by flower beds and pretty well-kept hedges? It is unthinkable. Workmen's residences are being quickly constructed, and with the advent of family home-life, the seven-miles-away publichouses at Queanbeyan will cease to attract. As one beholds Canberra there is a feeling of sacredness which cannot be resisted. The capital of a whole continent, representing a people with a common interest in the making, entices one to peer into the future. It is worth keeping "dry."

THE MONARO.—This country is much land-locked; consequently the towns cannot grow rapidly. Cooma presents splendid opportunities. We had a well-attended public meeting there, and the press gave liberal space. Quite a unique circumstance—my arrangements were made, and done well, by the local barber, who is a local preacher. Rev. W. G. Bradley extended much kindness, and helped me considerably at Bombala. We tried to turn the town "upside down." Three Sunday Prohibition services, two open-air meetings, one being after church, and a public indoor meeting. The press here was also generous in its space.

THE SOUTH COAST.—The trip over to Bega by service car was grand. Held a splendid open-air meeting. Joined in with

U.S.A. WET PROPAGANDA.

TWO SUBTLE METHODS.

H. C. STITT.

No method adopted by the liquor traffic in order to discredit Prohibition need cause any surprise. We are becoming accustomed to new and more and more subtle and ingenious trickery and deception. The latest will put our friends on their guard, and be a warning against accepting "geared" cable messages.

It may not be generally known that in the winter months large quantities of industrial denatured alcohol are used in U.S.A. for the purpose of preventing motor car radiators from "freezing." Consequently the sign, "Alcohol for Sale," is displayed on thousands of garages and gasoline filling stations.

During the week I have received a communication from a most reliable authority that these signs are now being photographed and have been already extensively shown in Europe as evidence of the failure of Prohibition. Fortunately we are able to expose the deception here in advance.

Furthermore, many travellers visiting America look for "first impressions." The liquor organisation and publicity are so perfect that every prominent visitor (man or woman) is known and watched on arriving either by boat or train. Hired derelicts and hired well-dressed men parade themselves sufficiently close to be noticed (Drunks?). Hired bootleggers will approach the visitors (men and women) and offer to sell any brand of imported liquors required. This is kept up from city to city, and as a result foreign travellers easily form the impression that Prohibition is a failure—that grog flows knee deep; that they could have purchased liquor anywhere; that drunks are reeling in every town. The purpose is that these visitors will carry these "evidences" back to their own country. Many Australians have been deceived by this "well-worked" propaganda. It has worked well, and thousands of visitors have had it "put over on them."

Like most other tricks practised by this cunning traffic, if our friends exercise patience time will unmask and expose their many forms of propaganda. We are now in a position to expose these two methods, and to say that tourists are being put wise to the "hired" drunk and moonshine seller.

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the I.O.G.T. Mission at Moruya, where we conducted a very encouraging open-air meeting and an indoor meeting. Helping the affiliated bodies is the Alliance policy, and the I.O.G.T. in consequence initiated several new members. Had a "day off" on Thursday, and went to Graniteville, where the North Shore Bridge stone comes from; addressed 125 men during the lunch hour, and spoke in the open air at night. The return journey to Sydney evidenced that ere long the "Prince's Highway" will, when constructed, be one of our main tourists' roads.

CAMPAIGN ACTIVITIES.

The successful launching of the Business and Professional Men's Auxiliary of the N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance marks an important move in the campaign. And the large number of representative men present at the luncheon gives a guarantee of its success. Sir Arthur Cocks's introductory words were direct and impressive, and evidently he expressed the feeling of the company in declaring that business men must be prepared to throw the weight of their influence upon the side of a movement which was intended to serve the interests of the community.

Mr. Crawford Vaughan's handling of the new venture was the chief factor in the success of the initial function. His presentation of the case was practical and effective, showing a clear view of liquor in relation to business affairs and national prosperity. The formation of the Auxiliary will now be followed up by a comprehensive campaign of education and organisation.

During the past fortnight the Alliance speakers have been visiting Newcastle, Singleton, Quirindi, Dee Why, Brookvale, and Young. There were the usual practical expressions of interest in the work of the campaign.

Rev. J. H. Auld has been congratulated by the Prohibition Alliance on his elevation to the Moderator's chair of the Presbyterian Assembly. He has proved himself worthy of leadership in his church and in the community.

Mr. Evan Richards has taken charge of the work of the Licensing Department of the Alliance. It is now hoped to more adequately cope with the increasing number of applications for new licenses or new sites for old licenses. Mr. Richards will be glad to co-operate in any local movements in opposition to these.

FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

SATURDAY, MAY 22—

8 p.m.: Open-Air Meeting, Moss Vale.
Mr. H. Macourt.

SUNDAY, MAY 23—

11 a.m.: Prospect Anglican Church.
3.30 p.m.: Seven Hills Mission Hall.
7.15 p.m.: Canley Vale Church of Christ.
Mr. H. C. Stitt.
11 a.m.: West Maitland Presbyterian Ch.
7 p.m.: West Maitland Congregational Ch.
Rev. H. Putland.
7.30 p.m.: Wentworthville Anglican Ch.
Mr. C. E. Still.
7.15 p.m.: Wentworthville Pres. Church
Rev. Evan Richards.
11 a.m.: Bundanoon Methodist Church.
3 p.m.: Penrose Methodist Church.
7.30 p.m.: Moss Vale Methodist Church.
Mr. H. Macourt.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26—

8 p.m.: School of Arts, Wentworthville.
Mr. H. C. Stitt.

Gift Books by Fairelie Thornton

(Writer of "Daily Inspiration.")

"THE OTHER SIDE." "SOUL REST."
"LOVE." "LOVE DIVINE."

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Manager of "Grit" will.

CONVERTING THE GREATEST WHISKY SPOT ON EARTH.

HASTY JUDGMENTS ONLY MAKE ONE LOOK RIDICULOUS.

(By JOE LONGTON, for "Grit.")

In Peoria, Illinois, which was, before Prohibition knocked John Barleycorn for a row of whisky barrels, the largest liquor distilling city in the world, I found the Corning, Woolner's, Atlas, Clark Bros., Schufeldt's and the Peoria Heights Distilleries, now the Peoria Heights Milling Co., food storage warehouses, breakfast food factories, creameries, dairy products and grain product producing companies, the American Stock Food and Flour Milling Co., an industrial alcohol plant, a malt product factory, shoe factories, machinery factories, foundries, automobile repair garages, ice plants, lumber yards, coal yards, jam factories, vegetable canneries, fruit preserving factories and factories specialising in fruit juices.

The Bosch Brewery is the Bosch Food Products Co.; the Gipps Brewery is also a food products company; the Peoria Brewery is the Corn Products Co.

Other Illinois breweries converted are the Ottawa (making ice, ice cream, milk and cheese products); the Danville is the Red Spot Stock Feed and Flour Milling Co.; Schoenhofen's in Chicago Heights is the Hansen Wholesale Sugar and Flour Co., and the Economy Scale Remover Co. The Citizen's in Joliet is an ice cream and refrigerating plant; the Naperville is a mushroom farm; the Aurora is an ice cream, ice, refrigerator and cold storage. All the Chicago breweries are huge factories. One makes "Primo" Tonic. The Rockford Brewery is the Rockford Merchants' Storage Warehouse, storing the demanded merchandise that a population of 100,000 demands. The Belvedere Brewery (Schlenk's) is the Hotel Leland. The Peru and the Star Union Brewery are ice, milk, butter, cheese, ice cream and cream plants.

In Indiana the Brazil Brewery is an ice, ice cream and dairy products company. The Clinton Brewery is the Wabash Valley Electric Power Plant.

Before Prohibition Terre Haute had a population of 60,000 people and 384 saloons (which are now rented to legitimate business—Rickey's Auto Radiator Shop is in the dirtiest). The brewery in Paris is a creamery, and the second largest distillery in the world (the Commercial, in Terre Haute) is the United States Commercial Solvents' Corporation, employing many thousand people and containing the largest bacteriological laboratory and aldehyde plant extant.

The Danville million dollar high school and stadium, is on a brewery site that Prohibition "kiboshed."

The palatial sanatorium of the Keely (Drunks) Gold Cure in Dwight, Illinois, is now a Government hospital for disabled soldiers.

The Wisconsin breweries that I saw "treading the sawdust trail to conversion" were the Klinkert's, in Racine, which is the Gold Medal Flour Mill; John Foster's and the Beloit, in Beloit, which are the White's Linen Factory, Freeman's, and Freeman and Beddow's Men's, Women's and Children's Shoe Factory—employing 500 girls and women.

In my enumerations and findings it must be remembered that they are not hearsay, but what I have personally observed on this my annual trip through every State in the Union. They are convincing, I know, and obnoxious to the publican, brewer, distiller and their "boozem friends," and it must not

be forgotten that some get famous on soft soap, some on the perfumed variety, some with sand paper; while one man wrote a love lyric on spring when the icy blasts gave way to the birds and buds, another bit the first snake that came out of winter hibernation. The poet had his poem pigeonholed in the wastepaper basket, and the last-named began to realise that he never knew he had so many relatives.

SOME STREET.

On Baltimore-street in Cumberland, Maryland, a city of 30,000, there were in Wet days exactly 127 saloons. To-day every one of them is rented for legitimate purposes.

In that city I noticed where the German Brewery is making "Queno," an invalid's beverage. It is also the city egg, meat, ice storage and creamery.

James Clark's huge Cumberland Distillery, where the famous Braddock rye was made, is the Ajax Concrete Co., dealing in Security Portland cement, and instead of ruining homes, like the whisky did, it makes concrete blocks for building them.

On the Gettysburg battlefield I had lunch in Mitchell's restaurant, which was formerly a "rat hole."

The Clarysville Inn Bar, where General Braddock and the Britisher George Washington (his aide-de-camp) supped, is a lunch room. (Braddock's remains, after being massacred by the French and Indians, were buried under a beautiful monument a little further up the Pike.)

Entering Pennsylvania I found the Jim Feather's Labor Beer Brewery—an enormous place—turned into the Westmoreland Wholesale Grocery Co. The stables and garage are the Fayette Milling and Stock Feed Co.

The brewery in Braddock is a food storage company and makes cordials. The Homestead Brewery is the Kerr and Ingram Lumber Yards and Mill Work Co., and the biggest of its kind in the State, manufacturing mill patterns, doors, window frames, etc. Frank Hagerty has a fine mantel, bathroom and toilet fixture store in Homestead's largest saloon.

Rieck and McJunkin are the largest purveyors of milk, cream, butter and ice cream in this part of the State—where three million people make the iron and coal region a hive of industry, and Rieck's ice cream is turned out in hundreds of tons daily.

Rieck has a mania for putting breweries out of business and turning them into creameries. He was mean enough to take over the Independent Brewery in Charleroi and make it a unit of the Rieck-McJunkin Co., the largest of its kind in America, and he turned the old "suds" factory into a plant for making ice cream, butter and storage for milk, eggs and foodstuffs for the people of the Monongahela Valley. The Duquesne brewery is a cold storage plant, and the Tech Brewery, in McKeesport, to fool Rieck, who tried to buy it, quit making "slop" (near beer), and manufactures Tech ice cream. Their slogan, "We smile right back at you!" is intended as a slam at Rieck.

The Pittsburgh breweries, J.E., the Eberhard and Ober, of Eagle beer fame, will alter to suit desirable tenants. The Baurerlein, the Moerlin, the P.B. Co. and others look like as if a hurricane struck them—they're falling to ruin. In East Liberty the dive near the Fifty Million Centre is now used by D. Laifer, a furrier. The new Fifth-avenue

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high school, near Miltenberger-street and Forbes-avenue, is where Kelly's Last Chance stood, and the Industry Brewery in Millvale is open to "industry."

In Allegheny, the Pittsburg Cleanser Laboratory is in the bar of the William F. Hotel, which was a brothel, and at one time conducted by the lowest scoundrel that ever broke bread—a beast that converted his wife and daughter to prostitution.

The Crescent Brewery in Irwin is turned over to food storage and ice making. The largest brewery in the State, the Victor, in Jeanette, is a cold storage for meat and eggs, and also makes ice and cordials. The P.B. Co.'s branch in the same town is condemned, and a little further up the Lincoln Highway the Star of Greensburg is "to let" for business.

In Latrobe the Monastery Brewery is being converted into a glass and box factory, while the one nearby in the First Ward is a place where the lowly jam is prepared.

There is no doubt about the tremendous amount of misery having been driven from the American homes when the "battalion of death" (the brewers, distillers and publicans) was compelled to join the criminal ranks, where those interested in the sale and manufacture of morphine, cocaine, heroin and opium are enlisted.

That I am not alone in my findings you will observe by perusing this clipping from the "Pittsburg Sun," of February 27, 1926:

"Let the cynics give us a few years more before they judge Prohibition too harshly. Let them not forget that it took 300 years to lead the children of Israel from the practice of idolatry. Furthermore, it took 40 years for America to stop the slave trade, after Congress made it unlawful.

"There is nothing in the theory that Prohibition should be blamed for the excess gaiety of American youth. As a matter of fact, America is having less trouble with her young people than any of the other countries. English boys and girls are thronging dance halls and clubs at all hours of the night with flasks on their hips, doing, in fact, those very things the wets claim young America is doing. The London papers blame the movies, the housing problem, the war and a host of other things.

"Are the dries making progress? Well, 177,000 saloons are gone; 1200 breweries no longer brew an average of 100 gallons of beer for every male adult in the United States; 500 distilleries no longer produce an average of 10 gallons of liquor per man annually.

"Think of this figure. Nearly 100,000,000 dollars that once was spent to cure the harm done by the saloon are now expended for fresh air, health clinics and free hospital work.

"When we take liquor law enforcement out of politics and put the rich violators on the same rockpile as the poor violators, then and only then will we have proper respect for law."

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ORDER SOME TO-DAY

THE ARCHBISHOP ON REVIVALS.

STIMULATING EVANGELISTS.

The Archbishop of Melbourne, Dr. Harrington Lees, has lately given a considered opinion on missions that seek the conversion of those who attend them.

It is of great interest and value, and I commend it to all my readers.—Editor, "Grit."

WHAT'S THE GOOD?

"What is the good of an evangelistic mission?" I have been asked. Well, first of all, if the Church of Jesus Christ forgets to evangelise—and she very often does—it is a good thing to have someone to stimulate her by example.

In "Broken Earthenware," Mr. Harold Begbie, quoting from Professor James's great psychological book, "Varieties of Religious Experience," speaks of "conversion as the only means by which a radically bad person can be changed into a radically good person."

The scientific description of conversion is: "The process, gradual or sudden, by which a self, hitherto divided and consciously wrong and unhappy, becomes unified and consciously right and happy, in consequence of its firmer hold upon religious realities." This is the function of evangelistic missions.

WHAT ARE REVIVALS?

It is, by the way, wrong to call them "revivals." They only become revivals when they have proved successful. When, through the preaching of that message which we distinctively call the Gospel, the Spirit of God changes lives, those lives are "revived."

If the evangelistic mission proves to be a revival, then find out the difference, just as the pit-ponies found it out during the Welsh revival, when the miners ceased kicking and swearing at them!

Does a revival die down again?

That depends on the faithfulness of the pastors and priests in the churches, and on the steadfastness of the converts.

OPEN TO ABUSE.

Is an evangelistic mission open to abuse and mistake? Most certainly.

Every good thing can be misused and misunderstood.

But, although much seed sown comes to nothing; and some springs up too fast and dies; and some is choked by subsequent developments, yet in the Parable of the Sower 16 per cent. came to fruitfulness—and most Melbourne men would be content to invest at that rate!

ROOM FOR ALL.

Let us help such missions! Or let us at least refrain from hindering them!

Let God justify the work, and vindicate the worker. There is room for fresh life in all our churches.

There are hundreds of clergy and ministers who would never have been in the ministry at all but for Moody and Father Ignatius, Spurgeon and Knox Little. The patent fact of transfigured lives in many, many homes speaks for the evangelistic mission.

God bless Gipsy Smith and those like them! It is not emotionalism, but the breath of God, when a man finds Christ, and knows it, and says so!

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A Personal Chat with my readers

A BEAUTIFUL FACE.

The Baptist paper is one of the brightest and, I think, the best edited denominational paper in Australia. I never read it without cutting something from it.

I am writing this on Mother's Day, and can think of nothing so appropriate as the following editorial taken from this week's issue:

"Abraham Lincoln, though so great a man, was not by any means prepossessing in appearance. His portraits show an unusual plainness and homeliness of feature. Yet a lovely story is told of how Lincoln's face seemed to one person at least to be one of the most beautiful faces in the world. That person was an American mother whose boy had been condemned to be shot, for falling asleep at his sentry post, during the Civil War.

"The mother in great distress sought an interview with Lincoln. He, with all the cares of State and all the pressing anxieties of the war on his shoulders, granted her an interview and listened to that humble mother's story. The lad had been doing duty for a comrade, and the strain of double service had proved too much for him.

"Lincoln had the boy's papers brought and there and then signed a reprieve. In Drinkwater's play that interview is one of the great moments. The mother, with tears streaming down her face, comes out from Lincoln's presence and, going up to Stevens, who had obtained the interview, says between her sobs, 'You told me Mr. Lincoln was ugly. How could you say so? I think he has one of the most beautiful faces I ever saw.' When Lincoln heard that tribute, his eyes, we are told, filled with tears.

"That mother had seen something in his so-plain face—a light of sympathy and of love, something that transformed the homeliness of it—that her memory of it was of beauty.

"It is for just that, more than anything else, perhaps, in our mothers—that, where others see the worst, they see the best in us—that we love to honor their memory, if dead, and if still living, to express our love to them in a special manner on Mother's Day."

* * *

THE HOME- SICKNESS OF THE SOUL.

Animals have a mysterious instinct of finding their way through the dark and through strange, unknown country. We all know something of this. Strange to say we fail to recognise in our restlessness, unsatisfiedness, and the yearning to be better, the instinct of the soul for its Home.

Every prayer is the natural homing instinct of the soul. No one is "at home" in wrongdoing. We may be forgetful, we may be even happy for a brief while, but we are truants, and sooner or later we grow homesick and yearn for what we never find away from God.

Jean E. Whitman writes:

The moonlight on the water, the sunlight on a hill,

The wind in whispering tree-tops—they call and call me still;

They call me as they've always called my gipsy feet to roam,

But now it's to my heart they speak, and now they call me home.

The shadows on a hillside, the morning's rosy glow,

The fingers of the pine trees—they beckon me to go;

With loving hands they beckon and point me out my way,

Who have not ever led my feet, nor yet my heart astray.

The sunlight and the starlight, the pattering feet of rain,

The mist across the mountain—they call and call again;

And I cannot choose but listen, I cannot but obey,

For it's "Home, home, home," they call me, I am going home to-day!

Translate all that into spiritual terms and you will go on your knees and soon find your way Home.

* * *

I have lately read in one of the many newspapers I see the following interesting simile:

"Like the woven carpet is the Christian life. Sometimes it is the boisterous life upon the stormy sea of economic strife. Sometimes it is the desire to live a more righteous life invoked by a man of God. Or again it may be the drab of a restless hour, carelessly spent, or it may be the dark hues of a day of worry. Day by day we are weaving the great carpet of life, often so interested in the color at hand that we forget the design as a whole. I often think of the warp as the power of God, which takes these varied experiences and holds them in their proper place, that when near the close of life we can look back over them and see how the Lord has used them all in forming the design as a whole. I have noticed that in the hands of an expert artist the canvas becomes a finished product such as is seldom found with an amateur. I wonder whether that finished quality in the carpet of life comes not with meditation. People who have no time to think are seldom acceptable conversationalists on any subject. Those who read here a little and there a little are never found on the top of the ladder of success. The greatest things come with meditation or deep thinking. In our religious life there are times when we shout Hallelujah. There are times when we so bend under the load of life that we feel like praying to the Father of mankind aloud. But unless all of our religious experiences are tempered by times of meditation, "thinking God's thoughts after Him," we have lost something of the beauty of life. Nothing melts "Self" into "Thy will be done" as a few moments alone with God. Then when the shuttle shall have passed through for the last time and the carpet is taken off the loom, may the great Inspector say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION.

"Grit, clear Grit."—A pure Americanism, standing for Pluck, or Energy, or Industry, or all three. References probably had to the sandstones used for grindstones—the more grit they contain the better they wear.

Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

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

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1926.

A PATHETIC APPEAL.

In the court daily I have never grown callous to the pathos and struggle of those whom drink holds in its cruel tenacious bonds. It is so easy to blame, yet if they are weak where we are strong, if they are susceptible to what we are indifferent, then surely we have nothing to be proud of, and the remembrance of these inequalities should temper our judgment.

An advertisement from the South Australian "Border Watch," April 6, 1926, reads: "To my friends: Otto Singh, Indian hawker, begs to announce to the general public that he is not now indulging in intoxicating liquors, and he will be pleased if his friends will assist him in his praiseworthy attempt by not asking him to 'Come and have a drink.'" If this is sincere—and why not?—it affords a pathetic effort of a struggling, weak man to be saved from his friends. Alas, that the customs of the day should make such an appeal necessary.

Alas, that we should be so foolish as to license and protect by law the business that can break that man's resolution and drag him into the gutter.

* * *

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR BIBLE?

To our shame be it said that many hotels in U.S.A. are taking more interest in the spiritual welfare of their guests than we do. The "Union Signal" says:

"There seems to be an increasing desire on the part of hotel owners to supply the rooms with Bibles, according to the Gideons, a society supplying Bibles for such uses, and supported now by voluntary contributions. Hotels in the United States and Canada are making many requests. In the last fifteen years 670,000 Bibles have been placed in hotels by the society, and in the last six months 22,000 in the United States and 800 in Canada. One thousand were recently dedicated for the new Palmer House, in Chicago, and the same number for the new Morrison Hotel of that city."

The Editor

DRINK, DRUGS AND AMERICA.

By the REV. G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY, M.C. ("Woodbine Willie").

In Which a Distinguished English Clergyman Offers Both Frank Confession and Keen Observation.

I have been asked so often since my return to England from the United States what I thought of Prohibition over there, whether it was succeeding or would succeed, whether it seemed wise or unwise, and I have been asked the same question so often by my American friends, that I feel I must attempt some sort of an answer. I do so with reluctance. It is a queer business, this Prohibition. I never saw a drunken man in America after the first night until I went to look for one. I saw one the night I landed in New York. He was fighting mad, and was being bundled into a taxi by two enormous traffic men. I asked my friend if it were a common sight, and he said he had not seen anyone drunk for months. It is indeed a queer business. I know of no issue upon which it is harder to decide definitely one way or the other. I am a total abstainer, and so my bias, if I have one, has to be taken into account on that side.

We English are ridiculous about American Prohibition, as we are ridiculous about most things American. We sit up in a state of perfectly satisfied stupidity, and pretend that America does not matter, and that Prohibition is more or less an absurdity. This attitude is the result of blank ignorance, as many another typically British attitude is. The enormous power of the drink traffic politically and through elaborate propaganda keeps us in a chronic state of blindness to the havoc that drink has played and is still playing with our national life. According to Professor Marriot, of Oxford, we spent £469,700,000 on drink in 1920. That is £10 per head of the whole population—men, women and children—or £16/16/- per adult (over twenty-one). When you allow for total abstainers and very moderate drinkers, it is evident that there is a very real disease of drink in these islands. Of course, a great part of that immense sum goes to the State in taxation, but, allowing for that, the facts are terrible enough to make our self-satisfaction absurd. If we go behind money to what money means, as we always ought to do, it is obvious that we expend a tremendous amount of energy in providing ourselves with alcohol. Can we afford it? Can we afford it materially or morally? Any man who loves his country, whether he be an abstainer or not, ought to ask himself that question seriously. I never knew the American saloon. I have no facts upon which to estimate the gravity of the evil against which the Prohibition movement is a protest. But it is to the public credit of the American people that they did see the evil and grapple with it. We may think that their methods are mistaken and unsound politically, but they constitute a definite and determined effort to out a cancer

out of the country, and for that reason are entitled to respect and careful consideration.

Anyone who has worked as I have in the slums and the shameful areas of our great cities must have gone back home again and again well-nigh broken-hearted by the tragedies which crop up in every mean street due to excessive drinking. One need not be a fanatical total abstainer fiend to feel the horror of it; one only needs to be acquainted with the facts first hand, and not merely through statistics, and to be a reasonably thoughtful person. Many a decent, comfortable moderate drinker who talks glibly and airily about the impracticability of Prohibition would alter his tone, if he did not change his opinion, about the necessity of dramatic measures if he were brought into daily contact with the actual facts. In this respect, as in many others, it appears to be necessary that Christ should be crucified afresh in every generation in order to redeem those who have no imagination, and even the re-crucifixion does not seem to penetrate the double protection of stupidity and vested interest.

Ought every thoughtful person, then, to advocate Prohibition in England as a matter of practical politics? Does the American experiment make one feel that it is worthy of imitation? Of that I am not sure, in spite of my recognition of the tragic importance of the question. To begin with, it is perfectly evident that any Prohibition law is intensely difficult, if not impossible, to enforce unless it has an overwhelming public opinion behind it. I had not been in America a week before a perfectly respectable and God-fearing citizen asked me if I would like some whisky. I think this was partly due to that amazing hospitality which is one of the most lovable characteristics of American people. My host did not have it on his table or drink it himself, but he hated to think that any guest of his was short of what he wanted. However, there was plenty in the house.

You can always get it if you are rich enough, and you can always get some damnable substitute for it if you are poor and reckless enough. Thereby hangs a tale. From conversations that I had with those who minister to the "down-and-outers," "tramps" and "hobos" I gathered that they still got drink in plenty, only now it was poisonous and filthy stuff, which destroyed them body and soul. I went down to what is called "All Night Mission" in the Bowery, New York, and there were plenty of drunks there, and the Mission to Seamen had the same tale to tell.

The very rich and the very poor can get drunk as often as they like, apparently. The two ends of society very often have an un-

expected likeness to one another in every country. The one is to some extent "above" and the other "below" the laws and conventions, especially in any society in which money is the only test of success or failure. A successful criminal frequently becomes a member of the upper ten, while an unsuccessful one becomes a cipher in the submerged tenth, when from a moral point of view there is not a pick to choose between them, both being pirates and parasites by nature. Even here it is possible for the same type of woman to become either a peeress or a prostitute. The one helps to get a divorce for the other.

But the main bulk of the American people are neither rich nor poor, but middle class and prosperous, and it is by its effect upon them that any measure like that of Prohibition must in the end be judged. And the time for final judgment is not yet, nor can it come until the law has been in force for a generation. At present there seems to be but little sign of America going even "damp," let alone "wet," and if she can stick it for a generation, and we, who are superior to her "mistaken puritanism," can abstain from making money out of her effort, she may justify her rashness yet and compel other nations to follow suit.

(Continued on next page.)

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Drink, Drugs and America—

The result must be a matter of time, and yet not merely a matter of time. Everything does not come to those who wait; it depends on what they do while they are waiting. The moral result of Prohibition is all bound up with this business of substitutes for alcohol. Spirits are themselves always a substitute for the Spirit. Men drink because they believe more or less firmly that alcohol is "the Lord and Giver of Life," and it is Life they want, and must have. They crave a "pick me up." Lord Dawson of Penn says that all total abstainers are "dry" people altogether, and apparently believes that wit is the monopoly of the "wet." It is a melancholy thought. Our dinners must be dull because people are too stupid to talk intelligently unless they are soaked first. There is truth in it, even though it is not true. I do not believe that men will ever be content to be merely respectable—it is too dull.

I must have God. This life's too dull without,

Too dull for ought but suicide. What's man
To love for else? I'd murder someone just
To see red blood. I'd drink myself blind
drunk

And see blue snakes, if I could not look up
To see blue skies, and hear God speaking
through
The silence of the stars.

I believe that Prohibition will prove impossible in America, or in any other country, unless there comes to the people not merely a moral but a religious revival. It can never be carried through as a measure either of moral or financial expediency, but only by a people that have found something better than either drink or drugs, something that will make life itself worth living. Drink will always be the devil until it becomes the blood of the Living God, until men learn to do as Christ bade them do, and drink to remember, and not to forget, the splendor and sorrow of human life. Until when he has blessed it—

The life divine,
The common wine,
Thrills through the matter of our brains,
Begetting dreams,
And gleams
Of God—swift golden speech
And charity that burns to reach
The very depths of hell,
And lift them to Christ,
Who has our thirsty souls sufficed
Till they are drunk with God.

"Man, know thyself" in function, nerve and brain,
Conserve thy strength and banish needless pain.
"Man, know thyself," and in thus knowing know
The priceless blessings which from knowledge flow.
"Man, know thyself," and thus the secret learn
Of robust health that thoughtless sufferers yearn.
That you no cough or cold may long endure,
Know Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

A MAN BELOVED OF THE PEOPLE.

IRELAND'S FAREWELL TO MR. NICHOLSON.

Ravenhill Presbyterian Church, Belfast, enjoyed an unexpected privilege during March in that it was held the closing mission of the Rev. W. P. Nicholson's great evangelistic campaign in Ireland and also the great meeting which was convened to bid him and Mrs. Nicholson farewell.

The mission was an altogether unpremeditated and unforeseen event. The original intention of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson had been to sail from Ireland for Australia, going via America, on March 7. Circumstances, however, arose which necessitated the postponement of their departure for three weeks, and with his characteristic dislike for idleness and zeal for work, Mr. Nicholson, on being invited to Ravenhill, readily consented to come. And throughout the whole series of meetings the blessing of God was given. Powerful and helpful were the addresses delivered for professing Christians. The lukewarm, the backsliders, the doubters, all received the attention of the evangelist. And to the unconverted also convincing and clear messages were passed on with great effectiveness. As a result scores made their way into the inquiry-room.

At the close of the mission the great farewell meeting was held. The audience composing this gathering had delegates in it from many parts of Ireland. By train, car and bus they came to bid farewell to one whom they loved and esteemed. Many of them had been led to the Saviour through him, and all of them, in the mercy and grace of God, had received countless blessings through his extensive and far-reaching ministry.

The audience and atmosphere were characteristic of the meetings of the great evangelist. The church was packed as he has packed dozens of churches and halls throughout our land. Every inch of space was utilised. Seats, aisles, window-sills, pulpit-stairs and pulpit were all crowded with people. And, packed as the church thus was with somewhere over 2000 people, it was yet necessary to open the adjacent lecture hall for an overflow meeting.

A number of ministers and prominent laymen addressed the two meetings thus held and gave wonderful testimonies with regard to the effectiveness of Mr. Nicholson's work in their congregations or districts. And subsequently Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson, when they had been made the recipients of handsome presentations, addressed the meetings. Mrs. Nicholson's last message was very beautiful and helpful. She urged all to make it their aim to "grow in grace." Mr. Nicholson's message called upon us all to stand fast. God is a God of war, he said, and we are called to warfare. And in this conflict the most difficult thing to do is to stand firm. It was sometimes easy to rush forward and storm the enemy's position, but it was not so easy to retain what we had thus won. The position in which we are to stand and the things for which we are to stand were next mentioned and enlarged upon. We are called, the speaker said, to stand fast in the Lord, in one spirit, in liberty and in the faith. Forcefully and skillfully and with fiery zeal and much humor these different points were urged. And when the last point was reached—"stand fast in the faith"—it was without mercy that Mr. Nicholson exposed the follies, errors and unscrupulous ways of many of the modern "critics" in our pulpits and colleges and called upon all present to stand together against their teaching and influence. Many of Mr. Nicholson's meetings have made great impressions, but none, we are sure, ever made a greater impression than his farewell meeting.

When the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson leave our shores their future ministry will be followed with deepest interest by many. And often from the quietness of the country and the bustle and noise of the town there will be raised a prayer with which we have become very familiar during the past few years and months—"God bless Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson."

J.A.R.

PASS "GRIT" ON.

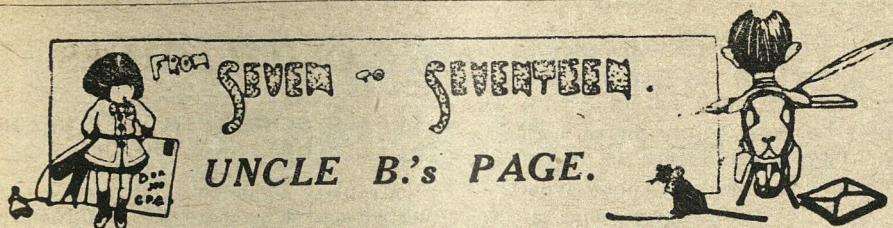
Mistress—

Mary, your kitchen
is a picture!

However do you
get everything so
spotlessly clean
& bright?



Yes, ma'am, it do
look nice but it's
very little trouble
when you use
PEARSON'S
SAND SOAP



OUR LETTER BAG.

THE WONDERS OF WIRELESS.

Ruth Julian, Post Office, Wallerawang, writes: It is time I wrote you another letter, as I don't want my name to be on the "scallywag" list. Mr. Hughes tells us a lot about you, and I wish you would come up to Wang and hold a service. We would try and get as many as possible to come and hear you. We went and listened to the wireless last night. We heard music, singing, speeches, etc., from Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane. We hope to go another night soon. We get long, cold winters in these parts. We have had frosts already, and some icy cold winds. This is a quiet, dull place. We look forward to our annual holidays, which we spend at a different place each year. Our longest trip was Adelaide, where one of my grandmothers live. We went by rail and returned by boat. I am not a good sailor, Uncle; I was sick all the way. I only went down to the first meal.

(Dear Ruth,—I sympathise with you, for I am not a good sailor. They say "Britain rules the waves." My complaint is that she did not rule them evenly. I never cease to wonder at the wireless. Some day you may hear me over the air, and the first chance I get I am coming to Wang.—Uncle B.)

BUSINESS NI.

Dorothy Julian, Post Office, Wallerawang, writes: Yes, perhaps I am on the "scallywag" list, with a very large cross against my name, too, for being a bad girl. But, Uncle, a business girl does not have much spare time, I can assure you; but, still, better late than never. What a lovely little harmonium you sent Mr. Hughes! We have little sing-song classes at the Rectory every Thursday evening, and I am sure you would be surprised at the fine singing that almost lifts the roof off the house from such a small band of pilgrims. I fall in for musician, Mr. Hughes is conductor, and the others are the singers. There is no audience, unless, of course, some of the townsfolk are drawn by the musical strains that waft to and fro on the breezes; perhaps they creep up behind the hedge and stand there listening to the melodious voices that sing God's praises. I think I will investigate this evening and see. Last Saturday there was to be a Shire Employees' Picnic, but, sad to say, it did not come off. I am sure there were a lot of disappointed faces when morning came and little heads popped out of Blanket Bay and saw, instead of sunshine, big, black clouds and heavy rain that did not look the least bit like clearing up. However, there is all that to look forward to later on when the weather

is more favorable. I suppose it was all for some reason or other. Perhaps we were going to do something that was not right, and the bad weather was to check it. I am anxiously looking forward to my holidays next month, which I intend to spend in Burwood and in Bowral. Last year we all went to Austimmer, down the South Coast. My word, we did have a lovely time! As soon as it was daybreak we were up and waiting patiently for seven o'clock to come, and as soon as it was time we were off to the beach to take our morning dip. It was just beautiful. I could swim like a fish when I left there. It was a very rough sea while we were there, but that did not stop us from going in the water. One morning it was very rough, and we had a very hard job to keep on our feet. The tide seemed very contrary, and no one could go in the surf, but there are two nice pools cut out in the rocks that are just as nice. From our back verandah there we could see people walking about on Sublime Point. One of the ways of getting there is by rope ladders. This we did not venture, as it seemed a little dangerous, but we had some very enjoyable moments scrambling up the mountains after ferns. Ferns grow just like a carpet there. It is time to close this epistle now, Uncle. Good-bye for the time.

(Dear Dorothy,—Yours is a splendid letter. I know how busy business people can be, and so you are easily forgiven. I hope when you have your holidays you will look in and see me. I delight to meet my Ne's and Ni's.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NE.

Wesley Butt, Short-street, West Kempsey, writes: I wish to become a member of your large family. I am ten years of age, and my birthday is on the eighth of August. There are five of us—four boys and one girl, whose birthday is in June. One of my brothers, Frank, is working in the post office, and Roland is in a jeweller's shop. I will stop now. Love to all "Grit" cousins and mostly yourself.

(Dear Wesley,—Welcome to my big family. If Frank is at the P.O. and Roland in the jeweller's, I wonder what you will start at. Nothing like making up your mind and steadily going after what you want.—Uncle B.)

A BEAUTY SPOT.

Joyce Ashley, Queen's Road, Westmead, writes: Is not Australia full of pretty scenes? I will tell you about one not a great distance from our house. A small creek ripples over stones in its bed and flows on to join the main river. Dancing sunbeams play on the water where not kept back by the waving foliage of large trees. There is a sharp twitter, and across the water skims a brilliant flash of blue with an equally brilliant splash of red below. This is a kingfisher. Then another twitter sounds, and the bird's mate flies after him in another flash of color. The air is laden with the sweet scent of the golden wattle blossoms. (Continued on next page.)

All boys and girls between the age of seven and seventeen are invited to join the family of Uncle B. Write only on one side of the paper. Send the date of your birthday. There is no fee to pay. If you do not write for three months you are a "scallywag."

Address all letters to Uncle B, Box 390F G.P.O., Sydney.

THE KIND THAT SUCCEEDS.

The manager of a Timber Company was talking with me this morning about a certain line of gates they manufacture. I said, "That price seems cheap." "Well," he said, "some of my men do work in their own time, and sell the gates back to the Company," and then he told me this story of one of them.

He said: "Six and a half years ago a man came into the yard looking for work, and in reply to the question 'Where do you come from?' he said, 'I just landed at the Auckland wharf at 8 o'clock this morning.' It was then 9.45 a.m. His keenness to obtain work induced this manager to take him to his foreman to see if there was anything offering, and when the foreman said, 'Yes, I can do with a man,' this new arrival, instead of waiting to be asked when he would start, immediately removed his coat and rolled up his sleeves.

A couple of months afterwards a man holding a responsible checking position left, and when the manager asked who the foreman was going to put in his place, he said, "That little English fellow you brought me some weeks ago." "But," replied the manager, "he can't handle the job." "Indeed he can," said the foreman. "The very first day he started he came along at lunch time and said, 'I hear these fellows talking about 6 x 4's and 4 x 2's, and a lot of other expressions that have to do with timber. I will give you half-a-crown per lunch hour if you will take me in hand and teach me all you can about timber.'"

The foreman said, "That is the first time I have ever been offered anything to teach a man—in fact," he said, "it is mighty hard to get fellows to learn for nothing, without getting them to pay for the knowledge they gain."

Lots of men have been fired and hired in that timber yard during the 6½ years that have intervened, but that man who paid 2/6 per lunch hour to learn about timber is a valued member of the staff, and is there for life if he cares to stay.

I read that story in an Auckland paper. This morning I met a man who started as office boy. He is now getting £600 a year in the same office—but it was not luck or a "pull," but just hard work—and the sooner you learn there is no substitute for hard work the better.

UNCLE B.

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PASS "GRIT" ON

Seven to Seventeen—

now in full bloom, for it is spring. The golden masses wave right to the water's edge. Along the ground creep blackberry bushes, covered with bloom. The trunk of a tree lies across the creek, and on it lazily slumbers a large iguana. He stirs and then creeps away. Then across the bank scuttles a small rabbit, and disappears into its burrow, whose mouth is covered by the soft maidenhair fern. It is a truly wonderful sight, Uncle B. You should come and see this masterpiece of God's handiwork.

(Dear Joyce,—Thank you for this delightful letter. The next best thing to seeing such a beauty spot is to read about it. Your letter is a little prose poem, and I hope you will write again like that.—Uncle B.)

* * * *

THE VALUE OF FLOWERS.

Valarie Ashley, Queen's Road, Westmead, writes: What would the world be without flowers? It would be a very dull and lonesome place. Think of this wonderful world of ours with only trees and grass to beautify the landscape! Flowers grow in every part of this wide world. Amid the snow and ice of the Alps of Switzerland is found a beautiful flower, the edelweiss, and in the tropics is found a most luxuriant growth of vividly colored orchids twining in the trees. Nearly every nation in the world has a flower as its emblem. England has the rose; Scotland the thistle; Wales the leek; Ireland the shamrock; Australia the wattle; and Canada the maple leaf. Many a sick person has been cheered by flowers, and often have caused the most beautiful poems in the world to be written. Most of our wonderful designs are based on flowers, and most of the colors used in them are taken from the real flowers. We may thank the Creator for these beautiful additions to the world.

(Dear Valarie,—I delight in your praise of flowers. At our great prayer meeting in the Town Hall every week some dear soul always places a lovely bunch of flowers on the table, and it always gladdens me, and I always take them away, for I love flowers. They have lots to say to those who will listen.—Uncle B.)

* * *

A LONG TRIP.

Ethel Gardner, Comboyne, writes: I am many times a "scallywag," but I have read most of the letters in "Grit" since I have written to you last. I will tell you of a trip I had lately. Dad and I left home on the 31st of March and arrived in Sydney on the 1st of April at 6 a.m. The journey was very wearisome, for I never had any sleep all through the night. We spent three days in Sydney; then we went on to Moss Vale, on the South Coast. Have you ever been there? It is a very pretty district. There are three beautiful waterfalls there, namely, Fitzroy, Belmore, and Twin Falls. We spent nearly three days there; then we went back to Sydney, where we stayed a couple more days. Then we started on our journey home, where we arrived on the 10th April. When in

Sydney we went two days to the show. I enjoyed myself when I was there. I had a ride on the merry-go-round, on a horse; it was not quite as good as the horse I ride to school. I also had a turn in the "Crazy Cottage," and one on the "Whizzy Wheel." I saw a lot of the cattle, horses, dogs, poultry and pigs. I had a good look at the Agricultural Hall. There was a model irrigation farm. It was complete, even to cows, fowls, etc., also wireless, telephone and tennis court. We don't have our farms so complete in the country. We have settled down to the usual routine of work on a dairy farm again. I am in 6th class at school; there are 57 pupils attending our school. That is a good many for one teacher to manage, isn't it? I have music lessons, too, and am very fond of sewing, which we have two afternoons a week.

(Dear Ethel,—That certainly was a long trip, and I am not surprised at your being tired. I am sorry you did not find time to say "Hello" to me. One visit equals two letters. Perhaps you did not know that.—Uncle B.)

MY BROTHER'S NEED IS MY RESPONSIBILITY.

The overwhelming suffering, the overshadowing temptations that distress the poor, the shifts to which the man is put who has a job and no where to stay and nothing to eat until pay day—these things crowd in on us every day.

The winter is here, sleeping out is fraught with danger. Deserted women get no pension; no Government help.

They take out a warrant for the man's arrest, but that does not bring them any money. They can only put him in jail, and the futility of this is pathetic.

Many of you helped me at Christmas; now the need is even greater, and I am desperately put to it to give any kind of help at all. The funds have all been used, and the piteous poor still crowd in upon me. Can you? Will you?

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OLD CLOTHES.

PLEASE SEND THEM JUST BEFORE
THEY ARE TOO OLD.

A railway regulation says: "Left off clothing consigned to charitable institutions will be charged at quarter rate."

Now, if you address parcels to me personally they will charge them full rates; if they are addressed to St. Barnabas' Poor Relief Department, George-street West, Sydney, and marked "Left off clothing," they will come at quarter rates.

Thank you.

ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

A SPLENDID FLAT TO LET.

UNFURNISHED.

Five rooms and kitchen; three balconies.
Electric light. Tennis Court.

CREMORNE (three minutes from Ferry).
£4/4/- per week.

Ring Y1885.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

In the past we have inserted a paragraph in this paper asking if you have realised the importance of sex instruction for your children in a clean wholesome manner. The response has been to a certain extent satisfactory, but we feel we have a sacred duty to try and reach thousands of other parents for the sake of the rising generation. You can by sending 1/- in stamps or P.N. obtain an 18-page instructive Report for 1924-25 and ten more booklets to help parents, boys, girls, youths and maidens.

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League**

56 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY.
W. E. WILSON, Hon. Secretary.

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and 161 FREDERICK STREET, BEXLEY.

✱ *Laundrena* ✱

the Quality

Starch

For dainty women

**SEA HUMOR.**

Here marks the end of a seagull trip,
The darned fool followed a Scottish ship.

*** * *
GOODNESS KNOWS.**

Don't get mean and cuss because you can't
find your slippers in the morning. Slippers
never are where you put 'em last night.
And, besides, maybe you didn't put 'em
there.

*** * *
A SPASMATIC INVESTIGATION.**

"How many ribs have you, Johnny?"
asked the teacher.

"I don't know, ma'am. I'm so awful tick-
lish I never could count 'em."

*** * *
A SLIGHT PRECAUTION.**

Son: "Can you sign your name with your
eyes shut, daddy?"

Father: "Certainly!"

Son: "Well, shut your eyes and sign my
school report."

*** * *
OF COURSE!**

Dear Sir: There is a man living next door
to me who drinks heavily. I don't drink at
all, yet I have only one-half the friends he
has. How do you account for that?—T.
Totaller.

Answer: He sees twice as many people as
you do.

*** * *
A VALUABLE GIFT—PERHAPS!**

In a certain village the squire offered to
give a thermometer to every cottager, and
carefully explained its use. Soon after their
arrival a district visitor entered one house,
where a new thermometer hung proudly in
the middle of the room. The visitor com-
plimented the owner, and inquired if she
remembered the instructions. "Ay, that I
do," was the reply. "I 'angs 'un there, and
I watches 'un until he gets above 60." "Quite
right, Mrs. Brown," said the visitor. "And
what do you do when it goes over 60?" "Why,
I takes 'un down and puts 'un out in the
garden and cools 'un down a bit!"

SYMPATHETIC UNDERSTANDING.

Professional skill is not the only requirement of a funeral director. He
must perform his sensitive tasks quietly and unobtrusively, and in a
tactful manner that inspires confidence and goodwill.

Our service includes friendly and sympathetic understanding of the task
in hand. The personal element, we hold, is equally as important as
proficiency in technical requirements.

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No. 153 PHILLIP STREET (opposite St. Stephen's Church), SYDNEY.

'Phone B6541.

"Our Work is Still the Best."

NEVER SAY DIE!

Wife (tearfully): "You've broken the pro-
mise you made me."

Husband: "Never mind, my dear, don't cry.
I'll make you another!"

*** * *
ONCE BITTEN.**

A little boy was told that he must go to
hospital to have his tonsils and adenoids
removed.

"Well, mamma," said Johnny, "I ain't 'fraid
of going to the hospital. I'll be brave and do
just as they tell me. But I'm not going
to let them palm off a baby on me, like they
did to you when you was there."

*** * *
SIZING HIM UP.**

Hostess (who is endeavoring to fill a gap
in the entertainment): "Mr. Madder, I'm sure
you'll help us out with a song."

Indifferently Groomed Bohemian: "Sorry,
but I'm afraid my vocal efforts are confined
to singing in my bath."

Hostess: "Oh, do sing; and I'll warn them
that you're rather out of practice."

*** * *
SHADOWED.**

He was going home, and it was growing
dark. His road from the station was a
lonely one. Suddenly he suspected that a
man behind was following him purposely.
The faster he went, the faster the man fol-
lowed, until they came to a cemetery.

"Now," he said to himself, "I'll find out
if he's after me," and he entered the
cemetery. The man followed him. He
circled a grave, and his pursuer jogged after
him. He ducked around a family vault. Still
the man was after him. At last, he turned
and faced the fellow.

"What do you want? What are you fol-
lowing me for?"

"Well, sir, it's like this," said a small voice.
"I'm going up to Mr. Brown's house with a
parcel, and the station agent told me if I
followed you I should find the place, as you
live next door."

MUSICAL ITEM.

Fair Newspaper Visitor: "And so you work
in the composing room! Isn't that fine!
Won't you sing something you've composed?"

* * *

PRESENCE OF MIND.

During the World War one of the great
steamships that was used as a transport for
soldiers was on her way across when a
torpedo boat was sighted. In anticipation
of the danger they were in, all on board
were lined up on deck.

There was a deathly hush for an instant,
when suddenly from down the line a negro's
voice rang out:

"Is dar ennybody heah dat wants to buy
a gold watch and chain?"

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DAILY INSPIRATION.

(By FAIRELIE THORNTON.)

SUNDAY.

"For yet a little while, and He that shall come, will come, and will not tarry."—Heb., 10, 37.

Only a little longer

To do our work for Him.

The shadow groweth longer,

The light is growing dim.

Only a few short moments

And life here will be o'er.

And soon the edict will go forth

That Time shall be no more.

What will it matter then if here

We stored up golden grain?

The seed we sowed, the truth we taught—

These will alone remain.

The world and all therein decays;

But he abides for aye

Who does the will of God, and lives

When earth has had its day.

"For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."—1 John, 2, 17-18.

"Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world; if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

MONDAY.

Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou are, that judgest another, for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest, doest the same things. But we are sure that the judgment of God is according to truth against them which commit such things. And thinkest thou this, O man, that judgest them which do such things, and doest the same, that thou shalt escape the judgment of God?

Thou, therefore, which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself.—Rom., 2, 1, 2, 21.

Who would true knowledge to his friend impart

Must learn the lesson first himself by heart.

For he who practises not what he doth preach

Doth strive in vain another's heart to reach.

TUESDAY.

"Who madest thee to differ from another? And what hast thou that thou hast not received? Now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory, as if thou hadst not received it?"—1 Cor., 4, 7.

Are you better than your brother?

Are you much more wise and strong?

Oh, beware, lest thou another

Shouldst by thy harsh judgment wrong!

Who mad'st thee, O man, to differ?

Hadst thou drawbacks such as he,

Thou, perchance, hadst been no better.

But more worthless still might be.

WEDNESDAY.

"Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth, a stranger, and not thine own lips."—Prov., 27, 3.

He who of his worth doth boast,

Oft hath need of merit most.

He who speaks of his good deeds,

One to praise him sorely needs.

THURSDAY.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."—Prov., 22, 1.

He who most denounces fame,

Careth most for his good name.

For he who loses self-respect,

All decency will soon neglect.

No man yet born but loves a word of praise,

Nor craved to sit beneath a carping critic's gaze.

FRIDAY.

"Physician, heal thyself."—Luke, 4, 23.

Do you complain the world needs mending? Then mend thyself, and one rent will be ending.

If each reformed himself, the world would be A world re-made, which all men wish to see.

SATURDAY.

"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God."

We are not here for our holiday, nor just to have a good time.

If you live for earth's passing pleasures, heaven's heights you will never climb.

There is plenty of time for resting in the life which is to be,

For Time is a preparation for the vast Eternity.

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REV. W. P. NICHOLSON.

TO ARRIVE BY THE S.S. TAIHITI,
JUNE 12.

SUNDAY, 13th—

11 a.m.: Presbyterian Church, Ashfield.

4 p.m.: St. Clements, Marrickville (for Men).

7.15: St. Barnabas, Sydney.

MONDAY, 14th—

8 p.m.: A Rally at St. Barnabas, George-street West. All welcome.

TUESDAY, 15th—

Presbyterian Fellowship Meeting.

WEDNESDAY, 16th—

1 p.m. and 3 p.m.: Basement, Sydney Town Hall.

8 p.m.: St. Barnabas, George-street West (Men only).

THURSDAY, 17th—

8 p.m.: Chatswood.

GOULBURN MISSION FROM JUNE 20th
TO JULY 17th.

WHITE WINGS
Fruit Saline
A Cooling Refreshing Health-Draught for Hot Summer Days

THE BEST PLACE

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170 BRANCHES AND
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THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

THE DAILY PITEOUS TALE OF SUFFERING, WICKEDNESS AND LOSS.

JUDGE TAKES NO RISK. "HAVE YOU A REVOLVER?"

When Francis Robert Attwood, laborer, of Sydney, an elderly man, of military appearance, took his seat just to the rear of the Bar table, Mr. Justice James, critically surveying him, said: "I have been informed, Attwood, you are carrying a revolver. Is that a fact?"

Attwood (standing): "No, your Honor, I am not carrying a revolver."

Mary Ellen Attwood (formerly Garrod), a middle-aged woman, the petitioner, alleged habitual drunkenness and habitual cruelty against Attwood, whom she married on December 9, 1919, at Redfern.

Mrs. Attwood, having given evidence as to her husband's ill-treatment of her and his intemperate habits, Mr. Justice James found the issues in her favor and granted her a decree nisi, giving the husband reasonable access to the child of the marriage, aged four years.

"UNFIT TO DRIVE." MOTORIST FINED £50. TWO YEARS' SUSPENSION.

When Franklin James Mills pleaded guilty before Mr. E. M. Sabine, P.M., in the Adelaide Police Court to having driven a motor car along West Terrace, Adelaide, while so much under the influence of intoxicating liquor as to be incapable of exercising effective and proper control, Det.-Sgt. Allchurch said that it was his first offence.

Defendant was fined £20, with £1/10/- costs, and his license was suspended for two months.

Defendant was then ordered to produce his license for endorsement, and it was discovered that it had been endorsed for a similar offence at Millicent. He admitted the previous conviction on October 1, 1925, when he was fined £10, with 10/- costs.

Mr. Sabine then imposed the minimum penalty of £50 for a second offence, with £1/10/- costs, and suspended his present license and disqualified him from obtaining a license for two years from June 30.

Continuing, the magistrate said that defendant was unfit to drive a motor vehicle. He had had a warning and could not be trusted. He should give up the drink altogether. The public must be protected, and although his license was a means of livelihood he would have to obtain other employment. He must pay the penalty.

Defendant said that his employment required him to drive cars. He asked that his license should not be suspended, because he earned his living by it. He had six children to support.

POSED AS TRAIN TRAVELLERS. A RUSE THAT FAILED.

Posing as train travellers, two young men—Reginald Thynne and Frederick H. Ginn—obtained liquor in the bar at the Goulburn railway station.

Constable T. Wilcox, who chanced to be on duty at the station, had his suspicions upon seeing the defendants go into the bar several times.

Defendants adopted the ruse of waiting until the passengers alighted from incoming trains and then went into the bar with the rush of people. The barmaid naturally thought they were travellers and served them.

Each was fined 20/- with 8/- costs, in default seven days' hard labor.

WET PICNIC.

Auckland.—Two girls returning to the city from a picnic at Devonport fell off the launch.

A passenger dived in and rescued them.

When the launch arrived at the wharf they fell in again.

They splashed about till they were fished out a second time.

Then somebody told on them.

At the Police Court they were fined for drunkenness.

ALL OVER SIXPENCE. RIOTOUS BEHAVIOUR CHARGE FOLLOWS.

An insignificant sixpence was indirectly responsible for the appearance of Claude Ferney at the Goulburn Police Court, where he was convicted on a charge of riotous behaviour, and was fined £5, with costs.

Ferney pleaded guilty to the charge preferred against him.

Mr. N. P. Moriarty, who appeared for defendant, said the latter was suffering from the after effects of war service, and on the day upon which the offence was committed he had been also suffering from an attack of dysentery. Ferney had taken a little drink to soothe his nerves, and at the time was quite unaware of riotous conduct on his part.

THE BEEHIVE STORES FOR ALUMINIUM WARE.

Lip Saucepans, 1/3, 1/9, 2/6 each.
Pie Dishes, 1/9, 2/3, 2/9, 3/3 each.
Baking Dishes, 2/6, 2/11 each. Pudding
Bowls, 1/3. Kettles, 6/11, 9/11, 11/11.
Teapots, 8/11, 10/6.
Collanders, 4/11. Mugs, 5½d., 9½d.
Castors, 5½d. Fry Pans, 3/6, 4/6.
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Wilfred Larcombe gave evidence that he was at a hotel when he was approached by defendant and was asked for the loan of sixpence. Witness refused the request and defendant persisted and then became abusive.

By mutual consent they decided to go down near the golf links and settle matters. A fight ensued and defendant hit witness and made a cut over his eye. Ferney struck a few more blows, and witness retaliated with one that rendered Ferney unconscious.

Inspector Sinclair, picking up the charge book: Do you want all the previous convictions read, your Worship? There is a big list.

The Inspector, however, proceeded to wade through the list, and discovered that on July, 1925, Ferney had entered into recognisances of £40, with sureties of a similar amount, to be of good behaviour and to abstain from intoxicating liquor for a period of 12 months. The Inspector, therefore, asked that the recognisances and surety of £20 each in respect to the riotous behavior be estreated.

Ferney was fined £5, with 12/6 court costs and £1/9/9 witness' expenses, in default two months' jail.

REFUSED DRINK. TROUBLE IN SURRY HILLS.


Shortly before midnight the police wireless patrol received a message that a gang of men were breaking into the Pottery Hotel, at the corner of Riley and Lansdowne streets, Surry Hills.

The patrol car proceeded to the hotel, where the proprietor stated that a number of men had called and had demanded to be served with drink. When he refused them, he added, they attempted to break down the parlor entrance.

The men, foiled in their efforts, however, had disappeared before the police arrived on the scene.

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"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Grit" subscriptions received to 13/5/26, and where not mentioned the amount received is 10/- or 11/-: G. D. Gleadow, 11/3, 18/3/27; Miss E. Summerbell, 30/7/27; Rev. E. E. Crosby, 18/5/27; Mrs. Malcolm, 22/-, 30/12/27; Mrs. A. Rishworth, 20/-.

The following are paid to 30/12/26: H. W. T. Hambly, Y.M.C.A. (Perth), H. Grimson, Miss Pain (1/-), L. D. Clout, C. W. Heyde, Miss V. Marsh, Mrs. Robt. Mackay, A. B. Pursell (14/4), Mrs. J. S. Reid, T. A. Sterland, John I Smith.

WET LOGIC.

(By DR. FRANK CRANE.)

The Writer With 16,000,000 Readers Daily.

The logic of the wets, or those who are opposed to Prohibition, is remarkable.

They claim that there is much more liquor consumed now than formerly, and that Prohibition has utterly failed to accomplish its purpose of reducing the amount of alcoholic beverages used.

Yet in spite of this they wish the amendment repealed.

Here is an industry flourishing apparently, and selling more goods than ever, anxious to have the law which enables them to accomplish this result nullified.

It is to laugh.

As a matter of fact Prohibition has helped that portion of the country which most needed it. It has helped the poor.

The fact that Prohibition is reasonably effective is best proved by the enemies that it has made.

The liquor interests are all in favor of repealing the law. They would not be in favor of this unless it would mean money in their pockets.

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ANOTHER VIEW OF AMERICA'S ACTION.

Looking beyond the surface indications that fill newspapers about Prohibition from day to day, Amos P. Wilder, Associate Editor of the New Haven, Conn., "Journal-Courier," describes conditions as they were in the old "wet" days, and concludes that the coming of Prohibition to the United States has been both logical and imperative.

He calls its adoption "an adventure of faith" by the American people, a "super-announcement to humanity" of a decision made that is to be permanent. He says:

"This first nailing upon the bulletin board of the nations that alcohol is officially tabooed in the land to which forty nations are sending their sons and daughters has made the United States splendid in their eyes. It means industrial supremacy. But better, we have blazed a way in the gloomiest forest in which the children of men ever wandered, comparable only to the insanity of war, on which the thoughts and resolves of good men and women are now no less riveted. . . .

"Prohibition is rightly called a great moral issue, like slavery. The administrative sides are less important than they seem. Unless one have faith, enforcement is not a matter in which his opinion is of value; this ridding civilisation of alcoholic drink is too epochal, too majestic for human calculation, for men's doubts and fears. In a sense it has passed from out their hands. There are hidden, permanent, spiritual factors that do not lend themselves to quarterly reports.

"The public mind has finally got the idea that this country is to function without drink and without drunkards. Is it not a thought that opens visions of a better humanity that our people, so largely foreign, should be in process of being educated to such a prophetic ideal?"

Phone: City 3437.

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