

Grit.

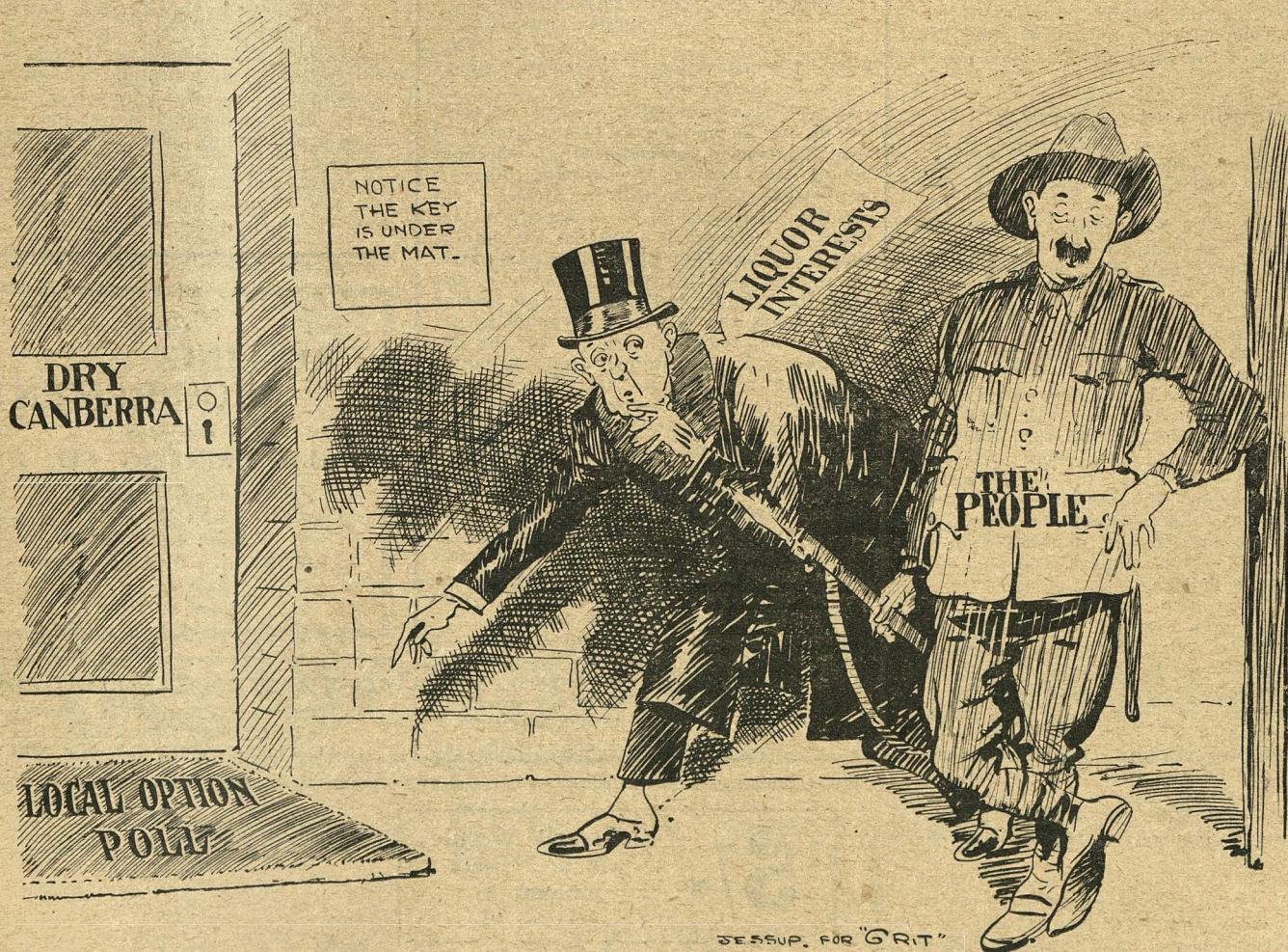
A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION.

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Twopence.

SYDNEY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1926.

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THE SLEEPING SENTRY.

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WITH ONE VOICE.

SOME FACTS—DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS.

The following statements are taken from daily newspapers, and are official or in some other way authoritative and consequently of value:

PROSPERITY AT FLOOD TIDE.

According to H. E. Scott, superintendent of State banks, the 740 banks under State supervision—not including, of course, national banks—responding under a call for a report of their condition at the close of business on April 8, show that deposits and resources in these institutions on that day were the greatest in the history of the State.

In the first three months of this year the resources in those State banks increased 36,782,484 dollars, while deposits increased 43,378,673 dollars.

Individual deposits increased 3,456,700 dollars, savings deposits increased 10,327,619 dollars and time certificates increased 7,841,747 dollars.

There has been a steady increase in resources and deposits of Ohio banks since the 6500 saloons of the State closed seven years ago.

LIQUOR AND CHARITY.

Alberta for two years has had Government sale of all kinds of liquor by Government vendors, and sale of beer by the glass in licensed places.

According to the Salvation Army figures in Edmonton, the cost to charities in that Government liquor sale province grows ever from more to more.

In 1924 the Salvation Army in Edmonton gave 5239 free beds. This charity is showing distressing signs of doubling, the actual number being 9655 in 1925.

Every line of Salvation Army endeavor is being heavily inflated in cost. In 1924 8837 free meals were given, but in 1925 this gift had to be more than doubled, being 20,694.

The total cost in 1924 of such Salvation Army endeavor in Edmonton was 4193 dollars, but in 1925 the total cost had not only been doubled, but to the doubled amount had to be added 1365 dollars, the full sum being 13,944.79 dollars.

To put the problem another way: in 1924 the daily average cost of maintaining the usual Salvation Army work was 13.70 dollars. In 1925 this daily average grew to the alarming sum of 88.30 dollars.

IN PLACE OF THE SALOON.

Some of Des Moines' largest business houses to-day occupy sites formerly held by the city's 86 saloons back in 1914 when Iowa was wet, according to the results of a recent survey announced by the Anti-Saloon League of Iowa.

An analysis of the types of business which succeeded the beer dens show eight cafes, six shoe repair and retail stores, five garages and tyre shops, four drug stores, four temp. bars, three barber shops, three meat markets, two wholesale groceries, two hotels, two clothiers, two furniture dealers, two candy shops, two pool halls, two orangeade booths, and miscellaneous firms, including a radio supply shop, pen shop, machinery company, chemical company, oil service station, bus depot, auction house, leather company, sign works, dentist, special baths, oil heating company, cigar store, wallpaper store, loan shop and florist.

BUILDING HOMES.

There are in the United States 12,000 building and loan associations. According to Don. L. Tobin, the director of public relations of the Ohio Building Association League, these associations have nearly 10,000,000 members

and 6,000,000,000 dollars in assets. During the past fiscal year these institutions loaned 2,000,000,000 dollars and helped finance 450,000 American homes.

According to Secretary of Labor James A. Davis, more than 11,000,000 people are dependent for living upon the building industry and 22 per cent. of all skilled and unskilled labor in the country is engaged in the building branch alone. Some 25,000 freight cars were required to handle materials in one year. Mr. Davis declares that the building bill of the United States is 200 dollars per year for each family. Nothing in the history of the country can compare with this building record for the past year. Prohibition alone is not responsible for the record, but building and loan officials are practically unanimous in their belief that Prohibition is an important factor in this marvellous material development.

AMERICAN CONSULAR SERVICE, Sydney, Australia,

May 22, 1926.

Edward Whitten, Esq., "Lowestoft," Gaspard, via Quirindi, N.S.W.

Sir,—I have your letter recently received asking for an opinion as to the benefit of the Prohibition amendment. I perhaps should not venture an opinion since it might seem to be foisting the affairs of my country on Australia, but I believe no one could take offence if I express the opinion that I consider that Prohibition in America is a very great success. I believe also that the things one sees in the foreign press about the failure of Prohibition are largely inspired and paid for by the opposition. Of one thing I am absolutely convinced, and that is, that the eighteenth Amendment to the American Constitution will never be repealed.

On a recent visit to the United States I travelled across the continent twice by different routes, and also many side trips up and down, so that my wife and I probably travelled 5000 miles and visited in many cities. During that time we saw one drunken man only and no open saloons. I will leave you to decide whether that constitutes a blessing or a curse.

Under separate cover I am sending you a copy of the Anti-Saloon League Year Book which I think will further answer your question.—Very respectfully yours,
E. M. LAWTON,
Consul General in Charge.

DRUGS.

Prohibition has not swelled the ranks of drug users, Richmond P. Hobson, secretary-general of the first world conference for narcotic education, told the meeting at Philadelphia.

"Less than 2 per cent. of drug addiction can be traced to Prohibition," he declared.

39 OUT OF 48.

There are at present 39 States in which malt liquors containing more than one-half of 1 per cent. of alcohol by volume could not be sold even if the Federal statute was amended. The States' statutes expressly forbid the sale of malt liquors of a greater alcoholic content. Even if Congress were to amend the law, beer could not be sold in these States.

Lieut. Colonel Hamon, of the Salvation Army of New York, reports that whereas before Prohibition fifty per cent. of their help given to women and girls in their rescue homes was given because of drunkenness, now the percentage is not more than one.

ITALY LIMITS LIQUOR SALES.

The Roman Senate has adopted a law cutting in half the number of vendors of alcoholic beverages and limiting the sale of alcoholic liquors and the number of cafes and bars. The proportion of vendors was reduced from one in every 500 population to one in every 1000 population. The Minister of the Interior, while condemning alcoholism, told the Senate that it was necessary to proceed slowly in order to crush it.

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GOVERNMENT



SAVINGS BANK

OF N.S.W.

THE MOST WONDERFUL MEETING IN AUSTRALIA.

SOME WONDERFUL ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

By ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

It is curious how we describe an answer to prayer as "wonderful," as though it were exceptional, whereas it is quite a commonplace thing for God to answer prayer, and while to us it may seem wonderful, to Him it is quite ordinary.

He would do much more for us than He now does if only we fulfilled His conditions.

DO IT YOURSELF.

Dr. John R. Mott, while on an evangelistic and teaching tour in India, heard of a centre in which a great work of salvation and blessing was going on. He said he had always found, in such cases, that the work began with and centred around some one praying person. So he was not surprised to learn that this work was known to have started from the prayers of one missionary, who was spending five hours a day in intercession. Mr. Mott says that he took great pains to visit this man, and asked him for suggestions as to how to increase the number of intercessors in the world. The man, himself a Bible teacher also, simply smiled and said, "For years I labored to instruct and inspire people to the ministry of intercession, but to very little purpose. So I have decided that the only way to get other people to pray is to do it myself."

IF... AND... WHATSOEVER.

John, chapter fifteen, verse seven, sets out the essential conditions upon which we must concentrate. "If" we are friends with Him "and" if His word dominates our conduct, then "whatsoever" we ask will be granted.

We must be careful to observe the "if" and the "and," for there is no other way of giving the "whatsoever" any meaning at all.

Take your radio. "If" you turn the left-hand dial "and" adjust the central dial then a message will come through. There is no way of receiving any message, unless we observe the "if" and the "and" with the

radio, and it is equally essential to observe the conditions of prayer.

IMMEDIATE.

On Wednesday last this petition was handed in: "Pray that I, a backslider, may be restored. I was once a winner of souls. I anticipate being at the meeting to-day between 12.45 and 1.15." (Signed) "An Anxious Man."

We prayed; we joined the anxious man in his conflict. We did not know to what temptation he had yielded; we did not know why he could not make his way back to God, but we did know the devil was clinging to him and he was willing to break away and come back to God.

At 2 o'clock a memo. was handed up: "Rejoice with me, the backslider for whom you prayed has surrendered and is restored and once again at peace with God."

The week before prayer was offered for a young man who desperately needed employment. The next day he obtained a suitable position and returned a warm note of praise.

A petition was presented for a husband who was resentful of anything to do with religion, whose irritability made his home unbearable. It was a piteous cry for help.

The following week this note was handed in: "Thank God for a miracle in the life of my husband. I cannot describe the wonderful change and the peace that has come to our home. God has indeed answered our prayers."

The next Wednesday this note was sent up:

"I would like for your encouragement to tell you that praise was offered last week that an irritable husband was so wonderfully changed. Well, thank God, even still more happiness and peace, and best of all I can see he is trying by God's help to live a good Christian life also."

HEART-BREAKING.

A hush came over the great meeting as the following deeply pathetic petition was read and presented to God:

"Would you pray for my household next Wednesday? We are sorely tried just now—distress and great worry of long standing. It is heart-breaking what we are going through. The hardship to try and get food, and this next week promises to be our worst. I feel desperate about it—I have children. The bearing down, never-ending anxiety and worry is getting my husband and I under. One little girl said to me, 'Mother, I'd be glad if God came and took us all.' I have heard you read people's troubles from the platform, but I have never known people suffer as we have, and for so long, just one after the other of troubles following us for years. I was thankful at one time that the children were too young to understand. Now it is different. But I say, no charity, anything first. Just pray for us, please.—A Mother Who Feels at Times Desperate."

GOD SPOKE THROUGH HIS WORD.

The following is one of many of the same kind:

"I had, for the last few days, been in a terrible state of mind to know what to do for the best for others in a home matter. I was in great fear that I might not take the right step at the right time, and yet there was the danger that I might, in my anxiety, act hastily in the wrong direction. I prayed and prayed about it, but seemed unable to calm myself enough for this, until I definitely asked for a message of guidance from my Bible. I opened it at random at Isaiah 30, and almost immediately knew the answer to my prayer was in the 7th, 15th and 21st verses—'Their strength is to sit still'; 'In quietness and confidence shall be your strength'; 'And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.'"

"I do thank God for this help, and pray that I might not fail to act upon it. Already a way has been made to solve the problem for a few weeks, I believe, and I know it will be made clear right through if only I keep quiet and confident, and wait upon God. Please thank Him with me, and ask that I might not miss the way He makes."

The Nicholson Mission

September 5th to September 26

The Old STRAND THEATRE, PARRAMATTA RD. (NEAR JOHNSTON STREET)

Without Prayer—Much Prayer—There Never Has Been a Revival.

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CHURCH OF CHRIST, SALVATION ARMY.**

Alexander Hymn Book (No. 3) used at all meetings.

WM. BRADLEY, Hon. Organising Secretary

NEW SOUTH WALES PROHIBITION ALLIANCE.

Headquarters: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Our Objective: The Abolition of the Liquor Traffic.

Our Weapons: Education and Legislative Action.

ROUNDABOUT NOTES.

By H. C. STITT.

IN THE FIELD.—Rev. H. Putland has visited the coal areas round Maitland and Kurri Kurri, where he has accomplished much good by personal visitation. He also visited Cessnock, and was the preacher there on Sunday, 29th August. Mr. Putland speaks very optimistically of the strong Prohibition feeling among the coal fields, the miners being very definitely of the opinion that under Prohibition the increasing number of factories that would be operating would create employment and an increased output of coal. Mr. C. E. Still reports a very cordial reception at Dulwich Hill Churches. Mr. H. Macourt was the Alliance preacher at two services at Willoughby, both of which were well attended and the message well received. Mr. Evan Richards, who has been in the Oberon district, met many supporters who are looking forward with confidence to the Prohibition poll. Mr. H. C. Stitt preached at Lakemba and Ramsgate to very sympathetic congregations, and also gave an illustrated lantern lecture at Hurstville on the 1st instant.

CITY WINE BARS.—Some time ago we had occasion to communicate with the Justice Department drawing attention to reports regarding the conduct of certain city wine bars. We have now received a reply stating: "That these bars have been the subject of special police supervision during the past three months, and that generally they have been conducted fairly satisfactorily. During that period a number of prosecutions have been instituted against licensees and others for various offences."

"I am to add that the reports show that in the city police divisions wine bars are in several instances frequented by well-dressed men and women, the respectability of the latter being open to question, but that the wine bars in the suburban division are frequented by local residents, mostly men, who are apparently of good repute."

LAW ENFORCEMENT.—In last issue of "Grit" I hinted that the Alliance was considering the whole question of law enforcement. Our special investigation committee has since visited several of the leading city hotels, and in each case liquor was being quite openly sold at the dinner tables after 6 o'clock p.m. In each case the committee was asked—without question or hesitation—by the special liquor waiter "What are you having to drink?" As the legality of the sale of liquor to casuals in this manner was tested before the Full Court and the High Court of Australia, the decision was unanimously in both instances against the liquor sellers. One may rightly ask, "Who is going to rule—the law courts or the booze business?" One would be quite safe in saying that every other business under the sun would have respected these decisions. However, the Alliance believes that there is widespread evasion of the law, more especially in regard to liquor being served with meals. Prominent members connected with our organisation decided recently to take the matter into their own hands, and some interesting cases will be cited in the Courts shortly. The principle must now be accepted by temperance advocates that law enforcement must precede Prohibition instead of following it, as was the case in U.S.A., and that the failure to respect the liquor laws tends to breed contempt for all law. An examination of the position will

convince any unbiased mind that the Prohibition law is far better observed in U.S.A. than is the six o'clock closing law in N.S.W. Regulation by license of the liquor traffic has ignominiously failed. The traffic will not obey the law. Therefore the only solution is to outlaw it by total abolition.

PLEDGE SIGNING.—The wisdom and necessity for a vigorous policy of pledge signing has been in the mind of the Alliance for some time. The field speakers are unanimous that active work of this nature should be associated with all of their meetings. The Alliance has pledge books on hand, which are gladly supplied to those requiring them. Every Prohibition worker should be equipped with a pocket pledge book to use as opportunity presents. We feel sure that a combined effort on the part of churches and temperance bodies in suburbs and towns definitely organised into a "Total Abstinence, Pledge Signing and Social Questions Association" would accomplish an immense amount of good, and be of infinite value as a Prohibition force. What an interesting, friendly rivalry would be created in some places to secure the "first thousand" or leading place on the honor roll for the largest number of pledges. Think it over and act now.

SUNSHINE FAIR, 1926.

SYDNEY TOWN HALL,

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, Nov. 4, 5, 6.

Talk about it! Work for it!

FIELD APPOINTMENTS.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 12.

11 a.m.: Hurstville Presbyterian Church.

Rev. H. C. Foreman, M.A.

11 a.m.: Petersham Presbyterian Church.

7.15 p.m.: Oatley Methodist Church.

Mr. H. C. Stitt.

11 a.m.: Baulkham Hills Meth. Church.

3 p.m.: Castle Hill Methodist Church.

7.15 p.m.: Parramatta North Methodist Church.

Rev. H. Putland.

11 a.m.: Wyong Methodist Church.

3 p.m.: Wyong Methodist Church.

7 p.m.: Wyong Methodist Church.

Mr. Evan Richards.

11 a.m.: Mortdale Methodist Church.

7 p.m.: Marrickville Presbyterian Church.

Mr. H. Macourt.

11 a.m.: Adelong Methodist Circuit.

3 p.m.: Adelong Methodist Circuit.

7.30 p.m.: Adelong Methodist Circuit.

Mr. C. E. Still.

Tel. B 3332

J 1606 (Private)

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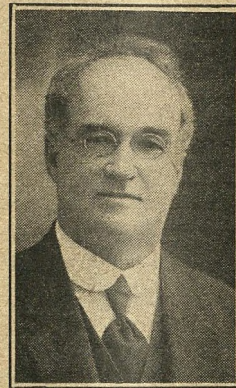
Trust Money
on Mortgage.

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

OUR STATE SUPERINTENDENT.

MR. STITT TAKES UP PASTORATE OF WAGGA CHURCH OF CHRIST.

"There is no finer work any man can do," was the remark of a member of the Prohibition Alliance Executive when told that Mr. Stitt, the State Superintendent, was entering into the full work of the Christian ministry.



Mr. H. C. STITT.

Mr. Stitt has served the cause of Prohibition well during the two and a half years he occupied the position of State Superintendent. Coming to it at a time when the outlook was not bright and the organisation in a difficult position, he took up the work with earnestness and tenacity which could not fail to make an impression. In circumstances where many another man might have been flurried and irritable, he plodded on until the satisfaction came

to him that he had improved the organisation and steadied the movement in its forward course.

Some may have wished for something spectacular; but it was a time when solidity was more needed. Mr. Stitt can retire from the helm feeling that he leaves the N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance in a better position than when he joined it. What more than that need be said of any man's work? There has not been drift; there has been consolidation and progress. This has meant confidence among our supporters, of which there have been many expressions, especially from the churches and organisations making up the Alliance.

As a preacher, Mr. Stitt was acceptable in any of the pulpits opened to our representatives in every denomination. Particularly fine work was done by him in country districts, where his lantern lectures were a feature of our field programme. He has a grasp of the Prohibition question which enabled him to put it in an impressive way. He frequently told his audiences, "Prohibition is not an experiment; neither is it necessarily a temperance question; it is an economic and patriotic principle which is arithmetically and morally sound." This was the keynote of his addresses.

Mr. Stitt goes to take charge of the Wagga Church of Christ. It was on one of his country tours that he had to stop over at the metropolis of the Riverina, and conducted the week-night service of the Church. The impression left was remembered when the vacancy in the pastorate came, and a unanimous invitation was sent, and pressed when there seemed a possibility of non-acceptance. He will go to his new work with the heartiest good wishes of all his friends and associates in the Prohibition fight. It will still be his concern, and we shall be assured of another warm friend in the Riverina district.

PROHIBITION WITHOUT COMPENSATION.

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

WHAT OF THE LAW?

IS THERE LAXITY IN ADMINISTRATION?

From Queensland comes information of a movement to secure better law observance so far as the liquor traffic is concerned. It began with some drastic statements in the Queensland Assembly by Mr. Elphinstone, member for Oxley, who is reported to have said that "the licensing laws were being flagrantly flouted from one end of the State to the other"; also that "when one door was closed another was opened, except those controlled by people who realised their responsibilities." There was in what was said serious reflection upon the police, who are charged with the administration of the liquor law.

It might be thought remarkable that in connection with the liquor traffic everywhere there are these charges being made from time to time. The "Queensland Times," in a leading article upon the question, asks how will this particular expression of disregard for legal obligations affect the general respect for the law which is the basis of our democracy? A very pertinent question, indeed. Because of the "flagrant breaches of the liquor laws" there is an agitation in Queensland for making a later hour of closing of hotel bars—now eight o'clock. This would indicate that they think if a law is not being observed it should be relaxed; a principle to which no self-respecting citizen would subscribe. The usual attitude when a law is being evaded is to tighten it up, and that is what will have to be done with the liquor law.

Talk of not harassing law-breakers is a suggestion that we are drifting back to hoodlum domination. We are up against the same law-breaking in this State. If there is any influence hindering police officers doing their duty in the matter it should be unmasked. There can be no legitimate reason for differentiating between traders in their responsibility for observance of the laws. The liquor traders are not the possessors of any special privilege, and there should certainly not be one law for the big hotel and another for the small one, nor one for the worker and another for the leisured class.

The campaign of the Prohibition Alliance for better observance of the liquor laws is quite opportune, a fact which is proved by the statements which are being made in other States.

At a deputation to the Queensland Home Secretary, Mr. Arthur Toombes, of the Queensland Prohibition Alliance, said the impression prevailed that the enforcement of the liquor law was unpopular with the Government. This is a serious phase of the matter. There have been things in the attitude of local politicians suggesting something similar here. If it were so, it would spell disaster, for no political party can afford to trifle with the law, just as no country can afford to continue a Government which would wink at breaches of the law.

The whole matter is being tested here at the present time, and undoubtedly everyone concerned about the public welfare is desirous of only one result, which is that the law shall be administered without fear or favor or interference by those not charged with seeing that it is kept by all concerned.

MOBILISING THE FORCES.

STATE CONFERENCE TO CONSIDER ELECTION PROGRAMME.

The preparations for the 1928 Election Campaign are proceeding apace. It is proposed to hold a State Conference for the purpose of launching the campaign. This will be held in Sydney on Thursday and Friday, October 21 and 22. It is hoped to have delegates from all the principal towns of the State and from the various suburban centres, in addition to the leaders of the movement generally.

Communications regarding the conference are now being sent out, and the committee charged with the arrangements anticipate that these will meet with that interest which will make it fully representative of the State and of the organisations interested in the fight against the drink evil.

The programme for the election campaign is almost complete. It will be submitted to the conference for consideration and approval, to be put into operation immediately

SUNSHINE EXCURSION

Lane Cove and Parramatta Rivers to Cabarita

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23.

Tickets: Adults, 1/6; Children, 1/-.

afterwards. All the machinery for a big State-wide campaign next year will be brought into being. Material for this has been collected for some time past. Everything points to one of the most effective political efforts yet made by the Prohibition forces of the State.

There are a number of circumstances which help us as regards this special campaign. Ample evidence is available that agents of the liquor traffic have been actively engaged behind the political scenes, succeeding in definitely associating many politicians with their plans. How they have done it can, in a number of instances, be easily imagined. Our business is to deal with these politicians, no matter to what party they belong. They are of a type which never remain long before the public once it is discovered that they are the tools of any interest out to exploit the community. And of the liquor traffic Phillip Snowden said: "Of all forms of capitalistic power and exploitation it is the worst." Yet the remarkable thing in Australia is that so many Labor members of Parliament are ready to help bolster it up. There was Mr. Cann, the Minister for Health, telling the wine trades recently that they had the whole-hearted support of the State Government. As the liquor traffic is the enemy which the workers have to fight the attitude of these representatives is to say the least of it, strange.

The Conference will conclude with the Sunshine Harbor Excursion on Saturday, October 23, associated with which will be a great rally of Prohibition sympathisers, particularly in relation to 6 o'clock and law enforcement.

Conference dates: October 21 and 22.
Excursion date: October 23.

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

FAIR NEWS.

Arrangements continue to move towards a satisfactory completion. That the Fair will be a success is now assured.

A meeting during the week in connection with the Methodist stall was attended by 52 ladies, with satisfactory apologies from a dozen others. It was a most enthusiastic gathering. To the general and flower stalls already decided upon it was agreed to add a cake stall and a doll competition, the latter for the juniors.

The Presbyterian Committee met to receive satisfactory reports from the conveners. Many promises of goods and cash had been received, the latter almost guaranteeing the financial success of their effort.

Owing to the W.C.T.U. Convention it was necessary to alter the date of the harbor excursion, which will now be Saturday, October 23.

PROHIBITION AND BUSINESS.

FIGHT IN THE INTERESTS OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY.

Mr. Crawford Vaughan conducted two excellent lunch-hour meetings last week at Messrs. Geo. Hudson's timber yards and F. Metters and Co.'s stove works.

A feature of these meetings is the thoughtful attention given by the workers to the story of liquor's devastating effect on Labor. Mr. Vaughan pointed out that high rates of wages were a delusion and a sham if they bought no more than low rates of wages. "In 1905," he said, "I went into Parliament as a Labor member to seek to improve the economic position of the worker. He worked long hours for poor pay. I must confess that after all these years the position of the worker has not materially improved. The official Year Book says in fact that average wages in Australia were actually lower in their purchasing power in 1912 to 1917 than they were in 1911."

Mr. Vaughan went on to say that the Labor problem was an economic one, and so long as high wages could be passed on in increased prices the worker would find himself the victim of an ever-increasing cost of living. In America under Prohibition not only had wages increased, but prices had decreased, so that while in 14 years in Australia workers' wages had advanced only 4.6 per cent. in their purchasing power, in six years American wages had increased by 75 per cent.

Mr. Vaughan spent the past week in Newcastle and Maitland districts.

STATE CONFERENCE

C.M.M. Hall, Castlereagh Street
October 21st and 22nd.

Watch for Particulars.

BRITISH YEAR BOOK.

The Year Book issued by the United Kingdom Alliance, a most valuable publication, is on sale at the Prohibition Alliance Office, 321 Pitt-street, at 2/6, postage 4d. extra.

INEBRIATE ACT A FARCE.

MINISTER OF JUSTICE REFUSES TO TAKE ANY ACTION.

A PITIABLE RESULT OF OUR LICENSING SYSTEM.

By ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

For nearly fourteen years I have been responsible in an honorary and voluntary capacity for an effort to care for the unfortunate drunks at the Central Police Court, Sydney.

Neither the Church nor the Government has in any way acknowledged, encouraged or assisted this effort.

FIRST PLEDGE, JANUARY 10, 1913.

112,810 before the Court to 31/8/26.

23,900 signed the pledge.

Pledges broken average 18 per cent.

This has involved an expenditure of over £3500, which includes part salary of an assistant, pledges, soup, food and assistance.

AN INTERVIEW.

In May last Dr. Arthur, M.L.A., and the writer interviewed the Minister for Justice, the Hon. Mr. McKell, and made a number of proposals to him.

These requests were embodied in the following memo., which was handed to him:

MEMO. RE DRUNKS AT CENTRAL POLICE COURT, SYDNEY.

For the four months of this year the following numbers have been before the Central Police Court:

	Men.	Women.	Total.
January	653	127	780
February	474	115	589
March	579	96	675
April	599	145	744

Total

2305 .. 483 .. 2788

Of this total of 2788 the following were on bail:

	Men.	Women.	Total.
January	301	52	353
February	216	60	276
March	344	46	390
April	327	65	392

Total

1188 .. 223 .. 1411

These people surrendered their 10/- bail, which amounted to £705/10/-.

It was only after my repeated and persistent urging that the bail was raised from 5/- to 10/-, so that for several years the Government have benefited by this, as by other of my voluntary efforts at this Court.

The law declares that any person convicted three times or more within a period of one year may be declared an inebriate. This Act is almost a dead letter.

Lindsay was convicted on 15/5/25, and on 17/5/26 he had been convicted for the 20th time during the year, but was given a further chance, and was before the Court again on 21/5/26.

Clarke, on May 28, was convicted for the fifth time this year.

Carroll, on May 28, was convicted for the fifth time this year.

Gordon, on May 19, was convicted for the fifth time this year.

Lee, on May 20, was convicted for the fifth time this year.

Vaughan, on May 27, was convicted for the fifth time.

None of these were even sent to the doctor to be certified to, because he has shown his unwillingness to certify as in the case of Lindsay and many others.

Ida Harcourt, since 1902, has six times been declared an inebriate, and was before the Court again on 25/5/26.

PROPOSALS.

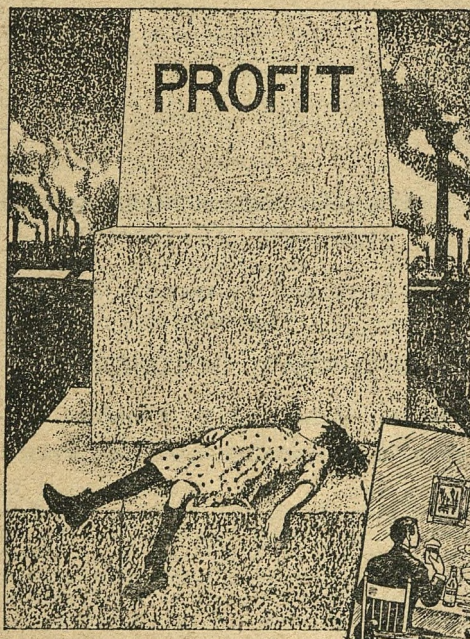
1st—Raise the bail to 15/-.

2nd—Enforce the Inebriates Act.

3rd—Use Shaftesbury Institute for Inebriates to its capacity.

4th—Provide some remedial treatment at Shaftesbury, and place it under the Minister for Health, and thus relieve it from its present prison stigma.

5th—Sell Shaftesbury; its eleven acres are not suitable for the purpose for which it is now used, but it is most suitable for a good class of residence. Buy a good farm and



THE "HAPPY" MAN AND THE UNHAPPY CHILD

treat these numerous unfortunates in a sincere and up-to-date way.

6th—The conditions at the Central Police Court for prisoners are very bad.

(a) Prisoners should be utilised to do the cleaning up work, washing yard, folding and disinfecting blankets.

(b) Towels and soap should be provided—men come in filthy and blood clotted on Saturday and remain until Monday unwashed. Baths should be provided and compulsory, and hot water in winter provided.

(c) Drunks are not necessarily criminals, but they are often treated as lower than animals.

7th—A portion of the bail money forfeited by drunks might well be set apart for the purpose of sending men who have been robbed back to the country, and otherwise saving them from being a costly burden as well as a menace in the city.

I now add to my previous suggestions the following:

1. Increase the present maximum penalty for drunkenness from 40/- or one month to £5 or three months.

2. Make it possible for the magistrate in the Drunks' Court to deal with those recommended for the Inebriate Act.

THE MINISTER'S REFUSAL.

Department of the Attorney-General and of Justice,

Sydney, August 26, 1926.

Box 6A, G.P.O.

Dear Sir,—Referring to your personal representations at this Department on June 3 last respecting the enforcement of the "Inebriates Act, 1912," the Shaftesbury Reformatory, and the general question of the method of dealing with cases of drunkenness, I am directed by the Minister for Justice to inform you that he has carefully inquired into these matters, and, so far as the enforcement of the "Inebriates Act" is concerned, to point out that if the police make reasonable endeavors to have convicted persons dealt with in terms of Section 11, this Department cannot give any directions which may influence the course likely to be taken by the Court. If the medical evidence before the Court does not justify an order under this section, it could not be expected that the offender would be committed to an institution. With regard to Shaftesbury Reformatory, I am to state that no change in the system of administration is contemplated at present.

Having considered every aspect of the question, the Minister does not deem it desirable to increase the amount of bail deposited in cases of drunkenness, viz., 10/-, nor to adopt your suggestion that such bail deposits be utilised to return to the country men who have been robbed in the city.

I am to add that your representations as to employment of prisoners to clean up, etc., provision of towels, soap and hot baths, and treatment by police of persons charged with drunkenness, will be referred to the Chief Secretary's Department, as they are matters which primarily concern the police, who are under the administrative control of the Department.—Yours faithfully,

W. KESSELL,

Under-Secretary of Justice.

Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, Macdonell House, 321 Pitt-street, Sydney.

BIGNESS AND URGENCY.

There has been for some years an average of over 30,000 drunks before the Courts and at least another 30,000 before the Courts on charges that involved drunkenness. This number involves an immense economic loss; it creates an insoluble domestic problem, and it is perhaps the largest of our social disasters. With the increase of motor traffic the drink-fuddled are a potential tragedy. Last year there were in N.S.W. 168 fatal accidents and no less than 6654 reported as injured. It is beyond question that drinking was the largest contributing factor to the suffering, cost and loss associated with these accidents.

For the month of August, 1926, the record at the Central Police Court shows a heavy increase. The figures are: Men, 744; women, 155; pledges, 211.

A man convicted eight times last year and convicted eight times since last January was on August 30 recommended for the Inebriates Act, but Dr. Chisholm Ross refused to certify to him being an inebriate within the meaning of the Act, yet the Act says, "If he has been convicted three times or more within twelve months."

So this poor victim of the cupidity of the drink seller was turned loose the next day to "sponge" on society, be a danger to himself and others, and sink deeper into the mire of the drink habit.

But who cares?

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CREAM OF TARTAR
BAKING POWDER
MAKES LOVELY SCONES

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

"LIPS THAT TOUCH LIQUOR."

By OWEN P. WHITE, in "Collier's National Weekly."

Here we have, in diverting detail, the campaign which put the Demon Rum on the run and made America thirst for Prohibition. But the Demon seems to have stopped running, and the youth of the land, lacking the old urge, are strangers to the White Ribbon. Now, in this Prohibition era we shall soon see a new temperance campaign started.

Away back in the 80's, when I was a mere child—and I want to emphasise that word "mere" in order to bring out the point that in that remote era the propagandists who were abroad in the land believed in roping us young and branding us early—I can distinctly recall having witnessed a most remarkable experiment.

I was six years old, in the first reader at school, and along with the rest of the infants in my class I was ordered to line up in front of the teacher.

That sweet young lady, who had probably never taken a drink of hard liquor in her life and had certainly never even heard of synthetic gin, had before her, on her desk, all of the paraphernalia for an ominous and impressive demonstration. And that that demonstration was ominous and impressive is amply attested by the fact that I can recall every detail of what happened as clearly as if it had all taken place yesterday.

The good teacher's equipment consisted of an empty glass fruit jar, a portion of a calf's brain, unfried and unscrambled, and a bottle of alcohol. After explaining to us what the brain was, and what the alcohol, our teacher put the former into the fruit jar, poured the latter over it and, in awe-inspiring tones, told us to watch and see what happened. We watched. With bulging eyes we saw the brain turn from a natural, healthy, pinkish color to a sickly, unattractive grey; and then, after we had silently returned to our seats to ponder over the miracle, we were told in an awful and threatening lecture that that was exactly what would happen to our little brains if we ever got on intimate terms with or even dallied with the Demon Rum.

Of course I don't suppose that there were three members of the class who understood, at the time, very much of what it was all about. I am sure I didn't. As far as I was concerned the demonstration was a physiological failure because I couldn't get the idea that my brain was down in my stomach where what I drank could get at it, but as a psychological proposition it has since turned out to be a magnificent success.

It has been a psychological success because, more than anything that I have ever

read or heard or seen from that day to this, the memory of that experiment, conducted in a country schoolroom, has constantly impressed me with the thought—although it has never turned me into a teetotaler—that alcohol is an excessively dangerous thing to fool with. Even yet I never allow myself to get pickled, polluted, stewed, lit, or whatever the name of that privately popular pastime may be, that I do not find myself wondering for days afterwards whether or not my grey matter is really turning grey.

Later on, during my childhood, clear through the period of my adolescent youth and then following me up to the time when I reached man's estate—and, mind you, I lived all of this time in West Texas, where men were supposed to drink whisky by the dipperful—this temperance propaganda, which was intended to educate me, and all other young people, against the abuse of alcohol and against letting alcohol abuse us, was kept up.

All over the United States the same thing was going on. For twenty years or more numbers of hard-working men and women, representing national as well as local temperance organisations, labored throughout the land; went into every corner of it; penetrated its most remote jungles and barren deserts, and wherever they appeared they organised Bands of Hope, formed abstinence and teetotalers' societies, put white ribbons into the buttonholes of a large proportion of the populace, and made their campaign a howling success.

"Howling" is exactly the right word. Everybody in the United States, deaf persons excluded, who is past the age of forty can remember all about it. And even the deaf were not entirely immune to the campaign. The deaf can see and read, and who is there, in the broad confines of Uncle Sam's dominion, of sufficient age, who cannot recall the time when the country was plastered over, from one end to the other, with villainously printed posters announcing the production, generally by home talent enlisted for the good of the cause, of that great, grand and glorious drama and imperishable moral lesson, "Ten Nights in a Bar Room"?

This crowning effort of genius had a great

run. In it, you remember, the village belle, with her skirts shockingly short in order to make her look as if she were only ten or a quarter past, feverishly grabs the Baptist deacon by the hand, drags him dramatically across the stage and hysterically exclaims:

"Father, dear Father, come home with me now,

The clock in the steeple strikes one."

"Abie's Irish Rose," with its measly record of only four years on Broadway, is not to be mentioned in the same breath with this pre-Prohibition masterpiece. Why should "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" play a Broadway engagement when half of the schools, churches, assembly halls and vacant lots of the entire countryside were at its service and just itching for it to get there? In the end it got. It went everywhere.

Gloriously touted by its promoters and producers (who would have uncharitably characterised similar encomiums in regard to "The Black Crook," then playing opposition engagements, as highly exaggerated) as "an ideal spectacular production whose splendor illuminates the entire amusement horizon," "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" boomed merrily along until, as Billy Kersands contemporaneously remarked, it became nationally known as "hot stuff."

It was hot stuff. It "reformed many a drunkard"; "taught a great life lesson"; was "endorsed by the press and clergy of all denominations"; and, although sundry Baptist deacons did occasionally display an inexplicable familiarity with the etiquette of the bar room, and the miscellaneous assortment of village belles who took part didn't always blush as copiously as they should have at the shortness of their own skirts, the announcements of the play were always accompanied by an inferred comparison which was very uncomplimentary to professional thespians, to the effect that "this drama will be put on by Ladies and Gentlemen whose hearts are in the work."

Next to "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" in popularity and in efficiency in putting over the idea of Temperance came that fine, familiar old poem, "The Face on the Bar Room Floor," whose author died recently prematurely, at the age of eighty, broken and disappointed because his magnum opus had been used in recent years to bring Prohibition upon the land when it had been written only as an argument in favor of abstemiousness.

How touchingly that poem used to be recited! Everybody of my generation can remember how we, even those of us who occasionally imbibed, used to tingle all over during its heart-rending rendition; how we used to applaud at its conclusion and how we used to discuss it afterward and unanimously agree that it was a mighty good thing for anybody to listen to.

Then came the Temperance Lecturers—often ludicrous, hypocritical perhaps, but intensely impressive; and following in their wake, waving her axe and preaching destruction, came Carrie Nation and her cult. Active and aggressive, but quite convincing to certain white-coated individuals, these hatchet-toting hatchet-faced women made much headway for a while; after which, their ardor cooled by a few terms in various jails, they made way for other industrious ladies who prayed in front of the saloons and for children who sang temperance songs in the churches, in the schools and even in the streets.

Can any of us who heard those songs ever forget them? Especially this one which, in D flat—and the flatter the better—used daily to gladden our ears to the tune of "Old Massa's Gone Away":

(Continued on page 12.)

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A Personal Chat with my readers

WHAT WE THINK.

I have seen it stated that the average person remembers 10 per cent. of what they hear, 30 per cent. of what they see, and 50 per cent. of what they hear and see.

Few people have wandering thoughts when they are looking, but most people have them when they are listening.

Why we remember so little of what we hear is probably because it is as unimportant as a scratch on a second-hand Ford car. What we are most likely to remember is what we think.

You may forget the thing that made you think and yet remember very clearly what it made you think.

A thought is a most powerful thing. It can make us happy or sad, active or lazy, kind or cruel; in fact the Bible says: "As a man thinketh in his heart so he is." The Bible also says: "Think until you learn to think soberly."

Few people ever seriously train themselves to think, and very many people don't know that they never really think at all.

St. Paul, writing to the Philippians, says: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

If we would only take a little time to pack our mind with nice thoughts, to hang beautiful memory pictures in the gallery of our imagination, then would we be truly rich.

Most of us have an untidy mind; it is a jumble of unsorted scraps.

How could it be anything else when we give more time to the daily papers than we do to the everlasting Bible?

Some so-called newspapers are only mental garbage boxes, and to have them on your table is as mentally offensive as the garbage box from the street would be physically offensive if brought into your sitting room.

I have seen old derelicts hunting for scraps in the garbage box, a truly pitiable sight; but that is far more excusable and far less pitiable than to see some newspapers in the hands of those who should have a little moral decency and mental fastidiousness. A lewd play or a revolting divorce case attracts the human blowflies, and reveals their type of mind.

We need to be careful how we state what we think, for surely some thoughts disclose an untidy mind, a diseased mind, or a vicious mind.

Priscilla Leonard has embodied a wise precept in the following verses:

Forget each kindness that you do
As soon as you have done it;
Forget the praise that falls to you
The moment you have won it;
Forget the slander you hear
Before you can repeat it;
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer,
Wherever you may meet it.

Remember every kindness done
To you, whatever its measure;
Remember praise by others won,
And pass it on with pleasure;
Remember every promise made
And keep it to the letter;
Remember those who lent you aid,
And be a grateful debtor.

Remember all the happiness
That comes your way in living;
Forget each worry and distress,
Be hopeful and forgiving;
Remember good, remember truth,
Remember heaven's above you,
And you will find, through age and youth,
True joys, and hearts to love you.

* * *

"The churches are empty," SUPERFICIAL "Religion is decadent," "the JUDGMENT. Gospel has had its day."

Such statements as these are commonly printed and uttered. They are untrue, in fact, and entirely unjustified, merely revealing a superficial mind. The teachings of the infidels Ingersoll, Paine, and Bradlaugh are truly obsolete; their books are practically unprocurable; they are without any organised following. It is a striking fact that the halls built by atheists to gather together and build up infidels in the capital cities of Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide are all now owned and used by Christians to promote religion, and this in less than 50 years.

There were 50,000 more people in church on Sunday than there were people at football matches on Saturday; yet the daily papers gave a page of football, and not even five lines to the activities of the Church. Their judgment is superficial. We hear of the lawlessness of the people in U.S.A. The theme has been worn threadbare by the press, and yet it will be news to even my readers to be told that there are 47,000,000 Americans recognised as church members, and 26,000,000 attend Sunday school. Last year more than 800,000 people joined the churches of U.S.A. on a profession of faith.

Religion has survived every human vicissitude. A hundred years ago speculative philosophy led many able men to doubt the utility of the churches. To-day the names of these men are already forgotten, and more and more are men turning to Christ as the

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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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, SEPT. 9, 1926.

only one who can speak peace to their hearts and proclaim with authority a standard of conduct.

But for Christianity the rule of the survival of the fittest would be the law of the world.

Religion gives us conscience, compassion, brotherhood, and from no other source can these essentials to progress be obtained.

* * *

THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

There are approximately fourteen thousand foreign students in America, and 37,000,000 foreign born people, representing the Orient, Africa and Europe. While they provide a tremendous problem they also provide a most wonderful means of carrying the religion of Christ to the ends of the earth. These foreigners are quick to perceive the source of the best conduct in America, and are ready to embrace the faith of Christ, and in doing so they convey a knowledge of their new-found faith that must impress their fellow countrymen.

I have lately been greatly impressed by the story of Wong, a Chinaman, who came to Australia, just a gardener. He became a Christian, went back to China, built a church and ministered in it most effectively. To proclaim yourself a pessimist about religion is merely to confess that you don't know all the facts.

The Editor

BREEZY SINCERITY.

NICHOLSON AND HIS MISSION.

AN IMPRESSION.

(By AN OUTSIDER.)

There has been a deal of controversy about this Nicholson Mission—about the man and his methods—more especially amongst the rather large number of people who have neither seen him nor heard him speak, and, what's more, don't intend to.

It is, of course, more than doubtful whether people of that sort—religious outsiders I call them (I'm one myself, and I ought to know)—have any real *locus standi* for criticising a missionary. The thing may very well savor of gratuitous impertinence. Still, that's rather beside the point; it's the way of the world to poke your finger in other people's pies, and there's an end on't. So let's look at what is said and try to find out how much of it is justified.

As usual, it's the press that is the cause of the whole bother, such as it is. One newspaper in particular seems to have made a butt of Nicholson, a fact which rather counts in his favor, for the paper in question belongs to that school of journalism which believes in making the unwary laugh though it makes the judicious grieve. The whole blame, however, cannot be allowed to lie at the doors of the newspapers. They cater for their own publics, and it is to be presumed, therefore, that there is a considerable public which enjoys poking fun at these strange people who get up on their hind legs and boldly proclaim to us wherein the Gospel of Salvation, as they understand it, consists.

As a matter of fact, it's more than a question of poking fun. If that were all there was to it, the matter would not be very serious—just a question of taste, that's all. And Nicholson might well be trusted to take care of himself; he knows how to do it all right. No, it goes deeper and is more serious than that. The trouble about the whole thing is that men like Nicholson make us—the religious outsiders—feel uncomfortable. You see, when we have a whisky, we like a stiff one and call for a double-header. When we smoke a cigar, we like it full strength. But we prefer our religion, when it occurs to us to go in for any at all, diluted. Oh, yes, decidedly so; stiff, full-strength religion is very unpalatable, but that's the stuff Nicholson serves out. So we retaliate.

And, I'm afraid, the weapons of retaliation are not always fair ones used in a sportsmanlike way. It's easy to pick purple patches and picturesque phrases out of a man's discourse, dress them up in a wrapping of deprecatory comment, and dish them up to the public as the sum and substance of his message. But is that fair? These may be, and often are, but the incidental and unrehearsed trimmings—the horseradish rather than the roast beef itself. But it explains why Nicholson figures in many minds as the polecat king, the flapper flagellator, the hell and damnation artist. You will understand that this sort of thing helps us religious outsiders to cease feeling uncomfortable.

Something a friend told me about Nicholson fired a curiosity which was already latent in me, and I determined to go and hear this man for myself and form a personal opinion of him. I'm rather fond of a good cigar and consume quite a lot of cigarettes, so when Nicholson was reported as having said of me (amongst others) that I was like a polecat, he rather got me in the neck. I went to hear him the other night at Petersham, and—he got me in the neck again. So there.

Yes, he got me fairly in the neck. I expected, of course, from what I had read, that he was going to tell me and others that we were cursed, damned and lost utterly. He did nothing of the sort. What he did say was that there was not the slightest reason in the wide, wide world why any of us should be cursed, damned or lost—IF—

But, first of all, let me tell you something about this extraordinary man—his personality and his methods. As soon as you see him, any patent feeling of hostility, any pre-conceived prejudice you may have entertained against him, vanishes utterly. He attracts you as a magnet attracts iron filings. His smile is very captivating. His voice, full of a rich melody, is intensely sympathetic, and his utterances are fraught with an evident and deep conviction and sincerity. You may not be able to swallow all he says—you may not want to. But that's no matter; it doesn't affect the sterling quality of the man himself. He's eighteen carat, no less. He's full of a rollicking good humor, too, and has quite an unusual command and fluency of language. He deals in the vernacular with unrestrained force, because it's the language the people understand. He might equally employ the flowing periods of academic oratory, but if he did his shafts would be blunted before they reached the target. As I am writing principally for religious outsiders, let me say that if Nicholson were a publican he would soon have the biggest bar trade in Sydney; if he were a fielder, all the punters would want to bet with him. But he isn't a publican or a bookmaker; he's a man of God, and as such is plainly entitled to all the popularity and influence which his splendid personality would assuredly gain for him in any other capacity.

The night I heard him he said several outrageous things. He was, for instance, very rude to the women when he asked them to "try and hold their tongues for once." He slung off at ecclesiasticism when he declared that he had not time for "churchianity and religiosity." He declared that everybody connected with the liquor traffic, whether as manufacturer, licensee or investor (what about some of our English Bishops?) was cursed of God and headed for damnation every minute of the twenty-four hours. (What's wrong in having a spot, anyway?) He said that religious pacifists and some temperance reformers "made him sick." He trounced the "ungodly, unscrupulous rascals with a commercial conscience," and asserted that commerce was "devil-possessed." He said that a whole lot of marriages were nothing more than "legalised prostitution." He was speaking in a Church, but he made the men whistle, and declared that so far as he was concerned music looked like a lot of swallows sitting on a telegraph wire. "There will be no singing in hell," he added.

Now, suppose this last paragraph of mine had been supplied to a clever and unscrupulous journalist as the notes of Nicholson's address on that occasion; or suppose a reporter sent to the meeting had just picked out those bits and strung them together with some deprecatory comment into an article with scare headlines, just think what a terrible fellow he might have made Nicholson out to be. You would have been righteously indignant, especially if you are a religious outsider. "What possible good," you would have exclaimed in a tone of lofty superiority, "can that sort of thing do to the cause of

religion? What a very vulgar, impertinent fellow, to be sure. If that's religion, save me from it," and so on, and so forth, comforting yourself and salving your own conscience all the time.

But the point is that none of all this was Nicholson's message, and it was all said in so kindly a way, with a twinkle in his eye and a smile on his lips, that nobody could—or did—take offence at it with the exception of one man who was so outraged at Nicholson's attack on booze that he left the meeting in high dudgeon, with the laugh against him. Indeed, the psychology and atmosphere of the whole proceedings from start to finish was that of good humor, good feeling and earnestness.

And, now, what was Nicholson's message? Well, there can be no doubt whatever about that. He gave it to us clear-cut, decisive, unambiguous, convincing. It dominated his whole discourse, so that those other things I have told you of were plainly no more than incidentals in no way necessary to the main argument, however germane they may have been to its occasional illustration. They, after all, were more or less matters of opinion. The message itself was not a matter of opinion but one of unchallenged and unchallengeable fact.

You will find it, stated scripturally, in Ephesians, v. 16-26: "This I say then, walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would."

Pentecost, said Nicholson, was more than a matter of history; it was a matter of daily personal experience. The Church was what she was because of many Pentecosts, not because of one. Each of us must have his own personal Pentecost, otherwise our lives could not possibly be what they were intended to be. It was impossible to live the Christian life except by personal experience. Our eyes must be open to see the possessions we had. We must allow the spirit of God to control our hearts, and until we were prepared to do that, we had not obeyed the command to be spirit-filled. Were we prepared to hand the reins of government of our lives to God, or did we all maintain boundary questions? Were we religious backsliders? If we broke positive commands we were just as much backsliders as if we broke negative commands. There was a lot of nonsense spoken and written about the doctrine of the spirit; the devil set up a whole lot of scarecrows to frighten us. Salvation through the spirit of God was available to all of us, no matter how bad our past; it was not God, but we ourselves, who hindered our own salvation. It was there for us, IF—

And there came in Nicholson's great IF: if we are prepared to make the necessary sacrifice by placing the things of the spirit before those of the flesh, by placing love of God before love of the world.

Are we ready to hand over the reins of government entirely or do we wish to reserve boundary questions?

That is the question Nicholson put to us. What a very uncomfortable man he is, to be sure.

Why are the poor so poor and sad?
Why are the rich so seldom glad?
Why do the sports-crowds push and shove?
Why does the lover fall in love?
Why do we each look prim and meek
When of another's sins we speak?
Why do some folks bad coughs endure
Without Woods' Great Peppermint Cure?

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A PRIZE ESSAY WON BY A NE.

(By LYLE MARSHALL.)

Empire Day is celebrated throughout the British Empire every year on May 24. The celebration usually takes the form of a picnic for the children, at which prominent citizens of the town address the public. The Earl of Meath, an English nobleman, first was inspired with the idea of celebrating Empire Day, so accordingly the Empire League was formed, and May 24 was chosen for the day of celebration. May 24 was chosen because of it being the birthday of Queen Victoria, an able queen, whose reign was the longest in English history, and was by all means a prosperous reign, for the Empire greatly increased in wealth, size and commerce under her supervision. The object of Empire Day celebration is to bring the scattered dominions of the Empire into closer contact with their sister countries and to induce every British citizen to favor the countries of the Empire in trade and other transactions in this line. The Empire League aims to make loyal British citizens of the rising British generation, to impress on their minds the greatness of the Empire, and to make them familiar with brave deeds of their forefathers. Not only to the children were benefits from Empire Day, but adults also helped by their influence. What does British rule mean to us? Why, it means everything worth gaining—liberty, freedom, in action and speech, and privileges without number. Britons are the freest race of people on the earth at the present time, and have been the same in past late centuries. We are allowed to do as we like in our Empire so long as we do no injustice to our fellow men. If injustice takes place and the supposed guilty person is captured he is tried and, if found guilty, is punished ac-

cording to the crime committed. Although abundant freedom exists in British lands, the subjects of King George are not in any way endangered owing to the free and easy time that Britishers enjoy. The following lines refer to the freedom previously spoken of:

Flag of Britain, wheresoever
Thy bright colors are outspread,
Slavery must cease for ever,
Light and freedom reign instead.

Since the great war, which ended in 1918, representatives from all parts of the Empire have been invited to meet in London to make laws for the whole Empire. The British Commonwealth is so extensive that people sometimes say: "The sun never sets on the British Empire," which is undoubtedly true. Britain depends on the support of her children, as the different countries of the Empire really are in time of need. "United we stand, divided we fall" are the words of a Britisher who realised this. The Empire League was formed to see to the interests of the Empire, and it has thus far stood loyal to its cause. The watchwords of the League are: Responsibility, duty, sympathy and self-sacrifice. Its members believe that they are partly responsible for every change in the Empire, that it is their duty to uphold the Union Jack, to show sympathy towards those in need and to be ready to sacrifice their belongings, or even their lives, for the welfare of the Empire. We have lived in peace and contentment under the Union Jack for years, and have had our share of the privileges of British subjects. Therefore, it is our duty to endeavor to become loyal citizens of the Empire, and a credit to the land in which we live.



Wade's

CORN FLOUR

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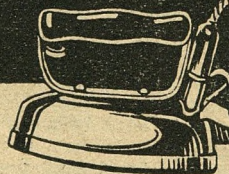
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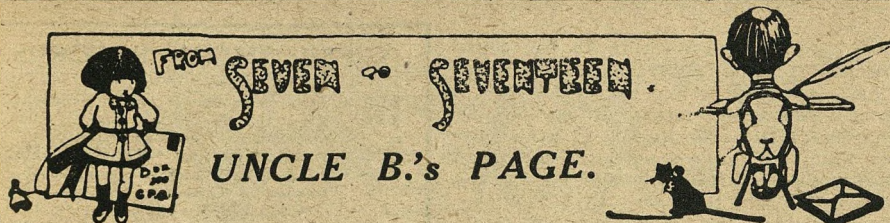
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UNCLE B.'s PAGE.

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 "scally-wag."

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

START LEARNING.

I am quite sure when I was a boy that no one ever told me that the most important things I had to learn were not found in school books.

I have taken the following piece from a paper called "The Optimist." Where they took it from they do not say.

It is worth cutting out and thinking over just before you say your prayers. You will surely find something to pray for then:

"Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick-room. Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

"Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide your pains and aches under pleasant smiles. No one cares to hear whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

"Don't cry. Tears do well enough in novels, but are out of place in real life. Learn to meet your friends with a smile. A good-humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic or hypochondriac is not wanted anywhere, and is a nuisance as well.

"Above all, give pleasure. Lose no chance of giving pleasure. You will pass this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, you can do, or any kindness that you can show any human being, you had better do it now. Do not defer or neglect it, for you will not pass this way again."

UNCLE B.

OUR LETTER BAG.

OUR FARMER.

Maurice Clark, C/o. Mrs. A. Pfingst, "Glenvale," Warwick, writes: Well, Uncle, as the three months must be about up, I thought, as I have nothing else to do, I'd write to you. I was working away from home when my last letter appeared in "Grit." I was then working for a young fellow at Leech's Gully, about four miles north of Tenterfield. It was over 12 miles from home, and I did not like riding 24 miles every Sunday to home and back, so it was not very often that I got home. Now

I am working on a sheep station ten miles out of Warwick. The owners of the station wanted some ploughing done, so I applied for and got the job. I had never used a double-burrow disc plough until I came here last Monday. The owners seem to be very nice people, and I have enjoyed my stay here very well. On Monday, when I was coming here, I had to wait about an hour for the mail train from Sydney, and then just this side of Stanthorpe, at one of the sidings, one of the couplings broke, which meant a delay of a few minutes, and then, when the enginedrivers were trying to make up for lost time, one of the boxes ran hot under one of the carriages, and so we were again delayed for about half an hour. Instead of arriving at Warwick at 11.30 a.m., it was after one o'clock. The weather here has been just like summer until yesterday, when a cold wind sprang up in the west. Last night was very cold, and to-day is not much better. They say that so far they have had no winter here to speak of. Some of the fruit trees here are out in flower, while some more are getting their leaves. The other day, when George Pfingst, son of the owner of this station, was ploughing, one of the horses shook or rubbed his winkers off, and, being only a young one, when he went to put them back on the horse again, it bolted. It took three swingle bars with it, cleared two fences, and the only damage that it did was to break a swingle bar. On Friday, as the Pfingsts were going to town, I took my dinner with me. I did not get much good out of it because the crows, which are pretty thick about these parts, managed to get at it. They spilt the tea-leaves into the creek and spoilt about half the dinner before I could put it away security from them. To-day being Sunday I had a very quiet time. I only had the milking to do this morning, as well as a few little jobs that needed urgent attention, and this afternoon I have done nothing but talk and write letters. The Pfingsts went away visiting, so until a young fellow about my age came along I had a very quiet time. Shearing and mustering the sheep will soon be in full swing here. That is something that I've heard a lot about, but never seen done. The sheep here all seem to have good coats of wool, and are in good condition. Mr. Pfingst killed one yesterday, and it was very fat. The grass about here is fairly thick and short, but not very green. The foxes are pretty thick about here, and should afford some good sport, if I had my rifle here. Walleroos, kangaroos and wallabies are fairly prevalent in the back country, too, and as I have Saturday afternoons off I should be able to bag one or two once in a while. Tennis seems to be in the boom about here. Everybody is tennis mad, so I

suppose I will also catch the craze. It is quite a long time now since I have had a good game, so I expect I won't be very brilliant when I do play again. Courts are fairly numerous about here, so that when I know a few more people about these parts I will join one of them. I think this is all the news, so I'll close, with good wishes to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Maurice,—Your letter is most interesting. I wonder you did not give those crows something to crow about; but, after all, they were, by their own code, justified in getting what you did not adequately protect from them. You are certainly fitting yourself to be an AI farmer.—Uncle B.)

* * * *

AFTER A LONG TIME.

Denzil Scott, S.S. 1249, Forge Creek, writes: I hope you will cross my name off the scally-wag list, for it is a long time since I saw my letter in "Grit." I was away from school for two months, as Amy and Mum had scarlatina. When I was at home I was helping Dad with the work, and used to feed the fowls and two poddy calves, and was trapping rabbits too. Dad got three foxes lately, one in a fox drive and two in the trap. When Mum and Amy got better we went back to school, and have been there a month now. We have a lot of lambs now. Have you read the book called "The Heroes," written by Charles Kingsley? Rod and I enjoy reading it. There was a heavy shower last night and a frost in the morning. The heath and the Correa bells are out. I was reading in "Grit" about the boy with no hands, and the teacher wants to know his address. If you know it, will you please send it? I will close now, as I have no more news.

(Dear Denzil,—It does seem a long, long while since you wrote. I am not sure about the boy without hands; I can't remember when it appeared in "Grit," and I am unable to look it up just now. Perhaps you can tell me. I am glad you were so useful while the others were sick.—Uncle B.)

THE PRIZE ESSAY.

Marion Marshall, Punch-street, Gundagai, writes: You asked for a copy of Lyle's essay that won the prize on Empire Day. I am sending it and will you please return it as it is the only copy mum has. We could not get an extra copy of the paper it was printed in. The Presbyterian minister gave a special address to the scouts last Sunday, and the scouts recited their laws and their prayer. The Scout Master sang a solo called "My Task." My twin brothers are scouts. The minister gave a very interesting address to the children and also to the grown-ups.

(Dear Marion,—I must thank you for a copy of Lyle's essay, and am printing it and sending you a dozen copies. It is very good and will interest all your "Grit" cousins.—Uncle B.)

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Lips that Touch Liquor—

(Continued from page 7.)

"Say, brothers, have you seen the brewer,

With a bloated, ugly face,

Pack up his traps and hunt for cover

Like he meant to leave the place?

He saw the Temperance banners waving

And he started for the sea;

He left a note behind him saying,

That 'this is no place for me.'"

How could a bloodthirsty campaign like that fail to win? It couldn't; it was really great stuff. It sounded and looked preposterous and absurd. Some of the posters which were scattered broadcast over the land, and which were preferentially pasted up adjacent to the village bar rooms, were so entirely ridiculous that they were joyously framed by the saloonkeepers and hung up in their iniquitous establishments to be laughed at by themselves and their irreverent customers.

These same pictures would make us laugh to-day too, but the great point of it all is that they had their effect!

In fact, the whole campaign had an effect. As stated above, it was literally a howling success. It was a ballyhooring, sensational drive; and, just as the absurd demonstration with the calf's brain had worked on me, it worked on the whole of the American people.

Physiologically and morally and socially and economically nearly every argument that the enemies of the Demon Rum presented to the American people was faulty and exaggerated. Almost all of their contentions could have been, and frequently were, shot as full of holes as the average newspaper man's liver was represented to be. But that made no difference. Disproving nearly all of their arguments had no effect against the total of them.

TEMPERANCE WAS STYLISH.

For in everything they said there was one grain of indisputable truth which easily outweighed their veritable tons and carloads of errors.

They preached Temperance and everybody in the United States, even the most conscientious of the village drunkard and the most vile of the city saloon and divekeepers, knew that temperance was a good thing. The drunkard and the saloon-keeper (to say nothing of men in other walks of life) advocated Temperance in their own families, and hence Temperance became stylish.

It became the modé to remain sober. A little whisky, now and then, was relished by the best of men, but the young man who was "tight" every evening, although he was just as funny and pathetic a spectacle as he is to-day, was in no way a social success, and was not looked upon as good matrimonial timber by the village heiress.

Having been taught that "lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine," the young ladies of the past generation shied disgustingly away from the labial caress of the maudlin youngster whose breath was so strong that she could lead him around by it. And even the young men themselves had some views in the matter. A girl who would go out and get drunk wasn't looked upon as good enough to marry. Many who did it did marry, of course, but they were never looked upon as "good."

In addition to making Temperance stylish the Temperance advocates also made it profitable. They educated into the employers of the country the entirely sane and rational idea that a confirmed rum hound is a poor investment as a wage earner; and then, far and above either of these other two accomplishments in its potential possibilities, they did another thing. They enlisted the medical profession in their cause, and the educated members of that enlightened cult proved, actually proved, that they were in favor of

abstemiousness by prescribing 70 per cent. less alcohol to their patients in 1906 than they had prescribed in the year 1897.

All of these achievements—which can be summarised effectively in a few words by saying that the Temperance advocates had succeeded in educating a whole generation of Americans into the belief that Temperance is a good thing—redounded greatly to the credit of the Temperance organisations. They had put their stuff over. In the face of ridicule and laughter, and as the butt of a vast amount of public merriment, they had waged their campaign and won out with it because the thing they advocated had in it one grain of real, hard truth.

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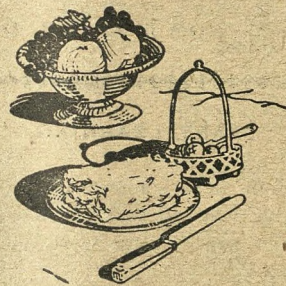
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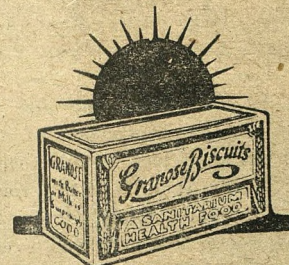
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G.B.26/9/25.



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It is reported from London that the Prince of Wales is not as heavy as he used to be. Yes, we noticed in the papers that he has been falling off a good deal lately.

HE DIDN'T LIKE WATER.

His mother was giving little Leonard a lecture.

"You should always be exceedingly careful about your conduct, Leonard," she said. "I want you never to do anything you would be ashamed of having the whole world see you do."

The young man let out a yell of delight and turned five cartwheels in his exuberance.

"Heavens, child!" gasped his astounded parent. What ever is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No," answered her son. "Oh, no! I'm only pleased you don't expect me to take baths any more."

A BROADCASTING STORY.

Captain P. P. Eckersley explained at a recent function in honor of the British Broadcasting Company how listeners one night came to hear a rather remarkable utterance from a clergyman. There was always an official ready to "cut off" a speaker whenever such a course might be deemed necessary; for example, comedians sometimes finished their broadcasting turns by remarking, "I hope you have enjoyed my fun; if you have, come and hear me again at the — Palace." The "cut off" came in after the word "fun."

The clergyman referred to had delivered a most earnest address, and finished with the words: "My dear friends, one and all of us, if we observe those precepts, we shall go to heaven. I don't think I have spoken too long, have I?" The announcer with the "cut off" switch jumped in just too soon; and the "talk" finished up, "We shall go to heaven. I don't think. . ."—The "Daily Telegraph," London.

Sally: "That sailor you were out with reminds me of a flivver—he's so cheap."

Mary: "Oh, but my dear, his clutch is in good working order."

VERY IRISH.

An Irish gentleman was astonished to receive the following letter from his son in London:

"Dear Father,—I am in a deuce of a hole. Kindly send me £10, and oblige.—Your loving son, Pat.

"P.S.—After writing this letter I was so stricken with remorse that I ran after the postman and tried to get it back. I can only pray that it will not reach you."

But who could be more astounded than the son when he received his reply:

"Dear Son,—Your prayers are answered. The letter did not reach me.—Father."

TRULY SCOTCH.

There is one of these "canny tales," however, which, while it is a variation of an old theme, bears the impress of being the record of an actual occurrence. An Aberdonian and a Yorkshireman met, both thirsty, and both without money. (At least our author says that neither had money, but though this may not have been literally true of the Aberdonian, for all practical purposes his pockets may be regarded as empty.) A bright thought struck the Yorkshireman. "I know a barmaid," he said, "who is very forgetful. If you engage her in conversation, she can't remember whether she has been paid or not." The Yorkshireman visited the hotel alone, and returned a drink the richer, and, of course, not a penny the poorer. Jock tried his luck. He ordered his whisky, talked with an eloquence of which he had never believed himself capable, sipping his drink the while. After ten minutes had been spent in this profitable occupation, he casually observed, "Ah weel, I'll hae to be going. Whit about my change?"

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DAILY INSPIRATION.

(By FAIRELIE THORNTON.)

SUNDAY.

"Seek that ye may excel to the good of edifying."—1. Cor. 14-6.

Ambition is a necessary ingredient in every character. Without it a man is like bread without yeast—he fails to rise. Yet it depends upon what a man is whether his ambition is good or bad. It may be another name for self-love, and instead of ennobling the character, fosters pride, envy, and all uncharitableness. To strive to excel merely for the sake of outdistancing others only creates a spirit of rivalry and everything contrary to the spirit of Christ.

"He builds too low who builds beneath the skies." Henry Martyn, one of the early missionaries to the Hindoos, before he had completed his 20th year, found himself senior wrangler of the Cambridge University. In the moment of his triumph he said: "I obtained my highest wishes, but was surprised to find myself grasping a shadow." Unless the aim to excel be that he may be the more fitted for the Master's service, the ambition will not lift a man higher, though it bring him worldly honor. It will rather tend to lower his spiritual life, and is of the earth, earthy. To gain the passing plaudits of a crowd, man will spend his strength, and sometimes stoop to sin, if he can but make a name. Such ambition degrades a man and betokens his servile character. Get the root right, and the fruit will be right. The heart devoted to the highest seeks only the Master's approval—"the crown that fadeth not away."

MONDAY.

"That which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God."—Luke 16-15.

He who would heaven's heights attain
First must stoop the prize to gain;
Give up thought of earth's renown
To obtain the fadeless crown.

Seek not for this world's esteem,
Which will vanish as a dream.
For the things by men most prized
Are the things by God despised.

Earthly fame—how oft for this
Man his highest goal will miss,
Sell his soul for man's applause,
Worthy of a nobler cause.

Yet what contributes earth's fame?
On men's lips to hear his name,
How far better so to live
Good account to God to give.

TUESDAY.

"The Comforter which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."—John 14, 27.

All work which is not inspired by the Holy Spirit is fruitless. It is like a body without a soul, a nut without the kernel; like the apples of Sodom, fair to outward appearance, but full of emptiness, dead sea fruit. Jesus has promised His followers the Gift of the Holy Spirit. That Spirit has been given, and His help is available to all who will avail themselves of it. "He shall teach you ALL things, and bring to your remembrance ALL things that I have said unto you." That promise is for all God's children, and for all who go forth to labor in His name. Just in proportion as you wait on God for your message, so far will it be efficacious in reaching others. Let your soul feel its own emptiness, its own powerlessness, and then let it wait quietly before the Lord, as a piece of blank paper, to receive the impressions He shall write there, and

then go and transcribe them to others. He will bring many words of His to your remembrance as you seek to convey His messages. Your memory sanctified by Him will be so enlightened that many a word of His will come back to your mind, and He will speak through you to the hearts of others, so that it will not be you, but the Holy Ghost who speaks through you. The dead dry works of yours, when once breathed upon by the Spirit, will start, as the valley of dry bones, into life, and be clothed upon with living flesh. Why are your words so powerless to reach hearts? Because you rely on your own power, instead of trusting wholly to the power of God. When you come to the end of your own resources, you come to the beginning of the resources of God.

WEDNESDAY.

"Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."—Acts, 1-8.

"He giveth power to THE FAINT, and to them that have NO MIGHT He increaseth strength."—Isa., 40-23.

Power for service, Lord, I need,

Without this my work is vain.

Thou must fructify the seed

Ere it yield the precious grain.

Breathe Thy living power, O Lord,

Into all I do for Thee,

Then I shall not speak one word

Which shall quite resultless be.

Lifeless, words can never fall

If Thou breathe Thy quickening breath

Death to life Thy power can call;

Life without Thee is but death.

For the weakest Thou dost use

That the power may be Thine own.

Not the mighty dost Thou choose,

Nor in them Thy strength is shown.

—Fairelie Thornton (from "Golden Grain Almanac.")

THURSDAY.

"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."—John, 10-10.

As Tennyson says:

'Tis life of which our lives are scant—
More life, and fuller, that we want."

But the more abundant life is only to be found in the Creator of all life. Life men had before Jesus came, but He came that man might have a fuller, higher life—even life eternal. "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." That is, spiritual life, which begins on earth and continues until "the crown of life"—"the life which has no ending, the tearless life"—is given. When the forbidden fruit was eaten, and man tasted of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, then God prevented him from touching the tree of life which would have entailed an endless death, because he would have then continued to live on in a fallen state. Death was the penalty of sin, a death which should bring forth a fuller life through Jesus Christ, who TASTED death for every man, tasted it as man never need taste it; for "He brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel." That life He offers to all as a free Gift. "Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life," said Jesus to the unbelieving Jews. He says the same to many to-day. "Why will ye die?" He pleads. Why do men choose death rather than life? Because their deeds are evil. The God of this world hath blinded their eyes, and they prefer the broad way that leadeth to destruction to the narrow way that leadeth unto life eternal.

FRIDAY.

"God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth that shall be also reap."

Sowing, sowing, ever sowing

Deeds of good or deeds of ill,

Weeds or flowers are ever growing

In the garden that you till.

Every sinful thought you cherish—

Seeds of envy or of strife.

Not a seed you sow can perish,

All shall come at last to life.

SATURDAY.

"Let us love one another, for love is of God."

Love is the lever which must uplift the world. Men say we have had too much of the Gospel of love and too little of what Paul preached when he said: "By the terrors of the law we PERSUADE men." But if there has been too much preaching about the love of God, it is not the right kind of love which has been preached. God SO loved that He hates sin, and cannot look on it with any degree of allowance. If man persuades himself that God is too kind to punish sin he is very much mistaken. Sin punishes itself. That law cannot be broken. It is a law of nature, and nature is another name for God. Sin must be an awful thing for it to cost so much to the Son of God. Once seeing the love of God by faith, man no longer lives in sin, delights in sin, but must hate it as God hates it. It is altogether wrong Gospel of love that imagines or tries to persuade man that he will not suffer for his sins, that there is no eternal death, that in the next life he will not reap what he sows here. The love that John Wesley had when he said:

"I want an even strong desire

To snatch poor souls out of the fire,"

that passion which led the missionaries of old to risk their lives, that love which Paul felt for those whom he would have saved at the cost of his own soul, is not the weak love which persuades men all is well, there is no hell, it is all an old wives' fable. That love which does not lead men to say:

"Love so amazing, so divine,

Demands my life, my soul, my all"

is not the love of God shed abroad by the Holy Spirit in the heart responsive to the love of God.

New book, by Fairelie Thornton: "The Southern Cross or the World Unseen." Now on sale at William Tyas' Book Arcade, 358 George-street, for 1/6.

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Cobham and the Band of Hope.

Just prior to his departure from Melbourne Cobham sent the following message to the Australian Band of Hope Union:

"I was delighted to hear of the good work of your Union. I believe that the modern youth will be a temperate person. Of course it is absolutely essential that a good aviator must be a temperate person, and any suggestion that one who leads an unruly kind of life is of no use whatever to the development of flying in Australia.

"I hope that your wonderful institution will turn out many fine boys and girls who will take to aviation as one of the finest developments for realising the greatness and beauty of the country in which they live."

PARENTS OR GUARDIANS.

We want you to send to our office and ask for "HELPS TO PARENTS IN EXPLAINING MATTERS OF SEX TO THE YOUNG," issued by the Bishops and General Synod, together with 10 White Cross booklets suitable for parents, boys and girls.

You will never regret the expenditure of ONE SHILLING in providing yourself and family with knowledge on the most important subject of sex in the purest style.

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W. E. WILSON, Hon. Secretary.

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Victorian Band of Hope Union.

The annual meeting of the Victorian Band of Hope Union has just been held in Melbourne. There was a large gathering of delegates from country and suburban societies. Mr. Ed. Blakiston, State President, was in the chair.

The report presented by Mr. C. H. Carter, State Secretary, showed that thirty-nine new Bands of Hope had been opened, making a total of 174 actively at work. 3200 meetings had been held, 3674 pledges signed, 52 seaside meetings, 17 playground meetings, and 15 gatherings of children on board overseas boats. The income was £1000.

It was decided to develop the sporting side of the Band of Hope Movement as a further inducement for the young people.

The conference was followed by a birthday party, at which there was a large attendance.

Stringency in Enforcement Increased by San Francisco Dry Squad.

The result of a five-year drive against hotels, cafes and resort in San Francisco and the vicinity, that have failed to observe the dry law, will be the padlocking of forty of them, according to a news report from the California city. This is to be the first step in a campaign for stringent enforcement of the law. With three new assistants added to the legal staff, all cases now pending on the docket will be rushed to trial.

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"THIS FREEDOM!"

Women in Middlesborough, Eng., may again drink alcoholic liquors in the "pubs" after an interdiction of ten years' duration. A regulation forbidding the serving of liquor to women was withdrawn by the magistrates.

W.C.T.U.**44th ANNUAL CONVENTION**

of the
N.S.W. Branch of the Women's
Christian Temperance Union
will be held in
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**Dry Violators not Crowding Prisons,
Woman Prosecutor Asserts.**

"The overcrowding at the Federal penitentiaries is not due, as is generally believed, to enforcement of the Prohibition amendment," Mrs. Mabel Walker Wille-

brandt, Assistant Attorney-General in charge of Prohibition cases, declared, during a recent visit to the Pacific Coast. "Through out our prisons the men serving time for Prohibition violations run only from 8 to 11 per cent."

DENTAL SATISFACTION

IS BOUND UP IN THE NAMES

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& bright?*

*Yes, ma'am, it do
look nice but it's
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