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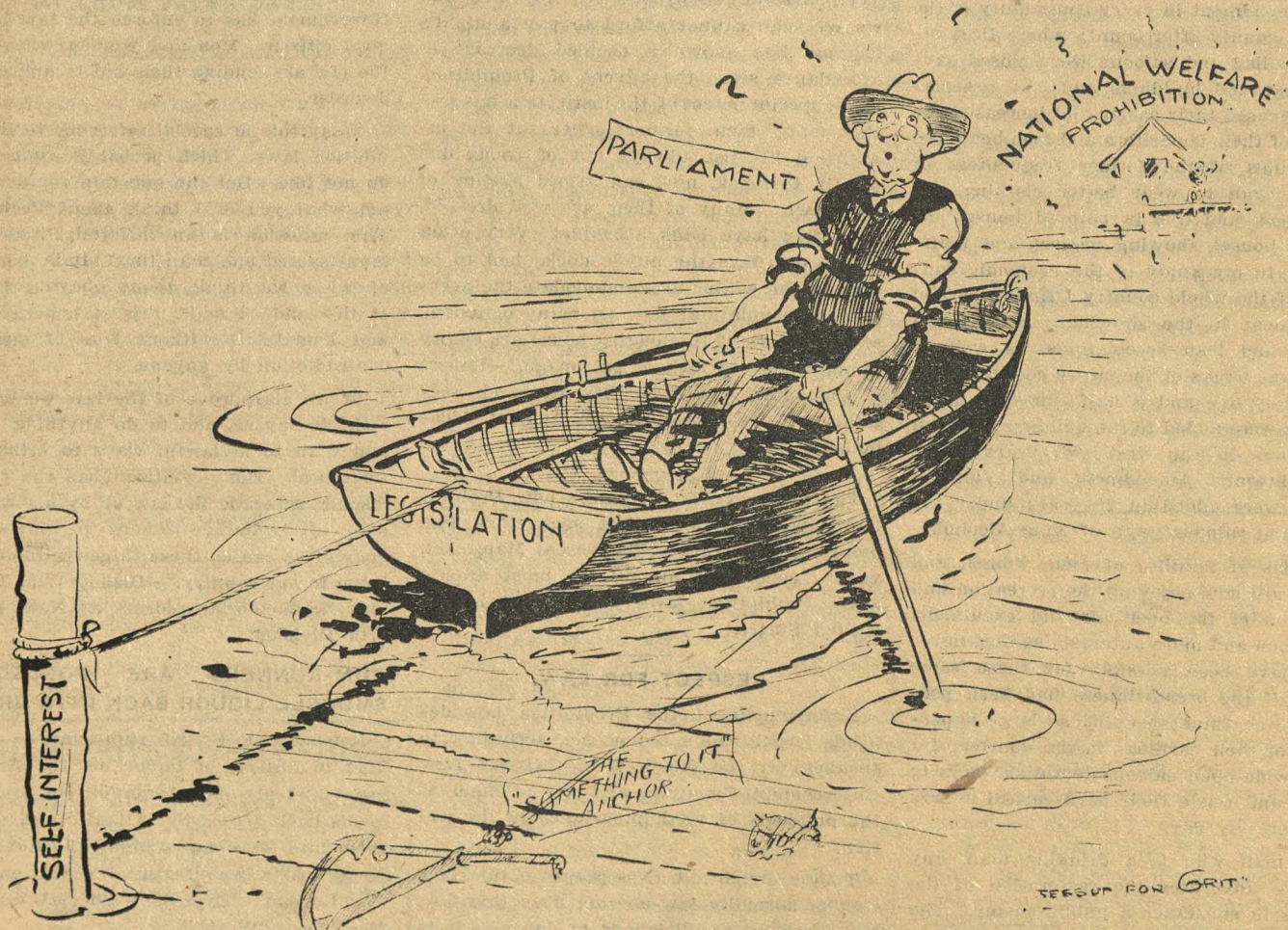


A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

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THE LAST WORD.

PRINCETON ALUMNI PUT BAN ON LIQUOR.

Alcoholic liquors will not be kept at the headquarters of any class at the Princeton University reunion in mid-June, according to the voluntary action taken recently by a special committee of the Graduate Council.

A committee of the Graduate Council, which has a membership of 13,000 alumni, met recently and discussed the liquor problem. The committee, which includes members of every class from 1890 to 1924, decided that "for the best interests of Princeton" it would be advisable to place a voluntary ban on liquor.

A letter has been sent to the alumni asking every member to co-operate with the committee. The officers of the alumni, it is said, felt that voluntary action would be more acceptable than an official ban.—News item, "New York Times."

EVIDENCE OF IMPROVEMENT.

"One of the manifest results of the Eighteenth Amendment in every community is the fact that county after county where Prohibition prevailed and saloons were closed savings banks and buildings and loan associations increased their assets and increased the number of their depositors and members, and the families of the former frequenters of saloons began to wear better clothing, eat better food, and live in painted houses instead of houses showing neglect and indifference. In my study of the economic conditions of the whole country I find a decided improvement in the showing made by the building and loan associations, as well as the savings banks of the entire country. Approximately one and a half times as many members were added to the building and loan associations in the first two years under the Eighteenth Amendment and Volstead Law as were added in 20 years under the riotous and ruinous reign of King Alcohol.

"Millions of families of men, women and children are now enjoying the recreation and inspiration of the open air and excursions in a million and more automobiles that never would have been possible for these same families if the breadwinners had been permitted to continue spending so large a percentage of their earnings in the quarter of a million wide-open saloons tempting them to come in and waste their hard-earned dollars after each pay day.

"Any man who is a drinking man, any man who advocates the restoration of the saloon is in substance a public enemy. The increased comfort and happiness of millions of families with their multiplied facilities for education and recreation, stand conspicuously forth to proclaim the fact that the bootlegger and the apologist for the bootlegger are both public enemies."—Excerpt of letter from Hon. John J. Lentz, former Congressman, now President of the American Insurance Union, to Dr. Stratton D. Brooks, President of the Missouri University.

ALCOHOL INSANITY HAS DECREASED.

From data gathered from one hundred hospitals for mental diseases throughout the country the investigators conclude that alcoholic insanity in the United States is much less prevalent now than in 1910.

A comparison of recent with earlier data shows that in the year 1910 cases of alcoholic insanity constituted eleven per cent. of all admission to the hospitals for mental diseases in nineteen States, whereas in 1922 this figure had dropped to four per cent. From 1919, just before Prohibition went into effect, to 1922, there was a drop in the number of alcoholic insane admitted to forty-three hospitals in twelve States from two and seven-tenth per hundred thousand of population to two and two-tenths, or nineteen per cent.—Editorial, "Atlanta (Ga.) Journal."

MUNICIPAL LODGING HOUSE HAS DECREASE IN ATTENDANCE.

"The Municipal Lodging House in New York, maintained by the city for men and women who cannot afford to pay a night's lodging, has shown a decided decrease in attendance since the advent of Prohibition. The superintendent of the institution has said that many men, former lodgers at the institution because always out of funds due chiefly to drink, now can afford lodging of their own. Many of them are well dressed, and often have bank accounts. Very often in the old days the public docks had to be used in the winter to accommodate the overflow of population; now on many occasions several floors of the lodging house are empty at night due to lack of patronage."—Robert E. Corradini, New York City, Research Secretary of the World League Against Alcoholism.

The Layman Act, Virginia's new Prohibition law, goes into effect some time this month. It supersedes the present Mapp Act, and is considered among the most drastic State Prohibition laws yet enacted in the United States.

RESPECT FOR LAW.

Enforcement of the Prohibition law depends largely upon the people, according to speakers at the North-West Citizens' Law Enforcement Congress, and the attitude of the public is of vital importance to the nation.

They are right. Unless people of the class that is normally law-abiding obey this law, the structure of all law is in danger. It is not logical to show disrespect for one law and demand respect for all others. Each good citizen should be responsible for his own observance of the Prohibition law.

There is no place in America for any sentiment against Prohibition enforcement. There are people, and there may always be, who do not believe in Prohibition itself, but so long as it is on the statute books it must

LADIES—

The Beautifully Illustrated

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Catalogue of Free Gifts is Now Obtainable.

Ask your Grocer or Storekeeper.

be obeyed by those who do not favor it as well as by those who do. The enforcement question is not one of belief in Prohibition but of respect for law, and if good citizens will be responsible for themselves the authorities will be able to take care of the other sort.—Editorial, Portland (Ore.) "Evening Telegram."

BISHOP ASKS DRY LAW BE OBEYED.

"Let us stand, all of us for order, for self-discipline and self-control and for loyal obedience to the law of our land. Free institutions can only succeed on the basis of obedience to law. I think we need to hear more about obedience to the law. We need to remember that a man against whom the Government has to enforce the law is not a good citizen. Men and women who disobey the law are lending their aid to anarchy and disorder.

"I say this in special reference to the Prohibition laws, which probably some of you do not like. But the question for us now is not what you or I think about Prohibition. This question is an infinitely higher and more sacred one than that. It is a question of what we think about obeying the law of the land. I make this statement to you, and I make it without fear of successful contradiction by anyone.

"If we disapprove of the law we have the right to say so, and to do anything we can and wish to in lawful ways to bring about its repeal. But no citizen has the right to disobey or evade the law or by his words or acts to encourage others to do so, and none of us can do these things without doing harm to our country."—Bishop Wm. T. Manning, in memorial address at New York to 77th Division.

RUM-RUNNERS ARE FORCED TO SMUGGLE LIQUOR BACK INTO BRITAIN.

Reports that British rum-runners are unable to dispose of liquor off the American coast and are now beginning to send their goods back across the Atlantic and smuggle them into the country along the Sussex and Kent coasts was featured sensationally in the London "Express."—Special cable to New York "World."

LIQUOR SELLERS NOT ELIGIBLE.

In dismissing two applications for citizenship, Judge Morris, in United States District Court, ruled that no person who has violated the Volstead Act is eligible to become a citizen of the United States.—News item, Wilmington (Del.) "Evening Journal."

(Continued on next page.)

The Last Word—**CREDIT SHOULD BE GIVEN LOCAL ORGANISATIONS.**

"Much credit for the gradual favorable change in public sentiment and the awakening to the responsibility of citizens for law observance should be given to the activities of various local organisations, such as law enforcement leagues, women's clubs, student councils, etc., which during the past year especially have been doing most noteworthy work. Special mention should be made of the citizenship conferences which have been held throughout the country and of the conferences held by the Women's National Committee for Law Enforcement. These activities have been of much value in combating a certain type of misrepresentation, one of which has seemed to be an effort to destroy the morale of the public most interested in Prohibition, and to discredit and hamper the officials of the Government entrusted with the duty of making the Eighteenth Amendment effective."—Federal Prohibition Commissioner R. A. Haynes.

MILLIONS SAVED DAILY.

Arthur Brisbane, famous American editor, says:

"Americans are saving money as never before, and Prohibitionists will find comfort and ammunition in that.

"Savings bank deposits increased last year 1,140,000,000 dollars—a good deal of money, and that is only a small part of it.

"Other hundreds of millions were invested in real estate, stocks, bonds, etc. In the world's history there is nothing like the way in which the American people both spend money and save money.

"Savings average 30,000,000 dollars a day—about 30 cents a day for every man, woman and child—not bad."

Beneath the azure dome of night I dream,
No peace-disturbing sound the stillness mars,

I see a thousand thousand brilliants gleam—
The stately, shining splendor of the stars!
Before my tiny tent a log-fire glows,

The frosty air flows bracing clear and pure—

No fear of colds a hardy bushman knows
With Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

THE BEEHIVE NOVELTY STORES**CARNIVAL AND FETE DECORATIONS**

Balloons 8/6 gross	Garlands 9/- doz.
Streamers .. 2/6 doz.	Lanterns 9/- doz.
Caps 1/6 doz.	Moustaches.. 9d. each
Masks 1/- each	Confetti 2d. box
Gold Paint... 1/3 box	Fairy Bells.. 1/- doz.
Etc.	Etc.

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FOR SALE.

D.F. COTTAGE, 4 rooms, kitchen, 5 acres, next to Mr. Tooth's cottage, one mile from station. Torrens title. £650, cash or terms. W. HARRIS, c/o The Rectory, Mittagong.

"DADDY, MY DADDY!"

At a certain street corner stood two men, both unmistakably showing the outward and visible signs of being in thrall to King Alcohol. They swayed unsteadily for some time till one eventually failed to recover his poise and fell to the ground, and lay there inert.

His boon companion, after several ineffectual attempts, at length managed to prop him up against a wall, and here he leant, muttering stupidly, till one's very soul was nauseated at the sight.

Along the street came two small, happy laddies, bowling their hoops and running a high pressure race, and enjoying a regular battledore and shuttlecock of glee, and making the air resound with their innocent laughter. Who, so happy, so carefree as they? Life was radiant, and they were in the very Mecca of their hearts' delight. Oh, it was great to be young and happy!

Nearer and nearer they came and then they captured their hoops and with an echoing laugh they turned the corner. And then—oh, God, I can hardly bear to write it—one of the little fellows seemed suddenly stunned into abrupt silence as if mesmerised with frozen fear. All too quickly the smile faded from his face, the blood seemed to recede till his features looked wan, and white and bleached and strangely old.

You could see the seethe of emotion sweeping his heart's chords like a living touch, till shame, and consternation and pathos were written on every feature of that boyish face. Verily he had entered his Gethsemane.

Things had lost their proportion now, for the prized hoop fell unheeded from his hand and tumbled away to the gutter. He gave a quick nervous look at his playmate to see if he had grasped the significance of the tragedy. And as he realised his friend understood, the very nakedness of his child-soul lay bare revealing sore smart, and cutting humiliation, and wistful appeal.

Then with a loyalty that defied analysis, and surely with intensest love, he ran over to the man who had sold his manhood for drink, and seizing his hand he cried out in tones cadenced with agony, "Oh, my daddy! Oh, my daddy!"

In incoherent fury, and raging resentment, the man belched forth oaths, and tried to unclasp those small clinging fingers, but with a strength born of desperation the child held on, imploring his daddy "to go home with him—home to mother!"

But the father stammeringly, and in a hideous gabble, expressed his determination to go back to the gaping hell of drink for "just another glass," and he essayed a couple of steps in that direction till it became an impact of will against will. But because the laddie's love was so true, because his fealty was so fine, because the man though seemingly in the profound pit of human degradation was his "daddy," because there was a waiting "mother" at home, he pleaded with all the urge of his big love till his

personality became dominant and they two turned in the direction of the place they called "home." Stumbling, in almost grotesque course, yet with small fingers trying hard to grasp the bigger limp ones, they passed along the street, the laddie's eyes saying more than tongue could tell, his lower lip drooping so pathetically, his poor little shoulders at times heaving with pent up emotion.

And it almost seemed as if the lengthening rays of the sun were casting a sinister shadow of sin, as they walked on. At length the gate of home, sweet home was reached, and the curtain dropped on the sordid and tragic scene.

Among the many troubled questions that have ever since been surging through my mind, I find myself asking, "What right had that dear laddie to be robbed of his innocent happiness? Why was it made possible that such cruel shame should stab and wound his childish soul? Who is responsible for such untimely suffering? How came it that a boy of such tender years should be called upon to fathom the lowest depths of such humiliation? Who is guilty—who—who?"

"The law-makers—our legislators," you say. "Those who sanction the licensed to sell permits."

But the voters are guilty also, they who qualified such legislators to frame such laws. The men and women who elected them as their representatives. The citizens are guilty, they who cared little and thought less, what the views of their candidates were regarding the manufacture of this soul-destroying poison.

And yet not they altogether, not they alone, not they wholly, but the men and women are guilty also, who are qualified by education, and financial position, and physical well-being, and who believe in Prohibition, to enter the lists and compete for the seats in the House of Legislation, but who prefer ease and comfort and the luxury of home life, and who shut their eyes to the significance of history and their ears to the call to service.

And yet not they altogether, not they alone, not they wholly, but you and I are verily guilty. For, before God we could each do more—a great deal more, with our talents of time, influence and money, to stamp out this awful evil that is spreading like a cancerous growth in our very midst.

In the name of Him Who said, "Woe unto him through whom offences come," and for the sake of the little laddie—typical of all such—whose cup of happiness was so tragically shattered—what more shall we pledge ourselves to do?

Let us ask our great Commander the question, and when the order comes, let each one say, "Master, here am I, use me as thou wilt!"—Helen Graham, in "A.C. World."

PASS "GRIT" ON.

New South Wales Alliance

Offices—Macdonell House, Pitt Street, Sydney. Cable and Telegraphic Address: Dry, Sydney.
Phones: General Offices, City 157; Organising and Public Meeting Dept. City 8944.

FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 7—

11 a.m.: Haberfield Baptist Church.
3 p.m.: Lyceum Hall, Pitt-street, Sydney.
7.15 p.m.: Methodist Church, Haberfield.
Rev. Henry Worrall.

11 a.m.: Uralla Circuit Church.
3 p.m.: Circuit Appointment.
7.15 p.m.: Methodist Church, Uralla.
Mr. Charles W. Chandler.

11 a.m.: Cowra Circuit.
7.15 p.m.: Cowra Methodist Church.
Mr. D. H. Hardy.

11 a.m.: City Temple Church of Christ,
Campbell-street, Sydney.
7 p.m.: Belmore Church of Christ.
Mr. H. C. Stitt.

11 a.m.: Bexley Anglican Christ Church.
7.15 p.m.: Mortdale Anglican Church.
Mr. Charles E. Still.

11 a.m.:
7.15 p.m.: Lakemba Presbyterian Church.
Ex-Senator David Watson.

REV. HENRY WORRALL'S PUBLIC MEETINGS.

Monday, Sept. 8: Hazeldene Hall, Carlton.
Tuesday, Sept. 9: Town Hall, Marrickville.
Wednesday, Sept. 10: Masonic Hall, Lidcombe.
Thursday, Sept. 11: School of Arts, Epping.
Monday, Sept. 15: Masonic Hall, Dulwich Hill.
Tuesday, Sept. 16: Town Hall, Granville.
Wednesday, Sept. 17: Victory Hall, Lakemba.
Thursday, Sept. 18: Nepean Picture Theatre, Penrith.
Monday, Sept. 22: Oddfellows' Hall, Lithgow.
Wednesday, Sept. 24: Town Hall, Mudgee.
Monday, Sept. 29: Parish Hall, Bathurst.
Wednesday, Oct. 1: Town Hall, Blayney.
Wednesday, October 8: Town Hall, Narromine.

YANCO AND A PUB.

THE GOVERNMENT MORE CONSIDERATE OF LIQUOR SELLERS THAN THE PUBLIC.

"The Murrumbidgee Irrigator" in an editorial said:—

If ever a body of men were slighted they are the members of the Yanco Executive Board in the recent move by the Commission in gazetting that corner block opposite the post office for sale as a hotel site, after it had been reserved for public purposes for 12 years. The Executive Board members were slighted insofar as they were not even consulted regarding the matter and the first they knew of it was the publication in the "Irrigator" of the gazettal notice. In view of this we consider the members of the Executive Board should resign unless a satisfactory explanation is forthcoming from the Commission. It appears to us that these representatives of the settlers are only consulted on matters when it is between some poor unfortunate digger-settler and the Commission, then the responsibility for any action taken can be shelved on to the Executive Board members, but they are absolutely

AUSTRALIAN PROHIBITION COUNCIL.

Commonwealth Platform
Representative

Rev. HENRY WORRALL

will commence his N.S.W. Tour
at Tenterfield, and will conduct
a Public Meeting in

HAZELDENE HALL
CARLTON
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th
8 P.M.

TOWN HALL
MARRICKVILLE
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th
8 P.M.

MASONIC HALL
LIDCOMBE
WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 10th
8 P.M.

SCHOOL OF ARTS
EPPING
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11th
8 P.M.

Rev. H. Worrall during the last two years has traversed over 50,000 miles outside of Australia, and has seen much of many lands. From his personal experience and firsthand information, Australia's Prohibition Champion has built up a most inspiring and convincing message which will command your attention.

Hear Rev. Henry Worrall in your District.

Admission is Free. Collection.

ignored on matters of public importance which concern every settler as this handing over of a public site for a hotel.

PETITION TO PREVENT SALE.

The high-handed methods of the Commission have at last roused public opinion in Leeton and a very strongly-signed petition will be presented to the Acting-Resident Commissioner, Mr. Brewster, at the Executive Board meeting to-day requesting that no action be taken in disposing of the site in question until the public at least have been consulted. It is the general opinion that the site should still be kept for market purposes.

FRUITGROWERS' PROTEST.

The action of the Commission in offering for sale the block of land that was reserved for a municipal market brought forth some very forcible expressions of disgust at last night's meeting of the Fruitgrowers' Association. One grower said the Commission would sell its birthright. It had objected to the granting of any hotel license on the area until it got a long shot for the Hydro and now it appears the Commission desires to fill the town up with pubs. On the motion of Mr. Black, it was decided to forward to the Resident Commissioner the following resolution: "That this representative meeting of the fruitgrowers of the Yanco area protests against the action of the Commission in offering for sale that corner block opposite the post office after it had been reserved since the inception of the area for the purpose of erecting a market, and further that this meeting of fruitgrowers consider every endeavor should be made to still keep that block for municipal purposes."

In speaking to the resolution the president, Mr. F. Helson, said it was beyond understanding that after keeping that block tied up for 12 years the Commission should now turn round and pay a favor to a particular trade. If the growers were not going to get their markets then the block should be utilised for public purposes only.

Mr. Polkinghorne, secretary, said that seeing that the Government intend to hand the town over to local government it was under a moral obligation to leave all those reserved blocks to be dealt with by the people when they took over control.

HIDDEN REASONS.

Mr. Brewster replied to the letter sent by the Fruitgrowers' Association asking that the lots 6 and 7, which were advertised to be sold for a hotel site, should be withdrawn from sale. Mr. Brewster wrote that the Commission, for very good reasons, intended to go on with the sale. Mr. Miller, fruitgrowers' representative on the Executive Board, said that no bid was received for the block, and though an after auction application had been lodged he believed the block had since been withdrawn from sale, and next time would be offered under different circumstances.

Mr. Miller said he couldn't figure out what Mr. Brewster's very good reasons were.

DOWNFALL OF "WET" GOVERNMENT.

Mr. Larsen Ladet sends the following message on July 19:

"By a vote of 63 to 49 the Norwegian Odelsting has refused to repeal Prohibition. The wet Government, the promoter of the lost repealing Act, will resign one of the first days."

SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS.

LIFE OR DEATH.

KEPT ALIVE A WEEK FOR ONE SHILLING.

Wherever there are wild-eyed, frantic mothers in frenzied fear of losing their little ones, and wherever the terrible rigors of winter will exact their toll of child-life, the "Save the Children Fund" is making the most desperate exertions to keep the lamp of life burning until better conditions relieve us of this urgent and sacred duty.

There is a veritable army of little children locked outside the gates of succor for want of funds to provide them with the bare necessities of life.

Scores of thousands of helpless, destitute children are being fed, housed and clothed by the "Save the Children Fund" in their merciful work on behalf of the suffering little ones of the world.

The one policy, the one standard ever before the workers of the Fund, was thus expressed by the late Lord Weardale who, as chairman of the Fund, threw heart and soul into his task:

"So long as there is a child whose sufferings we can alleviate, that child, irrespective of nationality, or creed, has a claim upon us which, in the name of common humanity, we cannot ignore."

With such a creed, with such an inspiration before us, how can we turn a deaf ear or withhold our sympathy from the many little children whom at present it is impossible to feed?

One shilling will feed a child for a whole week!

Are you going to withhold that 1/- knowing that you CAN spare it in this sacred cause?

One pound will feed twenty children for a week.

Will you, having £1 you can give, allow these twenty children to remain in peril of the worst kind of death from exposure and want of food?

Five pounds will feed 100 children for a week.

What will you do, knowing that you could spare £5, even though it may be at some inconvenience? Are you going to let little children die whom you could save from their fate?

One hundred pounds will save a whole community of helpless little ones. Ah, here



is a blessed privilege of the well-to-do—to be able to save a whole community by a few strokes of the pen. Will you, with the power of life or death in your hands, allow these pitiable little children to be without food or help of any kind?

Will your answer be Life or Death? Send donations to the Hon. Treasurer, Save the Children Fund, 38a Pitt-street, Sydney. Collecting boxes or cards sent on application.

YOU HAVE TO DO WITHOUT

Something else if you pay big fees for your dental work.
MY FEES ARE VERY FAIR.

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THE FAMOUS INGLIS STANDARD BRANDS

Will receive valuable presents in exchange for labels.

The goods subject to the new Bonus are:

INGLIS GOLDENIA TEA
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INGLIS ESSENCE OF COFFEE AND
CHICORY
INGLIS PURE SOLUBLE COCOA
INGLIS GRANUMA PORRIDGE MEAL
INGLIS BAKING POWDER
GREER'S HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA

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

Full particulars of these labels and of how to obtain the presents are set forth on the second page of the Preliminary Catalogue, which may be obtained at your Store, or by letter from

INGLIS LIMITED, BOX 1582, G.P.O.,
SYDNEY.

The Preliminary Catalogue, however, is very incomplete. To realise the wide range and excellent quality and value of these presents we invite you to visit our Showrooms at

INGLIS BUILDINGS,
396-404 KENT-STREET, SYDNEY
(Off Market-street).

INGLIS BUILDINGS,
71 KING-STREET, NEWCASTLE
(The 'buses will set you down at the door)
where you can have forenoon or afternoon tea with us, free of cost, and have the new system fully explained to you.

INGLIS LIMITED

BABY'S FIRST PORTRAIT.

Let it be worthv of the occasion—a picture to be admired in years to come. We are specially equipped to make happy portraits of children.

**The Cruden
Studios**
182 Pitt St.
Opp. Farmer's
Phone City 2752

TO PARENTS.

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

**The Australasian White Cross
League,**

56 ELIZABETH-STREET, SYDNEY.

W. E. WILSON, Hon. Secretary.

METHODISTS AND PROHIBITION.

REIGN OF TERROR INCREASING IN MELBOURNE.

**Pig at Artists' Ball.—Alderman on Jazz Garters.—Brewery Profits.—
Gin and Violence.—Mona Vale Case.—What Next?—The
Lift Jammed.—Taking Ways.—Stolen Harness.—
Beer Bottle Assault.—Story of Cruelty.**

WHAT PROHIBITIONISTS WANT.

Evidence continues to accumulate to show that Prohibitionists are in no way reconciled to the policy which a handful of politicians is endeavoring to force upon the electorate as the considered verdict of the rank and file. The latest indication of this fact is afforded in a series of resolutions adopted by the Social Questions Committee of the Methodist Church in New South Wales. The resolutions, it will be seen, are identical with the policy framed by the New South Wales Alliance.

THE RESOLUTIONS.

The resolutions referred to above favor an early referendum, the bare majority, no monetary compensation, and an amended local option law. "It is believed," says the Rev. J. C. Hill, "that they represent the mind of the Methodist Church, as expressed in various Conference resolutions, and will be a help to our people in showing plainly what our Church stands for in this most important matter." The resolutions are as follows:

1. That candidates be asked to vote for a referendum, providing for State and electorate option, the first of such polls to be taken within 12 months after the election.
2. That the determining vote in such referendum for Prohibition be by bare majority.
3. That should Prohibition be carried, and any concession be granted to the liquor traffic, it be by way of time notice only. Such notice should not exceed two years.
4. That in any new legislation for the suppression of the liquor traffic, provision be made for the retention of the Local Option Act (now under suspension), with the following amendments: (a) No license to be carried by bare majority vote, in place of the three-fifths majority; (b) the provision for a 30 per cent. poll to be eliminated; (c) the reduction issue to be also eliminated.

REIGN OF TERROR.

The reign of terror seems to develop rather than to subside in Melbourne. An arrest was effected last week in the case of the murder and mutilation of little Ivy Tuckerman at Caulfield, and this news was hardly out of the press before a fresh outrage was reported from the same place. In this case a little girl, nine years of age, was sent on a message by her parents five minutes away from home. In passing a vacant block of land she met a man who told her to go with him. She refused and hurried on. The man then ran alongside her and caught her by the arm. The child screamed, and in the ensuing

struggle her coat was torn off, and she ran screaming into a shop. Later she furnished a description of her assailant to the police, and, as a result, a man named Lawrie Mitcham was arrested on a charge of attempted assault. This sort of thing is becoming so common as to make Melbourne unsafe for young children, and it is certain that the sternest measures will have to be taken to stamp out the most revolting crime conceivable. We draw attention to this pitiable incident that it may shock parents into greater care of their children.

INCREASE OF CRIME.

Some idea of the appalling increase of serious crime in Melbourne of late is afforded by some figures published in the newspapers a few days ago. It appears that during the past six weeks there have been over one thousand thefts, the amount involved being nearly £15,000, whilst £660 has been stolen from the victims of hold-ups, of which there have been fourteen outside the metropolitan area. During this period there have been four cases of cattle stealing and four of motor car theft. Deaths from all causes have reached a surprisingly high number. During last week-end alone there were two deaths through motor accidents, three from natural causes, two from poisoning, one from drowning, one from falling from a height, and one frightful murder. A case of stabbing and one of shooting were also reported, and there were six severe traffic casualties.

PIG AT ARTISTS' BALL.

Before this issue of "Grit" is in the hands of our readers the Artists' Ball will have taken place and have become a matter of history. If established precedents in connection with this dubious function are not abandoned, it seems probable that we shall have some interesting if not very wholesome or edifying details to recount in our next issue. In the meantime, it is interesting to note that the latest proposal in connection with the event is that a live pig should be let loose in the dancing hall at 1 a.m. This proposal seems to have disturbed the serenity of one or two aldermen, who, it is stated, have called for a report from the Town Clerk on the matter. But why worry? It seems to us, judging from past experience, that there is nothing incongruous in a proposal to let loose a live pig at the Artists' Ball. There have been several live pigs at the preceding balls. Birds of a feather will flock together, you know.

JAZZ GARTERS.

Oh, dear! We never suspected anything quite so hot. Alderman Bramston, however, has let the cat out of the bag with a vengeance. It is Alderman Bramston who has doubts about the live pig. "What I want to know," he told a reporter, "is this: In our Town Hall would a pig be *infra dig*?" And then he went on to let the cat out. "I am no artist in the ordinary sense," he said, "and possibly I have not the artistic temperament, but last year I took exception to an alderman, who is chairman of a Moral Reform League, having in his possession two jazz garters. This I thought the limit, but now we are to have a pig jazzing around the Town Hall, it is going beyond even that. If the line is not drawn somewhere these artist coves will be dosing the pig on claret cup, doctored with whisky, and dressing it in rompers."

"In every way, at every meeting" (the "Labor Daily" says) "the artists in conclave think up more and more 'drefful' things to shock the Stodges and the Stigginses at their coming artistic ball."

BREWERY PROFITS.

Apparently Tooth's Brewery is again watering its share capital with a view to disguising profits. That is an old dodge well calculated to deceive unsuspecting people. But the way in which it is being done seems to have annoyed some of the shareholders, who claim that quite inadequate notice was given them, two weeks not being sufficient time in which to finance an increase in shareholding, so that a considerable number of "rights" may have to be thrown on the market at any price, which is perhaps what is wanted. "I may say," writes one shareholder, "that in cases of the issues of new shares by most of the leading banks shareholders are often allowed as much as from six weeks to two months before any payments have to be made, and what would appear in my opinion to make the treatment of Tooth and Co., Ltd., shareholders still more unsatisfactory is that I notice that the allotment letter I have before me is dated the 6th instant, whereas it was not received by me until the 16th idem. Surely we could have been advised on the 6th instant of the terms of the issue, even if it was merely through the medium of your columns, so as to have a little more time in which to make any necessary arrangements."

GIN AND VIOLENCE.

On July 5 Philip Reichel, 23 years of age, letter sorter, went to see the All Blacks football match. When there he felt a pain in his back, and a kind friend recommended gin as a cure. Now Reichel, so he said, was not used to gin; he had, in fact, never tasted spirits before. But he and his friend repaired to a booth, and, thinking that one gin would not be enough, Reichel consumed three. Later, at a city hotel, he consumed some more gin.

(Continued on next page.)

and also purchased a bottle of the said liquid. Then his memory got hazy, but he thinks he went to a picture show. Anyhow, when the police got hold of him he was in the shop of Harold Bruce Polson, draper, of George-street, and by that time he had already smashed one plateglass window and fifteen shop stands of the total value of £40. He explained that one of his companions became pugnacious and pushed him through the glass window. What happened next he could not say, but seeing the policeman approaching he thought he was one of the enemy, and declared war with a shop-stand as a weapon. After his arrest he was very sick, and continued so for several days, but as soon as he learnt of the damage he had done he went to Mr. Polson to arrange about making it good. After listening to evidence of the defendant's excellent character, the jury accepted his defence and he was acquitted.

MONA VALE CASE.

As was reported in "Grit" at the time, John Andrew O'Shea was fined £100, in default six months' imprisonment, at the Manly Police Court on May 8 last for having allegedly sold a bottle of wine to a police constable at "La Corniche" restaurant, the said O'Shea not being licensed to sell liquor. Last week O'Shea appealed against his conviction, and the case was heard by Judge Beeby, who was obliged to quash the conviction upon the ground that the evidence of actual sale was not satisfactory. It is evident, however, that the Judge considered that the appellant had very little merits on his side. "It was admitted," the Judge said, "that liquor was supplied to the police, and I have very little doubt that it was paid for. I am forced to the conclusion that a reasonable doubt exists as to whether the appellant did actually sell liquor on the night in question, and must therefore uphold the appeal." An order was made for the return of the liquor to Mr. V. Wilson, who was said to own the wine.

WHAT NEXT?

What next, please? Some of us have seen Hetty King in her male impersonations at the Tivoli, and remarkably good they are, especially that of a Jack Tar. That is all right, but when it comes to picture show proprietors requiring their female attendants to dress in male attire, and livery at that, it is another proposition altogether. Yet that, it appears, is just what some of the Sydney picture show owners do want. The matter was the subject of protest at a recent meeting of the Women's Central Organising Committee of the A.L.P., when a resolution was passed declaring that such a requirement was degrading. In supporting the motion one of the committee quoted from Deuteronomy: "A woman shall not be clothed with man's apparel, neither shall a man use woman's apparel, for he that does these things is abominable to God." It is said that the practice is quite common in America, but

it is certainly not in keeping with British ideas.

THE LIFT JAMMED.

This is a good one. The ingenuity displayed in finding plausible explanations for the presence of men on licensed premises after hours is really wonderful. According to a report in the "Labor Daily," the only newspaper in Sydney which has the courage to annoy the liquor interests by publishing the details of booze cases, the lift in the National Hotel in George-street jammed between the first and second floors on August 4, and when, at 6.40 p.m., the police visited the place they found eight or nine men in the lift "and some others who were on the premises showing great merriment at the discomfort of the prisoners." The jammed lift might have accounted for those inside being on licensed premises after hours, but what about the others? Ada Sutton, licensee, explained how she had tried to get the lift to work, but had failed, and how she had rung up the police, but had been cut off. At length the wire cage of the lift well had to be cut to release the men. Mr. Harley McLaughlin, who appeared for the defendant, told the magistrate, Mr. Giles Shaw, C.S.M., that his client had a lease of the premises from a brewery, and the granting of the lease depended on whether a conviction was imposed or not. Mr. Shaw fined the defendant £1, and 8/- costs, but ordered that no conviction be recorded against the licensee.

TAKING WAYS.

Drink was the cause of the whole trouble. This was the explanation offered by Sergeant Walsh when prosecuting Reggie Harwood, of Rydalmere, for having stolen a gold watch belonging to Marcus Raymond Stone, who lived in the same house with him. Harwood is a laborer, and he took the watch, as he admitted himself, to pawn it in order to obtain money for booze. "He has spent most of his time in institutions," said the prosecutor, "and when he is in his sober senses he is a decent man." The magistrate asked the accused why he could not leave the drink alone, and the man replied that he could do so when he was working. "It's a matter of leaving it alone altogether," said the magistrate, "for you are just on the brink of going to jail." The man, having work to go to, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, the sentence to be suspended on the usual conditions. Cases of this sort are very common, and go to indicate the terrible evil of drink in bringing decent men into trouble which they would never dream of incurring in their sober senses. When drink can do that sort of thing, what can be said in its defence?

STOLEN HARNESS.

He may have been drunk, and he may not. It is sometimes convenient to plead drunkenness in mitigation of crime, but it does not always work, and in this case

it did not. Thomas Kennedy, a young dealer, of Hugo-street, Redfern, was sentenced at the Redfern Court to six months' imprisonment for having stolen a set of harness. Two witnesses stated that they saw the accused come from a stable on the night of August 15 carrying a bulky chaff bag. When they accosted him, he dropped the bag and ran away. The bag was found to contain harness, brushing boots and a horse rug. In the accused's cart another set of stolen harness was found. Kennedy denied his guilt, and said that on the afternoon of the alleged theft he was drunk and unfit to go out, but his story did not impress the magistrate, and so he will have six months' leisure to think over the philosophy of life in Long Bay.

BEER BOTTLE ASSAULT.

It has been suggested more than once that beer bottles should be made without necks. It would then be impossible to use them for purposes of assault. Certainly they would not be so handy to wield with effect, but we have our doubts, and it seems to us that a simpler and better way would be to do away with beer bottles altogether. Anyway, the other day, as a result of being assaulted and viciously beaten about the head with beer bottles by members of a Waterloo gang, Thomas Grey (22), residing at John-street, Waterloo, was admitted to the Sydney Hospital. He sustained a severe cut over the left eye, and an ugly wound on the forehead. William Minton (24), of Tramway-street, Mascot, was also treated at the hospital by Dr. Moad for injuries to the face. He had been brutally dealt with by the same mob. Minton stated that there were about twenty men in the gang which attacked him.

A STORY OF CRUELTY.

A sad story of cruelty and heavy drinking was told to Mr. Justice Owen last week when a wife, despite these drawbacks, asked for an order to compel her husband to return to her "for the sake of the children." The petitioner was Mrs. Gladys Dorothy Harris, who told the Judge that her husband was a heavy drinker of violent temper. He had beaten her and had threatened and attempted to kill her with a razor when in bed. He was a barber by occupation. At this stage his Honor said that if this was the character of her husband, it seemed strange that she should want him to return to her, and asked her if she was sincere in her application. He reminded petitioner's counsel that one of the parties to such a suit had to express and prove a real desire for restitution of conjugal rights. Mrs. Harris said she had such a desire, and wanted her husband to return to his home for the sake of the children. An order for restitution was made.

PASS "GRIT" ON.

A Personal Chat with my readers

LACKING PROPORTION.

The newspaper, dominated by its ill-assorted jumble of sensational "news items," entirely fails to give us a bird's-eye view of world events. The sordid crime takes precedence of matters of world significance. A dozen responsible people express opinions on a vital question, eleven of them are in general agreement, but the twelfth gives expression to some ill-digested outre idea. This is cabled round the world, and too often that is all we are ever likely to hear of the incident.

A closely reasoned speech in Parliament will never obtain the same space as a violent, abusive and offensive harangue. One hundred thousand people go to sports meetings on Saturday and from one to two whole pages are devoted to these doings in the Monday papers—and this in spite of the fact that the Sunday papers have many pages about the same gatherings. There are religious services held in over 3000 places of worship each Sunday in New South Wales. From 250,000 to 300,000 people attend these services, and are associated intimately with as many more who occasionally attend. The daily papers give no attention to this and make no effort to respond to the evident interest of tens of thousands in spiritual things. The curious thing is they pride themselves on catering for public taste and excuse their publication of outrages and sordid domestic doings on the ground that people demand it. They utterly fail to distinguish between human curiosity in the unusual and human interest in the significant or beautiful.

If on my way to business I see a dead horse and a broken vehicle it is most likely that curiosity will take me close to it. Should it still be there on my return home I will not give it a second glance. It only appealed to my curiosity.

If I should see a particularly well-kept garden, bright with gerbias, sweet with roses and full of the promise of other lovely things, it will hold my attention, stimulate me to interest in my own garden, and I will recommend others to have a look at it.

In other words, human interest is sustained by the wise, the beautiful, the significant; human curiosity is easily satisfied and needs entirely fresh appeals to attract it.

Now the papers most emphatically cater for a variety of interests, and do it well, and I am complaining only of what is too often the dominant note—the wrong emphasis and the unpardonable exclusion of all that

touches man's deepest needs and his undoubted interest in the spiritual.

Serious things are not necessarily dull.

Sermons are not always stodgy.

The practice of a paper is to send suitable reporters to special affairs. They would not dream of sending the financial editor to report a boxing contest—and yet the sports writer has been sent to report a religious service.

The quarter of a million church-goers, and the fact that an unusual preacher can fill any building as no politician or professor can do, should reveal to some enterprising newspaper that there is a big unexplored field of human interest and that thousands of new subscribers may be obtained if the best of journalism be devoted to presenting the spiritual themes that are of deepest interest to all normal people.

AN UNEMPHASISED WONDER.

It is surely remarkable that the press has given so little prominence to the fact that Bagdad, the city that has such remarkable historical associations and that is invested with so much that is romantic, is now the centre of constitutional government and possesses a House of Parliament. King Feisul has gone there in state and has read a speech from the throne to the elected representatives of his nation.

"It is a wonderful thought," says Arthur Mee in the "Children's Newspaper." "Stand on Westminster Bridge and think what it means that our British Parliament House has given birth to this new Parliament House in Bagdad—that because of England and Englishmen, because of the British Empire and British citizens, Mesopotamia has a House of Parliament and a constitution framed to bless human happiness, to punish lawless crime, and to safeguard the sacred fire of liberty.

"But what does it mean to the peasant in Mesopotamia? Before the British took possession of the country and drove out the Turks, there was scarcely a peasant in Mesopotamia who did not trudge to his toil in the field 'with a spade on one shoulder and a rifle on the other.' Go there now and you will see the spade, but no rifle. You will hear singing in the fields. You will see smiles on happy faces. You will feel all about you an atmosphere of peace and goodwill. This is what it means to the people of Mesopotamia, and those people honor Britain's name, and beg us not to depart from their midst, and speak of us as the

nation that loves freedom, acts justly and never breaks its word."

WE DARE NOT CEASE TO FEEL.

Lucy Rider Meyer, in the "Woman's Missionary Friend," has some lines that ap-

peal very strongly to me:

"O God," I cried, "why may I not forget?
These halt and hurt in life's hard battle
Throng me yet.

Am I their keeper? Only I? To bear
This constant burden of their grief and
care?

Why must I suffer for the others' sin?
Would God my eyes had never opened been!"
And the Thorn-Crowned and Patient One
Replied: "They thronged me, too. I, too,
have seen."

"But, Lord, Thy other children go at will,"
I said, protesting still.

"They go unheeding. But these sick and
sad,

These blind and orphan, yea, and those that
sin,

Drag at My heart. For them I serve and
groan.

Why is it? Let me rest, Lord. I have tried—

He turned and looked at me:

"But I have died!"

"But, Lord, this ceaseless travail of my soul!
This stress! This often fruitless toil!

These souls to win!

They are not mine. I brought not forth this
host

Of needy creatures, struggling, tempest-
tossed—

They are not mine!"

He turned and looked at them—the look of
One divine;

He turned and looked at me. "But they are
mine!"

PERSUADING FOLK.

You have probably
noticed how easy it is to
persuade people to do
what they want to do.

You may also be reasonably suspicious when people readily fall in with your plans that whatever be their mild protests they really want to do what they graciously permit you to persuade them to do.

Persuading folk to do what they ought to do is quite another matter. Fear, timidity and other qualities take refuge behind every flimsy kind of excuse and they will agree, they ought to do it; they will do it sometime, but—and that is about as far as they get.

Persuading people to do what they don't want to do will produce an immediate crop of most weird excuses and flimsy objections, some of which would make a dead cat laugh. Few of us are quite honest with ourselves, and few of us can resist taking the line of least resistance. It has been a wet day to-day; 10,000 folk have stayed away from church, not two of whom will stay away from business to-morrow, even if it rains harder than it did to-day.

Have you ever asked yourself: Ought I to do what I ought to do? There is some real weight in that word "ought," and the world would be a much better place if we stood up to all we ought to do.

THE EDITOR.

WHIRLPOOLS OF BEER.

THE QUEBEC PLAN INCREASES DRUNKENNESS AND CRIME.

By A. B. MACDONALD, in "The Ladies' Home Journal."

It is being claimed that sale of beer by the glass will lessen the consumption of hard liquors. The annual reports of the Quebec Liquor Commission prove that this is absolutely false. In the year 1921-1922 the sale of beer in Quebec amounted to 22,321,348 gallons, and in the year 1922-1923 to 22,576,357 gallons, an increase of 255,009 gallons. But during this time the sale of hard liquor increased from 15,050,819 dollars to 19,698,773 dollars. The explanation, of course, is that sale of beer during the previous year had increased the desire for alcohol that was no longer satisfied by beer, but craved for hard liquors.

In Quebec there are 82 Government liquor stores selling hard liquor and 1906 licensed places selling beer by the glass. In British Columbia we have 71 Government liquor stores, and from October 1, 1922, to September 30, 1923—the last Government return—they sold 10,746,628 dollars' worth of liquor. Would it be a good thing for British Columbia to have, as in Quebec, 23 times as many places selling beer by the glass as there are Government liquor stores?

In the "Ladies' Home Journal" for June, 1924, Mr. A. B. MacDonald has an article on the liquor situation in British Columbia, entitled "Drinking Their Way to the Poor House. Government Control in British Columbia Enriches Only Rum Interests. More Bootlegging Than Ever."

The following is Mr. MacDonald's story of his investigations in Quebec, as printed in the November "Ladies' Home Journal":

One of the first persons with whom I talked in the Province of Quebec was J. D. Hudson, comptroller of the National Breweries, and a leading spokesman for the brewers of that province. "The Quebec liquor law is the greatest temperance law ever enacted," he said. "We give the people all the beer they want, and that has reduced drunkenness to about nothing. There is no drunkenness to speak of in Quebec."

An hour later I was in the office of A. Geoffrion, who presides over the Recorder's Court in Montreal, and he gave me some statistics showing that in the last two years there came into that court twelve thousand and forty-eight persons who had been arrested in Montreal while "lying drunk in a public street or public place." I quote exactly from the statistical report prepared by the clerk of his court and given to me by Recorder Geoffrion himself: Twelve thousand and forty-eight persons arrested in two years, not just maundering drunk, not singing drunk, not staggering drunk, but helplessly dead drunk, "lying drunk in a public street or public place."

That night of my first day in Montreal I sat in one of the three hundred and seven licensed beer saloons of that city, a large room with twenty-six tables, at which more than one hundred men were drinking beer.

I ordered a soda pop, and a man near me said in beery friendliness: "Don't be afraid of this beer, old man; you can't get drunk on it; it's harmless. You can drink a barrel of it and not get drunk."

DRUNK, DEAD DRUNK—ON BEER.

I moved to another table to be rid of him, and thirty minutes later he had crumpled down like a wilted plant, his arms outflung upon the table, and his face was in a puddle of beer slops.

In this saloon were four waiters, big, husky men, and one of them ran his hand down beneath the neck band of the drunken man's blouse, lifted him to his feet and shook him, and tried to make him understand that he was drunk and must get out; but the man was too far gone, and the bully ran him down across the floor, his legs dangling loosely like those of the scarecrow in the Wizard of Oz, and shot him slam-bang through the swinging doors into the street. He was just another of the thousands that could not get drunk on beer. I saw twelve men drunk on beer in that one saloon on Craig-street that night, and I saw fully fifty men there who were in various stages on the road to dead drunkenness.

With a newspaper man as guide I went that night into twelve saloons where nothing was sold but the beer which the Government of Quebec says makes for temperance and sobriety. They were the same old saloons, with the exception that the men sat at tables instead of standing at a bar; and they drank beer instead of whisky.

There were the same old smells, old maudlin songs and laughter, same old vulgarity, same old quarrelling and wrangling, same old drunks. Before midnight I saw one hundred men drunk on beer, not all of them dead drunk, but all unmistakably drunk, and I saw many of them led to the door and pushed out. On the sidewalks I saw men staggering, and around a fountain, in a little open space, were four men in the condition described in Recorder Geoffrion's report: "Lying drunk."

HUNDREDS OF WOMEN.

Between midnight and morning, in a cabaret and in a half-dozen bootlegging clubs and joints I saw hundreds of women drinking; many of them were mere girls; and fully one-third of them were drunk. A newspaper woman I met that night in a "blind pig" club where three hundred men and women were drinking told me she had seen a thousand women drunk in such places in Montreal.

In that city are three hundred and seven of those saloons that sell nothing but beer. I wondered how many men went out of them that night drunk with beer. In Montreal are five hundred grocery stores that sell beer in bottles to families, delivering it as ordered, with the bread and milk and

potatoes, and I wondered in how many homes in Montreal were men and women that night, and even children, drunk on beer, who were not counted in the official "statistics of drunkenness" that the Government of Quebec gathers and publishes in proof of the temperate quality of its beer.

A SHAMED LADDIE.

The next morning I went to the Recorder's Court. There was the same old police court scene that I had witnessed a thousand times in the old saloon days in an American city; the same kind of a tired judge on the bench, fed up on the same old drama of drunks that filed before him through the months and years; the same old groups of seedy men and pitiful girls and women at the bar; and the same old police court lawyers with their demurrers and objections and motions for delay and pleas for leniency.

In that morning's grist from the saloons and beer-selling grocery stores was a woman, a mother, maybe thirty-five years old, and as she stood facing the judge she clung to the rail with both hands.

Back in a corner of the court room a boy of twelve or thirteen years stood with his two fists doubled up and shoved into his eyes, to hide the tears and shame in his poor little face, for that was his mother at the bar, and she was there for "lying drunk" on the sidewalk.

The judge talked to her in French, and she answered in French.

"What does she say?" I asked a court attendant.

She says she wasn't drunk; she drank only three bottles of beer.

"Well, she couldn't get drunk on beer, could she?" I enquired.

"Say," returned the officer, "some of this (Continued on next page.)"

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beer's so strong, if a man'd drink two bottles of it he'd go out and try to sell the Victoria Bridge."

EVILS OF BEER POLITICS.

The judge asked her if she had any children, and she replied in French and nodded over toward the corner; the officer looked that way, and a court officer tried to take the boy's fists out of his eyes, but he dug them in all the deeper.

I shall never forget that boy as he stood that morning squeezed as far as he could get into the corner, hiding his face in shame for his mother, his whole little body, from his ragged shoes to his tousled head, quivering with the sobs he tried to smother.

The following Saturday night, in the city of Hull, Quebec, I went into the Wellington Saloon and in a room as large as a big church I saw four hundred men at tables drinking beer, all talking and arguing and cursing together, some singing, and many drunk. This was a double-decker saloon; the owner of it told me he had room for seven hundred persons to sit at one time at tables and drink beer, and upstairs were one hundred and thirty-five women all drinking beer together, and one on the table trying to sing and dance.

The Wellington was only one of the many hundreds of places in Hull where men and women were getting drunk on beer that night, and as I went from one place to another and saw it I thought of what Louis A. Taschereau, Premier of Quebec, and champion of the light wine and beer law, said of it in a recent speech: "Our liquor law is a success from a moral point of view. Encouraging the sale of beer while discouraging the sale of hard liquor has reduced drunkenness materially."

The drive for light wine and beer in Quebec began in the same way it did in the United States, and the things that have grown out of it—political control of the province by the brewers; the gradual change from light to strong beer, and the increase in drinking and its attendant evils—are indications of what will come to pass in this country if the sale of wine and beer is legalized.

In 1918, the closing year of the war, the demand for Prohibition in Quebec became so insistent that the Government had a prohibitory law drawn up and announced that it would go into effect the following spring. That would have closed more than a dozen big breweries. Their owners were rich and influential, and they brought such pressure to bear that the Government backed down and, instead of putting into effect the prohibitory law it had promised, it submitted to the vote of the people the following question:

"Is it your opinion that the sale of light beer, cider and wines, as defined by law, should be allowed?"

The beer was to contain not more than 2.51 per cent. of alcohol, and the wine and cider 6.94 per cent., weight measure; and hard liquors were to be sold by vendors and only on doctor's prescriptions.

There was a whirlwind campaign, secretly managed by the brewers, and the province was plastered broadcast with the same old arguments, so familiar in the United States just now, especially that Prohibition was too "strict" and "hard" and ought to be "softened" to allow the sale of light wine and beer, which really were temperance drinks. That word "light" caught the fancy of the people, as it is now luring so many in this country. The election was held on a stormy spring day, when the roads were deep with mud, and the light-beer and wine proposition was carried.

Then developed the exact situation that the brewers of the United States met in their attempt, after Prohibition went into effect, to market a near-beer substitute for real beer. The people would not drink it. A brewer in a large city in the United States told me that since Prohibition he had lost three hundred thousand dollars a year trying to popularise his non-alcoholic near-beer.

"People drink beer for just one purpose, for the kick they get from the alcohol in it," he said.

The brewers of Quebec soon found that out. Beer with only 2.51 per cent. of alcohol was too light. Its kick was too weak. People would not drink it.

In the meantime another Premier, L. A. Taschereau, had come into power; he was friendly to the brewers, and after two years of trying to make light beer go they forced the present law through Parliament. Briefly, this law put the liquor business into the hands of a commission of five members who are paid salaries and are supposed not to have any interest in the liquor business. All hard liquors and wines are sold by the commission in its own stores that close before dark. Any person may buy there an unlimited amount of wine, but he can buy only one bottle at a time of hard liquor and he must drink it elsewhere. The price is placed at three and four times the saloon prices of former days, purposely to discourage its use.

PLENTY OF ALCOHOL.

The brewers sell beer only to retailers who hold permits from the commission, and they pay the commission 5 per cent. of their sales. Under the new law the old saloons were renamed "taverns," the bars were required to be screened from sight, and all drinking must be done sitting down, at tables. This gave the brewers and the Government a chance to say that the saloons and bars had been abolished, but a saloon is a saloon, and there is ample proof that a man sitting at a table will drink more than one standing at a bar; the chair and table entice him to stay longer, and the treating evil has been greatly increased by it.

When the brewers were making their drive for light beer and wine the promise of the Government was that 2.51 per cent. of alcohol was to be the limit, but they have edged up on that until now that word "light" with which the brewers enticed the voters has been entirely forgotten by them, and there is no limit to the alcohol they may

put in their beer. The greater part of it contains from 6 to 8 per cent., and much of it 10 and 12 per cent. "Light" wine has been forgotten too, and the most of it contains 15 per cent. and more of alcohol.

One of the provisions of the new law was that all saloons, hotels, restaurants and grocery stores where beer is sold should close at seven o'clock; but the brewers have edged up on that, too, and the friendly liquor commission permits them to stay open until ten o'clock.

In the fiscal year ending in the spring of 1921, when the brewers were making light beer with only 2.51 per cent. of alcohol, 6,409,189 gallons of beer were made in Quebec. The following year, when the brewers were putting in lots of alcohol, 21,741,963 gallons of beer were made, and sold in Quebec, and in addition 579,385 gallons of strong beer were imported and drunk. J. D. Hudson, of the National Breweries, said to me that the sales of beer by the ten breweries in Quebec this year would be much greater than last year, that they would aggregate one million barrels, or twenty-five million gallons, and, he said, nearly all of it would be drunk in Quebec.

When the breweries were making and trying to sell light beer they were in a bad way financially. Their stock was down as low as fifteen dollars a share. Within a year after the new law went into effect and they began making strong beer, it had jumped to one hundred and eighty-five dollars a share. No wonder the brewers of the United States are spending millions in a drive to have their plants set going again. Light beer might not make them money, but if they could edge up, as the brewers of Quebec did, and get to making a beer with a content of 5 per cent. alcohol, or more, they would undoubtedly make fortunes.

QUEBEC'S BOOZE BILL 28,000,000 DOLS.

The total amount spent for education in Quebec that year was 22,122,978.92 dollars, about six million dollars less than was spent for booze. The total dairy products of the province were worth 26,850,392 dollars, about two million dollars less than was spent for drink. The value of the potato crop in the province that year was twenty-eight million dollars, exactly the amount spent for drink.

In the drive for light wine and beer the brewers promised they would do no advertising, and even after the liquor commission was appointed, its chairman, George Simrad, in a printed statement to the people of Quebec said he recognised that the advertising of intoxicating drinks was an evil, because through it temperate and sober men and youths might be tempted to drink.

(To be continued.)





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

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

THE VALUE OF A CHEQUE.

If your father writes out a cheque on a bank form and signs his name very nicely, will the bank cash it?

Now that does not depend on how nice the banker is, or what he thinks of your father.

It does not depend on how wealthy the bank is.

It does not even depend on the cheque form being the one issued by the bank.

Then what does it depend on?

Why, it depends on whether your father has any credit at the bank, that is, whether he has by care, savings and forethought placed money in the bank. If he has, then the cheque will be honored.

Now a prayer is very like a cheque. It may be presented in the form of words considered correct and used by most people.

It certainly will be presented to One who is willing and able to honor it.

The question is: Have I any credit there? That is, have I been reconciled to God? Am I living on terms of friendship?

If I do whatsoever He commands He will do whatsoever I ask.

UNCLE B.

OUR LETTER BAG.

THE FITZROY FALLS.

Sylvia Waters, Holly-road, Burradoo, writes: I saw my letter in "Grit," and I think it is time I wrote to you again. Well, Uncle, father took a little boy who is living with us and myself out for a drive to Fitzroy Falls, and three other men, myself and the little boy Arthur went down to the bottom of the falls and had our lunch there. One of the men boiled the billy, and we had quite a nice time. I was the only girl down there. After lunch was over we had a good look at the falls. We went up to the top. When I was about half way up I kept on saying, "I cannot go any further, I am too tired," but I managed to reach the top. One of the falls is 261 feet and another one is 230 feet. There are a great many falls, and I will name some of them: Fitzroy Fall, Lady Hordern Fall, The Twin Fall; they are all very nice. When we were coming home we saw some lovely wattle; some of it was in some of the paddocks next to the road, and it looks like yellow bushes from the distance. I must close now with love.

(Dear Sylvia,—I have not seen the Fitzroy Falls, so I envy you the pleasant day you had seeing what must be a very beautiful sight. Some day I hope to go there, but I do not seem to get holidays like other folk.—Uncle B.)

IF THEY FAIL—TRY AGAIN.

Raymond Mowbray, Yoorooga, Sunny Corner, writes: We are practising for our Sunday school anniversary. We have the Sunday school at our place. Only two children came this morning because nearly all of them have colds, and there was a lot of snow on the ground. Father has been ploughing lately in a paddock which has not been ploughed before, and he is getting a lot of roots. Father has been planting lucerne trees round the house, but they do not look as though they will live. If they die father will plant some more next year. I saw my letter in "Grit," so thought I'd write again now to escape being a scallywag.

(Dear Raymond,—It is fine to read that if those lucerne trees die your father will plant some more. If you learn that lesson you will get on in life. Success is just the refusal to be beaten by the first failure.—Uncle B.)

SPELLING.

Una Waters, Holly-road, Burradoo, writes: I saw my letter in "Grit" and your very kind answer to it. I am very pleased to know that I am the first little girl to write as soon as I had turned seven, and I mean to try to write until I grow a big girl. My daddy is very pleased, too, and helps me so that I do not make any mistakes in spelling. We have a lovely holly tree in our garden, and it is covered with beautiful red berries; everybody likes to see it.

(Dear Una,—So your daddy helps you with your spelling. That is fine. I have always needed someone to help me, and the proof-reader is a wonderful chap; he often puts me right and never says a word about it, so we are both fortunate.—Uncle B.)

LIKING LESSONS.

Eunice Crawford, 89 March-street, Orange, writes: It is a long time since I wrote to you last, because I have not very much time. I am up in the big school now, and have to do a lot of homework. I like being in the big school, and I like all my lessons, especially arithmetic. We have had a lot of frost lately, but no snow. This morning there were icicles all over the flowers, the clothes line, the trees, and even the wire netting fence. They looked lovely when the sun shone on them. They seemed to sparkle. But the sun soon melted them. One night I put a saucer of milk out, and in the morning it was a block of ice. I ate as much of

it as I wanted. The creeks have ice on them in the mornings. One day dad and I went out for a walk, about two miles away from town. We saw four dear little lambs, which were fed out of a bottle. I stuck my finger in through the wire netting fence, and one of them sucked it.

(Dear Eunice,—It is fine that you like your lessons; it makes them so much easier when you like them, and I only wish some one had taken the trouble to teach me that one of the best things in life is, if you can't have what you like, to at least like what you have.—Uncle B.)

HALE AND HEARTY.

Isabel Macauley, "Woodstock," Combaning Siding, writes: It is a long time since I last wrote to you. I suppose I am on the scallywag list by now, and I would very much like you to cross it off. We are still having our little Sunday school at home, and there are about twelve children attending it. Father would like to know if there is a Prohibition League in Temora. Bung and Co. are pretty well represented there. My grandfather has five brothers and they average 70 years of age, and they are non-smokers and non-drinkers. We heard ex-Senator Watson preach in the Methodist Church at Temora about two months ago.

In the month of July,

When cold was the weather,

Two ballots were cast in one box together—One by a brewer, the other a Sunday school man.

The Sunday school man thought no man could be truer,

He was busy all week denouncing the brewer, But his zeal fell off with the change of the weather,

And so in July they both voted together.

The genial old brewer, both crafty and mel-low,

Said, "I like that Sunday school fellow,

He's true to his Lord, but to his party he's truer;

He talks for the Lord, but he votes for the brewer."

—Sent by Isabel Macauley.

(Dear Isabel,—It is a wonderful record to have five grand-uncles averaging seventy years of age. Thank you for telling us that a good way to be hale and hearty and live to be seventy is to leave out the smoke and the drink. Thank you for the verses—they are sadly true.—Uncle B.)

A GOOD START.

Robert Baker, Baptist Manse, Second-street, Leeton, N.S.W., writes: Will you please enrol me as a Ne? I am seven years old to-day. I got some nice presents and a bag of lollies. I have three brothers, but no sister, so mother says she is still queen. We call Baby Bruce "King of the Manse."

(Dear Robert,—Welcome to my family. Please go on writing, and as soon as "Bruce, King of the Manse," is seven, please start him at once as one of my family.—Uncle B.)

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Address all correspondence re Bands of Hope, Y.P. Societies and the "New Day" Crusade to W. H. Mitchell, Director of Y.P. Department, N.S.W. Alliance, 321 Pitt-street, Sydney (Phone, City 8944).

Examinations in State Schools.—In addition to the reference made to this subject in last week's issue of "Grit," it should be mentioned that the Women's Christian Temperance Union has donated a substantial amount towards the book prizes which are to be awarded to those obtaining 75 per cent. of possible marks, while the Rechabite Order has undertaken to present the certificates needed for those who gain 60 per cent. of possible marks. The Y.P. Department would like Superintendents of Sunday Schools and Bands of Hope, of Juvenile Rechabites, of Juvenile Temples, and others to bring this examination under the notice of parents and children, with the view of obtaining a large number of examinees.

The Fourth Annual Conference of Australian Band of Hope Union is to be held in Melbourne on 6th to 10th September. The delegates from New South Wales are: Rev. T. Davies, Rev. A. Thompson, Mrs. Thompson, Miss George, Mr. Fred. Rushton, Mrs. Rushton, Mr. D. H. Hardy and Mr. A. C. Hammond. Our good wishes are with the Conference for a useful and happy time!

Suggestive Thoughts.—I believe in to-day. It is all that I possess. The past is of value only as it can make the life of to-day fuller and freer. There is no assurance of to-morrow. I must make good to-day.

Small kindnesses, small courtesies, small considerations habitually practised in our

social intercourse give a greater charm to the character than the display of great talents and accomplishments.

Bands of Hope.—Will Secretaries of Bands of Hope and other Young People's Temperance Societies kindly remit their annual affiliation fee of ten shillings, together with names and addresses of President and Secretary and night of meeting. The Y.P. Department is desirous of the opportunity of visiting all Societies under its affiliation.

PROHIBITION AN UNMIXED BLESSING.

COLONEL W. F. JENKINS, NATIONAL SECRETARY, SALVATION ARMY.

There is nothing new to add to the testimony from Commander Evangeline Booth concerning Prohibition, which has already been made public, other than to say that with the passing days confirming and amplifying facts are accumulating.

The Salvation Army knows what an unmitigated curse drink with its concomitants was, and realises equally well what an un-mixed blessing Prohibition is proving to be. There is absolutely no reason for modifying the existing law while the welfare of mankind is supremely regarded.

SMUGGLING IN ENGLAND.

"Bootleggers" are by no means confined to the United States. We have plenty of our own, and they are active just now on the south coast. From Folkestone to Falmouth the smuggler is almost as busy now as in the "good old days."—"Brewer and Wine Merchant" (London).



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FRESH AND FRAGRANT:

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TEA

**BAD SIGN.**

Some purple sea-centipedes have arrived at the Zoo. We hear that one of them stared so fixedly at an American visitor that the latter took something from his hip pocket and deliberately smashed it on a stone.

NOT SO EASY.

Magistrate: "This man's watch was fastened in his pocket by a safety-pin. How did you manage to get it?"

Prisoner: "Well, Judge, I usually gets five dollars fer six lessons."

NO PLACE TO GO.

An American religious organisation declares that there is no Hades. This has impressed us so deeply that we have decided to send for our income tax collector and tell him that we understand it isn't possible for him to do as we told him.

HE SHOULD WORRY.

"Are you the plumber?"

"Yes, mum."

"Well, see you exercise care when doing your work. All my floors are highly polished and in perfect condition."

"Oh, don't worry about me slippin', mum. I've got nails in me boots!"

A pessimist is a man who hearing the knock of opportunity at the door, slips the bolt, thinking it's the wolf.

Spring dresses are more diaphanous than ever, we are told. And doubtless the prodigal sun will reveal the fatted calf.

PROBABLY GAVE IT AWAY.

"All my life I've been unfortunate—when still a child, I was left an orphan!"

"What did you do with it?"

NIGHTMARE LAND.

She (in art gallery): "So that's one of those cubist paintings. What a dreadful place Cuba must be!"

A SUGGESTIVE REMARK.

Wife: "Oh, George, it was a topping show—mother nearly died of laughter."

Husband: "By Jove! I say, you ought to go again."

ALWAYS ALERT.

On a Kentish country road a motor-car left the highway and dashed into a coppice. It is presumed that the highly trained machine scented a brace of pedestrians lurking in the undergrowth.

Mistress—

Mary, your kitchen is a picture!

However do you get everything so spotlessly clean & bright?



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

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DAILY INSPIRATION.

(By FAIRELIE THORNTON.)

SUNDAY.

"I, even I only, am left."—1 Kings, 19, 10.

Have you ever experienced that isolation of soul which Elijah felt when he uttered those words? Perhaps you have been engaged in some work for the Master, and it seems as if your comrades had deserted you and left you to fight the battle alone. Those on whom you relied failed you in your sorest need. You look around; all appear to be engrossed in their own concerns, so few valiant for the truth, so many ready to compromise with evil, and you are tempted to exclaim, "I, even I only, am left."

Perhaps you are like Jacob, a lonely traveller on life's highway. Your company have gone before—outstripped you in the race. One by one they have dropped from your side, the friends who started with you on your pilgrimage, some having taken a different route, leaving you to tread life's path alone, and you lament, "I, even I only, am left."

Perhaps you are a father or mother and have brought up children. For them you lived your life, toiled and struggled day by day until your step grew feeble and your hair turned grey, and one by one they left you when you most needed them. Some perhaps have gone to the land from whence there is no return, others have left you for new ties, new interests, and at times you feel strangely lonely as you look at the vacant places in the home and remember the dear old days which may come back no more when you were all the world to them. You sigh, "I, even I only, am left." But remember One Friend stands beside you who says, "I will not go away. I will never, no, never, forsake you. Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end." He has trod this lonely path before you. "Of the people there was none with Him." "He is touched with the feeling" of your loneliness, and you may look up to Him and say:

"I have no help but Thee, nor do I need
Another arm than Thine to lean upon.
It is enough, my Lord, enough, indeed,
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone."

MONDAY.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps., 30, 5.

Where are the loved who once could chase our sadness?

Where all the tender friends of other years?
Where all our childhood's days—those hours of gladness,

Ere we had realised the truth of fears?
We look for them; but, ah, we look in vain,
All, all have gone to come never again.

Never again! Oh, Christian, cease thy weeping,

If earth were all, life were a blank indeed.
Look upward then, for Christ hath in His keeping

Those joys of which thy past joy was the seed.

They perished; but from them there yet shall rise

Harvests of joys eternal in the skies.

Never again earth's passing fleeting pleasures

Shall be thine own; for each rose had a thorn,

Never again shalt thou rejoice in treasures
Which bring thee woe as soon as they are born.

Never again that bliss with pain alloyed
When once in heaven, shall be by thee enjoyed.

The glimpse of joy was thine, the substance never,

Earth's sweetest bliss brought with it many a sting.

Only in that vast yet unseen For Ever,

Shalt thou have love which can no sorrow bring.

Thank God that thou shalt never more regain
The joys of earth so fraught with woe and pain.

For there are joys beyond thy soul's conception

To which earth's sweets were bitterness indeed,

Eternally awaiting thy reception

When once thy captive soul from earth is freed.

And when thou once eternal joys dost gain
Thou'lt pine for earth's lost toys never again.

TUESDAY.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy, and at Thy right hand are pleasures for evermore."—Ps., 18, 11.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."—Ps., 17, 15.

"And there shall be no more curse, but the throne of God and the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him, and they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there."—Rev., 22, 4, 5.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."—Rev. 21, 4.

WEDNESDAY.

"Knowing in yourselves that ye have in heaven a better and a more enduring substance, cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward."—Heb., 10, 35.

So I must haste me with my work, and think
As each day closes, 'tis one nearer home;
Nearer the binding of each severed link,

Nearer the land from whence no more we roam;

Farther from earth, and earthly toils and cares,

Nearer to that glad home which Christ for me prepares.

Cast not away therefore thy confidence

Which hath such recompense of great reward,

When thou dost leave the joys of time and sense,

Then thou shalt be for ever with the Lord,

And with Him there are joys an endless store,

And in His presence pleasures evermore.

"The tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and God Himself will be with them, and they shall be His people, and be their God."—Rev., 21, 3.

THURSDAY.

"Without faith it is impossible to please God."—Heb., 11, 6.

Love can never exist without faith. If we do not believe a person we cannot trust him, and therefore cannot love. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." We shall not even want to try to please Him if we do not believe in Him. He has given us every reason to trust His veracity, and therefore we are without excuse if we do not take Him at His Word. "We make Him a liar." Faith, therefore, is the first step in the Christian life. Faith leads to works, that would not be faith at all which did not

work out some effects on the mind exercised thereby. Consequently "faith without works is dead." It is a tree without a root, and therefore can bear no fruit. Some say it does not matter what a man believes; it is how he lives, but he will live as he believes. Faith in God will lift you above all the difficulties of life, will bring you sunshine in the darkest hour, and will carry you triumphantly home at last. Lose faith, and you lose everything worth having.

FRIDAY.

What's the use of feeling grumpy,

What's the use of looking grim?

What if even's shades are falling,

And the light is growing dim,

Just beyond the hill-top yonder

Soon the sun again will rise,

And the splendor of the morning

Flood with glory all the skies?

What's the use of feeling bitter?

What's the use of being sour,

Just because some hopes you cherished

Bloomed and withered in an hour?

There are flowers which are immortal—

Buds of promise which shall bloom.

When all mortal things have perished,

And are buried in the tomb.

Oh, to grasp the things eternal;

Things which cannot pass away!

Those which live and last for ever

When has ended this brief day.

Oh! for faith so strong and mighty

That the unseen be more real,

That the things we touch and handle—

Faith alone can truth reveal.

SATURDAY.

"And He said unto me, Write. Blessed are they which are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb. And He saith unto me, These are the true sayings of God."—Rev. 19, 9.

"And He was clothed in a garment dipped in blood, and His name is called the Word of God."—Rev., 19, 13.

"The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us."

"And He hath on His thigh written King of Kings and Lord of lords."

"And one of the elders answered and said unto me, What are these who are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which have come out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God."—Rev., 7, 14.

"And when the King came in to see the guests He saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment. And He said unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment? And He was speechless. Then said the King to the servants, Bind him hand and foot and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."—Matt., 22.

"And I beheld, and lo, in the midst of the throne . . . stood a Lamb as it had been slain."—Rev., 5, 6.

"And they sang a new song saying, Thou art worthy to take the book and to open the seals thereof, for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred and tongue and nation and people."—Rev., 5, 5.

"How much sorer punishment suppose ye shall he be thought worthy who hath trodden under foot the Son of God and hath counted the blood of the covenant wherewith He was sanctified, an unholy thing."—Heb., 10, 29.

PASS "GRIT" ON.

UNBALANCED UTTERANCE.

BEFORE AND AFTER DINING.

Mr. Hopkyn Morris, M.P., who had charge of the Welsh Local Option Bill which was recently rejected in the House of Commons, gave the final speech at the Commonwealth Temperance Conference, held in England in June last, and it was a masterly exposure of the unbalanced utterances of men who visited America with prejudices in favor of the alcohol habit.

The evidence from U.S.A. seemed contradictory according to the point of view, but it was difficult to reconcile some statements certain people had made after the briefest examination of the real facts. He illustrated this by referring to two visits paid to the United States by Lord Birkenhead, once since he had received the title and once as Sir F. E. Smith, when he was a member of the House of Commons. After each visit he recorded his observations, and how little his Lordship's judgment could be relied upon was illustrated by a number of irreconcilable extracts which Mr. Morris read. The first visit of this trained lawyer resulted in his writing a book, "My American Visit," by the "Right Hon. Sir Frederick Smith, Bart." The more recent literary production is entitled, "Prohibition: The Truth," by Lord Birkenhead. After his first enquiries as to the results of Prohibition, he wrote thus:

FROM "MY AMERICAN VISIT."

(By Sir F. Smith.)

"No stranger going to Washington without private introductions could, by any means of which I was informed, obtain any alcohol at all."

"The Attorney-General of one of the States told me . . . that the importation of alcohol had almost ceased. In such cases the inhabitants were allowed to consume their existing stocks, but there was, of course, no means whatever of replenishing them."

FROM "PROHIBITION: THE TRUTH."

(By Lord Birkenhead.)

"Has Prohibition expelled alcohol from the United States? The answer is notorious: It unquestionably has not."

Sir F. E. Smith dined and lunched with many people and public bodies when in the States. What was his opinion when he first expressed it?

FROM "MY AMERICAN VISIT."

"Neither at the Rotary Clubs nor at the Canadian Clubs is any alcohol served or permitted. And I am bound to say, though not a specially friendly critic (for I do not like the system), that none of the members seemed very much to resent the denial, and that their abstinence in no way diminished the warmth of their enthusiasm."

"The subject (of alcohol) was seldom raised unless one started it oneself."

FROM "PROHIBITION: THE TRUTH."

But Lord Birkenhead, on the contrary, said that the subject was talked about everywhere:

"I can hardly recall a single meal in which the topic of Prohibition was successfully avoided."

"In every large city the law is openly violated. Citizens of the highest consequence, who have never violated any other law, openly and smilingly admit that they recognise no obligation under this law."

FROM "MY AMERICAN VISIT."

"Hundreds of lawyers, after long days of hard work, were apparently content to dine without alcohol, and yet exhibited during and after their meal great cordiality and enthusiasm."

Lord Birkenhead revealed his own standpoint in the later publication, when he said that alcohol in moderation is a very agreeable addition to the amenities of life. Yet in his first book he admitted that Prohibition did prohibit in a very marked manner.

These utterances require some explanation; perhaps they were just the before and after dining musings of this gentleman.

NEEDED—GOOD PARENTS.

"Good parents are a necessity if the child is to grow up into a good citizen," writes a thirteen-year-old girl who evidently finds no difficulty in obeying the injunction, "Honor thy father and thy mother." Constance Ryan, winner of a prize of 25 dollars for the best essay on the Biblical text, goes on to say that parents "have had the experience which we must get, and, owing to this, they can make wise decisions when we most need them, and by which we may benefit as long as we live. Make life easier for them and make them as happy as they make us: the true friends, whose love is life enduring—mother and father."

Ruth Herold, another thirteen-year-old schoolgirl, and also a prize-winner in the same contest, evidently had made some investigation before preparing her composition, for she writes: "In investigating the prisons and looking over the records of the prisoners it is found that most of the criminals of today were unfortunate in having lost their parents or in having been allowed to treat them disrespectfully."

(Continued on next page.)



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The compositions were read at a Parents' Day celebration in Central Park, New York City, arranged by "Uncle Robert" Spero, a well-known philanthropist who devotes much of his time to work among unfortunate children and to inculcating among all children a sense of filial obligation. The occasion, the first of its kind, was noticed in all the metropolitan newspapers and supported and encouraged by the public-school authorities. In a radio message broadcast before the park meeting, and published in several papers, Associate Superintendent of Schools Edward W. Stitt offered parents these suggestions:

"1. Set proper standards for your children to follow.

"2. Be friends with your children, walk and play with them occasionally. We must not live above our children, but with them.

"3. Do not scold too much. Encourage them to do their best. Let us remember what Phillips Brooks said: 'Children are white, spotted black; not black, spotted white.'

"4. See that they select proper friends and associates.

"5. Make 'home' as comfortable and happy as your means permit.

"6. Give your children at least a high-school education.

"7. Train them in the habit of regular attendance at church and Sunday school.

"8. See that they avoid all games of chance. A gambler never can be a success in life.

"9. See that your children take plenty of physical training in the open air. It is better exercise to walk than to ride in a limousine.

"10. Let your children feel that any honor which they win in school, or any act of courage, or unselfishness they may perform, will bring great happiness to father and mother and put the family name on a higher plane of honor. Do not forget that the future of America depends upon how your boys and girls are trained to-day, not on how you were trained when you were children.

"Let us hope that the proper celebration of 'Parents' Day' may lead to better homes, more regular attendance at religious services and a finer type of citizenship, all of which will combine to make our nation the best in the world. Let us all work to make our United States a Republic of Homes."

"THE DAWNING OF THAT DAY."

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