

Grit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION.

VOL. XXII. No. 30. Twopence. SYDNEY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1928.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

While many cry out for Prohibition, many more are unwilling to cheque those tears.

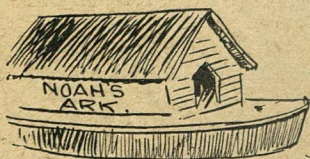
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Don't be discouraged; we will yet learn that drink is an extravagance someone else often pays for.

* * *

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R.B.S.H.



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A GREAT CONGRESS.

THIRTEENTH CONGRESS OF THE WORLD'S WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION AT LAUSANNE.

The Congress, numbering about 750 members from all five continents, opened in a private way on Thursday afternoon, 26th July, at the Aula of the University; filled to overflowing with ladies who, notwithstanding the tropical atmosphere, followed the deliberations with eager attention. With 550 members of Anglo-Saxon races, or coming from countries where English is the language spoken, in addition to the national idiom, English naturally predominated in the deliberations.

The meeting was opened by Mlle. Bernoulli, of Bale, President of the Swiss Women's Abstinence League, who presented to the Assembly, in German and French, some words of welcome that Mme. Jomini, President of the French-speaking Branch of the Swiss League, and of the Organisation Committee of the Congress, completed in English. After a few words in reply from the Vice-President of the World Union, Miss Solomon, from South Africa, the principal delegates of the European Unions were called to the tribune one by one, and, in a few words, introduced their countries to the assembly.

In the evening interesting reports were presented by Mesdames Stoddard (United States), Lohmann (Germany), Uhler and Robert (Switzerland) on temperance teaching. The Union is deeply interested in this question, and it is in great part to its efforts that we owe the introduction of temperance teaching in the schools of many countries. This teaching must be of a strictly scientific nature, but at the same time attractive and adapted to the psychology of the child.

On Friday the official opening took place. At 10 a.m. the Honorary President of the Congress, Federal Councillor Chuard, entered the hall. Madame Jomini presented M. Chuard to the assembly, laying stress on the interest taken by the Swiss Federal Council in the alcohol question, and declaring that the women of Switzerland will energetically support the Federal Council in its efforts against the danger of distilled liquor.

M. Chuard then delivered his address. He congratulated the Union on its fine work, and deeply sympathised with its reliance on Divine protection. He went on to show that the alcohol question is particularly actual in Switzerland; even limited to the fight against the abuse of alcohol, which is the course approved by the authorities and the majority of the Swiss people, the problem is very hard to solve. M. Chuard remarked further that the Swiss women have not the franchise. This fact certainly contributed to the failure of the alcohol reform measure in Switzerland in 1923, and this experience had led the speaker to revise his own ideas concerning the advisability of woman's suffrage. M. Chuard closed his address with hearty good wishes for the success of the Congress.

The President of the International Union, Miss Gordon, with deep feeling, thanked M. Chuard for his eloquent and sympathetic address, then called upon Dr. Hercof, who greeted the Congress in the name of the International Bureau against Alcoholism. Miss Gordon next delivered her presidential message, entitled, "We are Winning." She described the progress of the Temperance Movement both in the domain of education and of legislation. One cause which the Union also holds dear is progressing, notwithstanding the declarations of the sceptics, namely, that of peace between nations, and Miss Gordon praised in eloquent terms the work of peace undertaken by the League of Nations.

After Miss Gordon, the International Secretary, Miss Slack, commented with liveliness and humor on the annual reports received from the different national groups which everywhere reveal serious and fruitful work.

The closing feature of the meeting was the presentation to the Congress by Miss Jewell of the declarations of young people in the United States protesting against the accusation that since the adoption of Prohibition drinking habits are rife among the American youth. The adhesions to this protestation, numbering some hundreds of thousands, would, if joined together, attain a length of 3100 metres.

At the afternoon and evening meetings the burden and the honors were borne by Switzerland, for three Swiss speakers presented reports on subjects of widely differing character: Mlle. Hirzel, of Zurich, spoke of the admirable work of the Zurich women's society for the opening of non-alcoholic restaurants, and rendered homage to the founder of these establishments, Mme. Crelli, a lady (Vaudoise), Mme. Gillabert-Randin, referred to a problem, hygienic and economic at the same time, which calls for solution in many countries, that of the non-alcoholic utilisation of fruits. Finally, Dr. Hercof reported on the alcohol question at the League of Nations, which will be dealt with at the next Assembly of the League.

Saturday was devoted to an excursion to Montreux, offered by the Organising Committee. Six hundred and fifty congressists embarked on a special boat and were hospitably entertained at the Family Temperance Hotel, "l'Helvétie," at Montreux, an establishment admirably managed by a devoted temperance worker, Mlle. Krahenbuhl. Between 2 and 3 o'clock 15 tram cars, kindly put at the disposal of the congressists, took

them to the Castle of Chillon. There M. Dubuis, President of the State Council of the Canton de Vaud, did the honors, cordially welcoming his guests and giving them interesting information on Chillon and its history. Some fragments of Byron's Prisoner of Chillon were then appropriately and impressively read by Mr. Charles Roberts, former British Under-Secretary of State, and after that Miss Solomon, Vice-President of the Union, on behalf of the foreign visitors. Mme. Couvreur de Bude, in the name of the Swiss, thanked the Vaudois and Montreux authorities and M. Duvilliers, agent of the Blue Cross Society at Paris, paid an eloquent tribute to the women of the White Ribbon. After the visit to Chillon the congressists proceeded to the Hotel Byron, where the Montreux authorities, faithful to their traditions of hospitality, offered them tea.

On Sunday morning, in the Lausanne Cathedral, there was an impressive service in three languages, with addresses by the pastor of the Cathedral, M. Secretan; by Mlle. Gutknecht, pastor at Zurich, the first woman who had ever spoken from the Cathedral pulpit; and Mrs. Armor, from the United States of America. At the same time, in the Catholic Church of Lausanne, a temperance sermon was preached according to instructions given by the Bishop of the diocese.

In the afternoon a solemn tribute was rendered to Josephine Butler and to those of the eminent members and collaborators of the White Ribbon who have passed away during the last three years. In the evening the delegates of Finland, Canada, the United States and Scotland reported on the effects of the legislative measures in force in their countries.

The Congress resumed its work on Monday by dealing with questions of administration and election. It decided that in order to ensure a better representation of the different continents there should be three vice-presidents instead of one.

Miss Gordon, of Evanston (Illinois), was re-elected International President almost
(Continued on page 10.)

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THE TRUTH ABOUT CANADA.

By GEORGE MECKLENBURG.

"What we want is the Canadian system of handling the liquor business. I never see a drunken man in Canada. There are no bootleggers. People can buy liquor freely, and therefore they don't drink it."

It was a well-dressed, pompous, know-it-all travelling man in a Pullman smoking room who was preaching to sleepy fellow travellers in this fashion. Then I have heard prominent wet leaders like President Butler, of Columbia University, laud the Quebec system as the ideal plan for our country.

It was this kind of unverified talk and the loose statements abroad that led me to drive through a province of Canada to study the conditions first hand and to produce a moving picture on the truth about Canada.

* * *

Let us then see what the Quebec system is. Let us give a sort of moving picture view of the Quebec liquor control system. The new Quebec Liquor Act creates a liquor commission of five men. This commission is by law requested to control the sale of liquor. In the first report of this commission it expressly states that the best way to reduce the consumption of ardent liquor is to use disciplinary methods on the people. This commission sells spirits in Government-owned and operated stores. Wine and beer are sold by the glass in restaurants and hotels. Beer in bottles is sold in licensed grocery stores. Beer, ale, and porter are sold by the glass in the numerous taverns in Quebec province. Liquor is also delivered by brewers direct to the homes, and all kinds of liquor can be mailed to the homes.

GOVERNMENT ACTS AS BARTENDER.

I went to the Government wine store. A polite salesman took me to the "tasting" room and offered me a half glass of any of the expensive wines. He explained to me what wines were proper for weddings, dinners, afternoon bridge parties, and young people's parties. He said that this wine was not more than 12 per cent. alcohol, and he tried his best to sell me his product. I could not see what was meant by "liquor control."

FARCE OF "ONE BOTTLE TO A PERSON."

Then I went across the street to the strong spirits store. I asked the clerk how much he could sell me. "One sealed bottle, a quart," he said. "Is that all?" I asked. "Go

out that door, come back again, and I can sell you another bottle." I saw cars filled with strong liquors by having five men going in and out for a bottle at a time.

Standing with my moving-picture camera in front of the liquor stores, I snapped one after the other coming out with a package. Some of them would cover their faces; one man begged me not to publish his picture, he might lose his job.

I saw great shelves of liquor in licensed grocery stores selling and delivering direct to the home. The old saloon system never had such a direct contact with the home. I saw fake grocery stores, places selling heaps of liquor and only one or two articles of groceries. We sat down in a restaurant. The most prominent place on the bill of fare was given to the wine and beer list. The bell hop at the hotel asked us what kind of liquor we wanted brought up. The people occupying the room next to ours drank and caroused until three o'clock in the morning.

We slipped into one tavern after the other at night. The taverns were full of cursing, drinking, silly men and boys. It seemed to me that the young men were conspicuous in numbers. At eleven o'clock in the evenings the taverns closed, and men who had sat all evening at the tables staggered down the streets to their homes.

BOOTLEGGERS ACTIVE.

I visited the largest wholesale distributing plant in Montreal, and saw liquors worth forty-six million dollars. I walked until I was tired through twenty-two acres of whisky and wine cellars. My guide was proud of the size of the plant and the wonderful increase in the business. He said they sent out two carloads of liquor every day to Hull. I asked him if Ontario's going dry had not decreased the sales at Hull, which is just across the river from Ottawa, Ontario. He said the sales to Hull had increased steadily in spite of Ontario's going dry. Then he showed me a large storeroom packed to the ceiling with liquors confiscated from the bootleggers. I was astonished, and said to the guide, "Do you have bootleggers in Quebec province, under liquor control?" He proceeded to explain to me that the bootleggers buy alcohol from the Government, wholesale, to color it and put it up in beautifully labelled bottles and then undersell the Government. From all I could gather, bootlegging is flourishing in all the provinces of Canada. In fact, it is more difficult to detect bootlegging in Canada under Government sales. I was also told that the thousands of miles of waterways, the Great Lakes, and the vast, far-flung stretches of forests and wilderness gave bootlegging a wonderful chance in Canada.

I do hate statistics. They often lie so terribly. Yet I dipped into the Quebec province liquor statistics furnished me by the Liquor Commission. The total cost of all liquors, Government sales and estimated

bootlegging, during 1926 was 60,000,000 dollars, which is 24 dollars per capita. This is more than we drank per capita during our saloon days. A Quebec citizen must drink 12 dollars' worth of liquor to give the province 1.00 dollars in revenue. Statistics indicate that the consumption of strong liquors is increasing year by year. I found that brewery stock which in 1919 was worth 19 dollars is now worth 250 dollars. The liquor traffic of Canada is concentrating into a half-dozen corporations. Canadian politics and recent happenings seem to indicate that the Government is quite docile to the will of these corporations.

EFFECT ON INDUSTRY AND TRADE.

In Montreal one day I interviewed one hundred merchants on one side of a long business street. My one question put to each one was, "How do you like the Quebec Government control system?" Twenty of the hundred said they liked it or that it was all right, or gave evasive answers. Eighty of the one hundred merchants said that it was hard on business, for it took so much cash away from the people. One clothing merchant said, "The Government gets the cash, we get the charge accounts."

I was sitting in a barber chair being shaved by the proprietor. He was called to the telephone. On returning, he said, "That was the wife of one of my barbers calling me. She asked if Jim got his salary cheque last night; he came home late and was destitute." I asked him how a week's salary could be spent in one evening under "Government control." "Oh," he said, "one night in a night club easily requires more than a barber's weekly cheque."

The simple, honest fact that any student of the situation can see is that "Government control" is a misnomer. It is Government sale and promotion of the use of liquors. The Government loses control of every drop of liquor that is sold. Under Government control the brewers, actuated by private gain, push the trade by advertising in the papers and by using great billboards along every highway. Even dry territory is decorated with the big "black horse" and the "bottle billboard" every half-mile.

This is the same in all provinces. In Manitoba, for example, Aston's Inquiry gave evidence that breweries were paying the fines of vendors of beer. Mayor Webb, of Winnipeg, said: "In Manitoba any Tom, Dick and

(Continued on page 10.)

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THE SPIRITUAL SIDE OF THE LABOR PROBLEM.

A man's job is more than a means of livelihood; it is his contribution to society, the thing that gives him a place in the world of men. And the preacher who would get a fresh and truer conception of the attitude of his church members toward work, toward their job, whether that job is digging ditches or running a corporation, says Whiting Williams in an article in "The Federal Council Bulletin," must understand the spiritual side of work. Mr. Williams is an author and consultant, a lecturer on Labor problems at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, counsel in industrial and public relations, and, to learn the other side, has lived as laborer in coal-mines, steel plants, etc., in this country and Europe. He is, therefore, well acquainted with Labor problems from both the employer and the employee's points of view. His experiences, he writes, have made him feel that there is "a tremendous connection between a man's daily job and what he thinks of the whole range of values, political, social, and moral." He believes that, if they are properly equipped, it is proper for ministers to try to help in solving industrial problems, but, he writes:

"While the average pastor is perfectly willing to believe that his job is a highly constructive one, the performance of which gives him a spiritual thrill and makes him feel that he is contributing to the well-being of the world, he fails to understand that there is no member of his church who does not feel the same way about his job. He talks to his people as if they were unfortunates, as if they were doing things not worth doing, for the purpose of earning money. This means that he simply cuts himself off from touching the lives of the people where they live—namely, in their work.

"The one thing that I have brought out of my contacts with coal-miners, rail-roads, and others is that they were all basing their claim to being taken seriously among their fellow men on the way they did

their particular job. A man's job, whatever it is, has a spiritual meaning to him, and it is just because of that thing that every word about the tragedy of unemployment is true. You will never get at the heart of unemployment as long as you think of it as a matter of dollars and cents. The moment a man is disconnected from his job he is disconnected from concrete assurance of his value and his importance to society. One can not possibly overstate the spiritual value of work.

"If a man goes into a church on Sunday and finds that the minister doesn't have that feeling, he has a bad time. I went into church one Sunday and the minister prayed something like this:

"Oh, Lord. We know that Thou understandest that during the week we have to earn our living, we have to engage in activities that dirty our hands and soil our souls, but we thank Thee that we can come in here on Sunday and get all fixed up and go through a spiritual laundry for Monday morning."

"I nearly threw a hymn-book at him.

"I went to a certain minister who failed to understand the point of view of which I am speaking. I had telephoned to him and said I would like to talk about a problem. I was wondering if I was right in thinking that the line of work I had chosen as a worthwhile activity—a constructive service. We sat down to lunch and that minister said, 'How are you getting along now; are you able to take the right care of your family?' I said, 'Yes.' He said, 'That's good.' I went to a business man to talk about the spiritual value of my work."

One tendency of ministers in attempting to oversimplify industrial problems, says Mr. Williams, is to overlook all the tremendous range of variance in the whole situation. "He tends to feel that he must have a class conflict—grasping capitalists on the one hand and down-trodden labor on the other."

But Mr. Williams does not believe that there is such a conflict, and he writes:

"To say 'Here is a capitalist with such and such motives as a class, and here is a worker with such and such motives as a class,' with no blending of motives, does not describe the situation. There is need for pastor and church to get closer to the actual work of all of us and to the spirit behind it.

"A worker is a man who is wanting to make sure that he is worth while and, if we miss the spiritual significance of work in the life of the man, we cannot unlock the door into his heart."

FEWER LICENSES IN DENMARK.

The number of licensed houses has noticeably decreased in the course of the last few years. In 1905 it was 4925; and in 1925, according to statistics recently published by the Central Bureau of Statistics, 3523. Those of the communes of Slesvig, attached to Denmark since the World War, are naturally not included in this figure. On the other hand there is a great increase in the number of temperance houses: 262 in 1905 as against 1656 in 1925 (not including Slesvig).

A central association for temperance teaching is about to be founded in Denmark on the same basis as the similar association in Sweden, which, for 25 years, has rendered most valuable service.

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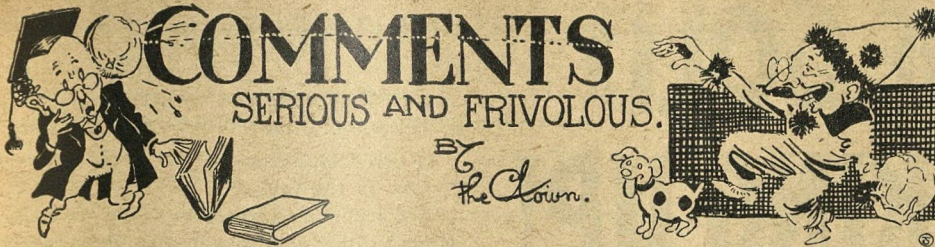
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There is more concern to-day in U.S.A. over a blind pig than there was ten years ago over a hog'shead. That is progress.

I have not been clowning for some time, and a friend of mine asked me the other day why a certain gentleman no longer wrote for "Grit." I said, "Did he ever do so?" and he said, "Oh, you need not mind telling me, I know he wrote under the name of 'The Clown.'"

It is always interesting to find oneself undiscovered. In years gone by the children who wrote to Uncle B. were keen to know who he was—and I can well remember Uncle B.'s delight at one young hopeful who wrote, "I was always sure I knew who you were, but now I am certain."

I am not anxious to be known, but I am anxious by quip, by relentless exposure, by kindly humor to make some overlooked and some forgotten things known.

X-RAYS.

Now that summer has arrived, as one walks about I am reminded that X-Rays are not much more wonderful in what they reveal than old Sol's Rays.

While the ladies are apparently quite unconcerned it is perhaps because they consider the men provide all the concern necessary.

"Bow ties are artistic," said Trent,
"And show a man's natural bent,"
"Well, though not artistic," said Beggs,
"The same thing is true of bow legs."

WHY SMILE AT HIM?

We have ready sympathy for the chap with the wooden leg, but, alas, only impatience for the one with a wooden head.

A broken limb awakens concern, but a broken will, which is so much more serious, only awakens contempt. We are still a long way from a generally right sense of values.

The victim of an "incurable" thirst is not always so frank about his failing as to advertise it, and ask the public to aid him to conquer his weakness. That was the device adopted by a resident of Nassau in the Bahamas, who, being unable to cure himself of his drinking habits, inserted this announcement in the Bahama "Gazette":

"Whereas, the subscriber, through the pernicious habit of drinking, has greatly hurt himself in purse and person, and rendered himself odious to all his acquaintances; and finding there is no possibility of breaking off from the said practice, but through the impossibility to find the liquor; he, therefore, begs and prays that no person will sell him, for money or on trust, any sort of spirituous liquors, as he will not in future pay for it, but will prosecute anyone for an action of dam-

age against the temporal and eternal interests of the public's humble, serious and sober servant."

This strange document was signed by a witness in proper legal form, and the signer evidently anticipated that it would be effective, as he subscribed himself "sober servant." The threat to prosecute anyone who supplied him with liquor is a novel method of securing personal temperance reform.

We seldom give the drink victim the credit due to him for honestly and sincerely trying to overcome the most deplorable and pathetic habit to which we can become victims.

A PERMIT THAT FAILS.

We hear much of reforming the liquor trade. I have heard Mr. Hammond say one reason why he has little time for liquor reform is that he is deeply convinced that the liquor leopard cannot change his spots, though he does change the price of his "spots." There is no reform that we are likely to see introduced here that has not already been thoroughly and extensively and disappointingly tried in other places.

We have locked up the drunk and given legal protection to the business responsible for him that it may turn out more social wrecks.

In Canada, with blind fatuousness, they decided to give approved persons a permit to drink, said permit to be withdrawn on being convicted for being drunk.

A liquor permit, containing as much data about its bearer as a passport, will be in use in the Province of Ontario next year if suggestions now before the Ontario Liquor Control Board are incorporated into law.

The recent order of Sir Henry Drayton, chairman of the Liquor Control Board, to check up more strictly on permit holders led to the cancellation of over 1000 permits within the last few days. Over 3000 permits were cancelled during the year. The Board now is endeavoring to find a more satisfactory way of identifying permit holders. The suggestion being considered by the Board would require persons applying for liquor permits to submit a photograph.

First of all we "permit" an approved person to sell alcoholic poison, then we "permit" another approved person to drink it. Some day we will be sane and civilised enough to recognise that such methods are such a ghastly and tragic failure that we will outlaw that which defies all permits.

THE SMUGGLER.

If you have never read a good smuggler story you have missed a thrill; and incidentally you have missed the fact that old England when 200 years off Prohibition had more and better liquor smuggling than even the inventive Yankee has under Prohibition.

If Prohibition is to blame for smuggling in U.S.A., what is to blame for it in England? In May of this year a case of liquor smuggling was tried at Ramsgate, England, when Samuel Marshall, of Ferrybank, Ireland, mate of the three-masted schooner Hawarden Castle, was fined £21/10/10 for being in illegal possession of 16 bottles of gin, whisky and cordials.

Sly grog selling is rampant in Sydney; illicit stills are also a fact, and yet we are only concerned about these things when we read of them in "dry" U.S.A. The fact is a little "wetness" is offensive in a dry country, but a lot of "wetness" makes no difference in liquor-drenched N.S.W.

The folk of the Curtis, K.C., type, who expensively wet their whistle and broke the law to do so, quite forget that Morris Tekulsky, chairman of the New York Liquor Dealers' Association, testified before the Lexow Committee along in the '80's that at that time there were 18,000 sly grog sellers in New York City, then not one-fifth the size it is now. If I say much more about drink you will think I have handed this page over to Mr. Hammond.

THE RAILROADER'S PRAYER.

On a switch engine belonging to the Northern Pacific is pasted the following:

"Now that I have flagged Thee, lift up my feet from the rough road of life and plant them safely on the train of salvation. Let me use the safety lamp of prudence, make all couplings with the links of love, and let my hand lantern be the Bible, and keep all switches closed that lead off the main line into sidings with blind ends. Have every semaphore block along the line show the white light of hope, that I may make the run of life without stopping. Help me to use the Ten Commandments as a working card, and when I have finished the run on schedule time and pulled into the terminal, may Thou, Superintendent of the Universe, say: 'Well done, good and faithful servant; come into the general office and sign the payroll and receive your cheque for eternal happiness.'"

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GRAINS OF GOLD WORTH PICKING UP!

Don't be Mean

with your Thank-Yous.

There's no doubt that a pat on the shoulder brings out better work than a kick on the shins.

Moral: Encourage.

A friendly pat of encouragement on the shoulder, a little well-timed smile of approval, a cheerful look for a comrade when he slips—these are the inexpensive little things that get the important, big results.

When a friend or an employee is doing the right thing in the right way at the right time he deserves a "thank-you."

* * *

Leave the Etching of Your Epitaph to Others.

Make it your wish and your will to gain little victories over your favorite temptation, practise little honesties, do little self-denials, pass on more sympathy, and when you finally weave the complete pattern of your life and lay down the threads, someone will etch you an epitaph.

But you are not living to earn an epitaph. You are here to live and help others to live. Leave the etching of the epitaph to the tomb-stone makers and your forgiving friends.

* * *

Enthusiasm Takes the Grind from the Daily Grind.

Enthusiasm is a wonderful asset—it makes duty a pleasure, and robs the daily grind of the grind part.

Hysteria and excitement and making a lot of fuss are not enthusiasm. Far from it.

Confidence is the beginning of it—perfect confidence in yourself and your project.

Then hope to inspire you, assurance to lean on, and a steadfast determination to win out.

Enthusiasm is the emblem of energy.

* * *

Man is the Master, Not Servant, of Environment.

Mankind is too fond of laying the blame for its own shortcomings at the door of environment. This isn't fair.

Man is the master, not the servant, of environment. Man makes it.

When Captain Cook landed on Botany Bay he found no electric lights. He could not telephone for a four-course dinner. There were no hot and cold baths, or electric trams, or touring cars.

The environment was very wild and woolly.

All the other things came after—Captain Cook had conquered his environment.

BE A MAN.

It's a mighty good thing, while you're running life's race,
Just to pause, as you go, and to come face to face
With your conscience, and ask it a question or two;
For it's right you should know what your life means to you.

Have you done things worth while, have you drifted along,
Have you filled it with sighs, have you filled it with song?
Have you helped when you should, have you tried to do right?
Have you struggled for good or just fought on for might?

Have you given your hand to some fellow in need,
Have you sneered at the man who was not of your creed,
Have you been open-hearted and ready to do,
Have you tried to be just, have you tried to be true?

In your judgment of men have you been always fair,
Have you learned to forgive in the face of despair,
Have you fought against greed or succumbed to its lust,
Have you learned what it means to protect and to trust?

Oh, it's easy to preach and it's easy to tell
Of the other chap's faults—but your own faults, ah well!
We are cowards at times, and the truth, you find,
Is a thing we dislike, for it's rather unkind.

But the Past, let it rest. Give a thought to To-day
And To-morrow, as well, for the time's growing gray;
Do the things that you should, do the best that you can,
Crown your life with your deeds—be a red-blooded man.

TWO MILES OF YES'S ATTEST DRY EFFECT.

IS PROHIBITION EFFECTIVE? 500,000 STUDENTS SAY THAT IT SURELY IS.

Is Prohibition effective? Two miles of "yes's" is the reply.

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The signatures on the "Patriotic Roll" were obtained through efforts of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union for the purpose of informing peoples abroad of the attitude of American youth toward Prohibition.

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This earthly heaven, how near,
When heart is home, and home is heart,
When Love is of our Life a part;
Health, Home, and Love secure
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THE WINES OF SCRIPTURE.

"Therefore my people are gone into captivity because they have no knowledge . . . their multitude is dried up with thirst."—Isaiah, v., 13.

"My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge."—Hosea, iv., 6. "To virtue add knowledge."—2 Peter, i., 5.

By MRS. HARRISON LEE COWIE, Hamilton-road, Auckland, N.Z.

From Genesis to Revelation we find references to drink, either in terms of praise, when speaking of the fruit and the juices of fruits, or in other words of unsparing denunciation when speaking of fermented and intoxicating beverages. The vine was given by God to man as a blessing, and to this day is esteemed as one of His choicest gifts. Eminent physicians say that for strengthening and invigorating properties no other fruit can equal the grape. Dr. Ellis says: "Grape juice is closely allied to human blood, and is invaluable as a restorative to enfeebled constitutions." On the Continent the grape cure is extensively practised in cases of dyspepsia and other debilitating diseases, with excellent results. From earliest ages poets have sung the praises of the vine, and nations have raised it to the highest rank amongst fruits of the earth, and such a position was it destined to occupy, but by the awful ingenuity of man, prompted by the fiendish cunning of the Evil One, God's blessing has been perverted into man's curse. Many people imagine at the present time that God sent to us alcoholic or intoxicating drink. That this is an insult to our God, and a deadly error, our commonsense proves. God could not give to His children a thing so

destructive to body and soul. It would be contrary to His whole nature, for He wills not that one should perish. And the sorrowful experience of all nations in all ages has been that for destructive properties nothing can equal the deadly drink. In our own day Mr. Gladstone has said, "Drink has slain more than war, pestilence, and famine." Alcohol cannot be found in anything that has life. It is the product of death and decay. Experimentalists, scientists, chemists, and men of profound learning have sought in vegetable life, in animal nature, in mineral product for alcohol, but never, never have been able to find a trace of alcohol in anything God has made. God is the Author of Life, and alcohol is not in any living thing. Satan is the Author of Death, and alcohol is the product of death and corruption. To simplify our Bible study we will look out the references to drink and classify them as under, earnestly entreating every reader to get their Bibles and carefully study each passage. In the English translations of the Scripture no distinction is made when speaking of wine, but we can generally judge by the context what kind is meant. Appended will be found the various names of fruits and wines in the original, simply translated wine in English.

GOD'S GIFT.

Gen., xi., 10, 11.
Deut., xi., 13, 14.
Deut., xv., 14.
Deut., xviii., 4.
Deut., xxxii., 14.
Judges, ix., 13.
2 Sam., vi., 18, 19.
1 Chron., xii., 39, 40.

Psalms, civ., 15.
Proverbs, iii., 9, 10.
Proverbs, viii., 19.
Isaiah, lxii., 8, 9.
Isaiah, lxxv., 8.
Joel, ii., 19-24.
Joel, iii., 18.

Amos., ix., 13, 14.
Zech., ix., 17.
Matt., xxvi., 27-29.
Mark, xiv., 23-25.
Luke, xxii., 17, 18, 20.
John, ii., 1-10.

SATAN'S SNARE.

Gen., ix., 21.
Gen., xix., 32-35.
Lev., x., 9, 10.
Deut., xxi., 20, 21.
Deut., xxxii., 32, 33.
Job, xxiv., 6-11.
Prov., iv., 17.
Prov., xx., 1.
Prov., xxxiii., 20, 21, 29-32.
Eccl., vii., 29.

Prov., xxxi., 4, 5.
Jeremiah, xxxv.
Isaiah, v., 11, 12, 22.
Isaiah, xxviii., 1-7, 18.
Daniel, i., 8.
Hosea, vii., 1-5, 14.
Joel, iii., 3.
Amos, ii., 8.
Amos, vi., 6.
1 Tim., v., 23.

Habk., ii., 5-15.
Mark, xv., 23.
Romans, xiv., 21.
1 Cor., v., 11.
1 Cor., vi., 10.
1 Cor., x., 21.
Gal., v., 19-24.
Eph., v., 18.
1 Tim., iii., 3.
Titus, i., 7.
1 Peter, iv., 3.

To make the distinction between two kinds of drink mentioned in Scripture still more apparent, contrast the following passages:

Exodus, xxx., 9, with Exodus, xxix., 40.
Lev., x., 1-10, with Isaiah, lxii., 9.
Num., vi., 3, with Amos, ii., 12.
Deut., xxxii., 32, 33, with Deut., xxxii., 14.
Psalms, civ., 15, with Prov., xx., 1.
1 Tim., v., 23, with Romans, xiv., 21.

Couple with Prov., xxxi., 4, Rev., i., 6, Rev. v., 10. We are "kings, princes, priests." Note Lev., 10-9. Whatever doctors may order

in an extremity for a perishing man, "It is not for kings to drink wine or princes strong drink." To the priests the Lord said: "Do not drink wine nor strong drink lest ye die."

Our Christians have erred through ignorance. They have honestly believed that the wine spoken of in one place as a blessing, in another as the poison of dragons and the cruel venom of asps, was one and the same. They have not remembered that wine is a generic term. The wine of the East was often only water in which raisins had been

soaked, or the juices of various fruits. Captain Fuller, Richmond, traded for some years in the Mediterranean Sea; he told me that grape juice was the common drink of the people. It is called wine, but fermentation is prevented by filling the necks of the bottles with olive oil, thus excluding the air; the wine will keep in its pure state for years. Many vignerons are now turning their attention to the preservation of the grape juice in all its purity, and we believe that the day is soon coming when the alcoholised wine, the creature of corruption, will be banished from our land for ever. Pliny, the Roman historian, says in his day there were 385 varieties of drink all classed under the one name of wine; 384 were simply juices of fruit, etc., and only one would burn, that is, only one was strongly alcoholic. Therefore, when Paul wrote to Timothy advising him to drink no longer water, but use a little wine for his stomach's sake and his many infirmities, he was really prescribing for him one of the many drinks of the day called wine, which were the expressed juices of fruit, probably the grape. Paul loved Timothy dearly, and it is hardly likely he would advise "his son in the Gospel" to take a drink compared to the bite of serpents and the sting of asps. It would be contrary to the teaching of the great teetotal apostle, whose pledge stands out in all its sublime simplicity; unique even in the present age of pledges (Romans,

(Continued on page 12.)

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A Personal Chat with my readers

ABUSE. Some of my friends are concerned when I am abused and maligned, and they wonder when I only smile.

What else could I do? People who don't like you, abuse you, lie about you and generally malign you can't be changed by argument or explanations.

The only thing to do is to forget it. When the Wonder Man of all the Ages was hated, maligned and abused, then no wonder His insignificant and full-of-fault disciples are treated in the same way. There is no escape from the unfairness of one's enemies, the nastiness of the prejudiced and the criticism of those who only know a small part of all the facts.

It is related of the great Buddha that, after someone had heaped a lot of abuse upon him, he turned to the one who had reviled him and asked the question, "If you offer something to a man and he refuses it, to whom then does it belong?" The man replied: "It belongs, I suppose, to the one who offered it." "Well, then," answered Buddha, "the abuse and vile names you have offered to me, I refuse to accept."

* * *

JUST FOR FUN.

Did you ever jump for joy? Did you ever have a "wonderfully happy time"?

Such experiences come only very occasionally to most of us. They are never-to-be-forgotten times.

Can you recall the Armistice? People left their business and crowded out into the streets, and everyone just wanted to do something unusual—many did outrageous things.

They were hilarious. When the sinner, that is the rebel, makes peace with God it is a wonderful event.

No wonder some folk are hilarious. The prodigal came home and "they began to be merry." It was only the beginning.

The trouble with the Church is there is not enough sanctified fun—true spiritual hilarity.

A smart young fellow met in the street an aged clergyman and said, "Here! Just for fun, I'll give you this one pound note for the charity you pleaded for on Sunday."

"Just for fun!" the old minister exclaimed. "Why, that's exactly the way it should be, for the Bible says that the Lord loves a cheerful giver, and the exact word in the Greek original is 'hilarious.' The Lord loves a hilarious giver. While you are in your good spirits, a successful young busi-

ness man like you might double your fun and make it two pounds."

You can have some of this fun next time you go to church, and you can double it any time you like. I tried this on September 2 just by way of giving the devil something to take the dirty grin off his face, and it did. The grin was on mine after the service.

Peace does not mean the end of all our striving.

Joy does not mean the drying of our tears; Peace is the power that comes to souls arriving

Up to the light where God Himself appears.

Joy is the wine that God is ever pouring
Into the hearts of those who strive with Him,
Lightning their eyes to vision and adoring,
Strengthening their arms to warfare glad
and grim.

* * *

HAVE YOU REALLY TRIED?

If the salt has lost its savor then does it cease to be salt.

If Christians lose pushfulness then are they truly like an exploded cartridge.

So many are like saltless salt, burnt-out electric globes and watches with the main-spring broken.

Such folk, of course, never really try—they give up before they make the attempt; they take the first "No" for an answer, and the Devil ceases to concern himself with them. He has nothing to fear from them.

It is a good thing to test yourself.

Do you know how many Prohibitionists there are in your town?

Please find out, and then if there are some hundreds surely they can't all be too poor to take "Grit." Surely they would be as interested in it as you are.

Go after them! Twenty people in every hundred who voted for Prohibition could be persuaded to take "Grit."

Send me a list of names and I will write to them. You will talk to them, and between us we will win 10,000 more subscribers to "Grit."

This story of the boy has an inspiration for me—perhaps it has one for you:

A great surgeon operated on a poor boy, whose foot was twisted out of shape. The operation was successful, and a friend came to take the little invalid home. He said to the boy, "What a beautiful hospital you have been in!" "Yes," said the boy, "but I like the doctor best." Then the friend spoke of the nurses and their kindness. But the boy replied, "Yes, they are kind, but I like the doctor best."

GRIT

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, SEPT. 27, 1928.

When he brought the boy home his mother was charmed to see her son again. She fell on her knees and looked at once at his foot. "Why, it's just like any other boy's foot now," she exclaimed with delight. All the time the lad was saying to her, "Mother, you ought to know the doctor who made me walk."

There is not one of us for whom Jesus has not done a thousand times more than the surgeon did for the boy. Yet we have rarely spoken of Jesus and insisted on making Him known to others.

* * *

HE WAS KIND.

The most wonderful thing about the Lord Jesus is not that "He was kind," but that "He was kind to the unthankful and the evil." The kindness was unusual then as now, but to be kind to the unthankful and the evil, that was a most unheard of thing.

We can establish our likeness to Him by trying out our kindness on "the unthankful and the evil."

Emil T. Perkins writes these verses:

I would be kind. I can no longer pray
For paltry things that used to seem so great
Before my sorrow left me desolate
And death swept glamor's blinding veil
away.

Like Thee, whose loving kindness is my stay
Along the dreary path I tread of late,
I would be kind.

Yet not for kingdoms would I change to-day.

This broken heart, Lord, help me consecrate
Its bitter sorrow to alleviate,
As one who knows, the grief of others; yes,
I would be kind.

The Editor

THE FROTHBLOWERS' TIPPLE.

"BEER THE BRUTALISER."

By E. F. BOWERS, M.D.

Contrary to generally accepted belief, beer is proportionately much more noxious than are wines or spirits. While spirits make a man brutal, and dull his judgment, beer makes him slow-witted and abolishes judgment. And while wine or brandy, in sufficient quantities, makes a man crazy, beer, in corresponding quantity, makes him stupid. And between insanity and stupidity there is merely a question of choice. Some prefer an interesting maniac to a brutalised idiot.

The actual reason for this brutalisation and sottishness has been known for only a few years—is not even yet generally understood. Yet it is very simple. For, in addition to the small whisky-glass of alcohol in each pint of beer, there is also a large and varying percentage of lupulin—the active principle of hops.

The so-called lupulin glands of the hops secrete an ethereal oil consisting of various terpenes—substances similar to turpentine—which hold the other elements in solution. Among these elements are the hop acids and resins.

We used to think that we got all the "rosin" with which we varnished our kidney cells from the pitch lining of the beer barrels. We know now that we get our kidney shellac from the hops which enter into the composition of the beer. These terpenes act powerfully and disastrously upon the nervous system as well as upon the kidneys.

The alkaloids, too, have a stupefying action on the nerves, for the hop belongs to the hemp group, and is closely related to Indian hemp. On the female blossoms of Indian hemp, as on the female blossoms of hops, we find glands holding a narcotic, sticky, bitter-tasting substance, which is the active element of hashish.

Hashish is used largely by the various Mohammedan peoples of West and South Africa, and in the Malay Archipelago, for narcotic purposes. In the intermediary stage—before complete stupefaction sets in—these hemp-habitués become dangerously violent, even running amuck, stabbing and slashing, until they are overpowered or killed in their tracks. (The active principle of hashish and that of dagga are identical.—Editor, "Tribune.")

Now, hashish contains exactly the same elements as are found in the lupulin glands of hops—bitter-tasting resins, an ethereal oil, and one or more alkaloids. Therefore, hops exert the same effect on the human body as does hashish—differing only in degree. Of course, in making this comparison, we must remember that hashish is used in concentrated form, while there is relatively but a small amount of the hemp elements in beer. But this is somewhat offset by the fact that a beer-drinker imbibes—in his

favorite beverage—sufficient lupulin to make up considerable of the deficiency.

Professor Reinitzer, of the Polytechnic at Graz, has demonstrated that it is due to the preservative action of the hop resins that it is possible to "keep" beer. The bacterial life-forms in beer are hindered from multiplying by the resins contained in the hops, and this assists the alcohol in preventing undue fermentation. So the internal organs of a beer-drinker undergo a double process of pickling, which makes him just about 50 per cent, worse off than he would be if he confined himself exclusively to spirits.

Here we have rational and scientific explanations as to why excessive beer-drinking is accompanied by that stupidity and clumsy heaviness of mind peculiar to those who indulge unwisely and unwell in the beverage that anathematised Gambrinus. That vivacity and brilliance of wit which enable the Munich beer-drinker, for instance, to stare stupidly into his beer-mug for an hour at a time are typical symptoms of hemp poisoning—plus alcoholism. And either alone is bad enough, in all conscience.

We have just seen that alcohol plus lupulin equals brutishness. It might be instructive to amplify this knowledge somewhat—to convince ourselves that the whisky devil cannot be driven out by the beer Beelzebub. Here are a few of the reasons why.

Professor Forel, of the University of Zurich, reported that at the Ellikon Sanatorium—the first great institution on the continent of Europe to forswear alcohol in medical treatment—the number of beer alcoholists outnumbered spirit alcoholists nine to one.

Dr. Heuppe and Professor Przibram, of Prague, have demonstrated, by the incontrovertible evidence of the autopsy table, that beer injures more hearts, livers and kidneys than does brandy.

The great physiologist, Welminsky, has shown that the belief that beer-drinkers do not suffer from delirium tremens is a fleeting, fitful fancy. He has given us accurate statistics proving that in Bohemia and other European countries with a beery past, present, and perhaps future, a far greater number of the delirious have become so through beer than through spirit-drinking.

And Dr. Delbrueck adds, for our edification, that beer and wine lands (France, Belgium, Bavaria and Germany) are the most alcohol-drenched, while the whisky and brandy lands (Sweden and Norway) are least so. He concludes that the beer danger is for the future far greater than the spirit danger.

Also, Dr. August Smith, of Schloss Marbach, has reported experiments which prove positively that beer-drinking—even more than spirit-drinking—produces invariably a

dilation of the heart, and coincidentally causes all the pathological effects upon the circulatory system that accompany heart dilation.

And here is something which may give the beer-drinker pause. In the Reinitzer prisms, displayed conspicuously in the anti-alcohol exhibitions of Europe, one cube represents a pint of pure alcohol—sufficient to kill a man on the spot. Alongside of this is a prism representing 14.6 pints of alcohol—the amount a man who drinks a pint of beer daily takes into his system each year. It is a relatively simple problem to estimate from these comparisons just to what extent and how fatuously a beer-drinker—in pursuing his favorite avocation—is flirting with the undertaker.

A device much used in Europe for demonstrating the alcoholic content of beer might with profit be more generally employed. This consists of an ordinary bottle of beer, through the cork of which a small hole has been punched and a metal or glass tube inserted. This bottle is set over a heating apparatus, and after a few minutes the alcohol evaporates and passes through the tube. The gas is then ignited, and, needless to say, it makes a very pretty and convincing illumination.

(Continued on page 12.)

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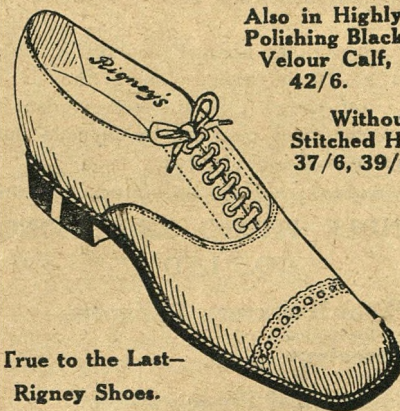
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A Great Congress—

(Continued from page 2.)

unanimously; Miss Solomon, of South Africa, retains her functions as Vice-President. Her two new colleagues will be Mrs. Boole, of New York, President of the World Union of the White Ribbon in the United States, appointed first Vice-President, and Mlle. Sandstrom, of Stockholm, President of the Swedish Union. Miss Slack was re-elected General Secretary, a post she has brilliantly occupied for many years past. Mrs. Munns, of Evanston (Illinois), retains her functions as Treasurer.

At the afternoon meeting Mrs. Ennals, of South Africa, Mlle. von Blucher, of Germany. Miss Patten, of the Irish Free State, gave interesting information on the state of the work in their countries. Finally, the Congress listened to a remarkable communication from Mme. Dr. Glenna Snow, of the United States Child Welfare Bureau, on child suffering, due to alcoholism, a painful subject specially interesting to the members of the White Ribbon, whose principal concern in fighting against alcoholism is the protection of the family, and above all the children, so often the innocent victims of an alcoholic father.

On Monday evening the popular manifestation offered by the Congress to the Lausanne public was a complete success. Thirty-two speeches of two minutes' duration were delivered by delegates, dressed for the most part in national costume, from 32 different countries.

On Tuesday morning the Congress heard a very interesting report by Mr. Charles Roberts on the fight against alcoholism in the colonies. Mr. Roberts dwelt on the right of the so-called inferior races to the protection and solicitude of the civilised nations, and showed that stronger measures ought to be taken against alcoholism, which works so much ravage among the native races, and stated that the enforcement of the international conventions on this subject left much to be desired.

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Mr. Roberts' address was followed by an animated discussion on the subject: "How to Win and Hold Children and Youth." Several delegates took part, among them, in particular, a Hindu lady, Miss Nava Das.

On Tuesday afternoon two great subjects, with which the White Ribbon concerns itself, as well as with the temperance question, were dealt with, namely, World Peace. Although of American origin the White Ribbon is a fervent partisan of the League of Nations and equal moral standards for both sexes. The peace question was introduced by Mrs. Ella Boole, of New York; that of morality by Mrs. Moffatt Clow, of Belfast.

From 4 o'clock long lines of tram cars transported the whole Congress to Vidy-Plage, Lausanne's splendid health resort on the shores of the lake, where they were entertained at tea by the Lausanne United Women's and Temperance Societies.

In the evening there was the farewell meeting, with a few addresses and the customary thanks and appreciations, very cordially expressed, addressed to the devoted Swiss organisers of the Congress.

The Congress wound up on the 1st August with an excursion to Geneva by special boat, with a tour of the town and visits to the Secretariat of the League of Nations and to the International Labor Office. Dame Crowdy, at the League of Nations, Mlle. Thibert, at the Labor Office, addressed the Congress on the social and humanitarian activity of these two institutions.

The Truth About Canada—

(Continued from page 3.)

Harry buys from the brewer in bulk and then retails to the public at night."

Father E. La Vergne says: "In the old days the liquor traffic was despised, but now the Government has become a saloon-keeper, and that has made it respectable. Now there is no shame in being a bartender. It is a Government job like being a postmaster. The work of the church for temperance through the years of education is almost annihilated."

Government control has made it exceedingly difficult for the church to teach temperance. Temperance education and agitation is languishing in Canada. The churches are timid and reluctant to open their pulpits to temperance speakers. I was told by one pastor that his young people were using wine and beer at their church parties.

Space prevents me from telling the story of a health officer who said that wherever you see the ready sale of liquor there you are bound to see rickets, half-naked, undernourished children, squalid homes, and tuberculosis. Disease and contagion are per-

haps more prevalent in Montreal, where there are six hundred drinking places, than in any other city on the American continent. It is difficult to picture squandered physical clarity and dissipated moral stamina. The liquor traffic of Canada will take heavy toll of the sons and daughters and bind them broken and crushed. One day when the demon has worked his will, taken to the limit his prey from among the children, and left the land impoverished, then Canada will realise the mad folly of "liquor control," and rise up and chase it out.

"We don't want Government control of the uncontrollable liquor traffic," I said as I passed the border inspection and drove into the first nation that has dared to outlaw the liquor traffic. Then I started on a trip to ten annual conferences of our church. I was glad to get into a nation where you do not smell liquor in the streets, where you can eat in dining cars in crossing the continent and never see a bottle of liquor, where you can scan the billboards from ocean to ocean and never see a saloon advertisement, where the papers and magazines are magnificent in the silences of their space advertising. Prohibition is the only measure that has ever hurt, harassed, and distressed the liquor traffic. Prohibition honestly enforced will in another decade or two make the drink 'evil' a matter of history, like slavery is a thing of the past to-day.—"Christian Advocate," July 5, 1928.

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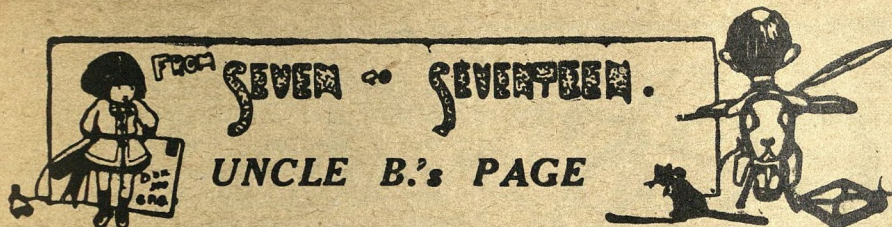
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WHAT CAN I DO?

Everyone can do something. It may not be a big thing, but lots of little things are essential. You know the part a nail plays in the horseshoe. There are millions of nails, but half a dozen insignificant nails in the big nail can become very important when they are in the horseshoe.

I want one hundred boys and girls who will sell 25 copies of "Grit" each week. That will amount to four shillings and twopence. You keep two shillings and send me the two shillings in stamps. This can be done. It won't be easy, but it is possible.

A little prayer for courage, niceness and tenacity and you will be doing a really big and worth-while thing.

Please make a start at once, and then we will be sure to win the next referendum.

We can't win it by leaving everything to someone else to do.

Do you know these beautiful lines by John Oxenham:

What can a little chap do
For his country and for you?
What can a little chap do?

He can play a straight game all through—
That's one good thing he can do.

He can fight like a knight
For the Truth and the Right—
That's another good thing he can do.

He can shun all that's mean,
He can keep himself clean,
Both without and within—
That's a very fine thing he can do.

His soul he can brace
Against everything base,
And the trace will be seen
All his life in his face—
That's an excellent thing he can do.

He can look to the Light,
He can keep his thought white,
He can fight the great fight,
He can do with his might
What is good in God's sight—
Those are truly great things he can do.

Though his years be but few
If he keeps himself true
He can march in the queue
Of the Good and the Great
Who battled with Fate
And won through—
That's a wonderful thing he can do.

And—in each little thing
He can follow the King;
Yes, in each smallest thing
He can follow the King—
He can follow the Christ the King.

UNCLE B.

Your flowers are very beautiful in the West; I loved them when I visited there. Now that you have made a good start I hope you will keep it up.—Uncle B.)

I WOULD BE GLAD.

Ralph J. Noble, "Lisleigh," Alstonville. Richmond River, writes: Will you please enrol me as one of your Ne's? I am fourteen years old; my birthday is on November 12. I attend Alstonville Rural School, and have four miles to ride. Lately I have joined the Scouts. I would be glad if you would forward me twelve copies of "Grit" to distribute. When I was in Sydney I heard you preach at St. Barnabas' Church. My sister and I were staying at Chatswood for our Christmas holidays.

(Dear Ralph,—I am indeed sorry that in the great rush of August your letter was overlooked. I am pleased to have you as my Ne, and I hope you will make one of the 500 young people who will sell twelve copies of "Grit" each week. That will mean a shilling for you and one for me. It can be done.—Uncle B.)

A STORY.

Ruth Tunnicliff, Kokako Native School, Waikaremoana, Hawke's Bay, New Zealand, writes: I know you are very fond of stories, so I will now tell you another to-day. Well, here goes. A Queen had asked her soldiers to march round a street. That afternoon there was a crowd of people standing on the side of the street where the soldiers were marching. Now, among the crowd was one little girl who could see very plainly, but behind her was an old woman who could not see at all. She wanted to see very much, too, because her own son was marching with the others. The Queen was up further, so, of course, she could see everything. Now, can you think what that little girl did? She looked round and saw the old woman. "Oh," she said, "you come and stand in my place and I'll stand here." "But, then, you won't be able to see," said the old woman. "Oh, that doesn't matter," said the little girl, "you want to see your son, and so you shall." The old woman moved to the girl's place. The Queen, who happened to be looking down, saw the girl give her place to the old woman. The Queen sent one of her soldiers to tell the little girl to go up to her. The little girl did get a shock when the soldier told her to go to the Queen. So the little girl could see quite all right after all. Don't you think that girl had done her day's good deed, Uncle? For I do.

(Dear Ruth,—Thank you for your story. I am sure your cousins will read it with interest. I say, as all little people do, "An other please."—Uncle B.)

A GOOD START.

Daphne Thorn, "Thorndale," North Dandalup, West Australia, writes: Will you let me be your Ni? I was seven on June 17. I am in Class I. at school. Sunday morning Violet, Donald and I went for a walk up the hills to see the falls. They are looking quite nice now. We got some hovea and other flowers, also some maidenhair fern. Excuse me writing in pencil as I cannot write in ink.

(Dear Daphne,—I am always glad to have anyone join my family, but most of all glad when they start at seven, as you have done.

Lieut.-Colonel A. B. McHardy, C.B., Chairman of the Prison Commission for Scotland in 1909, said: "I do not know of anything that could be put in the place of strong drink which would approach it as a crime-producer."



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The Wines of Scripture—

(Continued from page 7.)

xlv., 21; 1 Corinthians, viii., 13). In Isaiah, lxx., 8, "Thus saith the Lord, as the new wine is found in the cluster, and one saith, Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it," the clustering grapes are God's own little bottles of wine, and we can take them ourselves or give them to others without fear. But we dare not proffer the intoxicating cup to another, for in Habakkuk we read, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink." Nor dare we take it ourselves, for Isaiah says (v., 22), "Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine." Unsparring is the Bible in its condemnation of evil in any shape or form, but specially severe is it in its denunciation of intoxicating drink. If only we can get our people to understand this, our battle will be half won, for no Christian would take or give a thing prohibited by God. It has been through lack of knowledge our people have erred. May each one begin to study earnestly, and cease not to search the Scriptures till the last remaining doubt has been removed for ever. Every Union should have a Bible-class for the special study of the drink question. Ministers and others should be invited to attend, and the light of the Holy Spirit, flooding the sacred page, would soon remove the ignorance and darkness in which so many have dwelt. And the day would be hastened when the covenant with death should be disannulled and the agreement with hell not stand. Then shall the knowledge of the glory of God cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea. The righteous shall return with joy and singing; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away for evermore.

According to the Temperance Bible Commentary, edited by Dr. F. R. Lees and the Rev. Dawson Burns, D.D., the following are the thirteen words of the original Scripture which have all been translated as "WINE," namely: Hebrew—Yayin, Khamar, Shakerr, Mesek, Ahsis, Soveh, Tiros, Ashisbah, She-marin; Greek—Oinos, Gluekos, Oxos, and Ak-raton.

Six English words used in the Bible to typify intoxicating drink: "Bite, sting, poison, venom, death, hell."

The Frothblowers' Tipple—

(Continued from page 9.)

To prove, out of their own mouths, that the Germans are not nearly so enthusiastic about beer as some probeerists would have us believe, we have but to glance at the following excerpts from an army pamphlet entitled "Alcohol and the Power of Resistance," circulated widely among the German soldiers previous to and during the Great War.

"There is no justification for calling beer 'liquid bread'; a glass of heavy beer costing 25 pfennigs has no more nourishment than a piece of cheese costing one pfennig. . . . Almost all excesses and disturbances in the army are traced to drink. . . . It is mostly beer that causes the mischief. . . . Beer is not the harmless drink it is supposed to be."

The most sinister thing about beer is this apparent harmlessness. Yet almost invariably the drink habit is inaugurated through the use of beer. Scientific men, and sociologists in general, fail to agree with brewers in their contention that beer drives out stronger liquors. Professor Strumpel, of Breslau, says: "Nothing is more erroneous than to think of diminishing the destructive effects of alcoholism by substituting beer for other alcoholic drinks." And Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of Johns Hopkins University, says: "I consider, with eminent German authorities of enormous experience, that beer is exceedingly injurious and dangerous as a beverage." And so it is. For of 18 consecutive cases of drunkenness appearing before a police court magistrate recently, fifteen said they had been drinking beer.

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Three old toppers had been using whisky. Half of these beer cases involved assault and battery or destruction of property.

Even as a "hot-weather drink," beer is a broken reed upon which to lean, for Dr. Alfred Plehn—world-famous as a tropical hygienist—warns explicitly against its use, arguing that, in his experience, it is especially likely, under the pathological conditions which a hot climatic creates, to cause disturbances in the stomach and digestion, and in this way prepare the ground for dysentery.

What we have said concerning beer applies with equal, if not greater force, to ale, even those widely advertised and much-lauded ales for which the claim is made that—

"To feel well and be well drink a glass of — Ale with your dinner each night. . . . Physicians generally recommend it for its wonderful tonic value."

This statement is pure buncombe. Educated, well-read physicians do not "generally recommend ale for its wonderful tonic value," for the simple reason that it has none. The man who drinks ale or beer or stout drinks it because he likes its narcotising and stupefying effects. If he thinks he is getting any other effects from it he is deluding himself.

And when these purveyors of poison insist that "No other beverage can compare with good ale for satisfying and nourishing properties," they are simply proving that they know nothing whatsoever about nutrition or nutritive values. To prove this statement we have but to refer them to comparative tables showing the food-values of milk or chocolate, for instance, as contrasted with those of beer, ale or stout.

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CUTTING IN.

The effect of the movies on church-going is shown in this Sunday morning conversation:

Mother: "Hurry dressing, Ethel, dear. Services start at eight sharp."

Ethel (age eight): "I can't hurry, mother. Let's go to a temple that is continuous."

PASS "GRIT" ON



Angry Motorist: "Some of you pedestrians walk along just as if you owned the streets."

Irate Pedestrian: "Yes, and some of you motorists drive around just as if you owned the car."

* * * SHRINKING VIOLET.

Celebrity (after lengthy monopoly of the conversation): "But enough about me; let us talk about yourself. Tell me—what do you think of my part in the new play?"

* * * AS THEY GO.

"And how did you like the cook I recommended?"

"She was okay as cooks go, and as cooks go, she went."

* * * SCHOOLBOY STUFF.

A deacon is the lowest kind of a Christian. A monastery is a place of monsters.

Marriage is a Sacrament where a priest unites a man and woman in fatal union.

The Bible is against bigamy when it says no man can serve two masters.

False doctrine is when a doctor gives wrong stuff to a man.

America was discovered by the Spinach.

In 1658 the Pilgrims crossed the ocean, and this was known as Pilgrim's Progress.

An appendix is a portion of a book, which nobody yet has discovered of any use.

An ibex is where you look at the back part of a book to find out anything you want.

A grass widow is the wife of a vegetarian.

* * * EXPENSIVE JOB.

"What do you charge for cleaning feathers?" asked the lady customer.

"Sixpence each, madam," was the reply.

"What!" gasped the lady. "I could never pay as much as that."

"How many have you, madam? If you've a sufficient number we might make a reduction of the price."

"Why, I've two beds full."

MUSIC EXTRA.

Tourist (departing from country hotel): "Oh, the dearest little bird sang so beautifully outside my bedroom window this morning."

Hotel Proprietor (making out bill): "Yes, that will be five shillings extra—we always make a charge for music."

* * * PA'S GRAND SMOKE.

A young bridegroom, after the wedding was over and the bride's father had gone off to the club, began to search anxiously among the wedding gifts.

"What are you looking for, dear?" said the bride.

"That fifty-pound cheque of your father's," he said. "I don't see it anywhere."

"Poor papa is so absent-minded," said the bride. "He lit his cigar with it."

* * * PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, the sculptor, said at a luncheon:

"Artists are always jealous of one another. Playwrights, novelists, movie stars, actresses—they are all alike."

"I once asked a blonde actress at a London tea if the brunette actress who was helping to pour was popular."

"Popular?" the blonde actress sniffed. "Popular? Why, the longest run she ever had is that one there in the back of her artificial silk stocking."

* * * THAT SETTLES IT.

Teacher: "Karl, when seven ducks are swimming on your pond, and three duck under, how many are left?"

Karl: "We have no ducks, teacher."

Teacher: "What have you?"

Karl: "Geese, teacher."

Teacher: "Well, how many geese are left when three have ducked?"

Karl: "Geese don't duck, teacher."

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SUNDAY.

"And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it, because that in it He had rested from all His work."—Gen., 2, 3.

Jesus Master, through this day for Thy blessing we would pray.

May we live to praise Thy name, be Thy glory all our aim.

Ex., 20, 11; 1 Chron., 4, 10; 1 Pet., 11, 9; Eph., 1, 6, 12.

Bless the seed which we shall sow, let it to perfection grow.

Sinking in and taking root, may it bear immortal fruit.

Isa., 32, 20; Luke, 8, 14; Matt., 13, 25; Ps., 126, 6.

Bless the thoughts we entertain; let them not be false or vain;

All our inmost feelings keep, lest o'er them sin's trail should sweep.

Ps., 19, 14; Ps., 119, 113; 1 Chron., 29, 18; Gen., 6, 5.

Bless the words which we shall say, speak Thou through our lips to-day,

As a messenger from Thee may each word of ours, Lord, be.

Isa., 58, 13; Isa., 51, 16; Jer., 5, 14; Isa., 59, 24.

Bless the truths which we shall hear; in Thine House, O be Thou near;

Speak Thou through Thy servants, Lord, unto those who hear Thy Word.

Matt., 17, 20; Isa., 55, 10, 12; Isa., 51, 16; 1 Cor., 1, 21.

Bless that which this day we read; may it serve our souls to feed;

By Thy Spirit taking root in our lives then bearing fruit,

1 Pet., 2, 2; Isa., 55, 2; Heb., 4, 2; 1 Tim., 4, 15.

Bless each step which we shall take; may we do all for Thy sake.

Guide Thou still our wandering feet, and in peace our spirits keep.

Ps., 37, 23; 2 Cor., 4, 11; Isa., 58, 11; Isa., 26, 3.

Bless the influence we use; may our lives a light diffuse,

May Thy love our hearts o'erflow, kindling all around a glow.

2 Cor., 4, 16; Matt., 5, 14; 1 John, 4, 5; Rom., 5, 5.

Bless us, Saviour, through this day. For Thy blessing now we pray.

Let our hearts Thine image be, thus the world Thyself shall see.

Gen., 32, 26; Ps., 17, 15; 2 Cor., 4, 10; Gal., 2, 20.

MONDAY.

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

To abound in wealth, to have fine houses, to be attended with splendor and equipage, to be beautiful in our persons, to have titles of dignity, to be above our fellow-creatures, to command the bows and obeisance of other people, to be looked on with admiration, to overcome our enemies with power, to subdue all that oppose us, to set ourselves in as much splendor as we can, to live highly and magnificently, to eat and drink and delight ourselves in the most costly manner, these are the great, the honorable, the desirable things to which the spirit of the world turns the eyes of the people.

The history of the Gospel is chiefly the history of Christ's conquest over the spirit

of the world. And the number of true Christians is only the number of those who, following the Spirit of Christ, have lived contrary to the spirit of the world.

"If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His." Again, "Whatsoever is born of God, overcometh the world." "Set your affection on things above, and not on things on the earth. This is the language of the whole of the New Testament; this is the mark of Christianity; you are to be dead—that is, to be dead to the spirit and temper of the world."—Wm. Law.

TUESDAY.

"In the day that I cried Thou answeredst me, and strengthened me with strength in my soul."—Ps., 138, 3.

To all deep lives there come moments of serious questioning: How shall I hold out? Shall I always be able to withstand the virulent hate of my foes and overcome the corruption of my own heart? Will it always be possible to meet the strong and imperious demands of duty and the demands of those who look to me for help? Amid the changes that the years may bring, will it be possible to maintain my ground? Men are so capricious, events so fluctuating, the sea of human life so unstable. To all such suggestions there is but one reply—prayer is the secret of continuance.

It is a dangerous temptation of the adversary, so writes one of God's hidden ones, when upright minds suffer themselves to be completely cut down by the unbelieving—I had almost said proud—view of their infirmities; in the performance of God's works such ought only to humble themselves and go forward. He who loves and exercises prayer will, in due time, be translated from self unto God; from being a pitcher, filled and emptied, to a river bed.—F. B. Meyer.

WEDNESDAY.

"I am continually with Thee."—Ps., 73, 23. Still, still with Thee when purple morning breaketh,

When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;

Fairer than morning; lovelier than daylight, Dawns the sweet consciousness—I am with Thee!

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows, The solemn hush of nature newly-born, Alone with Thee in breathless adoration, In the calm dew and freshness of the morn!

Still, still with Thee as to each new-born morning

A fresh and solemn splendor still is given, So doth the blessed consciousness, awaking, Breathe each day nearness unto Thee and heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,

Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer; Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings o'ershading,

But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that great morning, When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee,

Oh! in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,

Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with Thee!

—Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe.

THURSDAY.

"None of them that trust in Him shall be desolate."—Ps., 32, 22.

We each have the "heart of the sons of men," and even though, by grace, it has been made a new heart, there is, as Paul tells us, a force still within moving to evil. So we have to guard against subtle temptations. God does not explain, day after day, His providences. Delayed punishment is no evidence that there will be no punishment. "It is the glory of God to conceal a matter" until the time comes for the display of His judgment and justice. He protects, however, them that wait on Him, and maketh all things, even the mysteries of life, to work for good to them that love Him. Reader, you may safely say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."—John Hall.

FRIDAY.

"Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust."—Isa., 25, 19.

There are in this world, where God is King, Some that have nothing to do—but sing. Some that are all too blithe to keep Pent in the voice of their rapture deep, Though it may be low under waves of pain, They found the pearl of their purest strain. And we who listen have nought to say Concerning their Master's rule and way, Only this—it was surely best, Since it taught them strains so full of rest, And this—that never a folded wing Should cover a heart that was meant to sing, And show the path to a lighted ark, Perhaps, to someone lost in the dark.

—Margaret E. Sangster; born 1838 in N.Y.

SATURDAY.

"Strangers and pilgrims on the earth."—Heb., 11, 13.

Hark! the nightly church-bell numbers

One day more with bygone things;

Saviour, o'er our peaceful numbers,

Spread Thy everlasting wings.

One day less of sin and sadness,

One day nearer heaven and home.

Travellers to light and gladness,

Onward stage by stage we roam.

One day less of toil and labor,

One day nearer rest and Thee.

Child and parent, friend and neighbor,

Lift your voice and bend your knee.

Blessed Spirit, hover o'er us,

Sleeping, waking, be Thou near.

Comrades, there is joy before us,

Rest in peace, and rise in prayer.

—E. H. Bickersteth, 1853.

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PRESS CORRESPONDENCE.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

More nonsense is spoken about newspaper press correspondence than about most subjects. Numbers of presumably intelligent Temperance folk look with lofty disdain on what I recently heard one of them describe as "haggling in the press." The pessimistic conclusion that no one nowadays reads letters in the press, and that therefore valuable time is wasted in writing them, is merely a counsel of despair. More than once I have been nearer to annoyance than I ought to have been when one of the company which affects to despise "haggling in the press" has accosted me with, "Hullo! I see that Mr. Stout-beer of the Trade Defence Federation is having a shot at you in the 'Weekly Squeaker.'" But when I have ventured to reply, "Yes, but have you seen that I have had a shot at Mr. Stoutbeer?" I have usually received the answer I half expected to receive: "No, I didn't see that." Such an experience is frequent in the life of every press correspondent for the Temperance Cause at the instance of those who would say that they were his own people.

It cannot be too often reiterated that press correspondence on the Temperance question—in spite of the airy nonsense talked about it by those who ought to know better—is a highly valuable method of Temperance propaganda. Perhaps the Temperance Movement to-day has few needs more pressing than an output of well-informed men and women who can express themselves in homely English and are prepared to ventilate our case in the press of our land.

1. THE TESTIMONY OF THE TRADE.

To begin with, the Trade evidently thinks press correspondence worth while. Not that the Trade's judgment is flawless, by any means. The Trade often blunders, and blunders badly. Indeed, it was the mistaken tactics of the Trade in impregnating American politics with "the saloon influence" which was an important factor in awakening that public resentment which led to Prohibition.

Similarly, the Trade bids fair to overreach itself in this country. Be this as it may, if the pro-liquor forces considered that press correspondence was not worth while, they would not spend vast sums in subsidising correspondents who are as professional as free-lance journalists or any other kind of piece-worker. A year or two ago Lord Astor revealed in the House of Lords that press correspondents are paid from some obviously pro-liquor source at fixed rates ranging from 10/6 for a letter accepted in a writer's own name, to 2/6 for meritorious effusions consigned to the editorial waste-paper basket. Evidently anti-Temperance organisations attach great value to press correspondence seeing that they are prepared to put their hands deeply into their pockets to pay for it.

2. THE TESTIMONY OF OTHER MOVEMENTS.

Every public man who has a cause to serve or an axe to grind courts the publicity of the press correspondence columns. A large number of successful charitable appeals appear as letters in the press. Apparently, then, Temperance publicity "fans" are not the only people who believe in the power of a well-written letter to the press. If letters to the press can succeed in getting a lamp-post placed in a dark street—and I have known this to happen—then surely press correspondence, well-informed, painstaking, insistent, may play its little part in awakening the conscience of the nation to such an "open sore" as the drink traffic.

3. THE TESTIMONY OF THE NEWS-PAPER-READING PUBLIC.

The objection that "people don't read letters in the press" is a hasty generalisation. And generalisations are rarely true without qualification and exception. Some people do not read letters in the press, it is true. It is also true that a still larger proportion never read leading articles. But would anyone advance this fact as a reason for their exclusion? Undeniably, some people never read

anything in the newspaper at all, unless it be those few square inches in the "stop press" which give the "winners." But there are tens of thousands of people in this country who read every line of their county weekly from the first column to the last. It would be difficult to over-estimate the vast possibilities underlying this fact. Ceaselessly the Trade disseminates its fictions in the correspondence columns of the county weeklies. In how many county weeklies are these misstatements controverted? The county journal—in lesser degree, the daily newspaper—is a propaganda medium ready to our hand if only we will use it—probably, next to the open-air meeting, or even equal to it, the most powerful vehicle of propaganda within our reach.

SHOT FOR SHOT.

A few enterprising Temperance societies have honorary press correspondents who are prepared to take a shot—or get some other qualified person to do it—every time the Trade shows its head above the parapet. That is the spirit which is the earnest of victory. Let every local temperance society, every branch of the N.B.W.T.A.U., resolve that no liquor letter shall go unchallenged in the local press. This is the purely defensive. But attack is the best defence. Let every society resolve that it will take the offensive in the correspondence column whenever it is felt that a score may be made for the Movement. It is an invariable result that temperance enthusiasm follows active press controversy. In any case, our cause has nothing to lose, but everything to gain, by the fullest publicity. Every time an attempt is made to beguile the public by liquor misstatements there stands the correspondence column inviting us to lighten the darkness.—"The Western Temperance Herald."

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GRIT SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Grit" subscriptions received to 22/9/28, and where not mentioned the amount is 11s.: Ida Southwood, 15s., sales; H. Condon, 2s. 9d., 30/11/28; P. A. Craw, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Stokes, 6s., 17/3/29; S. R. Dawson, 10s., 30/8/29; P. G. James, 2s.; E. H. Chessell, 30/12/29; Mrs. McNeilly, 10s., 30/8/29; H. Saundercock, 6s., 20/3/29; Rev. A. C. Barmore, £5; Rev. R. C. Barlow, 30/12/29; Mrs. C. Morgan, 15s., 30/5/20; Miss M. Dixon, 2s. 6d.; Friend, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. W. J. Davis, 6s., 30/12/28; W. C. M. Elliott, 15s. 6d., 30/12/29; Mrs. Foulcher, 2s.; Luke Holman, 20s.; Mrs. Walsh, 2s.; Mrs. Worboys, 2s.; Mrs. King, 2s.; Mrs. Forshaw, 11/9/29; Mrs. MacIntosh, 2s.; A. Williamson 3s.; N. Paterson, 12s. 6d., 30/12/28; Mrs. Miller, 6s., 21/3/29; J. Richardson, 1s.; Mrs. W. L. West, 10s., 30/5/28.

The following are paid to September, 1929: Phil Campbell, Mrs. E. M. M. Sutton, J. L. Fookes, H. Jones, D. R. Rogers, Mrs. S. Chapman, J. A. Morrison, A. H. Wilkinson (22s., two copies), Miss E. Annabel, Ray Casement, H. Goodsell, Miss E. Stevens, J. S. Sands, E. H. W. Nutt, Miss E. H. Amery, Master Frank Allen, junr., Miss G. M. North, Miss E. Sheumack, J. H. Leadbitter, P. E. Calley.

MORE, NOT LESS, PROHIBITION.**PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND AFTER 27 YEARS.**

After twenty-seven years of Prohibition history, the Prince Edward Island Prohibitionists show no signs of being swept off their feet by the wave of liquor's control that has swept seven of Canada's nine provinces to their everlasting shame.

P.E.I.'s policy has been one of constantly strengthening its "dry" law. Some weeks ago notice was given in the Provincial Legislature of seven such amendments to the Prohibition Act, as follows:

The unlawful drinking of liquor will be an offence.

The landlord must eject a tenant whom he knows to be unlawfully dealing in liquor.

Inspectors may search intoxicated persons and their baggage.

Offenders may be examined as to where and from whom they obtained liquor. A penalty is provided for refusal to disclose the requested information.

The appointment of a new Board of Commissioners, made up of three salaried members, instead of six unsalaried, as at present.

The appointment of magistrates under the Prohibition Act.

Increased penalties for infringements against the Act.

It is more than evident that P.E.I. is in earnest to retain the prosperity and happiness that has come to it through its "dry" legislation and a faithful enforcement of the same. Although small in provincial expanse, P.E.I. is destined to national leadership in a province meaning good citizenship.

THE MONEY-MAKER.

"What's an anticlimax?"

"An employee of the mint drawing his salary."

Have you thought of your**Ice Chest?**

We would respectfully ask you to see the

Captain Scott

before deciding on one.

Not because we sell it, but it has proved itself superior to all others.

THE WIFE OF THE CONSUL-GENERAL FOR THE U.S.A. SAYS OF IT: "It is quite the nicest one I have had in any of my many homes abroad, including our own U.S. It is such an economical one too; uses so much less ice than others. I can heartily recommend it."

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Mistress—

Mary, your kitchen is a picture!

However do you get everything so spotlessly clean & bright?

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

