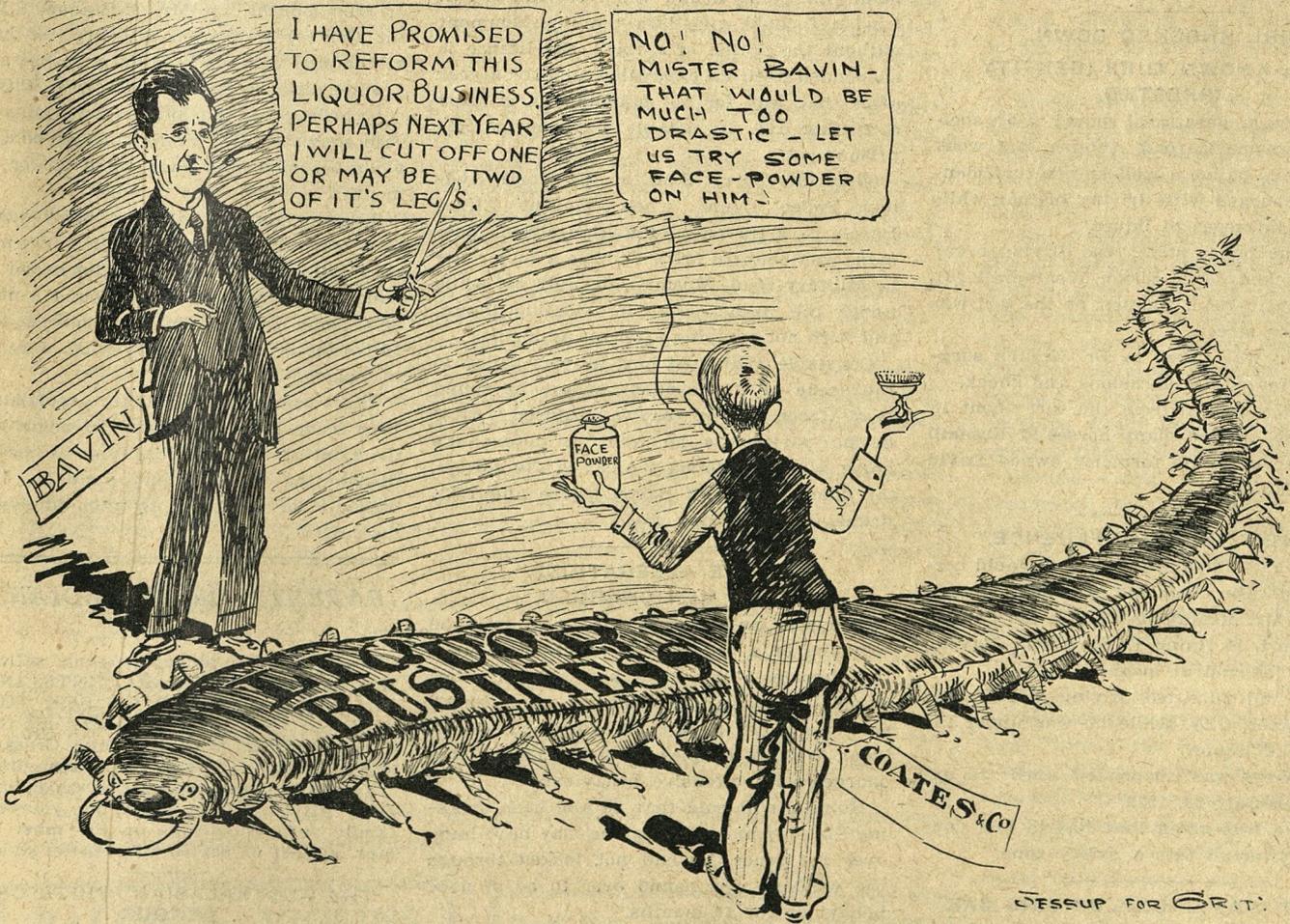


# Grit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION.

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## UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE BOTTOM SQUARE.

People talk glibly of the failure of Prohibition; they do this by ignoring the 90 per cent. effective restraint it imposes, and they gloat over the 10 per cent. failure.

License is 100 per cent. failure; it restrains no one, protects no one, helps no one.

Here are some samples of its work:

### £20 FINE

#### FOR DRUNKEN DRIVER.

At the Newtown Police Court Arthur James Cubis, aged 51, a clerk, was fined £20, in default three months' imprisonment, for having driven a motor car in Brown-street, Newtown, on September 5, while under the influence of liquor.

Mr. Camphin, S.M., also suspended Cubis's license until the date of its expiration in December, and disqualified him from holding another for a further 12 months.

#### GIRL KNOCKED DOWN.

#### WELL-KNOWN TURF IDENTITY ARRESTED.

There was a sensational sequel to an accident in Parramatta-road, Auburn, last week when Robert Bailie, a well-known turf identity, was charged with driving his car while under the influence of liquor.

Bailie, the police state, was driving a car which knocked down Eileen Weatherall (6), of Parramatta-road, Auburn, as the girl was crossing the street.

The child was taken to Dr. Nihil's surgery, and treated for abrasions and shock.

Bailie, who retired from the turf about 18 months ago, trained many horses at Rosehill and Canterbury. He formerly owned David and Don Moon.

#### DRIVER "UNDER INFLUENCE."

"If you had killed anybody you would certainly have been convicted of manslaughter," remarked Mr. McMahon, S.M., in the Central Police Court, in fining Edward Voir Bavrill, aged 37, independent means, £20.

Bavrill had admitted driving a car along Oxford-street, City, while he was under the influence of liquor.

His license was suspended until its expiration on July 28, 1929.

Evidence was given that Bavrill lost control and swerved into a safety zone.

#### PRIEST WAS DRUNK DRIVING CAR. ZIG-ZAGGED, THEN CRASHED INTO TREE.

Auckland, September 5.—A Roman Catholic priest, Father Joseph Duffy, aged 41, of Papakura, admitted in Court to-day having been intoxicated while in charge of a motor car in the city.

A traffic inspector saw the car run a zig-zag course, and then crash into a tree.

A fine of £5 was imposed.

The magistrate said the case was the least serious of the kind that he had been called upon to deal with, hence the penalty

would be light. A request to suppress Father Duffy's name was refused.

The magistrate added: "Nobody who is going to drive a car should have any liquor at all. There is always a danger. It is unfortunate this man had influenza, as it probably upset him."

### FINED £40.

#### DRUNKEN CAR DRIVER. LEFT VICTIM ON ROAD.

"I am satisfied that the defendant's evidence, judging from his demeanor, was false and untrue. I am satisfied that the evidence proves he was under the influence of liquor when the accident occurred.

"If ever there was a case where an example should be made this is one. He is fined £20, in default six months' imprisonment, for being drunk when driving a car. I wish I could give him the imprisonment without the option of a fine. His license is suspended until its expiration, and for a year after that, and for not stopping he is fined a further £20, in default six months' imprisonment.

Thus Mr. Perry, S.M., at the North Sydney Police Court, when Vincent Alfred Bacon, 25, a traveller, of Raglan-street, Mosman, was charged with driving a motor car in Military-road, Mosman, on July 30, while under the influence of intoxicating liquor, and with not stopping after an accident.

Constable Wall told how he was called to the scene of the accident, where he found Bert Haron on the roadway injured. After taking particulars he went to defendant's home, where he found the car in the garage, the doors open, and Bacon asleep and very drunk in the driving seat.

#### POLICE ALLEGATIONS. TWO MEN CHARGED.

"He was looking over the fence into the windows of a bedroom in which there were two females. We have had several other complaints about him doing the same thing," said Sergeant Strong at Burwood Court, when William Holmes, aged 43, laborer, was charged with offensive behaviour.

Holmes, who said that he had been drinking that day and, although he may have hung over the fence, he had not looked through the window, was bound over to be of good behaviour for 12 months.

A similar charge against Cecil F. Ryan, aged 35, telephone linesman, was adjourned for 14 days.

The police alleged that complaints had been made about defendant looking through the

window of the ladies' lavatory on Strathfield station.

#### A GIRL'S TERRIBLE STORY.

Described by the police as a desperate man, and a member of a gang which terrorised people, Norman McDonald, 21, a laborer, was charged at the Redfern Police Court with having committed a capital offence on a 17-year-old girl at Redfern on July 18.

The girl told a most sensational story of intimidation and repeated assault, and then collapsed on the floor of the Court.

Constable Parmeter said, following the girl's complaint, he arrested McDonald.

"When I told him," the constable added, "that it was alleged that he had assaulted the girl, McDonald said, 'Did she say that? I was very drunk. It would not have happened if I had not been drunk.'"

#### TWO FINES OF £100.

Pearl Gibbons, 27, proprietress, and Emilo Ligustu, 31, manager, were each fined £100, or four months, by Mr. McMahon, S.M., at the Central Court, on a charge of having sold liquor without holding a license at the Cosmopolitan Cafe, 305 Pitt-street, City.

According to the police defendants had been convicted of a similar offence on a previous occasion, and each fined £30, or three months.

Sergeant Russell said the liquor was sold to a constable at 2/- a bottle. When witness, with Constable C. J. Chuck and other police, entered the cafe he found a number of persons drinking liquor. Between 40 and 50 bottles of liquor, mostly wine, were found in lockers.

The sergeant added that complaints had been made that the female defendant was in the habit of visiting boats from overseas and distributing cards among arrivals. It was difficult for strangers to gain admission to the cafe.

#### PARENTS OR GUARDIANS.

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## THE PACT TO OUTLAW WAR.

### TEXT OF DRAFT TREATY.

The text of the Kellogg draft treaty to renounce war, which was signed in Paris on August 27, 1928, is as follows:

"The President of the United States of America, the President of the French Republic, His Majesty the King of the Belgians, the President of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, His Majesty the King of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the seas, Emperor of India, the President of the German Reich, His Majesty the King of Italy, His Majesty the Emperor of Japan, the President of the Republic of Poland,

"Deeply sensible of their solemn duty to promote the welfare of mankind; persuaded that the time has come when a frank renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy should be made, to the end that the peaceful and friendly relations now existing between their peoples may be perpetuated:

"Convinced that all changes in their relations with one another should be sought only by pacific means and be the result of a peaceful and orderly process, and that any signatory Power which shall hereafter seek to promote its national interests by resort to war should be denied the benefits furnished by this treaty;

"Hopeful that, encouraged by their example, all the other nations of the world will join in this humane endeavor and, by adhering to the present treaty as soon as it comes into force, bring their peoples within the scope of its beneficent provisions thus uniting the civilised nations of the world in a common renunciation of war as an instrument of their national policy;

"Have decided to conclude a treaty, and for that purpose have appointed as their respective plenipotentiaries: . . . who, having communicated to one another their full powers, found in good and due form, have agreed upon the following articles:

"Article 1.—The High Contracting Parties solemnly declare, in the names of their respective peoples, that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another.

"Article 2.—The High Contracting Parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts, of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means.

"Article 3.—The present treaty shall be ratified by the High Contracting Parties named in the preamble in accordance with their respective constitutional requirements, and shall take effect as between them as soon as all their several instruments of ratification shall have been deposited at . . .

"This treaty shall, when it has come into effect as prescribed in the preceding paragraph, remain open as long as may be necessary for adherence by all the other Powers of the world. Every instrument evidencing the adherence of a Power shall be deposited at . . . and the treaty shall, immediately upon such deposit, become effective as between the Power thus adhering and the other Powers parties thereto.

"It shall be the duty of the Government of . . . to furnish each Government named in the preamble, and every Government subsequently adhering to this treaty, with a certified copy of the treaty, and of every instrument of ratification or adherence. It shall also be the duty of the Government of . . . telegraphically to notify such Governments immediately upon the deposit with it of each instrument of ratification or adherence.

"In faith whereof the respective plenipotentiaries have signed this treaty in the French and English languages, both texts having equal force, and hereunto affixed their seals.

"Done at Paris the twenty-seventh day of August, in the Year of Our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight."

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### HEADACHES DUE TO EYE STRAIN.

Numerous types of headaches, which cause anything from mere discomfort to acute pain, are chiefly due to disorder of the eyes. Nearly 80 per cent. of frontal headaches, and of aches felt in the sides and the back of the head, are due to this cause. In such cases, says Dr. Z. U. Smith Clark, ophthalmic specialist to the British Ministry of Pensions, writing in the continental edition of the London "Daily Mail," the eyes are straining to do or to accommodate themselves to do what is beyond their normal power, and the constant effort on the muscles produces the headache and frequently a burning in the eyeball, as well as behind the eyes. He goes on:

"It is important to locate the site of the pain. For, while pain over the eyebrows, pain behind the eyes, pain in the forehead, pain in the sides and back of the head may almost invariably be attributed to eye-strain, pain on one side only, pain over one eyebrow, and pain on one side of the head is rarely attributable to eye-strain. These latter would be due to inflammation of the frontal sinus, or middle-ear disease, or brain tumor, inflammation of the cheek-bone, or neuralgia.

"One frequently hears sufferers complaining of headaches after an afternoon's shopping or after visiting a theatre or cinema. The demand on the outer and inner muscles of the eyes has proved too great. These troubles are more frequently complained of by persons travelling in trains or omnibuses, or ships, where the rapidly receding objects prove trying to defective eyes.

"Nausea, in a more or less acute form, frequently results. Indeed, travellers in trains or ships who suffer from nausea should, in the first instance, have their eyes attended to, as ocular defects may be said to be the major cause of their discomfort. If these were attended to it is probable that imagination or nervousness would play a much smaller part in causing mal-de-mer.

"Astigmatic persons (persons whose vertical vision varies in degree from their horizontal vision) and heterophoric persons (persons whose eyes have difficulty in focusing an object) are peculiarly liable to suffer, because they are particularly affected when using their eyes for distant or near vision. It would be advisable for such travellers before experimenting with patent cures for seasickness, which are not too good in their present effects, and are baneful in their after-effects, to have their eyes tested for vision."

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## ONE REASON FOR OUR DEFEAT.

By LAICUS.

Now that the battle is over, and the smoke of the conflict has cleared away, it is well for us to try to find out the reasons for our defeat.

I leave to others the enunciation of various reasons other than the one which I propose to deal with in this article, and proceed to say that, in my opinion, one great cause of our reverse is the inexplicable neglect of late years of thorough and systematic temperance education of the young.

I look back to my boyhood, and remember vividly the keenness shown by the churches in this regard. In Woollahra there was a Band of Hope, conducted by earnest church workers, where hundreds of boys and girls were gathered regularly for entertainment and instruction in the evils of intemperance and the benefits of total abstinence. Such societies were scattered far and wide through city, suburbs and country. The Church of England Temperance Society was at work in many parishes. Juvenile branches of the Good Templars and the Sons and Daughters of Temperance were a real force in the land.

The only form of temperance education now in operation, but then unknown, is the limited amount of definite instruction in our State schools on the physical effects of the use of alcohol.

It may be said, in comment on what has been said above, that these societies are still operating in many centres. But it cannot be seriously maintained that the present number of such societies, the number of the young people whom they serve, or the thoroughness of the work done, is as great now as it was in past years when we consider the vast increase in population.

Let me use an analogy to drive home what I am trying to impress. An evangelist of world-wide fame visits our country, and conducts a mission marked with zeal and unlimited enthusiasm. The results are seen in the turning of sinners to the way of righteousness and the strengthening of the weak. But it cannot be denied that real Christian life in the community depends mainly not on these special and somewhat spasmodic efforts, but on the steady work, week in, week out, and, very largely, on regular instruction of the young in the truths of their holy religion.

And so in the work of temperance reform. A whirlwind campaign just before a referendum, a mighty effort to convert moderate drinkers into total abstainers for the sake of others, is not out of place, is not without avail, even if the vote is adverse to the

cause of temperance. But the forces of the trade are so strong, the habit of self-seeking so deeply engrained, that it is futile to expect success if the preparatory work of education has not been done, if the army of voters does not include hosts of adults who have been taught from early youth to loathe the accursed thing, to grieve over the weakness of those to whom drink is a snare, to see the nobility of denying themselves indulgence in what to them perchance would be harmless lest their liberty be a stumbling block to the brothers for whom Christ died.

I recognise that much water has flowed under the bridge since my boyhood, and that old-time methods of imparting temperance truths to our young people must be brought up to date in these days when the young boy and girl is critical to a startling extent about the efforts to entertain him or her; when even the "movies," to be acceptable to the young critic, must be seasoned with spectacular effects of a sensational type. But the need is so urgent that the best brains of child-lovers and child-students amongst God's people would be well employed in devising some way of capturing and holding the attention of those who will be the voters of the future, on whom will rest the task of deciding what is best to be done to stop the wastage of human lives and immortal souls.

The extension of day-school instruction in temperance is one thing to be worked for. But the real cure for the evil that we are fighting is the panacea for all evils—the extension of Christ's kingdom by the bringing of all men under the influence of that One Whose advent to earth and Whose life and death on earth were due to the great love wherewith He loved us. The Temperance Cause must be based on and be directed in harmony with a desire for the Kingdom of God on earth. As a purely political, or economic, or social reform movement Prohibition may have much appeal; as an attained consummation it is possible only when the majority of the people are guided consciously by a desire to follow in the steps of Him Who spoke, lived and loved as no other man ever did.

The lifeboat plunged into the tide  
Towards the distant ship;  
Each hero's face was stern and set,  
And firm each bearded lip.  
Thank goodness, every life was saved,  
By them no hearts beat truer;  
And once ashore, all hands partook  
Of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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## BREWERY FINANCE.

Under this title "The Economist" of May 19th gives some interesting particulars as to the four great Brewing Companies, Watney Combe, Reid, Bass, Ratcliff and Gretton, Courage, and Samuel Allsopp, prefacing its tables with the following interesting paragraph:

The recent "selective" boom in industrial securities has included in its scope the shares of a number of favored brewery companies. Although the yield on the latter remains higher than that prevailing in certain other groups, such as artificial silk, capital appreciation has, nevertheless, been sufficient to emphasise the greatly improved position of the brewery shareholder of to-day as compared with his prototype of pre-war times. In some respects this result is paradoxical. Since the war the hours during which beer and spirits are obtainable by the public have been considerably restricted, taxation has been increased many times over, and the national beer consumption has significantly declined. In the calendar year 1927, 25,330,000 bulk barrels were produced in Great Britain, as compared with 32,779,000 in 1924, while the consumption per head in England and Wales (according to an estimate made by Mr. Geo. B. Wilson, the editor of "The Alliance Year Book") has fallen from 32 bulk gallons in the last pre-war year to 23 bulk gallons in 1927. That many breweries are, nevertheless, earning satisfactory profits to-day, while in the decade before the war heavy losses and writings-down of capital were frequent, would seem to be due to numerous factors. A large degree of "rationalisation" has been quietly taking place for some years past, so that on March 31st, 1927, there were only 1670 brewers in England licensed to make beer for sale to the public, as against 9901 same thirty-five years ago. The larger concerns have also shown much more discretion in acquiring licensed properties on a paying basis than was the case before the war. The preparation of the product, again, apparently leaves larger room for profit to the brewers than in earlier days, for whereas in Great Britain in 1914, 31,571,000 "standard" barrels (on which duty was based) gave an equivalent production in "bulk" (or liquid) barrels of 32,779,000, the corresponding figures for 1927 were 19,895,000 and 25,330,000 respectively.

We select a few figures from the statistical tables:

	Watney Combe.	Bass.	Courage.	Allsopp.
Earnings.	£	£	£	£
1925 ..	1,352,354	536,668	359,456	190,989
1926 ..	1,288,018	546,376	421,914	192,891
1927 ..	1,340,735	560,160	*378,682	194,020

\*After writing off expense of new share issue and purchase of Farnham United Breweries.

Ordinary Dividend.

	£	£	£	£
1925 ..	†406,141	265,200	220,000	17,364
1926 ..	†541,521	265,200	253,000	17,364
1927 ..	†541,521	335,846	277,000	18,942

†Deferred Ordinary.

## THE PRIMROSE PATH TO DIVORCE.

Perpetual motion, too much money, and the cult of "individualism" are listed by Mrs. Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, sister of the late President Roosevelt, as three causes of divorce in the class of society with which she is most familiar, and she tenders some simple and sane advice on how to prevent the breaking up of family life, especially where the lives of children are in the balance. It is the automobile and the telephone which provide the means of "perpetual motion," for, writes Mrs. Robinson in "The North American Review," "the telephone makes it possible to make the sudden engagement, the motor makes it possible to fulfil the sudden engagement, and in a brief moment the whole plan of a quiet day is turned into an orgy of restless, unfocussed energy; and 'home life'—where is it?" Where riches are concerned, "it is so much easier to be independent if one has money in one's pocket. The husband and wife who have to work out their budget together, who have to think carefully before they take this step or that, are of necessity more dependent upon each other." As to the cult of "individualism," Mrs. Robinson says that "individualism is not the same thing as a lack of interdependence. One is positive; the other is negative. The wife who says, 'I must express myself,' has frequently a perfect right to express herself as long as she does not do so by sacrificing something more important, such as her relationship with her children and her husband. Talent should not be hidden under a bushel, but even the development of talent should be weighed against the great fundamental values, should the one clash with the others." How guard against these dangers? Mrs. Robinson advises:

"The best attitude to be taken in married life is that it is a partnership, and that each partner has to make a success of it. No two men going into partnership fail each to take into consideration the qualities of the other. The object of the partnership is success. The success of the venture is too little considered in married life. Nothing in the world is worth having that is not worth working for, and no success is achieved without sacrifice.

"A beloved relative of mine impressed me deeply in my youth, by telling me many times that Love was a talent.

"If you have a gift for music,' she used to say, 'can you expect to keep that gift if you never use your voice in singing, or your fingers on the piano? Love is the same. You must use it to keep it perfect. You must use it in daily life. You must practise it all the time.'

"Many divorces come about from the fact that it never enters the brain of either of the people concerned to practise love. They seem to feel that love is a curious condition that just 'happens.' You fall in love, you marry, and that is all there is to it. If love does not stay, it has nothing to do with

you. Love never will stay unless a good deal of effort, a great deal of intelligence, much sympathy, and an even greater amount of sacrifice, are put into the desire to make it lasting.

"I would say, therefore, that to prevent divorce one must make life as interesting and as stable as possible. The two things sound contradictory, but they need not be so. Realise that you have entered into a partnership, and that you naturally should take pride in the success of that partnership; and realise, also, that the fundamental beauty of a lasting relationship between husband and wife, and parents and children, which relationship is the foundation of the nation, should be worked over, to the exclusion of complete 'self-expression.'"

Whether marriage need be regarded as a sacrament or not, it seems to Mrs. Robinson that it should be approached with reverence and dignity, and time and serious consideration should always be factors in divorce. Divorce, she says, should be the last resort, and she continues:

"I cannot lay too much stress on the steps that should be taken to avoid that last resort. One of those steps should be compromise; not the compromise of principles, but the compromise of methods and manners. Another step for prevention of divorce should be willingness to accept responsibility. Happiness, valuable as it is, cannot be the goal in itself. Joy and pleasure are the handmaidens of duty and responsibility rather than the ultimate aim of life.

"In married life, each member of the partnership must avoid the desire to exercise possessive love, although individualism may, equally, be carried too far. The right of individuality is sacred to the human heart. Too great possessiveness may irk a man or

woman into revolt, just as too great personal independence may break the habit of interdependence, without which no union can endure.

"Kahlil Gibran, the Syrian poet, in 'The Prophet,' says of marriage:

"You shall be together when the white wings of death scatter your days;  
Aye, you shall be together in the silent memory of God.

But let there be spaces in your togetherness.

And let the winds of the Heavens dance between you.

Love one another, but make not a bond of love:

Let it rather be a moving sea between the shores of your souls."

Taking out a leaf from her own experience, Mrs. Robinson reminds us that her famous brother held in deep reverence the ties and duties and delights of family life, "for he believed that family life, and family life only, was the foundation and safety of our nation." She recalls:

"As a delicate and ailing boy often, home-sick beyond measure in the midst of travels in Europe, he writes in his journal: 'I thought of each happy home time, counting nuts by the kitchen fire, picking the nuts in the morning wind.' And again: 'I was very sick last night and Mamma was so kind, telling me stories and rubbing me with her delicate fingers.' And then: 'I had a sociable time with Mamma and Papa.'

"Suppose that same 'Mamma' and that 'Papa' had decided to indulge in 'individualism' or 'self-expression' to the exclusion of their little sick boy, had given him no 'sociable times together,' would not something have been lost out of the character of the man who later tried to do for his children what his parents had done for him, and who, in 'The Letters to His Children,' penned perhaps one of the most exquisite idylls of family life?

"May the youth of America not only feel that Theodore Roosevelt is the typical American, but may they be inspired through his example to lead the type of life he led! Would there not then be fewer divorces, even in Chicago?"

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# GRAINS OF GOLD WORTH PICKING UP!

## It Pays To Smile.

The Editor knows a man who never smiles. He's a waiter in a big city restaurant, where he has been working for several years.

Gradually he is waiting on less and less people. The patrons are going to the other waiters' tables. Soon he'll be out of a job because he has no one to wait on.

In the same place there is a waiter at whose tables it is a pleasure to sit. In fact he is always rushed and you have to wait to be waited on. You wait cheerfully, because you're sure to be served cheerfully. The dinner tastes better by the way it is served.

This man gets a lot of satisfaction—and some generous tips—out of his job.

It makes no difference whether you are waiting on customers in a restaurant or presiding over the destinies of a million-pounds company, it pays to smile.

\* \* \*

## A Mighty Influence From One Small Star.

A small star twinkled high up in the sky. "I'm only a little star," it sighed to itself. "My rays can't be seen very far. If only I were the moon how brightly I'd shine down on everybody—and make them all happy."

Down on earth a man—sad, lonely, dispirited—looked up at the heavens and saw the little star. It fascinated him. He watched it twinkle and a great peace stole into his heart. He took fresh courage.

"If that star can inspire me with its tiny light," he said, "surely I can inspire other men with whatever of light I can add to the world's darkness."

And the small star never knew that it had been a greater power for good than the big, bright moon.

You never know how far a kind deed of yours may reach.

\* \* \*

## By Helping Others You Help Yourself.

Helpfulness brings happiness, and hindering others holds you back yourself.

You have lips and a tongue for saying pleasant things, and hands for helping. Do you use them for this?

You can't do a great deal in the world—just you alone—but you can help. There are a hundred chances every day.

Nothing gives a deeper sense of personal satisfaction than doing a good turn. It brings a happiness of heart that even the angels might envy. The knowledge that you are doing something to help your neighbor up the hill gives more strength and sustenance than mere money ever could.

It is true that sorrow dwells everywhere—but so does joy.

\* \* \*

Fine art is that in which the hand, the head, and the heart of man go together.

\* \* \*

Music is a medicine to the mind. Try some.

\* \* \*

A man without religion is the creature of circumstance; religion is above all circumstances, and will lift him up above them.

### GUARD YOUR WORDS.

Only a whisper of scandal, just a suggestion of blame,

And our estimate of another is never quite the same.

Only "I'm not QUITE certain, but I've heard it MAY be so,"

And his influence is over, shattered by one fell blow.

For a seed of evil scattered can never be gathered again;

Like the thistle it grows to a harvest destroying the golden grain.

There are words like the blast of a furnace which scorch the soul as they pass

As the fierce simoon of the desert which withers each vestige of grass.

And a word as light as a feather may shatter a human heart,

Or may pierce like a poisoned arrow with its envenomed dart.

Words at the final judgment will be the test of the soul,

For they are the things that matter, the things which the world control.

Once uttered they pass beyond us like waves of the air once stirred,

And perhaps in after ages will be by others heard.

—From "The Health Messenger," by Fairlie Thornton.

Be not afraid to show hospitality to strangers; often angels are entertained un-awares.

\* \* \*

Do the best your circumstance allows, and you do well; angels could do no more.

\* \* \*

Enjoy the present hour and be thankful for the past.

\* \* \*

More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.

\* \* \*

Notice how much wood is kindled by how small a fire!

## MEDICAL MYTHS.

Dr. W. A. Evans, of the Health Department, Chicago "Tribune" (a "wet" journal), writes of the medical uses of alcohol as follows:

"When I began the practice of medicine whisky was in fairly general use as a remedy for certain diseases. Most physicians had faith in its efficacy as a cure. Experience has shown that this faith was without foundation.

"May I enumerate a few such diseases? I was taught that whisky was of great value in the treatment of consumption. Many considered it a preventive. I have personal knowledge of men who became drunkards because their physicians advised the use of whisky, and plenty of it, as a preventive. I knew of many consumptives who used it as a cure.

"Rock and rye was a valued consumption cure. There are still physicians who have faith in rock, but none who advocate rye as a cure for consumption.

"I was taught that whisky was a cure for snake-bite. Doubtless a large part of the mortality rate charged to snake-bite in that day was due to acute alcoholic poisoning. Physicians no longer advocate whisky as a cure for snake-bite.

"Whisky was a highly esteemed remedy in blood poisoning, pyaemia, and that great group of disorders due to bacterial blood stream infection. It is no longer used, for that purpose. Whisky was a cure for erysipelas. It is not used now as a remedy in that disease.

"Whisky was used in the treatment of pneumonia. It is not so used now. Whisky and quinine were used as a preventive of malaria in the armies during the Civil War. This practice has long since been abandoned. Prof. Bartholow said of it: 'This practice was good neither physically nor mentally.'

"Whisky was used as a physiological stimulant in shock. It is now known that, so far from being a stimulant, whisky is physiologically a depressant.

"Ten to fifteen years ago whisky was advocated in the treatment of diabetes. Experience has caused it to be abandoned for this purpose. There are a few physicians who advocate its use as a remedy for some specific diseases from time to time. However, the rule is that the physicians who insist on having whisky as a remedy are unable or unwilling to specify any disease for which it is a cure. It is a safe assumption that any claim that whisky is a cure for any specific disease will fade with experience, as similar claims for it in the cure of consumption, sepsis, snake-bite and diabetes have faded. The vague claims will be shown by experience to have no physiologic or clinical basis.

"There is no need of placing or retaining whisky, or other alcoholic beverages, in the list of remedies used by physicians. That is my judgment, at least."

The essence of humor is a warm, tender fellow-feeling with all forms of existence.

## A STAGGERING BLOW.

### JOE LONGTON MAKES SOME COMMENT.

By JOE LONGTON, Special Representative in America for the Sydney "Sportsman," for "Grit."

One of the latest to serve his apprenticeship to J. B. Korn during his meagre life in America under Prohibition is "bellyaching" around the world lamenting the fact that Prohibition made him a "lush."

This is the ilk that America describes as "the impossible," "the human degenerate," "the masculine weed," "the filthy rum-hound." I wonder how intelligent Australians view this type of "froth" or "dregs," as America also terms it. Do Australians have any more regard for an alcohol addict that Prohibition cannot prevent than an opium fiend who "crashes the gates" of narcotic laws, and then blames the laws for making him so? Is that type, and the type that the ministry kicks out, going to decide Australia's economic problems? America views such as being ever so much lower than a snake's stomach in a cart wheel rut. They may be boons to the "wets," but they're just ordinary baboons to the "drys," who do not worry about these barrel barnacles, because now it shan't be long before the civilised world breaks the bad news to "Bung": It is going "dry!" Prohibition is an epidemic.

A staggering blow has been dealt the "thirsty" Americans, down at the heels, out at the seat. The bulbous-nosed and gofy-eyed stomach brigade are nursing a mean hangover this morning. Mr. Herbert Hoover and Senator Curtis—both "bone-drys"—have secured the Presidency and Vice-Presidency nominations of the "dry" Republican Party which will bury the "wet" Democratic Party so deeply under a "dry" landslide next November that J. B. Korn will never know where to begin to dig to rescue their remains.

The Republican Party added insult to injury by adopting a "bone-dry" plank, and coming out flatfooted for Prohibition. America is putting "teeth" into its economic future, while Australia is putting "Tooth" in hers. My next article will deal with the nominees of the "wet" Democratic Party, whose thirsty adherents desire to drag America down to "the level of the beast" while the "dry" Republican Party—the cream of America—struggles to elevate national surroundings.

While Australia's "national fleas" have Australia scratching, the better element of Australia is becoming more confident. Australia's business men will tire of witnessing the national pay-roll going into "Bung's" till. They will realise that there is truth in the value of Prohibition, especially since the "dry" Republican Party of America has given Prohibitionists the greatest victory in history by making the "dry plank" an ad infinitum plank in the party.

Liver-hearted "wowers," some of which you have in Australia, did nothing towards accomplishing this, because America has no use for such a national menace. "Bung's" boycott is viewed in America as is a "leper with two broken legs trying to navigate on two broken crutches." America has "Bung" and his boycott in the position of "the man with two broken arms and a basketful of rotten eggs, battling the world." As soon as Australia ties tincans to its "wowers" Australia will get Prohibition also. On the top of all the staggering blows we are dealing the "wets" Australia's degenerated and perverted "wet" press is expecting Australians to believe that "Alcohol" Smith, who does business as Governor of New York, will carry the everlasting fragrance of Riordan's Livery Stable and the Fulton Fish Market into the White House in November. The Domain's soap-box orators and tub-thumpers employed by the United Licensed Viciousness Association to put the kibosh on the Alliance will have some tall explaining to do when the cables inform Australia that the "bone-drys," Hoover and Curtis, have been elected to the White House. Somebody will have to make them a new "cud." They are lingering along on an unbalanced ration. Prohibition is something Americans swear "by," not "at."

Since leaving Hartford, Connecticut, I have again journeyed through the Atlantic cities as far south as Washington, D.C., where a new addition has been erected to the Stuart Junior High School, built upon the site of a Washington Brewery and Beer Garden, and where the Fleischman Yeast Co. has taken over the largest brewery and given employment to over 150 men and women.

In Baltimore, Fred. Baurenschmidt's Brewery is the Lloyd E. Mitchell Plumbing, Heating, Electrical and Engineering Co., and the Monumental Auto. Works, Oursler's Used-Car Salerooms, Kenny's Wholesale Grocery and a Wholesale Radio and Electrical Appliance Co. The Globe Brewery

offices are the headquarters of the Boston Iron and Sheet Metal Co., who are about to convert the brewery into a plant employing 1000 workers.

In Brooklyn, New York, the largest Bed Mattress Co. in the State has taken over the Consumers (North American) Brewery at Montgomery-street and Rogers-avenue. It is the Burton-Dixie Mattress Corporation—the home of the "Way Sagless Mattress"—employing over 300 men and women. Wm. Holling's Auto. Refining Co. and the Enormous Arcade Laundry, employing over 100 men and women, are also in this Brewery.

In Newark, New Jersey, the Feiganspan P.O.N. (Pride of Newark) Beer Brewery is the largest Coal and Ice Co. in the city. The "P.O.N." slogan still stands, but it means Please Order Now. That is the new slogan. The largest free law school in the world is in the Ballantine Brewery at Rector and Ogden-streets, Newark, New Jersey. It is the New Jersey Law School—Free Legal Department. As I go on to the Great Lakes next week, we will have the conversions of northern New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio to throw into the "wets." After I get them Australia will have had the history of 90 per cent. of the American brewery conversions of every State in the Union. Ain't you glad "Bung"? Wait a while! Don't get too exuberant, as I am going to work upon the whisky distilleries next.

I have before me a letter from "Womens' Society." It condemns my attitude in defending the morals and dress of the girls and boys of this generation. It reads in part: "We inform them of what not to do."

I have replied. My reply reads in part: "I wonder where you mothers learned the things you tell your daughters not to do?"

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# A Personal Chat with my readers

## MY PERSONAL CHATS.

I am hopeful that among the thousands who read "Grit" there will be very many who will order a set of my 35 "personal chats" as published in various Sydney papers. These will cost you 4/-, and I will give with them a splendid reproduction of the famous "Light of the World" picture, with the words "You cannot vote for what you cannot pray for" embossed on it.

These "personal chats" were addressed to various sections of the community and to some individuals, and have, I think, a permanent value.

I am limiting the number to 1000, so I will be glad to have your order early.

\* \* \*

Did you ever realise that the Scriptures command us to be angry?

Our amiable tolerance of things that are wrong is often applauded as broad-mindedness, but it really is spiritual flabbiness.

Anger is necessary; its absence means indifference, and reveals an anaemic soul. No capacity for anger is one of the most disastrous human failings of to-day.

Indignation, real soul anger, has been the driving force behind every great movement for reform.

Indignation, anger at the cruelty displayed to the slaves gave birth to the great abolition movement.

Anger at social injustice has given us every scrap of amelioration that is now the common lot of industrialists.

Anger at tyranny has brought forth every effort for our greater liberty. Sweet tempered folk may be comfortable folk to live with, but they are not the little leaven that leavens the whole lump. While an even temper is often considered a virtue, it may really be as calamitous as soft steel.

A man or woman with a "temper of their own" is at least capable of doing things. They have a driving power within them. If God has His hand on the throttle valve of their temper all will be well, they will be angry and sin not.

Surely one may well be "mad" with the let-well-alone spirit so common to-day.

I have just been reading a Sydney church paper that has no reference whatever to the fight to free the drink slaves. It made me hot through and through. I don't want to meet with those who run such a lifeless, spiritless, jellyfish paper.

We don't want a quiet day for the clergy—we want an earthquake day, from which men will go out with a knotted scourge and cleanse the church from those who are so blind, so insensible and so callous that they care not that a cruel business is damning more souls than they are saving.

\* \* \*

## UNSEEN AND UNSUNG.

Most of us crave a little recognition. We respond to the stimulus of a little appliance and often despair if we remain "unseen and unsung."

This like many other so-called natural appetites is often our undoing.

Why fret you at your work because The deaf world does not hear and praise? Were it so bad, O workman true, To work in silence all your days?

I hear the traffic in the street,  
But not the white world's o'er the town;  
I heard the gun at sunset roar,  
I did not hear the sun go down.

Are work and workmen greater when  
The trumpet blows their fame abroad?  
Nowhere on earth is found the man  
Who works as silently as God!

\* \* \*

## WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE DIE?

We have been trained to look sad and express sincere sorrow when our friends die. We call it a pity, a shame, a mystery, even a calamity.

The fact is we don't die.

Our bodies die, but we, ourselves, don't die.

Just as a beautiful moth emerges from the chrysalis, leaving its former shelter and useless covering behind, so we lay aside or leave behind the body that we no longer have use for and go out into the freedom, freshness and largeness of another life.

People don't like talking about death; they say it is gruesome, dreadful and morbid. That is true if you are a pagan. If, on the other hand, you are a Christian you know and are sure that He who left the grave triumphantly has gone to prepare a place for us. A place is ready. He will be there to meet us.

We don't go out into the dark, but into the light; we don't end our days, we really begin endless days; we are not put to rest in a narrow grave, but rise to vast activity in a sphere immeasurably enlarged. Let us look up and look forward.

# GRIT

A JOURNAL OF  
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY  
AND PROHIBITION.

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

Editor: ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.  
Office: Room 712, 160 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.  
Phone: MA1355.  
Postal Address: Box 390F, G.P.O., Sydney.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, SEPT. 20, 1928.

## WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

"Grit" with a circulation of 50,000 a week is not a dream, it is easily a possibility. At present "Grit" is a pinprick, when it should be a death-dealing sword.

When a horse shies at something on the road, a wise horseman leads him gently but firmly up to the thing that he was frightened of, and the snorting, trembling and fear all cease as the animal senses that after all there was nothing whatever to be afraid of.

N.S.W. shied at Prohibition with compensation, and I am not a bit surprised; but there was no more reason for fear than when the horse shied at a piece of paper by the roadside.

The next referendum is to be won this year.

The next battle will be in Parliament, when we will demand fair terms for the next fight between the self-interested monopoly and the public good.

The organising of 360,000 voters is a great task, and must be done at once if it is to be done at all.

Yesterday is but a Dream,  
And To-morrow is only a Vision;  
But To-day well lived  
Makes every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness,  
And every To-morrow a Vision of Hope.  
Look well, therefore, to this Day.

The Editor

MUSINGS OF A REBEL.

ECHOES FROM THE REFERENDUM FIGHT.

By LONE HAND.

In a maze. So the campaign leaves one. A maze of dust, sackcloth, ashes. Why pretend! Did not the people's verdict strike like angina pectoris, dreaded breast-pang, all the faithful company who these years have fought, as with beasts at Ephesus? And the managerie has won.

\* \* \*

SPONGE-HOLDING.

It won, for this while, did the Dragon, and St. George has retired to bandage wounds, pray, recuperate, and grind a keener edge on the blunted sword. Brewery shares are still considered better investments, better than ever, for those who do not mind their money smelling. The press, "Herald," "Beckett's" and the others, are enjoying a well-earned rest. Soothing on dragons, even good advertising customers like this brand of scaly horrors, must be a weary job. For it were impossible to be sponge-holder to those monsters without even the tough stomach of a journalist going aheave, for the dragon is not pretty to look at. Not though his scales are solid-gold.

\* \* \*

FLAPDOODLE.

Bluffed! Hoaxed. Leg-pulled. Imposture and guile, the most gigantic—this has been worked off on the voters of this State. To the philosopher an amazing spectacle, that millions of people have been gulled and hypnotised by lavish advertising and cunning scare ups to believe that we cannot afford to go sober! That national sobriety would be ruinous, that the cost would be suicidal, that America is rotten with crime, that God and the Bible are pro-Bacchus—such things the voters swallowed, hook, line and sinker. Fiction was not only stranger than truth, but a whole lot more palatable. "Propaganda," what crimes are committed in thy name! A press-bureau, ten thousand posters, clever ad-writers, join these to a-plenty cash, and the dear voter will believe just anything—for a while.

\* \* \*

CRAPE-HANGING.

It is like Alice in Wonderland. "So the Dragon won," and the nation-wide Bluff. Let us look at causes other, causes within. One cause out of legion, for example, one B. S. Stevens, the Honorable B.S.S. A Methodist local preacher he, and a Prohibitionist. What a shrewd blow then struck Stevens, when, as Assistant Treasurer, came his announcement, at the eleventh hour, of that dim portent, Taxation! An earnest, sincere man is the Honorable Stevens. But no optimist. God help us, why, during the campaign, did we hear no clear trumpet voice from Stevens? Why did he reserve to the eve of voting his gloomy, lachrymose pro-

nouncement, croakings of woe? Its accuracy we do not admit, not for one instant, while yet we render the young, so tractable, Minister tribute for good faith and conservatism of judgment. A good, true man. But O, what dirge-notes, what labored sentences, what fearfulness, what desperate pessimism, and to keep these muzzled till the very hour of battle! A friend of Prohibition without doubt is Stevens, a Timothy of blameless life and faith. But save us from our friends. Not in Bunyan alone is Mr. Timorous, who saw lions, not the Delectable Land.

\* \* \*

SOUR-FACE.

The Wowser has become a national figure. He is a type as recognisable by the public as Mrs. Gamp, Pickwick, Falstaff, Hamlet, the Jumping Frog, or Lady Godiva. What curse has fallen on our House that we have become identified in the popular mind with—what? Saint George, or Arthur with Excalibur a-gleam, or ruddy David, red-blooded "He-Men," as the movies say? Not so, but the Prohibition symbol is a callow-faced, cock-eyed, whiskered frost, with stove-pipe hat and baggy garments . . . killer of mirth, hero of dyspepsia—the Wowser. Most of us would the sooner spend hell with the jovial tippler than heaven with the Reverend Ebenezer Killjoy. But the public won't believe us when we say so. We have got to find the reason why. And we must smite Wowserism hip and thigh, chase it into committee rooms, crush it if necessary between the very covers of a hymn book. For who shall blame the voters of sunny, gay Australia if they despise this lorn nightmare which lives on weak tea and liver pill?

\* \* \*

BY YOUR LEAVE.

A heretic among us! Possibly. Or the abhorred, candid friend. The writer will claim no other merit than such candor as a perplexed editor may give room to express. Do not blame the editor, who suffers fools gladly. Suffer one to whisper here something about delicate matters, where Angels fear to tread in rubber shoes. Take an Alliance meeting, for example . . . for which one asks a halt, an invocation for courage, a fresh paragraph, and a brazen nib.

\* \* \*

MORE AIR.

An Alliance meeting is a vestry meeting, a semi-religious meeting, with a hush-hush air. It has of prayers and benedictions a liberal sprinkling. Also of clergy and half-clergy, and the restraints, inhibitions and conventional "goodness" familiar to the sewing circle. Members are prone to be dyed with the vague fervor of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, late of Exeter Hall, deceased. But the Alliance should not be the executors of

those worthies. And its platform should be wider, broader, such as indeed could accommodate Jew, Parthian, Cappadocian, Atheist bookmaker, rich man, poor man, beggar-man Bohemian, Mrs. Grundy, Rahab, parson, right down to plumber. The programme is emphatically just one thing—war on beverage alcohol, naught else. What has this body to do with Sankey, pietism, cant or even evangelical religion? Honor to appropriateness. We are for a campaign against an economical

(Continued on page 12.)

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**GOVERNMENT CONTROL IN QUEBEC.**

The Sixth Annual Report of the Quebec Liquor Commission, covering the period from May 1, 1926, to April 30, 1927, has just been released. It is a most interesting production and should be carefully studied by all who are interested in the subject of Alcoholism.

**OUTSTANDING FEATURES.**

**Sales.**—The total sales of spirits and wines for the year were 22,425,136 dols.—an increase of 3,496,837 dols. over the previous year, or over 17 per cent.

The total value of beer produced by brewers — imported and exported, was 19,550,905 dols.—an increase of 1,491,351 dols. or 12 per cent.

The combined sales of the Liquor Commission and the brewers were 41,976,041 dols.—an increase of 5,388,188 dols. or more than 14 per cent.

In six years the combined sales of the Commission and the brewers have increased from 30,263,620 dols. to 41,976,041 dols. or 11,713,421 dols.—an increase of more than 38 per cent.

**Quantities.**—The number of gallons of beer produced was 26,924,497—an increase of 1,500,000 gallons.

The number of gallons of Industrial Alcohol sold was 355,294—an increase of 44,694 gallons.

For some unknown reason the Report fails to show the quantities of spirits and wines sold.

Liquor Commission Stores. Where wines and spirits in sealed parcels are sold, have increased from 91 to 96. In six years the stores have increased by 32, or 50 per cent.

Municipalities with permits or licenses, now number 285—an increase of 8. Those without permits number 1052.

Before Government Control there were only ninety wet municipalities. These have increased by over 300 per cent. in six years.

Total Permits issued were 2973—an increase of 204. In 1922 the permits numbered 1861. The increase in six years is about 60 per cent.

Distribution of Permits for 1926-27 is as follows: Hotels, 561—an increase of 38. Taverns, 603—an increase of 14. Restaurants, 91—an increase of 16. Beer Stores, 1468—an increase of 128. Breweries, 10 (five in Quebec and five in Ontario). The remaining permits are given to clubs, steamboats, dining cars, etc.

Complaints received by Commission regarding violation of the law number 8146—an increase of 66.

Investigations and cases completed, 8813—an increase of 2436.

Prosecutions taken, 3036—an increase of 319.

Persons condemned to imprisonment, 1655—a decrease of 68.

Convictions for fines, 696—an increase of 118.

Seizures, 2550—an increase of 663.

Still investigated and seized, 186—an increase of 154, or more than 500 per cent.

its feet were questions of beer, land or women. The moment they were raised "the old fellows rolled in hundreds." They knew something about land, drink and women, she declared.

**MAN—NOT ANIMAL.  
Master—Not Slave.**

Don't work because you must—or do just as little as you dare. Trained animals do this. You're something better than a trained monkey or a performing seal. You shouldn't require a keeper or a supervisor all the time, like these do.

The trouble is you're too apt to regard yourself as a slave—of your work—instead of master of it. You jump for freedom the minute the bell rings. You create your own slavery and remain in it all your life.

Spend a few extra minutes at your job—put a little extra effort into it—just to prove YOU'RE the boss—and the job's yours to do as you will with.

**LET ME DO IT!**

**WHY? Because I am trained to do it; it is my business.**

**I can save your time and increase your business.**

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I send free with these "Chats" a 24 x 10 half-tone enlargement of the "Light of the World," with the caption, "You cannot vote for what you cannot pray for" embossed on it.

Name .....

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**LADY ASTOR ASSAILS BRITISH  
"BEER BARONS."**

**TELLS GLASGOW AUDIENCE HOUSE OF LORDS KNOWS CHIEFLY ABOUT  
"LAND, DRINK AND WOMEN."**

"Beer barons and whisky lords" in the House of Lords and "ticket-of-leave men from the drink trade," who, she said, were to be found working against Prohibition throughout the country, received a severe, if only verbal, castigation from Lady Astor, member of Parliament, in a speech in Glasgow recently.

The whole of Scotland, she said, was inundated with "gallant young men and earnest old ones" who came from England to defend the liberty of Scotch workmen.

"We know them in my constituency, Plymouth," she asserted. "They call themselves 'Imperial Conservatives.' We call them 'imperial pints.'"

Lady Astor said she had been threatened and called an alien foreigner who was working against the Empire; but she did not, except on rare occasions like this, call her opponents what they were, "ticket-of-leave men from the drink trade."

In a tilt at the House of Lords Lady Astor said the Upper Chamber contained "a great many beer barons and whisky lords." The questions which really brought the Lords to

**FULFILLING A DREAM.**

Aviator: "Wan'na fly?"  
Young Thing: "Ooo-o-oh, yeh!"  
Aviator: "Wait. I'll catch one for you."

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

### THE GREATEST PEOPLE.

"Who are the twelve greatest men or women now living? To answer this question, the 'New York American' has appointed a committee of ten men, all Americans, including five college professors, one episcopal bishop, one United States senator, one editor, one author, and one literary critic—four of whom prefer to remain anonymous," says the "Daily Telegraph" New York correspondent.

"The twelve immortals, as selected by this committee, are as follow, the number of votes received by each being shown after the name: Mr. T. A. Edison (9), Signor Mussolini (7), Prof. Albert Einstein (6), Mr. G. B. Shaw (5), Mr. Henry Ford (5), M. Paderewski (5), Mr. Rudyard Kipling (5), Madame Curie (4), M. Clemenceau (4), Miss Jane Addams (4), Mr. Orville Wright (4), Senatore Marconi (3)."

There are many interesting things about these great people. First, none of them were born rich as far as money is concerned.

They are all total abstainers except three. Edison started by selling newspapers. All of them had more kicks than anything else, and some of them get a good deal of nastiness even now.

There is not much fun in being great.

Great people have about as much privacy as a gold fish in a bowl. They are bound to make enemies of those who are jealous, stupid, incompetent or for political purposes. The standard of Christian greatness you will remember is not the one with the most servants, but who renders the most service. You can start in and be great to-day.

UNCLE B.

### OUR LETTER BAG.

#### NOW AN HON. NE.

Don Weaver, "Weaver's," via Windsor, writes: I have attained the age of seventeen, and am now an honorary Ne. It is not without a deep feeling of regret that I relinquish my claims in the old page. But, never mind, I am not gone altogether, and I will make my annual epistle so large that "Grit" will groan under the weight. Now, Uncle, re the Go-Getters' Club. The idea of the club originates from one fundamental fact—"We are going to get Prohibition." Our object is to promote and encourage literary and oratorical genius amongst Australia's younger set. These are two of the largest factors in the legislative world to-day; that is why we are going to foster them in view of gaining our purpose. Mr. Longton appointed me as organiser of the club, and I am simply eaten up with anxiety to start. I have everything worked out to

the most minute point. But I (or, rather, we) must curb our impatience until after the referendum. You have a very strong body of young workers behind you, Uncle. We are circulating "Grit" in every corner. We are giving Prohibition publicity—that is what it needs—to be the "boom," the fashion, so that that small margin of non-thinking public which holds the balance of power, and is so domineering in the world of economics to-day will fanatically support Prohibition. Then realise the good they have done afterwards—when it becomes apparent to all on a f s. d. basis that Prohibition spells social and industrial refinement. My views regarding Prohibition get me into hot water almost every day, but I'm not afraid of my convictions, and there is some satisfaction in finding opposition. I am making a paper-chase with "Grit" wherever I go, and I am not alone, Uncle; I have had letters from Miss Amy Williams (the Club's Victorian Secretary), Miss Phair and other Go-Getters, and they are all doing good work. Remember you've got an enormous army of Go-Getters behind you, waiting, anxious to show their mettle. The Go-Getters' slogan is: "There is no defeat in failure; it is merely a victory postponed."

(Dear Don,—Your letter is fine. It is a comfort to have so many splendid young friends who are going to train to win the battle yet to come. I am now President of the Band of Hope, and will be out forming Bands everywhere possible, so you may expect to hear from me soon.—Uncle B.)

#### A STORY.

Mary Williams, Forge Creek, via Bairnsdale, writes: Mr. Wale, our young Methodist preacher, told us a beautiful story on Sunday, and I shall tell you it. Once upon a time there was a Prince who lived in Persia. His father was the King at that time. Now the Prince was going to be King when his father died. This Prince was very fond of horses. One day, when he was taking them down to water, he saw a very handsome fellow coming along the road, and the man said, "Good morning. Have you slept well?" This man remarked to the Prince, "Those are fine horses you have." So the Prince thought he must be a good chap. The Prince asked, "Where are you going?" "I am not going anywhere, especially," was the reply. So the Prince said, "Come down with me." On their way down the man said to the Prince, "You are the King's son, are you not?" "Yes, but how do you know?" said the Prince. "I knew," said the man. "Well," said the man, "do you want to be king?" "Yes." "Well," said the man, "Why don't you kill your

father?" "No! I could not do that," cried the Prince. The strange man kept on talking, till at last the Prince said he would agree; so the man helped the Prince to do it. When the Prince started to rule, as King, the people thought it was strange that the father died so suddenly. The man was helping the King to rule wickedly and to steal other people's land. One day the man said, "I must leave now, but I must do something before I leave." When the day came he told the King to throw off his cloak, when he kissed him on the middle of the back, and went right away. The spot where the man kissed him became sore, and big things started to grow out of his back, so that he could not get his cloak on. When the people found out what he had done, they would not have him as a ruler. This King had to go away and hide so no one could see him until he died. Then he discovered that the man who was with him was Satan, and Satan had left his mark on him for ever.

(Dear Mary,—Thank you for telling us that story. There is no doubt that if we do wrong it leaves a mark. Often we can't see the mark. Like the Prince the mark is where everyone else can see it.—Uncle B.)

#### A NEW NE.

Lockhart Aitken, 63 Marion-street, Leichhardt, writes: I will be very pleased if you will accept me as one of your family. Seeing so many letters in "Grit" makes me feel that I would like mine in, too. At present I am twelve years old, being thirteen next February 6. I am in 6A class at school, and am going for the permit to enrol this year. Since the last Christmas holidays building operations have been in progress at our school. I collect match brands and stamps. I also like playing cricket, and I am going to be scorer for my father's team this season. I can swim and dive, and will be very glad when we can go down from school to the baths on a Monday afternoon, four teachers being in charge.

(Dear Lockhart,—I am pleased to have you join my family. You must tell us how your father's team gets along. I am inclined to think you had better let some old chap score and you go and join a team and qualify to take your father's place in his team later on.—Uncle B.)

#### FOLLOWING MOTHER.

Ethel Norman, Bruceedale, via Wagga, writes: The crops around Wagga are looking lovely and green, but we need rain. The ground is getting too hard to fallow. The Wagga annual show was held last week. It was fine weather, and there was a record crowd on the show ground. On the second day there were 19,000 people there. Mum won two prizes in cooking and I won one prize in cooking, so we didn't do too bad, did we? There were side shows in galore on the show ground. I only went into one

(Continued on page 13).

# IT'S A REVELATION!

## HOW MONEY GROWS

1/-	deposited weekly will in 3 years amount to	£8	4	0
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3½ per cent. on any excess to £1000.



### Musings of a Rebel—

(Continued from page 9.)

and social leper called Booze. That is the sole common denominator of us, naught else. Let the Grundys, and plumbers, and parsons and Moodys have their own proper meetings; an' they will. But over the Alliance doors might be nailed but two emblems—a horseshoe and a broken bottle. Is it phantasy that sees there a hymn book, a coal scuttle bonnet, a white tie, elastic-side boots, and the score of "Rescue the Perishing"? Better a cricket bat, or the Government Gazette. He who writes is a Methodist officer of the seed of Abraham, Wesley, and penitent-form strategy. But he yearns for things-in-their-place. The battle is the Lord's. But we are not to scream that. Our formulas are wholly non-religious, say the Statistical Register or Harvey Sutton's tract on the Ganglionic and Idiopathic Neuroses of the Inebriate. Does one make himself plain? It is hard for a writer, as it were Smart-Alecish, to indicate to better folk than himself that yet their shibboleths are unbearable to the vulgar, and will unutterably damn any referendum hopes.

### THE HUMAN VOTER.

All referendums seem to yield the harvest of "No." The betting is 3 to 1 that our best ballot paper would read, "Should the liquor trade be permitted to exist?—Yes or No." The result would be heartening. For the average voter is conservative. He just joys to say "No." It gives exhilaration to sign up in the negative square. Indistinctly he conceives that the politicians, or summun, are trying to get something out of John Voter, which slick effort he can defeat by a blue cross in the bottom square. Human nature is that way. It is called also cussedness. You and I are never cussed, but that other fellow is. . . . That and the belief, bolstered up by highly-paid and technically-trained birds, that Prohibition would cost him and his grand-children five bob a week for eternity (all for "a fad"), and Old Nick himself could not expect any better result than

the 1928 vote. It will always be like that, and we must think out a more excellent way.

\* \* \*

### STAMPEDED.

The very school children were got at. In my suburb (which is a long way from Surry Hills) the small urchins (of prosperous homes) were defacing the walls with "Of Prohibition beware," etc., in red and white chalk. Their pas and mas had read the posters and communicated the suburban tremor to Maud and Harry over the tea-table. What with "Crime in America, Hold on to Liberty, Search-warrants in the Home, Enormous Debts, Impossibility to Enforce, and Al Smith's oration, all convincingly dressed for consumption, I own I was nearly hypnotised myself. Me, Wowserus violentissimus! Such propaganda will always beat us, till we get the money and the men to pay for and to compose the antidote. Vox populi or vox asini?

\* \* \*

### ASUNDER.

Our forces were divided. Archdeacon Boyce, a trusted figure, had retired into his tent, somewhat heavy with years and disgruntled by Compensation, which to him is the sin of Korah and Abrathar. The Alliance itself was headed by Rev. H. C. Foreman, a solid, resolute figure, learned, respected, loyal, untiring. To him at his christening brought the fairies all gifts but one, that of fiery leadership. The hour struck, but where the Man? He indeed was found, but outside the gate. Hammond was made to be our coeur-de-lion of the lists. But (what a but!) not clothed with official leadership, embarrassed by want of men and means, confused by the plans of his very allies, he fought a lone hand to the death. Like a stag on whom the pack have fastened, he stood gallantly at bay. To change the simile, he entered the arena a picturesque, solitary, dauntless gladiator to fight the beasts, while too many of us sat on safe benches, giving limp applause. The pack bayed and tore; it was the beasts' hour, their little hour of triumph. Yet consider the amphitheatre of Ephesus is in ruins

now, the Carnivora are vanished, the Cross remains.

"What's now, leave Time for dogs and apes, Man has For Ever."

The future is ours. Some of us will live to recount with pride that once we knew Hammond, even shook hands with him, and passed the time of day. And anon perhaps it will be given to the Alliance to seek a place for repentance for that, in the crisis of Trafalgar, it called not its Nelson to the helm.

### BENEFITS OF NO-LICENSE.

At the Council meetings of the B.W.T.A., at Aberdeen, Scotland, it was stated that Lerwick Prison was practically closed. Writing in February, Mrs. Willcock said that no woman had been in it for a year, and the inspector for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children again reported that, with the exception of one or two instances of careless neglect, there was nothing for him to report, and this result he distinctly ascribed to Lerwick being "dry." The great gain was that, after seven years of No-License, a generation of young people was growing up to whom a bar was unknown. Of course, drink could still be had by wholesale orders, by post, or by shebeening. Still the change was marvellous, and their thanksgiving was great.

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AND THEY ALL SMILED.

**OLD SONG, NEW TUNE.**

Fuller Gloom says: "You hardly know these days when you hear a woman telling about having nothing to wear, whether she is boasting or complaining."

\* \* \*

**REASONABLE OFFER.**

Lost—Will the gentleman that took my tan trousers from the seat of my coupe Saturday morning either sell me back the pants or buy the coat. They both together make a good-looking suit. Invidually they are not so hot. No questions asked if they are returned.

\* \* \*

**ALL LIT UP.**

Having been told that it was electricity that made his mother's hair snap when she combed it, Johnny bragged to a visitor: "We're a wonderful family, mother has electricity on her hair and grandma has gas on her stomach."

\* \* \*

**MAGIC MOMENT.**

"How are you?"  
 "Very ill—I have just been to the doctor because my memory is going."  
 "Um—by the way—could you lend me a fiver?"

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Maid: "The furniture man is here."  
 Mistress: "I'll see him in a minute. Tell him to take a chair."  
 Maid: "I did, but he said he would start with the piano and radio!"

\* \* \*

**TOP STORY VACANT.**

He: "A month ago my wife left me without any reason."  
 She: "I felt sure some one had left you without it."

\* \* \*

**LOST ART.**

The Guide: "Yes, it must be over a thousand years old. You can take it from me they don't build such ancient castles nowadays."

\* \* \*

**NOT IN HIS CLASS.**

Judge: "Speeding, eh? How many times have you been before me?"  
 Speeder: "Never, your Honor. I've tried to pass you on the road once or twice, but my bus will do only fifty-five."

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**Seven to Seventeen—**

(Continued from page 11.)

side show. The ring events were very good this year, specially the grand parade.

(Dear Ethel,—You did well at the show to win a prize for cooking. Can you do it as well as mother does? I must come out and sample some of your efforts some day.—Uncle B.)

Una Waters, Holly Road, Burradoo, writes: I received the "Grits" safely, and I am distributing them about the district. Father has given me five shillings to send to you to get the "Grits" printed. I saw my letter in "Grit," and am very glad I am helping you with your work. We are back at school again, and are working hard for the yearly exam., so that we may pass and go into Sixth Class. We have a new player piano, and have some very beautiful rolls. We have ten beautiful rolls.

(Dear Una,—You will be surprised to see your letter after my having it for such a long time, but, alas, in August I had to leave many, many letters unanswered, and things became very higgledy-piggledy.—Uncle B.)

**CAN'T UNDERSTAND.**

Allan W. Power writes: I would like very much to join your list of Ne's, a Christian Endeavorer of your Church having advised me to do so. I belong to the Glebe Methodist Church Christian Endeavor Society, and you have probably seen me before. I'm the boy who sat on your lorry when you were making a speech in Macquarie Place. I was the boy without the messenger's uniform. There were two of us sitting on the side of your 'bus, you remember, and the other lad was a messenger. He said to me, "I can't be bothered standing." You probably heard him, didn't you? I know that Scotch gentleman who fixes up the "Grits" pretty well, but I don't know his name. I wish you'd tell me it. Ask him if he remembers the boy whom he met outside your house looking for the Rev. Mr. MacGowan, and who sat beside him at the refreshment table at the time when the St. Barnabas' Endeavorers went to visit the Glebe Methodist Church Christian Endeavorers, and who refused to have any tea, and had milk instead. I can't understand why a Prohibitionist like him should drink so much tea. I have no inclination for it myself. It's neither soup, cereal, soft drink nor anything else, and I wouldn't give a button for all the tea in China. I am 15 years old, and was born on March the 2nd, 1913.

(Dear Allan,—I am so sorry your letter was overlooked, but I promise to take more care of your next one. I remember you well. You must ask Scotty why he drinks so much tea. You know we ought to drink at least six cups of water every day. Our bodies need that much. When you tumble out of bed, tumble on your knees; then after you have talked with God have a big cup of water.—Uncle B.)

**PASS "GRIT" ON**

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## DAILY INSPIRATION.

By FAIRELIE THORNTON.

### SUNDAY.

"There is one God and one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus."—1 Tim., 2, 5.

Pity the heathen, Lord, who bow to images instead of Thee.

That Thou art here in Spirit now, open their eyes and let them see,

Not in the fruit, nor in the vine, not in the bread, nor in the wine;

By Thee alone our SOULS are fed, not by the wine, nor by the bread.

Pity the heathen here to-day who grope in darkness of the night;

Who catch but a dim glimmering ray of truth from Thee of life the LIGHT.

Show them the One great Sacrifice, doth once for all for sin suffice,

That Thou art our High Priest, alone, and only can for sin atone.

Pity the heathen whose poor minds still grope in errors of the past,

Draw up, O Lord, the long closed blinds, break Thou the spell that holds them fast,

And let the sunshine, free to all, of Thy great light upon them fall;

Dispel the darkness of the night: speak once again, "Let there be light!"

Long since in ages past men groped to find the true and only way,

In images they vainly hoped to find Thyself, but went astray;

No peace of mind by rites they gained, no rest from sin by man obtained.

O let not this enlightened age turn back again to that dark page!

Pity the heathen in their pride who would to earth's poor mortals give

The homage Thou and Thou alone art ever worthy to receive.

Now rent in twain the veil between, no human Priest to intervene,

Thou ever liv'st for us to plead; we need none else to intercede.

Lighten our darkness, Lord, we pray, let no false doctrine dim our sight,

Let the full glory of the ray which from Thy Word will lead us right,

Be pondered well by all until it doth with light our spirits fill.

Open our eyes that we may see Thyself, and worship ONLY THEE!

### MONDAY.

"The children of Judah prevailed because they relied upon the Lord God of their fathers."—2 Chron., 13, 18.

All our failures in the Christian life arise from want of faith. We rely too much on our own efforts. Want of trust is grievous in God's sight. Of one city it was said, "He did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief." God cannot work where unbelief exists. "According to your faith, be it unto you," is His rule. We can carry on no business with human agents without trust. No friendship can exist without it. Surely He who is more trustworthy than any human being has a right to ask this of us. Faith is the link connecting the soul to God, and without that link the chain is sundered. "Judah prevailed against their enemies which were so much stronger than they, because they relied on the Lord God of their fathers." And the Lord gave them rest from war for ten years, after which a great host of a thousand thousand came against them. But "Asa cried unto the Lord his God and said, Lord, it is nothing with Thee to help, whether with many or few, that have no power; help us, O Lord our God, for we rest on Thee, and in Thy Name we go against this multitude O Lord, Thou art

our God, let not man prevail against us." That prayer of course was answered.

### TUESDAY.

"If ye will not believe surely ye shall not be established."—Isa., 7, 9.

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

"All things are possible to him that believeth."—Mark, 9, 29.

"The word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it."—Heb., 4, 2.

"We walk by faith, not by sight."—2 Cor., 5, 7.

"Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe."—Prov., 29, 25.

### WEDNESDAY.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee because he trusteth in Thee."

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee":

Is this Thy message, O Master, and is it meant for me?

Peace? when my heart is troubled, and life's worries never cease,

When the storms are fiercely raging wilt Thou speak Thy word of peace?

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace—Thy ways are ways of peace,

And when we stay our souls on Thee, all strife and struggling cease.

If I have not Thy perfect peace the fault is not in Thee,

Just in proportion to my trust my peace of mind will be."

### THURSDAY.

"The Prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me."—John, 14, 30.

"The whole world lieth in wickedness."—1 John, 5, 19.

"The god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not."—2 Cor., 4, 4.

"Satan which deceiveth the whole world . . . he was cast out of the earth and his angels were cast out with him."—Rev., 2, 9.

"Evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived."—2 Tim., 3, 13.

### FRIDAY.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate, for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat, because strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life and few there be that find it."—Matt., 7, 13, 14.

The broad way is always thronged with the crowd. A crowd follows a crowd, madly, unthinkingly. "Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat." One of the commands of God by Moses was "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil." He knew how easy it was to follow a multitude, how few dare to be singular, or to be in the minority. So few think for themselves. Many read nothing but the newspapers; which print nothing but what pays. Jesus knew this when He said that narrow is the way that leadeth to life and few there be that find it. This world, we are told, lieth in wickedness. The god of this world we are again told is Satan, the agent of all evil. Not until the end comes will he be cast out. Can we wonder then that any great reform in this world never takes place without him stirring up all his forces against it? "Evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse as the end draws near. The great Deceiver goes forth to war

against all good, seeing that his time is short. The millennium is not going to be evolved out of the present forces of evil. "Nevertheless we look for a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." Let us not then give over fighting for the good which shall eventually triumph. "The triumphing of the wicked is short."

### SATURDAY.

"Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil."—Eccles., 8, 11.

"I have seen the wicked in great power and spreading himself like a green bay tree,

(Continued on page 16.)

JUST ARRIVED!

### "THE SOUTHERN CROSS."

New consignment of this book of poems by Fairelie Thornton, 1/6; also "THE OTHER SIDE." Poems of comfort and "SUNSET GLEAMS," 2/6. The three books sent with one packet of six "Kindly Greeting" Cards for 10/-. Post free from Wm. Tyas, 553 George-street, Sydney, or other religious bookseller.

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## THE BUSINESS GIRLS' BIBLE CLASS.

By OLIVE BECKE.

It seems hardly credible that we should have celebrated our fourth anniversary! Yet on 30th August in St. Phillip's Hall we had a packed meeting of over four hundred of our girls, with their parents and friends. We were indeed favored to have as chairman Mr. W. Bradley, and Canon Begbie to lead the community singing. Of course there was a birthday tea, followed by what is ever aimed at in these meetings—a spiritual uplift, and a deepening of the sense of fellowship with the Master Whom these girls love and serve so faithfully.

The meeting was unique from beginning to end, especially considering the girls themselves were the speakers. To hear their testimonies was a veritable benediction. One after another told what such a class had meant to her, what an important factor Mrs. Begbie's Bible expositions had been in their lives, what the fellowship and friendship of the class had done for them, how their missionary interest had been aroused inasmuch that three missionaries had been influenced to offer for the work, while others were in training.

It was also stated that a Bible woman in Africa was being supported by the members. And yet again the girls spoke of the midday meetings on Fridays, of the gatherings in the various homes on Saturdays, of the groups who were wont to meet in quiet places and in business offices for prayer, of hospital

visitation, of souls won for Christ during these visits.

Others told how curiosity had drawn them to the class at first, and how the Lord Jesus had met them there, and light and love and power and realisation had resulted. An erst-while theosophist told of the change in her life since the great revelation had come to her.

Recitations with a message, solos telling of the forgiveness of the world's Pardoner, and some helpful words from Mrs. Begbie brought this wonderfully happy, wonderfully inspiring, wonderfully uplifting meeting to a close. And, yet, not to a close, for its influence will continue to mould the lives of these girls, will continue to materialise till others are affected will continue as a significant vital force in the lives of the business girls of Sydney.

If any mother should read this report, and feel desirous that her daughter might partake of these spiritual feasts, if any girl should wish to see for herself just what these meetings stand for, a letter sent to myself, Spring-st., Waverley, will meet with a ready response and welcome invitation.

God is in this movement, and in His strength alone the helpless carry on, feeling it an honor to be co-workers with Him Who has called them to a service so wonderful, so encouraging, so blessed.

### A WEIGHTY PRONOUNCEMENT.

From report of last Lambeth Conference attended by 250 Bishops from all parts of the world:

"That an enormous amount of loss in efficiency in the industrial world, and of injury and suffering in our social life, is caused by drink is proved by an overwhelming amount of evidence. To this we earnestly call attention. Immediate and adequate action is required. . . Representatives from the United States offer ample evidence that this policy has already resulted in a marked decrease in the population of penal and charitable institutions, in the number of cases coming before the police and criminal Courts, and in the demand upon rescue work. There is also an improvement in economic and industrial conditions, and, above all, in the stability of the home, the integrity of the family, and the welfare of children."

**PASS "GRIT" ON.**

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### A CONVINCING ARGUMENT.

It did not need a doctor to tell them that when they wanted a driver to drive a fast train they did not offer him alcohol; the same thing applied to a chauffeur; nor when on board ship, in a difficult channel, did they give the helmsman alcohol. That was the testimony of people who were not abstainers, and was the most convincing argument they could have.—Sir Thomas Barlow, M.D.

### MEDICAL MEN AND ALCOHOL.

In declaring the Edinburgh Scottish Temperance Alliance Bazaar open, on 27th April, Dr. Mary Macnicol said she represented that large and rapidly increasing number of medical men and women who had come to look upon alcohol as a very much over-rated drug—a drug the reputation of which in the past had been founded largely on a misconception as to its action and the use of which was very much limited in medicine and therapeutics. Their belief was founded on scientific research and absolute knowledge. The refuge of those people who took alcohol because a medical man had prescribed it for them many years before was gradually being undermined. Fewer and fewer doctors were ordering alcohol as a medicine. Alcohol by its action on the brain was the enemy of efficiency of scientific accuracy, of responsible judgment, and of self-control. They should get that fact into the heads of the rising generation.

### Father and Son Welfare Movement

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Daily Inspiration—

(Continued from page 14.)

yet he passed away; yea, I sought him, and he could not be found." Many a time has evil triumphed and seemed to gain the upper hand, the faithful few have ever been in the minority and have had to face the fire rather than bow with the crowd to the idols set up. The Daniels have had to encounter the lions, the Elijahs have had but few followers compared with the worshippers of Baal, and the followers of Jesus have still to face the rage of hostile foes. Priest and Levite still stalk the streets and proclaim their sanctimoniousness. Satan still assumes a garment of light and poses as a benefactor of the race and even as an Apostle of the Most High, but in every age he is the great deceiver, drawing the crowd.

Not in trappings of the great,  
 Not in royal robes of state,  
 Did our Lord and Master ride.  
 Far above all earthly things  
 Dwelt the holy King of kings,  
 Spurning earthly pride.

He who would His Master follow  
 Turns from earth's applause, so hollow,  
 Treading lowly ways.  
 For the humble ones He chooses  
 He who earthly gain refuses,  
 And His rule obeys.

For the pomp by man so prized  
 Finds no favor in His eyes;  
 All earth's vanity  
 Looks to Him so mean and small  
 Who is Lord and King of all.  
 Such He passes by.

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