

Spirit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION.

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DAILY TELEGRAPH PICTORIAL
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ONE PENNY

SIX MILES A MINUTE!
What British 'Planes Will Do
SELECTING A PILOT
(“Pictorial” Special Service.)
LONDON, Sunday.
For the next Schneider Cup race, the Air Ministry is constructing new supermarines, which, it is expected, will reach a speed of six miles a minute.
It is believed that the coming attempt on the air record will provide data making this possible.
The “Weekly Dispatch” states that hundreds of volunteers will be tested for the steady nerves and iron constitution necessary for piloting the new machines at such a terrific speed.
Germany probably will be an entrant in the next Schneider Cup race.

BRITISH EMPIRE UNITY
Dominions Have Reached Their Majority, Says Amery
PRESS CLUB DINNER
(“Pictorial” Special Service.)
LONDON, Sunday.
The Secretary of State for the Dominions (Mr. Amery) and Sir Granville Ryrie, High Commissioner for Australia, were the chief guests at the Press Club’s Dominion Night dinner.
Mr. Amery said that his tour around the world had shown him that the world had shown up excitedly in their own history and destiny, each recognizing that it was but a part in the wider destiny of the Empire.
“Their period of minority and tutelage had ended, and they were now working together as equals under freedom. Never through out the tour had he seen or heard anything as inspiring as this freedom was conceived as a by-product of co-operation and sounder basis of co-operation.”
Sir Granville Ryrie delighted in company with his driving and stories.

PROHIBITION A SUCCESS
Eighteenth Amendment Vindicated, Says U.S. Commissioner
(“Pictorial” Special Service.)
WASHINGTON, Sunday.
Eight years of prohibition have vindicated the Eighteenth Amendment. It has justified itself morally, socially, and economically. It has demonstrated that Americans do not want the saloon or beverage liquors.
This summary of the results of the “dry” law was given by Prohibition Commissioner Doran, who adds that an agreement between the Government and producers, limiting the amount of industrial alcohol production, has prevented surpluses.
“There is no question of personal liberty,” declared Mr. Doran. “It is simply a question of the general public good. Unlawful liquor and drinking are gradually decreasing.”

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LIQUOR'S HORRIBLE NEWS. THE SLIMY RECORD OF EVERY DAY.

You hear of the horrors and cost of Prohibition, and may well take such statements with a grain of salt—make it a handful of salt.

Booze protectors who won't drink it, financially interested parties who fear to lose by Prohibition, and the stomach brigade must not be surprised if we refuse to take them seriously.

One thing we do know: that since we last voted nearly half-a-million convictions for drunkenness have been recorded in New South Wales.

We also know that the horrid incidents recorded on this page are a part of the hideous mess liquor makes every day.

BOTTLES THROWN AT POLICE.

"If the courts do not protect the police in such cases as this the public should not be disappointed if the police do not protect them."

Mr. Shepherd, S.M., made this remark when convicting five men for assaulting the police, and on other charges, at the Central Police Court.

Edward McGovern, 27, was sentenced to six months on one charge and five months on another of assaulting the police. He also got two months for malicious damage. The sentences will be cumulative.

Thomas Law, 24, was fined £5 or two months on each of two charges of assaulting the police. For language he was ordered to pay £2 or fourteen days and £2 and 24/6 costs for malicious damage.

Frank James, or Sullivan, 23, received sentences of three months on each of two charges of assaulting the police. Sentences will be cumulative. For malicious damage he was fined £5, with 12/6 costs.

Patrick McGrath and Patrick Roach were each sentenced to six and five months' jail (cumulative) for assaulting the police, and were each fined £5, with 12/6 costs, or two months for malicious damage.

BOTTLES THROWN.

According to the police evidence, Constables Corcoran and Holgate were patrolling Buckland-street on the night of January 30. When the officers neared Grafton-lane, which runs off Buckland-street, they heard obscene language. Looking up the lane they saw about a dozen men drinking and swearing profusely.

One man was arrested and the rest of the mob rushed the policemen. Bottles were thrown. Fortunately none struck the constables.

After a struggle two of the men were arrested. Later the other three were picked up in a P.D. car. Corcoran and Holgate stated in evidence that hundreds of people watched the struggles, but would offer no assistance.

ASSAULTS ON POLICE.

"Too much assaulting of police is going on," remarked Mr. Longfield, S.M., at the Redfern Police Court, when convicting George McCoole, 39 years of age, a laborer, on a charge of having assaulted Constable Debney while in the execution of his duty at Redfern. "The constable was sent for by these people, and was doing his duty when he was assaulted," he continued. "I ought to send him to jail, but seeing that he has suffered from the result of the assault, and that the constable was not seriously injured, I will not do that, but will fine him £5 or two months' imprisonment."

On a charge of having used indecent language defendant was fined £2 or 14 days.

At the same Court Leslie Kennedy, 21, a motor driver, was fined £3, or one month's imprisonment, for having resisted Constable Morgan while in the execution of his duty in Mitchell-road, Alexandria, and on a charge of having used indecent language on the same occasion he was fined £2, in default 14 days.

In both cases drink dominated the situation.

WAR SERVICE AND WINE.

Tamworth.

"I know of men who, before going to the war, could stand up and have a drink with anyone," said Mr. E. A. May, P.M., at the local court, when Leslie J. Matthews was charged with having been drunk and having used indecent language.

Defendant, when appearing at the court a fortnight ago, in answer to a charge of drunkenness, made reference to his war service, which drew from the magistrate the much-discussed comments on war service pleas in extenuation of offences.

"I tried to keep away from the town on Saturday, but I heard the band playing, and it attracted me," declared Matthews.

Sergeant Ferris said that defendant's war disabilities might have something to do with the present effects drink had on him. Defendant was badly wounded, and was a good living man before enlisting. He was ploughing on the day he was arrested and a man brought him along a bottle of cheap wine.

The P.M. ruled that a prohibition order be taken out against defendant, who was fined on the charge of indecent language.

DRIVERS ARE WARNED.

"One only has to take the number of accidents in the metropolitan area to realise that a driver of a motor vehicle must be perfectly sober in the interests of public safety. Motorists must be shown that they cannot drive while under the influence of liquor."

This statement was made by Mr. Laidlaw, S.M., at the Kogarah Court, when William Moss, aged 45, was charged with having driven a motor car in General Holmes Drive while under the influence of liquor.

Constable Stephenson said Moss's speech was muddled, and he did not appear to have full control of the car.

Moss was fined £15, or four months' imprisonment, and his license was suspended for six months.

STANDARDISING DRUNKS.

The British Medical Association has given up the attempt to create a standard test for drunks. Measuring the alcoholic contents of the subject's breath was the most satisfactory method. If it registered or analysed beyond 10 per cent. the patient was presumed to be pickled. But even this was not reliable. So the question is left to the local authorities to decide as best they can. In Glasgow a man is not thought to be thoroughly soused as long as he can lie down on the ground without falling off.

AT MIDNIGHT HOUR.

Newcastle.

Certain merry souls who reside at Tighe's Hill have a habit of using the tramway waiting shed as a social hall. Armed with copious supplies of beer they take possession at midnight.

Their tremulous but very discordant voices can be heard in a variety of vocal offerings, to the distraction of residents in the vicinity.

The matter was discussed at Wickham Council, and Aldermen Young, Fegan and Pepper were appointed to confer with the local sergeant of police in an endeavor to stop the midnight merrymaking.

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PASS "GRIT" ON

THE PARABLE OF THE SIX SONS.

(By DAVID KELLY.)

It has been put forward that we cannot successfully have Prohibition in N.S.W. until the Commonwealth comes into line.

A certain man had six sons. Hefty they were and good to look upon, but their natural progress was seriously hindered by the drinking customs inherited from their ancestors. One day, however, the eldest son said to his father: "I perceive that I suffer much loss of good gold, many disabilities in my work, and much sorrow and shame in my household by reason of my drinking habits. I have fully considered the matter and now my decision is that I shall reform my ways therein." At the hearing of such decision loudly outspoke a certain hanger-on of the family, a brewer, Cohen, by name, and certain false pretenders with him, called liquor reformers, who said: "Not so, brave son. This were an unwise thing to do. Rather wait, how long matters not, but wait till all thy brothers be of the same mind as thyself. For this reforming must surely be a family affair, otherwise the younger brothers might vex thee, offering thee some of their drink."

But the father made answer: "Get thee behind me, Cohen, thou brewer of mischief and thy vassals with thee, for I well perceive that thou had always been the enemy of my household and thy sole desire is that thou mightest wax fat upon the sorrows of my children."

And to his son he saith: "Bless thee, my son, and keep thee in this thy good resolve, for in this I foresee, with deep joy, that though thy brethren may at first slightly hinder thee, they will soon discover the many good advantages thy better ways shall bring to thee, and do likewise. Even now thy brother Victoria hath decided to consider the same matter two years hence. Fear not, my first born, thou has been well called New South Wales, for thou shalt be the forerunner of the new day, when the burdens and sorrows of drink shall be lifted from my household."

THE LESSON OF OHINEMURI, NEW ZEALAND.

Anybody needing evidence of the evil that results from the open bar is recommended to study the figures given below.

Extracted from Reports on the Justice Statistics of the Dominion of New Zealand Magistrates' Courts Criminal Cases.

Summary Convictions Only.

		Summary Convictions.	Assault and Other Offences.	Drunk Including Habitual Drunkards.	Prohib. Orders.	Selling Liquor Without a License.	All Others.	Distinct Summary Convictions.
1920								
1921	Paeroa	439	16	58	17	2	346	380
1922	and							
1923	Waihi	844	21	170	14	3	636	728
1924								
1925								
Total for 6 years		1283	37	228	31	5	982	1108

Average per year for
6 No-license years 213.8 6.1 38.0 5.1 0.8 163.6 184.6

1926	Paeroa	248	5	90	4	—	149	192
	and							
1927	Waihi	828	23	195	46	14	550	660
Total for 2 years		1076	28	285	50	14	699	852

Average per year for 2
years (18 months of
License) 538.0 14.0 142.5 25.0 7.0 349.5 426.0

INCREASE per cent. per
year under License 151.6 129.5 275.0 390.1 775.0 113.6 130.7

The people of Ohinemuri are the same, the conditions are the same—except that the open bar began business again on July 1st, 1926, and immediately its deplorable effects became evident.

LEETON AND GRIFFITH.

An interesting illustration comes from Leeton and Griffith. These centres were at one time protected against the liquor bar by a prohibition upon liquor licenses throughout the irrigation area. The prohibition was lifted, thanks to the Hon. T. J. Ley, in 1923, and licenses were issued for both towns. Figures just received from the Justice Department give the convictions for drunkenness on the area before and after the opening of the bars.

Prior to July, 1923, there was no Court of Petty Sessions at Griffith, and cases were heard at the nearest Court, which was Leeton. Therefore, the figures for Leeton in 1921-22 would include Griffith. The convictions for drunkenness and drunk and disorderly were as follows:

Under No-License.

	Leeton.	Griffith.	Total.
1921	37	—	37
1922	96	—	96
1923	35	39	74

Under License.

1924	74	57	131
1925	91	155	246
1926	145	175	320

An increase in drunkenness of about 350 per cent. in three years is appalling. It is not surprising as the result of the opening of liquor bars in a hitherto no-license area. Reasonable people would expect it. It is well known that sly-grog selling takes place where there is no liquor bar, but the extent of the mischief caused by sly-grog is small compared with the damage done by an open liquor bar. Most of the drunkenness in the area prior to the license era would come from outside; this is the experience under similar conditions elsewhere.

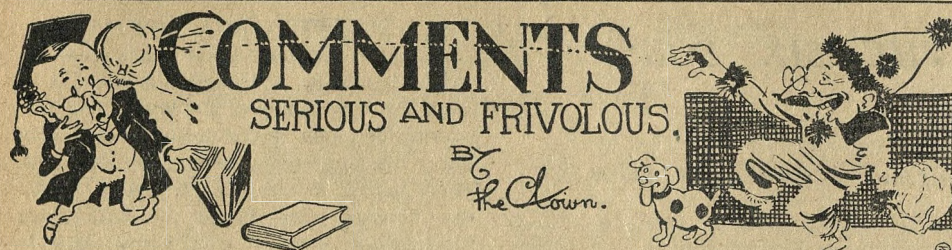
There is additional information in the figures supplied, which shows the relative extent of sly-grog selling under the two sets of conditions. The convictions for selling liquor without a license were four in 1922, three in 1923, two in 1924, and four in 1925. There is practically no difference.

THE ENEMY HELPS US.

"Smith's Weekly," in a recent issue, had a lengthy article on the no-license conditions at the Federal Capital. The article, as one would expect, was not favorable to us. It gives the following estimates of liquor consumed in Canberra for the year: 23,770 gallons of beer, 3561 gallons of wine, and 499 gallons of spirits. According to "Smith's," the population of Canberra is 7900, including Duntroon Military College, so the consumption per head compared with Australia is as follows:

	Beer.	Wine.	Spirits.	Total
Canberra ..	3.01	0.45	0.06	3.52
Australia ..	11.08	0.35	0.42	11.85

It will be seen that the figures presented by "Smith's" as an indictment of no-license conditions in the Federal Territory show that the consumption of liquor is less than one-third of Australia's consumption per head.



"Desire for the Prohibition ideal does not insure it." No, and desire for a meal doesn't satisfy hunger; but it does start you towards a restaurant.

Miss Maude Royden is on her way to us. Born way back in 1876, she is not a flapper, but she enjoys flapping every once in a while. She is an aristocrat, a widely read, widely travelled lady, who speaks with ease, fluency and humor.

She kissed Mrs. Grundy good-bye many years ago, and every once in a while kisses her hand to some half-shocked Bishop, and then with delightful freedom leaves him paddling on the theological shore while she goes out among the breakers, so to speak.

She is to give a lecture on "Can We Set the World in Order?"

Of course she is not in a hurry to do so; a few million pounds wasted, a few hundred thousand lives lost are neither here nor there.

Asked at one of her meetings in New Zealand to give some account of her observations on Prohibition in America, she said that although she had asked practically everyone she had met for views on the subject, she was still baffled as to what the done good, and it had done evil. "I should be inclined to say, 'Watch America a little bit longer before you do anything yourselves.'"

Religion has done good and done evil, hasn't it, Miss Maude?

Do you urge that we be not too hasty to commit ourselves to it?

Motor cars have done good and done evil, haven't they, Miss Maude?

We counsel that you walk until they make a fool-proof car accident proof and undrivable by a crook or a rouse.

* * *

THE CIGARETTE "INCIDENT."

Miss Maude Royden has a happy knack of driving home her arguments with amusing anecdotes, and while speaking on the question, "Can We Set the World in Order?" she gave a simple example of how the laws of Nature could not be broken, and incidentally made a subtle tilt at one of her American experiences. "You sometimes read this sort of paragraph," she said jokingly, 'Mrs. Jones, returning from a shopping expedition, smelt gas. She lit a match to see if it were gas; and it was—no more Mrs. Jones.' She is blown up. Blown up exactly as though she smoked cigarettes! (Laughter.) By that I mean that she's blown up like a wicked, wicked person.' (More laughter.)

It is a good joke, Miss Maude, but its point would likely be missed by the small boy who acquired the "coffin-nail" habit

following her example and incidentally found himself out of the first ranks of physical effort.

I have asked practically everyone I have met about the cigarette habit, and there has been such a wide variety of opinion that I counsel you, Miss Maude, to wait and watch a little bit longer before you have another "gasper." Clark Griffith, the owner of the Washington Baseball Team, says: "I am death against the use of cigarettes." Now that athletes have banned these "coffin-nails," it is open to women and the clergy to use them. I am sure Miss Royden will appreciate the reasonableness of my advice, being a wise and thoughtful lady. When asking for more delay after hundreds of years of it, it would be well to remember that if Noah had followed this counsel we would all be fish.

TOO MUCH OF THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN IS CARRIED AT THE WAIST LINE.

I recall an enthusiastic friend who ill-used his voice in open-air meetings. He was entirely ignorant of voice culture. A teacher of singing once said to him, "You want to speak more from your stomach." He looked surprised, and said, "Brother, I am always praying that I may speak more from the heart."

Singing from the stomach may be quite alright, but that is not the way to vote. Vote from your heart if you like, from your head if you will, but never from the stomach.

* * *

THE BAD VOTE OF A GOOD MAN.

The "Church Standard" in an editorial says:

"Doubtless many votes in New South Wales will be cast for a continuance of the present system in order to avoid the greater evil of Prohibition."

Fancy a follower of the Christ voting for a system that degrades a hundred souls for every one the Church inspires!

Fancy praying "lead us not into temptation" and then with one's vote propping open the liquor bar, which surely is one of

the most alluring temptations of modern times!

Fancy a church paper lending its aid to the parasite business that can only prosper by the degradation of its customers!

"The greater evil of Prohibition," and yet every Protestant Church in U.S.A. has acclaimed Prohibition as an answer to their prayers.

Sad and inexplicable has ever been the opposition of some churchmen to every kind of reform.

It is not a sin to take a drink, but it is a folly.

The Bible glorifies liberty, and then leaves us face to face with the apostle's vivid appeal in I. Cor. viii., 9: "But take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours becomes a stumbling block to the weak."

Drink has been and more than ever is a stumbling block to hundreds of thousands. We do well to ponder over Romans xiv., 13: "Let us not therefore judge one another any more, but judge rather that no man put a stumbling block in his brother's way or an occasion of falling." This phrase fascinates me.

"The greater evil of Prohibition." It is curious the people who live under it have not found it out.

In the State of Ohio, with a population of over 3,000,000, they have voted as follows:

1914—Majority against Prohibition, 84,152.

1915—Majority against Prohibition, 55,408.

1917—Majority against Prohibition, 1307.

1918—Majority for Prohibition, 25,759.

1919—Majority for Prohibition, 41,853.

1922—After living under Prohibition, and knowing all there was to be known, they vote to retain it by a majority of 189,472.

Poor deluded people, fastening upon themselves the greater evil of Prohibition!

* * *

A STRIKING STATEMENT.

Senator Walsh, of Montana, U.S.A., is brilliant, intellectual, capable of sustained mental effort, relentless in his progress toward an objective, and with a character crystal clear. He is a Roman Catholic.

In the early part of this year he wrote:

"My stand on Prohibition is best tested by my votes in the Senate. I am in favor of the 18th amendment and of the strict enforcement of the laws enacted pursuant thereto. Notwithstanding the disappointments which have been suffered in the attempt to secure obedience to the law, I am confident that it has been of inestimable benefit to the people of the whole country, and I have yet to hear of any proposal to deal with the problem that promises more satisfactory results than under the system to which the people of the United States have so definitely committed themselves."

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THE CATHOLIC BISHOP AND PROHIBITION.

By REV. J. H. COSTELLO.

Preaching in the Forbes Presbyterian Church the Rev. J. H. Costello said: My text you will find in Romans, 14th chapter, 21st verse—"It is good neither to eat flesh or to drink wine nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth or is offended or is made weak.."

In my sermon last Sunday morning I clearly showed that the ethics of the Old Testament were wonderfully expressed in Genesis, 4th chapter and the 9th verse, "Am I my brother's keeper?" God's answer to Cain and his expulsion of him from human society clearly showed that God considered that a man who did not realise he was his brother's keeper was not fit to live in any society of human beings. Paul, in our text to-night, reiterates those high ethical ideals. The first principle of Christian ethics is self-denial. Yet it is sad to find so late in the Christian era that a leader of what should be a great Christian Church has sadly failed to appreciate this fact. Only last week, here in Forbes, we find Bishop Hayden, at the opening of the new Roman Catholic school, while professing to define the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church towards the Prohibition question, asking this question: "Because some men perish through strong drink was that any reason why we should punish the multitude by depriving them of their liberties?" Yet, he tells us a little later on in his statements that "Paul is a man whose opinions should be greatly respected." But, may I ask, what are the opinions of Paul that should be greatly respected? Bishop Hayden quotes as his answer to this question: Paul advised Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake. Let me ask: Is this the big thing for Paul? Nay, rather one of the least important of all his utterances; but the Bishop in his desire to make the most of his argument does not even go to the trouble to investigate the passage he quotes. Let me ask: Why did Paul write advising Timothy to take a little wine as medicine? Was it not because Timothy was a strict abstainer from wine and strong drink? Timothy had evidently written to Paul telling him of his malady, and Dr. Luke had advised Paul to write to him telling him to take a little wine; therefore it would seem that in Paul's day the Church was very decided on the temperance question. Moreover, Paul, also writing to Bishop Timothy on the necessary qualifications of a bishop (1 Tim., 3-3), enjoins (not to be given to wine). Let Bishop Hayden in this respect Paul's opinion. But what, I ask, is the big thing of Paul? Is it not when he says to the Corinthians, "If meat maketh my brother to offend, I will eat no meat so long as the world standeth." So also the big thing of Moses was not when he smote the rock, but when standing between the wrathful God and his sinning people he cried, "Forgive them, Lord, or if Thou canst not forgive them, then blot my name out of

the book which Thou hast written." When the Bishop talks of the rights and liberties of the individual he is merely repeating the political cry of to-day that is damning the souls of men, creating class hatred, and deluging the fair soils of many nations with the blood of their sons. Let one of the greatest Saints of his own church answer him. He says that when a man talks of his rights and forgets his obligations he has turned his back on God and is facing hell. The real duty of the Christian is laid down by Jesus Christ himself when he says: "When thou bringest thine offering to the altar and then remembereth that thy brother has ought against thee," etc. You will see it is not "what I have against my brother" that is the matter of concern, but "what my brother hath against me." I am not a Prohibitionist because I fear its results on my own life. I thank God the wretched stuff never made an appeal to me; but I have two little boys, and I want to see this evil traffic cleared up for their sakes. I have roughed it through life from my childhood days, and I have seen many of my best old mates perish in this awful traffic, good kindly fellows all. It is always the case. It's

MACQUARIE PLACE, EVERY THURSDAY, 1.15, HAMMOND ANSWERS QUESTIONS.

not the shrewd spieler who goes down to drink—it is the good, kindly-natured fellow who would not hurt another's feelings. That is why I am a Prohibitionist. Again, I see our womenfolk being carried away by this curse, which is destroying their moral content, and for the sake of womenly purity and the welfare of the next generation I say, "Crush this evil." Then again the Bishop asks: "Is it a reasonable thing to abolish drink because some abuse it? Why not take away our razors because there is a razor gang?" Let me here remind him that there is a prohibition on the use of the razor. I am allowed to shave with the razor, but I am prohibited by the extreme penalty from cutting a man's throat with it. To my mind the Bishop comes very near to blasphemy when he adds: "God gave us alcoholic liquor for our good." God gave it, indeed, as he did the razor, cocaine, opium and many other things which have heavy prohibitions upon them. Let us use alcohol for its legitimate

purposes in medicines, mixing of drugs or as a power unit to drive our cars, but God never meant it to be poured down our throats as a beverage. Then, again, he says: "Christ turned water into wine and Prohibition would condemn Christ's action." In the first place the Bishop is merely repeating what one of the most cunning yet powerful orators in our land has said, a man who has hired himself to the brewers. This man does not know what sincerity means, boasts that he can tickle the multitude to believe anything he wills; a man who does not believe that Christ ever wrought a miracle, yet when he is serving for hire he can pretend to believe this miracle, and Bishop Hayden, without consideration, repeats his statement; but did Christ in this commit himself to the drink traffic? There must have been a very small alcoholic content in the wine at that wedding feast. The guests had consumed all the wine that was there, and yet were sober enough to know good wine when they tasted it. But again let me ask: When Christ performed that other miracle of raising the Centurian slave from his sick bed back to slavery, did He then commit himself to slavery? Would any rational being contend that he did? The Bishop goes on in fine style to say again: What his church in Queensland persisted in saying during the campaigns there, that if Prohibition was enforced there would be no chance of procuring wine for holy mass, this statement was made by the leader of the R.C. Church in spite of obvious facts that the law made provision for wines for sacramental purposes, and the New South Wales law makes similar provision; but the Bishop reaches the contemptible and only abuses the intellect of his own church people when he

(Continued on page 12.)

New Canadian Cathedral Organs, by Sherlock Manning.

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GRAINS OF GOLD WORTH PICKING UP!

Don't Fear What Folk Will "Think."

Many good men mar their lives by fear of what people will think.

They could save themselves the trouble. They'll come in for criticism in any case. All the care in the world won't prevent it.

No one is blameless—therefore no one is safe. So why worry? Follow your conscience and you won't go far wrong.

Scandal is a mire that bogs good and bad alike. It catches cobblers and kings. It has smirched the best and purest people who have ever lived. What wonder if YOU should get a splash or two?

The mud soon dries, though, and generally tumbles off. People don't keep on talking about old scandals. They only talk of the new ones; and there's a new one every week. So of what lasting import is it WHAT people think?

* * *

Act in the Present— Do Something To-day.

"Act—act in the living Present"—is the only way to make the most of life. There is no Future, really, and no Past. Future is only Hope; Past is only Memory; TIME is NOW.

Don't dream about the Future for the first half of your life, and repine about the Past for the second half. In this way you lose the lot.

Seize the moments as they fly by and make them your own. Do something—be something—make something—TO-DAY!

* * *

A Words Club "Talking" Happiness.

If your life is not what you want it to be, try TALKING only of that which you would have in your life: health, happiness, peace, joy, success.

Form a Words Club for yourself. Limit the membership to good, true, joy-meaning and joy-making words. Trust, faith, wisdom, praise, peace, purity, courage, health, would all be members.

Lots of words would be banned. No membership for hate, envy, sorrow, selfishness, melancholy, worry, conceit. A big "Trespassers will be Prosecuted" notice for them!

Start your Club to-day. Remember the rules and be strict with yourself. You can "say" yourself happier!

Cheerfulness, looking always on the bright side of things, determined always to stand in the sunshine rather than in the shadow—this it is that makes life, with its knotty problems, continually easier. It's the "oil of gladness" that helps in doing the work.

* * *

DON'T WORRY—IT MAY NEVER HAPPEN.

There is only one way to get ready for immortality, and that is to love this life and live it as bravely and faithfully and cheerfully as we can.

WHAT ABOUT TO-DAY?

We shall do so much in the years to come,

But what have we done to-day?

We shall give our gold in a princely sum,

But what shall we give to-day?

We shall lift the heart, and dry the tear,

We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,

We shall speak the words of love and cheer,

But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in after awhile,

But what have we been to-day?

We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,

But what have we brought to-day?

We shall give to Truth a grander birth,

And to steadfast faith a deeper worth.

We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,

But whom have we fed to-day?

The larger natures see the good in and sympathise with the weaknesses and frailties of others. They realise also that it is so consummately inconsistent for one also with weaknesses, frailties and faults, though perhaps of a little different character, to sit in judgment of another.

* * *

DON'T MAKE EXCUSES—MAKE GOOD.

There are not many happinesses so complete as those that are snatched under the shadow of the sword.

Grateful acknowledgments are given to "Forbes," "The Silent Partner," "Unity," "Christian Business," "Science of Thought Review," and "Trotty Veck Messenger."

Your Job— Do It Well.

Do your job, whatever it is, a little better than people expect you to. That is the first step to success.

If you're a street-cleaner, sweep round the lamp-posts. If you're a floor-washer, don't miss the corners. If you're a Premier, spend your week-ends devising ways to reduce taxation.

The longer you live the more you'll be convinced that your whole life depends on your attitude to your job.

Prisons are full of people who regarded work as a penalty. Prison is not the aim of YOUR ambition!

Work is a privilege. You can make it a pleasure. Lots of men would like the chance to do your job—mix with your work-mates—collect your pay.

If you're not satisfied with it yourself either get right out to a different job and give another man a chance, or set about doing it so well that you're promoted out of it to the job you want.

* * *

The Success Family Get to Know Them.

The father of Success is Work; the mother of Success is Ambition; the oldest son is Common Sense. Some of the other boys are Perseverance, Thoroughness, Enthusiasm, Honesty, Foresight, Co-operation.

The oldest daughter is Character. Some of her sisters are Cheerfulness, Courtesy, Loyalty, Sincerity, Harmony, Economy, Care. Opportunity is the baby.

Get well acquainted with the "old man" and you will be able to get along pretty well with the rest of the family.

* * *

Money Doesn't Mean Happiness.

Money does not make happiness. If you don't believe just look at the people who have it.

Men with hard faces, leather nostrils, thin mouths. Women in fine frocks with tight lips and lack-lustre eyes.

Children—getting everything for nothing—no wishes, no appreciation, no sense of values. Sport, self, sensation-loving. No serving, or helping, or thinking for others. Greatest tragedy of all—no love!

You must keep your heart tender as your head and grow abler, else success will not spell happiness for you and those you love.

EVERY THURSDAY, MACQUARIE PLACE, 1.15,
REV. R. B. S. HAMMOND WILL SPEAK.

MORTALITY IN THE LIQUOR TRADES.

AN OCCUPATION OF "APPALLING DANGER."

VERDICT OF BRITISH REGISTRAR-GENERAL.

There is no occupation in which the risk of comparatively early death is so great as in the liquor trade.

This is the disclosure of official statistics: It is the verdict of the British Registrar-General in his recent report on occupational mortality based on the last census returns.

The report shows that during the three-year period, 1921-22-23, there was 89,537 men employed as brewers, cellarmen, publicans and barmen. The actual deaths amongst this number totalled 1683, whereas the expected deaths amongst a similar number of the general population would only be 1017. In other words, there was an excess mortality amongst men engaged in the liquor trades of approximately 66 per cent. The details are as follows:

	Expected Deaths.	Actual Deaths.	Surplus.
Brewers	23	32	9
Cellarmen	50	76	26
Publicans	831	1353	522
Barmen	113	222	109
	1017	1683	666

Again, taking the mortality from cirrhosis of the liver during the three-year period referred to, it appears that the trade contributed 11.4 per cent of the total number of deaths from this cause, whereas, on a population basis, it should only have shown 0.9 per cent. The following table shows the mean annual death rates for alcoholism and cirrhosis of the liver amongst all occupied and retired males and amongst publicans:

Age-period.	All occupied and retired males.	Publicans.
25 ..	1	18
35 ..	5	105
45 ..	17	232
55 ..	32	279
65 ..	43	278
70 ..	39	205

These figures are the rates per hundred thousand.

The report furnishes a table in which no less than 178 occupations are arranged in the order of their mortality rates from all and from certain selected causes, No. 1 representing the lowest and No. 178 the highest. The exceptionally high risk of mortality amongst brewers, cellarmen, publicans and barmen is clearly brought out:

	Brewers.	Cellarmen.	Publicans.	Barmen.
All causes	149	162	166	174
Influenza	23	170	154	149
Tuberculosis	24	139	133	172
Syphilis, etc.	178	161	121	173
Cancer	154	175	143	174
Diabetes	101	—	172	16
Cerebral Haemorrhage	172	60	165	167
Diseases of—				
Circulatory system	134	169	165	174
Heart	112	170	167	174
Respiratory system	78	137	135	159
Digestive system	176	172	177	175
Cirrhosis of Liver	177	175	178	176
Chronic Nephritis	155	164	171	173
Suicide	175	162	174	163

Attention has already been directed to the extraordinarily high mortality rate amongst brewers, cellarmen, publicans and barmen from cirrhosis of the liver, but a comparison with other occupations is interesting and instructive. The following table establishes such a comparison for "all causes" and for

"cirrhosis of the liver." Assuming the mortality for "all occupied and retired males" (whatever their occupation is or may have been) to be, in either case, 1000, the relative figures for the occupations specified appears as follows:

	All Causes.	Cirrhosis of Liver.
All occupied and retired males	1000	1,000
Farmers and relatives	674	781
Coal-miners	1034	583
Railway signalmen	622	469
Railway porters	1023	490
Tram drivers	875	699
Wholesalers and retailers	1029	2,042
Salesmen and shop assistants	973	1,219
General laborers	1438	1,031
Brewers	1346	3,000
Cellarmen	1510	4,698
Publicans	1585	11,552
Barmen	1955	5,833

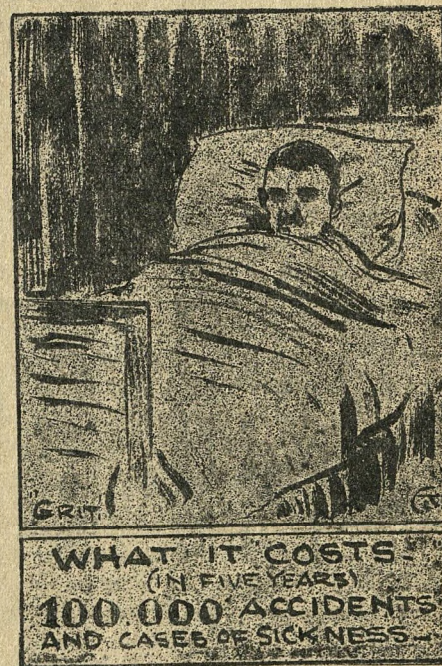
It will be seen that the mortality risk for those engaged in the liquor trades is far in excess of that for all the other occupations enumerated.

The report makes pointed allusion to the relation between alcoholism and certain other diseases:

"The inference of association between alcoholism and syphilis," it says, "appears to be justified."

And again, "the accepted view that alcohol promotes chronic nephritis" is confirmed.

Referring to suicide, the report says that "a considerable correlation" between suicide



and alcoholism "is indicated by the correlation co-efficient for 163 occupations."

The report states that it is evident that brewers "suffer the consequences of good living" and that "the publican yields to the temptations towards overeating and drinking entailed by his business."

The report, referring to cancer, declares that "there is a definite tendency for the mortality from cancer of the tongue and of the oesophagus to be directly associated with the incidence of chronic alcoholism. But there is no evidence of association between alcoholism and cancer of the stomach."

Thus the experience furnished by the use of alcohol never varies, and this report does but confirms those of previous registrars: that of 1885 which declared that "the mortality of men who are directly engaged in the liquor trade is appalling," and that of 1897 which said that "the mortality of persons directly concerned in the supply of spirituous liquors still continues to be enormous." The liquor trade is, indeed, the deadliest of all trades.

"My plate is damp," complained a traveller who was dining in a London hotel.

"Hupsh," whispered his wife, "that's your soup."

A Personal Chat with my readers

HOW SUCCESSFUL IS PROHIBITION?

There is a strange perversity in most humans. We often show a great willingness to be offended, a suspicion of good things, a reluctance to change from conditions we readily acknowledge are bad, and we exactingly demand perfection or 100 per cent. results from Prohibition when we are satisfied with so much less in anything else.

Discussing Prohibition with a man the other day, I found he had never read even one of the several hundred books on the subject. He had never heard a Prohibition lecture; his sole source of information was the newspaper. In spite of his profound ignorance he was very emphatic. He reminded me of the story of the late Sir David Gill, the famous astronomer. A fourteen-year-old American girl asked what he did. He replied, "I study astronomy." "Gosh! Ah finished astrawnimy last year," she said.

Too many people are being hoodwinked by the liquor conjuror who is directing them to watch what Prohibition has not done, whereas success is to be judged rather by what it has done.

What has our liquor system done? No one is in any doubt about the answer. It has done only harm. What has Prohibition done? Not all that needs to be done, but its doings are so big and substantial that compared with the non-existent good of our liquor system it stands out wondrously attractive.

It is like the football in this story: Coming upon a football which the farmer's son had brought home from school, the rooster promptly called all the hens around him. 'Now, ladies,' he said, diplomatically, 'I don't want to appear ungrateful, or raise any unnecessary fuss, but I do want you to see what's being done in other yards.'

Folk go to America and find fault with most everything, and there is in the Americans as in ourselves plenty of fault-finding material. There is a story told by a colored member of the Liverpool Wesleyan Mission:

"I came to England and began, as was my custom, to attend church when Sunday came round. I had the impression that I was not welcome in a white congregation, and gradually I ceased to attend. . . . While working in Liverpool I became friendly with a chemist . . . and we used often to have discussions about the treatment of colored folks by the English. One day, when I had been com-

plaining more bitterly than usual, the chemist suddenly turned and said, 'Young man, when you came to this country you thought you were coming to a place like heaven, didn't you?' 'Yes, I did.' 'And you found it something like hell, didn't you?' 'Yes, I did.' 'Well,' he said, 'you have been finding fault with everybody and everything, what fault have you to find with Jesus Christ?' That came upon me like a thunderbolt, and I could not reply. My eyes filled with tears, and I left the shop without another word. I had been looking in the wrong direction. I had been looking around instead of looking up. Since then, never a day passes without, sneer or insult, I have tried to look up, and there is no fault there."

The New York "Churchman" tells of a novel competition held in the United States.

Prizes were offered for a sermon that could be preached in one minute, containing not more than 150 words. The prize-winning sermon had for its texts Luke vi., 12: "He continued all night in prayer to God," and Luke iv., 16: "As His custom was, He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath Day." It is entitled "Being Honest with God," contains less than a hundred words, and here it is:

"How often we neglect an important act of worship because we think we have no time. Let us pause and discover what a small portion of our time is asked by God. There are in each year 5840 waking hours. To repeat the Lord's Prayer daily totals four hours a year. Ten Bible verses daily total nine hours a year. One Church service each week totals (average length) fifty-two hours a year. This leaves 5775 hours for ourselves. When I stand before the Throne on the Day of Judgment, shall I be able to say honestly, 'I had no time?'"

Writing a character sketch of the Italian Dictator in the "Daily Mail," Viscount Rothermere thus describes him:

"Very seldom does Mussolini need to call for the file of any State business which he has previously studied. 'Without a good memory it is impossible to govern,' is one of his sayings, and at the end of the day he insists that his table shall be absolutely clear, with no business whatever held over till the morning. He takes no part whatever in social life. He sleeps eight hours a night. For ten years he has not taken a drop of

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.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1928.

alcohol, and he does not smoke. He regards alcohol and tobacco, indeed, as entirely unsuitable for people who have hard mental work to do. This opinion of his (adds Lord Rothermere) confirms my own experience and practice, for out of regard for the heavy responsibilities resting upon me I have been for some time past a teetotaler and non-smoker."

No, knowing what you can do till you try. Of every thousand people who take "Grit" about thirty have responded to my appeal to distribute "Grit" or take extra copies.

If we well-informed, dyed-in-the-wool Prohibitionists do not make a special effort, then the fight is lost.

Please don't wait—only twelve weeks; they will fly past, and the great day we have waited fifteen years for will have come and gone.

Let us revive the old war-time tune and sing these words to it:

Get another member in your old kit bag,
Then smile, smile, smile.
Don't let your hustling, rustling ever lag,
Joining is the style.
There's no use of worrying,
If all work all the while, so
Get another member in your old kit bag,
Then smile, smile, smile.

The Editor

Evolution of Mama's Pet: Precious, cute, smart, fresh, rotten.

NEVER AGAIN.

SALOON BANISHED FOR ALL TIME—THE TRIUMPH OF PROHIBITION IN AMERICA—WELL-KNOWN ACTOR CONVINCED.

(Interview specially written for "Grit.")

"No, sir. The saloon in America is a thing of the past, an institution standing in the historical background to warn people against indulging vain illusions about the alleged good days of old."

"But," said I, "reports in our newspapers and the tales of travellers have occasioned much doubt regarding the practical effects of Prohibition in the United States."

"I have lived in the United States for thirty years. I know what the conditions were under the 'wet' regime, and I have seen the change which has taken place under the 'dry.' I know what effect that change has had upon American public opinion, and I am giving you plain unchallengeable fact when I tell you that the American people are definitely and irrevocably opposed to the return of the saloon. Nobody who really knows America will attempt to deny it."

We were seated in the comfortable offices of the Actors' Federation of Australia, and the conversation had turned upon the merits of Prohibition, for my informant, Mr. A. C. Winn, an accomplished actor, who has been entertaining Sydney audiences of late at the Opera House in a play entitled "Three Live Ghosts," has spent the major portion of his life in the United States. Mr. Winn had a distinguished career on the American stage and produced many plays in New York and elsewhere, but, being Australian-born, he heard the call of the homeland and returned to his native country a year ago, and has latterly been appearing in Sydney and Melbourne. He talks about Prohibition calmly and dispassionately, rather as the man of the world citing facts and basing conclusions upon them, than as the partisan concerned to prove a case. It is reason, not emotion, which speaks in Mr. Winn.

"Australians would be well advised," he went on, "not to pay too much attention to the stories of sensation-mongers. Travelers in all ages have always had marvels to relate at the fireside on returning home, and in these days of rush they see mostly what they want to see. As for the newspapers, one of the most active sides of the 'wet' propaganda is that which is directed towards preventing the spread of Prohibition to other countries. That perhaps, sufficiently explains the sort of news you mostly get here."

"Do you suggest," I asked, "that there is no truth in the persistent and apparently reliable stories about illicit liquor and illicit drinking in the United States?"

"Every law that was ever passed by man has been broken many times," Mr. Winn replied. "But law-breaking being much more sensational than law observance, it receives a prominence which exaggerates its relative track and the prize-ring. You see, the

importance, and the perspective is still more distorted by the propaganda of the interests concerned to discredit Prohibition. The fact is that the number of people who drink in the United States to-day is not more than 5 per cent. of those who drank in the old days. I challenge contradiction of that statement."

"What about smuggled liquor?"

"Most of the illicit liquor comes over the Canadian border and from the Bahamas, but none of it is good liquor: it is only bad, very bad, liquor that is smuggled. What good liquor there is in the United States to-day was stocked in the wine-cellar of the wealthy



A. C. WINN
Actor and Producer.

class before Prohibition came into force. But, numerically, those people are negligible. Some poison-liquor, so-called, is made from denatured alcohol despite the repeated warnings of the Federal authorities. Despite many protests, the Federal authorities persist in poisoning alcohol required for industrial purposes, and, in my opinion, they are justified in doing so. People who use such alcohol for beverage purposes do so with their eyes open."

"Who, then, are the drinkers in America to-day?"

"The 5 per cent. who still drink are a mixed lot. There are the vote-'dry'-drink-'wet' people, including some Senators, the wealthy people already mentioned, and the so-called sporting element of the race-

American people were too intelligent to delude themselves into the belief that such people as these would quit drinking, but the American people were not looking so much to the present as to the future when they decided to go 'dry.'"

"And you think their faith is in process of being justified?"

"There is no doubt whatever about it. Why, man, I tell you that there is no section of responsible opinion in America which favors a modification, let alone a repeal, of the present Prohibition law. Consider some of the facts: The labor turnover in the United States before Prohibition was 25,000,000, whereas to-day that figure has been reduced by 85 per cent. The manufacturers and their workmen alike wholeheartedly support a policy which has produced clear heads, comfortable homes, happy families and banking accounts for everybody. In Chicago, Detroit and New York there is no unemployment at all, and in Pittsburgh practically none. Before Prohibition, drinking was rife in the high schools and colleges. To-day only 1 per cent. drink of those who in such institutions did so before, whilst there has been an increase of 60 per cent. in the number going in for athletics, and considerable sums of money are being spent by the schools in providing facilities for this purpose. I might go on multiplying facts, but these alone are enough to vindicate Prohibition."

"Is the 'wet' propaganda very active?"

"It is more active to-day than ever it was, and spends money lavishly. The Methodist Church spent 14,000,000 dollars to banish liquor from the Eastern States, but the

(Continued on page 10.)

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Never Again—

(Continued from page 9.)

'wets' have already spent billions of dollars in the effort to restore it. Societies against Prohibition have grown up in every guise throughout the United States, but especially in New York and Chicago. They suborn the press and they suborn public officials. But, despite its activity, this propaganda is having little or no effect on public opinion in America and is, in point of fact, giving its last kick. Its effect on opinion in countries outside the United States is much more successful, and its aim is to prevent the development of a sentiment in favor of Prohibition abroad."

"Is it true that the drug habit is on the increase?"

"There is no evidence that it is, but even if it were, all competent authorities are agreed that there is no relation between the drug habit and drinking. The latter is a more or less natural habit consecrated by centuries of social usage. Drug taking is unnatural and has always been confined to persons who are mentally depraved and degenerate. No person who did not take drugs before Prohibition would be impelled to fly to them as a substitute for drink. The Harrison Act is very stringent. In this matter, too, breaches of the law are thrown out of their true perspective in the picture of American conditions. A whole nation is not dissolute and depraved because some of its citizens are to be so described. A depraved and dissolute nation does not put Prohibition into its national constitution. Much social excitement and depravity manifested itself as a war psychosis which is already in process of toning down."

"Is law-enforcement becoming more efficient?"

"Undoubtedly so, and that is partly the reason why so much prominence is given to breaches of the law. Not more than 3 per cent. of the enforcement officials are failing in their duties to-day. The law is very stringent. In America it is an offence to smell of liquor or to have liquor in your possession. If your comparatively mild liquor laws in this country were as efficiently enforced as are the liquor laws in the United States, you would have a startling revelation of conditions here and of the real evil of the open-bar system in your midst. Don't forget that the population of the United States is a composite one, made up of all nationalities, and not homogeneous like that of Australia."

"How do conditions here, then, strike you as compared with those in America?"

"I am an Australian by birth," said Mr.

Winn, "but I want to say that never in my life have I seen anything so disgusting as what is to be observed in the wine saloons and public bars of this country. I see more drunks in an afternoon in Elizabeth-street alone than could be found in the whole of New York, with its population greatly exceeding that of all Australia. The drinking habits are savage and the general conditions under which drink is consumed are revolting. It seems to me that breaches of the law are rampant. And drink thought seems to permeate all classes of the community. In America there has been a general improvement in moral standards and intellectual output—I am speaking of the cultivated classes now—since Prohibition, but it seems to me that here in Australia the drink bias in thought and the habits it engenders is militating against real efficiency in intellectual activities, and is leading to moral degeneration.

"Let me add in conclusion," Mr. Winn said, "that all the best minds in America strongly favor Prohibition. The Congress is predominantly 'dry.' Prohibition is part of the Constitution, and it would take at least ten years to take it out of the Constitution again. But no such thing is going to happen. When we allow for the fallibility of all man-made laws, Prohibition, on its achievements to date, stands in the minds of all sane Americans an unqualified success. It is the greatest measure of civilising and humanising reform ever introduced into the substantive law of our civilisation."

PASS "GRIT" ON

I've told you in a thousand rhymes,
I've told you quite ten thousand times,
The way your lungs of colds to free,
So, please, "Don't Put the Blame on Me."
To make my message clear and plain,
I'll tell the whole world once again,
That ease for colds comes prompt and sure
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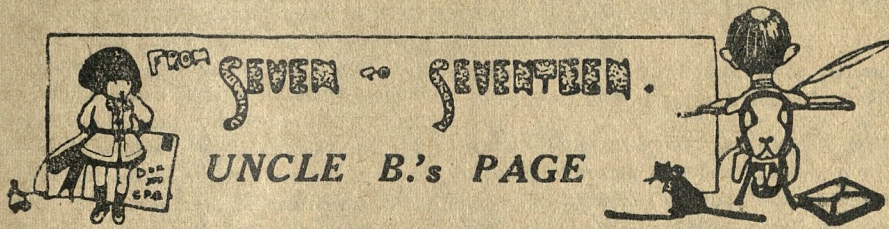
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Address all letters to Uncle B, Box 390F G.P.O., Sydney.

'SHUN!

Have you ever heard a sergeant drilling his men? If so, you will have heard the way he says "Attention." It sounds like "'Shun," and they all spring to it.

Now, my squad of "Go-Getters," I am calling to you all "'Shun."

Only a few brief weeks and then the chance we have waited fifteen years for will have come and gone.

Either we will be free from this age-old curse or we will have it more firmly fastened on us than ever.

If we make only a half-hearted effort and fail, then that will be used to show that Prohibition is not wanted, and the liquor parasites will use all their terrible powers to get a long postponement before any further referendum is taken.

The time to march or even quick march has passed. It is now time to go "at the double."

Double your prayers.

Double your gifts.

Double your efforts.

I am so grateful to those of my Ne's and Ni's who have offered to help me distribute "Grit."

Please let me hear from some more of you.
UNCLE B.

OUR LETTER BAG.

A PEN FRIEND.

Joan Hood, Gatton, Queensland, writes: It is a long time since I last wrote to you. We have a lot of fruit trees; the oranges and mandarins are getting ripe now. You have a lot of Ne's and Ni's. Could you tell me a pen friend in New South Wales? My uncle is picking the mandarins and oranges and selling them. They are lovely to eat; I have some for my dinner. Will you please send this postcard on to Joe Longton?

(Dear Joan,—I wish I was there among the oranges; they are better than apples. I like one every morning before I get out of bed. They are splendidly healthy. I hope one of my scallywags writes to you.—Uncle B.)

NAME, PLEASE.

June Wilson, "Ferndale," Caloola, via New-bridge, writes: I am a terrible scallywag,

but please forgive me, won't you? We have four little puppies—two brown striped with black and two white with brown heads. Will you name one for me, please? We have a loan of a wireless for a while, and we would love to hear you over it.

(Dear June,—So you want a name for the pup? You ought to have told me the names of the other three. What is the pup like? Why, June, I can't suggest a name; it would never do to tack the wrong kind of name on the little chap. Tell me more about them in your next letter.—Uncle B.)

SPLENDID HELPERS.

Vi Allez, "Daisyfield, Trundle, writes: I'm so glad you appealed to your Ne's and Ni's to help and stand by you in the coming fight. I feel sure they will not fail you. You know most grown-ups think children are just children, and never ask them to help in anything that is at all important. You have no doubt read in the papers recently about the Trundle Anglican minister's daughter being lost. Well, I should have liked you to have seen the way the younger set worked on the gigantic search party. Just slips of girls came out there and cut up bread for the hungry thousands till their shoulders ached. Others cut meat, poured teas, and distributed food. When things began to look fearfully serious for the lost child, boys and girls of fifteen or so joined the searchers and tramped miles and miles alongside the experienced bushmen. Poor kids, they would trudge back to camp just fagged out, but food, refreshment and rest would set them up again. That search party proved many things to me. Men I considered as just "riff-raff" and "no good" tramped and searched until they could hardly stand, until their poor feet were like raw steak. I watched their faces as they slouched into camp asking so eagerly, "Is she found?" and saw the genuine anxiety and concern when the answer came, "Not yet." And you should have heard those poor, tired men shout and cheer when news of her finding reached camp! I've never heard anything like it since the signing of the Armistice. It proves that there is good in the worst of us. God and goodness are truly everywhere. Well, I didn't mean to write all my letter on Diana's search party, but somehow my pen has bolted. Under separate cover I am sending for some extra "Grits" for distribution.

(Dear Hon. Vi,—Your letter is just splendid. I would like to print it in double column setting so that it might more easily reach the eye of all "Grit" readers. The young people always do splendidly when there is

any splendid thing to do. They "muck up" lots, but then all puppies and kittens do that; it is a part of their business to do so. I would not give you a used match for a pup or a kitten that did not play up sometimes. Thank you for your welcome and valuable help.—Uncle B.)

WHY THE QUAD?

Fred Derham, "Ardlui," Rossiter Avenue, Maroubra Bay, writes: I am writing to ask you if you will kindly enrol me as one of your Ne's. My father has been getting "Grit" for the last two years, or even more. I am twelve years of age, my birthday being on the 17th of June. I attend Sydney Boys' High School, a beautiful building situated in the vicinity of Moore Park. The playground happens to cover the ground occupied by the old Zoo, so of course it is very nice. It is very nice in summer and all the hot, sunny days to have the large playground with many nice shady trees. The building encloses a large space of ground covered with grass, called the quad. I am sure I do not know what it is for. Every room is large, made to hold about forty boys. There are four first-year classes, each class containing forty-seven boys. There is also a large room called an Assembly Room; this accommodates all the boys. It has a large stage, a gallery, and cinema box and a screen. Since I have been attending this school I have made stamp collecting my hobby. I have about five hundred different stamps, some of them being very rare. My summer sport is swimming and my winter sport tennis. But as I live at Maroubra Bay and am near the beach I have been surfing right up till a few weeks back.

(Dear Fred,—The quad is the lungs of the school—an air space, and immensely important. You know we humans are a poisonous lot. We give off poison in our used up breath, and cannot have too much open space and fresh air. All your "cousins" will be interested in your account of the young animals that have taken the place of the old Zoo animals.—Uncle B.)

WE WILL HELP.

Allan Wilshire, 56 Lennox-street, Rockdale, writes: I noticed in "Grit" you asked for boys who were willing to give out "Grit" to help win people to vote for Prohibition. If you like to send me some my brothers will help me give them out. I have received another postcard from big brother Joe Longton. It was a photo of Woolworth Building in New York. It has sixty storeys, and is the highest building in the world.

(Dear Allan,—I am glad you and your brothers are going to help me. It is going to be very hard work. We are little Davids, and the Drink Goliath is very blasphemous, very defiant, and very strong; but God is with us, and we will go on, no matter what others do.—Uncle B.)

God gave us faith, but the devil invented doubt.

IT'S THE ALCOHOL THAT KILLS—NOT HOOTCH

Dr. Bigelow, Commissioner of Health of Massachusetts, says His Investigation Shows that Heavy Drinking is Cause of Alcoholism Deaths Just as in Old Days.

That heavy drinking of ordinary alcoholic liquor, not "poison" liquor, is the cause of the majority of deaths from alcoholism in Massachusetts is the conclusion of the State Commissioner of Health, Dr. George H. Bigelow, in a statement just issued.

He deals a straight blow at the assertions so freely used as wet propaganda that poison liquor is chiefly responsible for the alcoholism death rate at the present time. Alcoholism deaths are fewer now by a third in proportion to population than in the average pre-Prohibition year. Dr. Bigelow's facts put the responsibility for what alcoholism mortality remains straight upon the drinker himself who, refusing the protection Prohibition would give him, deliberately continues to provide himself with liquor and acts on the principle, "drink it while you've got it."

"What is killing people who now die of alcoholism," says Commissioner Bigelow, "is what killed them back in the days of the high alcoholic death rates of 1916 and 1917, and before, namely, ethyl alcohol, 'grain alcohol,' or 'good pure' alcohol."

"Ethyl alcohol is, has been and always will be a poison," and this poison "cannot be tolerated by the body" when used immoderately. To heavy drinking of "good pure alcohol" and to the tendency to drink heavily when one has liquor, are apparently due "the vast majority of cases of alcoholic deaths in Massachusetts."

Dr. Bigelow bases his conclusions on the results of examination of thousands of liquor samples, and experiments with animals conducted by Dr. Reid Hunt, Professor of Pharmacology at the Harvard Medical School. No increase in other toxic substances in liquor has been found since 1920, and in the experiments "in no case were there indications of the presence of substances significantly more poisonous than ethyl alcohol."

The Health Commissioner's data emphasize anew the fact that nobody need die of alcoholism—that is, a self-incurred disease; that even supposedly "pure" alcoholic liquor carries a danger to health in the ethyl alcohol poison which it contains.

It is not Prohibition but encouragement of drinking that enables alcoholism still to drag off some victims to the grave.

The Catholic Bishop and Prohibition—

(Continued from page 5.)

says that Prohibitionists have it in mind to prevent their procuring wine for holy mass. That is, that they would work designedly to create a state of affairs that would render impossible the Roman Catholic Mass. What crude dishonesty! The crudest Orangeman I ever knew would be above the barest suggestion of such a thing. Does the Bishop not know that every Christian Church except the Salvation Army and the Quakers celebrate the Lord's Supper in bread and wine, and they all use wine except the Roman Catholic Church when administering it to their people, the wine then being reserved for the privileged class of priesthood, while the multitude of their followers receive merely a precarious wafer. Does the Bishop not know this? Is he wilfully attempting to abuse the intelligence of his people? Let me conclude. It would be a good thing for the Christian Church if the R.C. bishops and priests—yea more, if all ministers, clergy and priests of the Christian Church would only follow Bishop Timothy's example and cut out the drink. Indeed the day has come when the Christian Church must cast adrift from the drink traffic. There is a tribe of Indians in British Columbia to whom an English missionary once went. He preached to them, then traded with them, robbed them and introduced alcohol among them for the sake of gain. The men soon became degraded and the women immoral. The chief seeing the

evil wrought by this traffic, ordered that missionary out of his territory, and it was only by the hair of his head that he escaped death. To-day the Mahomedan is a persona grata to those Indians, but any man attempting to take drink there will find, and quickly too, that Prohibition is enforced in that part of America, but sad to say so is the Christian religion just as surely prohibited. Prohibition may be against the policy of the Roman Catholic Church. But it is surely not against the policy of the Christian Church. When all church dignitaries and leaders will give up their interests in the traffic the Church will come to her own and Prohibition will be an accomplished fact. Not many years ago there was just as much argument over the abolition of slavery. The churches were not least in the defending of slavery; but slavery has gone—we now look back upon it as a relic of barbarous ages. Prohibition is going to deal just as effectively with the drink traffic. The pubs are doomed—no one knows that better than the brewers—and I predict that in 50 years' time our children will look back on the drink traffic as we now look back on the slave traffic. God grant that it may be so.

Speakers Available.

Some of the best speakers in the State are available for Prohibition meetings. Write at once. I will arrange it.

ROBT. B. S. HAMMOND,
Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

HOW PROHIBITION BENEFITS.

If one is to believe the annual report of the Board of Control of the Indiana Boys' School Prohibition has had a salutary effect on the delinquency of the boys of that State. For the year ending September 30, 1927, there were 236 commitments to the institution. In 1918 commitments numbered 338. But while the number of commitments decreased the population of the State increased from 2,705,801 in 1910 to 3,150,000 in 1927. Prohibition means cleaner lives.

HELPS!

Even a fairly good flour hinders rather than helps if it behaves differently on different days with different recipes. That is why so many women rely upon the unvarying goodness of

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If a thing is right do it boldly; if it's wrong leave it undone.



Don't envy a good complexion. Buy one!

* * *

Izzy: "Vot show you goin' to?"

Abbie: "To the Music Box to see 'The Vortex.'"

Izzy: "I thought there wasnt any more var tax."

* * *

WELCOME.

Friend: "Did you hear him say your picture made him sick?"

Artist: "Yes, but I consider that praise. My picture is a storm at sea."

* * *

SECURING SECURITY.

Rastus: "Ah got no money, boss, but if Ah leaves some security, will you-all trus' mahself 'til nex' week?"

Grocer: "I certainly will."

Rastus: "Well, suh, sell me them yondah two chickens, and keep one 'til Ah calls."

* * *

MESS OF JUNK.

Dismal Patient: "Yes, doctor, my head is like a lump of lead, my neck's as stiff as a drainpipe, my chest's like a furnace, and my muscles contract like bands of iron."

Doctor: "I'm not sure you shouldn't have gone to a hardware dealer."

Indignant Man: "You told my office girl that you wanted to see me on a matter of life and death."

Salesman: "I do sir; I want to sell you some life insurance."

* * *

PROPER TEMPERATURE.

The visitor who had come into the over-worked business man's office gasped, "My goodness, this place is hot enough to bake in!"

"So it ought to be," grunted the other; "it's where I make my daily bread."

* * *

ANOTHER RESULT.

"Early to bed and early to rise"

Keeps your room-mate from wearing your ties.

* * *

Flappers are the same as they were 1000 years ago, declares Chief Justice Brothers of the Criminal Court. Many inveterate flappers would appreciate the compliment if told they were the same as they were ten years ago.

PARENTS OR GUARDIANS.

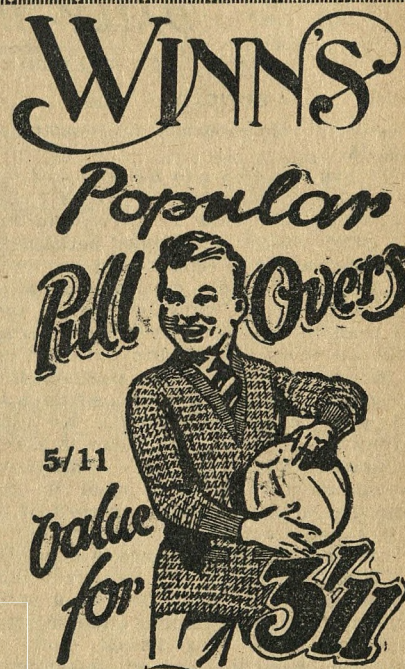
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 Sizes 26 to 30 inch. SPECIAL BARGAIN 4/11

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DAILY INSPIRATION.

By FAIRELIE THORNTON, Author of "Sunset Gleams," Etc.

SUNDAY.

"A book of remembrance was written."—Mal. 3, 16.

Would you like to write the story of your life? Some have said to me, "Ah, if I could only write, I could make an interesting story of my life." Each one thinks perhaps his life is more full of incidents than any other, and many think their experiences unique and the scenes they have witnessed more varied than those others have seen. Would you like the story of your life written? Perhaps in every case, were it written, there would be some lines left out, some things left untold, some chapters omitted. No autobiography is complete. Yet there is a book which contains your whole life's history from beginning to end. God has written the story of your life, or rather kept a record of the lines you have written there from day to day. "A book of remembrance was written before Him." Daily, hourly we are writing all we do and all we say. The book of remembrance spoken of in this chapter refers primarily to those who feared God and thought upon His name and who often spoke of their deepest experiences of God's goodness, which was once supposed to be intended for those who joined in the old-fashioned class meetings. But in Revelations we are told that at the judgment day the books are opened, and that all are judged out of what is written in those books, whether it be good or evil. And we read, another book was opened, which was the book of life, and "Whosoever was not found written in that book, was cast into the lake of fire." Is your name written there? Can you say with Job, "Oh, that my words were now written, that they were printed in a book, that they were graven with an iron pen, and lead in the rock for ever, for I know that my Redeemer liveth?"

MONDAY.

"Ten thousand times ten thousand stood before Him, and the judgment was set, and the books were opened."—Dan., 7, 10.

"And the dead were judged out of those books, according to their works."—Rev., 20, 12.

Every day a page uncloses
Fair and spotless, pure and white,
Every month a chapter closes
Of the story which we write.
And when all the year is ended,
Then the books are put away
With the other books, intended
To be read again one day.

Every deed is there recorded,
Nevermore to be erased,
Help or hindrance we afforded
Is within those records placed;
Every word we ever uttered,
Deeds too, which we left undone,
Even thoughts we scarcely muttered,
Sins we vanquished, triumphs won.

Daily, hourly we are writing,
All we do and all we say,
Evermore a tale inditing
For the world to read one day.
Oh, to write those lines so purely
That no page shall cause us shame;
For each one will meet us surely
When each answers to his name.

TUESDAY.

"A house divided against itself cannot stand."—Matt., 12, 25.

Unity is strength, division weakness.
"Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation." If a man cannot get

on with his own people and his own relatives, however amiable he may appear to outsiders, there is something radically wrong. Love should always begin at home. There it is sometimes hardest to avoid friction. There the Christian graces have the best opportunity of exhibiting themselves. Divisions in the family circle are disastrous, and must eventually lead to disruption and ruin. Some find it hard to welcome into their family circle those to whom they are related by the marriage tie. Few men are transgressors in this respect, but there are wives so selfish and jealous, that they would keep their husbands entirely from his own family as much as possible, while their own friends have to be given chief place, and those who should be welcome are given the cold shoulder. The law of Christ forbids this. Old ties should not be broken for new. Love should enlarge the heart, and not narrow it. No house or family can long stand unless united by the bonds of love. Take one link away, and the chain falls to pieces.

WEDNESDAY.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another."—Rom., 12, 10.

Let us be kind, and ever meet unkindness
By heaping coals of fire upon its head.

Why should we blame another, if in blindness

Upon some flowers we prize he haply tread.

Let us not cherish any hard resentment;
But pity him who cannot see the light.
Let us be kind with holy calm contentment,
Knowing that God can make all things come right.

Let us be kind; the fires of love may smother
The fires of hate which smoulder in some heart;

Let us be pitiful toward the brother
Who caused us many a bitter, aching smart.

Let us pull out the sting, nor ever cherish,
A thing which hurts us, nor give anger place

Within our hearts unnurtured it will perish,
Let us give back for frowns a smiling face.

THURSDAY.

"I endure all things for the elect's sake."
—1 Tim., 2, 10.

Or as Weymouth translates it, "I endure all things for the sake of God's own people." That word translated "elect" has been a stumbling block to many. The elect or chosen ones are those who choose Christ in return. He has no chosen ones, but those who choose His service of their own free will. The Apostle says that all that happens to him is for the sake of others. Have you ever wondered why you should be passing through some trying experience? You can see no reason for it. It does not seem to be at all for your spiritual welfare. Very often it is that you may be able to enter into another person's experience of a similar nature to whom it is necessary. We are all God's chosen ones in a sense, but all do not choose to obey. When we are willing to follow in His steps, to live for the purpose He has sent us into the world to fulfil, then He takes us in hand, and moulds us that we may be vessels unto honor, sanctified, or set apart for His use. The process of moulding is sometimes painful. Many an odd corner has to be chiselled off. But all that happens to us is to make us more polished instruments for His service.

FRIDAY.

"For all things are for your sakes; that the abundant grace might through the thanksgiving of many redound to the glory of God. For which cause we faint not."—2 Cor., 4, 15.

Are your spirits bruised and broken

With a load of care?

But the anguish is unspoken,

None that load may share.

Is your heart now crushed and bleeding

'Neath some heavy blows,

Which no human friend is heeding,

And no being knows?

Have you met for love unkindness,

Hate and bitter scorn

From those who in reckless blindness

Crowned your brow with thorn?

O rejoice you are partaker

Of the grief and woe

Of your Saviour and your Maker

Who your pain doth know.

Seek not, thou, the load to carry;

Leave it all to Him.

Though His succor seem to tarry,

And thine eyes be dim.

Right shall conquer yet, my brother.

Scorn the tempter's rage.

God shall fight for thee; none other

Need the battle wage.

SATURDAY.

"Consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds."—Heb., 12, 3.

It is often a help to feel that others have had the same experience as ourselves when passing through some trying path of life. Not that we like others to have felt the griefs we endure, but "a fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind," and sympathy is always helpful, but none can really sympathise with any trouble unless they have themselves had the same. Some selfish hearts even then have grown so hard that the very fact of another bearing the same cross as themselves only leads them to centre their thought more upon their own affliction. "Oh, yes," they say, "I have gone through that and worse. That's nothing to what I have endured." But there is One whose sympathy never fails. Whatever the trouble may be, He feels it with us. "Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." That very trouble, of whatever nature, that you have to bear, He has borne. Our sorrows were laid on Him, and even now "He feels afresh what every member bears." Therefore, when feeling wearied and faint in your mind, consider Him. "Neither did His brethren believe in Him." Daily they wrested His words, every twisting them to suit their own malicious purposes. "He was oppressed, and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth." He knows, He cares, He feels, He loves.

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Hear the story of a man who referred to God a problem in regard to drink, of the answer given by way of a remarkable parable told in a dream, and of the subsequent curing of that man of all desire for drink. It all happened in Sydney within the past three or four years, and to the uninitiated is a remarkable indication as to how incompatible in the eyes of God is the taking of drink and the leading of a Christian life.

I was born of Christian parents, baptised a Christian, and subsequently went to an English boarding school where we went to church fifteen times a week. Surely that should have sufficed to start one on the right road, but it did not. A year after leaving school (i.e., between 17 and 18) I was familiar with most kinds of strong drink and was many times drunk before I was 20. I wound up the celebrations of my 21st birthday by riding home through the suburbs of London on the top of a four-wheeled cab (I refused to go inside so great was my "hilarity"), and for a subsequent twenty odd years I averaged four or five whiskies per day, and cannot recollect ever having gone a day without a drink save on the occasion of two or three sea voyages, and during one or two severe bouts of sickness.

Concomitant with all this there was of course a violation of mostly all of the Ten Commandments, and eventually the inevitable finding of myself about seven miles the other side of the place where the Prodigal Son called a halt. I was hopelessly and apparently inextricably in debt, and there did not appear to be the least disposition on any man's part to minister unto me. Then came the realisation of why I was where I was, and I commenced the attempt to get right with God.

There were apparently one or two false starts, and several wrong turnings taken. Eventually I commenced to attend divine services and to read the Bible. Then there came a night—it was a Sunday night—when I was sitting on the verandah with the Bible on my knees after a reading, and I was pondering over what I had got to do before God would straighten out my tangled affairs for me and make of me a decent man. Possibly that sounds a trifle mercenary to some of the good readers of "Grit," but pray remember that it was, as I understand the parable, the arrival at a similar condition of affairs that pulled up the Prodigal Son.

I wondered and pondered, and remember distinctly saying to myself, "Have I to give up drinking altogether? I know some quite decent Christian people who drink! Why, I know some clergymen who drink." Then I said to myself, "Well, that's a problem that God will have to solve for me, and I suppose He will if it's necessary." He solved it before a dozen hours had passed!

I closed the book and went to bed. During the night I dreamed the most most vivid dream I ever had. I was, in my dream, standing in George-street, opposite the Queen Victoria Markets. (This has no significance as far as the purport of the dream is concerned, but I mention it to show how clear and distinct everything was). I was talking to a man, but I do not know who he was, nor what we were talking about. Suddenly he said to me, "Do you know that man?" He indicated a tall biggish man in clerical garb, who, following the direction of his gesture, I noticed had just passed us. "That," he continued, "is Hammond. He has just taken on the Secretaryship of the Licensed Victuallers' Association." I knew Mr. Hammond by sight, and by repute as to his work in regard to the liquor traffic. In fact, I had often been in company where we had, whilst drinking, made use of a popular toast with drinkers: "Well, here's to Hammond and down with the drink," suiting the action to the words.

I said to the companion of my dream, "And do you mean to say that he's taken that Licensed Victuallers' job and is still going to continue that Prohibition work?" "Yes," he replied. "And still going to carry on his job down at St. Barnabas' Church?" "Yes," he replied. "Well," said I indignantly, "that is the most damnably inconsistent thing I've ever heard of in all my life." And then I woke up and it was morning! It was all so clear and plain that I did not know whether it had been a dream or whether I was still dreaming. And what was most abundantly and tremendously plain to me was that the dream, the parable, was God's answer to my request, and that I had to quit drinking altogether if I was to be consistent.

But in regard to the quitting of my bad habit, it was not a case of "and immediately

the fever left him." I realised what I had to do, and it was always before me, but I could not throw off the habit of twenty years in a day, a week, or even a year. However, there came a day when the taking of a drink would be followed by most acute depression and fits of most incoherent, uncontrollable anger when I would say and think the most unkind and unjust things. Now I can say with humble and hearty gratitude to God, that the taste for liquor has entirely left me, and may it never return.

The end of the story is this. I felt the strongest urge to go to Mr. Hammond, make myself known to him and tell him the story. After a few days I did so, and after listening to me he said, "You were quick to see the inconsistency in me, were you not?" My visit to Mr. Hammond gives me another cause to thank God for the dream, for he, Mr. Hammond, has been the truest and staunchest friend in heaps of trouble that ever I have had in my life.

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