

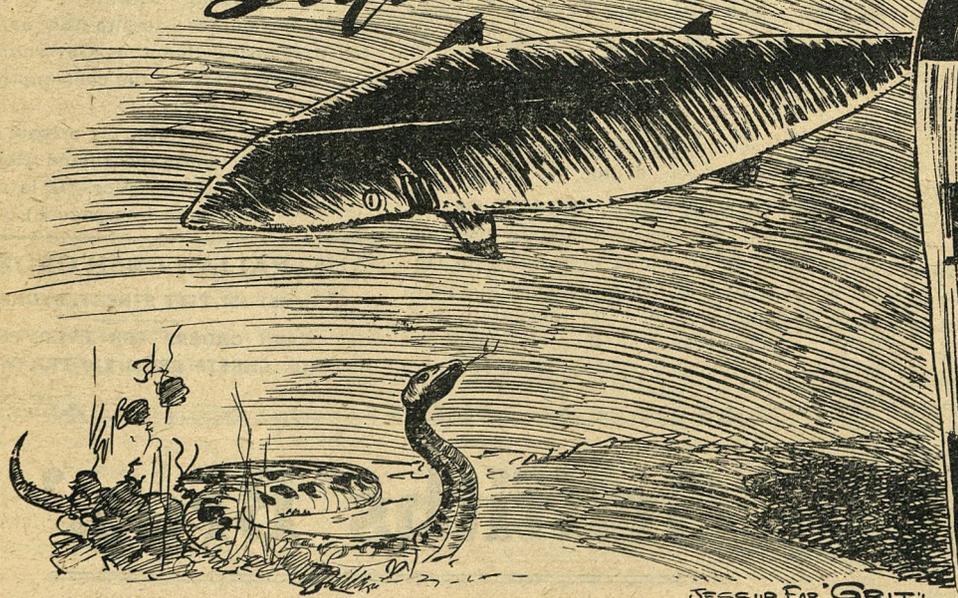
Grit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION.

VOL. XXII. No. 36. Twopence. SYDNEY, NOVEMBER 8, 1928.

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

*"Sharks in the sea -
snakes in the bush -
motors in the street - BUT
the greatest of all 'Dangers,'
Liquor in the Bottle."*



DESSUP FOR 'GRIT'.

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MISERABLE FAILURE OF GOVERNMENT CONTROL.

"PUSSYFOOT" GIVES SOME INTERESTING FACTS GLEANED FROM OBSERVATION, REPORT OF LIQUOR CONTROL BOARD AND PUBLIC PRESS, ON WORKING OF BRITISH COLUMBIA GOVERNMENT CONTROL PLAN.

By WILLIAM E. (PUSSYFOOT) JOHNSON.

Pussyfoot Johnson, envoy extraordinary of the World League Against Alcoholism, who recently helped to conduct a dry campaign in British Columbia, is dead sure that the liquor control system in that province is a flat failure, and even worse than that.

British Columbians thought they took the liquor business away from the disreputables and put it into the hands of highly honorable Government agents, thereby avoiding the evils connected with the private sale.

But the people are no longer calling the scheme "Government control," for the Government does not control—it has merely set up counter liquor selling in competition with the bootleggers that infest the province.

British Columbia never did have complete Prohibition except for a few months during the World War. Under the British North American Act, which operates as a sort of constitution for that country, the provinces have no control over manufacturing or transportation. These are Dominion matters. All the province can do is to prohibit liquor sale. Thus, provincial Prohibition is hamstrung from the beginning.

The brewers, distillers and wholesalers are the most enthusiastic advocates of Government selling for the reason that they sell as much liquor or more and their bills are promptly paid. There is no trouble for them in dealing with irresponsible barkeepers, and there are no licenses to pay.

DRYS AGAIN ACTIVE.

In order to give Government selling the fullest possible chance to make good, the Prohibition organisation of the province was practically abandoned, waiting results. Now the results are being reaped, and because of the results the people are becoming aroused. The British Columbia Prohibition League is being resurrected under the aggressive leadership of Rev. R. J. McIntyre, a former baseball pitcher of national repute. He is now pitching missiles with telling effect into the machinery of Government selling.

PRIVATE "IMPORTS" LEAD.

It is a curious fact that private persons import more liquor into the province than does the Government monopoly. Here is the record:

Importation of Liquors Into British Columbia.		
Fiscal year ending March 31.	Gallons imported by Government.	Gallons imported by Private Persons.
1922	192,962	213,326
1923	191,088	191,262
1924	307,227	199,166
1925	311,535	160,348
1926	260,848	339,326
1927*	157,624	286,785

* Seven months.

BEER PARLORS OPENED.

Last year (1925-26) the notorious beer parlors were instituted in order to "reduce" consumption—so it was said. So 251 beer parlors were opened. The results are twofold: First, these same beer parlors quickly became the most notorious dives in the country, the centres of drunkenness and debauchery.

Second, during the year, instead of lessening the consumption of liquor, the province imported for consumption 128,389 more gallons of liquor than in the previous year, of which 94,339 gallons were beer. That is why both the distillers and brewers are so happy. Why shouldn't they be happy? At present there are Government booze shops in the province as follows:

Beer parlors	251
Liquor stores	72

During the last fiscal year about 7,500,000 dollars worth of beer was sold. One brewery made a profit of 800 per cent. on its investment. That brewery, naturally, is a very fierce advocate of Government selling. Here are the way the beer profits are split:

The brewers get 12.50 dollars per barrel of beer, which cost about 75 cents to make.

The Amalgamated Brewers, as "agents," get 6 dollars per barrel more.

The Government gets 3.50 dollars per barrel.

The licensee makes 134 per cent. profit.

The customer gets drunk.

MODERATION LEAGUE BREAKS FAITH.

The Moderation League solemnly promised that if the people would only agree to Government selling, drinking of alcoholic liquors in public places would be absolutely forbidden. But as soon as these worthies got Government selling they began to root for

beer parlors where the people could sit down and drink all the suds they could pay for and consume. And the blessed Moderation League did not stop until they had obtained the opening of 251 beer parlors for consumption on the premises. People who drink in the beer parlors must sit down, for then they are sure to consume more beer.

Under Government selling, British Columbia has become a sort of bootleggers' paradise. The Government shops pay the Dominion tax of 8 dollars a gallon on spirits. Spirits for export are tax-free. The bootleggers, under the direction of the distillers, naturally "export" their spirits, but these "exports" often do not get beyond the border, and when they do they are usually sneaked back. So the bootlegger has the advantage of 8 dollars a gallon over the Government shops.

To compete with the bootleggers, the beer parlors were set up. Then further to compete with the bootleggers, the Government has twice lowered the prices of its liquors. Then, to compete with the bootlegger some more, the closing hours of the Vancouver beer parlors were advanced to midnight.

BOOTLEGGERS ACTIVE, SAYS CONTROL BOARD.

The fifth annual report of the Liquor Control Board, which I have before me, reads like chapters from the Book of Lamentations. Here are quotations:

"No cases of outstanding importance have occurred during the period under review (year ending March 31, 1926), but the illegal selling of liquor continues, and presents many difficulties, despite the opportunities for purchasing liquor at Government stores and the facilities for the consumption of beer in public.

"The brewing of beer for private use which is permitted under the Inland Revenue Act is a very general practice. It is regrettable

(Continued on page 3.)

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WINE BOUNTY SCANDAL.

BAREFACED USE OF SOLDIERS BY CITY MERCHANTS.

By J. D. MERSON.

The following statement on the operation of the Wine Export Bounty Act is furnished for the information of your readers.

The bounty was first granted on September 17, 1924, and up to June 30, 1928, there was paid to 63 exporters £1,170,778, and also since September 1, 1927, £89,026 as refund of the excise duty paid on the added fortifying spirit.

The value of the wine as placed on board ship was £521,043, so that the bounty paid by the Commonwealth Government included not only the full value of the wine, which remained the property of the exporters, but also a money grant in addition of £649,735, a gift in all to each exporter on the average of £18,583, and this does not include the £89,026.

Of the 63 exporters, among whom are city merchants and distillers—

1 was paid over	£140,000	4 over	£20,000
1 over	125,000	6 „	10,000
1 „	90,000	11 „	5,000
3 „	60,000	10 „	1,000
2 „	50,000	4 „	500
2 „	40,000	6 „	100
4 „	30,000		

And the remaining eight from £63 to a dole of £2.

In each case the bounty amounted to a free grant of the value of the wine and of much more than the value, and yet the bounty was for the returned soldier grape growers, and "for nobody else." These were paid from £1/10/- a ton to £5, perhaps £5/10/-, or anyway they had to get a promise of payment as prescribed by regulation.

It is true that the bounty, which was 4/- more than twice the cost of the wine (1/10), has been twice reduced—first to 1/9, with a return of the excise duty on the added spirit, leaving the net cost of the wine at 7d., and so three times the value; and then to 1/- with exceptions, which is 71 per cent. more than the value. And this is going on still. Why the 1/- a ton bounty on coal is nothing to it!

But there is a yet blacker feature of the evil business. The grape is one of the best gifts of God to man; it is recognised that, whether in health or sickness, there is no more wholesome or grateful food than good grapes, acting favorably, as they do, on every organ of the body. But by the fermentation of grape juice all this is changed. Fermentation is a common process—milk becomes sour, butter becomes rancid, fruit decomposes, jam goes bad. By the fermentation of grape juice the sugar of the grape is changed into alcohol and carbon dioxide gas—two poisons.

Professor Osborne, Melbourne University, says: "There is not an organ of the body with which alcohol comes in contact that is not irritated and injured by it." Our ordinary fermented wine may contain even up to 22 per cent. of proof spirit, but in order to claim the bounty the exporters are required to add more spirit, so that the wine shall contain at least 34 per cent. of proof spirit, and this whether the wine is sent to Great Britain or to New Zealand. And we have a Minister and a Department of Health! What a ghastly sham it is throughout!

Miserable Failure of Government Control—

(Continued from page 2.)

that this provision exists, as it adds to the problems of law enforcement.

"Continuous supervision of licensed premises is required, more particularly in the urban centres, and especially in the city of Vancouver, where the density of population affords the greatest likelihood of violations of the Act."

COURTS BUSY.

The Courts have had plenty to do to keep the horde of bootleggers and Government shops in order. During the fiscal year—1925-26—3365 criminal prosecutions for violations of the Liquor Act were held, in which 671 persons were sent to jail and 1666 fined. Fines and penalties to the extent of 180,390 dollars were collected.

The net results of the Government selling scheme are thus stated by Attorney-General A. M. Manson, K.C.:

"I have no sympathy for the brewers. I could not after my three years' experience. There has never been a day when the brewers have not spent every minute in doing their utmost to contravene the will of the people, defy the Government, and tear down the law of the land. I have come to the conclusion that beer by the glass is not an issue raised by the people but by the brewers. To most of the brewers the meaning of the word 'honor' is unknown."

BREWERS AGAIN IN POLITICS.

Then along comes the Vancouver "Daily Province," the leading daily of the province, a publication which is by no means dry, and it says editorially:

"We thought that we had made John Barleycorn respectable, rigging him out in store clothes and setting him decently at a table instead of allowing him to lean against a bar in his customary grime and disrepute. But the old reprobate seems to have double-crossed us. . . . Dirty, sinister, menacing as

ever, he is leering at us again, and in his leer is more than a suspicion of triumph, for it is well known that he has plans afoot for poisoning our public life and besmirching our good name. To put it briefly, beer is once more taking an interest in politics, and there is good reason to believe that politics is not uninterested in beer. The situation is disturbing, for the unholy alliance of liquor and politics never worked anything but evil for British Columbia."

The problem now before the people of British Columbia seems to be not Government control of the liquor traffic, but liquor traffic control of the province.

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THE ORPHAN'S CRY.

WHY DID WE LOSE THE REFERENDUM?

On Wednesday, October 24, a party of Band of Hope workers visited the Carlingford Boys' Home, and spent a very happy evening among the boys. The boys sang choruses, and were most enthusiastic in entering the story competition, "Buy Your Own Cherries." The story was first told by the General Secretary, who demonstrated with a plate of cherries. Mistakes were made in the re-telling of the story; details were added, cherries were eaten, and much fun ensued. An address was then given on "Influence," by Mr. E. Trafford. At the close of the evening a vote of thanks was proposed in a way that would not have disgraced a statesman. After the meeting was over, and our party were about to leave, the boys gathered round the General Secretary and said in a very disappointed tone, "Please, Sir, you have not told us why we lost the Referendum." How could he tell these orphans that those outside had placed £ s. d. before their young lives?

HELP FOR THE BAND OF HOPE FUNDS.

(From St. Cuthbert's Church, Naremburn).

The young people of St. Cuthbert's Church, Naremburn, have been, and are still, working an operatta, in three acts, to be given in Chatswood Town Hall on Thursday, December 6. It is hoped that all Churches, Sunday Schools and Bands of Hope will come forward and sell tickets for this event. The programme will be excellent. Ushers are

needed for the hall and door. Seats can be reserved by communicating with the General Secretary, 140 Elizabeth-street, Sydney. Prices of admission, 2/- and 1/-.

VISIT OF NATIONAL SECRETARY, MR. W. H. ROSE.

Mr. W. H. Rose, National Secretary of the Band of Hope Union, will be visiting Sydney from Sunday, November 25, to December 2. On Sunday, November 25, he will conduct the Children's Service, and preach at the Congregational Church, Mascot. On Monday, November 26, he will lecture in the Presbyterian Church, Auburn, at 7.15 p.m. On November 28 he will lecture at the Hunter Baillie Memorial Church, Annandale, at 7.45 p.m., and on Sunday, December 2, will conduct children's service at 3, and preach at 7 p.m., in the Congregational Church, Arncliffe.

OUR PRESIDENT'S APPEAL FOR £150.

The President, the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, and the Executive Committee of the N.S.W. Band of Hope Union, beg to thank the many generous donors who, by their response to the President's appeal, made it possible for us to claim the £100 promised conditionally on the £150 being raised.

THE BAND OF HOPE TRAIN.

Christmas is coming, and everyone likes to entertain their friends at Xmas. Miss Annabel, our recording secretary, has hit upon a novel plan whereby friends can be entertained and the subject of Total Abstinence introduced naturally, and much fun

ensue. The train has started, and will stop at all suburban stations in Sydney. Passengers will be picked up and dropped. Miss Annabel wants you as a passenger. Drop her your name and address. She will forward you the novel particulars on "Novel Entertaining at a Nominal Cost." This is a great opportunity of introducing those outside the Temperance Movement into our Movement. Letters addressed to Miss Annabel, Band of Hope Union, 140 Elizabeth-st., Sydney, will receive attention.

THE PLEDGE

IS

A BOND OF SYMPATHY,
A SYMBOL OF COURAGE,
A SOURCE OF STRENGTH.

As a Labor Leader once said: "You can't realise what a help it is to be able to say, 'I'm a pledged abstainer.' At some functions, where liquor is provided, there's a good deal of jeering sometimes at the water-drinker, and many sneering attempts are made to break down his 'prejudice,' as it is called. But I have never yet found any to press me to drink when I've let them know I'm pledged."

A YOUNG GIRL'S STAND.

Recently at an aristocratic wedding, where a big fashionable crowd attended the reception, champagne flowed freely. In the "crush" the bridesmaids and others were pressed to take wine. Several of them didn't like to refuse; yet they didn't want to take. One of them when pressed courteously, definitely refused. Her firm stand, because she "had taken the pledge," proved to be a great help to the reluctant ones who, as they followed her lead, thanked her for the stand she had taken.

(Continued on page 10.)

A GREAT AND TRAGIC STORY

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CRIME AND ALCOHOL

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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, 8 P.M.

This Film has a foreword by the Premier of Austria.

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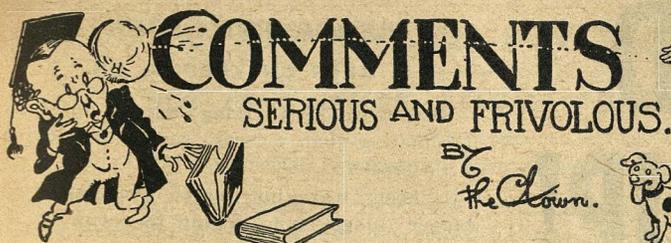
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Alcohol is not what for thousands of years it was supposed to have been. It is not necessary for our civilisation.

We are all more or less interested in dancing. The boxer depends a great deal on his footwork. The pedestrian must step lively, or he will soon be wrapped in a wooden overcoat. The young people accept dancing as the easiest way to the social adventures which are so alluring to them, and as they grow older they will find that the most intricate step, and one requiring the most lively music, is known as footing the bills. While the business men have the wind up because of the new Taxation Bill, and most of us are hard up and wondering how we can make both ends meet—if there is to be meat at one end—there are people who let £9280 go to the Government, and never claim it.

The annual report of the Public Trustee, tabled in the Legislative Assembly, showed that the total number of estates handled since the inception of the office in 1913 was 36,488, and their value £12,644,771.

During the year 19280 was paid to the Treasury as money which had been unclaimed for six years. The balance to the credit of unclaimed balances of intestate estates account at the Treasury now aggregate £163,331.

Doesn't it make your empty pocket ache?

* * *
OLD-FASHIONED.

It is up-to-date to sneer at old-fashioned things. Of course that does not include old-fashioned sins; they are as fashionable as ever.

Modesty is old-fashioned. Chaperons are old-fashioned, and decency in dress is also old-fashioned.

We would like to get some old-fashioned lace, some old-fashioned workmanship, and some old-fashioned homes, with big gardens, fine old trees, and quiet, comfy rest-places. In fact, we do well to remember that it is only a fool who sneers at the past and speaks with contempt of the ways of his parents.

They say that my grandma is old-fashioned,
And they laugh at her simple ways;
Well, many good things that we cherish
Came from the yesterdays.

For isn't love old-fashioned
And modesty, virtue and truth,
As old as the hills and the valleys,
As old as laughter and youth?

Although her years are many,
She attends to her duties with grace,
And the dignified beauty of old-fashioned things
Has softened the lines in her face.

A RARE BIRD.

Churchgoers are often queer birds. They don't flock together like other birds, but flock only with their immediate social equals, and not with their religious equals. They would O.K. an advertising contract for 1000 inches at 15/- an inch, and create a rumpus in the vestry, and want to know whoever was going to pay for it, if there was a one-inch advertisement for the church. They tip the waiter a couple of shillings, and tip the Lord a shilling. The fellow who wrote these new beautitudes must have been a parson or the son of a parson:

Blessed is the member whose calendar contains prayer meeting nights.

Blessed is the member who is faithful on a committee.

Blessed is the member who will not strain at a drizzle at church time, and swallow a downpour at club time.

Blessed is the member who can endure an hour and a-quarter in the place of worship as well as two hours and a-half in the place of amusement.

Blessed is the member who is generous toward his or her neighbor in all things except the application of a sermon.

Blessed is the member whose watch keeps church time, as well as business or social time.

IT CAN'T BE DONE.

An old friend has cherished this clipping for 28 years, and it seems to me it is up to "Grit" to send it out on a fresh adventure, and one can surely hope that others will think it worth preserving:

You can't get plums from a peach tree,
And a kitten will grow to a cat;
A puppy will surely be a dog,
And nobody wonders at that.

If we plant in the spring the grain of corn,
We know that it won't grow wheat,
And you can't, from the stalk of a rose bush,
Expect something good to eat;
And so I carry it farther,
And surely I can see
That an idle, useless, troublesome boy
Won't grow to the man for me.

If I'd be like Grant or Garfield,
Or the old Emperor,
With millions of loving people
Hoping and praying for me;
I've got to be first a splendid boy—
From good boys grow such men—
It just as surely follows,
As the sun will rise again.

"Whatsoever we sow, that we shall reap,"
It is only saying the same;
If I sow "wild oats" in my springtime,
I can only harvest shame.
Now I've got pretty tired of thinking,
But I know as sure's I can whistle,
No boy or man in all this world
Ever gathered a "fig from a thistle!"

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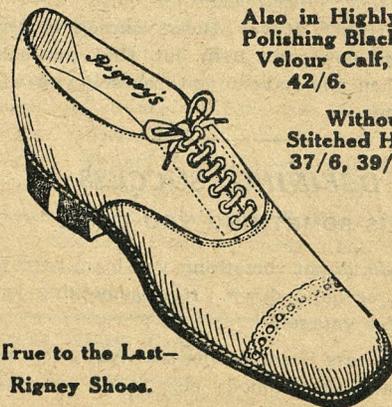
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GRAINS OF GOLD WORTH PICKING UP!

HOW TO FIND YOURSELF.

LOOK FOR SOMEONE ELSE.

A lonely man once wrote to the writer of this page saying he felt "lost," that he sincerely wanted to "find" himself, and wanted to know how.

There is only one way to find yourself—and that is to hunt out someone else.

Our own little troubles, aches, worries, disappointments all melt noiselessly and almost unnoticeably away the moment we seek to eliminate these things from the life of somebody else.

No matter how unfortunate or unhappy you are, there is someone, somewhere, who is worse off. Remember this. Then try to find that person. When you have found him and tried to put some sunshine into his clouds, you'll find sunshine creeping into your own life from everywhere.

What counts is the happiness and usefulness that arrives at the house of somebody else the minute you take it there.

Immortal beings should move round. There is nothing but rust and decay in standing still and wondering why someone else doesn't come along and give you a lift. The lift will come, but it is necessary for you to go out and motion for it.

Go! Hunt! Move! Busy yourself in service and you can't help but find yourself. And when you have found yourself you will be happy.

DEFINING SUCCESS.

IT IS SOMETHING YOU EARN.

Success is not something you loan, borrow, inherit, or hand down. It is something you earn—for yourself.

All success is something that you are, and have—and that nobody else is, or has, just the same.

Success is just ordinary failure—turned forward.

The first step is to do your work the best way you know.

The next is to do it a bit better.

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Trust Money
on Mortgage.

Think of ease, but work on.

* * *

If little labor, little are our gains.

* * *

Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

THE TOWN OF YAWN.

My friend, have you heard of the town
of Yawn,

On the banks of the River Slow,
Where blossoms the Waitawhile flower
fair,

Where the Sometimeorother scents the
air,

And the soft Goeasys grow?

It lies in the Valley of Whatstheuse,
In the province of Letherslide;
That "tired feeling" is native there,
It's the home of the listless Idontcare,
care,

Where the Putitoffs abide.

The Putitoffs never make up their
mind,

Intending to do it to-morrow;
And so they delay from day to day,
Till business dwindles and profits
decay,

And their days are full of sorrow.

You have to sow before you reap.

* * *

You have to contribute before you collect.

* * *

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BROOK PHILOSOPHY.

KEEP ON KEEPING ON.

Can there be anything more delightfully fascinating than a busy, sparkling, moving little creek?

It keeps travelling—on and on, expecting bigger things—and singing its song* as it goes.

And if you followed you would learn a lesson from the steady, persistent, little creek. For some time or other, somewhere, a river or a pond appears, and the little creek's ideal comes true.

No creek, however, ever got anywhere by becoming stagnant. Its life must be one of motion and action—all the time going forward.

The creek doesn't care how many miles it has to go before it becomes big. It has no mind for the stones and hills on its way. It just keeps going.

It is glad to feed the fish and water the birds and animals as it goes. Without asking favors it grants them to the best of its ability to everyone.

Busy little fellow! YOU can learn from him!

PERSPIRATION

ISN'T COMMONPLACE.

Perspiration is what keeps the world from becoming commonplace. Just the minute the sweat begins to roll off a fellow's forehead, that moment his heart comes to his task, his sensibilities grow keen and his soul bubbles with joy.

If you are unhappy and things are not just right, roll up your sleeves and get busy on some job that will start the water running off your brow. With globules on your forehead you won't have them in your eyes, and you'll get back to the point where you realise that, after all, you are master of yourself.

Perspire! And remember that it never hurt any man.

"In the medical wards of the Pennsylvania Hospital I have found that in acute as well as chronic disease we can do without alcohol. It does harm rather than good."—Dr. J. H. Musser, Past President of the American Medical Association.

Christmas Flower Cards

FROM THE HOLY LAND.

NATURAL FLOWERS WITH MOTTOES AND GOOD WISHES.

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Apply to Mr. D. C. KAPLAN, P.O.B. 654, JERUSALEM, PALESTINE.

EVERYWHERE PROSPERITY.

NOT ONE DRUNK AMONG FOUR MILLION.

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

The foundation of America is the virtue of its individuals. I am amazed at the conditions prevailing in American villages and cities since Prohibition. I find the American people advancing rapidly towards greater happiness daily since there is less than 5 per cent. of the alcohol consumed for beverage purposes that was used before Prohibition.

In Mount Vernon, Iowa, I met a salesman who, previous to Prohibition, spent most of his life with his foot on the brass rail in some saloon. This man told me to-day: "Every small village in Iowa had its quota of 'public charges' whose breadwinner spent his wages over the bar. To-day there is not a single 'public charge' in the whole State of Iowa that can lay the blame upon alcohol."

It was a four-hundred-mile drive to Minneapolis, Minnesota, from Sheboygan, Wisconsin, where Konrad Schreier's Brewery at 141 East Jackson Boulevard is now the "Naborhood Bakery" manufacturing "brawn bread." Konrad's sign says: "Business vigor from correct Brawn Bread contains all the life-giving elements of the wheat, plus an unsurpassed flavor. Look for the Brawn sign at your Naborhood Bakery: Life-prolonging Brawn Wholewheat Bread."

Konrad Schreier had twenty saloons in Sheboygan. They are now a string of bakery stores. (Refute that, you "wet" degenerates who await the birth of Australian babies like dingoes awaiting their opportunity to slaughter and maim the lambs in a flock.)

I made this trip across the State in less than nine hours via Fond du Lac, the shore of Lake Winnebago, Oskosh, Waupaca, Wisconsin Rapids, Eau Claire, Menomonee, where I crossed the Menomonee River; Hudson, where I crossed the St. Croix; St. Paul and St. Anthony, where I crossed the Mississippi into Minneapolis.

Everywhere there was prosperity. The great International Harvester Works en route, as well as overall, fishing tackle, milling, knitting, textile, piano and other factories too numerous to mention, were busy. Everybody was happy. The crops were never better. The flour mills and "factories in breweries" in the Twin Cities were working overtime. Sears-Roebuck had opened its new 200-acre floor space mail order house. The State Fair at Hamtramck in the Midway was on. It is the world's greatest fair. I have not seen a drunk since I left Chicago, and I have motored through a population of four million people. This has been one time that I looked for a drunk, being as it were that I was beyond slums which harbor Italian, Greek and Polish immigrants.

I was glad to meet Mr. W. G. Calderwood in Minneapolis, and we had an enjoyable three hours. We journeyed to an old saloon

and had a couple of ice cream sundaes. Then he took me to his palatial office, where a staff of about twenty attend to the Ministers' Casualty Insurance Company. This man is a valuable asset to Prohibition, as he has over 2,000,000 people throughout the world reading his "Forum" articles in newspapers. He sends his regards to Aussie friends, and Ben Locke, of Sheboygan, wishes to be remembered to Mr. Paykel, of the Houghton Leather Belting Co., Sydney.

As I have enumerated the conversions of breweries into factories in the Twin Cities during a previous visit, I will continue with my trip to Rochester, the famous Mayo Clinic City, where Schuster's Brewery is the Rochester Dairy Co., serving a city of 15,000 population with milk. Its waggons now deliver milk to homes where, before Prohibition, they did the rounds of the saloons loaded with beer. Here's only one instance where the dairy farmer benefits by Prohibition. Another is at Waverley, Iowa, where the brewery is the creamery and milk distributing depot.

The magnificent Mayo Clinic is beyond description. It is a Mecca for the world's suffering, and the Mayo Brothers are what I describe "wizards of surgery and ministering angels to the afflicted." In Rochester the Mayos charge according to the means of the afflicted. The millionaire pays "plenty;" the poor pay nothing; and each gets the same care and treatment. They have the greatest organisation on earth, and it does not take them long to find out how much the millionaire in "rags" bluffing has "socked away," and how little the poor might have. God bless the Mayo Brothers.

From Rochester I motored to Austin, where a tornado had "beaten me" to that city by only a few days. It was in ruins. From there I drove south across the State line into Osage, Iowa, and continued on through Charles City, Waverley and Cedar Falls through the Cedar Valley to Waterloo, where I viewed the remains of one of the greatest, grandest Prohibitionists that ever broke the bread of life. Here is an excerpt from the Des Moines "Tribune Capital":

"PRIEST WHO FOUGHT SALOON RING DIES."

"The Rev. John Nemmers, 81, a Catholic priest who became a pioneer in the temperance movement during the fifty-three years he had been pastor of the church at Gilbertville, a nearby village, died Friday.

"Father Nemmers prevented the establishment of a second saloon at Gilbertville by himself applying for a license, which he never exercised. When the 'wet' element retaliated by holding a drinking party on a vacant lot near the church, he broke up the celebration with a club.

"He assumed the Gilbertville pastorate on December 21, 1875, two days after his ordination at Dubuque, where he was one of the three first graduates of Columbia College."

Before I go ahead with the rest of this article I will draw your attention to another in the Des Moines "Register":

"A BOLDT FROM THE BLEW."

"The proprietor of a dry cleaning plant in Humboldt, Ia., was blown from his shop by an explosion the other day. Some fellow must have left a pint of hooch in a hip pocket when he sent his suit to be cleaned."

Waterloo, Iowa, had no breweries. It had a "speakeasy." It is now a kindergarten. During the 'flu epidemic its most successful and prominent doctor never prescribed alcohol, and he had 75 per cent. fewer deaths than any other in that city.

I crossed the Cedar River there, and motored through Vinton to Cedar Rapids, where Williams' Brewery is a wreck, and Jackson's Brewery is a grain elevator. From there I took the Lincoln Highway to De Witt, and thence to Davenport, Iowa, where, overlooking the Mississippi River, I write this, after a three days' run covering about 600 miles of the greatest farming land I ever saw.

Pugilists from booze-ridden countries are having tough times in "dry" America. You all know how Tom Heeney fared with the Prohibitionist Gene Tunney. However, Tom King dived into the arms of Morpheus when, over in Dayton, Ohio, two nights ago Joe Anderson sent a "haymaker" into his whiskers in the middle of the first round. About the time that Tom was listening to the man playing the golden harp John Squires, of South Africa, was doing his durndest to keep out of "the land of green ginger." "Young" Stribling was introducing him to Morpheus in a New York ring. John kissed the canvas twice in the first round. But it was in the second spasm that Stribling pressed the Squires "button which turned out all lights."

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A Personal Chat with my readers

SMILES
MORE PRECIOUS
THAN
DIAMONDS.

We don't always feel like smiling, some of us don't ever feel like smiling, some of us can't smile even when we feel like it, but all of us warm a little to a smile and respond to it in some kind of a way. The smile that comes bubbling up from within is priceless, the one that is stuck on from the outside is offensive and irritating.

The question is, Can we cultivate the smile that bubbles up and breaks through?

There is no doubt that to be inwardly sweet is one of the graces of the Christian faith. To be kept in that condition is one of the results of close fellowship with the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

The following story is true; it carries an inspiration, and that is why I retell it.

The woman went to the big general hospital to see a little friend in one of the wards. Any hospital is a heartbreaking place, and this one was no exception—a big building crowded with suffering men and women; nurses and maids in uniforms caring for patients and mopping the floors; intelligent doctors giving their skill and strength to the sick. The woman was a little saddened by it all, and was quiet and thoughtful as she got on the elevator to go down stairs and out of the building.

Then, pushing himself in a wheel chair, a big, handsome boy of 20 got on the elevator. The woman started when she saw that both his legs were gone.

The elevator man was cross.

"You know you ain't supposed to use this lift during visiting hours," he growled to the boy.

"Sorry, boss," said the boy cheerfully, "but don't put it on me. Those doctors and nurses certainly are slow." He grinned at the woman and winked.

The grin was so broad and genuine that it was infectious; everyone in the lift smiled. Later in the day the woman met a friend in the subway.

"You're looking awfully cheerful to-day," said the friend. "Where did you get that smile?"

"From a boy in the hospital," said the woman. "He was passing them around and I took one."

* * *

JUST
BOY.

The boy is a great chap if you don't mind noise, a little thoughtlessness or forgetfulness. A boy should never be blamed. All the boy material was provided by his parents, and if he is not keeping this material in good shape that is the parents' fault.

We don't always feel like smiling, some of us don't ever feel like smiling, some of us can't smile even when we feel like it, but all

What the average father does not know about his boy would fill a library. He never knows why his boy loves to tease his sister or the cat, why he wants to be a pirate or a policeman, how he can stuff himself with indigestible things at any hour of the day or night, or what his prayers really mean in his young life.

It is curious how little dad understands about his boy since he was once a boy himself. A boy is indeed shy; this explains a great deal of his conduct.

Put a new suit on a boy and he is uncomfortable, and he is anxious to be unobserved.

Put a new dress on a girl and she is happy and wants an audience—so do girls differ from boys.

A normal boy is like a river in flood time: always liable to overflow the limitations, to cut a new channel to brush away any restraining thing.

He is in a different place to-day to what he was a week ago, and we need to make allowances for the changes. You can win his confidence in the same way that you can get on good terms with wild animals, just so long as you establish their faith in you and quietly convince them that their fears and suspicions are groundless.

In fact a boy is a wild animal, and it takes much patience and observation to read the riddle of the boy.

When I see a boy who hasn't a dog,

Or a dog that hasn't a boy—

I think of the lot they are missing

Of frolic and genuine joy.

Some parents think dogs are a nuisance,

Just something to bark and annoy—

They can't know how badly a boy needs a dog

Or how sadly a dog needs a boy.

It would surprise many a dad to know how much his boy knows of him and how accurately the silent boy has summed him up.

Arthur Guiterman writes:

Clear-eyed and grave, you look me through
and through

And know me as I am, not as I seem.

The masks I wear may cheat the world, not
you,

What I have done the coldly-wise may
deem

Noble or paltry, weighing good and ill;

Buyers and sellers! Let them mete and
dole

Appraising gauds and tokens as they will,

But, all unconsciously, you see the soul.

Can you believe in me, in me who must

Be humbly schooled by you before I teach?

You smile the smile of childhood's perfect
trust:

GRIT

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NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1928.

I am not all unworthy? May I reach
Again the stainless peaks of April's prime?
Put your small hand in mine and help me
climb.

* * *

THERE IS A
DIFFERENCE.

The man who drowns
did not trust the water,
but he did struggle man-
fully.

The man who swam to the shore, he
trusted the water and he strove to the last
ounce of his energy.

We may struggle and fail, and we may
strive and succeed. In swimming there is
such a thing as faith, confidence, a depend-
ence on the water. That, of course, is vital,
but it is not sufficient.

You must make an effort, but the great
and exhausting effort of the man who sinks
gets him nowhere. On the other hand, the
less violent effort of the swimmer sends him
towards safety.

In fifty years from now I will be dead,

And yet how short a time is fifty years!
When Saturn twice around the sky has sped

I will have opened doors to other spheres.

I will be wise, then, as the stars that pass
The gates of Heaven on their endless

flight,

I will have learned the secret of the grass,

And what the wind keeps whispering at
night.

I will have felt the texture of the sun,

And seen first hand the sky's enduring
blue—

And even then, exchange all I have won

For one lost opportunity on earth.

The Editor

ALCOHOL: A HINDRANCE TO HEALTH.

Alcohol was not what for thousands of years it was supposed to have been. It was not necessary for our civilisation.

ADDRESS BY DR. MICHAEL.

The third address, arranged by the Band of Hope Union, and entitled "Alcohol: A Hindrance to Health," was delivered by Dr. Michael in the rooms of the N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance, 140 Elizabeth-street, on Tuesday evening, 23rd October.

Archdeacon Martin, who presided, introduced Dr. Michael, and in a few brief remarks said he greatly appreciated the opportunity of being present, as he recognised the great work the Band of Hope and other enthusiasts were doing.

Dr. Michael said he felt a little diffident at having to take the place of Dr. Arthur, an experienced lecturer who had made the subject a life-long study, but he would tell them what conclusions he had arrived at in regard to cases which had come under his notice. A doctor, in following his profession, came into contact with all sorts and conditions—good, bad, and indifferent—he believed even more so than did the clergy. There was a tremendous difference of opinion in regard to the use of alcohol. Some said it was an unmitigated poison, whilst others reminded us that St. Paul advised Timothy to take it for his stomach's sake; that ancient civilisation included drunken orgies in their religious celebrations, and that Noah drank the fermented juice of the grape. Yet in recent years we find a country like U.S.A. going "dry." How is the change to be accounted for? For thousands of years alcohol had formed a part of human socialisation, and only as recently as 40 years ago brandy and whisky in doses of 3, 4, and 5 ounces were given to patients, some physicians going as far as to give them half-a-bottle a day to keep up their strength.

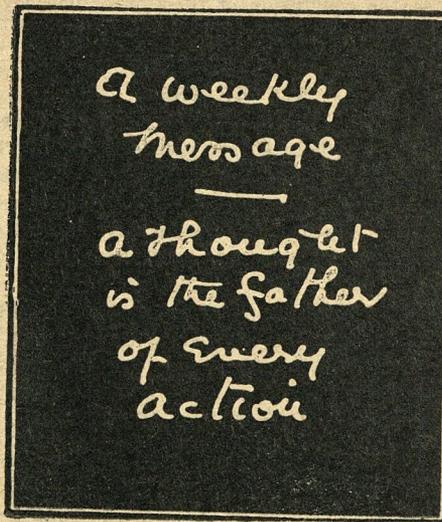
SCIENCE CASTS A DOUBT ON ALCOHOL.

But of recent years scientific knowledge had cast doubt on the value of alcohol as a drug for the treatment of serious illnesses. Just here he wanted to say that he did not agree with the very positive statements, made in regard to the extraordinary poisonous quality of alcohol, and he advised his hearers not to forget that such statements would do their cause very much harm. However bad it was there was something to be said for the other side. In 1889-90 he was a student at a university in Edinburgh when a very serious epidemic of influenza raged throughout Scotland, and during that period the consumption of alcohol in hospitals was very great—so great indeed in some hospitals that its cost outweighed the cost of milk and food. But that state of things had very rapidly diminished as the medical profession began to question the value of alcohol in such circumstances, and proceeded to make experiments

to prove its worth or otherwise, and it was significant how small the bill was now. Oliver Wendell Holmes had said, "Give me wine, water and opium and I will take care of all diseases." But a great many physicians do not hold that view; they never use alcohol at all. Every book on pharmacology classed alcohol as a narcotic and not a stimulant. While there was a certain amount of social value in alcohol the consumption of it in large doses was merely a dangerous habit. It was no use believing that all arguments were on the one side; people must not give rein to their imaginations, emotions and prejudices.

A FATAL FIRST DRINK.

The true man was revealed in his cups. One man would become hilarious and happy, whilst another would be morose and quarrel-



some. After power, judgment and imagination had been abolished by further doses of alcohol, the emotional and mental processes were left, and in that condition men became beasts. After that, from a medical point of view, the speech became thick, vision became double, and all fine movements, such as writing or feeling, were abolished. A little later the muscles of locomotion go, and he was unable to support himself. Then he lapsed into complete unconsciousness. In that drunken stupor, if much alcohol had been taken, the heart may stop. He had been poisoned. There were two varieties of alcoholism—one, acute alcoholic poisoning, and the other drunkenness and collapse. To those unaccustomed to alcohol it had a rapid effect on the stomach. It depressed the heart, breathing was affected, and there were signs of shock and collapse. He was at a dinner on one occasion when a young student was present who had never touched strong drink in his life. A large amount of whisky was forced upon him. For the first

few minutes he appeared to be all right, but five minutes later he was desperately ill, had to be removed to the hospital, and was dead before morning. That was due to acute alcoholic poisoning. After sunstroke, violent shock, injury to the head, etc., an individual was very susceptible to alcohol, and he was of the opinion that that was why a great number of returned soldiers, who before the war could stand quite a lot of liquor, now showed the effect of one or two doses of whisky, as a number had been shell-shocked or suffered some other disability. Alcohol had been used, and was still being used, as a tonic in cases where a person was very weak through illness, or was recovering from shock, and it promoted appetite. Small quantities were undoubtedly absorbed into the system as food. Large doses immediately caused a deleterious effect on the stomach, as it ruined the lining. When giving alcohol for shock it should only be given in the form of spirits, and then only once, but it should not be followed up by giving more alcohol. Before administering spirits from First Aid outfits it should first be ascertained whether the patient was bleeding internally. If such was the case the use of spirits would increase the effects of the injury. He did not propose going into details with regard to the effects of alcohol on the internal organs; suffice to say that the raw human liver of an alcoholic was a revolting sight. The continual use of large doses of alcohol rotted the internal organs and caused various pathological conditions of the kidneys, which in most cases ended fatally. Habitual and moderate drinkers reached a stage whereby they did not show drink outwardly. But in time that curious disease known as D.T.'s developed. From a medical point of view there had been no finer description of the D.T.'s than that given by Kipling in "Departmental Ballads." He advised everyone to read it.

THE POWER OF THE HABIT.

It was a most serious thing to attempt to do anything for a man who had acquired the alcohol habit and who wanted to get well—to give it up. Alcohol destroyed the will power, and signing the pledge did not help much except in the early stages of the habit. There were just a few men who had been habitual drinkers who were hale and hearty at 80, but they were always exceptionally strong men. But they did not come from the ranks of the intellectual; they were men with limited activity but with a strong body and stronger constitution. However, they were few and far between. To sum up, pro and con, he considered alcohol had some value in shock and snake bite; a pleasant and effective aid to digestion, especially to non-drinkers; and had value in a few serious illnesses. Against that it was an acute poison when taken in large quantities, and could easily be the cause of death rapidly. It was a slow poison when taken habitually. It eventually killed—not directly, but indirectly—by preventing the patient from fighting against disease. And there was the

(Continued on page 12.)



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Band of Hope and Help—

(Continued from page 4.)

NATIONAL BAND OF HOPE CONFERENCE HELD IN PERTH.

The eighth National Conference of the Australian Band of Hope Union was held in Perth early in October. There was a very large and representative delegation in attendance.

Mr. R. W. Bowey, National President, was in the chair. Greetings were received from England, New Zealand and several Australian States.

The report presented by the National Secretary, Mr. W. H. Rose, showed that the year had been one of progress. There are nearly 600 Bands of Hope at work in the Commonwealth. In addition to fostering the work of the Bands of Hope, the Australian and State Unions carry on extensive seaside and playground meetings, scientific Temperance work in schools and colleges, and the issue of suitable literature for young people.

It was decided to participate in the celebration of Temperance Sunday, and to institute a great pledge-taking campaign in the New Year.

The matter of graded Bands of Hope was before the Conference, and it was decided to "try out" the proposed scheme in several Bands of Hope in each State. The grading scheme provides for the systematic teaching of Temperance facts and the passing of the members from grade to grade as they qualify.

The following officers were elected: President, Mr. R. W. Bowey; Vice-Presidents, Rev. R. B. S. Hammond and Mr. F. Rush-ton (N.S.W.), Mr. Edward Blakiston and Mr. Newton Nicholls (Victoria), Rev. H. A. Denny and Mr. C. H. Carter (Queensland), Hon. J. C. McPhee (Premier) and Rev. E. E. Bond (Tasmania), Mr. W. Hall and Rev. E. A. Davies (South Australia), Mr. Chas. Schwab and Rev. Ray Hocking (West Australia); Secretary, Mr. W. H. Rose; Treasurer, Mr. Albert Keeling; Hon. Manager, Lantern Department, Mr. C. A. Dollman; Hon. Assistant Secretary, Miss Ivy Harding; Associate Editor, Official Organ, Mr. Cliff Howe.

Mr. Norman Makin, M.H.R., was added to the list of patrons.

It was decided to hold the next conference in Sydney. The local arrangements were in the hands of Mr. E. Douglas Dent, Secretary of the West Australian Band of Hope Union.

At the conclusion of the Conference several excursions were held.

WATER TREE.

Well, this grows in the dry parts of West Australia, where there is little rainfall. The tree can be tapped, and a drink of water secured. What a wonderful and wise provision of Nature! We have never heard of a beer tree or a brandy bush, have we? Of course not. Water is Nature's drink, and the only thirst-quencher. Some of us like to mix tea, coffee or cocoa with it, but it is the water that quenches our thirst.

SOAP IN THE SOUP? (DREADFUL THOUGHT).

Here is a little rhyme for you:

As soap is out of place in the soup,
And salt in the tea,
So alcohol is out of place
In healthy you and me.

"Catch any fish on your last trip?"

"No, but one big fellow rose up and gave me an awful dirty look."

DEATH CANCELS POLICY.

The validity of the clause in insurance policies providing that beneficiaries can not collect if the insured persons were violating the law when they met death or injury, was upheld by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, Richmond, Va. Evidence shows that T. H. Fannigan, holder of a life insurance policy, had been drinking heavily in a hotel before starting on the automobile trip in which he was killed.

He: "Would you rather be clever or beautiful?"

She: "I'd rather be beautiful because there are a great number of stupid men but very few blind ones."

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UNCLE B.'s PAGE

STILL HOPEFUL.

Nellie Grant, "Habertoft," Kent Road, North Ryde, writes: Well, Uncle, Prohibition will come. That is just the second stone we have thrown at Goliath. We have yet another stone to throw at him. Someone told me to tell Auntie "not to lose heart over it." When I told her, Auntie said, "Thank God for Prohibition for New South Wales when it does come." And I'm sure you will join her, too, won't you, Uncle? Auntie talked to two or three people and got them to vote in the top square, and when I went up to the polling booth with Auntie there was a man working for the booze side, and Auntie told him a few things about the stuff, and he couldn't say anything, but just looked at her. I guess he felt ashamed of himself after that. Well, Uncle, we are not defeated yet by a long way, are we? Mr. Booze is laughing up his sleeve, but we won't forget that "he who laughs last laughs longest."

(Dear Nellie,—Your letter is so bright and hopeful that it made me smile and cheered me greatly. You are quite right—the drink Goliath may need all the stones we have, but he is doomed, and we will slay him in the name of the Lord eventually.—Uncle B.)

STAMPS.

Ursula Harte, 106 Rogers Avenue, Habersfield, writes: As I do not collect stamps myself, I am sending you some that I have found, and which may do for some of your Ne's and Ni's who have asked for some on page 11. These ones are rather old, and if you don't think they are much, put them in the wastepaper basket. We have a dog named Nip, and he hates cats, also fowls. Our neighbors on one side have a cat, while on the other they have fowls, so really Nip is a rose between two thorns. Do you remember last year preaching at our anniversary? We will be having another one soon, as we have begun to practice again. We are being broadcast at two services by 2FC, so we will have to do our best.

(Dear Ursula,—Thank you for the stamps; it was nice of you to send them. I am always able to make use of them. I have just sent some to a little boy in hospital in U.S.A. He has a broken back, and stamps are one of his few interests. I well remember that service. I wonder do you remember what I talked about?—Uncle B.)

LET THEM ALL WRITE.

Ruth Stephens, 188 Rankin-street, Bathurst, writes: I hope you are quite well. Just a few lines to say how disappointed I was when we lost. I wouldn't mind betting that you are saying, "I am in the depths of

despair." I am sending you my photo soon, and I do hope you can find a little bit of room for it on the wall, the ceiling or the floor, or in your pocket. Mr. Palmer, of Stewart-street, Bathurst, wishes you to send him "Grit," and he will fix up with you if you explain about the fee, etc. You know in my last letter I spoke of knowing Miss Bonnie Woods, who is a Ne of yours. Well, when she saw her name in print! Oh, my! I'll never forget what she said to me as long as I live. I am starting a stamp collection. Give my love to Uncle Joe, and say I would like to hear from him. I have had two letters from "Grit" friends—one who is not a Ne or Ni, and one from a young man who is one of your chicks. I would like to hear from some more of my unknown cousins, any sex and size, weight and age, and about anything at all.

(Dear Ruth,—Your letter made me smile. I am quite curious to know what Bonnie said when she saw herself in print. Am looking forward to receiving your photo, and also to a visit next time you visit Sydney. Your invitation to let them all write is liable to bring you some queer results. I will be interested to hear of them.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NE.

Reg. Hook, Kingswood, 19 Julia-st., Ashfield, writes: During the midwinter holidays I went to the Museum and saw the skeleton of a huge whale, besides many other wonderful things. I was nine years old on March 19, and I am in fifth class now. I am very sorry we lost Prohibition; we will have to do better next time.

(Dear Reg.,—Welcome to my big family. So you went to the Museum; it is truly a wonderful place. Did you ever see a "holy dollar" among the coins there? It is most interesting. I once had one.—Uncle B.)

REMEMBRANCE.

Vivian Williams, Forge Creek, via Bairnsdale, writes: I saw my last letter in "Grit." Every night when we come home we give Toby, the pony, half a kerosene bucket of milk. We have been doing pastels on Monday afternoon at school. Yesterday we had a holiday for the King's Birthday, and had great fun. I went up to Mrs. Woodman's with the mail. We are to have a concert on Saturday week in aid of the Shrine of Remembrance.

(Dear Vivian,—The Shrine of Remembrance interests me. Will you tell us more about it? There is nothing sadder than to be forgotten. I hope to see you before long, as I am passing through Gippsland.—Uncle B.)

EIGHT?

Elvie Woodman, Forge Creek, via Bairnsdale, writes: I saw my last letter in "Grit." It was Arthur's birthday the last day of May. Two of the little ones have been away from school. I have written to two of my cousins. I have eight cousins. We do pastel drawing in our books at school. We

(Continued on page 12.)

FROM SEVEN TO SEVENTEEN.
UNCLE B.'s PAGE

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

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

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

Now then, you scallywags, are you going to help your Uncle B.? Of course, you will have lots of chances to help various things, but I hope the things that your Uncle B. is burdened with will be the things you are going to help. I am going again to ask you to collect green coupons and send them to me. I will also send you a card, and ask you to be a modern Robin Hood, sticking up the well-to-do and comfortable to obtain the means to help the poor, unhappy and uncomfortable. May you have the heart, the courage and the tenacity to be a real help. Wait for my card with my name on it.

UNCLE B.)

OUR LETTER BAG.

FATHER CHRISTMAS.

Dulcie Southwood, Montieth-st., Turramurra, writes: In two weeks' time is our Sunday School Anniversary. I am trying my best to keep off the scallywags' list. What a lovely letter Ida wrote in last week's "Grit"! When I am a big girl like her I will try to sell "Grits" like her. After Christmas I will be put up into fourth class. I have been wondering whether Father Christmas is a Prohibitionist. If he isn't, he can keep his toys.

(Dear Dulcie,—I hope the anniversary was a great success. I am so glad you liked Ida's letter, and that some day you will help me with "Grit," as she does. You may be quite sure Father Christmas is a Prohibitionist, and he always prefers Prohibition homes, for when drink comes in at the door he goes out through the window.—Uncle B.)

THE Q.C.

Ronald Holliday, Ray-Garth, Downside, Wagga, writes: Father and Wilbur have gone to Wagga to hear Dr. Earle Page. I am going for my Q.C. this year. I was at home two days last week on account of a cold. Cricket will start here next Saturday. Downside won the cup last year. It was played between six other districts. It seems as if drink has beaten us this time.

(Dear Ronald,—I am always pleased when my Ne's and Ni's pass the Q.C. It is just a good stepping-stone to something better. If you think the Q.C. is the end or the finish then that is a disaster. It is just a good start for life's real business. When you pass then you will have to go on, go harder and do better still.—Uncle B.)

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Alcohol: A Hindrance to Health—

(Continued from page 9.)

enormous danger of the habit forming, and the prevalence of that habit eventually bringing on the D.T.'s. But to stress the other side there was no denying that small quantities had social value, and it was hard to find an efficient substitute. In making that statement he was like the good debater—he was looking for arguments against his subject and not in support of it. The vast mass of mankind did not benefit by taking small doses of alcohol as a beverage habitually, as it was undoubtedly a bar to efficiency.

ONLY THE EFFICIENT WOULD SURVIVE.

This world, he would remind them, was filling up rapidly, there being an increase of from 1½ to 2 per cent. every year, and those nations which failed in efficiency were going to be the ones that would get wiped out first or would starve. And these remarks applied to Australia. Unless people became super-efficient they would be pushed out by other nations, and they should therefore do their best to make the country as efficient as possible. The constant bickering between employer and employee mitigated against efficiency. The percentage of addicts who made themselves physical wrecks and became a burden on the community was important. But that percentage was very small when set against the inefficient worker—both of brain and muscle. Evolution was certainly taking place in regard to alcohol. People were not drinking as much now as they once did, and it could not be denied that we had to keep all our faculties about us to be efficient in this generation and teach the children to be efficient in the next. He advocated concentrating on education. They should gradually accustom themselves to the idea that alcohol was not what it was supposed to be for thousands of years. Alcohol was not necessary for our civilisation. Prohibition, he thought, could only be brought about by legislating a little at a time and not suddenly. He did not agree with the late referendum, as he was against Prohibition with compensation; nor did he consider that Prohibition would be a success in one State while the others were free. Prohibition, he thought, could be brought about, but only in a slow and gradual way. As a medical man who had practised for a number of years he stated emphatically that there was a certain value in alcohol, but only of the same value as that obtaining in other drugs. On the other hand, it certainly had a social value, which was ground in our nature during thousands of years. He advocated the spread of the doctrine of efficiency, which would appeal to the majority of the people.

A vote of thanks, proposed by Mr. Trafford and seconded by Mr. Wright, was carried unanimously.

Alpha: "What was the denomination of that bill you loaned me?"

Theta: "Episcopalian I guess; it keeps lent."

Seven to Seventeen—

(Continued from page 11.)

had a holiday last week, and helped mother. I have a cow at home.

Dear Elvie,—So you have eight cousins. That seems a lot. Do they all live near you? I hope to pay a flying visit to Forge Creek when I visit Melbourne next week.—Uncle B.)

A BOOK EVERYBODY SHOULD READ

THE GOOD TEMPLAR MOVEMENT.

A WORLD VIEW OF THE LIQUOR
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Jubilee Sermon by Archdeacon Boyce in St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney, on September 29, 1901.
Outstanding events in connection with the Temperance Movement from 1504 to date of publication.
The Drink Bills of Australia from 1881 to 1927; growth and extent of the Wine Industry; the Population of the States and Commonwealth to December, 1927.
Photos of upwards of 50 men and women who have made Prohibition history and other illustrations.
Orders enclosing Postal Notes for 4/6, to include postage, sent to Grand Secretary, Grand Lodge Office, Box 14, Daking House, will be promptly attended to.
A limited number of copies in covers blocked in gold, 6d. extra.

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EPHEMERAL JOYS.

How long the song of sorrow rings
Through mortals' melancholy soul—
How swiftly fade the worldly things:
A smile, a rose, a ton of coal.

PAGE MR. VOLSTEAD.

Here is the best limerick we have seen
for five years, clipped from "The Bookman":
There was a young lady of Ryde,
Of eating green apples she died.
Within the lamented
They quickly fermented
And made cider inside her inside.

PERFECT CIRCLE.

Old Lady: "Why do you go around begging
instead of working?"
Tramp (with commendable candor): "I'll
tell yer the truth, lidy. I begs ter git money
fer drink."
Old Lady: "But why do you drink the
stuff?"
Tramp: "Ter git up me courage ter go
around an' beg, mum."

LET IT RIDE.

Bobby was getting impatient with his
sweetheart, and said: "Betty, how is our
romance going to end?"
"Why, Bobby, why did you go and bring
that up? You don't want to skip to the last
chapter yet, do you?" was the apprehensive
reply.

SPEAKING OF LAPS.

"I was reared in the lap of luxury," said
the multi-millionaire's daughter.
"Try mine for a change," suggested the
impecunious young man.

LUCKY COINCIDENCE.

"Is Helen happily married?"
"I should say so. Diamonds on every
finger, and I think she likes him, too."

'TIS THE VOICE OF THE SCHOOLBOY.

These examples of "howlers" may be added
to the collection already published:

"All the world except the United States
lies in the 'temperance zone.'"

"The sun never sets on the British Empire
because the empire is in the east and the
sun sets in the west."

"Finally James II. gave birth to a son, so
the people turned him off the throne."

"The Minister of War is the clergyman
who preaches to soldiers."

"Queen Elizabeth rode through Coventry
with nothing on and Sir Walter Raleigh
offered her his cloak."

"Henry VIII. was very cruel to Anne
Boleyn and ironed her." (The history had
said, "He pressed his suit on her.")

"Shakespeare lived at Windsor with his
merry wives."

"The king wore a scarlet robe trimmed
with vermin."

"Wolsey saved his life by dying on the
way from York to London."

"After twice committing suicide, Cowper
lived till 1800, when he died a natural death."

"The immortal William is a name applied
to the former German Emperor."

"Barbarians are things put into bicycle
wheels to make them run smoothly."

"A Soviet is a cloth used by waiters in
hotels." (A serviette.)

"Polonius was a mythical sausage."
"The masculine of vixen is vicar."

The teacher was giving a lesson in history.
The subject was the War of the Roses.
"What do you know of Margaret of Anjou?"
she asked.

"She was very fat," said Billy.
"How is that?" inquired the astonished
teacher.

"Because," he replied, "I read that she
was one of Richard's stoutest opponents."

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DAILY INSPIRATION.

Selected by FAIRELIE THORNTON.

SUNDAY.

"No manner of hurt was found upon him, because he had trusted in his God."—Dan. 6-23 (R.V.)

"By faith they shut the mouths of lions." The lion's den is not an old-world experience merely. God's saints still dwell among lions, and fight with wild beasts at Ephesus. Like David, God's people have abundant cause to cry: "They have compassed us in our steps; they set their eyes to cast us down to the earth. He is like a lion that is greedy of his prey, and as it were a young lion, lurking in secret places." But still God sends His angel to shut the lion's mouth; still faith surrounds us with His unseen protection. Or if the lion seems to triumph, it is only in appearance.

Whether faith closes the mouth of the lion, or gives the soul such an entire deliverance from all fear, it is the same in essence and operation, and shows its heavenly temper with the ease with which it overcomes the world.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

MONDAY.

"Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God. Whosoever, therefore, will be the friend of the world is the enemy of God."—Jam., 4-4.

If thou hadst but once perfectly entered into the secrets of the Lord Jesus, and tasted a little of His ardent love, then wouldst thou not regard thine own convenience or inconvenience, but wouldst rather rejoice in reproaches, if they should be cast upon thee. For if thou fly devoutly unto the wounds and precious marks of the Lord Jesus, thou shalt feel great comfort in tribulation; neither wilt thou much care for the slights of men, and wilt easily bear the words of those that reproach thee.

Christ was also in the world despised of men, and in His greatest necessity forsaken by His acquaintances and friends in the midst of reproaches.

Christ was willing to suffer and be despised, and darest thou complain of anything?

Christ had enemies and backbiters, and dost thou wish to have all men thy friends and benefactors?

If thou art willing to suffer no contradiction, how wilt thou be the friend of Christ?

Suffer with Christ, and for Christ, if thou desire to reign with Him.—Thomas A. Kempis.

TUESDAY.

"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen. For the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."—2 Cor., 4-18.

Oh, many things are good for souls
In proper times and spheres,
Thy present good is in the thought
Of the eternal years.

Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears;
Kiss the sweet cross, and in thy heart
Sing of the eternal years.

Death will have rainbows round it seen
Through calm contrition's tears,
If tranquil hope but trim her lamp
At the eternal years.

—G. S. Faber.

WEDNESDAY.

"My yoke is easy, and my burden is light."—Matt., 11-30.

Let Christ's laws and requirements be compared by anyone with the laws which sin

imposes on its votaries—the laws of fashion, and honor, and sensuality—and he will feel that religion is indeed freedom. It is easier to be a Christian than a sinner, and of all yokes imposed on man that of Christ's is the lightest.—A. Barnes.

The Christian's yoke is humility; its very nature depends upon humility, for no one has submitted to the service of Christ, or become His disciple, until fully sensible of his own unworthiness, and consequently of his want of the merits of a Redeemer. Thus has the Christian become acquainted with the plague of his own heart; his sin has been often before him; and however deeply he may lament his guilt, he has lost that blind and haughty self-sufficiency that makes him uneasy at the neglect of others, or afraid to stand the scrutiny of self-examination.—Wolfe.

THURSDAY.

"As many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God."—Rom., 8-14.

The best ground of comfort and confidence that a man can feel that he is God's son, and abiding in His favor, is that he is "led by the Spirit of God." Nor is it difficult for anyone to discover whether this be his case or no, since "the fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, temperance." If, therefore, a man find these graces in his heart and conduct, he may be sure that they were planted there by God—the fruits of His good Spirit; and that he, being led by the Spirit, is the son of God. And as this is their support and comfort, so it is a caution to the best and wisest that from that blessed experience they may any moment fall; and consequently no care can be too great to preserve themselves from the sin of grieving the Holy Spirit of God, by whose presence in their hearts they are sealed to the day of redemption. Be diligent, therefore, in using those outward means of grace whereby God sanctifies His children from the world; be studious to walk where the Spirit leads, lest that blessed Spirit be withdrawn; and be lowly and humble before the Most High, since it is to such only that an increase or continuance of the divine favor is promised.—Bishop Heber.

FRIDAY.

"Without Me ye can do nothing."—John, 15-5.

All Christian virtues and graces, though wrought immediately by us, and with the free consent of our own wills, are yet the fruit of God's Spirit working in us; that is to say, they do not proceed originally from any strength of nature, or any inherent power in man's free will; nor are they acquired by the culture of philosophy, the advantages of education, or any improvement whatsoever of natural abilities by the helps of arts and industry, but are in truth the proper effects of that supernatural grace which is given unto us by the good pleasure of God the Father, merited for us by the precious blood of God the Son, and conveyed into our hearts by the sweet and secret inspirations of God the Holy Ghost. Love, joy, and peace are the fruits, not at all of the flesh, but absolutely of the Spirit.—Bishop Sanderson.

SATURDAY.

"If ye then being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"—Luke, 11-13.

Take my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and grief, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,

What a Father's smile is thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee,
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith and wing'd by prayer.
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

—Lyte.

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SEVERAL LANTERNS FOR SALE ALSO

A HOSTILE PAPER. WHERE DO AMERICANS GET ALL THE MONEY?

We print an editorial from the "News Leader," of Richmond, Virginia. This paper strongly fought Prohibition for many years, and while it still believes that Prohibition is not the best solution of the liquor problem, it has stood for the enforcement of law, and now carries these significant editorial statements about Prohibition.

If the analysis of income tax returns is correctly reported, corporations show a general decline in net earnings for 1927, but the revenue from individual income taxes will be higher.

This somewhat anomalous condition is attributed in news reports to the distribution of stock dividends and accumulated earnings during 1927, and, more particularly, to the fact that many investors unloaded on last year's bull market and took profits that had been accumulating over a term of years.

Will this suffice to explain March tax collections as large as those reported in the first quarter of 1927 for the very prosperous year 1926? Not unless other factors are taken into account, it seems to the "News Leader."

A NEW ERA OF THRIFT.

To account for as remarkable showing as the returns are said to disclose, it must be assumed that many thousand American taxpayers who accumulated wealth during and immediately after the war now have a large annual margin between income and expenditure. This continues to increase the national wealth rapidly. The return from it is shown in the income tax returns. The net accession of wealth since the war with Germany is estimated to add 2,000,000,000 dollars yearly to the national income of the country. Thrift on the part of the wealthy is probably more pronounced than ever it was, despite the frequent charges of extravagance against them. Thrift among those of smaller means has increased proportionately. Depositors in savings banks are now more numerous by 3,700,000 than they were in 1914. Deposits in savings banks have practically doubled—have risen in 13 years from 4,900,000,000 dollars to 9,700,000,000 dollars. Deposits in savings accounts, in both commercial and savings banks, have passed 25,000,000,000 dollars.

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UNDOUBTEDLY.

Prohibition undoubtedly has played a part in the increased wealth that maintains the national income at a high level, even during years of depression and unemployment. Men may pay 12 dollars a quart for imported Scotch, and bootleggers may disport in hand-some cars, despite growing competition among themselves, but who can pretend that America consumes anything like as much liquor as in 1912, when the Prohibition Movement got under way? Or who will affirm that the American people spend anything like as much for bootleg liquor as went into the tills of barrooms then?

It is useful, perhaps, to recall some of the figures: In 1912, the United States consumed 139,400,000 gallons of whisky and brandy, 56,400,000 gallons of wine, and 1,933,000,000 gallons of beer and other malt liquors. Get the last figures correctly. They are not a typographical error—they represent nearly two billion gallons of beer. At the old retail prices, the drink bill of the United States in 1912 was 1,553,000,000 dollars—without taking into account the loss of working time on account of drunkenness or the sickness or the poverty caused by liquor.

The national income is estimated to have climbed from 69,000,000,000 dollars in 1923 to 89,000,000,000 in 1928, a gain of nearly 30 per cent. in five years. Who can say how much of this is not properly to be credited to Prohibition and to thrift—to the accumulation of billions in savings that are now adding other billions in income?

AMERICA.

PROBLEM OF POVERTY SOLVED.

After eight years of Prohibition so great is the national prosperity of America that all persons with incomes of less than 8000 dollars (£1600) per year are free from income tax, while other taxpayers have also benefited. President Collidge, speaking at the Union League on November 17, 1927, said that millions of taxpayers had been entirely relieved and heavy reductions granted to others, thus saving the nation over 6,000,000 dollars (£1,200,000) per day. No wonder that Professor Irving Fisher should suggest that "all problems of poverty will be solved by 1932"! Why do not other nations seek the same remedy?

CLOSES NEW SALOONS.

A decree has just been promulgated by President Calles which spells the end of many saloons in Mexico. The decree orders that all places for the sale of alcoholic beverages which have been opened since February are to be closed. No further licenses for such places will be issued, under this presidential order.

DRINKING CAUSES DISEASE AND DEATH.

"Speaking as a medical officer of health, I can say that if I were given the choice of the abolition on the one hand of the evil of drink, and on the other hand of all the other various preventable influences adversely affecting the public health, I would choose unhesitatingly the abolition of drink, as being greater by far than all the others combined."—Dr. Millard, Medical Officer of Health for Leicester.

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Jellies of White
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GRIT SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Grit" subscriptions received to 2/11/28, and where not mentioned the amount is 11/-: Miss Ida Southwood, 7/- sales; Rev. A. C. Barmore, £5 sales; Mrs. Herridge, 24/6/29; Dr. J. A. J. Murray, 18/-, 30/12/29; S. Osborne, 5/6, 28/2/29; Mrs. Service, 10/-, educational; Dr. E. V. Barling, 21/-, 30/4/30; Miss Head, 4/2, sales; J. Nightingale, 30/10/29, and 5/- donation; F. L. Playford, 30/6/29; Miss E. Westcott, 22/-, 30/12/29, and 5/3 donation; Miss A. Davidson, 30/10/29; Mrs. Dunstan, 30/10/29; Mrs. H. Smith, 2/-; Mrs. Evans, 3/-, 30/9/28; H. Miller, 1/9/29, and 5/- donation; J. Mancy, 4/10/29; Mrs. F. Wolfe, 20/-, 15/8/30; Mrs. E. O. Button, 3/-, 28/2/29; Mrs. R. Malcolm, 22/-, 30/12/29; G. Baker, 21/-, 30/11/29; Ven. Arch. Forster, 22/-, 30/12/29; Miss C. Huggart, 22/-, 30/12/29; W. C. Lean, 24/11/29; Mrs. McInnes, 21/8/29; Miss McAulay, 20/- donation; Miss G. Penfold, 20/-, 20/10/30; Miss K. Treweeke, 30/10/29; Rev. W. G. Willard, 30/10/29.

The following are paid to 30/12/28: H. F. Jeskie, 15/7; A. G. Kemp, M. Lindsay, 4/7; L. Leplastrier, 44/-; Rev. A. T. Newton, 33/-; E. W. Scott, 22/-; A. A. Sterland, Miss A. M. Savage, 6/10; Mrs. W. Wallace, 6/-; Mrs. Densley, 3/2; A. R. Chellew, 6/-; W. D. Campbell, 5/6; A. J. Godfrey, Mrs. J. Jones, W. Keech, Mrs. R. J. Murray, 6/-; J. R. Miller, R. C. Stanger, J. Pease, 6/-, and 16/8 sales; John I. Smith, A. J. Burnell, 9/- donation; T. M. Breckenridge, A. R. Gauld, W. J. Linklater, Mrs. Newlands, Mrs. H. Bowditch, 5/6; Mrs. D. W. Cameron, 11/6; B. J. Doe, Mrs. B. H. Paine, F. Ralph, P. M. Bayley, R. J. C. Higman, M. A. Polack, 22/-; George H. Parker, S. A. Shields, Ben. Anderson, W. C. Armstrong, 3/8; J. F. Crawford, Mrs. Hunt, Snr., Rev. E. W. Hyde, W. M. Lusby, R. E. Peters.

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