

Grit.

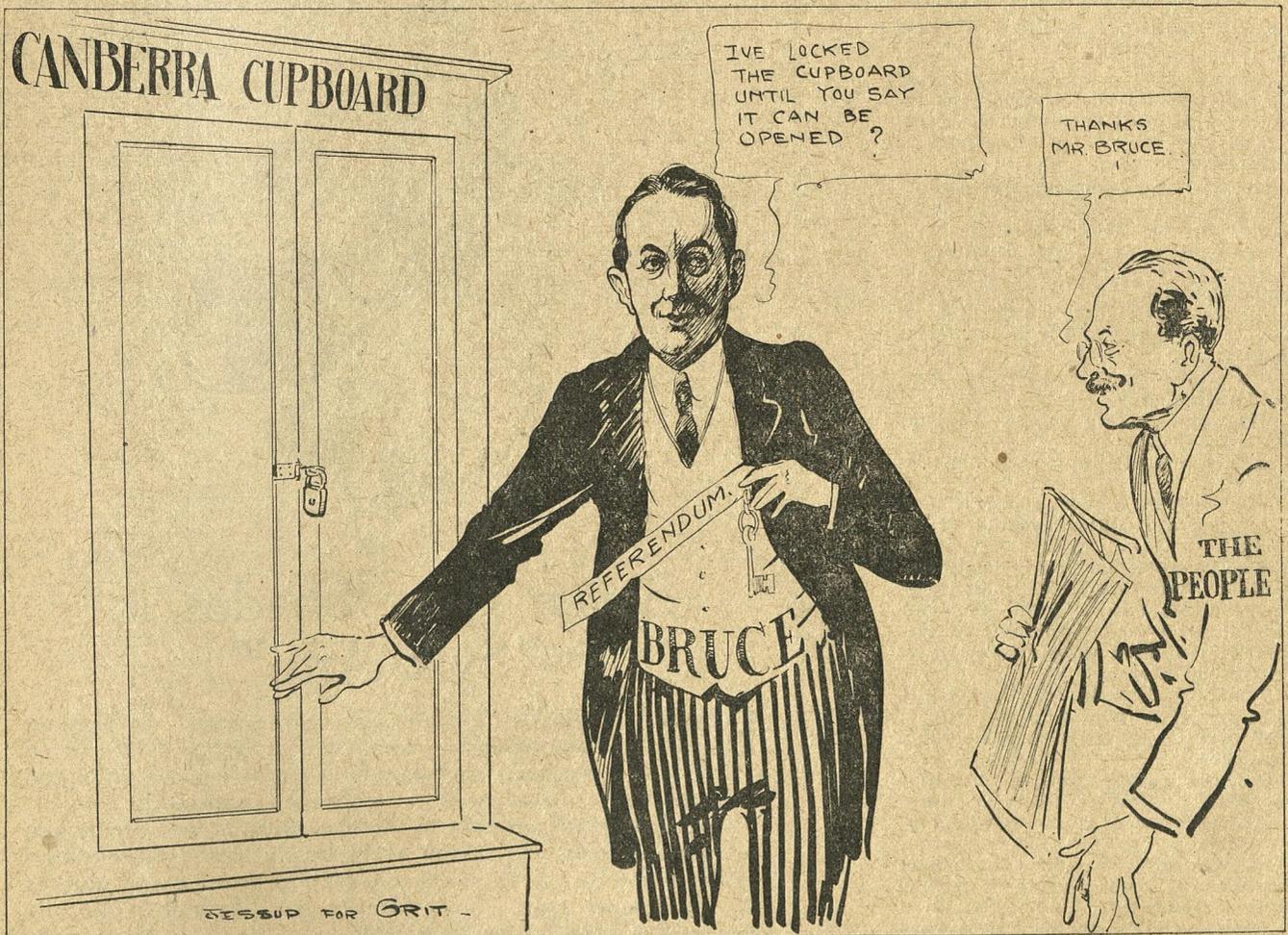
A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION.

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ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF EFFORT.

THE PROHIBITION LADDER.

The Prohibition Movement seems inevitably ever to have been open to the most dastardly and libellous misrepresentation. The climax of untruth, however, has been reached in the multifarious and multiplied subtle suggestion that Prohibition was "put over."

Any such great moral movement affecting as it does every individual in a score of ways cannot hope to succeed unless it has been deliberately, fairly and honestly won.

The adoption of Prohibition nationally was the inevitable result of nearly one hundred years of discussing, temporising and experimenting with the liquor traffic and trying out every method proposed either by its friends or foes. Prohibition—local, state and national—came finally as the only alternative.

The following chronological outline shows just how fast, how slow and how long—Prohibition has been developing as the ideal and purpose of the nation in best meeting the evils of intoxicating liquor.

IS THE PROHIBITION POLICY A NEW ONE?

1826—January—The great Lyman Beecher declared that the "national remedy for intemperance" was "the banishment of ardent spirits from the list of lawful articles of commerce, etc."

1826—February 13—American Temperance Society organised at Boston, followed by many other organisations springing up in widely separated parts of the country.

1833—First National Temperance Convention—Philadelphia.

1834—Congress prohibits introduction or sale of spirituous liquor and wine in the Indian country.

1836—Second National Temperance Convention—Saratoga, N.Y.

1838—Tennessee repeals license laws and prohibits retail of liquors.

1846—Maine adopted first State-wide Prohibition law.

1846-1860—Various States adopted local option and fourteen States adopted Prohibition laws.

1852—Massachusetts adopted Prohibition.

1855—Eight States adopted Prohibition—Delaware, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, New Hampshire, Wisconsin and New York.

1860-1870—Prohibition wave receded, leaving only few dry States.

1873—Woman's Crusade, starting Hillsboro, Ohio, spread to many States.

1874—Woman's Christian Temperance Union launched.

1876—December 27—First Prohibition amendment to Federal Constitution presented by Congressman Blair, New Hampshire.

1882-1902—Crusade for and adoption of State and Federal laws requiring scientific temperance instruction in public schools.

1885—Second prohibitory amendment resolution presented by Senators Blair, of New Hampshire, and Plumb, of Kansas.

1886—Congress enacted law requiring that instruction concerning the effects of alcoholic liquors shall be given in all schools and academies under Federal control.

1888—Ohio adopted township local option.

1890—Secretary of War declared that no ardent spirits or wine should be sold in the canteens.

1890—Congress passed "Wilson Law" subjecting all intoxicating liquors to laws of State into which shipped.

1891—Congress prohibited sale of liquor within one mile of Soldiers' Home in Washington City.

1893—Local option revived and given greater impetus by launching of the non-

partisan, inter-denominational Anti-Saloon League movement in Oberlin, Ohio.

1893—Only six dry States in the Union. Four of these later repealed their Prohibition laws, leaving Kansas and Maine as the only State outposts of Prohibition.

1893-1913—Twenty long, hard fighting years—the two dry States increased to nine, and in thirty other States 25 per cent. to 90 per cent. of population were under Prohibition.

1899—John D. Long, Secretary of Navy, abolished traffic in beer and other alcoholic liquors on board ships and at naval stations.

1901—"Anti-canteen law" passed by Congress—abolished sale of beer, wine or any intoxicating liquors in any post exchange, canteen or army transport or upon any premises used for military purposes.

1902—Congress prohibited Americans from selling intoxicants to natives of Pacific Islands.

1903—Recreation buildings and saloon substitutes provided for army posts.

1903—Sale of liquors in immigrant stations prohibited.

1903—Saloon in basement of National Capitol Building abolished.

1904—Beer halls in State and territorial soldiers' homes prohibited.

1906—Liquor saloons in National Soldiers' Home prohibited.

1906—Congress strengthened internal revenue measure calculated to assist State prosecutions of law-breakers.

1906—Oklahoma statehood bill passed by Congress prohibited liquor traffic in Indian territory for 21 years.

1906—Liquor traffic among Indians suppressed.

1907—Prohibition zones established around Government institutions.

1908—Liquor barred from United States mails.

1909—Congress passed C.O.D. liquor shipment measure to protect dry territory.

1909—Anti-liquor code for Alaska.

(Continued on page 15.)



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THE GIPSY SMITH MISSION.

THE SIGNING OF THE CARDS.

THE QUESTION OF MONEY.

By ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

Professor Henry Drummond defined "touchiness" as "conceit with a hair-trigger." This ought to at least make us ashamed of our "touchiness," even if the unhappiness it creates has not already done so. Touchiness, of course, is the evidence that our "weak spot" has been reached. There is, however, another defect that is most evident among religious people, and is even more damaging to the soul. It is prejudice. We curiously make our prejudices an excuse and an explanation when they are in fact neither, but are as sinful as our passions.

You hear people say by way of excusing themselves, "But of course I am prejudiced." Which, as an excuse, is of the same value as the plea of the man who injured his wife but explained, "But of course I was drunk."

Many of the religious people in the days of our Lord were "spiritual snobs," just as they are to-day. They said, with a sniff, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" "Isn't this the Carpenter's son?" "Whence came this man's learning?" Christ suffered more from the prejudices of the "good people" than from the passions of the "bad people."

Many people never even heard this gentlest and wisest of all Teachers, who spake as no other has ever spoken, because of their prejudices. These two soul-destroying vices, "touchiness" and "prejudice," have been much in evidence during the mission of the Gipsy and W. P. Nicholson.

We do well to remember that the silent bite of a snake is as deadly as the roar and mighty smash of the lion and his paw.

It is a poor satisfaction to have escaped the mauling of drunkenness merely to become as hopelessly lost through our silent prejudices.

THE GIPSY'S MISSION.

There is a glamor about a gipsy. They are a romantic people. There is charm in a gifted singer; there is an attraction about a quick wit, tinged with quaint humor. All these the Gipsy has, and in addition he has a striking religious experience. For many years Australia has heard of his growing popularity, and his coming to Sydney was an assured "success," with 200 warm-hearted, hopeful, voluntary clergy working in the interest of his brief visit.

We are a city of a million people; we have some 500 churches within easy range of the biggest hall in the city. There are easily 200,000 people who attend these churches more or less regularly.

It is surely a small thing to ask that 3000 people should attend a service held by such a man as the Gipsy.

The problem was to find a seat for "a sinner" since the "saints" were so eager that they filled every portion of the building two hours before the advertised time to commence the meeting.

THE MESSAGE.

The Gipsy is quite definite; quite uncompromising as far as worldly things are concerned.

He is not a great preacher, he is not even an orator, but he has charm—he has pathos. He tells a story well, and beyond all question he can manage a big meeting. He never loses control and his singing is always pleasing.

He aims to create an atmosphere in which he can bring people to some kind of a decision.

He is not a lone fisherman with rod and line catching them one by one, but a skillful

fisherman with a great net, in which he draws all sorts and conditions within the reach of the regular pastors and he leaves them to sort them out, salt them down and pack them into the church.

It is pitifully easy to criticise, but the fact remains that his message is the Gospel of the Grace of God and his methods are used of God to bring people into the kingdom.

SIGNING THE CARDS.

It seems to many of us that the mission suffers from the absence of an inquiry room, and the appeal suffers greatly from its vagueness.

"Those of you who want to be better," and it would be extraordinary indeed to find a person in a religious meeting who did not want to be better; they are brought to their feet; the whole audience practically is standing; cards are quickly passed to them all.

They are urged to sign them. The card is not read to them, or even carefully explained to them.

If you are not a Christian you sign side No. 1; if you are an "unfaithful Christian" you sign side No. 2.

Let everyone sign.

The Gipsy introduces a strange plea when he urges them to sign because "this is my wages," he asserts. It is said 80,000 cards have been signed since he commenced his mission in Australia.

Forty-nine signed cards have been sent on to me. Here is an analysis of them:

Twenty-one signed the following: "I humbly and penitently confess my unfaithfulness as a church member, and desire to rededicate myself to my God and my Church; and I do this for Jesus' sake."

Twenty-nine signed this statement: "Believing Jesus Christ to be the only Saviour for sinners I do here and now accept Him as my Lord and Saviour, and promise by His Grace to love and follow Him."

In addition to these seven signed both sides of the card. Five of the forty-nine gave no address at which they could be found.

These cards have a real, if limited, value, and I heartily endorse all His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne says in his letter to the clergy.

The congregation the Sunday night after the mission was a little smaller than usual.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF MELBOURNE.

The following letter was sent by His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne to all his clergy who received signed cards from the Gipsy's mission in Melbourne:

My Dear Brother,

The accompanying cards have been sent to me as head of the Anglican Church in this diocese, and I pass them on to you in whose pastoral charge these people live. May I give you one or two earnest entreaties in regard to them?

1. Treat them seriously and with respect. The largeness of the numbers proves that they were easily given. It does not show that they were lightly signed. They must mean an impulse towards God. In the case of the decision to give the being to Christ, they certainly imply a resolve and may mean a conversion. That there is such a thing is not open to question, theologically, psychologically, or as a matter of experience. And the Church owes many clergy to the experience. I know of a Theological College where the Vice-Principal bore witness that practically every man there owed his soul and

his vocation to Moody's mission at Cambridge. These cards represent an emotion, an intellectual assent, and an act of will. Will you, as the priest concerned, visit the people pastorally and expectantly, that they may be at once enlisted for membership and service in our Church, and not driven to any other communion in the belief that what they have found is not recognised and has no home or right of existence in Anglican churchmanship?

2. Will you treat them sympathetically? If they happen to be regular Church members, and you know them well, do not let yourself feel annoyed that someone else has given their lamp fresh oil. If they are fervent, bear with them, and perhaps your own heart will become warmer by the knowledge of fresh fire.

3. Treat them reverently. And above all let us beware of forgetting that pastoral warning given to one of the first Churches evangelised in Europe, "Quench not the spirit." This does not only mean give the Divine spark in yourself its chance. It means never suppress it in anyone else. A spiritual wet blanket may dull a soul. And whether you agree or not, at least you will rejoice that there is a hunger in men's hearts, and seek in the way that God shall show you to break to them the Bread of Life. Let them feel that you come to add to their blessing and not to take it away.

God bless you, my dear fellow-helper, and enable us to build living stones on the one foundation.

Your affectionate Father-in-God,
HARRINGTON C. MELBOURNE.

A QUESTION OF MONEY.

The committee announced that the mission was costing £100 a day. This seemed incredible, and, if true, unnecessarily extravagant. There was a rather unpleasant insistence on the collection.

The Gipsy invariably had something to say, some witty urge to loosen up their purse strings. He told them he would get nothing out of it, except "his bed and a bite to eat." He told them that "they held on to a shilling so long that its head ached." One wondered what sort of a headache some of his own pounds had.

Mr. Gordon Sprigg unfortunately wanted to reduce the Gipsy to the level of a vaudeville artist, and more than once, while carefully refraining from stating what the Gipsy did get, emphasised what noted entertainers got, and justified the Gipsy getting all he could. Now, public entertainers are not following in the footsteps of Him "who had nowhere to lay His head." They are not urging others in the words of Scripture to "beware of covetousness" or warning them "how hardly shall they who have riches enter into the Kingdom of God."

There was a lack of frankness and much confusion of statement about the financial side which intruded unpleasantly.

The expenses are borne by the committee and paid for out of the collections; the Gipsy and his party have every expense very rightly and amply met.

Thousands of envelopes are circulated asking for a thanksoffering. Whatever is in these envelopes is a gift from a grateful soul to one they thank God for. It would be an impertinence to even inquire what this personal act of gratitude amounts to. In Sydney, as in Melbourne, the Gipsy twice told his life story. He receives the proceeds of these lectures, which average over £300 each. The hymn book, as sold at 1/6 at all meetings, was another bone of contention.

(Continued on page 12.)

PASS "GRIT" ON.

NEW SOUTH WALES PROHIBITION ALLIANCE.

Headquarters: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Our Objective: The Abolition of the Liquor Traffic.

Our Weapons: Education and Legislative Action.

AN INTERESTING TOUR.

(By H. C. STITT.)

Every country tour has its interest when one is engaged in Prohibition educational work, and our speakers look forward with pleasure and expectancy to each sequence of meetings. There are phases of an itinerary which lend themselves to being classified amongst the more interesting ones, by virtue perhaps of being a previously untraversed line by the lecturer, or containing some special local conditions. It was not hitherto my privilege to have been through what is known as the "Irrigation Area," so the opportunity was a pleasing anticipation.

Leaving Sydney on Sunday night, after having conducted services during the day, is not a happy circumstance, and the "affair" that does service on the line to Temora—an alleged sleeper—requires to be known to be understood. It is one of those humorously irritating experiences that travellers encounter, but do not relish. A corridor wide enough for one person, providing that none other of the 33 occupants desired to pass, has disadvantages that are too obvious to require stressing. After much spiral effort and many bumps on the ceiling, and having become uncomfortably unsettled in the top bunk, I inquired, "does anyone ever come at this a second time?" No one appeared anxious to plead guilty to any prior knowledge of the alleged "Pullman."

On arrival in the Temora district at day-break, one is immediately impressed with the wonderful productive wheat belt and its apparent unlimited expanse. Leaving the train at Aria Park, where Rev. W. G. Doull met me, and extended much kindness and hospitality at the Manse, one makes the acquaintance of a township possessing every feature of being an important centre of the future. A personal house to house visitation during the day was well worth while, and probably accounted for the splendid attendance in the evening to hear the lantern lecture. Rev. W. E. Wood presided, and Rev. G. W. T. Laverack conducted the devotional exercises. I felt encouraged by the presence of all three clergymen, and am not unmindful of their expressed good wishes.

At Ardlethan the Rev. T. B. Lancaster and J. H. McDonald had very kindly done much preparatory work. It was extremely kind of them to meet me at the train, and one felt much confidence owing to their genuine friendship. We had a splendid meeting in the Picture Theatre where Rev. J. H. McDonald presided.

The next day provided a most interesting train journey through the Irrigation Area, where one passes through numerous orchards of vines, citrus and stone fruits. The farms ranging up to 25 acres present a grid iron appearance with their small canals, by which the district is irrigated and a regularity of flow supplied to them by cylindrical revolving elevators that lift the water from the main canal, and which in turn is supplied by the Burrinjuck Dam.

In the Yenda and Griffith areas no one knows better than the grape growers that it was a huge blunder to have planted wine grapes instead of the table varieties or other marketable fruits. The wineries testify to the awful wastage in what might have been otherwise produced for table food. Griffith

has grown into a fairly large town in a few years. It is prettily situated, and governed by a commission instead of a municipality. The main street with its double avenue of trees arrests the attention and admiration of visitors. Rev. C. J. Wells did much to make my stay enjoyable, and his thoughtfulness in conveying me over the scenic road was much appreciated. The view is simply wonderful, extending right out into infinity, and reveals a beautiful panorama containing hundreds of houses dotted on the chess board of well laid out closely settled farms.

The public meeting in the evening was interfered with by clashing with another of local importance. I was delighted to have in the audience Rev. C. J. Wells, who presided, and Revs. Nelson and J. Ridan, and also officers of the Salvation Army, all of whom associated themselves with my meeting, and conveyed encouraging messages. There is a very fine Hostel at Griffith, which is well patronised. The two public houses, which were granted licenses in the previously "dry" area, have immense bar space probably equal in dimensions to that obtaining in many places in Sydney.

The journey to Leeton provided added opportunity to see the area owing to the fact of a friend motoring me across. At this centre the grapes are of the table variety, and there are many very fine mixed orchards. The farms appear to be smaller in area than those at Griffith, and are cultivated more intensively. It is said that comparisons are odious, but whether or not the difference in the "vines" is the cause, one cannot help feeling that the church life is decidedly better in Leeton. The public meeting in the evening was well attended, and very friendly assistance was received from Rev. F. N. Biddle who presided, and Rev. J. H. Baker, who created a very nice atmosphere by the manner in which he conducted the devotional exercises.

In the Irrigation Area the business people quite frankly admit that they regret the introduction of the publican's licenses. At all of my meetings the electric lantern was used in order to illustrate the Australian and American positions. Quite a number of senior scholars attended, and it was my pleasure to visit three of the public schools, where the head masters received me very cordially.

The journey was broken at Narrandera, a town which appears to be very prosperous, and is growing rapidly. There I met a number of our friends, including Revs. J. Wadkin and W. C. Moulton, both enthusiastic workers in this great movement.

Sunday was occupied in Junee, where I was comfortably housed with the Rev. G. Edwards, who always warmly welcomes the Prohibition visitors. Services were conducted in the three denomination churches, and Revs. H. Staples and A. L. Cannon also made very satisfactory arrangements for my visit.

One would indeed be very ungrateful to neglect expressing appreciation for the help which all the ministers so cheerfully rendered, and gave the public meetings the right of way for the evening, and in addition attended and contributed very valuable and inspiring assistance.

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This Page is devoted to the activities of the Prohibition Alliance—Edited by Henry Macourt, Publicity Officer.

NEWS OF THE FAIR.

CO-OPERATION EXTENDING—INTEREST GROWING.

The Sunshine Fair of 1926 is to be a big success. That is assured by the enthusiasm of those who have already accepted responsibility in the preparations.

As an expression of the unity of Churches and Temperance Organisations in the movement for Prohibition it will be unique. Every denomination affiliated with the Prohibition Alliance has consented to take part by providing a stall. This in itself guarantees success. One of the stall committees which met last week decided to make arrangements to undertake a second stall, which would bring into participation in the effort the young people of a number of their Churches.

A meeting of Congregational ladies, convened by Mrs. Touchell and Mrs. Stupart, was held at St. Andrew's Tea Rooms, Wynyard Square, on Wednesday afternoon. The proposition for a Congregational stall was very sympathetically received. Indeed, it was felt that Congregational Churches generally would have a unanimous wish to take their part in the Fair. Mesdames Cox, Geary, Williams, Hebblewhite, Roper and Trimble consented to act as a provisional committee, and each Ladies' Guild will be invited to appoint two representatives to the stall committee, and to commend the proposition to the support of their Churches.

Mrs. F. J. Dunkley was hostess at a gathering of Baptist ladies in the Bathurst-street School Hall on Thursday afternoon. Again there was cordial interest in the Fair scheme, and a desire to have the Baptist Church well represented. After approving of the proposal for a Baptist stall, the meeting asked Mrs. Dunkley to communicate with the Ladies' Guilds of the various Churches asking them to appoint two representatives to attend the committee meeting to be held in the Bathurst-street Schoolroom on Friday afternoon, August 20, at 3 o'clock.

The general committee of the Fair, which comprises representatives of the various stalls, meets to-day to consider the scheme of the Fair in detail. From that meeting the preparations will go forward in a properly co-ordinated manner. Decisions will be given in our next issue.

Mrs. J. C. Wright, of Bishops Court, has expressed her hearty sympathy with the proposal to have a Church of England stall, and graciously given her patronage. The provisional committee is now calling a meeting of representative ladies.

Friends desiring information regarding arrangements generally can obtain this by communication with the office of the Prohibition Alliance.

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PROHIBITION WITHOUT COMPENSATION.

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This page is devoted to the activities of
the N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance—Edited by
Henry Macourt, Publicity Officer.

BLOCKING THE TRAIL.

THE FIGHT AGAINST NEW LIQUOR LICENSES.

The refusal by the Licensing Bench of the application for a spirit merchant's license at Palm Beach appears to have let loose other agencies of the liquor traffic, as there are now two petitions being signed for publicans' licenses there. One is for a new building and the other for existing premises used as a boarding house. Residents are strongly opposing these, and should either get into the Court a big fight will ensue.

It was stated during the week that the effort to obtain a publican's license at Harbord, near Manly, had been abandoned. This proves the earnestness of the desire of residents of that area to make it one of the desirable seaside resorts.

A petition is being signed for a wine license at Seaforth, near The Spit. Applications also are in hand for a new hotel at Bull, one at Corrimal and a transfer from Bellambi to Russell Vale.

The hearing of the petition for a publican's license for Cronulla is set down for September 6.

Strong opposition is being offered to the proposal to establish a wine shop in New Canterbury-road, near Addison-road, Petersham. The local Ministers' Fraternal has it in hand.

An appeal has been lodged against the transfer of Lassetter's wine and spirit merchant's licenses to Anthony Horderns'.

Steps are being taken to secure the removal of an hotel license to the Broadway at Enfield.

These are mainly additional to the cases previously in hand, and, as stated frequently, illustrate the tremendous activity of the liquor traffic to secure new and more profitable fields for its agents. That the situation needs the serious attention of all interested in the social life of the community cannot be too strongly stressed. It calls for the fullest assistance in the interests of the home life of our popular suburbs to be given to those who are endeavoring to prevent the exploitation of our residential areas in the interests of gold and appetite.

The Prohibition Alliance is carrying on a strenuous campaign to prevent these encroachments, in co-operation with local committees and objectors. A measure of success is being secured. But the fact that there is an increase rather than a diminution of the applications makes the work increasingly burdensome. The situation justifies a big public outcry and united agitation in the interest of residents who are being menaced by the liquor traffic.

Rev. H. Putland has been visiting Wyalong, Temora and Cootamundra and smaller places between, meeting with encouraging receptions for his message.

* * *

Mr. C. E. Still has been at Gulgong for church services, and then travelled through Bathurst and Orange to Parkes and Dubbo on an organising trip.

* * *

Mr. J. S. Baxter, of Invercargill, N.Z., was the guest at a business men's lunch on Monday, at which Sir Elliot Johnson presided. He gave an interesting story of No-License in his town and the Dominion.

WANTED—A NEW PARLIAMENT

WHAT PROHIBITIONISTS NEED, AND THE ALLIANCE PROGRAMME.

The present Parliament has been described as "wet." Whether that be true or not, it is not likely to give licensing legislation that would be an improvement on what we have now.

The Minister for Justice refused to receive a deputation upon matters of licensing reform, declaring that there was no intention of amending the Liquor Act. It is, of course, true that he gave the same reply to a similar request from the liquor interests, though he did hear a deputation on behalf of the spirit merchants. The point which is being emphasised is that the Government does not intend to make that part of the Liquor Act which deals with the Referendum for 1928 more democratic and less in the interests of the liquor traffic. Furthermore, Parliament does not seem prepared to press for any action.

Such being the political situation, the only possibility of improvement appears to be in relation to the next election. Upon this the Prohibition Alliance is now casting its attention, with a view to changing the personnel of Parliament. A difficult task, but no matter how difficult it may seem it is the way of salvation against the liquor traffic.

A definite demand is to be made for the repeal of the compensation clauses of the Liquor Act in relation to the 1928 Referendum. The Compensation Commission, six years ago, assessed the amount, without compensation to employees, at £12,000,000. The price of liquor bars, like other things, has gone up in that period, which might mean that the claim for compensation would be about £20,000,000. That has only to be mentioned to show how impossible the proposition is, and to give the reason for the demand that such iniquitous provisions should be repealed. This Parliament will not do it; electors must make sure that the next one will, so that such a preposterous proposition as the 1928 Referendum shall not be put before the people. Human intelligence and modern democracy revolt against it.

In no country in the world has compensation been paid to the liquor traffic after the people decided it should cease to exist. As the Supreme Court of the United States held that the liquor traffic having been declared a public nuisance it had no claim for compensation, the same truth must be consistently declared here, and no vote be made conditional upon the payment of compensation.

The machinery is being prepared for a State-wide election campaign, having as its object the return of any members pledged to a referendum without compensation. As soon as the programme is ready it will be placed before a State conference for consideration of details. The plan of campaign will include an effective scheme of publicity to arouse public opinion and instruct voters. Particular attention will be given to favorable centres of likely electorates in the new scheme of redistribution.

The fight will be difficult, but the 500,000 Prohibition voters in N.S.W. should be able to return to the next Parliament sufficient members to see that justice is done to that

PROHIBITION SUCCESS.

GIPSY SMITH'S EMPHATIC STATEMENT.

"If I had my way I would close every saloon in this country," said Gipsy Smith when giving the story of his life to the meeting in the Sydney Town Hall.

He went on to describe the action of the United States in putting the liquor traffic outside the law as one of the most splendid achievements of any nation. He had been five times in America during the past 25 years, and could speak with assurance of the beneficial results. Before national Prohibition came into operation there were 33 States under prohibitory law. Kansas, where he had been on several occasions, had been under Prohibition for over 40 years, and there were children and fathers and even grandfathers who had never seen an open saloon and some who had never seen a drunken man.

"America," he said, "was in earnest over this matter, and he believed they would see it through."

FIELD APPOINTMENTS.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 13.

8 p.m.: Open Air, Mudgee.
Rev. H. Putland.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 15.

11 a.m.: Blayney Methodist Church.
3 p.m.: Hobby's Yards Presbyterian Church.
7 p.m.: Blayney Anglican Church.
Mr. H. C. Stitt.
11 a.m.: Mudgee Methodist Church.
3 p.m.: County Appointment
7 p.m.: Mudgee Presbyterian Church.
Rev. H. Putland.
7 p.m.: Beecroft Methodist Church.
Mr. H. Macourt.

MONDAY, AUGUST 16.

8 p.m.: Temperance Hall, Rylstone.
Rev. H. Putland.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 17.

8 p.m.: Methodist Church, Kandos.
Rev. H. Putland.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 22.

11 a.m.: Epping Methodist Church.
Rev. H. C. Foreman, M.A.
11 a.m.: Hurstville Methodist Church.
7.15 p.m.: Vaucluse Congregational Church.
Mr. H. C. Stitt.
11 a.m.: Punchbowl Methodist Church
7.15 p.m.: Drummoyne Methodist Church.
Rev. H. Putland.
11 a.m.: Oatley Anglican Church
7.15 p.m.: Mortdale Anglican Church.
Mr. C. E. Still.
11 a.m.: Naremburn Congregational Church
Mr. H. Macourt.

section of the community which refuses to be dominated by a traffic which exists upon human degradation, and gains strength through the weakening of national stability.

ROADS—OIL AND THE FUTURE.

AFTER A 50,000 MILE TRIP.

By JOE LONGTON, for "Grit."

This is the Concrete Age. All good roads are made out of concrete. All other substitutes are not worth a row of pins. I have travelled over two-thirds of America's highways, and I find that asphalt, after a season or two, creeps and resembles a ground swell on the ocean.

"Patent paving" is the crudest of fakes and the long suit of grafting politicians that "sool" the road hounds on to the taxpayers. "Chat," the flint by-product from the Joplin and Picher lead fields, will put a set of perfectly good tyres out of commission three times as fast as any other, and the other varieties that experimenters put before the public are mentioned only in the obituary columns of life's highway, while concrete, as it gets older, seems to become stronger and promises to outdo old Methuselah and others that have reached a ripe old age.

Brick (vitreous brick) is good, but it wears at the edges, and after a short while it resembles a corduroy road and makes a fellow feel as he drives his car over it as if he was sliding down a corrugated galvanised roof that had been laid "thought ships."

On my recent 60,000-mile tour of the U.S.A. I noticed a new paving between Terre Haute and Brazil, Indiana. It was a seven-mile experimental stretch made of the best brick I ever saw laid. No auto could feaze it, and it is as good as it was when it was laid a year ago. But!—it feazes any tyres that go over it. I was astounded when I put my rule on it and found a layer of pure rubber one inch thick that it had ripped off tyres in its lifetime of approximately one year.

I thought at first that it was coated with pitch, but I put in a whole day questioning civilians and contractors, who assured me that it was coated with a young fortune in rubber that had been accumulated from the hundreds of thousands of tyres that went over it in that short time.

Concrete, like the best of regulated families, has its ups and downs, and by cold contraction will crack. (We all make mistakes. That is why they put rubber tips on lead pencils and sawdust around spitoons. But concrete cracks can be filled with pitch, which permits of expansion in the hot summer.)

(Please note.—I am not boosting any concrete concern in Australia. I am writing this for patriotic reasons only, as I understand and foresee the enormous boom that confronts Australia in the very near future. In my vision I see the West Moreland district of New South Wales and the territory from Wollongong to Maitland littered with oil derricks and oil refineries. Oil, the automobile and good roads enable the salesman to reach the pioneers that good roads have induced into the country. Good roads amalgamate with the city, and the railroads—which "squeal like stuck pigs" at first, until they realise their freight increases—are enabled also to increase their earnings through the long line of freight trains that haul what the salesman sells and the great industrialists manufacture. I want to see my country get off on the right foot and to have a concrete foundation to step off.)

Good roads bring the city to the country and vice versa. The auto is also a medium; oil likewise.

The West Moreland kerosene shale—containing oil distilled by nature—which has seeped from the world's greatest oil basin, which lies under the horizontal lying strata of rock, coal, sandstone and other deposits laid by the hands of the past for the con-

venience of the future, should enthuse that people that leave their own lands to look for better elsewhere.

(My father was a shrewd mining man. He abandoned the old home in which I was born at Hawkins' Hill, on the old Tambaroora Creek, to find the bonanza in Lucknow. While he was doing that the Rileys sank a shaft where our kitchen door stood and took fortunes in gold out of it.)

That proves that no matter how good and clever you might be "you will always find someone that will go you one better."

The great Jenolan Caves and other caves in the Blue Mountains were once upon a time "huge gas pockets" that burst with such force that all that now remains is the cavity, camouflaged with stalactites, and the entrance from which the gas escaped.

Previous to their being gas pockets they were carbonaceous and other mineral quantities that formed a gas when the seepage from THE GREAT NEW SOUTH WALES OIL BASIN got to it.

The octopus grip that American and other foreign Oil Trusts have on black gold (oil) will make it extremely difficult for Australia to develop what oil wealth it possesses, and Australia will be told—if she is not careful—that the Standard Oil Company of America is not yet ready to open up that field.

(Major Lewis, who drilled three wells and reached the oil sands in now dormant Sacramento Valley oil lands, told me that after he had had his third rig and machine house burned to the ground (mysteriously), and as he was about to "spud-in" again for a fourth attempt, A PROMINENT OIL MAN WENT TO HIM AND SAID: "THE OIL COMPANY IS NOT YET READY TO DEVELOP THIS FIELD, so you'd better quit, right now!")

The history of oil in America has been one of "freeze out," and at the present moment the Ponca Indian tribe is slowly being murdered in Oklahoma by oil interests that require their holdings—oil and human blood is an "Oklahoma shandy-gaff."

As Australia is about to enjoy the great sensation that ensues when a nation gets its first glimpse of black gold gushing over the top of the derrick, and get the thrill that comes once in a lifetime from the great prosperity that comes in with it, I will give you readers a little oil history:

"Petroleum was discovered and used ages ago. It is recorded that the people of Babylon and Nineveh used it 2000 years before Christ. Pliny described the oil of Agrigentum, brought from the Island of Sicily and burned in lamps by the Romans about the time of Nero. Marco Polo, during his travels in the thirteenth century, discovered the fire temple at Baku, in the Caucasus, the home of the ancient fire worshippers, whose shrine was a burning spring, the fire from which was not extinguished until the drilling of wells in later years drained its supply of petroleum. The people of Persia, Arabia, China and India utilised petroleum in its crude state taken from the springs.

The discovery of oil in North America can be credited to the Seneca Indians, who found it in the form of an oily scum floating on the surface of ponds and streams. It was utilised by them for medicine purposes, and their method of obtaining it was by means of a blanket soaked in the fluid and then wrung out.

About the first record of petroleum in America was in a letter written by Joseph de la Roche D'Allon, a Franciscan Mission-

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ary, in the year 1629. Later, in 1750, the Commander of Fort Duquesne mentioned the springs on Oil Creek in a letter to General Montcalm. Petroleum and natural gas were both found in the salt wells drilled along the Kanawha River in West Virginia about the year 1815. It is recorded that the first producer of petroleum in the United States was Hiram Hill of Titusville, Pennsylvania, who gathered and barrelled seepage oil along Oil Creek and shipped it to Pittsburg on rafts.

Dr. Kier, of Pittsburgh, was perhaps the first oil refiner in the U.S.A., for he successfully distilled some oil taken from salt wells at Tarentum, Pa., in 1850, nine years before Colonel Drake drilled his famous first oil well at Titusville. From that day to the present time the search for crude petroleum has developed one of the foremost industries in the United States of America, which ranks first among the nations of the world in the production of petroleum. From Pennsylvania, the home of the first oil well, first the wildcatter or prospector, next the conservative producer, have developed prolific oil and gas fields in the States of New York, Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Louisiana, California, Colorado, Wyoming and Montana. And the search continues for new fields in every State where the geologist offers the slightest encouragement.

The widespread use of the automobile and the internal combustion engine has stimulated the demand for petroleum the world over, and active prospecting for oil is in progress in practically every country—including Australia—where the geological formations are favorable for the accumulation of petroleum.

Natural gas was first observed in the United States in the burning springs, so called, that were found in the Appalachian Mountains; the first attempt to utilise this fuel commercially was at Fredonia, New York, in the year 1825. It was not until about the year 1880, however, that several towns in western Pennsylvania were piped and the production and distribution of natural gas became an established industry. This natural fuel was so cheap and popular, however, that the business developed rapidly and spread to many cities in the United States and Canada. Recently large gas fields have been opened up in California, Wyoming, Montana, New Brunswick and the Canadian North-West.

(Continued on page 16.)

MANUFACTURED BY AUSTRALIANS
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HANDS OFF SIX O'CLOCK CLOSING.

(By CRAWFORD VAUGHAN.)

A definite attempt will be made during the coming session of the State Parliament to overthrow the Six O'Clock Closing of Liquor Bars. Forewarned of this, the Professional and Business Men's Auxiliary has distributed through key men of the Alliance, assisted by the Salvation Army, some 15,000 six o'clock cards, which are being forwarded to members of Parliament by their constituents.

The replies of some members of Parliament on these cards reveal a cynical lack of respect for the will of the people as expressed at the Six O'Clock Referendum. The value of "lighting the back fires" was revealed in the Canberra controversy, and the hands of the Bruce Government were immeasurably strengthened in keeping the Federal Capital dry through pressure being brought to bear upon members of Parliament through the constituencies. The exertion of similar pressure in connection with the Six O'Clock Closing of Liquor Bars should be equally effective in preventing the great betrayal of early closing being consummated.

Efforts will be made by the apologists for liquor to prove that the flagrant violation of licensing laws, which is everywhere in evidence, could be avoided if only the hours of the open bar were extended to 7 p.m. The alcoholic bandits of U.S.A. make use of much the same contention when they urge that if only light beers and wines were permitted there would be no finer law-abiding section of the community than the sellers of this class of grog. Burglars say much the same in respect to the law prohibiting burglary. In Queensland, where eight o'clock closing of liquor bars prevails, the "Queensland Times," in a leading article, points out that the liquor interests "do not deny that liquor may be obtained in hotels after eight by those who want it, and that Sunday need no more be 'dry' than any other day to the man who is not troubled by conscience."

The "Times," which is rather brutally frank for an impartial daily, says that the correspondent for the liquor interests "does not trouble to deny the charges made by his opponents. He contents himself with the suggestion that the law is unreasonable, and therefore unworthy of respect." This, of course, is pure handiwork. If eight o'clock closing does not lead to law enforcement in Queensland, or to law observance by the Queensland liquor trade, how will seven

o'clock in N.S.W. convert Bolsheviks of the liquor business here into law-respecting citizens? The "Times" says that "the public want the law enforced as other laws are enforced; those, for instance, dealing with the sale of commodities by storekeepers. They would not agree to the suggestion that men who are licensed to sell intoxicating liquors are entitled to special privileges outside the law." The paper further contends that "it is worse to argue that the malcontents have the right to treat the law with disrespect, to urge that disrespect for one law means increasing disrespect for all laws, and that the earlier closing law (for 8 p.m. not 6 p.m.) is undermining the authority of law generally and ought to be repealed in the interests of society."

The simple fact is that generally speaking the liquor traffic, wherever it exists, and under whatever conditions it exists, is an outlaw. Whether the closing hour be six o'clock, as in N.S.W., or eight o'clock in Queensland, or eleven o'clock as in pre-war days, or Prohibition as in U.S.A., a large section of the liquor interests, by means that are unavailable or detestable to ordinary traders, are able to set the statutes at defiance, and to browbeat and bludgeon Governments into ineptitude.

A storekeeper of Oxford-street was fined some time ago for selling a tin of sardines after hours, although he did it only to oblige a customer. He pointed out to the arresting constable the overflowing liquor bar on the opposite side of the street, although 6 p.m. had struck, the law, however, like the good Samaritan, passed by on the other side.

The sly grog business done by the licensed liquor bars necessarily robs the ordinary trader of his share of trade just as much as if certain shopkeepers were specially privileged to do business after hours. Why arrest hard-working burglars who show great ingenuity and mechanical skill in trying to break into a bank after hours, when the beer bandits are allowed, in effect, to dip their hands into the tills of legitimate traders after closing time? The reason for all this is perfectly clear. Liquor is in politics. And it is in politics for much the same reason as Jay Gould was in politics. The head of the Erie Railway cynically remarked before the Commission of Inquiry: "In a Democratic State I'm a Democrat; in a Republican State I'm a Republican; in a

doubtful State, I'm doubtful; but everywhere and always I'm for the Erie Railway."

The Six O'Clock Closing vote will reveal, to use Sir Geo. Fuller's words "those who stand before the people to-day as the representatives of an immense interest which, under the conditions in which it is conducted, is productive of a vast amount of misery, poverty and unhappiness in our midst." For, as Sir George forcibly said, "that it fills our jails, is responsible for terrible crimes, breaks up what otherwise would be happy homes, and saps the manhood of our land is clear beyond the shadow of a doubt."

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A Personal Chat with my readers

THERE IS AN ANSWER.

Much that perplexes us can be easily answered. When I am face to face with a troublesome question arising from the Bible I find it a great comfort to know that millions have faced the same question, and a vast number of deeper piety and greater learning have just given it a nod and past on quite undisturbed, they perceived a reason, they knew an explanation, and they saw through the puzzle.

On November 10, 1793, the "Goddess of Reason" was enthroned in Paris on the high altar of Notre Dame. This puzzled and disquieted many Christians. What was the answer?

On November 11, the next day, William Carey landed in Calcutta. It is true he was a nobody, and his landing provided no elation that compensated for the depressing influence of the infidelity of the previous day in Paris.

Yet it was God's answer to the challenge of the infidels. To-day a million Christians in India live to bless the memory of William Carey, and it would be difficult to find anyone who was disturbed by the happening in the Notre Dame.

Jean Ingelow writes:

"I am glad to think I am not bound to make the world go right; But only to discover and to do With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.

I will trust in Him That he can hold His own; and I will take His will, above the work He sendeth me, To be my chiefest good."

* * * *

Very few are privileged to enjoy work that is not dreary with monotony and heavy with slowness of progress, at least at times.

We envy others, we think their task delightful, and it looks so easy.

I recall that it is told that a young lady at an exhibition of statuary said: "Sculpture is very easy, isn't it?"

"Very, very easy," replied the sculptor, "and very, very simple. You just take a block of marble and a chisel and knock off all the marble you don't want."

William B. Lane composed these lines: There are those who outward look with wistful eyes Glimpsing a glorious goal beyond their task,

Who but the rainbow deed of service ask As theirs, dipped in the peace of sunset skies. They see the amber and the rose that lies Upon the world's horizons, evening-dyed.

But in their soul of souls have not described

The near-by burst of life which never dies. The homely touch of mother's hand, the tea Engravings on the sooted cheek of toil,

The sympathy that lifts the heart from fear To faith and love and life, no soot can soil. Who blithely digs his trench with steadfast eyes

Builds on his ditch an empire of the skies!

* * *

Have you ever noticed in the tram the dear young thing with her nose buried in a book. A lady is standing with an armful of parcels, but the dear young thing does not notice that she has her bag beside her, and with even a little thought and no inconvenience she could move along, put the bag under the seat, and make room for the standing lady.

Did you ever notice the man whose idea of tram politeness is to give his seat to a lady when he gets out. I am often reminded that politeness is like an air cushion: there is nothing in it, but it eases the joints wonderfully.

I was amused to read the following story the other day:

"Madam," said the man in the street car. "I know I ought to get up and give you my seat, but unfortunately I've recently joined the Sit Still Club."

"That's all right, sir," replied the woman. "And you must excuse me for staring at you so hard, I am a member of the Stand and Stare Club."

She proved herself so active and conscientious a member that the man began to feel uncomfortable under her gaze. Finally he rose and said: "Take my seat, madam; I guess I'll resign from my club and join yours."

* * *

What you put in the collection plate in church is not really nearly so important as what you put into the prayers or

hymns, the handshake and the smile. When there are so many kinds of giving it is a pity to limit yourself to one kind, and that the least important. It was a parson, the Rev. Truman H. Woodward, who wrote:

Right where the handclasp's a little stronger, Right where the smile dwells a little longer, That's where the church comes in.

There's where the sun is a little brighter, Folks treat each other a little whiter, And the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter, That's where the church comes in.

Over its steeple the skies seem bluer, Friendships within it a little truer, For that's where the church comes in.

There's a breath from God like a fresh breeze blowing, There's a stream of happiness, banks o'er-flowing,

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION.

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

Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1926.

And the richest reaping from patient sowing—

That's where the church comes in.

When children's lives are in the making, Or someone's heart with grief is aching,

That's where the church comes in.

Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,

Where there's more of giving and less of buying,

And the strong to help the weak are trying,

That's where the church comes in.

The Editor

PUBLIC RALLY.

AUGUST 16, 1926, 7.45 p.m.

THE CALL OF THE CHILD.

SPEAKER: THE

REV. R. B. S. HAMMOND.

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NICHOLSON AT LISMORE.

SCENES OF ENTHUSIASM.

CROWDS THROU THE "CANVAS CATHEDRAL."

(By STANLEY MUIR.)

The Lismore campaign has opened under most favorable auspices, which speak of a real spiritual revival. Crowded gatherings marked the opening meetings. Truly, Mr. Nicholson has found favor in the eyes of the people. Already his powerful messages have created a deep impression. Beautiful weather prevailed over the week-end. The committee is to be warmly commended for the splendid organisation in preparation for the campaign.

Even the most sanguine expectations were exceeded by the unqualified success of the real opening meeting of the campaign on Sunday evening. Long before Rev. W. P. Nicholson opened his address every corner of the huge tent was packed to overflowing. Scores and scores were turned away, unable to gain attendance. Several hundred stood outside the "canvas cathedral" and listened attentively throughout. It was unquestionably the biggest thing ever seen in the way of a religious meeting in Lismore, so residents of long standing aver. Monday morning saw a fine gathering of ministers from many parts of the surrounding district. They extended to the visitor a most cordial welcome and expressed the wish that their beloved Australia would be won for Christ. Mr. Nicholson's address to his brethren of the cloth was of a most helpful and inspiring nature. Seating accommodation is provided for a thousand in the big canvas tent donated from America for the Nicholson campaign. To safeguard against the damp, a splendid wooden floor has been constructed, which adds greatly to the comfort. Electric lighting is provided.

Mr. Nicholson, accompanied by Mr. Wm. Bradley, arrived from Sydney on Saturday evening. A representative gathering of the committee met the visitors at the railway station, and a cordial welcome to Lismore was extended to them.

WELCOME TO LISMORE.

Subsequently a welcome gathering was held in St. Paul's Presbyterian Church hall, following a lantern lecture given by a representative of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The building was crowded, and as the evangelist stepped into the hall he was greeted with hearty applause. On the platform to welcome him were the Mayor (Dr. R. Kellas), the ministers of the Nonconformist Churches, the Rev. David Galloway, S. W. Bonnor, Pastors P. J. Pond and J. J. Weller, Adjutant Franks (Salvation Army), Mr. F. Wicks (chairman of the Campaign Committee), Mr. O. A. Piggott (local secretary), Mr. G. Oliver (of Eltham, an old friend of college days of the missionary).

Addresses of a warm and cordial nature were given, the Mayor expressing the hope that the visit to Lismore would be marked with the same enthusiasm that had characterized Mr. Nicholson's work in other parts of the world. All united in expressing hopes for the success of the campaign. On rising to respond, Mr. Nicholson was greeted with applause. He was deeply touched with the kindly words of welcome, and asked for the prayers of all Christians for the success of the mission. No human agent could promote a religious revival in Lismore, he explained. This could only be achieved by God working through human agency by prayer, faith and by work on the part of the Christians. "You might as well expect a revival in hell as a revival among lazy

Christians who sit down and twiddle their thumbs waiting for all to be done for them. A revival was the outcome of liveliness, not of laziness. The essentials for the success of the work were: Faith, work and prayer."

Seating accommodation was taxed to its utmost capacity at St. Paul's Presbyterian Church on Sunday morning when Mr. Nicholson received a welcome from the Presbyterian section of the community. The Rev. David Galloway presided, and in a few appropriate words said his friendship with Mr. Nicholson had extended over 25 years, and he was specially pleased to welcome his old friend. Of recent years Mr. Nicholson had attained great success, notably in capturing the students of Cambridge University and by his memorable addresses at the great Keswick Convention in England. He assured their visitor of British fairplay during his visit to Lismore. They admired Mr. Nicholson for his courage and zeal in seeking the glory of God, the salvation of souls and the extension of the Kingdom of God.

PRAYER AND FASTING.

"This mission is not mine, but yours, for I have come at your invitation," remarked Mr. Nicholson, in reply, as he sought, in a few words, to lay the burden of responsibility on them, as he trusted it was upon himself also. He urged all Christians to lay aside all hindrances and to put their very best into it for Christ and the Church.

"This kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting" (Mark 9, 28-29) formed the topic of Mr. Nicholson's subsequent address, in the course of which he emphasised that this was one thing—a spiritual revival—which came only on God's terms, by prayer and fasting. It was not preaching, singing, organisation of evangelistic effort, but prayer and fasting. These were the only means by which they would be able to reach the thousands out of Christ. Fasting did not necessarily mean going without bread and butter, although that was good at times, but laying aside other duties and rearranging one's business to make time for prayer. If their praying did not cost them anything, then they could not expect to get much. It was prayer that cost something that counted with God. That was the only way they would get the devil "on the run." It was prayer that moved the hand of God.

MANY TURNED AWAY.

An audience of over 1200 people packed inside the "canvas cathedral," as Mr. Nicholson expressly termed it, for his first Sunday night service. Every chair was occupied, and even standing room was at a premium. Several hundred, unable to gain admission, gathered outside the tent and listened to the vigorous message. He deeply stirred his audience. There was not an interruption throughout.

"The missionary is a genial personality with a silver tongue," reports the "Northern Star," "with which he can move the audience either to laughter or tears. Before the beginning of the service there was community singing of hymns, and with his Irish bregue and wit he had the congregation in a good mood at the start. At a later stage, when he was talking seriously about spiritual welfare, there were a good many wet eyes in the big congregation."

"What shall I do with Jesus which is called Christ?" (Matt. 27, 22), formed the basis of his powerful message. "On your answer,

every one of you, depends where you will spend eternity. I ask myself: What will I do with Jesus Christ? My answer determines what Christ will do with me. It settles my eternal destiny." That question, he pointed out, faced everyone. They must be either for or against. They must either accept or reject Jesus Christ. No half-measures were possible. No individual could pass on his responsibility for the answer to that question. The address was rich in stories drawn from his world experiences and his points were driven home with convincing power. It was a deeply stirred audience which filed out of the tent, doubtless many having heard a Gospel message for the first time for years.

MEETS HIS BRETHREN OF THE CLOTH.

It was a happy thought that conceived the idea of enabling Mr. Nicholson to meet his brethren in the ministry in fellowship on Monday morning. The gathering took place in the big tent under most happy auspices. Representatives gathered from many parts of the district, some having travelled twenty and thirty miles, whilst one representative came from Murwillumbah, 50 miles distant, to be present. The evangelist gave one of his characteristic, happy and helpful addresses. All must have carried away a favorable impression and with a new enthusiasm to carry on their labor in the Master's service.

The visitors were welcomed by the Rev. David Galloway, chairman of the Minister's Fraternal, who said they were anxious to have many points of contact throughout the district. It was also proposed to hold special district efforts. They had had a wonderful day on Sunday, he said. It was going to be a wonderful mission and they were going to have a wonderful time of revival.

"Do you realise that within a few days' sail of Australia half the world's population is in a state of turmoil and ferment?" asked the Rev. Richard Piper, a missionary from the Fiji Islands, in the course of a stirring address. They must have men for these non-Christian countries that are awakening with commercial, material and military ideas. Never greater were the troubles their children would have to face in the future. Fanatics were preaching race suspicion and hatred, sowing seeds that would grow into dragons with teeth of war. It devolved on them to preach the Gospel of Christ throughout these countries. Mr. Nicholson's mission and all like movements throughout Australia would have an effect upon this foreign mission work. Numbers of young men and women would be called out into God's work on the fringes of civilisation.

AUSTRALIA FOR GOD.

Then followed several addresses of welcome, all of which were marked with enthusiastic fervor. The Rev. R. Miller, Bangalow, clerk of the Presbytery, spoke on behalf of the Presbyterians of Richmond River; the Rev. R. B. Lew represented the Methodists of the district; Pastor P. J. Pond, the Associated Churches of Christ of the North Coast; the Rev. S. J. Tomkins, secretary of the Northern Rivers Baptist Association, on behalf of the Baptist Churches of the North Coast; Adjutant Robinson, of Mudgee, Salvation Army; and Mr. W. W. Paton, the Byron Bay students, the Timothies of the Lord's service. "We welcome him with open arms as one who will help to win our beloved Australia to God," voiced by one, expressed the feelings of the delegates. "With all its faults, Britain has stood true to the Bible in days gone by, and has been a blessing among the nations. We want Australia to be that in the days that are ahead. She can only attain that if she stands true to the Gospel."

(Continued on next page.)

Nicholson at Lismore—

Mr. Nicholson said he wished he could adequately express gratitude for the gracious words. It made him more determined, under God, to give the very best he could. Paying a gracious tribute to the faithful labor of God's servants, past and present, Mr. Nicholson said the yearning in the hearts of the people for revival indicated that they were on the eve of a mighty work. He trusted that he himself would be eliminated, and as one speaker had expressed it, that it would be Jesus all the way through. He sought to be true to the Lord and to build up and establish His Church.

"The Model Servant of God and His Reward" formed the basis of a most helpful address. There were, he said, three things that should be outstanding, viz.: That men should know they were "saved" by God's grace, that they should be sanctified and spirit-filled men, and they should be soul-winners. It would not be long before they stood before the bar of God, and he trusted they, each one, would receive that "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Subsequently a light luncheon, kindly provided by the ladies of the respective churches, was partaken of at the Presbyterian Memorial Hall, the function throughout proving a happy and successful one. It was decided to make arrangements for Mr. Nicholson to visit various centres of the district and to hold a further rally of brethren of the cloth on Monday, August 9, securing, if possible, an even larger representation.

MARCH ROUND THE CITY.

Mr. Nicholson continued his masterly addresses in the tent each evening, his remarks being devoted mainly to Christians. He spoke on: "What is a Christian?" "Christless Christians," etc. The meetings were largely attended.

Lismore was fairly taken by storm on Tuesday evening, when at the close of the meeting Mr. Nicholson announced they were conducting a route march through the town. Headed by the Salvation Army band several hundred people enthusiastically marched in procession through the residential area singing hymns, firing Gospel "bullets," and generally making a real stir. Scripture records: "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down after they had been compassed about seven days." May God grant a similar victory at Lismore.

The huge tent presented a bright and animated scene on Wednesday morning when the scholars of the Lismore school assembled with their teachers in the "canvas cathedral." They picked up with avidity one of Mr. Nicholson's choruses and listened with delight to one of his captivating talks. The following day the missionary visited the splendid High School, where he quickly won the hearts of the scholars.

Meetings in various country centres are announced. Another united open-air demonstration will be held on Saturday evening.

A pleasing feature of the meetings is the excellent orchestra. This has been arranged by Mr. A. E. Holley, who enthusiastically volunteered his talented services and has taken charge of the musical side of the work.

Much prayer is being made on behalf of the work. Daily meetings for prayer are being held at 9 a.m. (in the tent) and at 7.30 p.m. (in the Presbyterian Hall adjacent), and these are being largely attended.

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THE BIBLE AND PROHIBITION.

Is prohibition of the liquor traffic contrary to the teaching of the Bible, as is asserted by some of the opponents of the Eighteenth Amendment?

This question is dealt with ably in an editorial in the "Chicago Evening Post" of February 13, from which we quote:

If by Prohibition we mean the right to forbid certain practices there can be no question that the Bible sanctions Prohibition. The Decalogue is sufficient proof of that. "Thou shalt not" are the notable words in what was the basic moral law of Israel. Whatever modifications may have taken place in later times, nothing can be found in the Scriptures to justify the assumption that the principle of forbidding certain forms of behaviour was abandoned. Indeed it was carried over into the Christian church, where the apostolic authority definitely prohibited practices which it believed were perilous to the moral welfare of Christians under the circumstances then existing. It is interesting to note that one of these prohibitions had to do with the matter of what should not be eaten. Christians were forbidden to eat food sacrificed to idols.

There are many reasons why the making of alcoholic liquor was not specifically forbidden in Bible times, even though the abuse of it was sternly denounced and emphatically forbidden. If Israel had faced the problem which America faced in the growth of the licensed liquor traffic, in its terrible demoralisation of life, destruction of health and corruption of politics, we cannot doubt there would have been a "Thou shalt not" no less vigorous and comprehensive than the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead law.

The apostolic authority which forbade the eating of meat sacrificed to idols would not have hesitated to forbid the drinking of alcoholic wines had there been as grave a danger in that practice then as there has come to be in our days.

It is true, of course, that Paul recognised a higher principle than Prohibition, although he yielded deference to the latter. He said boldly: "All things for me are lawful, but all things are not expedient." Paul took strong ground in his advocacy of what may be called "personal liberty." It is ground which only those may take who are fully yielded to Christ's law of love. In his stout declaration of freedom Paul yet boasted that he was the "bond-slave of Jesus Christ." And among the things which he considered "not expedient" was disregard for law. He enjoined on all obedience to the civil authorities and himself obeyed them. He recognised the need of law—the need of forbidding behaviour which was socially dangerous. We can find nothing in Paul's attitude which runs contrary to Christian support of any law, any prohibition which the conditions of the time demand for the welfare of mankind.

It would be as reasonable to argue that prohibition of the sale of narcotic drugs is counter to the Bible as to argue this of prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors.

There are two big ideas which run all through the Bible, Old Testament and New—human value and human responsibility. God is portrayed as holding human personality of supreme importance among all the things which He created; He is also portrayed as holding men responsible for their own conduct and for the welfare of their fellows.

The only question affecting Prohibition that need concern the believer in the Bible is whether the traffic in alcoholic liquors constitutes as great a menace to the human values of American manhood, womanhood and childhood as the idolatrous worship of false gods did to the people of Israel in the days when it was written "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." An affirmative answer to this question should set his mind at rest about Scriptural sanction.



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Mistress—

Mary, your kitchen is a picture!

However do you get everything so spotlessly clean & bright?

Yes, ma'am, it do look nice but it's very little trouble when you use

PEARSON'S SAND SOAP





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.

BOY DAY.

In Japan each year they have Boy Day. Slogans are displayed in every possible place; they read like this: "Boys, be strong, be brave," "Boys, live that your country may be proud of you." They are all sizes and on all kinds of material, but they are all the same shape, for they are all done on a fish. The fish selected is a carp, because it is strong, lives long, multiplies quickly, and swims strongly against the stream.

So often young people envy those who have favorable circumstances and ample means. Don't forget the Wonder Man of all the ages was born in a stable.

Moses was a foundling picked out of a swamp.

David was a shepherd lad.

Peter was an unlettered rough fisherman.

Yet they went against the stream of circumstances and can never be forgotten.

Years ago a humble Methodist preacher named McDonald moved from the country to London, where he supported five daughters on a salary of £150 a year. Four of them married. The first became Lady Edward Burne-Jones, wife of the world-famous artist.

The second became Lady Edward Poynter, the wife of the president of the Royal Academy, and mother of Sir Hugh Poynter, one of the greatest steel magnates of Canada.

The third was Mrs. John Kipling, mother of Rudyard Kipling; and the fourth married a gentleman named Baldwin. Her son, Stanley Baldwin, became Prime Minister of Great Britain.

The great come from humble homes; the world's most useful and wonderful men all started poor.

It is not how much you have, but how much you make of what you have.

UNCLE B.

OUR LETTER BAG.

SWAPPING STAMPS.

Cliff Cooke, Belperoud, Newtown, Geelong, writes: I think you will have to forgive me for not writing sooner, so I will try and write more often. I am going for my Q.C. next year, and hope to pass and go to the Gordon Technical College. Our new minister, the Rev. T. W. Butcher, has lately arrived in Geelong, and I like him very

much. Our Band of Hope meetings are still well attended, and on Wednesday night we are having a concert in aid of the queen's funds. A petition is being signed that the hotels should be closed at 1 p.m. on Saturdays and on Christmas Day, Anzac Day and on Good Friday. I have just had a mate up to tea who brought his stamps up and we swapped one another. I have about 250 stamps now. Have you got any Salvador stamps? People say they are very scarce now. Well, I will have to close now as it is bed time.

(Dear Cliff,—It is a long time since you wrote, and I am glad you have not quite forgotten me. I am sending you a few stamps and hope they will add to your collection. I have a collection of about 3000 different kinds.—Uncle B.)

WHERE?

Mary McDonald, "Hill Drop," Netherby, writes: Here I am again, Uncle, but I always do turn up like a bad penny, and I am a whole month too soon this time. You see, I have no wish to be one of the much-loved scallywags. You asked just how far I was from anywhere. Of course that depends on what anywhere happens to be. If it is home, well, I am right on the spot. If it is the railway, it passes our house only a hundred yards away, and the line ends at Netherby, three miles from here. We have a beautiful hall there, Uncle. If you happen to be up this way perhaps you would use it. As Nhill is nothing but a small country town seventeen miles from here, it cannot be anywhere. We are intending to motor to Nhill to-morrow afternoon, all being well. Our Church has started a sewing guild, so the ladies of the district meet once a fortnight at the Parsonage. Once there we make garments, etc., to be sold at the bazaar near the end of the year. Another Church concert is to be held in three weeks' time, so practice is beginning again. I think the actors have more enjoyment at the practices than the night of the concert. We often think of Sam. How is he now, Uncle, and Mr. Hamilton, too? We have had very frosty weather here lately, but that is only to be expected I suppose, as frosts own this place. When 6 a.m. arrives you may picture me thinking that it is nice to get up in the morning, but it's so much nicer to stay in bed. I am enclosing a snap of the Bairnsdale Memorial, showing a few of the five hundred wreaths, also one of myself that was taken the day of my departure from home ten weeks ago. And now I will wish "Grit" every success and send love to yourself and my "cousins."

(Dear Mary,—You have answered my questions splendidly. Thank you for the photos. I wonder when you are going on

another jaunt? It will soon be summer, and then you won't mind turning out at 6 a.m. half as much as on the mornings when Jack Frost is waiting to nip you.—Uncle B.)

ONLY FOR THE DRINK.

F. Rochester, Piper's Flat, Near Irondale, writes: I am just beginning to think I will be on that scallywag list. I will do my best to keep off. Well, we still have that cold, miserable weather. I do wish we would get nice days. Mr. Hughes has been two or three times since I last wrote. We may have a church at Irondale if we can get a room. Mr. Hughes is trying so hard to get us one. Well, Uncle, you say the cold is nice. I think I would like to change places with you for the winter. I have read "Grit" all through this week, Uncle, and saw a lot about Prohibition. Just fancy all the money that has been wasted in the world on drink and smoke. If only all the people in the world could see what a lot of happy homes there would be only for the drink. Well, Uncle, we are all so pleased to see Mr. Hughes when he comes, and also to see my letter in "Grit." I send "Grit" up to Mudgee every fortnight. My grandfather likes to read it. I have sent them to lots of my mother's friends. They are very pleased with them. Mr. Hughes always gives me two, and then I have one to send away and one for us at home.

Dear Ne,—So you wonder why people are not sensible enough to understand what comfort and happiness the world would know if only there was no intoxicating drink. If everyone in New South Wales would read "Grit" through every week for a year I believe that would settle the drink problem.—Uncle B.)

ESCAPED.

Amy Wodman, S.S. 1249, Forge Creek, via Bairnsdale, writes: I am writing now so I will escape the scallywag list. I was home for two months because mum was in bed with scarlatina, and I got it about four days after her. When I was better of the scarlatina I got tonsillitis in my throat. I had to keep myself warm, and I did some school work, and then I came back to school. My biggest sister, Dolly, has a baby with five teeth, and he is a great big boy now. My other sister is away teaching at a big school at Preston. Last Wednesday Preston was made a town, and she got a half holiday. It was made a town by Lord Somers, our new Governor, who arrived at Melbourne on June 28. Violet came home in May for a few days, and then went back to Preston. Mr. Osborne, our inspector, is leaving Bairnsdale to go to Melbourne, and not coming back here any more, only for a holiday, I suppose. We have thirteen lambs and they are pretty, too. They skip and hop and dance around like anything. We have two poddy calves that are not very old. The colors of them are red and white, and the other is a yellow and white one.

(Dear Amy,—You have escaped and all is well—but I may tell you you would be startled if you knew how many have not escaped. My scallywag list is like the Black Hole of Calcutta.—Uncle B.)

LAW v. LAWLESSNESS.**A CRITICAL PHASE OF THE FIGHT AGAINST LIQUOR.**

It may seem strange to many people that the chief argument used for the lifting of the restriction against the sale of liquor in the Federal Capital Territory is the difficulty of enforcing the law. There is much talk of sly-grog selling and other methods of evading the spirit, if not the letter, of the existing ordinance.

That the liquor traffic is a persistent law breaker has often been stated, with many illustrations to support the statement. Why, in Tasmania, there were more convictions for breaches of the liquor laws than there were convictions for drunkenness! A truly extraordinary situation indeed. In America the chief reason given for repeal or modification of Prohibition is that the law is broken. In Queensland there is an agitation for change of hours of liquor trading because there is trading after eight o'clock. Breaches of the Six O'Clock Closing law here are quoted in support of the agitation to extend the closing time to seven o'clock.

The time has arrived for a public agitation against the lawlessness associated with the liquor traffic. We are, generally, a law-abiding people, and those whose appetites for liquor or for gold dominate their duty to the community should not be tolerated as factors in determining the laws of the country. This must be stressed; it will be stressed. Law must prevail!

Each generation is expected to reach a higher standard of civilisation, otherwise there would be national decay. This generation is expected to move forward by destroying the liquor traffic.

A NEW CALENDAR.

We draw our readers' attention to a calendar just issued by the New South Wales Homes for Incurables. It is unique, as it starts its year from 1st August. It is well designed, and no home should be without one. The price is 9d. post free. Write to the Secretary, New South Wales Home for Incurables, 72b King-street, Sydney.

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The Gipsy Smith Mission—

(Continued from page 3.)

Buy a hymn book, or be scolded for not singing; and someone got a very handsome profit from this small book containing 66 hymns, most of which are found in other books. A little more frankness, accuracy and generosity, and the one unpleasant note in the mission might have been removed. It is satisfactory to know that in every place the committee has had ample funds to meet all expenses, and still have money in hand.

THE AFTERMATH.

The Gipsy has no after-plans. It is up to the pastors.

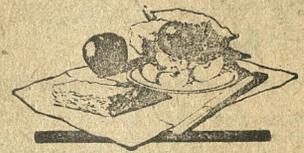
If there is to be a revived interest in the Bible, if there is to be a revival of collective praying, if there is to be an organised effort to go out into the highways and byways—then it is up to the clergy. The glamor of an unusual visitor has faded, the interesting references to religion in the paper have ceased, and the "spiritual floor scrubbing and washing up" have now to be done. The chill is in the air, the neglected duties are now claiming the mission goers, and the pastor who cannot sing, who is just an average fellow, and dare not preach his few best sermons over and over again must take up the burden of his great work and face the fact that no preacher is a wonder to his congregation any more than a man is a hero to his valet. Thank God for the evangelists, but pray for the pastors. They are the enduring chaps who spend their life in the stoke-hole mostly unpraised, unrewarded, unrecognised, and yet without them the Good Ship (the Church) would make little progress and weather no storms. You will like your pastor better when you really pray for him; you will get much more from his ministry when you really pray for him; you will find your church a more attractive place when you pray and work in it.

Old-Time Breweries Now Store Soda Water and Circus Animals.

In the basement of the Senn and Ackerman Brewery in Kentucky, where beer was formerly stored, the giraffes, elephants, tigers, monkeys, horses and dogs of two well-known circus companies now have their winter quarters, and are trained and exercised by their masters. These are the Gentry Brothers and John R. Patterson circus, and the Walter R. Mann shows. Two former breweries in southern Illinois have also been converted to other purposes—the Western Brewery, at Belleville, and the New Athens Brewery, at New Athens—both of which make soda water.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION TO "GRIT" IS 11/-.

Received to 7/8/26, and where not mentioned the amount received is 11s.: W. D. Campbell 30/6/27; J. S. Agnew (two copies), 30/1/27; A. H. Mead, £1 2s., 30/8/26; Mrs. Bradbury, 5s. 3d., 7/8/26; Miss E. Nicholls, 3s., 30/10/26; Mrs. Brown, 6s., 28/2/27; Mrs. C. Kearns, 5s. 6d., 30/1/27; Miss E. Considine, 3s. 30/10/26; J. S. Baxter, N.Z., £1 4s., 30/7/28; Mrs. Agnew, £1; Rev. A. C. Smith, 30/6/27.

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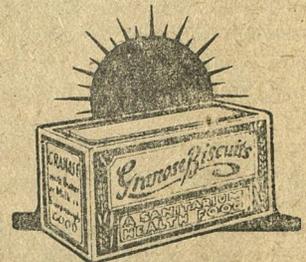
Most mothers pack fruit in the youngsters' lunch bags. When they add Granose Biscuits they put up a perfect meal. For every flake of Granose is a grain of wheat, and whole wheat grains are rich in elements essential to the making of rich blood, sturdy bone and sound teeth.

GRANOSE BISCUITS

Granose is good for grown-ups too. Many a man enjoys an office lunch of fruit and Granose Biscuits. The crisp flakes are so tasty and so good. Their grainy substance calls for a certain amount of mastication, and this induces the flow of saliva, a valuable digestive aid.

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**A SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD****A "DRY" ST. PATRICK'S DAY.**

The "Australian Sunday Visitor," a Brisbane Roman Catholic paper, states that the celebrations for Ireland's national festival were bone dry this year. According to the new liquor legislation, the sale of drinks, even to bona fide travellers, was prohibited on St. Patrick's Day.



PROHIBITION ITEM.

Professor (in an engineering class): "What's a dry dock?"

Student: "A physician who won't give out prescriptions."

SOME ORDER.

Salesman (wiping the perspiration from his brow): "I'm afraid, madam, we've shown you all our stock of linoleum, but we could get more from our factory."

Customer: "Well, perhaps you had better! You see, I want something of a neater pattern and quite small—just a little square for my bird-cage!"

WHY THEY FAILED.

"No less than four of my business acquaintances went to the wall last month, a haberdasher, a musician, a watch manufacturer and a dentist."

"What caused their failures?"

"Well, in the case of the haberdasher it was clothes competition; the musician was unable to meet his notes; the watch manufacturer had too much time on his hands, and the dentist lost his pull."

SOME SCHOOLBOY "HOWLERS."

Among some schoolboy mistakes recorded in a recent issue of the "Hoe Grammar School Magazine" (Plymouth), are:

A fissure is a man who sells fish.

Joan of Arc was the wife of Noah.

The man was groaning like a sole in torment.

E.G. means "egg sample."

An oculist is a fish with long legs.

Whenever David played to Saul the latter kept a javelin handy.

In the spring the lambs can be seen gambling in the fields.

Paul and Silas began to sing and there was a great earthquake.

Silhouette is the name of an onion which is grown in Spain.

FROM "PUNCH."

Little Boy (after learning about Lot's wife): "Mummy, is all salt made of ladies?"

ALWAYS GOOD POLICY.

Aunt: "And baby's got his father's hair."

Visitor (with a glance at the father's high forehead): "Oh, I'm glad you've kept it in the family."

"GO TO BED, MARY."

Little Mary was nothing if not polite. She had heard that the minister was leaving their church for a new pastorate. Her mother had the minister to dinner shortly before he left, and Mary, carefully waiting for a pause in the conversation, remarked: "I hear we are going to have the pleasure of losing you."

IN THE SUPERLATIVE.

"Where's the car, dad?" his son asked the professor.

"Why, dear me," he said, "I really don't know. Did I take it out?"

"You certainly did, dad; you drove it down town."

"That's very remarkable," said the professor, "I remember now that when I got out I turned to thank the gentleman who had given me the lift, and wondered where he had gone."

MAYBE HE DIDN'T MEAN IT.

An old story is going the rounds. A minister was caught in a thunder-shower on the way to church and got dripping wet. He sat in an unheated anteroom, trying to dry off a little before he appeared before his congregation. An old deacon found him there.

"I'm hardly a fit object to stand up before the people, am I, Brother Brown?" he said.

"Oh, I'd go ahead in," said Deacon Brown. "You'll be dry enough when you get in the pulpit."

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DAILY INSPIRATION.

(By FAIRELIE THORNTON.)

SUNDAY.

"He feedeth on ashes, a deceived heart hath turned him aside."—Isa., 44, 20.

Of how many might this be said! Sport is the idol they set up and worship, just as Djana of the Ephesians was set up in the market place and worshipped by the heathen of old. One opens the papers or turns on the wireless in the hope of hearing or reading something worth while and finds sport is given the first place, and not only the first place, but the chief place, and is reminded of the old Latin proverb we learnt in our school days, "Ne quid nimis." What an awful account will those have to render who spend their lives for this fading wreath of passing notoriety! And who is it that are the most interested in it outside? Is it not those who gamble on the issues? The physical is exalted and the hero worshippers are falling down before an idol of clay. Ashes, indeed, such feed on. There are the ashes to be found in the sensuous novels of the day, and some of the picture theatres, where drunkenness is depicted for the amusement of the vulgar, and falsity in marriage called by the false name of love; where the world, the flesh, and the devil reign triumphant, and Vanity Fair is surrounded with all the glamor of false brilliancy. How many feed on these ashes, and all taste for spiritual fare is spoilt. Give such a religious paper, and they will throw it aside. Even the one day in seven is not debarred from these idols, and the sporting news must be greedily devoured. What will be the end of these things? "Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes," will return again, and "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be bad." "A deceived heart hath turned him aside."

MONDAY.

"THE TIME IS SHORT."

'Tis not for man to trifle; life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear;
'Tis not for man to sport away life's hours,
All must be earnest in a world like ours.
Not many lives, but only one have we;
One, only one.
How sacred should that one life ever be;
That narrow span.
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.
—Dr. Bonar.

TUESDAY.

"Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin."—John, 8, 34.

So the people who boast of their freedom are really slaves after all. They look upon a Christian with a sort of pity, because he cannot do the wicked things they do. "Oh, I forgot! You cannot go to the theatre; you cannot play cards, you cannot drink wine. You are a Christian. I would not be so bound up. I want to be free." So these people talk, while they enjoy their license—which they call liberty! They do not imagine they are the slaves, and that the Christians whom they so pity are the only free people in the world.

It is said that one of the great prisons of this country was built by the prisoners themselves. They built the walls which afterwards shut them in. The legend is familiar, too, of the man to whom the devil came ordering a chain of a certain length to be made. Coming at a certain time he ordered the chain to be made longer, and then went away. When at last it was finished he came again, and with it bound the poor

man who had fastened its links together at his command. So sinners are everywhere building their own prison walls, and with their own hands fashioning the chains to bind them for ever. We need to be on our guard perpetually against little sins—mere gossamer threads at first, which will become cables at last if we allow them to be wrapped about our souls.—Rev. Dr. Miller.

WEDNESDAY.

"Let us go forth."—Heb., 13, 13.

Silent, like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste;
We press out at the world's wide gate,
Turning our back on all its state.
We press along the narrow road
That leads to life and home and God.
No sigh for laughter left behind,
Or pleasures scattered to the wind,
No looking back on Sodom's plains,
No listening still to Babel's strains;
No tears for Egypt's song and smile,
No thirsting for the flowing Nile.
No vanity or folly now,
No fading garland round our brow,
No sorrow for the loss of fame,
No dread of scandal on our name:
We fling aside the weight and sin,
Resolved the victory to win.
—H. Bonar.

THURSDAY.

"Come out from among and be ye separate, saith the Lord."

You belong to a tennis club—I have nothing to say against that; or you belong to a golf club if you are a little bit older. But I say this, the moment you find your golf club or your tennis club deciding to play on the Lord's Day, resign your membership and tell them why you do it, and that protest will mean a good deal. We call ourselves Protestants—I suppose we do. It has grown to be a very unpopular name in some quarters nowadays; but we have lost the courage to protest, and many of these evils have grown silently and insidiously until they are strong, because we have been afraid to speak. Of course you will be jeered at, you will be called a faddist, you will get some hard knocks from people who ought to know better, and you will get the hardest knocks from your ministers if they are carnal. But

suppose you do, just sing in your soul the old chorus:

"Let us never mind the scoffs and the frowns,
of the world;
We all have a cross to bear.
It will only make the cross the brighter to shine
When we have a crown to wear."

FRIDAY.

"Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of Me and My words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed when He cometh in His glory with all the holy angels."—Mark, 8, 38.

Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain,
And, oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.
—Joseph Griegg, 1765.

SATURDAY.

"Labor not for that meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life."—John, 6, 27.

We should call a man very foolish who, in building a house, should look only after the outside, spending large amounts in exterior decoration, and leaving the interior in a rough unfinished state.

Still more foolish is the man who thinks only of the needs of his physical nature, and gives no thought to the needs of his immortal soul. He is looking after the outside, and neglecting the inner life. He is providing for his body, which will soon perish, and giving no care to his soul, which will endure for ever. He is planning only for the present, and neglecting the interests that are eternal. How pitiable is such a life, deliberately turning away from all the best, holiest, most enduring things, and seeking only the poor, worthless, miserable things that are only loads, impediments, not enriching him that has them. . . . "Live for the immortal things."—Dr. Miller.

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100 Years of Effort—

(Continued from page 2.)

WAS NATIONAL PROHIBITION "PUT OVER SUDDENLY? OR WAS IT VOTED OVER FAIRLY?"

1912—People elected one-third of the U.S. Senate which submitted the Eighteenth Amendment to the States. (Note: One-third elected—1914, and one-third in 1916, i.e., five months to four years before America declared war against Central Powers.)

1913—Webb-Kenyon Interstate liquor shipment law passed and repassed over presidential veto.

1913—Number of saloons in district of Columbia reduced.

1913—Memorable National Anti-Saloon League Convention attended by 5000 delegates at which drive for National Prohibition was begun.

1913—Nine whole States were dry. Total population in dry territory in all States—46 million people—or more than half the population. By 1919 one-half the people living in licensed territory were living in four States, one-quarter of all people in licensed territory were residents of six cities, more than half of all the saloons in the United States were located in fourteen cities; 71 per cent. of the area of the United States was under Prohibition laws.

1914—Committee of 1000 men authorised by above 1913 Convention and a Committee of 1000 women organised by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union marched down the streets of Washington City to the Capitol Building and delivered to Congress a memorial for National Constitutional Prohibition.

From that day, to the 16th day of January, 1919, when the 36th State ratified the Eighteenth Amendment, it was at least never the intention of the Prohibition forces to give the liquorites a moment of peace. Every election—municipal, county, State, Congressional, and nation—was a call to conflict over the existence of the liquor traffic.

1914—One-third of U.S. Senate elected. See note under 1912.

1914—Hobson resolution to submit prohibitory amendment to Federal Constitution received majority but not two-thirds of vote in House of Representatives.

1915—Joint resolution No. 55 introduced in Congress calling for submission of prohibitory amendment to Federal Constitution.

1916—Senate Judiciary Committee reported favorably thirteen to three this Senate joint resolution No. 55.

1917—Congress enacted Prohibition enforcement code for district of Columbia.

1917—Federal law prohibiting liquor advertising in mails and bone-dry laws prohibiting shipment of liquor into dry States.

1917—Food control bill passed by U.S. House of Representatives forbidding use during war of all food materials for production of alcoholic beverages. Bitterly opposed by liquor interests. Modified at request of the President. Food control made optional with the President. In this form bill passed.

1917—Anti-liquor regulations for army and army camps and posts.

1917—Distillation of liquor and importation of distilled liquor prohibited.

1917—Enforcement code for Alaska and Prohibition for Porto Rico.

1917—August 1st—Senate as elected in 1912, 1914, 1916 voted—65 to 20 for Eighteenth Amendment resolution.

1917—December 17—House of Representatives, elected five months before war was declared, voted for same—282 to 128.

1918—January 8—Mississippi, first State to ratify Eighteenth Amendment.

1918—April 2—Massachusetts by the vote of its legislature elected in November, 1917, became the 11th State and the first great industrial State to ratify the Eighteenth Amendment by Senate vote—27 to 12—House

vote—145 to 91. Fifteen States ratified that year.

1918—Prohibition for Hawaii.

1918—Prohibition zones established around coal mines and war industries

1918—War-time Prohibition. Same became effective July 1, 1919.

1919—January 16—Nebraska became the 36th ratifying State. By this time the nine dry States had increased to thirty.

1919—October—Volstead law enacted to enforce Eighteenth Amendment. Original vote in House 287 to 100. Vetoed by the President. Passed over veto by 176 to 55 in the House and 65 to 20 in Senate.

1920—January 16—Eighteenth Amendment became operative.

1921—November 23—Supplemental Prohibition Act passed.

SUMMARY.

Only fourteen States ratified before Armistice; thirty-two States ratified after Armistice; Florida, November 27, 1918; twenty-nine States in January and one in February, 1919, with New Jersey as the forty-sixth ratifying State in 1922.

Contrary to all precedent, a limitation of seven years was put upon the time within which the Eighteenth Amendment might be ratified. Time actually required for first thirty-six States—one year and twenty-eight days!

If the "Wets" had been able to control either House in only thirteen State Legislatures out of the forty-eight, they could have prevented the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment. They were unable to muster even this small number. As a matter of fact, only three of the ninety-six branches of State Legislatures have voted against the amendment. The total State Senate and House vote for the Eighteenth Amendment was 5079; total Senate and House vote against the Amendment 1265, a ratio of more than four to one.

The Eighteenth Amendment was the first to be submitted to a Congress in which the Senate was elected by the direct vote of the people. Rather interesting fact, isn't it?

The Eighteenth Amendment was submitted by a two-thirds vote in one Congress (1917), and was ratified by an 80 per cent. majority in 46 State Legislatures. A second Congress (1919) enacted the enforcement (Volstead) code by a two-thirds majority and a third Congress (1921) by another two-thirds majority passed the supplemental enforcement Act

In the face of the foregoing facts how can it be said that Prohibition was not fairly, justly and honestly won?

How long will the American people allow the anti-Prohibitionists to "put over", their gross misrepresentation of the truth about the Eighteenth Amendment and the laws authorised by it?

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Roads, Oil and the Future— (Continued from page 6.)

Gasoline, a scum was formerly wasted in the days before the gasoline engine, and as is often the case in human beings the scum turn out the most valuable after all. Natural gas, before the process of turning it into gasoline was adopted, was previously burned from huge jets in compliance with statutes that prevented contamination of the air adjacent, and it was a pleasing sight in the early days of oil to ride through an oil field at night.

Natural gas is produced and utilised in a small way in England and in Italy, and it has recently been found in Hungary and in Germany. As with oil, efforts are being made to find natural gas in many countries, and I am inclined to the belief that Australia will get its first intimation of the find in the New South Wales basin much as we in America got it at Athens on the Hill, where the gas is very hard to handle, and often gets away from the drillers, and before it is controlled is very wasteful and injurious to other neighboring holes. I predict terrible gas pressure in the great New South Wales basin at 3600 feet, and oil at from 4000 to 4500 feet.

(The important problem lies in knowledge of the anticline, and where to "spud in.")

During my recent trip I visited every oil field in the United States, and at Salt Lake I was in time to see Utah bring in its first well that flowed over the Rig at an 80-barrel rate. Of course she had much water, but that didn't stop the Mormons from making it a State holiday that day.

The greatest country in the world—Australia—will win in its efforts to find oil when it "spuds in" in the West Moreland District of New South Wales. I want to see the world's greatest country win, and I want that country to be mine—"Australia!"

I want to be there when the first well comes in, and I want to hear our lusty lunged Australians singing the old oil worker's song:

We're down in Old Australia,
Where you never have the blues,
Where the bandits steal the jitneys,
And the coppers always snooze.
Where the blue gums horn the skyline,
Where the populace is boost,
Where you punch a cove for pastime,
Where the chickens never roost.
Where the kangaroos are wary,
And rabbits as thick as hail!
Where each bloke has got a good punch,
And each fight is good for jail.
Where they want to hang the jury
And never want to hang a man;
If you call a man a liar, you
Get home the best you can.
Where you get up in the morning
In a sui' ating heat,
And you come home in the evening
With a pair of stinkin' feet.
Where the blowflies buzz about you,
And mosquitoes dig in deep;
Where the burglars pick your pockets
While "you lay me down to sleep."
Where the kangaroo dogs have rabies,
And the rabbits, they have fleas;
Where the big girls, like the wee ones,
Wear their dresses to their knees.
Where you hike off in the morning,
Just to give your health a chance,
And say, "Hello!" to some roughneck
That kicks you in the pants.
Where wise owls are afraid to hoot,
And horses race to win;
For there's joy in old Australia
Where they've brought a "gusher" in.

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