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Spirit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

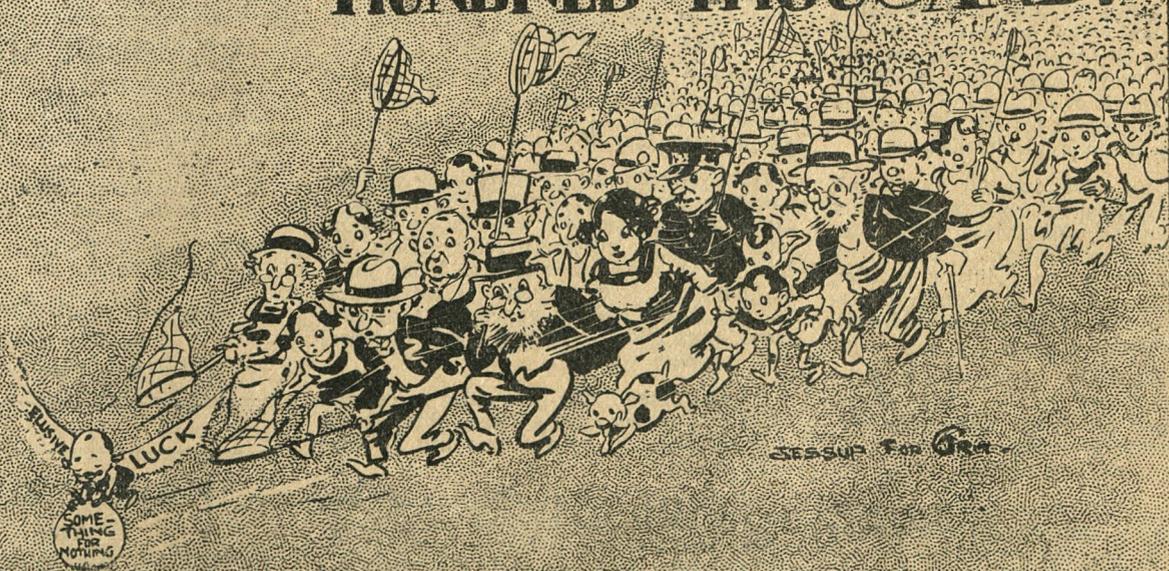
VOL. XXVI. No. 45.

Twopence.

SYDNEY, JANUARY 19, 1933.

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

"THERE'S ONLY A LOT IN THE
LOTTERY FOR ONE IN A
HUNDRED THOUSAND!"



MOB MADNESS.



**PAY CASH AND COLLECT
GREEN COUPONS**



TRUTH IN ADVERTISING.

THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH, AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

By F. H. MOLESWORTH, F.C.S.E., F.G.S.L., Public Analyst.

The announcements in all advertising of goods for sale should stand the test of the above title and there is ample evidence that the majority of the general public, in spite of sad experience to the contrary, still believes that advertisers do not come under David's definition that "All men are liars."

I will analyse some instances of how "Truth in Advertising" appears in many of to-day's journals, including some of those that sometimes include in their columns religious articles of ideal ethicality. At the same time I will examine some of the posters conspicuously displayed in public places, including social services owned and used by the taxpayers.

In the first place, when it is an admitted axiom that "One man's meat may be another man's poison," a mass advertisement to all and sundry calling upon them to do something is wicked.

For instance, "Eat more bread" means to many severe dyspepsia, while "Drink more milk" may produce serious gastric trouble to numbers.

While some may not consume their necessary quota of starchy foods or may be unable on account of high cost or other reasons to obtain the amount of lacteal fluid necessary for their nourishment and development, there are quite probably thousands already overindulging in these foods, to whom compliance with the advertisement may mean hygienic disaster.

Then such an advertisement as "Drink more beer, it is good for you" is absolutely false as it stands and should be accompanied by a picture of a typical brewer or publican with an arrow pointing to him, together with the picture of a family home-gathering and the added words under it, "but bad for you."

Beer is a solution of sugar, with a slight addition of malt and hops to give it a distinctive flavour, which has undergone fermentation resulting in the conversion of most of the sugar into alcohol.

Extract of malt by itself is prescribed in wasting diseases and when the digestion is weak; but in beer the percentage is very small and any beneficial effect it might have is entirely neutralised by the contra-action of the alcohol, a narcotic drug.

The hop essence is also present in very small quantities and is valueless for the same reason.

Nearly all beer contains a considerable percentage of common salt, whose only property in this association is to stimulate thirst.

Beer has no food or health value.

Such statements as "Scotch whisky is a health drink" or "Drink schnapps for your health's sake" should be shown to refer to the health of the distiller's bank balance and to the fact that they drink or destroy health.

That certain cigarettes are "Specially prepared not to affect your throat" or "Will not affect your throat" is either an admission that they contain no tobacco or is untrue. It may also be taken as a naive statement that all other brands of cigarettes will affect the throat.

An advertised claim that a certain proprietary medicine is "Nature's Great Remedy" is a gratuitous insult to nature.

For candid acknowledgment of the harm they do, commend me to some toilet preparations advertisements, which apparently contain at least a trace of truth.

I have before me an advertisement of a starch powder preparation which warns me against the use of mineral skin foods because they are "poisonous."

Against which an ad. of the mineral powder persuasion cautions me not to use starch powders, because they "Enlarge the pores of the skin."

As an illustration of advertising in quite another direction: At the request of a friend in the country I went into a leading city store to purchase some shirts for him, which were advertised as being made of "pure silk." In response to my request for the firm's written guarantee that they were "pure silk," I received a polite refusal and business was off.

On the other hand, it is quite refreshing to be told at my age to "Keep that school-girl complexion" by the free use of good soap and water.

I have only touched lightly on the vast field of advertising used by patent medicines, proprietary articles, or "pure" foods more or less sophisticated, in the endeavour to show that there is as great a need for a censorship of advertisements as for almost any other public utility, to protect the health of innocent members of the public from the predatory instincts of the average advertiser.

Fathers & Mothers

who have been considering four or five year University courses for sons and daughters should now plan to make certain of their futures by seeing that the young men are trained for business and the young women to be SECRETARIES. This can be done in

10 to 18 Months

and the saving in time and money is a factor to-day.

Ask for details of

Wentworth College

COURSE

(For Young Men Only)

METROPOLITAN GIRLS' SECRETARIAL INSTITUTE

(For Young Women Only)

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

6 DALLEY STREET
(Near Chamber of Commerce)
Between the Quay and Wynyard

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165 & 167 CASTLEREAGH STREET.

Thirty-two pages of Photographic Illustrations splendidly printed. Full Cloth Binding. Over 200 pages of interesting reading.

Attractive Coloured Jacket.
Book your Order now!

TRAGEDY TRACK

The Story of the Granites.

By F. E. BAUME.

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Tailors,

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Also Specialise in Gowns, Robes, Hoods.
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Branches in all
Leading Suburbs.

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L 2873
[NIGHT CALL]
L 2874, etc.

THE BIBLE.

WRITTEN FOR OUR INSTRUCTION.

By JACK CREAGH.

There are two ways in which God condescends to manifest himself to men—His Word and His works.

Of the Bible we can say, and say truly, "No words like these were ever written since the beginning of time."

"God hath magnified His Word above all else. The Bible is the gold standard of literature for all time."

J.C.

During the last month much attention has been called to certain theological teachings given by a teacher, Professor Angus.

About three months ago I had occasion to call the attention of "Grit" readers to a statement made by Professor Angus, "That Christ did not found a church," and I only received one letter that in some measure took the Professor's side. Alongside of that single letter I had many that thanked me for my stand. I do not purpose in the next article to enter the lists against the Professor; there are others more qualified taking their stand, and while every Christian is vitally interested, those who are responsible for the Professor's position, the great Presbyterian Church, will have the deciding word in council whether Professor Angus stays with them. If they find that Professor Angus is not teaching according to the truths and principles held by the church, then they can dispense with the Professor as far as his official connection with the church is concerned—it is their business.

Then if that is done, the undoubted great scholar can go ahead independently, or attached to some other church.

It is in the future, my masters, he and all of us have to live our lives in the light we know. The thing we should all watch is that we live our lives to the best interests, and welfare of those we have to do with. This applies to the learned, as well as to the commoner, but I sometimes think the Creator will and does expect more from those who take up the position as teachers. Especially does this apply to those who teach those who are going out, to teach the Word of God.

It is the Bible that I am concerned with. The Book of Holy Scriptures does not need my defence. It only needs the small help I can give, and, having been saved from utter misery by it, I must not withhold such help if it is at all possible to give any.

Greater minds than Professor Angus have set out to state the case for and against the Bible.

Those who stated the case rightly have passed on, leaving the Holy Book standing where it always stood, able to instruct, inspire, give courage to and even save humanity, and those who have had faith in the Book have passed on, satisfied in heart and mind, and with souls lifted up by a faith that their very death justified.

Many of the faithful have made mistakes, but their mistakes were unintentional, and were often made because of ig-

norance, or wrong interpretation. But they loved God, and His holy scriptures. I firmly believe that Professor Angus is of the latter type.

There are others that have said in their heart, "There is no God, the so-called holy scriptures are just man's creation."

Well, all through the ages there have been many such, but when they passed out, many admitting their mistake, but all leaving the Bible where it always stood, the greatest Book, printed in more languages than any other book, and admitted by a greater number than ever to be the word of the living God.

I want, not to argue about the Bible, but to give some facts about it. It is only when you look back into history that you see the bigness of and justification for its supreme leadership over all books.

The First Scriptures.

The scriptures were originally written upon rolls of parchment, similar probably to those which are to be seen in the Holy place of the Jewish synagogues. These manuscripts were from the original Hebrew and Greek. They were always copied with great care, and various versions have come down to the present day, and all agree, especially in their context.

This is admitted by all, believers and unbelievers, who have studied carefully. We of the Anglo-Saxon tongue are, or rather should be, concerned to know by whom the scriptures were introduced into the British Isles. It is certain that many manuscript copies of the scriptures were introduced at an early date. One translation of the Psalms is ascribed to King Alfred. For several centuries after this, the general reading of the Bible was prohibited by the Papal See.

They, the Papal See, then were the seemingly supreme power. The first translations of the Bible into English were previous to the invention of printing, and much expense and labour was expended on them, and incredible sums of money were given for transcripts. Monks employed their time and great labour in lone seclusion executing these beautiful copies of the Word of God.

God used them, and they knew not for what glorious results they were labouring. They fulfilled a God-given mission. The first person who conceived the idea of giving to his countrymen the whole Bible in the English tongue, was the reformer, John Wycliffe, and great scholars helped him, and he completed a translation of the Old and New Testaments in the year 1384.

As there was no Hebrew or Greek scriptures in Western Europe at the time the translation was made into English from the Latin Vulgate translation made by one, Jerome, in the fourth century of the Christian era.

For a period of 130 years, Wycliffe's translation was the only one in the English language, and no book before the invention of printing had such facilities for wide circulation, and in the hands of certain of Wycliffe's followers, the scriptures were taken and preached in all parts of England.

Then the demand came from abroad. Ann of Bohemia (wife of Richard II), who was a student of the Scriptures, was principally responsible.

For twenty years it (the Bible) seemed to bear a charmed and very useful life. Then a tremendous wave of persecution checked its progress. But from the very persecution eventually came greater freedom and demand. Many lost their lives for this freedom.

Wycliffe's translation furnished for all time the type and pattern of the English Bible, and all subsequent versions have been offshoots from it.

Then in the midst of tremendous persecution, one William Tindal came to light and the day of Bible freedom began to dawn; and try as many so-called powerful people and societies did, they could not hold it back (and in our present day and generation it is utterly futile to try).

Some learned men (even believers) may quibble at a word, or the meaning of some words; but to alter or unloose them is just as futile as the effort of a spirited horse snapping at the end of a piece of harness. God is the driver and holds the reins.

He has given us everything we need. Man is a wonderful creation; the sun, moon, other planets, rain, water for transport, the air we breath, timber, stone and other materials to build with, foodstuffs for all living things, oil, coal, etc., for fuel—I

(Continued on page 12.)

JACK CREAGH'S

LANTERN TALKS

ON

"THE STORY OF FOUR MEN"

Every picture specially taken to illustrate this wonderfully interesting story, including:

The Police Court, Hammond's Hotels, and Family Distress.

Sunday January 22nd.—Presbyterian Church, Peshurst.

Wednesday, January 25th.—Presbyterian Church, Peshurst, 8 p.m.

Sunday, January 29th.—Church of England, Blacktown, 11 and 7.15.

Sunday, February 5th.—Church of England, Wenworthville, 11 a.m. and 7.15 p.m.

Sunday, February 12th.—C. of E., Manly, 8.30 p.m.

Sunday, February 19th.—Congregational Church, Alexandria, 7.15 p.m.

Wednesday, February 22nd.—Lantern Lecture, 7.15 p.m.

For particulars, write to:

CANON R. B. S. HAMMOND,
Box 3690SS, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE N.S.W. TEMPERANCE ALLIANCE.

An Alliance of the Churches and Temperance organisations for the abolition of the Beverage use of Alcohol.

Headquarters: S.A. Chambers, 140 Elizabeth Street, Sydney (opposite Foy's).
Cables and Telegrams: "Dry, Sydney." Phone: M6058.

LISTEN IN TO 2CH EVERY SUNDAY, 2.30 TO 3 P.M.

NOT YET REPEALED.

Nor Have They 4 Per Cent. Beer.

The liquor-inspired press, and the people who swallow so gullibly their reports regarding the American situation—including, unfortunately, many of our sincere friends—make us tired with their calamity howling.

One would think that liquor was about to flood the States immediately. In fact, some press reports definitely prophesied that this was to take place.

We must repeat what Mr. Safford, of the Anti-Saloon League, in Chicago, pointed out in the article we published in "Grit" on December 29th, viz.: That the paramount issue in the recent elections was "bread" not "beer," and that the "wets" have made capital out of a situation that will surely rouse the "drys" to a battle that will ultimately entrench the prohibition movement more strongly than ever.

History will surely repeat itself. In the early days of the Local Option and State campaigns, there were receding waves and apparent set-backs. Several States actually repealed their prohibition legislation; but when the tide returned (if there can be such as a dry tide) its inrush was doubled.

What the "Wets" Have to Face.

To repeal the 18th amendment, there first needs to be a two-thirds vote secured in both the Upper and Lower Federal Legislature. Then, 36 out of the 48 State Legislatures must agree to the repeal in both of the Houses.

Assuming that all this is secured by the "wets," they will still have to wait another twelve months before the amendment ceases to operate!

And, too, it must be remembered that 22 of the States would, by State enactment, have complete prohibition, and these, with other territories totalling about four-fifths of the area of the United States, would continue with no licences of any kind.

Four Per Cent. Beer Also Remote.

To overcome the long delay that must needs be before national prohibition can be repealed, the proposal to declare liquor up to 3.2 per cent. alcohol (4 per cent. by our standards) as "non-intoxicating" is being pushed; but, as was pointed out in the "Sydney Morning Herald" last week, should such proposal be carried, the issue will certainly be contested in the Supreme Court of the United States.

Here political influences have little weight. The Court will decide the question: "Is liquor containing 4 per cent. alcohol intoxicating in fact?" As it is practically as strong as our own draught beer, the Court is almost certain to decide that it is intoxicating, and that the modifying legislation is contrary to the spirit of the 18th Amendment and, therefore, cannot come into effect. And so the 18th Amendment must stand.

In the meantime, zealous senators, elected on the economic issue, will be told by the reorganized "dry" forces that they had

better keep their hands off the legislation that has made America the least affected of all the nations by the world depression, or they will loose their seats in the next contest.

The "wets" are as near anything like permanent victory as the Germans were when they thought that Paris was about to fall in the Great War.

For heaven's sake, let us cease calamity-howling, and remember that the God of Hosts is with us, and that these temporary set-backs are but spurs to rouse us in the fight, which will never cease until victory is complete.

1931-32 DRINK BILL.

Again about Ten Millions for New South Wales.

From the figures supplied by the Government Statistician, the Drink Bill for New South Wales for the year ending June 30th last, was approximately £10,000,000, which was the estimate for the previous twelve months also.

This is a 31 per cent. reduction on the 1929-30 expenditure of £14,500,000.

DID HE COMMIT SUICIDE?

Mr. Farrington, the City Coroner, wants to know whether or not a man who drinks sufficient alcoholic liquors to cause his death, thereby commits suicide.

The answer is: If a man takes arsenic or any other poison in his food, or drinks sufficient to cause his death, and the Coroner considers he has committed suicide, then in the former case, also, he has committed suicide.

Alcohol is definitely "a poison."

Field Activities.

Mr. Piggott conducted service in the Arncliffe district last Sunday week, and last week was at Tempe. Next Sunday he will preach at Burwood and Enfield Methodist Churches and the following week will be in the Gordon district.

Mr. Stanton leaves to-morrow for a country tour in the Boorowa and Harden districts. Last Sunday he preached at Mosman and Cremorne Methodist Churches and gave lantern lectures during the week. The previous Sunday, he conducted the Leichhardt Congregational and Gladsville Presbyterian services.

School lectures will be resumed in association with the Field Meetings and Services immediately after the vacation.

BAND OF HOPE AND Y.P. NOTES.

Union Headquarters: 140 Elizabeth Street (opp. Foy's—4th floor), Sydney.

A MESSAGE FROM THE STATE SECRETARY.

Dear Band of Hope Workers,

At the beginning of 1933 I want to send you a message of greeting and encouragement.

The wonderful meeting at the Centenary Gathering, with its pageants and bright

speakers, was a great impetus to go on with the work. But this work can only be carried on and brought to a successful issue by whole-hearted service, and often self-sacrifice. It means saying, like Paul: "This one thing I do"; and it means earnestness, loyalty—the putting of the work in a foremost place. It means most of all, if we are to be truly successful, prayer and thought. Without God's blessing on our work it cannot bring forth the fruit. As dew and rain upon the land, God's blessing must fall on our work to bring it to true fruition.

So in this year—though we are all sure to have some things to discourage—we can go forth to greater and better work, sure of God's presence and guidance. Let our aim be straight and true, to gain victory over the great enemy, drink—to teach those who are coming into manhood and woman-

(Continued on page 10.)

Tel.: BW 2954. J 1606 (Private)

E. H. TEBBUTT & SON,
Solicitors, &c.

2nd Floor, Bull's Chambers,
MARTIN PLACE, SYDNEY. Trust Money
on Mortgages.

Band of Hope Union of N.S.W.

HELP US TO HELP THE CHILDREN.

WE NEED £100

Send Your Donations Direct—

LÉONARD D. GILMOUR, President,
140 ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY.

PLEASE NOTE

HOTELS HAMMOND 1 & 3,
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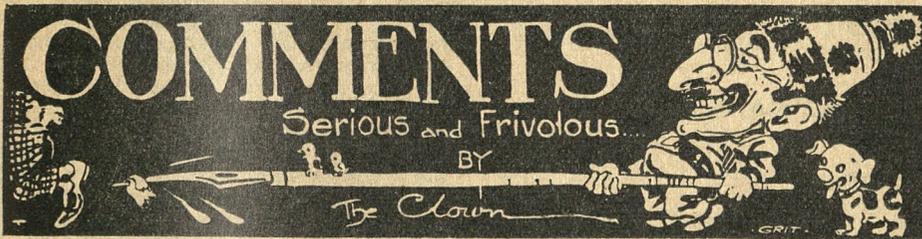
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35 Glebe St., Glebe.

CLOTHES & FOOD DEPOT,
ST. BARNABAS' CHURCH,
George St. West, Sydney.

Postal Address: Box 3690 G.P.O., Sydney.

AUSTRALIAN CASH ORDERS LTD.
351-357 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.
ICE CHESTS FROM 2/6 PER WEEK.
CASH ORDERS FOR EVERYTHING.



"A hair of the dog that bit you" is a foolish invitation to the dog to bite you again.

BIG TEMPTATION FOR LICENSEE.

SAID NEVER TO REFUSE ANY CUSTOMER.

The Newcastle police recently alleged that a licensee who applied to the Licensing Court for a transfer lacked sufficient will to refuse any person who asked for a drink.

The magistrate, Mr. Harrison, disallowed the objection, on the ground that the licensee was under a big temptation at the hotel at Kitchener, and granted the application.

If and when "Grit's" Clown resolves to become a law-breaker he hopes to see a lot of this magistrate. He has nice kind ways with him—and he tempers the wind to the shorn lamb in a friendly and forgiving spirit, which must be very soothing to the shorn lamb? ?

HARVEST FOR "BOTTLE-OHS."

CHRISTMAS EMPTIES BELIEVED 40,000.

The "bottle-ohs" are reaping the holiday harvest from the champagne bottle to the "pinkie" flagon.

A big Sydney bottle agency estimates the collected "Christmas" empties at 40,000.

Hairs of the dog that bit them? Forty thousand dead marines—wouldn't it give you a pain in the stomach? What a wicked waste of useful money.

If this money could only be turned into some useful avenue—look what it would mean in wages, food, and clothing. It would finance an era of prosperity such as we have not known for years—and that, folks, is only half of the story. The other half would be—The drunkard made sober—Happiness in place of misery. The swamp of drunkenness where vice and crime are bred—dried up.

Forty thousand bottles must be wrong.

CHILD POISONED BY ALCOHOL.

AMBULANCE TAKES HER TO HOSPITAL.

A two and a half years' old girl was found in Surry Hills yesterday suffering from alcoholic poisoning and injuries to the head.

Ambulance officers who were called found the child in a state of collapse, and took her to the Women's Hospital. After being treated, the little victim was taken to the Children's Hospital, and admitted for observation.

It is believed that the girl, after drinking a small quantity of liquor, fell over in the street, and cut her head.



The above sad little news item does not harmonize with the blatant lying of the liquor Sellers. Alcohol is a poison not only to the child but to the adult. In the case of the adult the action is slower, and on that account less spectacular—but the

action is there, as millions of tombstones in the cemeteries of the world would testify, if the truth were told. You know, and I know, and the doctor knows, that drink killed old Herb.—and many others—but convention does not permit his tombstone to tell the world the fact—neither does it permit the newspapers to mention it—because, my brothers and sisters, it is a disgraceful thing and we are ashamed of it.

Yet we permit it to go on—and the liquor sellers, clad in glad rags, are a power in the land and mingle unashamed in respectable society.

HOSTILE CROWD LOOKS ON.

CONSTABLE IN FIGHT AT BOTANY.

After a battle outside an hotel in Botany Road, Botany, recently, during which he allegedly received several blows, Constable Smith arrested a man in the presence of a hostile crowd.

The constable heard a man using "language," and when he went to speak to him, is said to have received a blow on the mouth, which felled him. His assailant jumped on top of him, urged on by the crowd.

Smith arrested the man, who was charged with assaulting a constable, damaging his uniform, and using indecent language.

"Drink More Beer—it's Good for You." New South Wales is being plastered with the above statement. Our landscapes are being disfigured by it, and our newspapers, forgetting their function as newspapers, give it every consideration—for a consideration.

The news columns round about the just past Xmas season, have been full of bright stories about this frothy poison, which is "good for you." And in all these stories, the scenes were laid in our police courts.

We clipped the above report from a score of others to show how this exhortation to drink more beer brings out the true gentlemanly spirit—and turns a body of fair-minded men into a ravening pack of savages.

"Drink More Beer—it's Good for You." Will someone please stone the crows—and keep on stoning them?

(Continued on page 10.)

**PROHIBITION !
CERTAIN !**

Flies and Mosquitoes not only Prohibited but EXTERMINATED
USE MORTEIN

Now Reduced to

1/- Bottle

SOLD EVERYWHERE

MORE SPEED!

CONDENSED FROM "POPULAR MECHANICS."

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

Holder of world's land-speed record.

World's record speeds are decided by fractions of a second. Tuning a car for a world mark is therefore a battle against time. To win, you must have a combination of a perfect car, the right course and favorable weather. And I am going to add another requisite—luck, which always plays a large part in such undertakings. By luck I mean what Americans call having the "breaks."

Daytona Beach, Fla., is the only place I know where it is possible to make world's land-speed records. The sand packs almost as hard as cement, and there is sufficient length to get up speed. The measured mile is set as near the centre of the 12-mile course as possible. There is a wire stretched at each end of the measured mile—or any other distance that may be wished—and the impact of the car's front wheels on the wire is transmitted to the electrical timing machine. One trip is made in each direction, and the average for the two is the official speed made. This is done so that no advantage may be had from the wind.

I have been making records with the "Bluebird" for six years. My first trip to America was in 1928, when I made a world mark of 206.95 miles an hour over the measured mile. The following year I went to South Africa to try a dry lake bed for speed, because my record had been beaten by an American driver, Ray Keech. I used the same engine as the year before, and made a new record of 211.491 miles an hour. In 1931 I came to America again after the record, which in the meantime had been raised by my fellow countryman, Major Segrave, to 231.626 miles an hour. I knew that my old car as she was could not hope to equal that record, so I installed a new engine of 1450 horsepower with a supercharger. The frontal area was cut from 17 to 15 square feet by changing the body design. The driveshaft was placed to the left of the centre of the car, and a larger stabilizing fin was built at the rear. This car did 245.733 miles an hour at Daytona. Afterward I felt the "Bluebird" was good for a few miles more, and we reduced the size of the radiator somewhat, and dropped the lines of the nose. The result this year was my mark of 253.968 miles an hour.

The motor of the "Bluebird" is a twelve-cylinder supercharged Napier, with three banks of four cylinders each, the centre bank vertical, the two outside banks at 60 degrees. The engine has a safe speed of approximately 3700 revolutions a minute. At this speed each piston changes direction 7,400 times a minute. Gas consumption is approximately 45 gallons an hour. Eight or ten minutes is required to warm up the motor properly.

A car is only as fast as its tyres will permit and only as good as its component parts. The "Bluebird" tyres are of 12-ply construction with a two-ply breaker strip. Each cord is the size of the lead in a nor-

mal pencil; the pressure is 120 pounds. The tyre-sizes are 35 by 6 inches front, and 37 by 6 inches in the rear. These tyres served me for one complete round trip of the course, roughly about 24 miles. They are built to withstand a speed of 300 miles an hour and, to do this, they are all carcass—they have only enough rubber over the cords to make a smooth surface and keep dampness out. They revolve at a speed of 2600 times a minute during a world's record trial, and that is one reason their air pressure is so high—to prevent flexing due to the terrific centrifugal pressure occurring while they turn.

A record-speed car is the result of evolution. I do not say that one could not be built without previous experience, but I do say that experience is a great help. It is my hope to be the first to drive an automobile 300 miles an hour. There is no question at all that someone is going to do it within the next five years. I believe that there is no limit to the ultimate speed of a land vehicle. If one can drive 200 miles an hour, why not 250? And thence onward to 275 and 300? I have actually reached a top speed of 275 miles an hour in my present car. I can't see any problem of stability, of tires, nor of mechanical perfection that can't keep abreast of the increase in speed.

Body design is most important. As the speed increases one must increase the horsepower or decrease the head resistance, or both, and at the same time design the body so that the car will maintain close contact with the ground. It is not enough merely to make a sloping nose and tail. It is not enough to figure that the downward pressure of the atmosphere will hold the nose of the car down, and that the sweep of the body to the rear will hold the rear end down so that traction may be maintained. There is a delicacy of design required to accomplish this; the car must not be heavy from pressure at either end—it must be balanced exactly, weight distribution must be correct.

This year I made five records, the longest of which was 10 kilometres (6.2 miles). I

did this on a 12-mile course. This brings in a very fine point of acceleration and deceleration. One cannot guess at the distance required for these two—he must KNOW. If my car is travelling say, 280 miles an hour, it is going to require approximately two miles for it to decelerate to 200 miles an hour. To decelerate from 200 to 100 miles an hour, and down to zero, requires another three miles. Take the ten-kilometre distance on a 12-mile course. Running southward at Daytona Beach, the ten-kilometre distance starts at approximately the third mile and ends at the ninth. Since it takes the "Bluebird" between four and five miles to get up speed, I am not travelling at near top speed when I enter the ten-kilometre. Instead of going 260 miles an hour, I am travelling at approximately 230 miles an hour. My speed increases as I go. Now in order that I may be able to decelerate safely and come to a stop, I must back off the throttle while I am still in the ten-kilometre distance. In fact, I begin backing off a mile or so before I reach the end. This must be done gradually—to lift the foot entirely and instantly would mean disaster. I begin gradually, and have not entirely released my pressure on the throttle pedal until I have gone a full mile. Even then I am travelling about 200 miles an hour. Leaving my engine in gear to get its braking effect, I do not use my brakes until my speed has been reduced to 100 or 125 miles an hour. They would not be much use above that and would only be burnt up by applying them. By slowing up before the end of the ten-kilometre, I cheat myself of quite a bit of speed, but I make stopping safe. In the case of the kilometre and the mile, I enter them going practically at full speed and come out the same way.

To make a perfect record, one must have a perfect beach. In addition, visibility must be good and there should be no wind. This is a difficult combination to realise—almost impossible. I never have had it. On the first day of my trials this year, the beach was in good condition, visibility was poor and the wind was decidedly bad. Peculiar thing about the wind; it appears to help very little, but to retard a great deal when driving into it. Two days later the wind was just as strong and the beach was rough. I got a terrific bumping; my wheels left the ground at points and spun free, yet my southward run was made in 14 seconds over the mile, an average of 257.142 miles an hour.

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WHERE THEY DRINK MORE.

GOVERNMENT CONTROL IN QUEBEC.

The so-called "Quebec system of Government Control" of the liquor traffic is not a system of control and never has been. It is merely a system of government sale, and always has been. The Government is the salesman for the brewers and distillers, the Government taking over the onus of the business while the liquor manufacturers reap most of the profits. It is the same system which now prevails in Turkey and Russia where the people regard it as a fiscal and not a temperance measure. Nobody has yet discovered any measure of "control" of the liquor after the Government agents have poured it into the drinkers' stomachs.

The fictitious character of alleged "control" of the business by the Government is apparent from a casual statement of the various drink selling concerns now existing in the province of Quebec. They are:—

105 Government dispensaries for the sale of all sorts of liquors, not to be drunk on the premises.

605 hotels where liquors are sold at meals.
620 taverns for the sale of beer by the glass.

103 restaurants where wine and beer are served.

1,654 beer stores.
148 clubs where liquors are served.
9 steamboats that sell liquors.
18 dining cars selling booze.
61 additional places of liquor selling resorts of various kinds.

This makes a total of 3,323 places where liquors are authorised to be sold, and, of the whole lot, only 105 are conducted by the Government. All other establishments are operated by private parties. This does not include the multitude of speakeasies, brothels, and other unlicensed and unauthorised establishments.

It is true that a system of local option prevails. There are 1,340 municipalities in Quebec, but "prohibition" by local option prevails in 1,034, leaving authorised liquor selling in only 306. But while this is true, the Government ships liquor into any of these municipalities to anyone who has the price, regardless of the will of the people. It is shipped actually by mail, thus nullifying the wishes of the people.

CANADA AND THE LIQUOR PROBLEM.

The following communication to the "Catholic Commonweal" from Eugene A. Hecker, exposes some glaring mis-statements by a Canadian defender of government control.

To the Editor: I am puzzled at what seems a difference of facts as stated officially by the Canadian minister of trade and commerce and as presented by Mr. O'Leary in the issue of the "Commonweal" of July 1. Mr. O'Leary remarks on page 239 that "there has been a decline in convictions for drunkenness" in Canada, and on page 240 that "under government control (of liquor) there has been a steady decline of the number of persons convicted of indictable offences." Now, I checked these statements with the information published in the "Canada Year Book, 1930," which is the official statistical annual issued by authority of the Honourable James Malcolm, M.P., minister of trade and commerce; it is printed by F. A. Acland in Ottawa. On

page 1,000 under "subsection 3," the minister remarks: "Particularly notable is the increase of conviction for offences against liquor, prohibition and temperance acts from 11,636 in 1925 to 15,263 in 1928." On page 1,002 there is a statistical table of convictions for drunkenness. An inspection of this reveals that these convictions were 60,067 in 1914, sank rapidly during prohibition to 21,026 in 1918, and have increased steadily since government control was adopted.

1923	25,565
1924	27,338
1925	26,751
1926	28,317
1927	31,171
1928	33,224

The figures for criminal offences as given by the minister of trade and commerce also do not seem to support Mr. O'Leary's optimism. On page 993 of the "Year Book" there is a table of convictions for criminal offences in proportion to population from 1876 to 1929. These convictions have increased steadily since the repeal of prohibition. Notice:

Year	Total Criminal Offences Per 100,000 Population	Total Minor Offences Per 100,000 Population
1923	266	1,487
1924	277	1,535
1925	289	1,610
1926	287	1,803
1927	304	2,009
1928	332	2,517

Furthermore and significantly, convictions for breaches of the traffic regulations rose from 78,027 in 1926 to 141,493 in 1928 (page 1,003). And on page 1,005 we read of a steady rise, under government control of liquor, of juvenile delinquents convicted of major offences. Here are the facts.

1922	4,065
1923	4,165
1924	4,665
1925	4,980
1926	5,090
1927	5,156
1928	5,063

QUEBEC DRINKING MORE.

The Quebec Liquor Commission report for 1930, covering the sale of spirits, wine and beer, which amounts to \$75,700,550, shows an increase over the previous year of \$2,109,498. And, as a matter of course, serious offences have increased.

The "Temperance Advocate" notes: "In the last six years, in Quebec, the increase in the sale of spirits has been 38.7 per cent. and of wines, 126.3 per cent. This year the sale of wines has increased only 3-5 of 1 per cent., while the sale of spirits has increased 1.6 per cent., and the Quebec Commission has to acknowledge that this is in reality a step backward. It is not the kind of liquor it drinks which ultimately affects the life of a nation, so much as the amount of alcohol it consumes. We reach the staggering conclusion that apart from its consumption of beers, Quebec has, through its Liquor Commission sales, increased its consumption of absolute alcohol over 64 per cent. in six years.

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Dining Room: Capacity, 200 Guests.
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Running Hot and Cold Water every Bedroom (160).

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Room and Breakfast:

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357 GEORGE STREET (opposite G.P.O.).

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MORNING TEA LIGHT LUNCHEON AFTERNOON TEA

A WONDERFUL SAMPLE.

A BOX OF 7 RARE TEAS—2/-.

Seven Samples of the Finest Teas in the World.

A BOX OF 7 HOUSEHOLD TEAS—1/4.

Seven Samples of Fine Every-day Teas.

A Personal Chat with my readers

IN MANY LANGUAGES. The British and Foreign Bible Society, in Pitt Street, Sydney during 1932 sold 4114 copies of the Bible in 76 different languages. It will not surprise my readers to know that more than 100 copies were sold in Bengali, Cantonese, Danish, Dutch, French, Greek, German, Hebrew, Hindu, Italian, Javanese, Norwegian, Portuguese and Swedish, but it will surprise you to know that 1002 copies were sold in Japanese, and that 130 copies were sold in Gugarati and 194 in Wenli. I wonder how many of my readers know where these languages are spoken?

Who speaks Batak, Dyak, Dobu, Mota, Motu, Mwata Saa, Macassar, Niece, Nguana, Paama, Roviana, Rukuba, Suto, Toaripi, Urdu, Ulawa, Worrora? You probably have never heard of such languages. Yet people speaking them have been able to buy the Word of God in their own tongue in Pitt Street, Sydney.

I would say to those who wish they could do something to extend the Kingdom of God in foreign parts to remember that people speaking 100 different languages are to be found in Sydney. You do not have to learn their language, since they have learned something of ours, and foreign mission work can be done very effectively in Sydney by those who have the mind to do it.

Call in some day to the Bible House, 242 Pitt Street, and have a talk to Mr. Weir, the manager, about these languages, of which you know so little, and become a foreign missionary in your own city.

IF? The Producers' Co-operative Distributing Society Ltd., in their Christmas greeting to their thousands of customers, used the following suggestive lines by W.E.C.:—

If I knew you and you knew me,
'Tis seldom we would disagree;
But, never having yet clasped hands,
Both often fail to understand
That each intends to do what's right,
And treat each other "honour bright."
How little to complain there'd be
If I knew you and you knew me.

When'er we ship you by mistake,
Or in your bill some error make,
From irritation you'd be free
If I knew you and you knew me.

Or when the cheques don't come on time,
And customers send nary a line,
We'd wait without anxiety,
If I knew you and you knew me.

Or when some goods you "fire back,"
Or make a "kick" on this or that,
We'd take it in good part, you see,
If I knew you and you knew me.
With customers ten thousand strong,
Occasionally things go wrong—
Sometimes our fault, sometimes it's theirs—
Forbearance would decrease all cares;
Kind friend, how pleasant things would be
If I knew you and you knew me.

Then let no doubting thoughts abide
Of firm good faith on either side;
Confidence to each other give—
Living ourselves, let others live;
But any time you come this way,
That you will call, we hope and pray;
Then face to face we each shall see,
And I'll know you and you'll know me.

AN INSPIRATION. We all need encouragement and I find it in the Weymouth translation of the words in Joshua, Chapter 1, Verse 9:—

"These are my orders: Be strong, be brave, be not afraid, be not dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

Add to them the fine lines by Maltbie D. Babcock—

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil—Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!

Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name!

Be strong!
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,

How hard the battle goes, the day, how long.

Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song!

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION.

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

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Change of Address or non-delivery of the paper should be promptly reported to the Manager.

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You may send your subscription c/o Secretary, New Zealand Alliance, A.M.P. Building, Hunter Street Entrance, Wellington, New Zealand.

SYDNEY, JANUARY 19, 1933.

These words have been set to music, but alas, the copy I bought with me from U.S.A. was taken by a "friend" and never returned, and I have not been able to buy another copy. Some one also has my copy of "Friar Tuck," and "On the Edge of the Primeval Forest," to say nothing of a few dozen other books I prize.

I know of no better start in the New Year than to search your shelves and return all the books that belong to someone else.

I commend to you the wonderful appeal my friend, Mr. "GRIT" AND MY PARTNERS, E. H. Tebbutt, makes in this issue on page nine. The subscribers to "Grit" are my partners, and if we pull together we can weather the storm. All my undertakings are largely dependent on "Grit." All my friends take "Grit"; those who are not sufficiently my friends to do so are hardly more than well-wishers. The relationship of a friend to a well-wisher is that of luke-warm water to boiling water! Luke-warm water may make you sick, it may be useful for a wash; but boiling water drives engines, makes tea, cooks food, and is just priceless, but it must be boiling. Now then, my friends, send me the price of a wreath, and omit it from my coffin later on.

The Editor

"You *Must* Help Me —or 'Grit' Dies"

By E. H. TEBBUTT.

I dreamed a dream that was not all a dream. I saw a Fisher of the Deep, in a little ship, weather-worn—and he cried aloud and said:—

"Lord, I have toiled all night and caught nothing! No, I say, I will not so pray, not that prayer. Indeed, I do remember what Thou hast given me into my net, out of Thy great deep . . . something I have caught. With what toil! By what broken gleam, brain and heart tortured and strained; hands blistered and broken with much straining at the oar on midnight waters, trailing nets broken and ravaged! Lord, I have given blood and tears; I have given life, youth, manhood, age, voice, and such poor gifts as I have, to Thy fishing. And now, sunset and night, no evening star, the winds of depression howl through the rigging of my ship, leaky, old, and tempest-tossed. And hark! is it the voice of Spirits that I hear in the keenings of the gale—of Spirits gibing, scoffing—of Spirits set to watch craft and me settle into the watery troughs—and give an end? The waters reach nearer. It is night, and still there is no Eastern Star; no long lights shake across the lake, nor, in the dawning, do I yet see One walking upon the waves, Whose visage is like unto the Son of God. Save, Lord, or we perish!"

* * * * *

So I awoke and knew that I had been thinking of Hammond. For twenty-five years he has published "Grit," at what cost few know—at very peril of life and health, so fierce the strain on one already frayed to the soul.

* * * * *

Like unto "Grit" there is no journal in Australia—perhaps none in the planet. Frank, brave, virile, unique, can we afford to let it pass away, leaving us poor, forlorn? Can you imagine "Grit" being soon only a memory? Far be it! "Grit," where the Editor outpours his heart in golden musings, and as we so bethink, one remembers how Francis of Assisi, poet and lover, was as under valued as Hammond by merchant and peasant till too late—too late. "Grit," where Jack Creagh lays bare scenes of sin and terror out of his macabre inferno of slum and grief, into which few have dared to look. "Grit," with Uncle B. speaking to children as Peter Pan might speak if Peter were a Scout or Guide. And Fairelie Thornton with her lyric sweetness and Helen Graham, charming as her of Troy. Life would be barer, emptier, cheapened, without "Grit." By it, thousands may hear and see a Hammond who else are deprived for ever of his radiant touch. How sad and cold, while he be absent from the homes, where these decades, postmen brought the message of truth and hope.

You can save "Grit" from being swallowed in Death's cold waves. You can do it by sending money to pay the printer, not to Hammond, who himself, of course, gets nothing from "Grit," for good reasons: there has been nothing to get, and if there were, he would not take it. He is like that, and more.

* * * * *

There are no pockets in a shroud, mes amis, and if our wills even directed our Executors to put our money in the coffins, they would disobey the illegal order. Before the Reaper comes, why not devote some money to save "Grit"? This may attain notice by one or more able as easily to give hundreds as Hammond is to live on his roll-and-coffee-a-day, on which the Hammond type seems to do Samson-work. That is about his allowance. Whether you give sixpence or six hundred, give quickly, for "Grit" must be saved, and who will have the honour, the lion's share in the liberation of this splendid captive?

Band of Hope—

(Continued from page 4.)

hood its terrible curse and folly, and so put this stamp upon their lives, that they, by their examples and loyalty, may win others to the noble cause of Temperance.

Let our aim be to double our members in 1933, and by our example and precepts, stand up firmly against this terrible enemy, which is so subtle and causes so much sorrow and distress in our fair land.

Personally, I wish you all a very happy year in 1933.

J. MacTIER,
Sec., Band of Hope
Union Council.

START A BAND OF HOPE, NOW!

Scores of centres have been thinking of starting Bands of Hope. Why delay? Get an early start. There is no need to wait for the holidays to finish. At least have your preliminary meeting.

If the Sunday School teachers, or a committee of interested folk, will call the meeting to form the Society, we will send the equipment and instructions how to get going; and as for leaders, find them among the older young people themselves.

If you are in the metropolitan area, or can be visited by Mr. Stanton, the Director, on a country trip, he will be glad to come and set you off. He has formed scores of Societies, and can help you meet your local difficulties. Write to him at headquarters for a mutually suitable date. Many nights are already booked for this month and the next.

EVERY SOCIETY SHOULD AFFILIATE WITH THE UNION.

Union is strength. It costs only 2/6 for the year to be affiliated with the Union, and it entitles you to so many privileges. Here are a few of them:—

The right to ask for help and advice for your Society and for occasional special speakers.

The right to enter for the efficiency competition.

You get regular circulars, renew supplies, helps, etc.

You may send delegates to District, State and National Conferences (often at concession fares).

You may register the colours of your Society for official recognition.

And most important of all—you are helping the Union and the movement by joining up.

Comments—

(Continued from page 5.)

One bright incident, which got the Clown's goat, just on Xmas Eve, was a man in the garb of Santa Claus sitting on the street kerbing, half full of beer and anxiously trying to complete the process from a bottle in his hands. It was an elevating sight. Hundreds of eager, childish eyes rested on him in puzzled wonderment, and the status of Santa Claus was "elevated" to the gutter, which is where the liquor sellers belong.

"Drink More Beer—it's Good for You"
? ? ? ?



3/11 All Wool Tweed KNICKERS 2/6



Our Special Boys' All Wool Dark Grey Tweed Knickers, well made and good appearance. Sizes 2 to 9; to fit boys 4 to 11 years. Usually 3/6. **SALE SPECIAL 2/6**

13/6 Boys' Woollen Tweed Suits 10/9

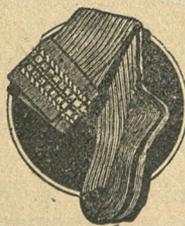
Sizes 10 to 13; fit boys 12 to 15 years. Usually 3/11. **Sale Special 2/11**

Boys' Suit Special in serviceable plain Mid Grey shade of good quality woollen Flannel Tweed, strongly lined throughout and well cut. Sizes 5 to 12; fit boys 7 to 14 years. Usually 13/6. **SPECIAL SALE PRICE 10/9**



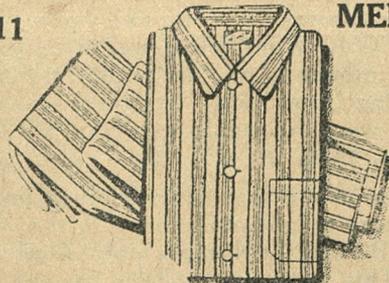
Men's Coat Shirts in a very good woven striped coloured ground Zephyr, in colours of Blues and Fawns. Washes and wears well. Sizes 13½ to 17 inches. Usually 5/6. **SALE SPECIAL 3/11**

Boys' Golf Hose From 1/6



Small Boys' All Wool Knitted Ribbed Three-quarter Golf Hose, with neat fancy coloured turn-over tops. In smart popular shades of dark fawn marle mixtures; also black and dark grey. To fit sizes 7 to 2 shoe. **SALE PRICE, 1/6**

8/11



MEN'S

NOW 6/6

Men's Poplin de Luxe Pyjamas, good quality, with coloured woven fast washing stripes of Fawns, Blues, or Pinks. Sizes: S. Men's, Men's, and O.S. Men's. Usually 8/11. **SALE PRICE 6/6**



7/11 Men's Flannel Sports Trousers 5/8

Men's and Youths' All Wool Flannel Sports Trousers. In serviceable shades of Mid Grey. Roomy cut and strongly sewn. Made with belt loops and turned up 18in. bottoms. Sizes 1 to 7. Usually 7/11 pr. **SALE SPECIAL, 5/8**

Sizes 4½ to 7½. **SALE PRICE, Pair 6/2**

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All boys and girls between the ages 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 369055, G.P.O., Sydney.

HOLIDAYS.

I am very interested in holidays. I can't have one myself, but I love to hear about the various ways people spend their holidays and the way in which they enjoy themselves.

Please tell me of your holidays. What did you like best about them? Are you glad to be going back to school? What is the first thing you do when you have nothing to do and are free to do as you like?

Tell me about "blue-bottles," mosquitoes and other holiday snags.

Please do not wait until they are over and you are back at school, too busy to write.

UNCLE B.

Our Letter Bag.

BLACK AS MIDNIGHT.

June Wilson, "Ferndale," Caloola, via Newbridge, writes: I suppose you have blackened my name very hard on the "scallywag list," as I have not written for so long.

Christmas holidays are here again, and I am having a lovely time. Daddy and the men are dipping and cutting the crops this week. We have a lovely time mustering, and I have a new horse called Dick, who is beautiful to ride. I have not come across any snakes this year yet, and I don't wish to meet any. They are such fearful things. Mum's garden was beautiful a few weeks ago, with borders of pale blue companulas and beds of pink poppies and roses, and little yellow and purple pansies. The nasturtiums are coming on now, and they make a very pretty show.

I hope Santa Claus is not feeling the depression in Sydney. I am enclosing a postal note for 4/-, and I would like you to make some child or children happier this Christmas by it.

Our dear old Twinkle is still going strong in spite of her years, but she is not so willing to go as she was. Our one dream is to get Mum on her back, because Mum doesn't ride at all.

(Dear June: You are not only as black as midnight, but if you made a charcoal mark on the black against your name, it would look like a chalk mark. That sounds pretty awful, doesn't it? However, your letter and your good wishes put you "good on my books." Thank you for the postal note.—Uncle B.)

A BREATH OF ARCADIA.

Nancy Peebles, "Balmarino," Cobah Road, Arcadia, writes: My sister and I did not go to church to-day, so I am taking the chance of a quiet hour to write to you. We have only one sulky, so cannot all go at once. Father is superintendent of our Sunday School, and goes every Sunday. Mother and the two boys one day, Margaret and I next.

Our uncle has lent us a cow and I milk her. I learned in one week. We had been without one for two years, and we do relish the milk and cream.

The Christmas bells are out in the flat behind our orchard. Have you ever seen bells growing, Uncle? I wish you could see ours. The flat is covered with grass about eighteen inches high and thickly studded with bells a few inches higher than the grass.

We are still hoping to see you, Uncle B. What has become of your friend who was going to run you up for some oranges? The oranges are finished now for this season.

I met our friend of "Grit," Helen Graham, at church last Sunday. She is staying at Mrs. Ferguson's. I am now reading her book entitled "The Day of Reckoning."

I had a camera given me for a Christmas present and have taken some snaps of our swimming hole. If they turn out any good I will send you some.

(Dear Nancy: Your letter is very welcome. I am still hoping for a trip out your way, but alas I am busier than ever. The Pioneer Home Settlement is the only place I find time to visit—I was out there before 8 this morning.

I hope the camera works well and that you send me some snaps.—Uncle B.)

A NARROW SQUEAK.

Beryl McFarland, "Maxville," Bannockburn Rd., Pymble, writes: My three months are nearly up, so I thought I had better write to you to-night.

I do not want to be a scallywag, because I saw in your answer to Dulcie Southwood's letter that the black list was crowded just at present.

As I won't be writing to you again before Christmas Day, and New Year's Day, I

had better wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

I hope you will not eat too much dinner and not be able to go to church Sunday night.

We are not going to have Sunday School on Christmas Day or New Year's Day.

Two ladies saw my letter in "Grit" about the anniversary, and wrote and asked me to send them the piece about candles. On the anniversary day in the afternoon, the minister knew all about me and the anniversary.

He asked me if I knew how he found out. I guessed straight away, and I said, "Uncle B. told you," and he said that you carried tales. He told me he wouldn't write to you again if he was me.

(Dear Beryl: You just escaped the black list, so we can say hurrah. I am glad the two ladies asked for the piece on candles. You tell your minister not to make mischief between us or there will be a shindy with a capital S.—Uncle B.)

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Rumford's Groats
Best for Mothers, Young Children & Invalids.
MANUFACTURED BY CLIFFORD LOVE & CO. Ltd., Sydney.

The Bible —

(Continued from Page 3.)

could go on and on enumerating the material gifts, all perfect, and at the service of man. Try and better, or do without any of them, and see what a mess you will make of it. In the same way try and do without the wisdom and principles laid down in the Bible and the mess will be even greater. We have already found this out, and every country is suffering under the mistake of flaunting the simple laws of God, and even Nature.

We want to get all the benefits of comfort and luxury, but we are not willing to plan unselfishly as the Creator says we must, and Nature demands.

Humanity and all living things must do their part. Humans are the only ones unwilling to even obey Nature, and because it is so, they automatically inflict trouble, discord and misery on themselves and others.

My next article will deal with the various editions of the Bible known as the Pre-Reformation editions. Wycliffe, Luther—the latter to my mind is the Don. Bradman of Bible history—and the 15th century made great strides in Christian knowledge.

(To be continued.)

"Grit" Subscriptions.

Will subscribers please note that 1/- must be added to the 11/- when subscriptions are three months overdue.

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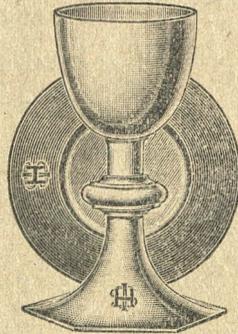
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DAILY INSPIRATION.

BY FAIRELIE THORNTON.
Author of "Life's Experiences."

SUNDAY.

"What is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."—James 4:14.

Onward and onward with no pause nor break

We hurry still towards our long, long home;

Nearer and nearer as each step we take;

Nearer and nearer as days pass and come.
The shadows lengthen o'er our homeward way;

Dark night draws on, and soon will shroud earth's day.

Whither, ah whither, do our footsteps tend?
We see an endless day beyond death's night,

Say, is it thitherward our way we wend,
Or shall death's night ne'er end in other light?

Will it grow denser on the other side,
Or will the shadows flee across the tide?

On, on we still must rush on Time's fleet wings;

He bears us forward, and we may not stay.

Few think that every step the nearer brings
Their footsteps to the close of this life's day.

They dare not look of that which lies before,
And so they blind their eyes to that vast shore.

Shall we not gaze into the vast beyond?

Why should we close our eyes, and when too late

Awake to find all vain our visions fond.

Of living always in this present state?
No good we gain by hiding from the light.
If we are faithful can we choose the night?

Let us look forward with a steady gaze,
And see where tend we, and which home is ours.

Let us walk humbly, search and try our ways,

And let us not resist the higher powers;
Why should we shrink from that which still must be,
Refusing in our blindness light to see?

There is a ray which darts from yonder sun
Which shows the path that leads to endless day;

We will not turn aside, nor that light shun,
Lest haply we at last should miss our way.

This light doth show the footmarks of the King
Who trod this path, His rebels home to bring.

Then let us place our own therein, and tread

The paths He trod, so shall we gain at last

His Palace, where nought dims the light there shed,

Where death's dark night is once, forever passed;

Love light while it is called to-day,
Ere night draws on, and shrouds earth's passing day.

MONDAY.

"I am the Light of the world; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of Life."—John 8:12.
"Unto you that fear My name shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings."—Mal. 4:2.

"The Lord shall be to thee an everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."—Isa. 60:20.

"The path of the just is as the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—Prov. 4:18.

"Men love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil."—John 3:19.

TUESDAY.

"The light shall shine upon thy ways."—Job 22:28.

Lighten our darkness, Lord, our eyes are dim and blind;

Oh, by Thy Spirit and Thy Word illumine our dark mind;

We need Thy light, O Lord; we have none of our own;

Only as Thou Thy rays afford will our light here be shown.

No flowers can glad the sight, no leaves or fruit appear,

Unless the sun pours forth his light on this dark hemisphere.

Thou art our Sun of light to guide us all the way.

Let us then ever shun the night, and love the Light of day.

WEDNESDAY.

New Year's Rules for every day in the year.

"Every day I will bless thee, and I will praise thy name for ever and ever."—Ps. 145:2.

Always keep your word. A promise unkept is a promise deferred.

Be in time, never be late, and then rail at your unlucky fate.

Heer up; there's some good in your cup.

Do unpleasant things first, and so get rid of the worst.

Early to bed and early to rise, and the work you get through will surely surprise.

Forgive every foe, and no foe you will know.

Grumble not at the weather, it won't alter it ever.

Help all you can in a very good plan.

Imagine no evil if you'd keep out the devil.

Judge none, suspicion shun.

Keep sweet, whatever you meet.

Leave the future, let it rest; God will do what is the best.

Mercies are many, forget not any.

Never despair, cast on God every care.

Overcome evil with good, nor on any wrong brood.

Pray in faith; believe what God saith.

Quench not the Spirit, if you'd God's joy inherit.

Rest in the Lord, and rely on His Word.

Speak ill of none; God loves everyone.

Trust God for all, whatever befall.

Upward ever be your endeavour.

Value not yourself or another. Why have needless bother?

Watch and pray, lest you go astray.

Expect not trouble, it's only a bubble.

You have only to-day, then do not delay all your debts now to pay.

Zeal is good when good its end, zealous be life's ills to mend.

F.T.

THURSDAY.

"Pray without ceasing."

Some say God does not expect us to be always on our knees. No, but He requires us to live always in the spirit of prayer. Our every thought should be a prayer. Only so can we live in constant communion with Him, and know and do His will as angels do in heaven. It is well also to have set seasons of prayer. This will help us to live in the prayer atmosphere, and enable us to obey this command.

"Prayer and provender hinder no man," my old grandfather used to say. He was always up at daylight to work with his men, but never missed his devotions. The result was that he was able to give a large piece of land for the building of an Anglican Church in one of the busy suburbs of London which stands as a monument to his industry and prayers. Many think they have no time in the rush of business to spend time for devotions in the morning. We can always find time for what we have most inclination, or what we consider most necessary. Some have no time to visit any but those they consider worth visiting. So some have no time for visiting their best Friend and obtaining the gifts He is waiting to bestow. They lose sight of the truest riches in grasping the shadow, and running after the wealth or pleasure that takes to itself wings and flies away.

(Continued on Page 16.)

TO PARENTS & GUARDIANS!

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Canon Hammond's Christmas Message on Answered Prayers.

"A BABE, A HUNGRY PROPHET."

Reported by HELEN GRAHAM.

"The State of Roman Civilisation 1900 Years Ago."—To-day the term "depression" is heard on all sides. Yet there is no comparison between the existing conditions of life to-day and those of nineteen centuries ago, when Rome arrogantly styled herself "Mistress of the World." The rule of autocracy was marked by oppression infinitely worse than the "depression," which is now the common experience. Morally, religiously, socially, things were revolting, intimidating, hopeless. Yet the eyes of God's people were ever turned to Him. Their expectation was from Him. Their prayers were constantly burdened with the piteous appeal for a Deliverer, a Liberator, Who would free them from the tyrant's iron heel and restore unto them that joy and peace and faith—restoration that alone could make life livable. The traditions of their race told how miraculous intervention on Jehovah's part had, again and again, been vouchsafed to His chosen race, so they earnestly pleaded for a like miracle to be enacted on their behalf.

"The Babe of the Bethlehem Manger." God heard their cry. He answered their petition. For prayer is the most potential thing in the world. The Great Emancipator, the Promised Redeemer appeared. But not in the full stature of a man, not as a mighty General at the head of an unconquerable army, not in all the pomp and show incidental to such a wonderful mission. He came as a "Babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes!" Could anything be more contrary to reasonable human conception? It was utterly inconceivable to realise that in that ordinary, helpless Infant, "cradled in a manger meanly" and sheltered in a stable, was the Hope of Israel, the Eternal Power that would dethrone Neros and Herods and would set up a Kingdom on the earth that would outlast that of the Imperial Caesars and would be untouched by time's corroding hand.

"The Hungry Prophet."—Surely the condition of the needy widow of Zarephath indicated the worst had come to the worst. She was poor, had no protector, had to support her little son, and was confronted with the death of starvation. What piteous appeals she had sent to the Great Jehovah, that had been wrung from her mother heart! Would God answer her prayers? God did. No manna fell from heaven, no quails appeared, no ravens brought food, no angelic messenger came laden with the necessaries to sustain life. A man appeared—poor, ill-clad, soliciting help! Could any answer to prayer be more mocking, unlikely, inadequate? The strain was intensified by the advent of the stranger. And yet that travel-stained, weary, unkempt visitor was to be to her a provider, a means of resource, a holder at bay of poverty, and afterwards the restorer of life to her dead son.

"Lessons for To-day."—God does answer prayer. Not in our way, not in our time.

But He answers. Our eyes are holden that we cannot recognise the answer. He does not always provide the finished article—oftener He sends the raw material. The Babe had to be nursed, cared for, carefully trained. He had to grow in wisdom and in stature, and in favour with God and man. The widow had to gather sticks, knead the meal and do her part faithfully before the cruse and the barrel were miraculously filled. Her crude conceptions of the man of God had to be developed till she could realise he was the answer to her prayer, and till she could say: "Now I know that thou art a man of God, and that the Word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth."

To-day we pray for liberation from the thrall of depression. Again and again we declare our prayers are unanswered. But we should really pray for the seeing eye, the clearer vision, the quick understanding, to recognise "the answer" in whatever form it appears. We should realise the part we must play in the weaving of the raw material into the finished article, and thus prove our capacity for yet further manifestations of "answered prayer." To those who could see in the Babe of Bethlehem, the latent God, the incarnate Godhead, the answer was clear, definite, unmistakable. To those who, after many prayers, have had the experience of added burdens like the Zarephath widow, yet who bravely accept the responsibility, share the remaining bounty with others, even more needy, will come the realisation that such a seemingly "added burden," such an increased load, is as God's messenger to bring relief and easement and restoration of faith in Him as the God Who answers prayer. Depression and yet more depression, sickness and yet more sickness, may in God's wise Hands but mean the revelation of His love, pity,

power in a yet greater degree, and the realisation these "light afflictions" are all part of the Great Eternal Plan which results in a co-ordination of the Mind of God, and the will of man, working in harmony for that consummation known as "answered prayer." Will you share these burdens by including them in your prayer list? Pray that my three sons may be wholly consecrated to the Lord. Pray that our minister may be delivered from modernism and may have no other desire than to glorify God. Pray for the following: a friend in great physical pain, a nephew and his father out of work, that my friend and I may live for God's glory, that a man and his wife who attend church and who cannot see their need of a Saviour, may realise that God's way of salvation is the only way, that my father and my sister may get on better together, that God will give me a definite victory over cigarette smoking, that a husband may be given grace to overcome a besetting sin, for my son who has backslidden through a companion sneering at him concerning the things of God. Pray also for the conversion of his companion. Thank God for the following: for healing in answer to continued prayer, for journeying mercies, for work, for manifold tokens of God's favour, for renewed strength, for opportunities for witnessing for Him, for a position obtained in answer to prayer, for partial healing regarding my daughter, for God's interest in my welfare. Pray that my husband may be kept from drink. I have prayed for the conversion of a dear one for four years; pray I may hear of his conversion. My husband is still out of work; ask God to enable him to get some employment.

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Daily Inspiration—

(Continued from page 14.)

"Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks."

FRIDAY.

"The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."—James 5:16.

No prayer is lost, each humbly breathed petition

Ascends to heaven, and there by God is heard.

In Jesu's name each prayer obtains admission,

And angels bend to catch that magic word. That name—that precious name is all availing,

Nor heaven, nor hell could yet withstand its power;

Each prayer breathed forth, that mighty name prevailing,

Descends to earth in many a plenteous shower.

No prayer is lost. Once passing heaven's portal,

And reaching God the mighty Father's ear,

It doth become a thing henceforth immortal. Its issues stretching far beyond Time's sphere.

We may not know how man God's plans can alter,

But yet we know no prayer can be in vain,

And though at times our trembling faith may falter,

No prayer of ours but brings eternal gain.

No prayer is lost; then let not patience weary,

Although the answer may be long delayed. Pray on—the skies to-day so dark and dreary,

To-morrow in bright hues may be arrayed. We know not all the marvellous resources

God has for all His children yet in store; For He Who guides the planets in their courses

Is able to do all we ask, or think, and more.

SATURDAY.

"Forget not all His benefits."

How apt is human nature to forget benefits bestowed. Children should early be taught to be thankful for all gifts given. Alas, they are not taught to-day even to say "thank you" to their parents and friends for gifts bestowed in many instances. Few at Christmas time are instructed to look above to their heavenly Father for the presents they receive, instead of to some imaginary bogey who comes down the chimney. A kind of heathen paganism exists in this respect. They take all as a matter of course, as their right, and have no sense of thankfulness even to their parents for what they receive. Well might they learn the old grace, "For what we are receiving, the Lord make us thankful." When we were young we were taught, "Not more than others I deserve, but God has given me more, for I have food while others starve, and beg from door to door," and it would have been considered a lie to tell us some imaginary Father Christmas brought us our gifts, but we enjoyed them as much, if not more, than if this had been the case, and realised as we should not otherwise have done the love of God and of our parents and friends to us, instead of taking them as our right.

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