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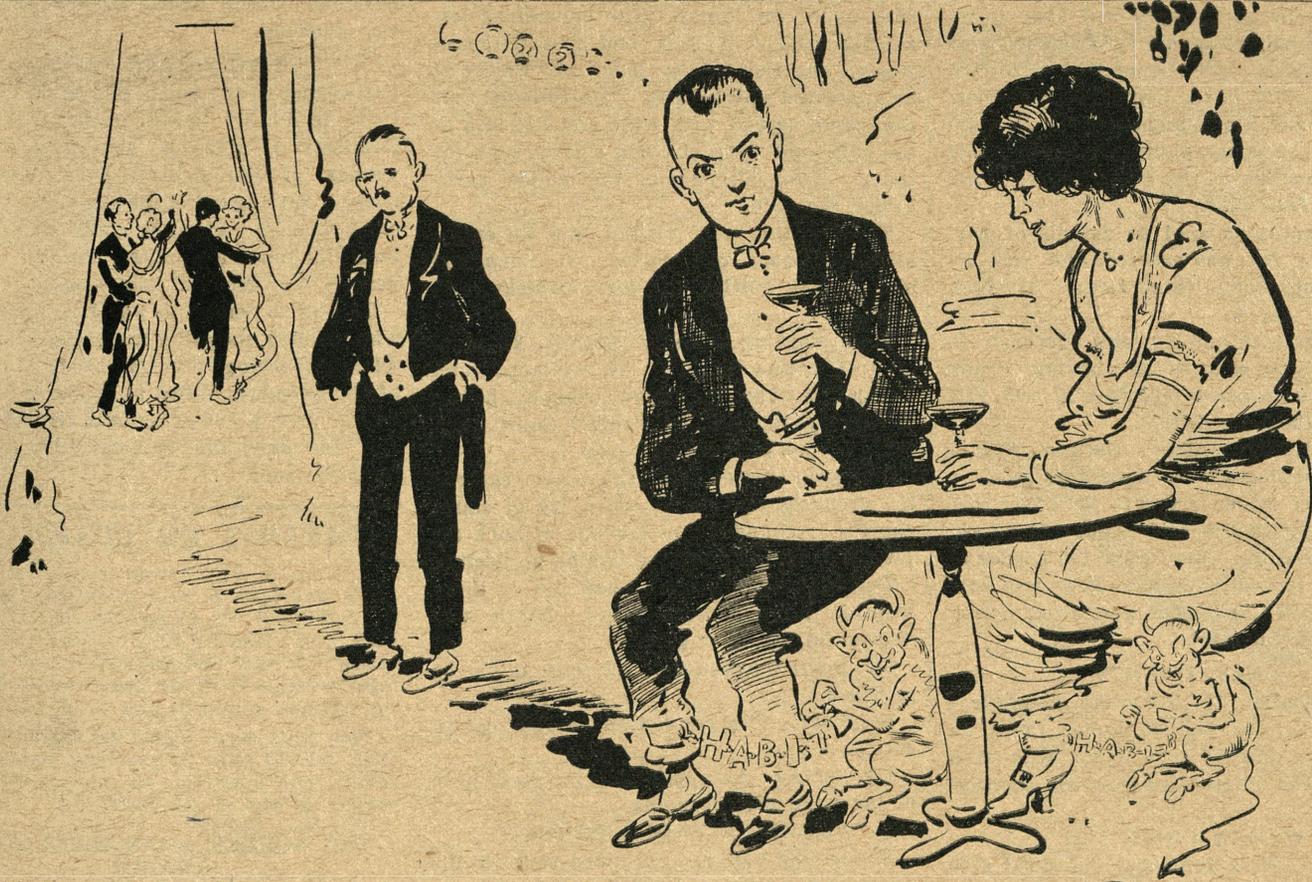
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Forging the Chains of a Fatal Habit

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WOMEN AND DRINK.

SELLING IT, DRINKING IT, AND SUFFERING FROM IT.

There is abundant evidence that women are drinking alcohol as never before in the world's history. This degenerating habit is being followed by associations that naturally lead to women selling drink, so that, in addition to women suffering from men who drink, they have added greatly to their troubles by both drinking and selling the poison themselves. There was a day when women sought to protect themselves from the drinking habits of men that imposed upon both them, their homes and their children intolerable burdens and sufferings. Now we have reached the deplorable position when women need to be protected from themselves.

The following clippings are taken from the daily press of the last few days.

These incidents are not exceptional, but they are characteristic of modern life, and are common to the whole English-speaking world.

WOMAN'S PLEA

"If you fine us £100 we will have to go down," tearfully pleaded Pearl Gibbons, aged 27, proprietress of Cosmopolitan Café, 305 Pitt Street, City, in the Central Police Court.

Gibbons and Emilo Ligustu, aged 31, manager, each pleaded guilty to having sold liquor unlawfully at the Cosmopolitan Café. Each was fined £100.

Four months in gaol in default of payment of the fine was ordered, and each defendant was allowed three months in which to pay.

Seventeen men and a young woman were remanded on charges of having drunk liquor on unlicensed premises at 305 Pitt Street on the same day.

Peggy Mullins, Albert Garparotto and Francis Batistessa were fined 20/- each.

The police evidence was to the effect that on the night of the raid about 130 people were in the café. There were 100 bottles of beer with the capsules off. Beer was sold for 2/- a bottle, and there were twenty-eight young women present.

ONLY TWENTY

Nellie Bourke, 20, a factory hand, was fined £100 at the Central Police Court on a charge of having sold liquor without a licence. The alternative was six months' gaol.

WOMAN FINED £100

May Ring, 42, a domestic, was fined £100 by Mr. Camphin, S.M., at the Central Police Court on a charge of having sold beer without a licence. The alternative was six months' gaol. She had previously been fined £30 in December for a similar offence.

TOO MANY WOMEN BOOTLEGGERS.

There are too many women bootleggers in Manitoba (Canada), and in future they need not expect to get gaol sentence suspended because of their sex, Magistrate Noble declared in provincial court.

"There are 15 liquor charges on the docket, and 10 of them are against women," he said. "I don't want the impression to grow that because the accused is a woman she will get suspended sentence." The remarks were made when he found Mrs. M. Allman, who operates the Blackbird Café at Grand Beach, guilty of selling liquor last August. She was fined \$200 and costs, with two months' gaol sentence suspended.

—Winnipeg Tribune, Oct. 24, 1928.

ROMANO'S CAFE.

Three Persons Arrested.

Romano's Café, 105 York Street, City, was raided by the police last night.

The manager, a waiter, and the barman were arrested on a charge of selling liquor without holding a licence, and a large quantity of liquor was seized.

Two young constables, accompanied by lady friends, visited Romano's Café about 8 o'clock, and, after dancing for some time, they asked for liquor. The constables left shortly after 9 o'clock, and met Sergeant Russell and Constables Chuck and Bailey at an appointed spot nearby. They alleged that they were served with wine and liqueurs at the café, and were charged a large sum for them. Soon afterwards the police party raided the café.

The bar was next visited, and its entire stock of liquor was seized. It comprised almost 200 bottles of wine, whisky and brandy.

Next morning Anthony Clarica, 28, manager; Charline Bonfanti, 34, waiter; Frank Butler, 36, barman, were charged before Mr. Sheppard, S.M., at Central Court, with selling wine without a licence.

Sergeant Russell said the police entered the premises and purchased a jug of claret cup for 14/6 and a small bottle of hock for 7/6. Defendants admitted having no licence.

Defendants were each fined £30 or three months' imprisonment. One month was allowed in which to pay.

Mr. Service asked that the wine might be returned.

Sergeant: The conviction carries confiscation.

Mr. Service: An application for restitution of the wine will be made.

"MARRIED WHILE DRUNK."

For having had an unlicensed pistol in his possession, between April 1 and 2, William Archer, 26, who appeared before Mr. Wil-

liams, S.M., at the Central Court, was fined £100, in default 12 months' hard labour.

Constable Jackson said that a woman complained to him in Liverpool Street on the night of April 1, that Archer had a revolver in his pocket. In a house in that street Archer's wife said, "He shot at me through the door, and nearly hit me on the head." Archer told witness his wife had left him, and he had gone there to get her back.

Archer told the magistrate that he had been warned not to go to this place unarmed, and that the revolver had been loaned by a friend.

After the case had been set aside to allow the police to make further inquiries, Constable Shiels said Archer had victimised a number of furniture firms, and lived with two women. His wife was a woman of ill-fame. "They were drunk at the time they were married," he said.

LIQUOR FINE QUASHED.

Alice Maud Davies, who was fined £30 at the Central Court on February 28, on a charge of having sold ale in Regent Street without a licence, appealed at the Quarter Sessions Appeal Court, and the conviction was quashed.

TWO WOMEN FINED.

A sequel to the police raid on the Cromer Café, in Phillip Street, on the evening of February 1, was the appearance of two women at the Central Police Court on charges arising out of the sale of liquor without a licence. Pleading guilty, Maud Elizabeth Chapman, a waitress, was fined £30, in default four months' imprisonment.

The other defendant was Julia Fernandez, who pleaded not guilty to a charge of having, while appearing to be the person in charge of the premises, failed to produce a licence. In her case a conviction was recorded, and she was fined £10, in default two months' imprisonment.

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HOOVER'S TEXT.

"Where there is no vision, the people perish, but he that keepeth the Law, happy is he."

By JACK CREAGH.

Herbert Hoover, the man, is now the President of the great nation whose national flag is the Stars and Stripes; the inaugural ceremony took place at Washington a few days ago.

At that ceremony the critical moment is the one where he raises his right hand, the left hand is then placed on the Bible, and he then takes the oath, "That he will preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." If the incoming President has any choice, as indeed most had, then he can have the Bible opened at some particular place. Nearly all the previous Presidents chose some page because of a verse or chapter or psalm in God's book, and it is interesting to go back in history to see just what part of the Scripture appealed to those great men who, step by step, led their nation up to its present greatness.

Before giving the readers of "Grit" the various texts, I would like to say that it may be no accident that the greatness of the United States, and their great position in world affairs, may be due to the fact that their Presidents firmly believed in, and followed out the teachings of the Bible. Certain it is, that they were picked because of their honesty, noble character, and, in some cases, even piety.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S CHOICE.

The first President, George Washington, picked the page of the Bible that contains the fourteenth verse of the forty-ninth chapter of Genesis—wherein Jacob called his sons together and bequeathed to each his inheritance. The verse reads:

"Issachar is a strong ass crouching down between two burdens."

Why Washington picked this verse, he alone can tell.

GRANT'S CHOICE.

Grant, taking office for the second time, kissed the second and third verses of the eleventh chapter of Isaiah, which reads:—

"And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and right, the spirit of knowledge and the fear of the Lord.

"And shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord; and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove, after the hearing of his ears."

HAYES' CHOICE.

President Hayes kissed the twelfth verse of the 111th Psalm:—

"They compassed me about like bees, they are quenched as the fire of thorns, for in the name of the Lord I will destroy them."

CLEVELAND'S CHOICE.

The six verses kissed by Cleveland are found in Psalm 112:—

"A good man sheweth favour, and lendeth; he will guide his affairs with discretion.

"Surely he shall not be moved forever, the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

"He shall not be afraid of evil tidings, his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.

"His heart is established, he shall not be afraid, until he sees his desire upon his enemies.

"He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor, his righteousness endureth forever, his horn shall be exalted with honour.

"The wicked shall see it, and be grieved, he shall gnash with his teeth and melt away, the desire of the wicked shall perish."

Cleveland picking the above, "sure picked a mouthful," as the Yanks say. He was sworn in on the Bible which had been given to him by his mother, when he started in life. He used the same Bible at both his inaugurations, and also when he was sworn in as Governor of New York State.

McKINLEY'S CHOICE.

According to the record, McKinley kissed the tenth verse of the first chapter of Second Chronicles:—

"Give me now wisdom and knowledge, that I may go out and come in before this people, for who can judge this Thy people, that is so great."

The above is interesting, and I would like to pass it on to "Grit" readers. The Presidents of the United States have been great men; nearly all rose from the ranks of poor people. Two hundred thousand people stood bareheaded in the rain to witness the man Hoover take the oath. Just what he thought, also what the great crowd thought, can never be known. But as he, Mr. Hoover, stood bareheaded, with rain beating on his face, his right hand raised, his left on the Bible, he was a great figure, and as he uttered the words, "I Do," in answer to Chief Justice Taft's inquiry, the great crowd gave such a cheer, as only a free people can give.

PEACE AND GOODWILL.

President Hoover's first speech breathed the desire for peace and goodwill. The speech contained 3,000 words, and every word that gets into such a speech is momentous; everyone is looking for big, and even noble, things from the man who was taught to lisp his first prayer by his noble Quaker mother.

Great things await his ability and honesty, and there are few of the 120,000,000 people who think that the man Hoover will fall them.

MY PRIVILEGE.

On the 29th of May I leave the States. I have had certain periods here, totalling about five years of the past seven. I have had to battle my way along. I have mixed with all classes, but mostly my class, "the poorer," and I am proud that I ever met Uncle Sam and those who hold allegiance to him; Uncle Sam and his people have done great things; I believe they will even do bigger.

With my limited knowledge and ability I have found out things; I have come to many conclusions; I feel I am a bigger man for meeting the Yanks, living with them, right in their homes.

I cannot find words to express my gratitude to, and confidence in, them. The best I can say, I think, can be found in my wish for the rest of the peoples of the world; that wish is that by some great move, in which

(Continued on page 10.)

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THE BODY AND TEMPERANCE.

LESSON VII.

STRONG DRINK: IS IT A FOOD?

Teachers' Notes.—We deal with a subject in this lesson which has been hotly debated, on which the opinion of many doctors was against temperance for a generation, but on which science has now unhesitatingly given the verdict to abstinence. There is, however, a great deal of ignorance on the question still, so the teacher must, if he is to impress the children, take the Pauline maxim to his heart: "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." The writer, therefore, ventures to ask anyone responsible for teaching this course to pause here and ask himself three questions:—

- (1) Do I think that alcohol does, or can, build up the body?
- (2) Does it warm it?
- (3) Can it give it moving power or force?

As to the first, there has never been any real doubt. In spite of the false and absurd advertisements of well-known distillers about "nourishing whisky" and the like, science and experience have always joined in saying that the answer is "No." There is nothing which can possibly be used by the body for this purpose.

The answer to the second needs thought. Science has always been on our side. Every medical man knows that the heat of the body is reduced by doses of alcohol, but the flushing of the skin caused by dilation of the blood-vessels gives an appearance and feeling of warmth which is very deceptive, so the teacher is advised to make sure of his convictions here.

The third point used to be debated by scientists, but now, as was said above, the verdict is for us. Repeated experiments have conclusively proved that alcohol cannot give force; it can, at best, only be compared to a spur, which has its use in urging a flagging horse. No extra force-giving material is brought to the body; the alcohol simply accelerates the action of the heart, and so draws on the reserve forces of the whole system. But the reaction soon comes and the net result is loss from its use.

No material of any kind is needed for this lesson with the exception of the blackboard.

Introduction.—I was going along the road the other day and saw a public house called "The Staff of Life." Underneath was a picture of a tankard of ale and a loaf of bread. Many persons think that what this public house sign says is quite true—that beer and other strong drinks are like bread, the staff of life. Sometimes beer has been called liquid bread, because it is made from barley, and because it was thought to be a food like bread. And there are thousands of people to-day who take strong drink because they think it feeds them and does them good. Let us see if they are right and if it is really a food.

Now, what are beer, wine and spirits made of? As we learnt in Lesson IV., they are composed of water and alcohol. There is a little sugar and gum in wine and beer, which is used by the body for warming, but this

is so little that it is hardly worth considering at all. The water is good, as we all know, but we could get water without taking the alcohol. So what we wish to learn is: Is alcohol a food—that is, will it build up the body like egg or cheese, or warm it or give it force, like bread or butter? If it will, then it is a food. If it will not it cannot be called so.

[The children may wonder whether it is useful, like fruit and some vegetables, for cleansing the body. But there are no salts or acids of any kind in alcohol; it cannot be useful for this purpose.]

DOES ALCOHOL BUILD UP THE BODY?

First, is alcohol a building food, like egg or meat, beans, peas or cheese? We learnt that all building foods have one thing in them which enables them to build up the body; they are often named after this substance, which is called Nitrogen. There is no Nitrogen at all in alcohol, not one little particle. Now, we can't build a brick house if we have no bricks to build it with. In the same way, we can't build up our body (which is built of Nitrogenous foods as it is called) by means of alcohol, which has no Nitrogen in it at all. So without talking about this any more, we may be certain that, as alcohol has none of the material in it used for building up the body, it is not a building food.

But there is another kind of building food—minerals, such as lime, potash and salt, which is used for making bone, teeth, some parts of the muscles, etc. Is there any of this food? No, there is not a scrap of any mineral or earthy substance in alcohol. So we may say that if we tried to live on alcohol we should have nothing to build up our bones or muscles, nothing to make new skin or brain, or flesh; indeed, we should gradually waste away. Men have starved to death before now when they have had gallons of whisky and rum which they could drink.

DOES ALCOHOL WARM THE BODY?

"But," you may say, "true, it does not build up the body, but does it warm it?" We

cannot answer this question as we did the last. Then we said: "Alcohol can't build up the body, for there is nothing in it which will do this." But alcohol contains the same things (carbon and oxygen and hydrogen) as sugar and fat, which are heat-givers. [The children may need to be warned against thinking that, because the same elements are in each, therefore their effect will be the same. Many familiar illustrations will prove the falsity of this idea.] And very often people think that alcohol will warm them and that therefore it is a food. We must go farther, therefore, to answer this question by asking those who have tried alcohol:—

First of all, if alcohol warms the body as burning coal warms a room, what will happen? Why, the more a man takes the warmer he will get. A drunkard, who takes a great deal of alcohol, would most probably be warmer than a teetotaler, who takes none. But we know that this is quite wrong. A drunkard is a poor, shivering creature, not even so warm as an ordinary person, so this can't be true.

Not only so, but if we read the stories of those who have been in very cold countries such as the Polar Regions, we find that they hardly ever used alcohol to keep them warm. Many of them have told us how foolish it would be to do so, for they found that those who took none kept much warmer than those who used it. Or, if we talk to cabmen and postmen, who have to be outside in very cold weather, they will tell us that they can keep warmer after a good meal or a cup of hot cocoa than after drinking whisky or rum. We have all heard of Russia. Once there was a great feast in the capital city, to which great crowds came, who were allowed to have unlimited quantities of spirits to drink. It was a cold night, and thousands died from the frost, due to the fact that the spirits took away the heat of their bodies.

There is another way in which we may prove that alcohol does not give heat. Here is a thermometer or heat measurer, one which is used by a doctor. When a person is sick the doctor will often put this into the patient's mouth or under his arm to see what is the heat of the body. We learnt before that if the body is in health the thermo-

(Continued on page 12.)

BLACKBOARD SUMMARY.

ALCOHOL IS NOT—

A Building Food.

For it has no Nitrogen or Mineral.

A Heat Giver.

It cannot make Flesh or Bone.

For the Body is colder after taking it than before.

Neither does it give Force.

SO IT IS NOT A FOOD!

PAIN AND PLEASURE—PAIN MAY BE BEST.

Ofttimes there is more divine blessing in the things we regard as evil than in those we consider good.

Pain may be better for us than pleasure. Loss may have for us greater enriching than gain. Misfortune, as we interpret the experience, may bring us infinitely more blessing than the events we write down as fortune.

Our wrecks of earthly hopes often disclose to us rich spiritual possessions unseen before.

—F. R. Miller.

FRIENDSHIP.

Always say a kind word if you can. It may come in, perhaps, with singular opportuneness, entering some mournful person's darkened room like a beautiful firefly, whose happy convolutions he cannot but catch, forgetting his many troubles.

PROMPTITUDE.

Leave not the business of to-day to be done to-morrow, for who knows what may be thy condition to-morrow? The rose garden which to-day is full of flowers, when to-morrow you come to pluck a rose, may not have one to give you. Instead of a gem or even a flower, cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend to-day.

DEEP STREAMS.

Deep streams run still. Not because there are no obstructions, but because they altogether overflow those stones or rocks round which the shallow stream has to make its noisy way; 'tis the full heart that saves us from the little noisy troubles of life.

TWO THINGS TO DO.

To the normal life ideal, you must do two hard things—get rid of the world in your heart, and get rid of self—of thinking of yourself, and of feeling round yourself. One thing is needful—only one—and that one thing is Love.

WE ARE NOT HERE IF HERE IS NOT OUR PLACE.

It is not by seeking more fertile regions where toil is lighter, and happier circumstances free from difficult complications and troublesome people, but by bringing the high courage of a devout soul, clear in principle and aim, to bear upon what is given us, that we brighten our inward light, lead something of a true life, and introduce the kingdom of heaven into the midst of our earthly day.

If we cannot work out the will of God where God has placed us, why, then, has He placed us there?

—J. H. Thom.

**Grains of Gold
Worth
Picking Up**



We can all do more than we have done,
And not be one whit the worse;
'Twas never loving that emptied the heart,
Nor giving that emptied the purse.

The heart that loves the little things is full
of deep content;
The life that serves in little things is often
nobly spent.

Trust more, and do not look ahead at the
shadows. Half the troubles on earth are
the "may-bes," not the "ares."

Happiness is rarely found where we are
looking for it. It is always next door.

THE WAY AHEAD.

*Just where you stand in the conflict,
There is your place;
Just where you think you are use-
less,
Hide not your face.
God placed you there for a purpose,
What e'er it be;
Think! He has chosen you for it,
Work loyally.
Gird on your armour, be faithful
At toil or rest,
Which e'er it be, never doubting,
God's way is best.
Out in the fight, or on picket,
Stand firm and true;
This is the work that your Master
Gives you to do.*

Happiness is the natural flower of duty.
The good man ought to be a thoroughly
bright and happy man.

Every man feels instinctively that all the
beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less
than a single lovely action.

Many eyes are weeping now the crop is
grown. Think upon the reaping—each one
reaps his own.

LIFE IS DEATH ON A HOLIDAY.

Life is Death on a furlough, and Time, like a mouse, nibbles at our edifices. Everything is deferred. To-day wears no glamour; to-morrow is always a holiday; we never are; we are going to be—so some of us think until one day we awake to find we have been swindled.

Emerson divined the trick in youth and nailed the everlasting NOW above his door, and each moment brought its treasure, and no hour went by but he was not richer in spirit. He used grief and ground pain beneath its iron-healed soul.

Life, with her ogres, her chicaneries, her hypocrisies, her seductions, slunk away shamefaced before that presence. For he knew a trick worth two of her. He utilized the NOW.

—B. de Casseres.

HOW TO BE CHEERFUL.

The way to get cheerful is to smile when you feel bad, to think about somebody else's headache when your own is bursting, to keep on believing the sun is shining when the clouds are thick enough to cut. Nothing helps you to it like thinking more about other folks than about yourself.

THE GREATEST GIFT.

Love is the greatest thing that we can give each other. We must always be giving each other bread, or money, or jewels, or books, or good advice; and then we think we have accomplished something. But love is the real gift; no other can take its place, but it can take the place of all the rest.

A GOLDEN RULE.

If you are ever in doubt what to do, it is a good rule to ask yourself what you will wish to-morrow you had done.

EACH ONE OF US.

If each one of us in the world simply did all that was in his power each day for the persons whose lives came in natural contact with his own—relations, friends, acquaintances, employers, employees, or strangers—the entire world would be a different place at once.

YOU CALL THEM OBSTACLES—GOD'S OPPORTUNITIES.

Never fancy that you could be something if only you had a different lot and sphere assigned to you. God understands His own plan, and He knows what you want a great deal better than you do.

The very things that you most deprecate, as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities.

—H. Bushnell.

Half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting, and in being served by others. It consists in giving and in serving others.

CREATION.

AN EDITORIAL IN THE "GENERAL ELECTRIC REVIEW," DECEMBER, 1928.

In this issue, we publish an article by Dr. W. R. Whitney, the opening sentence of which reads: "Scientific research, in its various fields, develops in one who watches it an ever increasing appreciation of Creation." We take this sentence as the text for our present editorial.

If we were asked to write a story of Creation we should be tempted to commit an act of plagiarism, and just copy the first chapter of Genesis and possibly add the first three verses of the second chapter. We should feel quite sure that no better account ever has been, ever will be, or ever could be written.

Unless this story is true we know absolutely nothing about the act of Creation; we know no more about the beginning of "things" than we do about the ending of "things." But how can we know anything? In the infinite universe, our own little universe, although of such stupendous proportions to us, is but a little dot, our own solar system a tiny speck, our habitation, the earth, a microscopic grain, and we, as Bertrand Russell puts it, "tiny lumps of impure carbon and water of complicated structure, with somewhat unusual physical and chemical properties."

We are aware that this definition neglects the spiritual and intellectual side of man, but nevertheless with these facts in mind, we are only apostles of the obvious when we say that we know nothing of the act, or story, of Creation. But the very knowledge of our ignorance makes us both admire and respect our remote ancestors who penned so beautiful an allegory from the inspiration they attained in their own efforts to reach the truth.

There is always an early morning twilight, or half light, before the dawn, and in the first rays of knowledge many laughed at this first story of Creation, but as the light of knowledge grows we find a new respect and a new love for it.

It is easier to believe blindly than it is to think accurately, but believing, and controversy about beliefs, must have stimulated men to think. But now in the light of modern knowledge which, however, is still very meagre compared with what there is to know, man must both believe and think differently from his ancestors.

Since the days of those five great "Torch Bearers," Nicolaus Copernicus (1473-1543), Tycho Brahe (1546-1601), Johann Kepler (1573-1630), Galileo Galilei (1564-1642), and Isaac Newton (1642-1727), we are living in a different world, so far as human knowledge goes. The first fruits of this new knowledge should have been to humble arrogant spirits, as the earth lost its proud position, assigned to it by man, as the centre of all things, and was seen to be

but a tiny microscopic grain in an indefinite universe.

Before the days of the work and discoveries of these "Torch Bearers," the earth was the centre of the universe, and the sun, the moon, the planets, the stars, and the heavens themselves were all thought to have been created to dance attendance on our globe, and solely for the service of mankind. But since their work our knowledge has so increased that wise men have lost their arrogance, and with reverence, bow their heads and acknowledge frankly that finite man can, perhaps, never know the infinite Creator or Creative Power, who must be infinitely greater, infinitely wiser, infinitely more powerful, infinitely more wonderful, infinitely better, than any man-like God, as we know man. In all probability we are absolutely wrong in applying human, limiting attributes to the Creative Power, but it must have been useful in the schoolroom days of man's history when the foundations on which we have built our civilisation were laid.

We always like to remember with respect and affection those forerunners of the "Torch Bearers," the old Babylonian Shepherds, "who watched their flocks by night," and at the same time studied the stars, and were the first to find and name our planets, and called them "the wanderers." They were the first observers, and observation is the father of inspiration, and inspiration the father of knowledge.

Knowledge advanced but slowly in those long ages between the days of our first observers, the shepherds, and the era of the "Torch Bearers," but in the interval between Copernicus and Newton there came a change in the spirit of man's dreams, which paved the way for the still greater change which came about between the days of Newton and the present.

Man now began to realise that it was better to think than to believe, and that his only chance of rising higher in the scale of existence, and of knowledge, was to study the Works of the Creator, and by seeking, to learn as much as he could about the wonderful world he was living in, and, if possible, something about the universe of which his world is such a tiny speck.

And it thus came about that the age of science was born.

With the birth of science came that great conflict between those who wanted to learn the truth of Nature's laws through research, and those who wanted to control the beliefs of man by dogma. And there followed prosecutions, persecutions, and crucifixions. But that is another story. "Where passion rules, how weak does reason prove!"

But finally out of the confusion grew the age of inquiry, when many men gave up the

struggle of certifying the unknowable, and devoted their lives to putting questions to Nature and trying to get answers that would enable them to turn the resources of Nature to the service of man, so that they could live securer, better, and more useful lives.

Since then we have learned much, and the seemingly unknowable has often become the known, and more miracles are recorded now almost every day because of inquiring minds than were anticipated anywhere before in all the ages.

We were not put into the world merely to believe. We were apparently put here to improve, to develop, to think, to work, and to learn; one of the greatest blessings the Creator has given us in our schoolroom is the eternal question mark. The How? The Where? The When? The Why? And little children seem to be almost the only ones that understand this.

But Longfellow knew it when he wrote:

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day."

The Creator gave us the most wonderful textbooks if we will only learn how to use them. The Creator's manuscripts are a million times more durable, instructive, and interesting than any old papyri, parchments, or printed books. The rocks are some of the manuscripts of the Creator. Longfellow, who presided at Agassiz's 50th birthday party, read on that occasion a poem he had written to commemorate the event, from which we quote two verses:

"And Nature, the old Nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: 'Here is a story book
Thy father has written for thee.

"'Come, wander with me,' she said,
'Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.'"

Indeed, the rocks are the manuscripts of the Creator. In them lie the history of the world, the history of the microbes, the history of the plants, the history of the animals, the history of man, the history of so many things, but not the history of Creation—the beginning of things. That has always had an eternal question mark against it.

Lord Kelvin, then Sir William Thomson, in his presidential address before the British Association, in the year 1871, suggested that the germ of life might have reached our planet on a meteorite, and, we believe, appointed a committee to examine every meteorite that fell to the earth to see if any signs of life could be found in them. But that would not have settled the question, as Tom Taylor so wittily said in "Punch" for August 12th of that same year; from his poem, which was entitled "The Truth After Thomson," we take the following lines:—

(Continued on page 10.)



OVER 400 TRAINS RUN OUT OF SYDNEY EVERY DAY.
WE DON'T BLAME THEM!

The most noticeable difference between a liquor-seller and, say, a rattlesnake, is that the liquor person sells his poison.

It is inexplicable that any civilised community that heavily fines a milkman for putting water in the milk, or a butcher if he should sell tubercular meat, gives a license and legal protection to those who put poison in the water they sell.

Perhaps the two best known hotels in Australia are the Hotel Australia and the Wentworth Hotel. Both of these high-class hotels have been convicted this year for selling adulterated poison.

Hotel Australia was convicted at Central Summons Court on two counts of having sold spirits that were not true to label. It was stated that bulk whisky was served out of a Dewar's bottle to customers in the bar.

Fines of £2 and £3 with £3/2/6 costs in each case were imposed.

Mr. Hughes, for the defendants, stated that the liquor was supplied under circumstances unknown to the management. The action was disobedience on the part of some member of the staff who could not be traced. He gave an assurance that the deceit would not be practised in future.

THE BABY-KILLING CAMPAIGN.

"Sixty per cent. of all babies born of cigarette-smoking mothers die before they reach the age of two, due primarily to nicotine poisoning."

This startling statement was made by Dr. Charles D. Barber, of Lansing, Michigan, before the annual convention of the American Association for Medico-Physical Research.

"A baby born of a cigarette-smoking mother is sick," he declared. "It is poisoned and may die within two weeks of birth. The post mortem examination shows degeneration of the liver, heart and other organs."

Dr. J. H. Kellogg, who has a world-wide reputation, says:—

"Married women, particularly young nursing mothers, would be well advised to leave tobacco alone altogether.

"Every year the number of cases of nervous breakdown which can be fairly ascribed to excessive smoking increases.

"Smoking is much more injurious to women than to men. Nicotine is a muscular depressant and lowers the activity and vitality. Women smoke nervously. Their nervous condition develops anaemia and other ills to which the sex is susceptible."

MILK.

Dr. Arthur, Minister for Health, is very rightly using his high position to serve the whole community. The little doctor is a wonderfully well-informed man, and, having a very definite conviction of what will be beneficial to the community, proceeds to carry out his purpose with patient persistence. He remains unmoved by the gibes of the ignorant or the sneers of his political opponents.

The doctor is not only conferring great benefits by wise counsel given whenever he has opportunity, but he is setting a fine example to all those in public life by his devotion to duty and his loyalty to his high ideals.

This week, thanks to the doctor's persistence, the public have had deeply impressed upon them the great value of milk.

Here is a milk item that very few fully appreciate:—

"The important relation between good nerves and good milk is brought out by Mrs. Mary Swartz Rose, well-known food specialist, as a result of extensive research in the nutrition of children.

"Calcium has long been established as an important contribution of milk to the needs of the body. That calcium is necessary for the nervous system, too, is now expressed by Mrs. Rose.

"The need of calcium for the growth of bone is quite obvious," she says. "The control of calcium over the nervous system is exemplified in the tetany or the spasmodic twitching of the legs occurring in infants with low calcium rickets."

"Mrs. Rose points out that 'every year for the last decade has added to the accumulation of evidence that the best foundation for health is an adequate supply of milk.' Since this accumulated evidence now shows that the nervous system as well as bones and teeth need calcium, the reasons are made stronger for including a daily quart of milk and green leafy vegetables in every child's diet."

GOVERNMENT EXTRAVAGANCE.

The world over "Government red tape" is only to be matched by Government extravagance."

Waste, waste and still more waste is the hall mark of a Government department, U.S.A.

Secretary of the Navy Wilbur was speaking at a dinner on the topic of extravagance.

"It is prevalent in almost every Government department. Thousands of dollars worth of stuff is bought that is never used, soon becomes obsolete and has to be junked.

Some of the purchasers are too much like Sammy Cohen.

"Sammy's wife rushed up to him one day and exclaimed: 'Look, papa! Ikey's cold is all better and we still got left a box of cough drops!'

"O, vot extravagance!' exclaimed Sammy. 'Tell Abie to go out and get his feet vet!'"

PROUD OF HIS DEGRADATION.

There is in Sydney a pseudo-Bohemian who is reckoned by his acquaintances as the most unmoral man they know. He was describing a Saturday afternoon orgy, at the end of which he woke up to find himself asleep on a late ferryboat. Also, he had forgotten the Sunday beer.

"But Jimmy and Rod had two bottles each, so, without waking them, I collared the lot and got home," he said, almost proudly.

"What!" cried one of his listeners, indignantly. "Took your mates' beer? You ought to've been shot."

"I was," grinned the unmoral man, cheerfully.

Yet he was educated, civilised and had been brought up to know Christian standards.

THE COST OF LIVING.

Nothing amuses me more than to read the statements of those who give evidence before the Cost of Living Commission.

It reads like a fairy tale.

The man who must have silk shirts, the woman who feeds her man on three pounds of meat a day, the pyjamas that last two years and many other items quite unknown to anyone but freaks.

Reading some evidence last week, it made me think of the man whose ambition was to have a suit of clothes for each day. I smiled. I have that, but it's the same one. A lot of the evidence makes me think of the corrections necessary in the following incident:—

Three Americans met. After the usual greeting, A inquired how B's brother was getting on. "Fine," was the answer. "He went out to Cleveland, engaged in the wholesale jewellery business and cleaned up \$40,000 last year, didn't he, Mo?" turning to C for confirmation of his statement.

"Well," replied the latter, "your information needs a little correction. In the first place, it wasn't Cleveland, it was Chicago. Second, it wasn't a wholesale business, it was retail. Third, it wasn't \$40,000, it was only \$4,000, and, in the fourth place, he didn't make it, he lost it."

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A Personal Chat with my readers

THE AIRMEN LOST AND FOUND.

The newspapers play an increasingly large part in life. They decide the things we may know about, the things we may be excited about, and they are "infallible" when it comes to what Parliament should, or should not, do.

New South Wales pays at least five to six thousand pounds each day for its newspapers.

These papers come to us from unknown writers, financed from unknown sources, with unknown qualifications for dictating to us.

The "Sun" decides that the only momentous thing in the world to-day is the private air flight of four men. These men are not attempting a new thing, for it has been done several times. The flight has no distinctively scientific or commercial value. It may be described as an interesting sporting event. But the "Sun" decided that public interest and enthusiasm should be focussed on this air flight, and that ends the matter.

The "Sun" is proud of its selection of matters which it magnified to the exclusion of all other questions. It announces that on—

14/9/26 the Murulla smash was used by them to the extent of selling 239,452 copies of their paper. Not one person in twenty can now recall one single fact about this smash.

1/11/27 the Melbourne Cup was the next occasion of their exploiting the public, to whom they sold 242,697 copies.

4/11/27 the Greycliff collision in the harbour was written up and 281,628 copies sold.

16/12/28 the Test Match was the means of their selling 261,994 copies.

Now they joyfully announce that the disappearance of the Southern Cross was used so wisely by them that they sold 335,000 copies of their paper.

Prohibition, which has national, moral, social and economical value, was left severely alone by the "Sun" except that they graciously permitted me to insert advertisements at a cost of twenty-five shillings an inch per insertion paid in advance, knowing that I was right and that the liquor people were wrong and that the people were in the dark on this vital question. But the "Sun," which grows hysterical over the possible loss of four men, was callously indifferent to the loss of 50,000 men and women yearly to drink.

The tomb of our civilisation may be inscribed:

Here lies MODERN CIVILISATION, Exploited, Vitiated, Misled and Killed by the Press.

The doings of brave men are always of interest and of value, but when such things are magnified out of all proportion then a positive injury is done to the community.

A QUESTION OF DEAFNESS.

When Lorimer wrote "The Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," he wrapped up much valuable advice in many a quaint story. The old merchant told his son that, "while marriages may be made in Heaven, most of the courting is done in the parlour with the light turned so low that you can't get a good, square look at what you are taking." He quaintly emphasised the fact that it is much easier to hear a compliment than a rebuke, and that ten stone on your knee while you are courting is much lighter than one foot on your toe afterwards.

But I started out to say something about our deafness. It has become a proverb that there are none so deaf as those who won't hear. It is the "non-hearing" church-goer who is one of the greatest problems of to-day. When your pet fox-terrier doses on the hearth-rug, you may talk of the Southern Cross, of Anzac Day and the Test cricket matches, and he will not cock an ear. He would seem to be dead rather than deaf, but whisper "Cats!" and he is on his feet with a very wide-awake look in his eye and a very emphatic wag of his tail.

We humans in church are very like the terrier on the rug.

Say "missionary meeting," "prayer meeting" or "deficit" and the congregation remains as unmoved as the dog. Are they dead or deaf? Then you say "tea-meeting" or "a free show" and there is a stir and a mild response. Say "holidays and a motor trip" and the animation reminds you of the eye-glinting, tail-wagging dog.

I feel that, as a "clerical alarm clock," I have gone off so frequently without response that someone had better take my place who can substitute a bucket of ice water for the alarm clock.

A farmer had a horse he wanted to sell, but he could not furnish the animal with a very good recommendation. He was out driving one day with a summer visitor when the latter noticed that the horse often stopped.

"What's the matter with your horse?" he asked. "Is he balky?" "No," the farmer

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION

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

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SYDNEY, APRIL 25, 1929.

answered, "there's nothing really the matter with him. He's just so afraid that someone will say 'Whoa!' and he won't hear it that he stops to listen!"

Many Christians are like that horse. There is no word they like better than "Whoa!" and they are always hoping to hear it. Any excuse they can find for knocking off work they seize upon instantly. If no one else says "Whoa!" they say it themselves. It is surprising how easy it is for some folks to hear "Whoa!"

Most of our Christianity is conventional, half-hearted and lukewarm. This explains why it has never stopped war, banished slums and reclaimed vice-ridden slaves.

Water is nice cool; it is useful warm, but not until it boils is it powerful.

Real Christians are as uncompromising and as uncomfortable as boiling water.

The world calls such Christians "narrow"; if they wanted a more accurate term they could have used the word "intense." Such Christians have ever been designated "fanatics," which sounds nasty, but it only means "enthusiast" and is a compliment.

Ruth le Prade puts it wisely in these lines:—

We are unconquered—

Though hated we refuse to hate;

Though bound our spirits still are free;

Though murdered we refuse to slay.

We stand serene and dare affirm—

Our country is the world;

Our brothers are all men;

Our law is Love;

Freedom and peace our cause.

(Continued on page 10.)

LIQUOR IN POLITICS.

GOVERNMENT CONTROL A FAILURE.

By ROSAMUND DUFF, Field Secretary, Ontario W.C.T.U.

There is no one method of dealing with the liquor traffic in Canada. Each of the nine provinces has the handling of its own question. After the closing for ten years of sale of liquor in Ontario there came a day in 1926, a year before the full parliamentary term had expired, when, without consulting the members of the legislature, the Prime Minister and his colleagues went to the country in a general election upon a "Government Control" policy. Little time was given the dry forces to prepare for this onslaught. The word "control" was heard instead of unrestricted sale; "profits to the province" instead of to the bootlegger; "true temperance" rather than wide-open law violation. Enormous sums were spent by the government supporters in the campaign and the government was returned to power. Thus, what the liquor interests could not secure by direct vote of the people, they were able to gain by political manoeuvring.

PROFITS FOR LIQUOR INTERESTS.

In Port Colbourne a Y.P.B. was formed. The day following I was taken to see a new distillery under construction, and learned that the president of this new Highland Scotch distillery was a member of the Ontario Parliament, who was working for Government Control. And while he was saying "do away with the bootlegger and the drinking among young people," the building was being rushed to completion, awaiting the prospective day of sale. A winery of that district also was visited; the proprietor evidently took me for a buyer, not recognising my white ribbon pin, for as he showed me his plant he told me of how he was supporting the Government sale man, and that if a "dry" should be elected his winery might be closed. He showed me 90 great tanks holding 9,000 gallons of wine each and two others containing over 11,000 gallons each. This was just one of the many wineries preparing for Government sale.

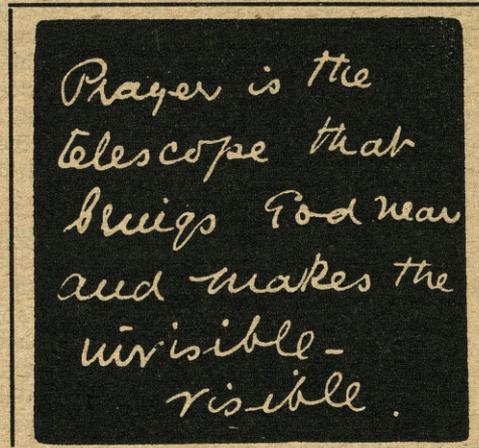
December 1, 1926, the bootleggers again showed where their support lay. Our city elected 15 Government Control or Sale members. In previous elections, Toronto had nine ridings, but the government, planning for victory, made a redistribution, giving 15 ridings, each of which returned a wet majority. The 10 dry districts of Ontario were eliminated and 11 urban districts created. Ontario lost the Ontario Temperance Act. The work of 50 years, the work of our mothers, fathers and grandparents, was discarded. What happened then?

The day following the Toronto stock market went frantic. They were unable to cope with the flood of orders. Brewing and distilling stocks soared to highest peaks. The papers each day carried liquor stock ads.

LIQUOR PRODUCTION MORE THAN DOUBLE.

Ontario has had five distilleries, each of which I have seen. Within two years we are doubling that number, and rumors are that this 100 per cent. increase in liquor production is to be still greater. In September the papers reported, "At the present time incorporation has been completed, or is nearing completion, of five distilleries in the border cities, representing a total capitalisation of over \$10,000,000."

That is not all. I have a Liquor Control Board of Ontario Price List No. 1, September 1, 1927. In it all information as to



quantity, quality, prices, mail orders, and shipments may be found, also the location of the stores all over the province to that date, and on the back pages a list of the breweries co-operating with the Government in its business. Under the Ontario Temperance Act these places could not legally sell in the province and their stock dropped. Now a tremendous trade is lining up and plans are being made to safeguard the present law. A policy is being followed in Ontario of selling brewery stock in small lots to as many people as possible. They hope to get so many citizens owning brewery and distillery stock, it will entrench them for years to come against any change in the law. They and their friends will be a powerful influence in politics. In one city this spring a mother told me there was to be a new brewery established there. She had four little sons, her husband was investing and she was heart broken.

The new Peace Bridge was opened last year between our two countries. Now there is to be a Peace Bridge brewery on our side.

Everywhere you go you see the additions to old establishments, and the new cropping up. The Government's co-operation has been the boon they have worked unceasingly for, and now they have it completely. Our Ontario coat of arms sanctions the whole traffic.

Advertising is not permitted under the Liquor Control Act, but come with me to Toronto and I will show you a corner store with white boarding and a great red hand on it pointing north, and below are these words: "Brewery 200 yards north on Niagara St." The brewery thus advertised needs no such sign, having been there since before I was born. Out on our highway there is a great winery sign. Listen in on the radio; the strongest broadcasting station in Canada, CKGW, is enticing young people to tune in Sunday noon to a wonderful concert programme. Again, in their evening programme, we get "O'Keefe's Sparklers." Who are they? Come to our great Canadian National Exhibition and see over six booths the name "O'Keefe's," and below it their advertisements for beer and ale with the ginger ale and soft drinks. Of course it is 4.4 per cent. they sell there, and not the 9 per cent. of the Government stores. You will see young boys trying their first bottles of habit-forming alcoholic liquors.

Speaking in a high school one day I found a ruler on the principal's desk which read: "Drink Carling's Beer," the reverse side said: "The beer that made Milwaukee anxious." Children on the streets of London, Ontario, wear Labatt's Brewery caps. And so the names of the liquor manufacturers are broadcast each day in many ways.

Under Government Control we do not patronise the home industries only, but buy in huge quantities from abroad. Recently on a Sunday night a wet cargo of 60,000 cases from Scotland docked at Toronto, and as Sir Henry Drayton, Chairman of the Liquor Board, commented: "It is just like getting your coal supply for the winter."

PROBLEMS OF HOME BREW AND BOOTLEGGING.

Liquor Control in Ontario has not eliminated home brew. The chairman of the board is reported as entirely out of sympathy with the privilege granted by the Dominion Government. No permit is required to brew for family use, but it is necessary to notify the nearest collector of Customs and Excise.

The Provincial Government has opened hundreds of places of sale for the thirsty permit holders, but no revenue is received by them for the thousands of gallons of home brew. Home brew advertising matter for supplies of all kinds may be seen all over our city. Recently a young married woman came asking protection for her little children. Her husband made home brew and gave it to them. I applied to the Children's Aid Society and was informed nothing could be done. The law allowed it. The only relief would be a covering charge of non-support made by the wife against him.

Fall fairs in Ontario now openly offer prizes for grape, rhubarb, raspberry and elderberry wines, etc.

(Continued on page 12.)

Creation—

(Continued from page 6.)

"But say, whence on these meteors life began,
By whose collision came the germs of man?
Still hangs the veil across the searcher's track,
We have but thrust the mystery one stage back.
Below the earth the elephant we've found,
Below him of the tortoise touched the ground;
But what the tortoise bears? Dig as we will,
Beneath us lies a deep unsounded still."

Science is only organised knowledge, and, as such, is the great antidote for the poison of superstition and fear. Those that think that Science has dethroned God are mistaken. There shall ever be the unknowable, but science has given us respect, veneration, love, and worship for the Creative Power. It has put the main spring into modern life, where every one of intelligence has an aim and object in living. It has given us the privilege and pleasure alike, of wanting to find out the Creator's laws—which are the laws of Nature—the laws that govern the movement of the heavenly bodies, and every act, and every motion of human beings, and everything that has life, and has not life, in all the universe.

We have only been on the right track for a very short time, but just consider what we have learned from the Rocks alone since the days of "Strata" Smith, Charles Darwin, and Alfred Russell.

The story of the evolution of the species, as unfolded by the study of the fossil-bearing rocks, has given us a reasonably perfect picture of the tree of life from the single-celled Protozoa to the most complicated, highly organised, but still developing, "Supreme Mammal." If we could once learn the story of how Nature first organised unorganised inert matter in the first single cell of life, we possibly should have solved the problem of the origin of life. At present we can conceive of life only as coming from life. The origin of life is still a mystery. We are, however, beginning to learn something of how the green leaf—that small, but most important factory in Nature's extensive realm—through the catalytic action of its chlorophyll, is able to use the sun's rays in the process of photosynthesis, and thus build up the carbon compounds such as the starches and sugars, from air, water and salts.

We believe that everything that has life, with the possible single exception of the bacteria, in the last analysis, depends upon the green leaf for food—and so, for life.

If we give the reins to our imagination and let it run wild for a moment, we can picture in a period a few millions, or few hundred million years ago, before the first protist (those single-celled entities that had not settled whether to become vegetable or

animals) had appeared, a single cell—not quite a living cell—but almost a living cell—a partly organised cell—that in some unknown way manufactured the first green pigment on our earth. It (the green pigment) might have had chlorophyll, or something like chlorophyll, which made it possible for it to utilise the energy of the sun's rays in breaking up the carbon dioxide, and thus building up in itself the first spark of life on our earth—and the first speck of food for life on our earth—because life must feed on life. What a story from the first organised single cell to man!!!

We are constantly walking into new worlds; that is the joy of life. The Microbe Hunters opened up a new and astonishing world for us. William Dalton with his atomic theory in the last years of the 18th century opened up another world in the realm of chemistry. The telescope has opened up new worlds to us. Sir Joseph Thomson in the last year of the last century propounded his electron theory and thus opened up one of the most wonderful worlds of all. Each successive new world we discover reveals more of the wonders of the Creator's work, and makes our world a better and pleasanter place to live in.

No form of society can be considered successful where the greater number are poor and miserable. Science is the greatest agent of democracy in the world. Scientists are not working to make the rich man richer and the poor man poorer. They are working so that the blessings that the Creator has given us can be more equally shared by all. And they are doing it.

We feel that Dr. Whitney is right when he says "Scientific Research, in its various fields, develops in one who watches it an ever increasing appreciation of Creation." So—

"Let Knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell."

—Tennyson.

—J. R. H.

Personal Chat—

(Continued from page 8.)

We are not beast that we should desolate
The earth in blood and tears and broken lives;
We are not fiends that we should make hell real—
But we are men with courage and vision.

And we shall build the world anew!

Your chains can never bind our souls,
Your swords can never kill our dream.

It is unconquerable—

It shall endure,

Until mankind is free!

And war in field or shop shall be no more!

The Editor

Hoover's Text—

(Continued from page 3.)

the Divine Hand must certainly be seen, the rest of the world will be brought into line, so that the prosperity and happiness so evident here may be the portion of those peoples who have been cursed by waste and bad government.

I am mindful of many things that mar the great nation. In all things, "even crime," the Yanks do a big job, but no nation has had, or still has, the difficulties that confront the United States.

It is difficult to control, or alter, the ways of those large groups of peoples from other nations who, in the last fifty years, have flocked to these shores. Many have taken advantage of the new freedom, and chance, extended to them.

But the future is bright with hope. I see everywhere happy children who are the offspring of many people who were reared in lands where their chance was limited. Eventually the great system of education and the force of just government will win.

The United States is a giant, and the struggles of a giant are always more noticeable than those of a small or medium man.

I firmly believe that there are fewer people here inclined to crime than anywhere I have lived, and I have lived in many places.

Most people are too busy at honest work; they never see the crime; they would not know it existed if it were not for the Press. And with a Press which is alert to feature crime, sure, it looks bigger than it really is.

A soup stain on the front of a nice coat always looks bad; a crime is just like a soup stain on a nation; perhaps more difficult to remove, but with men like Herbert Hoover, and with a people becoming more intelligent and prosperous, sure, there is great hope.

One thing is certain—that no previous President was better fitted to guide this great nation than he who was left a poor boy without parents, who had to battle his way washing dishes so that he could get the good education he received, he who has worked as an engineer in many lands (and he has been given credit for making many mines a success), he who is often found in God's house of worship. Yes, sir, I feel that it is more than accident that any President should kiss, or place his hand on, the Bible, often picking the place himself.

Let me repeat the words of Herbert Hoover's text. They are wonder words:

"When there is no vision the people perish, but he that keepeth the law, happy is he."

God grant him wisdom in the great task that lies before him.

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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.

A SPLENDID BOY.

A poor widow in one of our American States had a bright boy, and she made up her mind that her boy would have the best education. She worked hard to keep him at school, and he came through well; graduated at the top of the class, taking the highest honours and winning the gold medal for special excellence in study. The day for graduating came round, and the boy came to her and said: "Mother, I graduate to-day; you have got to come and see me." She was poor, and did not want to go, but he said: "Mother, I owe everything in the world to you; you have got to go; I won't graduate unless you do go." At last the mother consented. She had nothing very nice to wear, but the boy helped her, put on her shawl, took her arm, and walked her through town down to the church, where the great exercises were to take place. He took his mother down the aisle and seated her amongst the grandest people in the town. When he delivered his valedictory, received his diploma, and received his special gold medal, he walked down from the platform to where the poor mother was sitting, and pinned the gold medal on her shawl, saying: "There, mother; that belongs to you," amidst applause. I tell you that's a boy worth having. But that mother had done nothing for that boy compared with what Christ has done for you. Get up and confess Him before the world, and say: "All that I have I owe to Him."

—Uncle B.

OUR LETTER BAG.

OFF.

Amy Mitchell, Macquarie Road, Grey-stanes, via Wentworthville, writes: Will you please cross my name off the scallywag list and will you please forgive me for being so neglectful? The last letter you wrote to me you asked me to tell you all about my Christmas. I went to Timor for ten days. I started on the day before Christmas at twenty minutes past ten and arrived at Timor at about eleven o'clock. Well, Uncle B, I hope you are getting on all right and that none of your Ni's and Ne's are deserting you. We have just got a new head-master at school. I hope to pass the Q.C. this year.

(Dear Amy,—You are off that black list—and if you pass the Q.C. this year we will all be proud of you. I am glad you had such a nice Christmas holiday. I am not on speaking terms with holidays—would not know one if I saw it. I wish, however, someone would introduce me to one about three months long.—Uncle B.)

A STORY.

Amy Williams, "Bark Hill," Bairnsdale, Victoria, writes: I received my last letter in "Grit" about four weeks ago. I shall tell you a story told to us children at church one Sunday by Mr. Nance-Kivell, whom you met at tea at Lakes Entrance on your way here. One day there was a little girl who lived with her mother and father in a palace. The butler lived next door in a little hut in England. The little girl's parents went away, leaving a valuable gold plate in the cellar, and giving her the key to take care of. The butler said to himself, "I am going to get that gold plate." So he went in and said to the little girl, "I want the key to the cellar, for I want to clean it out," but the little girl said, "No!" So he went out, and, a while after he crept in and got behind an armchair in the little girl's room. When the girl went to go to bed, she saw his feet under the chair, but she said nothing. Then she said her prayers, and asked God how to take care of the gold plate, and put the key on her table, and blew out the lamp. The butler ran up, grabbed the key, went to the cellar and unlocked the door; but in his excitement he left the key in the door. The little girl crept down and pushed the door shut and locked him in until she got help. "Be sure your sin will find you out."

We often go for a swim in the lake at home. In the holidays we used to go for a swim nearly every morning, and sometimes at night. Next Sunday it is harvest festival, and on Monday there is going to be a concert held in the school. The Bairnsdale Methodist Choir is holding it. None of us school children are in it.

(Dear Amy,—Thank you for your interesting story. I hope to pass through Melbourne in May, but am sorry to say I won't have time to do as I did last time, go by car and pay you a visit. I am glad I took that trip and had that lovely outing on the river. My love to you all.—Uncle B.)

A NEW ONE.

Colin C. Mottram, "Watersleigh," Nowra, writes: I would like to become one of your Ne's, as I have been interested in others' letters. I hope I am not too old. I will be 16 on the 11th April, but I suppose it is better late than never.

I live on a dairy farm about 10 miles up the Shoalhaven River from the Nowra Bridge.

Now I will take you to my home (in imagination), which is situated on a hill overlooking the river, with a wall of mountains on the opposite side of our farm forming a valley which the Shoalhaven River flows through.

At present the farm looks very pretty after the beautiful rain.

I ride a push-bike to Nowra High School, which is about eight miles from here.

THE HORRID CITY.

Wes. Brown, "Taylor's Plains," Narrabri, writes: We arrived at our new home, safe and sound, on Saturday morning, the 16th March, and we had a very good trip. I enjoyed myself very much in our holiday. I do not like the city at all, but I do the suburbs. When we first went down we stopped at my uncle's place in Parramatta. Perhaps you know him? His name is Mr. Putland, and he is the Methodist Minister. We stayed there for about a week and then we went to Guildford for a week. I enjoyed myself very much. We went out to Brighton-le-Sands and had a very good time. Another day, Fred Taylor (he is a friend of ours), Jim and I walked to Fairfield and hired a boat. I was at the stern and steered it all the time. We went for about six miles up the river. We bought some soft drinks and fruit for our dinner at a little shop on the bank of the river.

I do not like the city because of the crowd and the crush. One could not go across the street without running and dodging in and out amongst the trams and cars, and then there is the danger of being knocked down.

When we left Guildford we went to Granville and stayed with my grandma. I went to school there, and I liked it. We were there for about three weeks. I will be starting school next Tuesday.

(Dear Wes.—So you don't like our rushing, crowded, jostling, dirty, noisy old city? I am not surprised. You will see in this issue that the Clown says: "400 trains run out of Sydney every day, and he does not blame them." I am glad you had such a good trip and hope you will like your new home. I also hope you will see me when you come again to Sydney.—Uncle B.)

A LOVELY TRIP.

Una Waters, Holly Rd., Burradoo, writes: It is raining up here, and as I did not go to school I thought I had better write to you. Father took my sister and I to Meryla on Saturday. We drove to the top of the mountain and then walked through the bush and came to the top of Crankey Falls, where we got a beautiful view of the Meryla Valley and Kangaroo Valley.

The falls are very beautiful—the water falls like a bridal veil for about 200 feet.

We boiled the billy and had lunch there, and then went on through the bush to the top of what is called Seery's Mountain. Father showed us a place on the rocks where the blacks in the olden times used to sharpen their stone tomahawks.

We could see the cliff on the other side, and away down in the valley—where there was a little hut.

There was a bridle track leading down the mountain. We went down the track

(Continued on page 14.)

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Liquor in Politics—

(Continued from page 9.)

In the days of the Ontario Temperance Act we were told that when "good liquor" could be obtained, no one would want the poison stuff. Yet so great is the use of rubbing alcohol as a beverage that one of the liquor commissioners declared "75 per cent. of all this alcohol now sold is bought for drinking purposes." Our courts and our city rescue missions are now dealing with the wrecks made by the vile poison known as "canned heat."

GOVERNMENT CONTROL A HUGE SUCCESS—FOR THE PRODUCER?

Under Government Control, increase of facilities for sale means increase of sale of liquor, increase of drinking, increase of accidents, and increase of crime.

I have tried to present a picture of what Government Control of so-called "True Temperance" policy has meant to Ontario.

1. Manufacture has not been stopped, but has had a great increase, and every quart manufactured is meant to be sold.

2. The Government has taken responsibility for the sale.

3. The Government has issued 366,696 permits to Ontario residents this year at \$2.00 each. This means permission, not prohibition, with greatly increased home and social drinking.

4. Estimated sale this year was nearly \$60,000,000, or over a million dollars a week. Our per capita drink bill has now risen to about \$17. The Government pockets \$9,000,000, and the brewers and distillers get the rest.

5. The drinker spends his two dollars for the permit, pays cash for liquor, gets drunk and smashed up. Then he pays a fine to the Government or goes to gaol. The Government wins again and calls it a great success. The former chairman of the Liquor Control Board said in November, 1927: "So the greater the success in selling liquor and in money making the greater our failure will be." To the citizens of Ontario, Government control, or Liquor Control and Government Sale, is the greatest failure in history.

—The Canadian White Ribbon Tidings.

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Band of Hope Lessons—

(Continued from page 4.)

meter shortly after food is taken it is greater than before; if after taking alcohol (though the face may look flushed) the heat is less. Indeed, when doctors wish to lower the temperature of a sick person they sometimes give alcohol in order to do so.

DOES ALCOHOL GIVE FORCE TO THE BODY?

Lastly, does alcohol help to move the body or to give it force? Many lads have been tempted to break their pledge because they have been told that they could work harder after drinking beer. We may answer this best by saying that whenever men have been tried at hard work, with and without alcohol, the teetotallers have always come out best in the end. Dr. Parkes, for example, a clever doctor, who some years ago studied this question, once tested a set of navvies who were working at Haslar—20 men were in each set, and each set was put to work for three days to dig a trench a certain depth and width. One gang was allowed any stimulant they chose; the others only drank water. At first the drinkers went ahead, but before the first day was over the abstainers had caught them up; the second day the abstainers went ahead, and by the end of the third day the users of strong drink were left far behind. Then the gangs were changed; the drinkers had to abstain, and the abstainers took stimulants. The new abstainers now got first, and the new drinkers were left behind.

So we learn that alcohol cannot be a food, because it does not build up the body; neither does it help to warm it, nor move it about—to give it force, as we call it. So I hope no boy or girl will be foolish enough to think that they must take alcohol to become healthy and strong. Just the opposite is the case.

BEER PROFITEERS.

Some months ago the following advertisement appeared in a British Columbia journal:

"Do you know that a well-known British Columbia brewery paid its shareholders 800 per cent. on their investments?"

"Do you know that the annual report of a Quebec brewery last year showed a surplus of over 3,000,000 dollars, and paid a profit for that year amounting to over 1,250,000,000 dollars, selling beer at 8 dollars a barrel less than the price received by the brewers here?"

"Do you know that there is more profit made from a brewery in British Columbia, with a sale of 200 barrels, than from a flowing oil well with a production of 2,000 barrels a day?"

This open solicitation for investments in liquor enterprises should be the very thing to open the eyes of Canadians to the seriousness of the present liquor situation in our Dominion, and bring the voters to ponder the abject idiocy of the widespread wet propaganda to the effect that legal provision for sale of liquor, by making it easier to procure, will promote temperance and thus help to realise the aims of the prohibitionists.

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HOLE IN ONE.

"Have you heard that our friend Meyer has become rich at a single stroke?"
 "No. How did it come about?"
 "His wealthy uncle had the stroke."

PULL OVER TO THE CURB.

I'm wise to the ways of the traffic cop,
 But not to the ways of Sue.
 When her eyes say "Go" and her lips say
 "Stop,"
 What is a chap to do?

HOPE.

Hope is all that makes life interesting,
 and no one is too poor to possess it. A
 suburban man has noticed that even a dog
 with fleas always seems to hope they'll
 bite him in a place he can scratch.

TIMELY DISCIPLINE.

Grandmother: "Well, dear, have you done
 your good deed to-day?"
 Boy Scout: "Yes—I've taught Cousin Lucy
 not to poke her tongue out at Boy Scouts!"

CALL THE CLERGYMAN.

A doctor declares that kissing shortens
 life. We presume he means single life.

NOT A WAITER.

Henderson's evening dress was rather
 old-fashioned. His figure was not one which
 showed clothes to advantage, either. One
 evening, as he stood in the vestibule of a
 large restaurant waiting for his wife, a
 tall, pompous-looking man came up to him.

"I say, my man, are you the head
 waiter?" he drawled.

What Henderson lacked in bearing he
 made up for in quick thinking. Without
 a sign of hesitation he turned to the other.

"No," he said; "but I heard him tell a
 young fellow this afternoon that he didn't
 want to see any more applicants for jobs."

BEAUTY TREATMENT.

Man: "Well, Bobby, how do you like your
 little brother?"

Bobby: "It isn't a boy, it's a girl."

Man: "Your father told me this morning
 it was a boy, and I guess he knows."

Bobby: "I know it's a girl because I saw
 them putting powder on it this morning."

Laugh and the world laughs with you;
 weep and you streak your rouge.

About the only thing that will really stop
 falling hair is the floor.

"Rhubarb? Oh, rhubarb is only celery
 that's gone bloodshot."

OVERLOOKED.

"You are the biggest fool I have ever
 had the misfortune to set eyes on," ex-
 claimed one lawyer to another.
 "Order, Order," said the judge gravely,
 "you seem to forget that I am in the
 room!"

LOVELIER LADY.

If linotypers must make errors, it was
 appropriate that one of them, setting a
 story about a man seeking a divorce, made
 it read that the plaintiff asked the court
 for a change of Venus.

CAUGHT IN COURT.

Prosecuting Sergeant: What caused you
 and your friend to fall out?
 Defendant: He used to think he was
 twins. Every time it was my turn to shout
 he called for a double whisky.

Solicitor: What were the words you took
 exception to?
 Witness: I hardly like to repeat them,
 but they meant I was a vermilion mishap.

Sergeant: You should take more water
 with it, you know.
 Defendant: What! With a free drink?

Magistrate: Why do you refuse to pay
 your rent?
 Fair Tenant: Well, the landlord and I
 entered a convent together, and by not
 paying is the only way I can get out of it.
 Sergeant: I think she means covenant,
 your Worship.

PRACTICAL OPTIMIST.

Bride: "My husband had a hope chest,
 too, before we were married."
 Neighbour: "For mercy sakes! What
 was in it?"
 Bride: "A bushel of socks—he hoped
 someone would darn 'em."

NOT FOR LONG.

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 can sit on a mountain, but not on a tack!

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WHY A MISSIONARY?

Doubters and scoffers may find an answer in the reply of Dr. E. Stanley Jones, famous missionary, evangelist and author, made at a testimonial dinner given to him recently in New York—a dinner attended by 1,000 persons representing twenty-four city, national, and international organisations and numerous denominations. Not because the nations to which they go are the worst in the world, says Dr. Jones, as his reply is summarised in the New York "Christian Advocate" (Methodist). "Paganism is not something that can be pointed to on the map; it is something in the spiritual realm. Frontiers to-day are not geographical, but moral. We go to the East," he says, "because it is a part of the world, and what we believe in for ourselves we believe is valid for the rest of the people of the world. We are not presenting Western civilisation to the East, for Western civilisation is only partly Christian. We tell the East to take what it finds good in our civilisation, but we do not make it the issue." Neither do missionaries impose their ecclesiasticism on the East, "for we have built up around Christianity some things that are Christian and some that are not, some that will stand transplantation and some that will not. We put our ecclesiasticism at the disposal of the East and say, 'Take what is good and will fit into your own national life.'" Dr. Jones goes on: "What we are trying to do is to give them Christ and to let them interpret Him through their own genius and life. If the East can show us something better than the Christ, then we will sit at the feet of the East.

"One of the first things that impel us as missionaries is a basic belief in men. The missionary enterprise believes in people, apart from race, birth, and colour. It says there are no permanently inferior peoples. There are undeveloped races, but there are untold possibilities in every human personality. A negro preacher to the American Indians laid the foundation of the missionary work of the Methodist Church. A Mohammedan looked at some of the outcasts of India who had been lifted out of their lowly condition by Christian missionaries and said, 'Here you have turned animals into men.' There is possibility in every person, no matter how humble his present state.

"We believe that each nation has something to contribute to the life of the human race. It would be a poor thing indeed for us to try to Anglo-Saxonise the world. It takes many instruments to make up a symphony, and many peoples to make a harmonious world. There is no mere giving nation and no mere receiving nation any more. All must be giving, all receiving. We expect to get back from the East as much as, and more than, we give.

"As we believe in the people of the world we want them to develop economically, politically, socially, and morally. We do not

believe the non-Christian faiths can produce this development. No nation can rise higher than its inmost thinking; no nation can be lifted until you lift the ideals that paralyse the life. The bloodclots that paralyse the soul of India are Kismet and Karma. The Hindu gets under difficulty, and says, 'My Karma is bad.' It paralyzes him and he sits down. The Mohammedan gets under difficulty, and he says, 'My Kismet is bad.' Both tend toward fatalism; both tend to produce that fatalistic conception of life that has made the East non-progressive."

India will not permanently rise, believes Dr. Jones, until Kismet and Karma are replaced by the Cross:

"The Cross stands for that optimism won out of the heart of pain. I have looked into the soul of the East; I have let the non-Christian speak at his highest and best, but I have come to the conclusion that these faiths are bankrupt. But they have very great assets; one can still have assets and be bankrupt. They have not sufficient resources to pay off the obligations they owe to their devotees. Every economic and social evil in the East is rooted in religion, and you cannot raise the people in other realms until you change the religions.

"Christ in life is inescapable. An Indian said, 'Begin at India and her needs and you come out at the place of Christ.' It was Henry George who said, 'I love the people and was led to Christ as their best friend'; and it was Cardinal Manning who replied, 'I loved Christ and was led to love the people for whom Christ died.' It was a Hindu who said to me, 'No one but Christ is able to save India.'"

"LIQUOR—NO COAL."

The Finnish Government, says the "Daily Herald" of December 12, has notified the Polish Government that it will prohibit the importation of Polish coal into Finland unless Poland takes steps to prevent the smuggling of alcoholic liquors, according to a Berlin report.

Seven to Seventeen—

(Continued from page 11.)

and when we were tired we sat down under a Kurrajong tree.

Away down at the bottom of the mountain there were some cabbage palms and some tree ferns. It was time to return, so we went back to Crankey Falls and boiled the billy again, and then on to where we had left the pony in a rough yard that father built out of saplings. We had to drive 17½ miles to home and it was quite dark when we arrived home.

(Dear Una,—You make us all wish we had been with you on that lovely trip. I think a waterfall is a lovely sight. I will never forget seeing Niagara Falls. I could have watched it day after day without growing tired of it.—Uncle B.)

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Grit" subscriptions received to 18/4/29, and where not mentioned, the amount is 11/-: J. A. M. Allez, 20/-, 30/12/30; K. D. Downing, 22/2/30; Miss Ida Southwood, 7/- (sales); S. B. Hibbard, 10/- (on a/c.); Miss Marion Marshall, 5/- (sales); Mrs. McNiven, 20/12/29.

The following are paid to 30/12/29: Mrs. Gilseman; C. J. Mannall; Rev. E. E. V. Collocott, 12/-; Miss A. Eaton, 10/1; R. E. Maperson, 21/-; Mrs. J. S. Reid; Mrs. Wiseman; P. E. Wingfield, 12/6; J. W. Butterick, 25/-; Miss B. Graham; Perth Y.M.C.A.; Miss May Smythe; E. Whitten, 13/2.

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- (2) The Rev. R. B. S. HAMMOND.

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THE AUSTRALIAN PRESIDENT.

WELCOME BY WAHROONGA W.C.T.U.

A cordial Welcome Home was extended to Mrs. Strang, Australian President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, ex-President for New South Wales, and Local President of the Wahroonga-Hornsby branch, in the Wahroonga Presbyterian Lecture Hall, on Friday last, at 3 p.m., when the chair was taken by Mrs. Woodhouse Moore, who held the office of Acting-President during Mrs. Strang's absence abroad for nearly 12 months. A large number of the ladies assembled and beautiful floral tributes were presented by Mrs. Sidney Moore, who voiced the welcome to Mrs. Strang. The vocal soloists, Mrs. Pickering and Miss Cooke, were greatly appreciated.

When in Europe, the Australian President acted as leader of a large delegation to the International Congress of the Women's C.T.U. in the University of Lausanne, Switzerland, and was also a delegate to the International Congress of the World League Against Alcoholism in Antwerp, Belgium. At both these Congresses great emphasis was laid on the necessity for educating the young in the principles and benefits of total abstinence, and, as a refutation of the liquor trade's assertion that the youth of America are drinking heavily, an immense exhibit of patriotic rolls was staged at the Lausanne Congress, containing 361,500 signatures to a declaration of personal abstinence and determination to uphold the prohibition law of the United States. These signatures were gathered in the schools and colleges of America.

LIQUOR CONTROL SCHEMES.

At both Congresses discussion took place in connection with various schemes of liquor restriction and control, viz., the Bratt system in Sweden, Government controlled (so-called) in Carlisle, England, Canada and Newfoundland, but the majority of those present realised that unfavourable reports invariably resulted from any system other than that of total prohibition.

The presidential address of Dr. Anna Adams Gordon, World's President of the Women's C.T.U., entitled "We are Winning," gave a masterly review of legislative, educational and social progress in many lands, and stated that the consensus of opinion among leaders of thought and progress was almost unanimously in favour of the outlawing of the alcoholic traffic.

The same tone pervaded the speeches of experts in many departments of life—educational, legal, medical, religious, industrial, etc.—in the Congress at Antwerp.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Mrs. Strang referred to the importance of decisions arrived at in the Assembly of the League of Nations in September last, when

a deferred discussion took place, resulting in an agreement among the delegations to ask the Health Department and the Economic Committee to collect statistical and other information on the subject of alcoholism. In December, 1928, a further step was taken by the Council of the League of Nations, when Finland, Poland and Sweden were invited to submit a list of suggestions as to what line of action could be taken by the League. This brings the long-desired international investigation within the scope of the League's objects of study.

THE SOCIAL HALF-HOUR.

Among those present were four officers of the Wahroonga-Hornsby Union (Miss E. A. Pulsford and Mrs. H. M. Ford, Hon. Secretaries, and Miss Busby and Mrs. Champion, Treasurers), Mrs. Sidney Moore, Mrs. Greenstreet, Mrs. Mander Jones, Mrs. Wm. Arnott, Mrs. Macdonald and Mrs. D. J. Flockhart. Refreshments were served by the Misses Thornber and Mrs. Robbins and a committee of ladies. Before the happy and successful meeting closed a reception service was held for two new members.

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NEWSPAPER MEN TESTIFY TO MR. HOOVER'S ABSTINENCE.

"Although Herbert Hoover was the guest at dozens of dinners and banquets on his South American tour, where liquor flowed freely, correspondents who watched him closely testify he never touched a drop," says "Capper's Weekly," in the January 12 issue. "Whenever a toast was proposed he lifted his glass with the others, but its contents remained untouched. And not a breath of criticism over his action was heard on the entire trip."

WHOSE FAULT WAS IT?

A striking picture appears as the frontispiece of the "War Cry" of December 8th. It depicts a man who has killed a child by reckless driving. The girl who is with him addresses the policeman with the words, "It wasn't his fault, Officer—he's drunk." Underneath the picture are these pertinent questions:

"Then whose fault was it? The men who sold him the drink? The men who manufactured it? The men who licensed it for sale? Or the people who voted for such manufacture and sale? What do you say, and what are you going to do about it?"

PROHIBITION AND EFFICIENCY.

Our able contemporary, the United Presbyterian, of Pittsburgh, gives a very telling example of the effect of drink in industrial enterprises which employ numbers of workmen, and the change for the better which prohibition brought about. It says that "Hitchcock and Tinkler, the men who built the celebrated Moffatt Tunnel through the Continental Divide in Colorado, declare that the work would have taken six to eight months longer, and would have cost at least half a million dollars more had it not been for the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. They draw a vivid picture of the difference between their great labour camps before and since prohibition. Before it came into effect many of their workmen became drunk on Saturday and remained so several days, and then were unfitted for work. They testify that camp conditions have absolutely changed since prohibition came into effect and that they are now required to furnish better and cleaner bunk houses and have better sanitary facilities than formerly." In the end it will be the sober nations who will lead in the race for industrial supremacy.

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